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FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun,

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL,

PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,

FISHCULTURE, PROTECTION OF GAME,

--AND THE--

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST

--IN--

OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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THE HARTFORD PLAN.

A NOVEL method of selecting judges for its coming show has been adopted by the Hartford Kennel Club. The bench show committee have written to probable exhibitors, asking them to indicate their preferences for judges in the different classes, and stating that the judge receiving the greatest number of votes will be appointed.

This plan is entirely new, and it is wholly bad. It is wrong in principle. It is unjust to exhibitors, to judges, and to the Hartford Kennel Club. There is nothing to recommend it.

The wrong to the exhibitors lies in the fact that it gives each one an equal voice in the choice of the judge. That this should be a wrong may at first seem paradoxical, but that it is so will readily appear. The vote of a young fellow who owns his first dog, and who is receiving primary instruction in canine matters, should not count for as much as that of an experienced breeder, who owns a large kennel of the finest and best dogs. And yet the number of these old breeders is so small that their selection, which is reasonably certain to be intelligent, may be outweighed by the voices of a number of unintelligent, however well-meaning, voters. Thus unfit judges may be selected, whose decisions will work great harm.

The wrong to the judges is serious. It makes the position one for which votes are to be sought, and there are, no doubt, some people so anxious for the supposititious glory of this position that they will forget their dignity and canvas for votes among their friends. Moreover, every inexperienced exhibitor who has voted for the judge selected, will feel a sort of proprietary interest in him, and unless he receives what he imagines to be his just dues will forever after be very bitter against him.

But it is the Hartford Kennel Club which must suffer most severely. The attempt to please everybody will result, as such attempts always do, in pleasing no one. They will receive the hearty curses of all the disappointed exhibitors. A bench show committee should know enough about dogs and dog matters to be able to make their selection of judges without the aid of exhibitors. The number of good judges

in America is not so large that help is required to pick out the best ones.

The motives of the Hartford K. C. are of the best, we are sure, but we can see that if they carry out their plan as they have begun, they will meet a storm of insinuations of wrong doing, which will certainly be very unpleasant. After the show it will be easy for those who are dissatisfied to say that the votes were manipulated in favor of this or that judge, that pressure was brought to bear on weak-kneed exhibitors to make them change their votes, that the Hartford K. C. had not the knowledge or the independence to select and appoint good judges, and that therefore they called for votes; thus, while as a matter of fact they appointed whom they chose, yet they put the responsibility for the choice of men apparently on the exhibitors. These and such things as these are sure to be said, and though none of them be true, will not make it any pleasanter for the Hartford K. C. when they are said.

In all matters connected with dog shows, the interests of exhibitors are of the first importance. On the exhibitor the success of shows and so the improvement in form of our dogs depends. If they are not satisfied, if the judges are not men on whom they can depend, if they lose confidence in the management, they will not exhibit. It is eminently proper that they, or some of them, should be consulted on the appointment of the judges. There is a great difference, however, between consulting prominent and intelligent breeders and opening a poll at which the unintelligent public can vote.

The Hartford plan ought to be abandoned.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER.

TWO game law bills were introduced at Albany last Tuesday; one in the Senate by Mr. Parker, and the other in the Assembly by Mr. Barnes. Mr. Parker's bill prohibits jack-hunting deer; whether it allows hounding or not we have not been informed. Mr. Barnes's bill allows hounding deer and provides a penalty of \$100 for jack-hunting them.

The proposal to forbid the jacking of deer is in itself most excellent. Jacking is an abominable practice. It ought to be abolished *in toto*. All right-minded sportsmen would rejoice to see a law to that effect.

But while we have the fullest and heartiest sympathy with the proposal to forbid the jacking of deer in the Adirondacks, we understand perfectly the real motive of Mr. Barnes in introducing his bill. It is simply to restore hounding to its old place. It is the final step in the well-planned scheme of the Adirondack water butchers to harp on the evils of jacking, to concentrate public attention on that one practice, and to so magnify it that the other and actually greater evil of hounding may be lost sight of. So long as the Adirondack guides and *soi-disant* sportsmen were permitted lawfully to slaughter deer by the hound and by the jack, no voice was raised against jacking. But just as soon as their favorite cruel and destructive method of hounding was put an end to, they raised a great cry in chorus about the atrociousness of jack-shooting. The present agitation against night-hunting is not undertaken for the purpose of protecting the deer, the aim is to put the hound back.

Every resident of New York who is interested in the right preservation of the game of the North Woods, should understand the true meaning of this Assembly bill, and each one should use such influence as he can bring to bear on the representative of his district at Albany to thwart the scheme of the hounders.

Let jacking be forbidden; by all means abolish it if possible—but not at the expense of the present just and sensible law against the use of dogs.

A DEER LAW PETITION.

ON another page will be found a form of petition to the New York Legislature. It is a request to let a good law remain intact. The petition concerns not only sportsmen, but all residents of the State. The interests of the individual deer hunter are merged in the broader interests of the community. The two are identical. For them both the deer of the Adirondacks should be given reasonable protection. This means that the hounds must not be put on their trail to drive them into the water to be butchered.

The form of petition may be cut out and pasted on a blank for signatures. It should then be sent to Albany.

What is done at once is done with double the effect of tardy action. Prompt attention must be given to this matter. The deer hounding politicians are pledging members to vote on their side. The Legislature should be advised at once of the true feeling of the public on the subject,

THE SUSQUEHANNA DODGE.—The Pennsylvania fish wardens, who were appointed to enforce the laws relating fishing with nets in the Juniata and Susquehanna rivers, have faithfully performed their duties—to their own pockets. Their method of letting the fish go to the pot so long as money went into their own pockets was exposed in a New Bloomfield criminal court the other day. In the course of the trial of a man who was accused of unlawful fishing, the charge being brought by Fish Warden Josiah R. Dunbar, the Court was amazed at the production of several receipts for \$5 each, bearing the signature of the fish warden, which gave the holders the privilege of constructing fish baskets, etc., in the streams in question. It is alleged that similar receipts to the amount of hundreds of dollars are held by fishermen, and that the law is violated daily during the fishing season. During the last session of the Legislature Representative Sponsler, of Perry, boldly asserted that officers having in charge the enforcement of the fish laws were using their power, not for the protection of the fish in the streams, but for blackmailing purposes.

DAYS WITH THE DEVIL FISH.—The interesting accounts of recent adventures with the devil fish, published in our columns, are supplemented in the present issue by a charming reminiscence of a day's sport long ago. The devil fish is by no means extinct, but the pursuit of it for pleasure may be classed among the amusements of the past. In the palmy days "before the war," when the famous Sea Islands were the resort of a summer population intent on pleasure, the vampire of the ocean was recognized as a legitimate object of pursuit, and many were the exciting adventures of those who engaged in the exhilarating pastime of harpooning the monster. How the sport has been perforce abandoned because of the disappearance of the prey, has already been told. The devil fish is no longer to be found in its old Atlantic coast haunts; but it appears to be fairly abundant in the Gulf of Mexico; and as the Gulf coast of Florida in the winter time attracts sportsmen, as did the Sea Islands in old times, it is possible that the sport of devil fishing may be revived.

JACKING AND HOUNDING.—Which of the two is the more destructive of Adirondack deer? Here is one consideration which is a sufficient answer to that question. The men who are crying out for permission to hound deer are one class of city sportsmen and one class of Adirondack guides. Each of these classes are greedy and improvident; that is to say, they want all the deer they can possibly kill and kill now. They are, therefore, in favor of whatever method will bring them the greatest immediate booty. If jacking would do this, they would cry out for permission to jack. If hounding would do it, they would cry out for permission to hound. As a matter of fact, they do ask for hounding.

THE MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION will meet at Kalamazoo February 9. The Secretary is Mr. Mark Norris, Grand Rapids. Michigan needs a game warden system. The Legislature of that State is short-sighted in its treatment of the game interests. Petty parsimony is sacrificing the deer to the hide and venison dealers. The Association has tried repeatedly to secure an appropriation to pay for the services of a competent warden, but in every endeavor it has been blocked by the stupidity and penny-wise foolishness of the Legislature.

FLORIDA LANDS.—We have received several letters from Florida correspondents in response to our recent remarks on the sand swindles of that State, the writers urging that no wholesale denunciation of Florida should be made. We know that. Florida has tens of thousands of fruitful acres. But that is no special reason why the paper town lot swindlers should rob the gullible portion of the public. Good land will always find a ready market. Florida cannot be injured by an exposure of the robbers who deal in worthless sand.

THE WEATHER AND THE BIRDS.—Additional reports from the South and West show that a very large number of birds perished in the late cold weather. A correspondent writing from Jewell county, Kan., relates that the market-hunters had a bonanza when the cold wave came and killed the birds; one man went out in the morning and soon returned having two corn sacks filled with the frozen game. A press dispatch from Staunton, Va., reports that thousands of birds were frozen in that vicinity.

JECKYL ISLAND, Georgia, is to be converted into a winter resort for sportsmen.

TO THE WALLED-IN LAKES.

VIII.—BIG FISH ON LITTLE ROD.

ALL that night a fierce southerly gale shook the lodge, and in the morning it still blew hard. The waters of the lake were white with foam, and over them the skies hung dark and threatening. An Indian pack-saddle had been borrowed the night before from Back-in-Sight, and having put our blankets and the wagon sheet in a little pack on a spare horse, we set out soon after sunrise for the upper lake. We took a sack of bread and a little salt, and I told Yellowfish to tie a quarter of meat on the pack. We were going to a point where, according to my authorities, sheep were very plenty, but it has been my fortune more than once to travel for a day or two through a country where game was extremely abundant, and yet have no fresh meat to eat, so I thought it well to take some provision of this kind with us.

We crossed the river and turned up the lake, and before we passed the old camp I noticed that there was no meat on the pack, and on inquiry found that the Indian had forgotten to follow my directions about taking it. We had left a few drying fish on a scaffold near our former camp, and two or three of these we took with us. Before we reached the Inlet it had begun to rain furiously, and all the rest of the day this continued. Our progress up the lake on the west side was rapid, for the trail was in many places so good that we could gallop our horses. Now and then, however, we came to streams which spread out in marshy valleys of considerable width, over which grew a thick tangle of tough alders, and through these it was difficult work to force a passage. The pack occasionally gave us trouble. The cinch which held the saddle in place was merely a strip of rawhide a couple of inches wide, tied up by a stout leathern string, and with this primitive contrivance it was impossible to put the saddle on so that it would stay. Moreover the lash rope had no cinch to it at all, and we could not draw it tight without galling the horse's belly. The packing was left to Yellowfish, who tied up the bundle Indian fashion, swung it over the saddle, and then drew the ropes as tight as was possible. We were continually stopping to tighten them, but, as it happened, the only time that the pack fell off was when we were crossing one of those wide marshy valleys among the dense alders. I was riding behind, but could not get to the pack horse in time to keep the load from falling into the water, and so our blankets got wet.

The ridge which runs down from the mountain to the lake was reached not long after noon. Here it was necessary to camp, for there is no grass for the horses for several miles beyond, and indeed it is doubtful if horses can be taken much further up the lake along the side of the precipitous Goat Mountain, which stands next south of Singleshoot. We had nothing to eat except our half dried fish and some damp bread, and so as soon as the horses had been turned out, a fire started, and a shelter built to keep the driving rain from our bedding, we started out to hunt. Yellowfish took the south end of Singleshoot Mountain and Appekunny and I the north end of the Goat Mountain. The rain poured down with great violence as we started out to climb the mountains. Not very far from the lake's edge we waded the swollen stream, which pours down through the cañon between the two mountains, and there striking a deeply-worn trail, followed it up the ridge and on to the bench. It is steep, rocky and narrow, practicable for horses, but one would rather do it on foot and lead his animal than ride it. Having reached the top of the bench, we worked our way carefully along over the ledges, which were piled one on top of another until we had gained the forest above. We saw nothing, however, to indicate the recent presence of any game. There were no fresh tracks, and all the sign was that of last winter. Still higher we climbed up on to the mountain, skirting the deep but narrow cañon whose vertical walls dropped off sheer for nearly 1,000 feet, but work as carefully as we might, we saw no game nor any signs of game. At one point where we emerged from the timber, we could look across on to Singleshoot, and there a moving object caught our eyes. It was a long way off and at first one of us took it for a sheep, but a short inspection showed that it was our companion moving along up near the reefs in his quest for game.

Three or four hours of this extremely moist and unsuccessful hunting convinced us that, here at least, it was useless to hope to get our supper, and we turned back toward camp.

Down on the first bench above the lake we paused for a while to look about. Toward the foot of the lake was a veil of driving rain which hid all beyond, but where we were, for a moment the rain had ceased to fall. We could look across the lake and see the sombre gray wall that rose far above us and ended in a snow wreath, and could discern at its foot a curious level platform of rock, partly covered with pines and partly under water, about which there seemed to run a wall of rock separating it from waters of the lake which appeared to flow in and out through a narrow channel close to the shore on its southern side. Up the lake the dim shadows of half a dozen stupendous mountains could be felt rather than seen, and here and there above the water rose little islets, some of them bearing a few trees. Still further up the valley, as the mist for a moment cleared away, we could see that the lake again narrowed, and two slender tongues of land ran out, one from either side, and overlapping, seemed to end this lake, cutting it off from another beyond. This appearance has given rise to the statement, unfounded, that there are three St. Mary's Lakes. On the

west side of the lake, the Goat Mountain, so called because there are goats on its western slope, rises like a wall, and toward its southern end carries a great mass of bluish white which looks like a tremendous glacier. We had gazed but a little while when the rain clouds again lowered and shut out all the view, and we hastened toward camp. Arrived there, we found Yellowfish steaming before the great fire, but no red quarters of sheep hung from the trees. He had been no more successful than ourselves. He had seen nothing, not even a fresh track, and told us what we already knew pretty well, that there was no game in the neighborhood. We all agreed that as yet it must be back in the hills.

We were all uncomfortable enough as we stood about the fire with our damp clothing clinging to us, and gnawed at our unsatisfactory meal of scorched fish and soggy bread, and while we were eating, Yellowfish, after a prefatory speech in which he invoked bitter curses on all our heads for starting out so poorly provided, proposed to return at once and spend the night at the Kootenay camp, which, we had been told, was to be moved up that day to the Inlet flat. I was about to veto the proposition at once, when Appekunny spoke up and supported it. There is nothing that I dislike more than giving up anything which I have attempted to perform, but after thinking the matter over, it seemed to me rather selfish to keep the men out here in this wretchedly uncomfortable situation simply on my account. So, after a little thought, I said "Go," and we started. We rode rapidly, but did not find the Kootenay camp, and reached our own about 9 o'clock at night, cold, wet and hungry, having probably ridden forty miles and walked nearly ten since we started.

The next day was fair, though very windy, and Appekunny, Yellowfish and King went to the head of the lower lake, the two white men to bring down the boat and the half-breeds to lead back the horses. I remained in camp.

About 4 o'clock I heard shouts, and walking down to the lake shore, saw the boat coming down before the wind at a great pace. In the bow stood Appekunny holding his outspread coat, while King steered in the stern. When they reached the shore they handed out three fine lake trout, one of which weighed nine pounds. They had trolled most of the way coming down, and had had a number of strikes, but in most cases the fish had been lost. One or two very large ones, which they had brought almost up to the boat, had snapped the stout hooks off short.

While dinner was being cooked the wind went down, and an hour before sunset we went out again on to the water. I took my trout rod, and as we rowed slowly up the lake in fifteen or twenty feet of water, trailed a piece of the white belly of a lake trout behind the boat. The bait was large, and the hook very small, and when I had my first bite I struck too quickly and lost the bait. The next time I let the fish have it for a few seconds and then struck hard, and a moment later trembled for my tackle. The fish made a wild rush which caused the reel to fairly shriek, and I expected to have the line break, but he stopped before it was all off the spool, and going to the bottom sulked for a while. This gave us an opportunity to bring the boat nearly over him and enabled me to recover my line. Then a few pulls and twitches started him off again, and for a few moments he made lively work for us. Two or three times he headed straight for the boat, but on each occasion Appekunny, who was at the oars, managed to get out of his way so that he was led around the stern. At length the fish began to grow tired and to yield to the constant strain of the rod, and finally he was brought nearly to the surface of the water. But the end was not yet, and frightened at the boat he made other vigorous rushes which again obliged me to give him plenty of line. Finally, quite tired out, he was brought to the surface, the gaff was put into him, and I had the satisfaction of handling the largest fish that I had ever taken on this little rod. His weight was five and a half pounds.

In an hour's fishing I caught two more which weighed four and five pounds, and lost another which from the strength he displayed I imagined must be much larger than any we had seen. This fish after a few furious rushes sulked on the bottom, from which I could not start him, and devoted all his energies to sawing on the line, which he finally succeeded in cutting.

These lake trout are thought to be the same as the lake trout of the Adirondacks and the great lakes—*Salmo namaycush*. I have never seen this species in the East, but Appekunny, who is familiar with them in the Adirondacks, assures me that they are identical.

The following morning was again pleasant, though at times the wind blew down the lake with great violence, but the sport of the night before had somewhat whetted my ardor, and we were disposed to have a day with the lakereels. About 10 o'clock, when the wind went down, we started out. Our camp was on the river, about two hundred yards below the lake, and in the face of wind and current it seemed easier to cordelle than to row the boat up the lake.

So Appekunny got into the craft to keep her off the shore, and King and I took the long line over our shoulders and pulled on it stoutly, and in a short time we had rounded the point. Then all got aboard, and we pulled slowly up the west shore of the lake.

The lake trout lie in deep water, and it is said that the best way to fish for them is by means of a troll with a half-pound sinker attached, so that the bait will be from six to

ten feet below the surface as the boat moves along. We found, however, that on a bright day like this the fish readily came to the surface for the bait, which being three or four inches long and perfectly white, was easily visible in this clear water. I fished with my rod, but had taken the precaution to remove my trout line from the reel, and had rejected it by a somewhat heavier cotton line, for in trying to trout line the night before, after coming in from the fishing, I had discovered that it was somewhat rotten and weak, and I feared to trust it with these monsters of the deep. But, though we had as yet seen no very large ones, yet they grow to a great size. The previous autumn Appekunny had caught one in a whitefish net, which weighed fifty-five pounds, and there is a tradition of one caught years ago by a trapper which was so large that when its captor ran a stick through its gills to carry it over his shoulder, its tail dragged on the ground as he walked to camp. For such fish one would need salmon tackle at least.

For nearly a mile we rowed slowly along. The scene was fairly brilliant. Under the cloudless sky and the bright sun the clear waters of the lake played and sparkled, the foliage of the hillsides took on its brightest hues of green and gold; the rugged mountain tops, though so distant, showed each ravine and seam in their gray sides, and their mantles of snow threw back the sun's rays like silver. It was so lovely and peaceful a scene that one felt like dreaming over it; and yet the air was so fresh and bracing, so full of tonic and vigor, the boat danced about so lightly, and the waves leaped and dashed so merrily about us, that one could not dream. And he would be falling into a pleasant reverie the crest of a wave would strike the boat, and its cold spray, dashing in his face, would at once bring him back to the present.

We had rowed perhaps a mile when King, who was in the stern of the boat, gave a wild wave of the arm which held his trolling line. It tightened for a moment, and a heavy swirl appeared in the water fifty feet in our wake, and then the line suddenly yielded, and came in without resistance. A few seconds later my rod bent, and I struck the fish so that Appekunny gave a cry of caution: "Look out, o you'll smash your rod." But I had unlimited confidence, born of past experience, in the tough bamboo, and I wanted to set the hook fast. I did so. The fish did not at first make off as they usually do, but remained for a few seconds nearly in the same place, while he shook himself so furiously that I feared he would throw the steel out of his jaws. Then he made one or two short, fierce rushes, and once broke water, but after that seemed to give up the fight. Slowly I brought him to the surface at the boat's stern, and just as the gaff was put into him, we could see why he had yielded so easily. In his shaking, when first struck, he had waded and the line several times about his head, and his gills were fast bound down, so that it was impossible for him to breathe. He was a small fish, only weighing four pounds, but from his stomach we took a couple of young whitefish five or six inches long, with which we replaced our baits of fish belly. And always after that we looked for these fry in the lake trout that we caught, and invariably found one or more. They are the most taking bait for these fish that we discovered. The number of these which are destroyed must be something almost incredible. The lake trout are extremely abundant and voracious, and in a day each one must capture at least three or four young whitefish. What the total destruction is it would be impossible to compute.

We had gone but a little further, when Dick King struck a good fish and hauled him in hand over hand, in true blue-fisherman style, until he swung him into the boat and slapped him down on the floor. Then he took another in the same way, and then he had a strike, which gave me twenty-two minutes of very exciting sport, which my companions enjoyed as much as I, of the excited way in which they talked and danced about as any indication of their feelings. Four times the splendid fish darted off for the middle of the lake with an energy that was truly alarming, and four times, by giving him the butt when the line was so nearly gone that I could see the spool through the strands, I checked him and very gradually brought him back; a fifth time I tried to do this, but he would not stop, and when tip and butt had almost met, and I felt that a pound more would break the rod, I suddenly lowered the tip, deciding that it was better to let him carry away the line than to break the only rod I had. As I did so I found that he had stopped, himself exhausted by the struggle. The fight was a long and bitter one. Often I would get him within sight of the boat, but it was very difficult to bring him within reach. When nearly tired out he would sulk on the bottom, and nothing that I could do would start him to moving again. After a while the strong tension of the bending rod would slowly raise him from his secure depths, but when I tried to bring him to gaff, his rest would enable him to start off with renewed energy. At length, however, he came to the surface of the water, though still back up, and with his sullen, vicious eye glaring ferociously, as if he meditated fresh stratagems; but before he could put them in practice, King had the gaff in him and he was triumphantly lifted over the side. He weighed just a trifle under seven pounds.

All the morning we fished with varying fortunes. The trout seemed to favor particular localities, and we would row over one of these, noting as we passed along the points on the

shore, opposite which we caught our fish, and, when ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed without a strike, we would turn and row back, often getting as many fish during our second passage as we had the first.

So the day passed until the afternoon was well advanced, when the rising wind drove us to the shore and into camp. A feature of this day was the appearance on the lake of a great number of terns, apparently *Sterna hirundo*. They were seen busily fishing during the morning and evening, and hovered above the stern of our boat, evidently half inclined to make a plunge at the baits trailing in the water behind. Then toward midday they betook themselves to the gravelly points and bars which made out from the shores and sat there on the beach, plump, comfortable looking, and altogether enviable. These brisk graceful sea swallows and the slow-winged gulls seemed to get along very pleasantly together, and fished and rested in company.

Sometimes at night we would row along the shore, and it gave one an eerie, half-uncomfortable feeling to watch these white ghostly, indistinct forms as they seemed to rise out of the water, and then as we approached to see the spirits lightly take wing and for a moment flit about with faint, querulous murmurs, and then vanish away into the darkness.

Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

AT SEVENTY-ONE.

By JEROME BURNETT.

The testimony of a genial angler of three score and ten, out in his boat with rod and line, busy with the bass, and now and then telling of his years from ten to seventy-one.

A CHECKERED life has been my share,
I've had good times as well as care,
While honors, too, I've come to wear,
And proud with what I'd won;
But memory ever brings to view,
Where'er I look my long life through,
The years I've fished, as now I do,
From ten to seventy-one.

The same glad impulse still I know
To go afield, to fish, and row,
As when, some sixty years ago,
The songs of youth I sung;
For though my life may go amiss,
And stale become what once was bliss,
'Tis true as truth, in joys like this,
My heart is always young.

The shade and sheen of wood and lake,
The tangled trail of fen and brake,
With hazards and the tests that make
The self-reliant man;
The out-door world of mountain gleams,
Of ocean shores and whispering streams,
Embellish still my waking dreams
As when my life began.

Ah, tell it as you may, my friend,
Most earthly joys untimely end,
Whatever fate may deign to send
Ere Time with you is done;
Whichever way you hold your dish,
Whatever you may will or wish,
The happiest days are those you fish,
Till you are seventy-one.

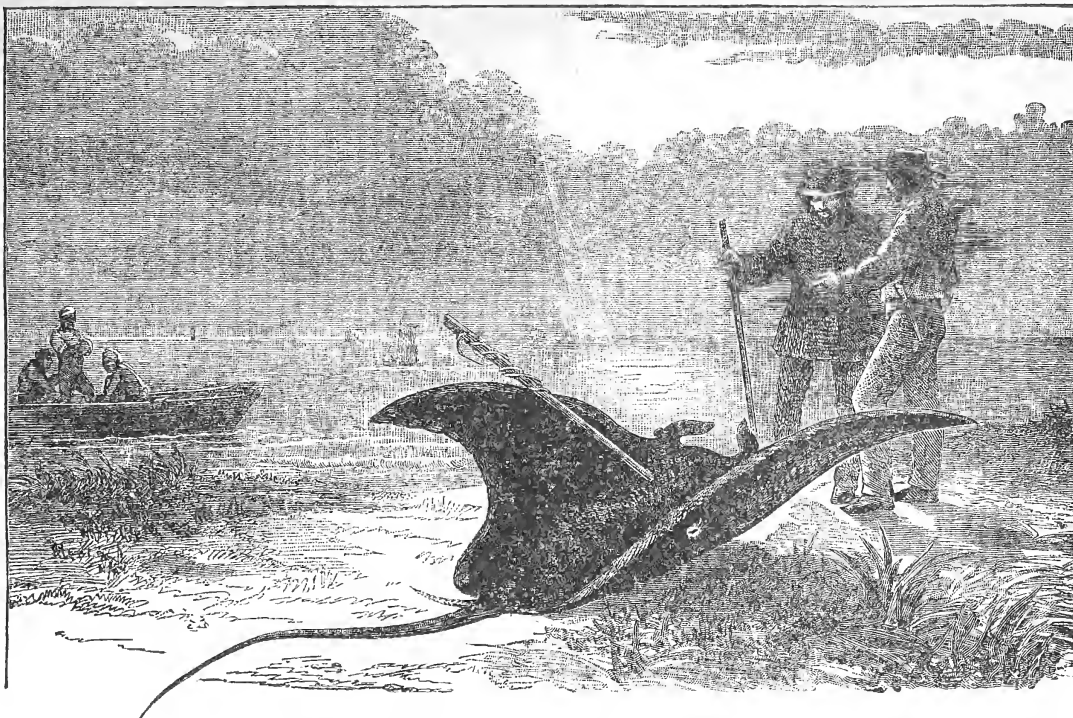
And so I say as now I view
The vista of my long life through,
In light and shadow, false and true,
Since I was young and bold,
Howe'er my lines have gone amiss,
Or faith has failed in hope of bliss,
The while I live in joys like this
My heart can ne'er grow old.

A DAY WITH THE DEVIL FISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read my son's sketch, published recently in your spirited paper, and it recalled to my mind some of the pleasantest and most exciting recollections of ante-bellum sports. Let me add an account of a day's sport devil fishing, every word of which is strictly true.

In the latter part of June or first of July of that year I visited Bay Point, having obtained a few days' recreation from my studies in Charleston. It was the season for devil fishing, and my brother-in-law, Stephen Elliott (afterward General Elliott of Sumter fame), was in the midst of it. He was acknowledged to be the best fisherman and boatman among good fishermen and boatmen, as all the Beaufort young men were. He had been at the fish several times, and had even struck one, but as yet "had no luck." My vacation was so short that I did not intend to fish; the sun and salt water have a most unpleasant effect on a sensitive skin, and to present myself before my class with my face cracked and burnt was what I did not relish, so I was trying to make myself agreeable to the young ladies of the party on shore, and enjoying the delightful sea breezes in the lazy manner which any one who has marooned on the seashore knows all about. In comes General Elliott, arrayed in fishing attire—blue flannel shirt tucked in duck trousers, and a felt hat that Robinson Crusoe would have discarded, so many were the holes in it; but Elliott thought it the "luckiest hat" he ever wore, besides the holes kept his head and brains cool, a requisite in this kind of fishing. Said he, "Well, Hal, you must go fishing with me to-day. I appeal to you ladies to second my motion. I have been promising you a sight of a devil fish and have failed to kill one by myself. When we go together our luck has never yet failed us, and once we took two in one day." This appeal, strongly seconded by the ladies, was a little too much for a young man to stand; so rather reluctantly I slipped into my tent, changed my clothes, and met Elliott at the boat on the beach, a few hundred yards from our tents. It was a "shad



CAPTURE OF THE DEVIL FISH.—From the Illustrated London News, 1885.

boat," as they were called, 18x8½ feet, with sprit mainsail and jib; mast easily unshipped and laid along the thwarts; rowed by two hands when necessary; centerboard, and with a good broad platform at bow to stand on. The crew consisted of General Elliott, myself, and two hands, Bob and Jack. I had quite an affection for Bob, for he had once, at the risk of his own life, saved mine, when a coil of rope accidentally got around my ankle, but fortunately after the fish had almost made his run, and was exhausted. These two negroes enjoyed the sport as much as we did, and were perfectly familiar with every phase of it.

We jumped aboard, spritied out the sail, hauled up the jib and leisurely sailed for the Hilton Head shore. On the way across, about three miles, we busied ourselves preparing harpoon and lances. We always made it a rule to have a large supply of these ready. Our habit in striking was one to stand at the head, the other at the stern, both armed with harpoons; the one at the stern steering with his foot, but ready in case of an emergency to strike also. Reaching the mouth of Skull Creek, which bounds Hilton Head on the west, and empties into Broad River, we anchored near the shore, stowed useless things away, and arranged our weapons to hand, then "lay off" to watch for the fish, which generally showed themselves on the early ebb tide just at the mouth of Skull Creek. Can one fond of the water imagine anything to surpass this? The gentle roll of the boat, the constant dipping of the gulls, the wind blowing fresh and crisp, by this time having increased sufficiently to cap the waves in mid river beautifully, the landscape around presenting that peculiar smoky, quiet appearance so charming on a June day. Such a situation and sun would, under ordinary circumstances, induce sleep, but our eyes were strained for the first sight of the fish; and our inexhaustible supply of reminiscences of former days' sport—so pleasant to recall when another day is to be added to the long list—kept us on the *qui vive*. Besides Bob and Jack knew there was a drink for the one who first saw the fish; they would have it anyhow, but it seemed to taste better if they could say they won it.

Suddenly Elliott points to the starboard bow. "There is one, I think." "No boss," says Bob, "da porpoise." When the fish first shows the point of its wing it resembles the fin of a porpoise very much. Before Bob's words were well out of his mouth, the monster suddenly leaped entirely out of the water, coming down with a slap and splash that sent the foam in every direction; and as quick as thought another and another fish show themselves until the number reaches eight or ten.

Elliott is on his feet "Haul in the anchor, Bob; lay out the oars, Jack; and now, Hal, you strike."

In a moment I am at the head of the boat, the harpoon with a staff six or eight feet long poised evenly in my right hand, a coil of rope in my left, in order to give plenty of line when the harpoon is cast. The main coil is in the bottom of the boat, the end fast to something substantial, so if all the rope is paid out with the dash of the fish we will not lose both rope and harpoon. I am ready, and the hands are quietly pulling toward the spot where the tremendous boil indicates the monster's disappearance. Here he is to the left, about twenty yards off, cutting around in a circle, the point of both wings showing.

"Easy, boys, easy, and stand ready to help me, Bob, when I strike; leave Jack to look after the oars. Steady. Back water."

The fish has just turned his gigantic body over, about ten feet from me, the harpoon is raised and driven with all my strength into the center of his white stomach, which is just on the level with the surface.

"Good shot!" says Elliott.

Before the fish realizes the situation the head of the boat touches him. I reach out, catch the butt of the harpoon staff and force it entirely through the body, and jump out of the way of the rope which now begins to spiu out with a fearful velocity. "Mind your hands, Bob," for we are now catching at the rope and bending it over the bow whenever the chance offers, thus turning the head in the direction of the fish, assisted by Elliott at the helm. "Come and help us, Jack, for if the rope gets on the broadside we will capsize, certainly." "No danger," says Jack, who immediately adds his bony hands to the work, and although the smoke flies, and I lose some skin from my hands, the boat swings around and we dash away with a speed that almost takes away our breath; the spray pours over us and the head of the boat buries into the waves, seeming sometimes as if it would never rise again. For the time being I can use no other expression

than that we are drunk with excitement, there is nothing to equal it in the line of sport. To relieve the weight at the head Elliott and Jack pass the line down to the stern and sitting there, as we give the word, all haul together, for another harpoon must be placed in the fish as soon as his first dash is over. He is then gradually hauled nearer and nearer the surface. Gradually and cautiously we haul as he approaches nearer and yet nearer, Elliott catches up another harpoon, and coming to the head stands ready to hurl it into the fish as soon as it approaches near enough to the surface. We begin to see the black mass indistinctly at first, then more and more visible, until suddenly Elliott says, "Look out!" and lets fly his harpoon. It quivers as the staff is half submerged; and again the fish dashes down and down until eight or ten fathoms are paid out. We then steady him, and begin the hauling again. This time Elliott arms himself with a lance, and when the time arrives plunges it in and jerks it out rapidly. The blood spurts from the wound and we leave a bloody wake behind. The fish gradually becomes more and more feeble. His dashes are less and less violent, until he at length lies floating alongside gasping for breath. No time is to be lost. Quickly a bight of the rope is passed through a nostril into the throat. My arm is suddenly plunged into the mouth of the fish as he gasps. This feat must be performed rapidly, as it would be dangerous to have the mouth of the fish close on one's arm in a dying gasp. Then catching the rope I bring it out of the mouth. This performance is repeated with the second nostril, and we have the fish ready to be towed ashore, presenting his head to the resisting tide, which is still running ebb.

We have time to look around us now. We are about four miles outside of Bay Point, and it will take at least four or five hours to reach shore, notwithstanding the fact that we have a howling south wind to assist us. But we have more sport in store. The sharks begin to show themselves. These "vultures" of the sea have smelled blood, and their fins are seen flitting around in numbers. One fellow, coming up deliberately, takes hold of the thin portion of the wing of the devil fish, and throwing his body entirely out of the water, his tail just missing the boat, he cuts a clean half-moon out of the fish's flap. Our shark lines are rigged, baited with some small fish found in the bottom of the boat or a piece cut from the devil fish, and thrown overboard. They hardly touch before they are grasped as if another man was at the other end, and a trial of strength begins. But man brings mind to bear, and the shark is allowed rope, and is played; gradually his strength fails him, and a ten-foot monster is brought alongside. The lance plays a second part in dispatching the shark. We take nine of these fellows before we land, averaging from six to ten feet long.

We land at last toward sunset and are met by all on shore. The fish is hauled as near the beach as possible, and when the tide recedes is left high and dry. We measure him and he proves to be 18 feet from tip to tip of wings, 11 feet from nose to base of tail, and 4½ feet through. The next day he is cut up and sent to Elliott's place for manure.

We have hunted our old grounds since the war, but find no fish there now, and one of the grandest sports men ever enjoyed is lost to us. If they ever return and I am too old to strike, I will certainly go along and teach my boys how to kill a devil fish.

H. M. S.
BEAUFORT, S. C.

MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION.—Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan. 13. —The annual meeting of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association will be held at Kalamazoo, Mich., on Tuesday, Feb. 9, 1886, commencing at 7:30 o'clock, P. M. The headquarters of the Association will be at the Burdick House. A full attendance is requested, as business of interest and importance to the sportsmen of the State will be considered. Clubs, members and individuals are requested to send to the undersigned any information they may possess which will aid the Association in its endeavor to save the game and fish of this State from the rapid destruction now menacing it. The secretaries of all auxiliary clubs are requested to send the names of their officers and the number of their members to the Secretary for the information of the Association. Each auxiliary club is entitled to be represented at the annual meeting by five delegates. Individual members and others interested in the objects of the Association, are earnestly invited to be present.—MARK NORRIS, Secretary, 79 Lyon street.

CAMP FLOTSAM.

XXI.—CROW LAKE.

THERE was every promise that our quest on Crow Lake would be rife with sport. The sky was slightly overcast, and the wind from the southwest was sending a fine ripple over the water. This was not all; here were no fished-out waters, for ours were the only oars which had disturbed the lake in more than a year. The guide was an unknown thing, the hotel strangely absent, and the ubiquitous sardine box and tomato can had never been transported to its shores. No one but a woodsman or a camper can appreciate or understand the thrill of joy which so possesses one upon his finding a by-way where he has the forest and lake to himself, where his uprising and down sitting go unnoticed—and where no other craft than his own vexes the waters. In such retreats all about him sings of

"Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breathings of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise," until he imagines himself dwelling in a realm the like of which this weary world has never seen, and which a Prophet Warrior said, "Sleeps only under the shadow of the sword."

And, indeed, it was a region of beauty into which we had entered—one sufficient to entice the angler to lay aside his rod and dream away the day in watching the shadows drift over the water and chase each other over the distant billtops of forest out of sight, or listening to the lap of waves upon a beach where no one comes.

It was, perhaps, because our senses were dulled and the barbaric instinct to destroy was strong within us, that we broke the quiet of the lake with a vulgar cast into a pool formed by two projecting rocks, which were overhung with pine. And our savagery had its reward, for a splendid bass took the Lord Baltimore at the surface and, feeling the answering strike, threw himself clear of the water, and, with every fin aquiver in fright, took a headlong plunge, and dashed for the shadow of the boat. But the quick movement of the oarsman left the fish astern, when it again broke water and started back for the pool. Three times it made a circuit of the little basin before it wearied, then yielding to the continuous strain of the rod, came alongside, where, as if in shame, it darted under the boat. With line in hand it was led forth and then lifted over the side, as grand an old three-pounder as ever drew down the scales. But the fight was gone from that pool, and after a few fruitless casts we turned down the rocky shore on the west. From the base of a high rock, which stood back a couple of rods from the shore, a spring was sending a bright dashing stream downward to the lake. Just off the mouth of this we struck and landed another small-mouth of something over a pound, which was returned to the water, and then headed the boat toward the southwest, where, in a depression in the hills, we thought that we might find the outlet to the lake. It was a long pull, but as we approached, the cleft in the hills widened, and the lake ended in a narrow marsh. We followed along the shore over to the eastern side, where it looked so fishy that we were again tempted to try a cast. As we approached a point which ran out on the right, we were greeted with a strike which made us think for a moment that the flies had caught on a submerged rock. We were soon undeceived, for the line began to cut the water, and there was a lively movement toward the open lake. We brought the game to on the port side with a steady pull, and looked for a leap, but none came. Instead, there was a slow, heavy pull backward, which nearly doubled the rod before it was checked, when all the movement at the other end of the line suddenly ceased. We knew that we were still fast to something, and began to imagine lake bullheads and all sorts of ignoble things. A gentle stir-up set the old headstrong movement under way once more, and again we had to call halt by main strength. Do what we might we could not get the fish alongside. It was the longest, strongest, most stubborn and dead pull contest that we had ever had with a bass. Again and again we tried to bring the fish within reach, but without success. We had played it long enough to tire a dozen, so throwing the tip of the rod backward, we stripped off the line from the reel until it came within reach, and then began to bring in the game with long, steady pulls. Alongside it came, and lo! a three-pound big-mouth rose from the water. As with thumb in his mouth we lifted him over the side, the cause of the long fight was explained. There was more weight on the leader, and as we drew it in, a two-pound-and-a-half small-mouth was hanging on the tail fly. It was a magnificent catch, and our best score for the summer.

Suddenly from behind the point which we had believed was the main land on the east, a strait opened toward the south lined with rocks, which rose almost perpendicularly for fifty feet above the water, and half a mile beyond widened into another lake as large as the one behind us.

On the right, with a profile as perfect as though carved by human hands, a great stone face looked toward the east. Thirty feet above the water, and twelve feet from forehead to chin, it had rested there for unknown aeons, smiling in the sunlight and frowning before the storm, with a troubled look upon it as though the ages, in their silent flight, had propounded problems which it could not solve, but on which it must ponder forever. High on the left, in the granite walls, half a dozen tomb-like openings yawned over the lake below, like the graves in the vision of the Prophet, which could never be satisfied. The lower lake was a marvel of quiet beauty; shut in by the mountains, save on the narrow bay to the south. Where its waters found an outlet, after many windings, to the St. Lawrence, there was many a nook where the camper could find isolation from his race, and live unmolested with none but the wild beings that inhabit the forest for his companions, and where the glare of his camp fire would be seen by no human eye.

It was late in the afternoon before we completed the circuit of the lower lake. When we reached the strait, on our return, the mist was rising from the water and lying like a death cloth over the silent face above, and enveloping the shores in a cold, gray shroud. We crossed the upper lake and drew the boat up on the sloping beach, near the spring which we had passed in the morning, and prepared to bivouac for the night. It was midsummer, and there were no indications of a storm or bad weather, so we contented ourselves with a spread upon the hillside, with the boat near by for a covering, in case of necessity. The camp fire was soon under way, the coffee prepared, a hoe cake baked in the ashes, the fish cooked, and, supplemented by a lump of butter from our provision basket, we partook of our lonely supper. Then lying on the blankets we watched the night come on and the gloom gather over the forest, saw the great stars come out, one by one, listened to the loons on the water, and the melody from the woods about, and wondered

whether we had not attained the climax of our summer pleasure. It was a solitary camp, and void of the spell which companionship always brings, but we were under the grander spell which the lake, the forest and the woodland throws about the fugitive from civilization, and, rolled in our blankets, we went over the carry into forgetfulness.

The sun was shining brightly when we awoke, and re-kindling the fire, we prepared breakfast, thinking meanwhile of what should be the order of the day. Crow Lake had been well explored, and its fishing tried, so we determined to retrace our course to the camp on Heart Lake, and then to work over into Opinicon, a larger lake to the west. The luggage was again packed in the boat, and we bade a sad farewell to the pretty lake. Near the inlet we were treated to another exhibition by the loon that had greeted us on our entrance the morning before, while its mate grandly sailed about a few rods away. It was considerably after noon before we had worked through the rushes which lay between the two lakes, and were in sight of the first night's camp. The little tent was still standing on the point of rocks, so it was evident that our friends were somewhere in the neighborhood. When we reached it we found that the berry picking was over, and that everything was in readiness for a break up, and we preferred to forego the Opinicon rather than attempt finding our way back and getting over the carry alone; so, in company with the others, we turned our prow toward the old camp.

It was a toilsome journey to the carry, and over it to the stream above. The boats were lifted up the perpendicular bank, and the rest scrambled after as best they could into the woods above. The luggage was carried to the landing where the Sabbath Breaker was lying, as she was left two days before, during which time not a foot had pressed the rocky path over the carry. For an hour or more the party halted, lounging upon the rocks carpeted with velvety moss, and shadowed by the pines which overhung the gorge. The song of the breeze in the treetops was blended with the sound of the dashing waters which rushed, rose and fell over the barrier of rocks and logs, and then took a leap downward and disappeared amid a cloud of spray. The forest about was silent and deserted; delicate vines ran along the ground and clambered over the fallen trees, and hung from the rocks in graceful festoons. On the right a thread of water, glimmering like silver between the trees, marked the course to Loughborough. But the scribe of the expedition did not linger over the beauties about him; his eyes were heavy from the smoke of the smudge and the long morning's pull in the sun, and he spread himself upon a rock and was soon dreaming a mid-summer day's dream, mingled with up-floating visions, such as had often come in the quiet of the meadows of the bygone, when tired boyhood sank among the daisies and was hushed to sleep like this, by the hum of bees and the merry ring of the mower's rifle. But his slumber was broken and his dreams brushed away by the call of the boatman to get off, and the Pizen Ann was out of the creek and into the lake before the cobwebs were out of his brain.

A good home breeze was blowing up the lake, and we soon put the Sabbath Breaker astern. We held our way straight for the upper outlet, for it was Saturday night, and there was a probability that some mail had found its way in and was awaiting us; and a newspaper, a couple of weeks old, is a most delightful companion in camp for a Sunday forenoon. Besides helping one to lose all track of the day of the month, without which feat half the pleasure of an outing is lost, there is a deal of philosophy to be learned between the lines in the stale columns. Here you read of the unexpected demise of Peter Crabb, the great philanthropist and millionaire, and learn that a void has been created in commercial, railway and social circles, which will not soon be filled. That was two weeks ago; and while you read, Peter's heir is counting the shekels of his ancestor, and a lively contest is going on over the election of Peter's successor to the Presidency of the Underground Railroad. Financial circles abhor a vacuum too, and Peter is not going to be missed after all; two weeks have settled that.

Within the same period the unaccountable disappearance of Mr. Jenkins, concerning which suspicion of foul play has been entertained by his friends, and for whom the morgue has been searched daily, has ceased to be a wonder, for Jenkins was an eminent financier, and yesterday was registered at the Southern Hotel in Montreal. How little of all that the columns contain outlive in memory the dampness of the sheet; of what little moment it is to the world whether the individual lives or perishes; whether he be a citizen or a fugitive. The void is no more than that left on the beach when one has lifted a pebble and tossed it into the depths, where it will be seen no more.

Among the sparse mail we found a FOREST AND STREAM, to deprive us of which in camp would be a calamity only to be equaled by the loss of our rod. Much as we may prize it in summer on the shaded verandah, indispensable as it may be by the fireside of winter, the heart is made glad as though with wine, as it listens by the glare of the camp fire, to the revelations of the great Apostle gathered from half a world. It is like reading Tasso beneath Olivet, or Ossian by the moon of the Northern ocean.

It was night before we left the outlet and parted from our companions to the north. During the last few days the moon had been approaching her full, and as we shot from the dark, narrow creek into the broad sheet of water which laid between us and the tents, there was a golden ripple on the lake, and the wavelets were shouldering each other to catch the first kiss from over the eastern treetops. A mile down in front we could see the two tents gleaming in the moonlight against the blackness of the pines—a bright, radiant spot—the only place that we could call home. Slight and frail as it was, we could not but reflect that the four low walls had been adjudged by the wisdom of a thousand years to be a castle to its occupants, and that the bond sealed at Runnymede was a living fact even here.

Nothing had been disturbed during our absence; the camp fire was soon blazing bright, and a supper of coffee, fried bacon and potatoes disposed of, after which we rolled into the blankets, and dreamed a long dream of peace.

WAWAYANDA.

DECEMBER WOODCOCK.—A correspondent of the *Advertiser* says he saw a meadow lark about Christmas last sitting near the side of the road back of the Letchworth place. He also knew of a pair of woodcock which remained in this vicinity until the 1st of January. Two of Auburn's sportsmen were hunting partridges the middle of December and found woodcock signs which were not more than a day old. So the fall flight in this vicinity must have been very late.—*Auburn (N. Y.) Advertiser*.

Natural History.

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EVENING HARMONIES.

IT is proverbial wisdom that to be healthy, wealthy and wise, one must sleep and wake with the birds. The old saw is founded, perhaps, on a belief that the lineage of man is traceable through a remote ancestry of feathered bipeds; but granting this to be true, it is not unlikely that the prehistoric owls may have formed a branch of our family, and that they may have bequeathed to us both wisdom and a love of the hours of darkness. Another old proverb informs us that "the early bird catches the worm." A modern reply to which is the statement, as yet undisputed, that "it served the worm right for being up so early." However, the proverb is a true one. He who rises to see the sunshine of a spring morning joyously welcomed by all the busy fields and forests, does indeed gain much. But if he goes to his slumbers when the deeper shades of twilight come softly over the landscape, he loses sight of Nature just as she arrays herself in mood most bewitching.

In the bright sunshine of daytime, the sight is charmed by the varied forms and colors that greet it and by pleasant scenes of every kind, but in the evening the eye may rest. It is no longer dazzled by brightness; but it throws wide its windows, and the few dim rays which enter form a faint and visionary picture that only soothes the weary sense. It is otherwise with hearing. Night is the time to feast the ear. In the day we are so intent on looking that we forget to listen.

Tender melodies are sweetest when heard in the quiet of evening. A swelling camp meeting refrain, echoing through the dark forest glens, sung by a throng of worshippers in the flickering light of a pine knot blaze. The melting notes of a guitar, coming faintly over the water out of the darkness to the campers on the shore of a mountain lake. In the dimness of evening each sound comes to us, full of its own message. It gently touches the silver cords of life and they echo back the harmony the spirit feels.

Our evenings from May to November are a festival of melody. It is one of the first signs that spring has come, the spring of bursting buds and emerald hillsides, when from every marsh and lake the chorus of the hylas arises. That which the reptiles begin the insects prolong, till the final chirp of the last October cricket. A night in dog-days is perhaps best for hearing the insects in full voice. Locusts, grasshoppers and crickets keep up a hum so monotonous that the ear soon ceases to notice it. Innumerable Katydids make vehement accusations of Katharine; the only answer to which is the unjust advice from the dark-winged bird rushing around in search of moths, to "chastise poor William."

After a long, hot summer day, everything seems to welcome the approach of night. The toilers in Nature's workshop go one by one to rest, and the nocturnal beasts and birds come forth. They are few in number, however, when compared with the bustling life of daytime.

One of the first of evening birds is the hermit thrush. When the sun is low in the West, from the deep recesses of the forest comes his sad plaintive notes, so clear, so mournful, and so full of hidden meaning, it seems impossible that it could have come from the throat of a bird. He is not properly a nocturnal bird, but sings at twilight or in the quiet dusk before a rain. He is an instance of Nature's harmony. His song would be out of place in the hot meadow, where the bobolink carols his gay melody; but when the shadows have spread to the hilltops and a quiet hush broods o'er the land, when body and spirit, weary with toil, welcome with half regret the twilight's fall, then comes from the enchanted woodland this sweet, sad song, a requiem for the dying day. Far unlike this song is that typical nocturnal sound, the too-hoo of the owl. It is a low bugle note thrice repeated; and we hear it, now here, now there, as the round-eyed fellow wings his silent way through the forest. With what a down and fluff are the owl's pinions invested! His warfare is the night attack, and he rows with muffled oars.

To know the full sweetness of the evening hour, one must spend it for weeks together in the fields and woods, and make his nightly couch with at most a canvas shelter over him. He who roams about in the dimness of evening finds a new world of sight and sound open to him. The familiar paths and scenes seem strange and uncanny. The imagination places beast or bird or reptile in the shadow of every bush. The rustle of a toad is a matter in which we are interested; for may it not be an extremely large snake instead of a toad? How surely does darkness beget fear! The most harmless things suffice to give us a little start. One unaccustomed to evening strolls, may be quite alarmed to see two balls of fire glaring at him from a thicket and hear the bushes rustled by an unknown beast, just as the sensational story writer depicts it. If he braces up his courage and finds his supposed enemy to be a peaceful calf or a sheep, he is apt not to rehearse his adventure when he returns to camp; nor will his heart beat quite so fast when next he disturbs the repose of flock or herd.

When one tires of seeking for Nature's treasures in the darkness, let him recline on some mossy knoll and perchance they will come to him. A bat may zig-zag over his head; a flock of sharp-winged night hawks hunt moths near by, or a herd of cattle, grazing in the cool of the night, may wander about him, while he listens to the luscious sound of their rough tongues cropping the tender grass. Nor are his eyes and thoughts confined to earth. In the darkest of clear nights, the constellations are celestial eyes returning one's own gaze.

To one fond of reverie the sky is always a good place for wool-gathering, but to watch a thunder storm on a dark and sultry August night is indeed much more than wool-gathering. The far away flashes over the western hills warn us of its approach, and soon we hear the low mutterings of the distant thunder. It seems to move faster as it nears us and its black fury creeps up toward the zenith, blotting out the stars one by one. Behind the dark veil the forked brilliancy gives us vivid glimpses of sky and earth and approaching tempest; while the crashes of rattling musketry and echoing artillery tell in ponderous voice the fierce battle of the elements.

Such scenes are deeply, truly sublime; but they are less typical of the true spirit of evening than the faint mystic voices that come to the listener on the still summer nights.

I recall a sultry September evening, when my hammock was slung on the border of a Green Mountain forest. I was listening to the melting notes of a white-throated sparrow, when my ear caught a far away rushing breathing sound, followed by a smothered thud. I had read with strange fascination, Thoreau's account of the fall of a tree on a still night in the forest; but I had never before heard it for myself.

A weird and strange sound it is, breaking in on the sultry stillness. I fancy that the ponderous hemlock, when smitten with age and decay, scorns to yield to the tempest's fury, with which it has battled and been victorious for a century. But as he feels that the time draws near when his aged frame must yield, his topmost branches wave gently for the last time in the soft breezes of sunset. As the evening hush and stillness fill the air and only the stars look down he relaxes the hold of his gnarled roots upon the soil or allows the decayed fibers of his trunk to give way. The great bulk sways, totters, and with a sad sigh goes rushing down to its final resting place in the forest mould. But anon the wood nymphs shall come and transform death to life, and the fallen trunk shall grow green with fern and moss and orchid.

The stroller who walks in the darkness must see with his feet to keep from stumbling. He must feel his way along the path and beware of hills and hollows. But when the moon sheds its silvery light on field and wood, walking is easier. The moonlight is a picture of daytime painted by an imaginative artist. Like the orb from which it comes, it is half darkness. However bright the one side of tree or rock appears, the other is hid in mysterious shadow. Objects in the distance, too, are only seen in faint and uncertain outline. These dim places are blanks for the imagination to fill with fanciful maybes. Bright moonlight is deceitful; it turns the commonest objects to gems. In it every dewdrop is a star, and the sand of the road is full of shining diamonds.

There are lights celestial and lights terrestrial, and though the latter be feeble compared with the former, they are by no means devoid of interest. Camped on the edge of a swamp in early summer, I have watched for hours the fireflies in their mazy dances; and as far as the eye could reach all was a field of flashing sparks.

There is will of the wisp, too, that strange uncanny phosphorence that has frightened superstitious people for ages, and given rise to many a ghoulish legend or ghostly tale. But while camped with a coast survey party on one of the peaks of the Green Mountains, I witnessed a light whose fairy-like beauty eclipses even the sparkling dance of the fire flies. Three of us one afternoon took a walk to the nearest village for supplies and mail. Our supper we carried with us, and at a point of the road which we judged we should reach by meal time on our return journey, we hid the luncheon in a raspberry thicket. Unexpectedly delayed we did not return to the spot till the darkness of a sultry, cloudy, dog day night had settled around us. We knew the locality by the bare branches of a dead tree near by, and now began a hunt for the hidden parcel, but the first one who parted the bushes gave an exclamation of delight. "I have found Fairyland," cried he, and bade us look for ourselves. Down under the rank growth, from decaying branches and twigs and leaves, sparkled and shone a thousand little gems of light. So might the lights of a great city appear to the observer in a balloon miles above. What possibilities did the imagination conjure up, of elves and gnomes, whose haunts we might be viewing, of a microscopic fairyland whose miniature beauties our eyes were too gross to discern. Nor had we perceived all that our eyes were capable of seeing, for now, as we looked closer, we saw that under our feet, all around us, and even in the mud, of the road, the faint lights shone.

So absorbed were we in this enchanting illumination that for a time our missing package was forgotten. But the hungry man of our party resurrected a match from a pocket which he had overlooked in his previous search, and by its light discovered the precious supper. I had often before noticed decayed wood glowing with a faint phosphorence, but never had I seen such an illumination from the forest mould. Nor was it confined to that spot. All the rest of the way to camp we walked upon a luminous pathway, and in the thick underbrush about us, millions of glowing lights that yet gave no light, formed an enchanting and never to be forgotten picture.

Strange and weird are the sights and sounds of evening! They have bred superstition, fable and mysticism; but in our more enlightened days they have an enchantment over the mind that, shorn of folly, leaves but a sweet peace.

And slowly a weariness comes over us. Happy is he who knows the perfect repose that comes to the healthy dweller in tents. Sight and sound fade to dim visions and whispers; and, on the wings of faint imaginings, the soul floats into that blessed dreamland where bright fancy reigns supreme, where all our hopes and wishes, though long since vanished in the mist of years, shall come back to us gratified at last.

CHARLES WHITING BAKER.

WINTER SNIPE IN COLORADO.—Yesterday, while taking a little jaunt on snowshoes with Mr. Slaymaker, a prominent attorney of this place, we ran across two Wilson's snipe, both of which we killed. Is it not usual to find them in this section, especially in the winter when the thermometer ranges anywhere from 20° to 30° below zero? We are located in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, at an elevation of 9,500 feet above sea level. When we first started the snipe they were feeding along the edge of the ice on a branch of the Animas River.—R. V. R. S. (Silverton, Col., Jan. 10). [It is not very uncommon to find Wilson's snipe in the Rocky Mountain regions in the coldest winter weather in the neighborhood of warm springs when there is open water and soft mud in which they can feed. As we have frequently remarked, the birds do not seem to care for the cold if only they can get enough to eat.]

BIRDS AND BONNETS.—Washington, D. C., Jan. 18.—Before furnishing the "Philadelphia correspondent," who "wishes to know of a heronry within 150 miles of that city," with the information which he desires, would it not be well to ascertain the purpose for which he seeks this information? Possibly he may be one of the unconscionable villains who "feather their nest" with heron plumes. I hope to see your editorials, concerning the nefarious business of slaughtering birds for their feathers, extensively copied in the newspapers throughout the country, but have little hope that any considerable public sentiment can be aroused against the business.—PATOKA.

ENGLISH SPARROW AS EGG ROBBER.—Shepherdstown, West Virginia, Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have taken and read carefully every line you have published since your first issue, and must say that while other publications of the same sort give an outline, you always give us the most complete information in regard to the sports we love so well. Hence I send to you for the information of all sportsmen, the following in regard to the English sparrow: Last spring I found a partridge (quail) nest with thirteen eggs in it. The old hen was sitting upon her treasures when a colony of sparrows discovered her nest, and it was not six hours before the little scoundrels had robbed the nest of every egg, and not only robbed the nest of its eggs but, under my own eyes, had eaten every one of them. I also witnessed the same flock of sparrows trying to break their way into some hen's eggs that were left in the nest as "nest eggs," but they were frightened off by the hens, else, I have no doubt, the birds would have succeeded in eating them. I have also seen the rascals wait patiently upon an old hollow pear tree for the northern sap-sucker to leave her nest, when they at once invaded her snug nest and robbed it of its eggs, which I saw them carry to the eaves of our house and devour at their leisure. I have been watching these little robbers for some years, and have come to the conclusion that they are the cause of the scarcity of quail in the Middle States. I would be glad to see some heroic measures taken to exterminate them. I am now watching a flock of sparrows and will let you know how they subsist through the winter.—E. D. BOWLES.

AN ALBINO QUAIL.—Yesterday Mr. H. C. Davidson received a white partridge, which was killed last Tuesday near Union Springs. It was presented to Mr. Davidson by Col. D. F. McCall, who says it is the second white partridge killed in the vicinity of Union Springs. The strange bird is perfectly white, without a colored speck or feather. It will be preserved as a curiosity by Mr. Davidson.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.*

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE MASSACHUSETTS DINNER.

ABOUT eighty members and guests of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association gathered in the large dining-hall at Parker's last Tuesday evening to enjoy their annual dinner, President E. A. Samuels of the association acting as master of ceremonies. Among the guests were Lieutenant-Governor Ames, Hon. J. Q. A. Brackett, Speaker of the House of Representatives; Senator W. H. Tappan, of Essex; Representatives A. N. Doane, of Harwich; C. C. Smith, of Springfield; B. O. Atkins, of Provincetown; Cortez Allen, of Westport, and Isaac Young, of Wellfleet, and Fish Commissioners George W. Riddle, of New Hampshire; Herbert Brainard, of Vermont; E. G. Blackford, of New York, and E. A. Brackett and E. H. Lathrop, of Massachusetts.

Very appropriately, the menu was largely made up of fish and game, elegantly served; and its discussion occupied a long two hours.

In his address, preliminary to the after-dinner speeches, President Samuels said: Massachusetts, though far in the van in many ways, though she is and long has been the preceptor and model for other States in many things, is far in the rear of all of them in her laws for the protection of her game and birds. Our people are not yet sufficiently educated in right and wrong to obey our law, indulgent, too indulgent as it is. The calls made upon us usually demand instant attention. Complaints are made that certain dealers in Suffolk or Essex county are selling short lobsters; that other unprincipled persons are selling quail or woodcock or grouse at illegal times; that poachers are seizing Weymouth and Milton rivers, destroying the smelts by wholesale; that other poachers are killing deer illegally in Plymouth county; and others in Barnstable county, in defiance of the law, are slaughtering sea fowl with battery and sneakbox. All these calls upon us are urgent, and in responding to them we are obliged to spend our money and time without stint. As this work is done all over the State, its very diffuseness seems to prevent it from receiving the prominence and recognition that it would receive were the labor done in much more restricted territory, and for this reason we do not receive from well-wishers and friends that pecuniary assistance and encouragement which is often given other bodies whose doings are more noisily heralded. The work we have done the past year has been very considerable. What we have done we have done well, and I believe that we have convinced the poachers that the old Massachusetts Association not only still lives, but also that it is attending strictly to business. I have said that our law for the protection of our game and birds is a weak one; that section which relates to our song and insectivorous birds, our warblers and sparrows, and, in fact, all our native small birds, is simply atrocious. By its provisions almost any person can easily obtain a license to kill these birds, and so that he claims he is doing it for scientific purposes, there is no limit to his privilege of destruction. It is by these holders of licenses, largely, that the ten and hundred of thousands of our native songsters are annually destroyed to be sold and used for women's finery. This provision of our existing law could hardly be framed so that it would give our birds less protection, and it should have been expunged from our statutes long ago. On several occasions, both in and out of debate, have I heard members of the Legislature complain that our association comes to the General Court year after year, using up its time in "trying to have the game laws tinkered." Now it did not occur to those complaining gentlemen that instead of casting an odium upon us they really were giving the Legislature not the very best reputation for intelligence or sincerity of motive; for we have brought annually such convincing proof, such abundant evidence that our present law is a bad one, that the committee always has reported a new bill; sometimes embodying what we have suggested, sometimes not, but invariably recommending something that should take the place of the existing law, and the Legislature has failed to adopt it. Among the persons who opposed us last winter were market gunners and a few commission game dealers. The former struggled for the repeal of that provision of our law which says that possession of game during illegal times is *prima facie* evidence of illegal killing. You know and they knew that the moment that provision is annulled the law would be worthless; and this fact is so universally established that the pro-

vision appears in the game laws of almost every State in the Union.

Lieutenant-Governor Ames said he could not be considered as representing the Governor, as he was not out of the State, and, therefore, could only speak for himself. He could not say much about fish and game, but he could tell them about a half-pound trout which cost him \$600. He bought 200 trout and put them then into a pond which he had prepared, and after a time he found they had disappeared. On examination a pickerel was found in it. He was killed. Some 400 gold fish were then placed in the pond, and after a time he thought he would see if all the trout had disappeared. After draining the pond down as low as possible, and pumping out the water at a cost of \$500, he found one solitary trout. The original 200 trout cost him \$100, and \$600 was the actual cost of the last trout.

Speaker Brackett, after a pleasant opening, said that the association was entitled to, and should receive the encouragement of this State, and all other States, since their objects are similar—protection of human lives and interests on the one hand, and of the denizens of the forest, the air and the sea, on the other.

Senator Tappan, of Essex, a member of the Legislative Committee on Fisheries and Game, entertained the company with a narrative of adventures many years ago on the frontier, where elk, deer, bears, Indians, and occasionally army mules, were the principal kind of game hunted.

Commissioner Lathrop said that ultimately the game of the continent will be preserved in New England because of the lack of protection on the prairies, and the extermination by hunters and railroads. Legislation properly, honestly, legitimately enforced, is a practical question. We must meet the prejudices and antagonism of the farmers, educate them so as to overcome their prejudices and make them understand that their interests run parallel with ours. He heartily agreed with the President in his condemnation of the destruction of the insectivorous and song birds, and strongly urged efforts to destroy the interests of taxidermists, by whom so many birds are killed simply to furnish female adornments. And in that connection he suggested that the education of the community might very well begin at home, by instruction from the members of the association to their wives, sweethearts and daughters.

Hon. George H. Riddle, Fish Commissioner of New Hampshire, thought that the Fish and Game Association of that State had been of great advantage to it, and that more game now existed in that State.

Hon. Herbert Brainard, Fish Commissioner of Vermont, told many humorous stories, and what the Fish and Game Protective Association of that State had done.

Hon. E. A. Brackett, of Massachusetts, said that it is a patent fact that game will ultimately only be obtained in New England and the eastern protective States. The reason of this is the wholesale destruction of game life in the West. The buffalo has become almost extinct, and a tradition, the Rocky Mountain goat is being exterminated, and the farmers of the West annually destroy game bird life by firing the plains. The Legislature should give a legitimate and fair game law and enforce it. In considering such a law, it becomes largely a practical rather than a sentimental one. Opposition comes largely from the farmers who own the soil. Experience shows that they will be heard. They argue, not logically, that because they own the land, they own the game. The only way to avoid this difference is to educate the farmer up to the idea of the purpose of the game association. He believed that the insect-eating and song birds should be preserved. The business of every taxidermist in Massachusetts should be killed primarily. The people should be educated up to doing away with bird skins as ornaments. The speaker had noticed a woman on the Common the other day who had on her hat the head of a black-bird adjusted to the body of a dove. This is the quite usual consistency of milliners. They are millinery monstrosities. The game shot in Massachusetts should not be exported. So long as the markets are open, just so long it will be impossible to protect the game in Massachusetts.

Mr. E. G. Blackford, of the New York Fish Commission, said, in response to a call: "Regarding legislation for the protection and propagation of fish, I cannot do better than to quote from a recent article written to the *New York Journal of Commerce* by Mr. Wm. C. Prime, which exactly represents my view. He says: 'We who call ourselves sportsmen have extensive influence in literature, in books and periodicals. There is a very large population throughout the country, who have as great interest in game and game laws as we, who have little if any representation in the published literature of the subject. One class are in general residents of cities, towns and villages. The other class are residents of the country proper, many of them those on whose lands the game is bred, fed and killed. While both classes enjoy the pleasure of hunting and fishing, they look at game laws from different points of view. To the latter class the most prominent consideration is the value of game for food at home, or for sale as a country food or for product, while the prominent idea of the other class is to provide the best system of laws for preserving game, so that they, with breechloaders, may find an annual supply of game for enjoyment in shooting. Both regard the ultimate use of the game as for food, for no decent sportsman lives who kills game or fish unless they are to be eaten by some one. But one class think more about the game after it is dead, and the other more about the living game as something to be killed. * * * Obtain the intelligent voice and opinion of the people, city and country people, all who have interest in the subject of game and fish laws. Let all learn that their interests are considered; that they are represented in devising laws. Keep the laws scrupulously free from any special features for the benefit of any class of sportsmen. Diffuse intelligence and get information. Don't imagine that the wells of knowledge have been exhausted by you, and show others that they too have much to learn. Keep prominent the one great truth that the primary purpose of protecting fish and game is to furnish food and not sport. On this and no other ground can sport be defended.' As a member of the New York Fish Commission, I have always recognized this fact, and have regarded the propagation of fishes as a means of producing food for the people, sport being a secondary consideration. If fish are plenty the sportsman will get his share and the production of food fish is the only reasonable ground on which we can ask for an appropriation to continue our work. This appeals to the whole people and not to a special class."

Hon. Daniel Needham and several members of the society also made interesting addresses, and told fish stories.

The officers for the ensuing year are: President, Edward A. Samuels; Vice-Presidents, Hon. Daniel Needham, Walter M. Brackett, Charles W. Stevens,

Horace T. Rockwell, John T. Stetson, H. H. Kimball, Charles Whittier; Treasurer, Frederick R. Shattuck; Secretary, Henry J. Thayer; Librarian, John Fottler, Jr.; Executive Committee, Charles L. Woodbury, Warren Hapgood, William S. Hills, W. C. Taft, Edward S. Tobey, Jr., Edward E. Small, John P. Woodbury, Joseph W. Smith, John Fottler, Jr., B. F. Nichols, H. C. Litchfield, B. C. Clark; Committee on Membership, W. M. Brackett, H. J. Thayer, H. C. Litchfield.

SHOTS AMONG THE PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

HAVING little time and less money to spare last fall, but being—as usual—possessed of a very large desire to look at something over my gun barrels, fortune favored me one day late in September on meeting a friend who said: "I understand you have been out chicken shooting." I had been up north about eighty miles, where, I was told, I could find a few birds, and I found them few indeed—I tramped for three days—got up a flock of six and divided even with them, taking three for my part, and came home. "Yes," I said; "I have been out, but found few birds and no sport." "Well," he answered, "now I want you should lay out a trip and go with me." I told him I could hardly stand another trip. "But," said he, "this is my trip. You will go with me, will you not?" You would be almost surprised to know how little urging it required to induce me to say yes. As my friend had recently been presented with a fine Irish setter but had no gun, he insisted I should go with him and select an outfit, which we at once proceeded to do and accomplished satisfactorily.

After making what inquiries I could for several days I nearly satisfied myself that all localities within a few hundred miles had been shot over. As this was toward the last of the month and the law was off on the first, if we decided to hunt within a radius of four or five hundred miles we should be obliged to glean the fields where others had reaped the harvest; so we decided to start for Nebraska, hoping to get beyond the market hunters, especially those who had hunted for this market, for the woods are full of them all over the West, and they are wiping out the game of all kinds as effectually as a fire licks up the prairie grass. We bought tickets to Omaha, with a privilege of a rebate if we decided to stop anywhere this side; but after diligent inquiry at every possible point and opportunity we traveled across the States of Illinois and Iowa from east to west, receiving but the one answer, "The birds have been about all shot off."

Now this looks a little sad, that in two States, where but a very few years ago chickens enough could be found almost anywhere to make excellent sport, one should be told ere the first month of the shooting season is over, that "the birds have been about all shot off." It only reveals the truth that our game of all kinds is being rapidly and surely exterminated. I am aware that in the Great West everything is done on the "broad gauge" plan, and that a majority of sportsmen here think they must have a "pile" of game in order to get any sport out of it; but they will very soon have to moderate their desires and learn to get more sport out of less game.

We arrived at Omaha in the evening, and stopping over night were told that a great many chickens had been shot about 100 miles west on the U. P. R. R. We told our informant that we were not after chickens that had been shot, in fact we were not in the second-hand business at all, but had started for some locality where we could "sit down at the first table." The next morning we took cars and after riding about eighty miles in a northwest direction were landed at the little town of Bancroft on the edge of the Omaha Indian reservation. A few moments' conversation with the landlord, a Parker gun behind the desk and two Russian setter dogs under the table, satisfied me that we had made no mistake in our location. I being the commissary of the party, was ordered to make arrangements for our supplies during our stay, which I did by saying we should want a team at our disposal which would stand fire, enough to eat and a good bed to sleep on at night. "How long do you propose to stay?" asked the landlord. Our answer was: "Until we get satisfied." The price was named and that settled it.

About this time we were called in to dinner, where we were seated at a little round table with plates for four, two of which were already occupied by a middle-aged gentleman and a young lady. Do I hear some one ask, What has all this got to do with chicken shooting? Don't be in a hurry, young man; go slow and I will tell you all about it. After dinner my friend in looking at the hotel register, read the names immediately above ours: Mr. S— and daughter. As the aforesaid daughter was standing near him while Mr. S— had gone to order up his team preparatory to starting, my friend with all due apologies inquired of the young lady if Mr. S— was a native of the town of M—, State of Connecticut, and being answered affirmatively, my friend said: "Will you please tell him an old schoolmate would like to speak with him before he leaves?" Such is life; here were two men, past the meridian of life, who had never met or even heard of each other since the old brown door of an obscure Connecticut schoolhouse had closed behind them. One had served his country as a soldier through the civil war and bore the scars of battle; and both in mercantile pursuits had wandered west to meet here by the merest chance for the first time since they were boys together. It is sufficient for this narrative to say that Mr. S— ordered his team returned to the stable, and he and his fair daughter did not leave us until we had finished our week's sport, adding very much to our enjoyment.

Prairie chicken shooting is *par excellence* the sport of the lazy man; it is the easiest of all land shooting—first, because the field is always open, and if one is too lazy to walk he can shoot from a horse or wagon; second, because early in the season, before the birds are quite matured, or have been too often disturbed, they will lie in the tall grass as close and long as one wishes; and thirdly, because they make a good big mark, flying true and not too rapidly, and there is so much of them that one need not fear of blowing them all to pieces, leaving nothing but feathers in the air. If they happen to get up too near for a shot, you can measure your distance, knowing there is no bush or tree for them to dodge behind. Thus in all respects they make fine game for one not disposed to be in a hurry; and for these same reasons the gentle things are easy plunder for the unscrupulous market-hunter. Later in the season (or at the time we were out), during the last of September, the birds are fully matured, have become stronger flyers, and have been made a little more shy from an occasional shot among them, even in this far off locality, and will not always allow a dog to approach so near them; and if a bird gets up twenty-five or thirty yards away one has to wink his eye pretty quick in

order to stop him, for being strong they will carry off quite a weight of shot unless winged or hit in a vital part.

We shot mostly on the Omaha Indian reservation, which here is quite rolling, but excellent land covered with a heavy growth of prairie grass, and there being no fences we could drive at will in almost any direction. The Indians had here a few fields of corn and other grains, but there were thousands of acres over which we could ride and shoot at pleasure. Our wagon was a comfortable two-seated spring wagon with a park top which would carry four or six persons and our dogs, and we had a couple of ponies somewhat larger than jack rabbits for a team which would walk or run all day, but manifested a most decided disinclination to trot. We had taken two dogs with us, an Irish and English setter and our landlord had two Russian setters which were at our service, so we were pretty well fixed for an enjoyable time.

Our mode of proceeding was about this: We would get an early breakfast, load up dogs, guns, ammunition, lunch, a big jug of water for ourselves and the dogs; thus equipped our party of four, as reorganized, would point the ponies (which my friend named Splinters and Shanks) for the Indian reservation, when a ride of a little more than a mile would bring us on to good shooting grounds. We always drove to the leeward of the field over which we designed to shoot. Then we would get out, leaving Miss S. to manage the team, following slowly in our wake and occasionally marking birds for us, which services she rendered in an admirable manner, and with a new and delightful pleasure to herself. With the four dogs, the three of us keeping about two hundred yards apart and moving in line as nearly as practicable, each would generally find birds enough for his individual shooting without disturbing the others or placing them in danger; and when one's pockets became too heavy for comfort or convenience, he would fall back to the wagon and deposit his load. Occasionally we would all meet at the wagon, when we would water the dogs, sample our lunch, a cigar, look over our birds, and when we had finished our chat and were thoroughly rested, start out for another tramp. Thus we would put in the time till about 11 o'clock, when it was time to bundle ourselves and dogs into the wagon and drive back to the hotel for dinner, after which came cigars and usually a game of cards till about 3 o'clock, when we would find ourselves again seated in the wagon and on our way for the evening shoot, which usually lasted far into the "twilight soft and gray." To me there is a rare and indescribable delight in shooting on a still, quiet evening, watching the last rays of the setting sun, and the last faint glimmer of light as it quickly passes away under the gauzy curtain of night. (May the last days of all good sportsmen be as quiet and pleasant.) We always found supper awaiting us on our arrival home, when after caring for the dogs and shedding our hunting traps, and taking a good square tin pan bath, we, "us four and no more," would gather about the little round table aforesaid, doing ample justice to broiled chickens, flanked by vegetables, warm biscuit, pastry, etc. After supper we would look to the comfort of the dogs, and then seat ourselves for a cheerful chat and game of cards till bed time.

Should you ask me now how many birds we bagged, I could not tell; I kept tally till we got past 100 and then quit. We did not forget our friends or neglect ourselves, for we sent away a box each day, and kept a string hanging under the little porch of the hotel from which our table was supplied at each meal. Thus we passed the week, changing our route occasionally, always getting birds enough to make it enjoyable sport, never turning it into downright slaughter, and leaving birds "enough and to spare." And with it all we had a good time.

CHICAGO, ILL.

KENTUCKY GAME NOTES.

THE past season has been remarkably barren of sports. After a favorable summer and an apparent plentifulness of nesting birds, the most inviting covers were drawn blank. In few instances were more than two rounds necessary to insure an oiling up and "filing away" of guns. The heaviest mast the old-timers ever saw brought not a pigeon nor a squirrel. Streams that a few years ago furnished excellent sport will not now furnish bait.

A few sportsmen met in Louisville during the fall and evolved a new game and fish law, which Chairman Barbour has submitted to the Solons now in session at the capital; but precedents forebode trouble if not defeat. Without legislation radically different from past enactments, sports in the blue-grass belt will soon be an item of pioneer history.

Very few legislators appear to realize that rapid rotation is the prevailing practice; and no sooner than assured of their election, all foolishly set about a canvass for re-election which rarely materializes. Asinine pledges are given during canvasses, and coupled with an equally asinine ambition to go back, handicap representatives so heavily that intelligent and imperative legislation in the interest of game and fish is nearly an impossibility. Two or three instances of observance of our fish law of ten years ago demonstrated its wisdom so clearly that not a complaint was heard; but universal evasions of the penalties and the notorious participation in infractions of the law by officers sworn to encompass the observance of that law, soon resulted in a lapse to the old state of vandalism from which we were but temporarily lifted.

May the fates prosper the efforts of the gentlemen striving to benefit the ignorant and perverse, and their labors result in a law whose penalties will command its religious observance through a mortal fear of the consequences of violation.

During a late horseback trip to the mountains I was in the saddle the greater portion of seven days' traversing a finely timbered section, and though informed by every one that squirrels were plentiful I didn't see one except on the tables at two houses. One large bunch of mallards flying up Cumberland River and two beavs of quail was all the game that I saw, and every day that I was out was a good day for gunning. I was invited to occupy a deer stand within four miles of a country town, where two of five deer had been bagged a few days before, but business forbade. Within twenty miles of home I was shown the leg of a two year old doe, one of thirteen deer started in one drive.

A night at Uncle Joe's was next thing to one spent in camp. His reminiscences of large and small game captured within ear shot of the fireside beside which we sat were delightful. He told me that there are several bunches of deer in the country, and that on the Tennessee border beavs have increased so rapidly as to become seriously destructive of mountain sheep.

A little conservatism and concert would soon render the mountains of Kentucky as rich in sports as when Uncle Joe was a middle-aged man and I a boy, thirty-five years ago.

CENTRAL KENTUCKY.

KENTUCKIAN.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A long letter originally printed in the New York Times has been copied into several of our journals. Its statements are so inaccurate and its reasoning so fallacious that I propose to go through it and show its worthlessness as an argument for deer hounding. The writer says:

Every year a larger number of people than went the previous year visit that region in search of health or amusement, or both, but they leave early in the fall, because the game laws are so framed that there is little to amuse them after Sept. 1.

This may be true of some parts of the Adirondacks, but it is not true with respect to the north side. Parties go into the woods as long as the weather is warm. Only the pot-hunter would stay later.

In so large and sparsely settled a region as that under consideration no law can be effective which does not appeal to the common sense of the majority of the resident population, for they and they only, can prevent the violation of the law by irresponsible people, and unless they will co-operate with the authorities the State cannot secure gamekeepers enough to prevent the hunters from breaking the law.

That is about so. If gentlemen (?) like "J. T. D." will violate the law, by all means repeal the law. Don't punish the offender because "the State cannot secure gamekeepers enough to do it." Poor little Empire State, how I pity you in your helplessness.

It had always been the custom until this year to use dogs in starting the deer, so as to drive them past the point where the hunter can get a shot.

It had always been the custom to run the deer to water and kill it with a club.

The deer can easily distance the dog, and by running to some brook or pond can throw the dog off the scent and escape, unless he happens to come to the spot where the hunter is waiting for a chance to shoot.

Yes, the deer can outrun the dog for a short distance. That only. The pure hound is too slow for this business. Guides use a mongrel—just hound enough to follow the scent. A dog that runs fast and gives little tongue is the best for deer. Why don't "J. T. D." describe the "spot" where the hunter waits for a shot? I will supply the omission. It is at a pond or lake on some bushy point. His guide is with him; his boat is hidden from sight, but where it can be pushed into the water in a moment. There is not a panther in the Adirondacks but will tree to a good dog in from five to thirty minutes; yet he could easily kill a dozen dogs had not nature given him a mortal fear of that determined animal. So with the deer. In his terror he flies to the nearest pond to "throw off the scent." He plunges into the water. Perhaps he has had a hard run for miles; perhaps the water is icy cold. There is no pity in the breasts of sportsman (?) and guide who, hidden on that bushy point, are waiting for it. As soon as the deer is out far enough so they can cut him off from the shore, they put out in the boat. What follows is cold-blooded, deliberate butchery. Swiftly, silently the boat approaches the victim. At a distance of ten or fifteen rods it is discovered by the deer, that now makes frantic efforts to escape. The powerful arms of the guide soon send the boat to within a few feet of the doomed animal. Then the Winchester is a favorite weapon. If the deer is not killed by the time the magazine is emptied, the guide holds it by the tail while the sportsman (?) beats its brains out with a club (carefully provided by the guide for just such an emergency).

Consequently not more than one deer in ten which are started is likely to come within shooting distance, unless the hunting party is a very large one. Even when the deer goes within shooting distance the hunter frequently misses fire and the animal makes his escape.

The sportsman (?) always employs a guide; the party generally consists of several persons. One guide puts out the dogs, and from his knowledge of the country and previous hunts of like nature can tell about where the deer will water, and the rest of the party post themselves accordingly. Probably not one in ten escape.

This kind of hunting gives employment to the greatest number of men and does as little harm to the deer as any method that is employed.

Yes, it gives employment to men, but is that employment an advantage to them after all? The guide keeps a pack of hounds (but no hogs) all the year; neglects all other work for perhaps a month's employment "hounding." As for the deer, it is simply death for it, and after being run by a dog for hours and then plunged into an icy lake, probably death by a club is a relief.

In fact, it is well known that every deer killed by hounding costs the sportsman at least \$150 in expenses for camping utensils, guides, provisions, etc., but the health and enjoyment derived from a life in the woods amply repay him for the expenses.

That is all moonshine. I have known parties to sell venison enough to pay expenses. I have known men who used to make up a hounding party every fall to hunt with hounds for profit.

The use of dogs, however, makes the deer wild, so that the pot-hunter who is shooting for the market cannot easily make his expense, and therefore last winter, by appealing to the sympathies of many members of the Legislature who were not familiar with the subject, some of the pot-hunters' friends procured the passage of a law prohibiting the use of dogs, and what was the result?

So FOREST AND STREAM is the pot-hunter's friend, is it? And the thousands who signed its petitions for a non-hounding law are all pot-hunters or their friends? So far as I know the result was to lessen the number of deer killed; it gave an outer who wanted a deer for camp a chance to kill it without a dog, and gave some people and papers a chance to howl.

The guides lost their usual employment in September and October because people did not dare to break the law, but they had to make their living and provide for their families; therefore, they were forced to hunt deer and sell the hides to the peddlers, as well as the meat, when they could do so. The hide of a good deer brings \$1.50, and the meat must be carried out of the woods on the hunter's back on the chance of finding some one to buy it. Of course, at these rates, it takes a great deal of hunting to realize \$2.50 a day that the hunter would have were he acting as guide for a sportsman, feeling sure of his money whether the sportsman had good or poor luck. The result of all this legal red tape has been plainly shown in the small section of Franklin county with which I am familiar, where up to the latest accounts 66 deer had been killed this fall, as against an average of 25 to 30 each year when hounding was allowed. Under the old law the deer were steadily increasing in the section I visit, and I never saw tracks of both large and small deer so plentiful as they were in the fall of 1884.

Perhaps the guide did lose his usual employment in September and October, but then he had a chance to harvest his crops. Does "J. T. D." mean to tell us as an honest fact that but twenty-five or thirty deer were killed each year by hounding in Franklin county? Why I know of a single party killing as many as that in a single hunt on the southern border of St. Lawrence. "J. T. D." never saw tracks so plentiful as in the fall of '84. Well; when the woods are full of hounds deer will make tracks, and plenty of them, there's no doubt about that.

Many persons suppose that the deer are caught and torn by the dogs, but this is a mistake, as a dog cannot catch a deer unless there

[Cut this out, put it on a blank, obtain signatures and send to your Member at Albany.]

A PETITION

For the Continued Protection of Adirondack Deer.

To the Honorable, the Legislature of the State of New York:

We, the undersigned, residents of _____ County, respectfully petition that the law (Chap. 557, Laws of 1885) which makes it "unlawful to pursue any wild deer in this State with any dog or bitch" may not be amended in any such way as to permit the use of dogs for hunting deer at any time.

(Signed)

acticle very modestly says "we do not profess to be thoroughly posted on this question but have noted down some of the arguments as given by the advocates of deer bounding." He is therefore excusable for the errors it contains. The cry of slaughter comes not so much from those that would preserve the deer as from those that want to kill them, but cannot because they cannot employ a dog to drive them into the water where they can kill them with a club as well as with a gun.

I wager that not one man in ten who is trying to make out that still hunting is so very easy and successful a mode of hunting can kill one deer during the whole month of November by that mode of hunting.

The assertion that more deer were killed last fall than there was in the fall of 1884, is erroneous. For so far as I can learn more deer were killed by still-hunters in the fall of 1884 than there was the present year. Add to what the still-hunters kill, more than four times as many more killed by bounding, and one must be well versed in mathematics to make the number less. Why still-hunters killed more in the fall of 1884 was because the weather was more favorable. I know what conditions must exist in order to approach a deer in the woods and must hold good throughout the whole woods. If more deer were killed last fall than there was the previous fall they must have been killed by the aid of hounds. It cannot be denied but what bounding was practiced to more or less extent in most parts of the wilderness. In the Beaver river country not less than 260 deer were killed in the season of 1884. Two hundred were killed by driving into the water with hounds and about sixty by still-hunting. Last fall less than sixty were killed on the same territory. Why was this? Simply because the law against bounding was strictly enforced. Other sections where the law has not been enforced many deer have been killed and credited to still-hunting. A year ago last fall a party from Jefferson county camped on Beaver river and killed about thirty deer, last fall they went on the same ground and killed four. Another party who the previous fall killed twenty-three, last fall did not kill any.

The writer says "that deer herd together on their feeding grounds in the open woods, where they are easily approached by the hunter, and sometimes the whole herd are killed." This is a great mistake. I was born and raised in the Adirondack wilderness and have hunted deer ever since I was allowed to handle a gun, which was not as the privileged lad of the present day, at the age of ten years, but at sixteen. This long experience has made me thoroughly conversant with the habits of the deer in our North Woods. They do not herd together at all, seldom more than two or three are found together and more often one alone. It is seldom that they come out into open woods during the day. In years when there are beech nuts they come out to feed on the nuts in open beech timber during the night, and almost invariably repair to the swamp and thicket before daylight. If when following a deer it chances to cross open timbered land where it can be seen at a distance, he is sure not to stop there, but seeks some thicket where he can see the hunter on his track and not be seen himself, and when he lies down almost invariably lies in a position to watch his back track. The author says "that where there are no dogs to run deer they become tame and are easily approached by the hunter." This is a most preposterous assertion; go into a country where they have never heard a dog or seen a man, they are the same. It is instinctive for them to be wild and wary. If the writer does not believe this I would like to have him come and try to get a shot at one. If he does not change his mind in less than a week's time he will differ from every one else that has tried it.

I deprecate the slaughter of deer by whatever mode it is done. But every thinking man must see that the chances for slaughter are an hundredfold more than by still-hunting, as it requires no skill or experience. The deer once in the water can be killed as easily as if tangled in the snow crust, and it is a known fact that deer always take to the water when pressed by hounds.

Still-hunting requires much experience, a great deal of traveling and an acquaintance with the habits of deer. Not more than one in a hundred that goes into the woods to hunt can kill more than two or three deer in one season and more that do not kill any at all. There are the Humes, of Diana, that doubtless kill more than is consistent with the preservation of deer. And now one Williams, from Pennsylvania, turns up that kills thirty-two deer, while his two companions who hunted as faithfully the same length of time and killed two deer each. It is alleged that he used a pointer dog. The author says that dogs drive the deer into the windfalls, swamps and thickets. This would be well if they would leave them there, but the hound will follow them through thick and thin until compelled to take to the water where the hunter is awaiting him. The writer says "that in European countries all the hunting is with dogs." This may be true, but do they drive them into the water and kill them there? No, it would be an unpardonable disgrace for them to kill a deer in that way. This is the very reason why hounds should not be used in our Adirondack wilderness—it abounds in lakes and ponds into which the deer are driven and easily killed. Were the hunters obliged to shoot them in the woods while on the full run as it is the only rule to do in the old country, then bounding would not be so destructive. The State of Massachusetts in her game laws does not prohibit the use of dogs but very wisely makes it a penal offense to kill a deer within a certain distance of water when driven by dogs. The writer says the venison will not be injured by the chase in cool weather. He is mistaken,

The worst hounded venison I ever saw was killed in November, with snow on the ground. It was unfit to eat when killed and in twenty-four hours was putrid and had to be thrown away. It is because they cannot endure the race so well that they take to the water so much quicker in cold weather. In view of this fact, if a season for bounding must be tolerated at all, it should not be in October, but the first ten or fifteen days of September. This would accommodate the greatest number of sportsmen, very few of which remain in the woods after that date. If it is later than this it will be entirely to the interest of pot-hunters. Besides, during September deer do not take so readily to water and thus the opportunity for slaughter by this mode of hunting would be entirely avoided.

It is self-interest that causes the hotel keepers in Franklin and Hamilton counties to curse the new bounding law. They all keep large packs of hounds and they bring revenue to their tills.

If the State of New York wishes to adopt measures to increase the revenue of a few landlords at the expense of the destruction of this most noble game in her great prospective park, she has only to repeal the non-hounding law and it will be speedily accomplished. Advocates of bounding claim it is a sportsmanlike way of hunting deer, I do not see it. It is not the part of a sportsman to kill his game by bellying its instincts, or depriving it of the means with which the creator has endowed it for its protection and safety. Let us see how bounding does this. The hunter puts the swift persistent hound on the track of the timid deer, his first instinct is flight, by this means he can escape his human enemy. After a long and frightful race failing in this, he turns toward the water where instinct tells him he can snrly baffle the enemy on his track. Half dead with fright and with protruding tongue and panting sides he arrives on the shore of the lake. The water, although cold and uninviting, is now his only place of refuge. He plunges in, and when well out in the lake should be safe, when a boat pushes out from the shore and cuts off its retreat. Witness his frantic plunges, this way and that, in his endeavor to avoid his now more deadly enemy, but it is of no use, escape is impossible, his pitiful bleatings for mercy are of no avail, he is ruthlessly murdered by the pot-hunter or so-called sportsman. His instinct has belied him, his fleetness has been taken away from him and like the deer in the snow crust or in the trap, can be killed with a club as well as with a gun. This is a method of killing deer beside which even the steel trap is a mitigation, for in his wanderings he accidentally steps in the steel trap and is caught. But in this great water trap you take advantage of his instinct and compel him to come in and be caught. I think that bounding deer should be prohibited on the ground of its cruelty and inhumanity, if it did not lead to speedy extermination, which it surely does.

Keep the non-hounding law where it is, add to it a more effective detective force, and if it be evident that by any other method of hunting too many deer can be killed, legislate some measure to curtail their numbers and plenty of deer are insured, sufficient for all reasonable demands of the sportsman and the tourist in our great Adirondack wilderness so long as it remains a wilderness. C. FENTON.

SHOOTING IN CUBA.

ABOUT twelve miles due south from Habana and two west from the railroad station at Rincon lies one of the tracts (1,300 acres) rented by the Habana Field Sport Club, and policed by its own special constable. These grounds inclose three large lagoons, favorite resorts in winter of coots, teal and other ducks, and their borders are frequented by snipe and other marsh birds. Thus they had been heretofore much visited by local hunters from many miles around, some of whom sought invitations from the club by offering to its members the attention to conduct them in excursions outside of this tract, where good sport could sometimes be had. Some of these attentions had been accepted from two of these parties, who professed to have two wonderfully fine retrievers for these reedy and difficult lagoons, and they were consequently invited to have a day with the club in these waters. The morning was cloudy and dark, threatening drizzling rain, which threatening continued to hover over us without, however, coming to a downright rain storm.

The visitors were supposed and indeed supposed themselves to be so much better posted in successful methods of the chase in this particular region that they were asked to indicate the most efficacious plan, and were shown the four boats belonging to the club, fitted with racks for blinding, etc. Flattered by such bowing to their superior skill, they were inclined to be a trifle boastful, especially of the superior qualities of their retrievers, which they said would be sure to follow the wounded birds into the most impenetrable reeds; and they chose for themselves to go in the boats, while most of the members present distributed themselves to favorable positions on shore to intercept the birds in their flight. But in the general eagerness to get into position, and the confidence that the visitors were so well versed in lagoon shooting, we neglected to mention to them that under the administration of the Field Trial Club there might be some slight changes that had taken place since its advent to these waters, for instance, that there were some birds there with peculiarities such as the visitors had never before seen, though they looked for all the world just like those they had so often found here. These were in groups in the furthest part of the larger lagoon, which the boats had to traverse slowly and with the greatest caution, following the rippling edge of its

is a heavy snow or unless the deer is disabled. Even then, if he should tear the deer's hide he would receive such a thrashing as would prevent a repetition of the offense, as a torn skin does not find favor with the peddler. The numerous extracts you have from time to time published (taken principally from the *Booneville Herald*) shows conclusively that it is the pot-hunter shooting for market who is doing the damage in the Adirondacks, and not the summer visitor, who is supremely happy if he obtains only one deer with branching horns, and is contented if he gets any at all. Compare this result with the story of the pot-hunter, published in the *Booneville Herald*, who shot sixty deer this season for market, or with one of the guides I know personally, who shot twenty-nine deer for market in one small section of woods where, as I said before, all the summer visitors could have only been able to kill from twenty-five to thirty in a season. One would hardly imagine that the matter of hounds or no hounds would have any influence outside of the woods, but the actual fact is that in Franklin county alone it was estimated by one of the papers published in Malone that the falling off in the number of visitors caused by the new law resulted in a loss to Franklin county alone of \$50,000. The matter entered into politics to such an extent that the senators and members were called upon for their views on the dog question as soon as they were nominated, and I understand that the Legislature to restore the former law. It is evident that the hunter for market does the most damage, and that men will not hunt for the market if they can obtain other and more remunerative employment as guides in September and October. After Nov. 1 most of these men settle down to winter work in the lumber region and do not hunt during the remainder of the year.

These being the facts, it follows that to preserve game as much as possible, and in order to interest the inhabitants in enforcing the law, a bill should be passed allowing deer to be hunted either with or without hounds during the months of August, September and October. It should be illegal to allow any venison to be sent out of the Adirondacks during the next five years. Such a law would not deprive the lovers of venison in our large cities of their favorite dish, because there is always an abundant supply from the West.

Now, Mr. Editor, what is the object of game laws? Is it to give employment to guides? Is it to fill summer resorts with visitors? Is it to give Franklin county \$50,000, or is it to give the game such protection as will enable it to hold its own against the raids of all hunters combined?

Up to the present season (1885) we had three methods of hunting deer, each popular with some, each more or less destructive.

First was floating. Destructive, if practiced out of season; otherwise not very. In order to float at all you must have a pond or stream, shallow, in portions at least, and containing food. Not one pond in ten is a "good deer pond." Then you must have a boat and experienced paddler. You hunt at night. Nearly half the nights are moonlight. Very few deer are killed then. Many other nights are cold, rainy or windy. The good nights for deer after Aug. 1 are but few, and I have lain in a boat all night, one of the hottest, darkest, stillest nights I ever saw, on a small pond whose shores were all cut up with fresh tracks, and not heard a sound of a deer. Again, after about two nights' hunting, and the firing of half a dozen shots, at such a pond deer get "educated," and will run and "blow" at the first glimpse of light or the least sound. I have "floated" many more nights without seeing a deer than those when I have, and I do not suppose I have killed over one deer to half a dozen nights. Wounded some, you ask? Well, yes; though no more than are wounded and lost in other methods. So floating is not so awful after all. Besides, there are various ways to stop floating, or at least make it unsuccessful. A single "protector" could keep a hundred ponds "doctored" so no deer would be killed. How? Just burn brimstone here and there around it, about once in two weeks. Or, if the guide is so disposed, a mistroke of the paddle, or a little lurch of the boat at the right moment fixes things, and the sportsman is none the wiser. The objection to "floating" is, that it is the favorite method of the guide and fisherman out of season. It is most destructive in the early part of the season, but the enforcement of the law, as it is, would stop that.

Still-hunting is practiced almost entirely in fall and early winter, and its advocates are mostly the guide and hunter who, after working for pay in the woods all summer, want a few days' sport himself. It seldom pays. Many times the game does not sell for enough to any more than pay expenses. Now and then an expert hunter can make money at it. There is but a short time for it, and the good days, like the good nights for floating, are few, and I suspect, if the truth were known, many deer that find their way to market as killed by still-hunting are, in fact, captured by hounds.

Now for bounding—the real nut we are after. Bounding can be practiced any day in the year. You may have thirty good nights for floating; you may have thirty good days for still-hunting; but you have three hundred and sixty-five for bounding.

Great ado has been made about the number of deer killed by still-hunting this fall. The case is simply this. Had bounding been allowed, these same deer, and many more, would have been killed in the summer.

What nonsense it is to say more deer have been killed because of the non-hounding law. An army is composed of artillery, cavalry and infantry. Disband the infantry, and do you make it more effective? We had three methods of slaughtering deer. We take away the most effective; the one, and the only one certain of success every time, be it wet or dry, hot or cold—and we are told that we must restore it as the only possible way to prevent the extermination of deer.

It is twenty-five years since I killed my first deer. I have averaged about one a year since. I have killed them floating, by daylight from a boat, by watching a pond or field, by still-hunting. I once helped kill one by bounding. So I know a little of all the methods employed. My advice would be, exterminate the mongrel curs that drive deer. Fine or imprison the so-called guides and sportsmen (?) who violate the law, stop the marketing of venison, and educate the public. Then stop tinkering the law, and enforce it.

R. H. J.

CANTON, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is very exciting to hear the dogs driving deer, but the way the law is now the hunters in the country have a chance to hunt only by still-hunting, while the hunters back in the wilderness do hunt with dogs as much as ever. It seems to satisfy the hunters if they can have a few days' sport hunting deer with dogs in the fall, but the guides and hunters are all mad and they are bound to kill every deer that there is in the woods. They swear that if we people can't have any chance to govern our own game there shall be no game to protect. I think every county should govern its own game.

GEO. W. STOWELL.

SCHROON LAKE, Essex county.

The following reply to some of the false and silly statements printed in the press comes from one whose experience and character give weight to his words.

I notice in your issue of the 24th inst. an article headed "The great slaughter of deer last fall." The author of that

reedy shores, a favorite method of these parties being to creep stealthily upon the game, and a shot at a tempting group like that in view would amply repay them for an hour's tugging at the muffled oar. The boat of the club was to them also a novel method of approach, and novelty always has attractions of its own.

The creeping movements of the boats was keeping some birds in motion from one lagoon to another, and from one part to another of this lagoon, giving the members stationed about an occasional shot, but the parties in the boats were inclined to burn no powder upon the birds passing over them so intent were they upon the large bag to result from a single broadside into the tempting flock nestling in the edge of the reeds ahead of them. They had tugged at those oars until their arms were breaking, they had crouched down in the boat until the muscles of their lower limbs were cramped into hard knots, but they had arrived almost within shooting distance and were full of anxiety lest the game should flush at the last moment before they were at the desired distance. Five yards nearer and their labors would be rewarded by that triumph of skillful approach, which they were burning with desire to demonstrate to the city sportsmen as the *sine qua non* for these lagoons. In vain small groups of birds would pass over, and temptingly near to them. In vain *Rallus elegans* would flush from the reeds beside them; in vain *Fulica americana* would flee in couples and quadruples before them in near proximity, when an effective broadside was so soon to fill their bags to overflowing with *Querquedula discors*. In vain also *Purpuras gymnostoma* railed at them its angry protest against their presence in its favorite haunts, thus proclaiming it to the coveted game had they been of more timid stuff. Several pairs of wicked eyes were now turned upon the hunters from various stations on shore in keen expectation of the sport about to begin and almost simultaneously four streams of fire and smoke issued from that triumphant boat, introducing great confusion among the victims of the fusillade, but, strange to say, none of that large flock took to wing, but hovered in those reeds as if in overweening confidence in their hiding place from the terrible enemy before them. But only a brief respite was given them, for a second and a third volley was poured in upon them in rapid succession from the two breechloaders in the boat and Rose and Fetchum were launched out to gather in the dead birds. What a proud moment for these two rustic sportsmen to show off their superior tactics to their city brethren. Never before in all their shooting experiences had they got away with a whole flock, not one escaping to tell the horrid tale. But alas! In spite of their pride of great experience in the ways of the anatide that day, they had been destined to receive a new revelation in natural history. To their deep chagrin Rose and Fetchum belied the fame they had given them. They returned empty-mouthed to the boat. They would not retrieve those ducks. It then dawned upon them that there was something strange in this affair, and moving forward with the boat they were initiated for the first time into the mystery of decoys, they themselves having been decoyed to this advanced knowledge of "tricks that are (not) vain." These ducks had not been bred in northern solitudes. They were village ducks, bred in Westport, N. Y. Oh, ye shades of Nimrod! judge of the confusion of mind that overwhelmed these two at this humiliating discovery. Instead of the exhibition of superior intelligence, it suddenly flashed upon them that they had effectually exposed their ignorance of modern methods which had demonstrated their efficacy upon themselves in a striking manner.

Though no members of the club had sat behind the stools on that day, still they had made a fair bag, which was duly divided among all, their visitors included. Of course they were profuse in regrets that they had forgotten to mention to the visitors the little circumstance of the presence of decoys in the lagoon, as they supposed they knew all about such little incidents of duck shooting, and the visitors were as fluent in their protestations of sorrow at their blundering destruction of the property of their entertainers, which had at least been deteriorated by the numerous discharges of large shot. They were freely forgiven in consideration of the lively entertainment the incident had afforded, and which will long hereafter be remembered as a charming reminiscence of the association, furnishing, as it did, long and agreeable exercise to the diaphragm and abdominal muscles of its members.

NEMO.

HABANA, Cuba, Dec. 26.

PASSAIC COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with very little satisfaction the proceedings of some of the game protectors against violators of the law in New York State. I should think that these paid officials ought to have made a better record, considering the facts that they have a large area of country to look after and that the reports were for a whole year. Compare their reports with the following, the record of the Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association for the last month, December:

Abraham Terhune and Thomas Finnegan, fishing with net, \$20 each and costs. Edward Ryerson, shooting black bass, \$20 and costs. Jacob Ryerson, maintaining eel weir, thirty days in jail. James Ryerson, fishing with set lines, prosecution abandoned on account of sympathy for family. Frank Kastell, same offense, thirty days in jail. Thomas W. Garrison, same offense, prosecution abandoned on account of insufficiency of testimony. Barney Palm and Mike Helson, maintaining eel weir, \$20 each and costs. John Milligan, same offense, prosecution abandoned on account of sympathy for family. Whitfield Little, John S. Schuster and Thomas Van Orden, unlawfully killing rabbits, \$20 each and costs. William Snedeker, trapping quail, \$20 and costs. In the cases of the eel weirs mentioned the weirs were all destroyed. The fines were not collected in every case, but none got off without paying at least the larger portion of the costs.

In addition to this the Association has almost perfected arrangements for stocking Greenwood Lake and other Passaic county waters with alewives, and has discussed plans for the improvement of the shooting and fishing in the county. This is one month's record, and December was by no means an exceptionally good month. The Association consists of fifty-five members who pay fifteen cents a month as dues, and nearly all the business of the Association is transacted by the secretary. One association of this kind with a few live members and a handful who pay dues is worth a half a hundred hired game protectors. Still, sportsmen do not seem to see the benefit—I may say necessity—of organizing. A little energy and a little money go a great way when properly applied.

INITIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Time has dealt kindly with me, and I am almost astonished that it has me hovering around in the vicinity of fifty. It seems a long, long time since I shot and killed my first deer, when I was about fourteen. It was in the mountains of Huntingdon county, Pa., and not more than two and a half miles from where I was born, and I have been shooting ever since. How vividly we remember important boyhood exploits. It seems like an occurrence of but a few weeks ago. I remember it all—How I coaxed my father and uncle Sam to go along and how I rubbed up the old smoothbore rifle that no one else would think of taking to the woods to shoot deer with; the sleepless night before the start; the early start; the hunt begun along the south side of Tussey's Mountain; how I watched the man above me and the one below me more than I watched for deer, afraid of getting lost; how while looking for the hunter below me I saw a magnificent buck loping along not thirty yards down the mountain; how I bleated and he stopped broadside; how my gun was discharged and when the smoke cleared away I had a palpitation of the heart and found that the buck was wounded; how I yelled like a Comanche, and how the man below me, Sam Stryker, came up, tried to shoot him in the head to save the skin and venison, and instead shot him in the nostrils, and how the buck made off down the mountain; how I wanted to follow him, with my gun empty, of course; how he would not let me, saying that the deer would stop in a short time; how we waited until my father and uncle Sam came to us, when we all went in search of his buckskin, there being no snow, no dog—and no buck until his skeleton was found nearly a mile from the scene of the tragedy the following summer. Oh, how well I remember how I mourned the loss of that deer. It is hardly necessary for me to say that I thought more of the old smoothbore after that day's hunt than I ever did before.

Since those days I have hunted in Michigan, Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa and Pennsylvania with varied success, but none of my many outings ever gave me as much pleasure and sorrow combined as the first deer hunt on Tussey.

SHONGO.

THE DUCKS OF THE PACIFIC.

TODAY my thoughts have gone back to the day last February I spent with Walter N. Shoemaker, of Chicago, among the ducks, quail and jack snipe in El Cajon Valley. We left the city on Wednesday morning for a twenty-mile drive to that favorite hunting ground, famous for its raisins and oranges, its immense ranches, and last, but not least, its great coveys of quail.

Nine miles from town our dog flushed a covey, and leaving the team with Shoemaker, Jr., we proceeded to bag a couple of dozen, which afforded us about an hour's sport. Driving on ten miles further, we arrived at Ben Hill's ranch, on which was a laguna covering ten acres of ground. Looking down on the water from the hill, we could see thousands of ducks feeding. We halted right there. Going down to the edge of the water we found hundreds of tumble weeds, which make the finest blinds in the world. Quickly constructing a blind I stationed Mr. S. within it, and, telling him not to fire until I was in position, I went down the other side so as to approach the ducks from the trees on that side, as they had floated down to the further end of the laguna on seeing us. Crawling up to within gunshot of the water, I cautiously rose up and—whiff, whiff, went dozens of wings, as mallard, sprig and teal jumped frantically into the air, with quack, quack, as I poured right and left barrel into them and succeeded in bringing down several, among them a royal old greenhead. Bang, bang, went Shoemaker's gun, telling me that the birds were circling over him, and I had hardly time to slip two more shells in my gun when s-h-c-w came a dozen or more sprigs right over my head down into the laguna; and two more came tumbling down. Still I could hear Shoemaker firing up at the other end. We stayed there until I had bagged twenty-seven ducks, as nice and fat as one could wish for. Then, as the ducks had about all left the laguna for the smaller ponds down the valley, we thought it best to hunt them up. My friend had secured about as many as I had, and we felt highly elated with our success so far, for it was only about noon and we had a fine bag already.

Driving down the valley I spied through the trees a dozen big ducks sitting on a sandbar about the middle of the river. We again left the team, and after making a detour crawled down to the edge of the river and found ourselves right opposite the ducks, which proved to be mallards. We sat there admiring them until Shoemaker got uneasy, and rousing up we discharged a couple of barrels into them and two more as they rose in the air, and we had the pleasure of retrieving half a dozen as fine greenheads as I ever saw. Then we went back to the wagon and drove up to Mr. Winchester's ranch house, about a mile further, to get feed for our team and eat lunch. Asking the only man in view if he could accommodate us with hay, we received a negative reply, and were also informed that Mr. Winchester had left orders that no hunting was to be allowed on the ranch. I looked at Shoemaker and he at me, and as I knew of a splendid duck pond on the ranch which I had hunted before with good success, the news was a damper.

"Well, it can't be helped," remarked Mr. S., "but it's rough on the horses, as we brought no feed." And I felt considerably irritated, for Californians, as a rule, keep "open house." We talked the man into giving our horses some feed, however, and he explained that some weeks before that a couple of sportsmen (?) had visited him, and on going to the ponds had shot into his hogs which were feeding in the marsh, had scattered shot among his stock, and on being remonstrated with, had consigned him to perdition, whereupon he made up his mind to stop all hunting. We told him that, of course, we would respect his right to keep us from hunting, and at the same time expressed our opinion rather strongly concerning men who would act as the hunters aforesaid, as such men always did more damage than they did good. On leaving the ranch we had gotten as far as the gate when he called to us and said, "If you will drive down the fence half a mile you'll find some good duck and snipe grounds. Don't shoot any of the stock, and you can kill all the birds you wish. Good bye," and into the house he went.

"Well," said S., delightedly, as I whipped up, "that fellow's a jewel after all," in which opinion I heartily coincided. Down the fence we drove and ere long came to as pretty ground as one would wish to see. Filling pockets with shells, we had not tramped twenty yards from the carriage when *scaupe* went a longbill and bang went Shoemaker's Pieper; *scaupe scaupe*, and up jumped two more, and the fun

waxed fast and furious. Shoemaker held his own royally, and I did the best shooting I ever did in my life, scoring thirteen straight without a miss. We left that snipe ground thoroughly satisfied, and all our hunting was done inside of three acres of ground. It was the best snipe ground I ever saw, and I think my friend S. will say the same if he reads this letter. As the afternoon was waning we took the road toward home, and after getting into two or three more coveys of quail and filling our coats we reached San Diego about 8 o'clock in the evening, thoroughly satisfied with ourselves and the day's sport.

We brought in somewhere near 150 pieces of game, numbering duck, jacksnipe, quail, dove, rabbit and jack rabbit.

Our game this season is fine. Ducks and quail are here by thousands, and we anticipate many a day of fine sport among the geese, which do not arrive here until after the New Year. Three market-hunters, located twelve miles from town, are shipping on an average seventeen dozen quail daily, and still they seem to be as plenty as ever. Black brant are not so plentiful on the bay as last year, and the duck crop I think is hardly as large, but we are having glorious sport nevertheless.

AD. B. PEARSON.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Dec. 18, 1885.

MICHIGAN DEER.—Escanaba, Mich., Jan. 16.—My informant was mistaken about Lud Leopold shooting a man at work. He raised his gun to do so when his hunting partner stopped him; Leopold thought it was a bear. Not long after that Leopold shot his hunting pard and killed him. When arrested he waived examination and was tried in Circuit Court and found guilty, and was given one year or two hundred dollars fine. I hear he paid the fine. Cheap. Two years ago next month I saw 1,400 deer skins at Escanaba, some red coat, some blue, some heavy gray, some of the latter quite green, a large share of them killed out of season. One week later 1,400 more of the same kind were brought in and shipped away. All of them came from Manistique. This fall I tried to get two deer heads for a friend in Buffalo but could not get them as the hunters only bring out the saddles as a general thing.—BLANK.

FOOLED BY A GREBE.—One day I was rowing leisurely, when I saw a red-necked grebe. The grebe appeared to be pretty far off, but I thought I would risk a shot, so I blazed away, and the shot took effect. I paddled up and secured the bird and laid him on the bottom of the boat. He was a fine specimen, and I was glad to get him. Then I turned the boat toward home. I had got about half way there, and had turned half round in my seat to see my way among the rocks, when I heard a splash. I looked round just in time to see that grebe's tail disappearing in the briny deep. I never got him again. He conducted his operations very well indeed, and I supposed he deserved to get away.—J. WENDELL, JR.

VIRGINIA.—Lynchburg, Va., Jan. 20.—The weather with us was open and beautiful until the 8th inst.; indeed we thought we would have no winter at all. But on the 8th a snow storm and the cold wave struck us at the same time, and for a week the mercury was at and below zero. It was the coldest weather experienced here for a long, long time. From the most authentic sources I learn that the game, and specially our partridge (quail), escaped and are now doing well; but it is reported that in other portions of our State near Staunton the game birds fared badly. Bob White is a sturdy little fellow, and if given half a chance will come out all right.—W. A. S.

CORINTH, Miss.—I left New York on the evening of the 10th inst., and did not reach home until Wednesday at 7 o'clock A. M., nearly twenty-four hours behind time. Was stuck in three drifts before I reached home. It was fearfully cold, and we had a very disagreeable trip. The weather was 6° colder here than it ever has been within the memory of the traditional "oldest inhabitant," or any other man. Ice six inches thick. The cold wave reached this place Thursday morning and New York Friday night about 11 o'clock, as I can testify. Has been cloudy with a cold rain almost every day since last Thursday, and fearfully muddy.—GUYON.

KANSAS RABBITS.—Paola, Kansas, Jan. 15.—One of the late hunting and trapping books says that in hunting rabbits the runways should be manned, the bound turned loose and silent watch kept for the rabbit. This may do very well in some States, but in Kansas all that is required is a small dog, a good hickory club and two or three inches of snow and a person can return at the end of an hour with fifteen or twenty rabbits.—R. H. C.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF FISH AND GAME.—The officers for 1886 are: President, Robert B. Roosevelt; Vice-President, Benjamin L. Ludington; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas N. Cuthbert; Counsel, Charles E. Whitehead; Executive Committee, Stephen A. Main, Alfred Wagstaff, Henry N. Munn.

STONEHAM SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—Stoneham, Mass., Jan. 21.—At our regular meeting, Jan. 7, the following officers were elected: President, P. H. Horne; First Vice-President, Elbridge Gerry; Second Vice-President, A. O. Emerson; Secretary and Treasurer, H. P. Brett; Trustees—Geo. Coburn, W. P. Howe and H. H. Dane.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S GRIZZLIES.—Santa Barbara, Cal., Jan. 11.—Put 'em (the grizzlies I mean) in Central Park garden with FOREST AND STREAM tag on them, and like designation prominently on their house (or den). You cannot make a better contribution to curiosity and popular information.—W. N. B.

PROGRESS, N. O., Jan. 22.—We have been having some very bad cold weather here, but it is fine now. I have carefully examined the grounds in this vicinity, and am pleased to find the birds all right. I have a couple of basset hounds, and they are having lots of fun with the cotton tails.—T. M. ALDRICH.

BLOOMING GROVE ASSOCIATION.—Officers for 1886: H. W. Nason, President, 74 Broadway; Spencer M. Nash, Vice-President, 23 West Thirty-third street; A. J. Post, Treasurer, 102 Broadway; N. S. Smith, Secretary, 95 Nassau street.

TRAJECTORY TEST.—The shop number of the Bland rifle tested at our rifle trajectory tests was 10,263.

Sea and River Fishing.

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER WORK.

W. M. STEELE, State Game and Fish Protector at Clayton, makes the following interesting annual report of the work on the St. Lawrence River and elsewhere in Jefferson county:

Clayton, Jan. 2, 1886. Gen. R. U. Sherman, Secretary Commission of Fisheries, New Hartford. Dear Sir: I beg to submit my report for the year 1885, as requested by you. My entire time has been given to the protection of fish and game, and I have had no other business, except that for a period of two weeks, by official permission from you, I gave my attention to personal matters out of my district. My memoranda shows that I was actually engaged two hundred and one days. The details are attached to this report. As you are aware my time is almost entirely devoted to the river St. Lawrence. It is long and wide and filled with islands, and affords the very best chances for violators of the fish and game laws to work undiscovered. I think it a low estimate to say that I have traveled more than four thousand miles on the river during the year. My skiff has been in almost constant use in searching for illegal nets, but at times I have used a sailing yacht loaned me for the purpose. During the year I have been in constant consultation with officers and members of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River. I have investigated every complaint and watched many nights, lying in my skiff, for the purpose of discovering violators of the law and illegal nets, which it was impossible to get at in the day time.

The illegal fishing has been very great in the St. Lawrence River in former years. From Tibbett's Light at the source of the river at Lake Ontario to Chippewa Bay, some fifty miles below, there have been for many years men who have mainly made their living by fishing with nets. It has been estimated that until the Anglers' Association commenced their work, and prior to my service under the instructions of your Commission, there were over one hundred tons of game fish taken from the river annually. But that is a thing of the past. Nets and netters are rapidly disappearing. It is a fact that until three years ago the laws were not known to a half dozen people living by or interested in the river. I have exerted myself to the utmost to make the laws known, by the distribution in pamphlet form of a copy of the game laws of the State and by posters specifying their application to the river, and I believe that they are now understood by all who are interested in the river or who live by its side, whether tourist, resident, boatman or guide. During the year I have destroyed 62 nets, found in illegal use at various points in my district, but mainly taken from the St. Lawrence. These nets I have pulled from the water, getting such help as I could from time to time. I estimated the value of the nets at not less than \$1,500. In each case they have been burned in accordance with the law. During the last three months of the year I was assisted by Daniel Staring, of Alexandria Bay, who was employed by the Anglers' Association at their own expense. He performed valuable services, and worked earnestly to rid the river of the murderous nets.

I have had no opportunity for persecuting offenders. The nets are set under cover of darkness and are emptied in the darkness. The owners will watch them when they are being taken, but will not claim them. It is almost impossible to prove an ownership. They simply look on and see their property taken away, and calculate the chances of profit by replacing them.

I believe that the law passed during the last session of the Legislature which forbids the "having in possession" of black bass and other game fish will be of very great benefit the coming spring, and until the time that the close season ends. The law formerly had merely conditioned that certain fish caught in the waters of the State should not be had in possession. Canada fish were sometimes secured, to be sure, and shipped by the fish mongers to this region, but in spite of the most incessant watching, many tons were taken from our waters during the close season, called "Canada fish" and sent to the market under this misnomer. It will be very easy under the law as it now reads to prevent this.

The Canadian authorities have taken up the matter of protecting the game fish of the river from capture in nets and have greatly improved their laws and increased their protective service. There have been large numbers of nets destroyed on the Canadian side of the river by their officers and by their sportsmen. I think we can feel sure that entire co-operation from their side of the river will be extended to us. With the work that is now being done it can hardly be otherwise than that the fishing in the river will become even better than it has ever been before. I shall in the future, as I have in the past, permit no opportunity to punish offenders to escape me, by working and watching at all times.

I have no suggestions to offer as to the laws or any needed reform in them from the standpoint of this part of the State or the region to which I have been assigned to duty. I believe that we have enough laws, and in fact too many. They need, if anything, simplification and condensation; and if those on the statute books were but thoroughly lived up to by the people, and enforced by the magistrate when complaint was made, they would be all sufficient to properly and thoroughly protect the fish and game of the State.

In ridding the river of illegal nets too much praise cannot be accorded to H. R. Clarke, a summer visitor from Jersey City, N. J. His steam yacht goes daily to many parts of the river, and himself and his employees omit no opportunity to pull nets. He has permission from the Canadian authorities to remove nets from their waters when they are illegal, and he has during the past year made many raids on their side of the river as well as our own. A large number of nets were thus destroyed in addition to those named in the report.

The nets captured were located as follows: March 6, Clayton Bay; 30th, Flynn's Bay; April 25, French's Creek, 1 fyke net at each; May 9, Salmon River, 9 fykes, 10 gills, one trap and two sieves, in five days; 16, Clayton Bay 1 fyke; 19-20, Pulaski and Salmon River, 4 fykes in three days; June 10-20, Chippewa Bay, 3 gill nets; 24, Chimney Island, 1 gill; 29, Blanket's Island, 1 trap; August 21, Carlton Island, 1 fyke; 25-27, Blind Bay, 1 fyke; September 13, Eel Bay, 2 gills; 24-25, Carlton Bay 10 gills; October 9, Cape Vincent, 200 rods gill nets; 15, Cape Vincent, 200 rods gill nets; 16, Miller's Bay, 200 rods gill nets; 19, Chippewa Bay 3 trap nets; 20, Chippewa Bay, 100 rods gill nets; 27, Miller's Bay, 100 rods gill nets; November 4, north side Grindstone Island, 45 rods gill nets; 11, Goose Bay, 100 rods gill nets; 14-18, Cape Vincent, 200 rods gill nets; 26-28, Eel Bay, 40 rods gill nets; December 1, Eel Bay, 1 gill net; 2, Hickory Island, 25 rods gill nets.

In my work during the year, I have invariably and at once investigated any complaints, rumors or information as to nets. You can readily understand that much work was performed in this way of an entirely useless nature. Some one would say that there was a net in such a place. It might be honest information, or an honest belief, but it has not always been so. When there have been no complaints to investigate I have created work by visiting suspected places. All of which is respectfully submitted. W. M. STEELE.

The *Utica Observer* say that Commissioner Sherman is exceedingly well pleased with the above report in form and substance. It shows what he particularly wishes to demonstrate—what thorough work may be done when sportsmen boldly and actively take hold of the work and thus strengthen the hands of the law and its officers. Special Protector Staring will continue to labor with State Protector Steel this season, under the employ of the Anglers' Association. Dr. Sargent, of Watertown, President of the Jefferson County Fish and Game Association, Captain Tyler, of Henderson Harbor, and others interested in fish protection in the harbors of the lake, are hard at work and will complete the chain of fish protection on the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario in this State, this year. Fish thieves will have but little comfort in 1886, or later, with all these active men watching them.

FISHING AT KEY WEST.

It is a cold day in Key West; and when I say cold I mean it, although were I to give the exact height of the mercury, I doubt very much if you good people in New York and further north, who are toasting your toes around the cheerful holes in the walls and floors, through which the hot air pours, would agree with me. It is just 50° Fah., with a thirty-mile-an-hour zephyr coming straight from the Arctic circle, a cloudless sky and a bright sun, in which, screened from wind, the thermometer I have just had put out to try it, soars upward to 70°. It all depends upon the route by which you reach a temperature, whether it shall be considered hot or cold from above or below. I have in my time found it a little coolish at 80° and warm at 32°; the former in lots of places all over the world, in Woosung and Whampou, China; in Batavia and Singapore, India; in Bahia and Rio, South America; in the Red Sea and in Aden, Arabia, where for days at a stretch—and nights too, for that matter—a thermometer whose marks stopped at 100° would be useless; I have found the latter in our own temperate zone, in a sweet village, in a valley, which honored me by allowing me to be born there, a New York Central village, which possesses, according to the statement of the oldest inhabitants, "the finest climate in the world, sir." So at Key West where as a general thing the winter weather is just right for outdoor life, in autumn clothing, for one extreme, white pants and straw hats for the other. When the day, one winter years ago, the thermometer marking 44°, established for it a perpetual record as the cold day, when not a dozen times in a score of years has it marked below 55°; 50° is indeed cold.

But this cold day has furnished an incident very much out of the common, and one that I think worthy of being recorded.

Although it is cold, and the water is rough, and it is Sunday, fishing is going on at a very lively and successful rate, and by a method differing from all accounts of "Al Fresco," Henshall, "Nessmuk," and other Florida anglers, whose contributions have enriched your columns. From the various wharves a great variety of fish are being captured with scoop nets. One bucket full that I examined contained not only the ordinary fish which we catch daily with hook and line, namely, "grunts" (hog-fish), yellow tails, snappers, groupers and porgies, but others seldom so taken, and some not at all; of the former pompano, and of the latter paintfish, I recognize. And one, a new and strange fish to me, of which I send outline sketch, shaped somewhat like a pompano, but of dark purple color, and armed on both sides at the intersection of tail and body with a fang-like weapon. The paintfish is an unwholesome, bilious-looking fellow, of green pink, pale yellow and blue tints, with a remarkable mouth, made evidently to detach and crush shellfish. The lower and upper jaws project and form each a continuous sharp, crescent-shaped tooth. These fish are swimming around listlessly on the surface, evidently chilled nearly to death, the temperature of the sea being 52°, at least 10° lower than usual. And in addition to its low temperature it has, I should judge, an extremely unusual amount of lime stone rock and sand mixed with it, its color being that of thick whey, and my bath tub this morning, an hour after being half filled, had a bottom deposit of fully an eighth of an inch of sand.

The cause of this unusual state of affairs is a strong norther, which, beginning on Christmas morning at about 2 o'clock, gradually freshened into a strong gale, which just now is moderating after over sixty hours of stirring up things. Although called a norther, the gale has been actually from northwest, gradually hauling to north, where it now is, and dying out; and, except for the force of the wind, roughness of the sea and fall in temperature, which before was well up in the seventies, more beautiful weather could not be conceived of. There is one peculiarity about these northers; no two are alike, and no description of the approach of one would give any valuable data by which to recognize in time that of another. The oldest pilots and fishermen admit that the times are out of joint. Previous to this year they could foretell with considerable certainty the weather. This year all signs fail. During the first fortnight of our stay we were hardly free from one of these storms, our heaviest being the storm of Nov. 2 and 3, which wrought such havoc at Aspinwall, when with us the wind got up to fifty miles an hour. That began, as this one did, at the northwest, hauled just the same, but instead of the bright, beautiful, dry weather of this one, it was accompanied by the usual weather of a storm—clouds and drizzling rain. Another came on us in a calm, the air hot, sultry and laden with moisture, from a black bank to the north northwest there sprang one single, intense flash of lightning, accompanied, not followed, by a tremendous thunder blast, and in ten minutes a gale was blowing, the thermometer dropped ten degrees and a perfect deluge of rain fell for several hours, with no more electric display. This was the last one of any weight for over a week, and it seemed as though that shower had wrung every drop of water out of the air, and since it we have had fine weather.

These northers seriously break up fishing for amusement. One does not care to go far from home in an open boat, with no fair prospect of getting back—without having suffered considerable hardship and exposure, not unattended with danger. So before a norther we don't care to go. During one we couldn't if we would, and after one there is but little chance of success, for the water has grown cold and the fish don't bite well. Until to-day I believe the assertion of the fishermen, that the fish during a norther run off the reefs

and into the gulf stream to keep warm; but to-day's experience teaches that certainly a great many remain and become more or less torpid; and even were they here in plenty and vigorous, the water is so discolored that a trolling bait is probably invisible to them as it is to us dipped an inch under. We have not been entirely deprived of the amusement. There have been some good days, and we have made the most of them. Anchored anywhere on the reefs with rock bottom and no grass below us, fishing is made easy, too easy in fact, for there is but little of the element of chance and none of that of skill in it. Baiting with "sardines," crawfish, conch or corned kingfish, named in the order of their value, little time is lost, and a bucketful of delicious pau fish is soon obtained. In order of value for the table there are pompano, grunts (called hogfish in the Chesapeake), snappers, groupers, porgies, yellow tails, and now and then a hideous yellow and black spotted eel, with an enormous mouth garnished with many sharp teeth. Now and then a young shark interrupts the proceedings. I don't know what the fish called here sardine is. They are in myriads in all the shoal quiet spots near shore, and are the young of some one species. With a mosquito bar net we catch all we want easily, and cooked as whitebait, they are not bad. They would elsewhere be termed minnows, of from one to three inches in length.

What I describe may be called home fishing. Anywhere within three hundred yards of the ship is far enough to go, and seldom brings to hand any fish of size; nearly all range from one-half pound to two pounds. By going five or six miles to the outer edges of the reefs and fishing in from ten to twenty fathoms, larger groupers, snappers, with occasional channel bass, are found. We find them easier in the market. Alongside of the wharves some sheephead are caught, but as the only bait they will touch is a fiddler crab, which is scarce, not many are taken. I am told tarpon can be caught from the wharves as soon as the mullet get to running, which desirable event is promised soon. As yet there are very few mullet and no tarpon.

At times, after an easterly wind, trolling for Spanish mackerel furnishes good sport, but they are very uncertain. I have made three efforts, all unsuccessful, and I think that one reason is that just the weather that suits the mackerel to run in, suits me to stay in. One day, however, I was out when other boats were successful, and I got none. I had various kinds of spoons, spinners and minnows (artificial); they all looked very fine to me, but the fish seemed to prefer the slice of white pork skin, fastened on to the single long-shanked hooks of the natives. It was the same on a longer trip made by a party to the "American Shoals," eighteen miles away, after kingfish. They carried with them a fine assortment of fancy gear, but they caught their fish (and a fine lot they were, too, from thirty pounds down to ten, and a half dozen handsome Spanish mackerel) with the fisherman's gear—a single large cod hook with tapered end, a wire snood hitched and soldered to the inside of the shank, leaving about half an inch as a spur on which to hitch the small end of the long triangle of pork skin used for bait. So it was, I remember, the first time I went bluefishing off Nantucket. My costly lot of lines were soon put out of commission, and I caught my fish on an eel-skin dail, for which I paid a quarter. One lives and learns.

I started once to go to the shoals for kingfish. Our programme was to leave here at 5 A. M., reach the shoals by 8, troll till satisfied, land in Loggerhead Bay, shoot a lot of plover on the ebb tide and be back by 9 P. M. We started at 5 with light airs; at 9 we anchored in twelve fathoms. Close to, on one side, a nasty reef, the Sambro, and our stern trailing off the green water of soundings into the blue waters of the gulf stream, into which we had ventured; and becalmed we drifted rapidly to the eastward, just catching air enough to get back the four or five hundred yards to soundings, after two hours' drifting. As we had no bait for bottom fishing, but corned kingfish, we tried it; but the sharks liked it too well, and we soon used up all of our gear without a fish. It was tedious work and the planks of that schooner, the Foam of the Sea, were hard, and the seventeen hours that the trip cost us were dull ones. To be sure we were, or ought to have been comfortable enough. Captain, cook, pilot and fisherman were full of valuable information about everything nautical and piscatorial connected with the Cays; and Gabe, the cook, kept us well filled with most excellent fish, coffee, etc., but somehow nothing compensated for the enforced idleness.

We had but one adventure, a big loggerhead turtle came past, and as he was engaged in feeding on Portuguese men-of-war, he could be approached, for when so feeding they close their eyes to avoid the stings. A. Coster started for him, struck him and lost. I couldn't see how he could expect any other result, for the spear used consisted simply of—well it might have been half of an iron spike, sharpened, about two inches long, then narrowed abruptly. I couldn't see why it shouldn't pull out as easy as it went in, but it is the correct thing, the wound in the turtle's back, they say, immediately swells close and this spike having become detached from the staff, becomes firmly imbedded and has attached to it about twenty or thirty fathoms of line, by which the creature is eventually secured.

Most of the turtles brought to this market by the spongers are caught in nets set across the channels of the various cays they go to for sponges. These nets are very much on the principle of gill nets, the turtles striking them never turn, but using every endeavor to force their way through, get heads and flippers hopelessly entangled. Under many of the wharves are turtle pens, in which at all times are kept quantities of green and loggerhead captives. The hawk bills are generally killed at once for their shells, which furnish the finest "tortoise shell," worth \$4 per pound. Many of the shells are kept intact, calipash and calipee connected, the former handsomely polished, the latter cleaned, and of these are made very handsome "wall bags," the lining and bags being of satin or silk. These range in value from \$2 to \$12. One at the latter price being about 18 inches long, very richly colored and not trimmed, that is satin lined, etc.

The spongers have had poor luck this year, although upon my first visit to the various depots, I was astonished at the great number in various stages of preparation. I was told that the crop was a very small one, owing to the continued bad weather. It is a pretty sight to see the fleet come in. It reminds me of the Gloucester fleet, but individually there is no beauty in the vessels as there is in the down Easters; these are broad, flat and unshapely, but good sea boats. The owners combine with sponging the business of wrecking. Last week the incoming steamer from Galveston brought news of a German bark ashore at the Tortugas, and in less than half an hour the entire sponge fleet was off for cotton, Key West, Fla., Dec. 27. PISCO.

BROWN TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to see that some of your correspondents have begun to sing the praises of the brown trout, *Salmo fario*; just keep on doing so, as they are worthy of our best efforts. I am conservative and don't always put much stock in fish new to our waters until fully convinced that they are worth attention and are an addition. A few years ago the California trout were introduced into our eastern waters; they grew fast, etc., etc., but they can't be called much of an addition, as they don't stay if they can get away.

Three years ago this winter a few thousand eggs of the brown trout were received from Germany by Mr. Fred Mather, who divided them into small lots, sending them to two or three of the hatcheries in the country. Some were received here at Caledonia and were hatched out; some of the young fish escaped into the wild stream, and during this past summer quite a number have been caught in the stream weighing from 5 or 6 ounces to 1½ pounds each, and they were only 2½ years old! I did not have the pleasure of catching but one, but I saw and dressed several that were caught by friends, and I must say they are a grand fish. They are beauties, I was going to say the most beautiful fish of the trout kind I ever saw, but I am afraid some people would call this treason and I will take it back, on comparison with our native brook trout with which we have always been familiar, and say that if a brown trout, fresh from the water, had a little more red on the belly it would be hard to decide which was most beautiful. On their backs they are a rich brown, which on the sides runs into a gold color with great big red spots, but not so many of the spots as on our native brook trout, but the spots are larger and very bright. I will not attempt to describe the beauties of their fins, but will call on your modest and bashful fish editor who can do it up in good shape.

Every fish that I have seen has been very fat, fatter than any of the other kinds in the same stream. The other kinds are our native brook trout, the California trout or rainbow trout and a hybrid, the last, I believe, coming from the salmon or lake trout on one side and the brook trout on the other. I made an examination of the contents of the stomach of the brown trout, dressed by myself, and found plenty of many kinds of insect life, any amount of flies and the larva of flies. On account of their being such good feeders, I think they will be a favorite with the fly-fishermen; they certainly will, after the fisherman lands the first one of them, as they are great fighters.

It may be of interest to fishculturists to know something about how they stand confinement, and if they are easily raised. I found them quite shy, but good feeders, they would pick up much of the food after it had sunk to the bottom, to a much greater extent than any of the other trout family. If they don't see you, or see the motion of your arm in throwing the food to them, they feed like other trout. I found it a good plan to have a number of hiding places in the little rearing pond, in which I kept them, and by standing at the foot of the pond and throwing the food up the pond, they did not see me as well, and fed better, but if disturbed, they would pick up the little particles of food from the bottom as soon as I went away or was quiet.

If, after two or three years, the offsprings continue to grow as fast as the parents have, and do as well then, I say they are the best trout for the present conditions of streams, etc., in the United States. I think they will stand water a little warmer than our brook trout from what I have heard of some of the English trout streams. If your readers can get any information from this I hope it may prepare them to see the coming fish for American waters. J. ANNIN, JR.

CALEDONIA, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My experience with the brown trout is rather limited, but is, thus far, very satisfactory. They are hardy and rapid growers, those I have from eggs received from Mr. Mather being considerably larger than either our brook or the rainbow trout of the same age. I prefer them to the rainbow trout and think they are second only to our native brook trout.

FRANK N. CLARK.

U. S. FISH COMMISSION, Northville, Mich.

TWO HOOKS FOR BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "F. W. O.," of Kansas City, asks for information from some of your learned fishermen in regard to using two hooks in still-fishing for black bass. While I do not claim to belong to the class of fishermen he speaks of, yet, I think I can justly lay claim to the title of enthusiastic fisherman, and will give him the benefit of my observations during the past five seasons. Of those who fish for the small-mouth black bass in this section I think I may safely say that ninety-nine out of every hundred use live bait exclusively. I fished the Schuylkill four years, at Black Rock, Perkiomen and Catfish dams, without seeing any one use an artificial fly. Last season I used the fly with some success on several occasions, and know of two others who used it almost exclusively.

The custom in this locality is to use two or three hooks, generally two, on each line. A gut leader about four feet long is attached to the line. At the extreme end of the leader is attached a lead sinker from half an ounce to an ounce in weight, according to the swiftness of the current. About a foot above the sinker a snooded hook is looped to the leader just above a knot in the latter, which prevents it from slipping down. A second snood is attached about eighteen inches further up. If a third hook is used the leader should be five feet long. The gut leader is almost indispensable, as it prevents the tackle from getting into a snarl. The best material for a leader is extra heavy salmon gut, which should be used single. A twisted leader is very strong, so is a clothes line, and either may be used with the same success. The advantage of using two or three hooks is considerable, as several different kinds of bait may be tried at the same time, and much valuable time saved in finding out what kind of food the bass are looking for on any particular day. I have used one, two and three hooks on different occasions; and also on different rods at the same time, and my experience is that the rod that is rigged with two or three hooks will take about twice as many fish as the rod with but one. I believe this to be the common opinion here as it agrees with the general practice of the most successful fishermen. When fishing with a friend in a small boat each fisherman should not use more than two rods. Some habitually use three, but I don't want to fish from the same boat. I had rather take my chances along shore.

While on the subject of bass fishing I would like to ask for information in regard to a suitable reel for casting a min-

now "à la Henshall." I am aware that a high grade multiplying reel, costing about fifteen dollars, will give satisfactory results. I would like to know if there are any lower grade reels that will do the work fairly well, and answer its purpose as well as a one dollar reel does in fly-fishing. Could not a plain reel be manufactured, without click or multiplying mechanism, that would answer the purpose? If not, in what important particular would it be lacking?

E. A. LEOPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, Pa.

THE STRIPED BASS LAW.

IN our last issue we stated that in the Senate of New York Mr. Pierce had introduced a bill to exempt striped bass from the provisions of the law which was intended only to apply to the little fresh-water fish which bears the same name locally. Our readers will remember that at the time of the passage of this law we strongly objected to it and our objection brought out the fact that the framers of the law did not intend to include the *Roccus lineatus*, the "striped bass" *par excellence*, but meant an insignificant lake fish, the *R. chrysops*. We commended on the mischief resulting from people meddling with what they did not understand and suggested that all laws relating to fishes should be submitted to the Commissioners of Fisheries for their approval, before going to the Governor.

The law of New York referring to striped bass, passed May 9, 1885, reads as follows: "No person shall catch, kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any black bass or striped bass weighing less than one-half pound, or less than eight inches in length from end of snout to end of caudal fin, at any time. No person shall expose for sale or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any black bass, Oswego bass, striped bass or muscalonge, save only from the twentieth day of May to the first day of January. * * * Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of ten dollars for each fish."

The objection to the law was the dates during which striped bass must not be sold, and by this name we always understand the salt-water fish, and this time is the season during which the fish from Southern waters come into our markets and are consumed in great quantities during the Lenten season. Fish is an article of food to a greater extent than game, and the great supplies should not be cut off in their proper season by any considerations of sport. The sale of brook trout, if stopped entirely, would not seriously affect either the market or the tables of the poor, for the number of pounds is small; but the consumption of striped bass is great, as is shown by the following petition, which was signed by most of the wholesale fish dealers of New York city:

"To the Legislature of the State of New York: The petition of the undersigned wholesale fish dealers, respectfully represents: That they are wholesale fish dealers in the city of New York, and receive for distribution among consumers the bulk of the salt-water striped bass, their consignments from North Carolina alone, between Feb. 1 and April 1, varying from two to five tons per day. Few (if any) of such bass are native or received from New York State waters. With these striped bass come shad, herring, catfish, perch and eels—many tons daily. The salt-water bass is scientifically known as *Roccus lineatus*. It spawns late in the spring and early in the summer. The greatest demand for this fish is during the Lenten season, which will commence on March 10 this year. By Chapter 242, Laws 1885, amending Chapter 534, Laws 1879, known as the game laws, the sale or possession of striped bass is prohibited between Jan. 1 and May 20. We are informed by the draftsman of the act of 1885 that it was prepared at the request of the St. Lawrence Anglers' Association, to apply solely to the fresh-water species of striped bass, scientifically termed *Roccus chrysops*. The ambiguity of the words 'striped bass' is a matter of public concern, because, as law-abiding citizens, we cannot receive or handle the species from the sea, and shippers refuse to consign the other fish unless we accept the bass. As a result, the supply from the South is decreasing and will soon be much below the demand, whereby prices will necessarily be largely enhanced without profit to either dealer or consumer. To fairly prepare for Lent, our cold storage houses should be filled immediately during the present cold season, when the supply is readily obtained."

In addition to this petition of the dealers the Commissioners of Fisheries have written expressing their approval of the new bill. Hon. Robt. B. Roosevelt says: "In reply to your letter asking my opinion of the intention of the Legislature in the use of the words 'striped bass' in the amendment to the Act for the Protection of Game, passed in 1885, I would say that I have no doubt that the intention was only to apply the expression to the fresh-water bass and not to that of the salt, although they are both commonly called by the same popular name. As to the advisability of protecting the salt-water striped bass, *labrax* or *Roccus lineatus*, to the extent of preventing its sale in the spring months, my judgment is that the time has not come for such extreme legislation, and that the people would suffer from the deprivation of a general article of food without corresponding benefits. I would advise a modification of the statute so as to confine it to the fresh-water striped bass."

Commissioner R. U. Sherman writes: "I have your letter of the 9th, inclosing draft of a bill to exempt the anadromous striped bass from the operation of Chapter 242 of the Laws of 1885, which would seem to exclude that fish from market during the closed season for fresh-water bass. It is admitted by the framers of that law that it was not intended to apply to the striped bass from the sea which form so important a part of the market supply. The bill you propose, intended to correct the error, is proper and right, and should become a law at the earliest practical period."

Com. Wm. H. Bowman adds his approval: "Your note of January 7 received. We have no hesitation in recommending the passage of the act proposed by you amending Chap. 534 of Laws of 1879, as amended by Chap. 242 of Laws of 1885, so that it shall be applied solely to fresh-water striped bass."

Com. Eugene G. Blackford writes: "My opinion as a Fish Commissioner of the State of New York being asked whether the words 'striped bass' occurring in the game law, should be limited to the fresh-water striped bass known as *Roccus chrysops*, in reply I would say, it is not probable that the Legislature fully weighed the subject when the words 'striped bass' were used in the game law. The intention doubtless was to confine legislation to the fresh-water species, and not to include those from the sea. The salt-water striped bass largely contributes to Lent, and its exclusion from the markets from the first of January to the

twentieth of May, would be to deprive the people of a large quantity of valuable and important fish food, especially during the Lenten season, when nearly all kinds of fish are scarce. This would result in largely advancing the price of all other fish at the time when the demand for it is the greatest. In my opinion, the bill prepared by your committee, which excludes the salt-water striped bass known as *Roccus lineatus* should be immediately passed by the Legislature, in the interest of the entire people of this State."

With these arguments in its favor we hope the new bill will pass and correct the blunder perpetrated by those who may have meant well but who only knew of one striped bass.

TWO WEEKS WITH A FLY-ROD.

THIS is not written for those who had "just as soon catch flies as fish," still less for those who think "fishing is done with a rod with a fly at one end and a fool at the other," but for those who find their reward, not so much in the value of their catch as in the exercise of their skill, and in the health and enjoyment that come from a life in the open air.

There never was a sportsman worthy of the name who did not find in nature a constant delight, and who did not feel in her companionship a sense of enjoyment which alone was a goodly measure of recompense for all his labors. A patch of bright color in the woods, a roaring brook tumbling over a cascade into a pool below, the various notes of birds, all bring with them a thrill of pleasure the "fry catch-r" will never know.

The number of people of sedentary habits who are learning that country air taken in liberal measure, with rod in hand, is better than medicine, and far more pleasant, increases each year, until good sport has become scarce, and can no longer be found near this section, as a rule.

There are grades of expertness in the art of fishing (for it is an art, and a fine art, too), as in other things, but fly-fishing must be acknowledged to stand at the head. The man who can cast a fly straight as an arrow for eighty or ninety feet with a five-ounce rod, may well feel above him who can "sit like a bump on a log" and fish off a dock.

With two congenial spirits I started about the middle of September for a little vacation in Maine, where all sportsmen hope some time or other to go. I seemed as though we covered a great deal of country, but when I look upon the map and see how insignificant a space it occupies there, I realize that Maine is a great State. We staid a night in Boston, reached Farmington, Me., late the next day, where we changed cars for the Sandy River Railroad. I had never heard of this road before, and I shall never hear of it again without a smile. The gauge of the track is only twenty-four inches, and cars and engine are on a similar scale, so that the whole thing looks like an ordinary train viewed through the wrong end of an opera glass. A man standing in the aisle, and extending his arms, can touch both sides of the car at once. Each passenger has a whole seat to himself. The little engine starts the train of one or two cars, as travel may demand, at full speed, and makes its run of eleven miles to the other terminus, uphill and down, for the track is laid with almost no attention to "grades," "cuts" and "fills," and the engine whirls the train along regardless of such trifles, and makes very decent time too. At Strong another road of the same gauge runs fifteen miles to Kingfield. The State Railroad Commissioners require them to consume an hour and a half in making their run. The night we went up the conductor obligingly ran his train back several miles to Salem because he had forgotten to leave off the mail, which consisted of two or three postals.

Another night at Kingfield, and we started out in the morning in a four-horse stage for a thirty-mile drive to Smith's Farm. There were more hills than houses on the road, and the way old Horace Wells sent his long lash in among those horses at the top of every hill, and half way down, was a caution. We held on the best way we could, or we would all have landed in the front seat. When we reached level ground he would turn his head around and ask, "Are ye all there?"

From Smith's Farm we set out for a seven-mile walk through the woods, "up hill and down dale," over rocks, roots and stumps, and through mud which filled all the low places. They called it a road, but save the mark.

It was a half hour past dark when we reached "Tim Pond," our Mecca. Though bearing an abominable name, given to it in memory of a mighty hunter who was the "leatherstocking" of this region, it is in reality a beautiful lake, washing the base of Mt. Kennebec, and entirely surrounded by mountains, whose sides were already painted in beautiful colors by the frosts of early autumn. Prof. Vibberts calls it "that magnificent sprior," and so it is. A spring a mile and a half long, and 2,000 feet above the sea, clear as crystal, and as full of "speckled beauties" as an egg is of meat.

Here Kennedy Smith, one of the best guides in Maine, and the best of hosts also, has a camp of a dozen cabins in a little opening on the edge of the lake. Each cabin is called a "camp."

It was late in the season for the best of fishing, but we had the best of air, appetite and solid enjoyment. We had the pick of all the weather this fall, and caught fish enough to satisfy a reasonable person.

After supper we unpacked our traps, put leaders to soak, made up a good fire, and went to bed in a bunk filled with boughs and good, clean blankets, and slept the sleep of the just. The next morning we were out early to see what "Tim" looked like. We found it smooth as glass, which is the exception rather than the rule at this season, and the trout were breaking water in every direction. At the landing were plenty of good clinker-built boats. A good boat to row, and for rough water, but rolling too quickly for a novice to use. We selected a likely looking spot, beside a growth of lily pads, and anchored, while Fred tied the water. No rise. Moving off a little he whipped the water faithfully for five minutes in every direction, but without success. It looked rather blue, when a quick ripple in the water, a man off his guard, a tardy strike, and fish departed. But this awoke us to action, and we carried thirty-three beauties into camp next day.

Forty rods from the camp is the outlet called "Tim Brook," which is nine miles long, and empties into the Dead River. It is a very romantic and swift stream. I fished down for perhaps a mile and a half, and should say I fell 200 feet in that distance. There were three beautiful cascades, two of them fifty feet in height. Fresh deer tracks were seen in abundance every morning within sixty rods of camp, and moose and caribou are numerous. Two years ago this month twenty-six caribou were seen on Tim Pond

at once. The fishing there is superior—as far as numbers go—in July and August, but half a pound weight is a fair average. Later, the catch is not as large. The largest I caught weighed three-quarters of a pound, but Dr. Goldthwaite, of Brocton, landed one or two that weighed a pound each. But if glorious air, beautiful scenery and a well-kept camp count, then Tim Pond is a splendid fishing ground in September. We enjoyed every minute. Two or three hours were devoted to fishing morning and evening. The sweet sleep one enjoys in the woods is no small item. We put in our two weeks' vacation all too soon, and packing up our rods and other impedimenta, we tore ourselves away, hoping the time would quickly pass until we could return.

A. G. McKEE.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., December, 1885.

LEN. JEWELL.—The famous guide and woodsman of Northern Michigan, "Len." Jewell, died at Bay City on the 20th inst. As the fishing companion as well as guide to Mr. D. H. Fitzhugh, Jr., the one who introduced the grayling to the anglers of America, he piloted Norris, Hallock, Milner, Mather, and others who visited the grayling grounds in their early day a dozen years ago. A giant in strength, modest, sober, and with a knowledge of the woods that is rare, he was the perfection of a guide. For over forty years he had followed the business of looking up lands for lumbermen and settlers, and the Bay City *Express* says of him: There were very few men in the Saginaw valley better known than "Len." Jewell, he having been a citizen here for about 42 years. Mr. Jewell was a modest, unassuming man, of retiring disposition and held the respect of every person with whom he came in contact in business or other transactions. For over 40 years he has traversed the pineries of Michigan as a land looker and his judgment as well as his estimates were considered perfectly reliable, never being known to give a false estimate in order to advance his own pecuniary gains, as it is too often the case with men in the same business. The fact is, the deceased if he had been trickily inclined, has had scores of opportunities to practice deception, and in the parlance of men of his class, "make a stake," but he preferred to remain in poor pecuniary circumstances rather than to gain wealth fraudulently. He was of a genial, social disposition, when in company with his intimate friends, and was especially a firm and true friend to those with whom his peculiar fancies gave him the inclination for association. He will be missed and mourned by many who had learned to esteem him for his true worth and manly traits. Leonard Jewell was born in Rome, Oneida county, N. Y., February 25, 1815, and was therefore in his 71st year. He came to Bay City in the fall of 1844 and has since resided here. He enlisted in the Fourteenth Michigan infantry, company A, at the breaking out of the war, and was mustered out of service in North Carolina. He returned to Bay City and engaged in the business of looking up pine lands, which he has followed ever since. He was authority on pine property, showing good judgment and a remarkable faculty of estimating. He was very fond of hunting and was acknowledged to be one of the best sportsmen in the city. He was a member of U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., under whose auspices his funeral was held.

TIP-UP FOR PICKEREL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Say to your correspondent "Pickerel" that of all the forms of tip-up that I have ever used to signal a bite when fishing through the ice, there is nothing like the jumping jack of the toy stores. I buy fifty at a time and stick them up over the holes by suspending them with a stout twine leading from the lead to a slanting tick wedged into a hole in the ice. The line then leads to the string which works the legs and arms, and from these to the stick, so that in case of breakage the fish is not lost. The chances of breakage are very great, and it might be well to have them specially made for the purpose. The fun of seeing the mannikin spread himself in a most frantic manner is simply "immense."—LIMBER JIM.

LAKE ONTARIO.—A bill has been introduced at Albany by Mr. Kilby to prevent the taking of fish, except by angling, in the waters of Lake Ontario adjacent to Jefferson county.

Fishculture.

THE MASSACHUSETTS COMMISSION.

WE have the twentieth annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of Massachusetts for the year ending Dec. 31, 1885. The fishways are in good working condition except the one at Holyoke which will require some repairs in the spring. All applications for the construction of new fishways have been considered, and such as have been approved of have been built, except that at Hamblin's mill at Acushnet. By delay of the law, no decision has yet been reached in this case. At the fishways at Lawrence, a record of the fish ascending has been kept. The following species were observed: Alewives, May 6 to June 18; suckers, May 6 to Nov. 3; lampreys, May 7 to June 18; red-fish shiners, May 21 to May 23. Two black bass went up in June, five in August and one in September. One salmon went up in May, ten in June, three in July, one in August and five in October. Five shad were found in the fishway in June, 14th to 19th.

The distribution of trout has been increased and next spring there will be about 250,000 ready for delivery. Land-locked salmon have appeared in ponds which were not thought to be suitable for them when planted, but which were stocked at the solicitation of their owners. There has been an increased run of salmon in the Merrimack the past year. A few have been killed at the dams during low water, but the most serious depredations were committed near Haverhill where dead salmon were found with spear marks on them. Eggs of the salmon were taken from Merrimack fish by Mr. E. B. Hodge, of Plymouth, N. H., and hatched and returned to the river, in addition to those furnished by the U. S. Fish Commission.

Shad hatching was continued on the Merrimack, and to avoid gilling the salmon, a net with 2½ inch meshes was used. This developed the fact that the river was full of young male shad from one to two years old. These young males return with the mature females, while the young females do not return until they are three or four years old, or until sufficiently mature to spawn. An article on the result of shad propagation on the Atlantic coast, by Col. McDonald, is quoted, in which the statistics prove that the commercial value of the increase, due to artificial hatching, has been ten times greater than the sums spent yearly by the Fish Commissioners upon the work of propagation.

The appendices contain a list of ponds leased; "Carp and Carp Ponds" by C. W. Smiley, from the Bulletin of the U. S. F. C.; "Directions for Constructing Carp Ponds" from Report Maryland Commission, 1880; "Taking the Fish from the Ponds" by Dr. Rudolph Hessel, from Report U. S. F. C.; with the laws and resolves for 1885 and tables showing the returns of weirs, seines and gill nets.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 22.—Eighth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 8, 9 and 10.—Fourth annual exhibition of the New York Fanciers' Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 82 Cortlandt street.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

March 23, 24 and 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club, Newark, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

March 30 to April 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club, S. R. Hemmingsway, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, Edward A. Moseley, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

April 14, 15 and 16.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club, A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Tenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent, P. O. Box 1812, New York.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box, 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3185.

THE A. K. C. CHAMPION RULE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Smith is in error, I did not "impugn his motives," I said that unless explained, there could be no other conclusion but that the proposed amendments were inspired by personal motives; the time at which they were made, and the fact that Sensation won at these two shows, pointed in the strongest manner in this direction. By reading between the lines of Mr. Smith's letter, I think it is clear enough, that the reason guiding him in these proposed amendments, was the previous practice of the W. K. C. and other show clubs, and not the wish to affect the standing of Sensation, and this is just the avowal I called on him to make. It is always agreeable to have a suspicion of interested motives removed and I cannot but think that the W. K. C. in general would be wiser in frankly meeting cases apparently against their good intent on such matters.

I really fail to see where my inconsistency was. I wanted a list made of shows characterized by good classes, good management and good judging, and I cannot agree that the Boston and St. Louis shows were anything remarkable in this line. Certainly neither of them approached either the Washington or Breeders' shows in either point, and if I mistake not, the Ottawa and Toronto shows were either of them ahead of those Mr. Smith selected.

I cannot state my case stronger than I did by selecting the cases of the mastiff judging at the Winnipeg and Breeders' shows, and again I would urge on the A. K. C. the vital necessity of getting rid of the narrow exclusiveness that so poisons its whole body politic, and of which Mr. Smith's letter is so striking an instance.

Depend upon it, the breeder or dog owner does not care a snap as to whether a dog won "at a show held under the auspices of a club, a member of this association." What interests him is, who did the dog beat, how good a class was present, and who did the judging, and even the A. K. C. will eventually find out that it is only by studying the feelings of dog owners and exhibitors, that they will prosper. I cannot see why there should be any difficulty in clubs arriving at a satisfactory conclusion as to what shows were proper to be counted for champion honors, when the public have no trouble in determining this point, and even if there may be trouble in doing it, surely that is no excuse for positively refusing a trial at it.

It is with great regret that I find myself obliged to hold away from the fight that I see impending over the A. K. C. in general, but oculists will take no denial, and I make this final effort, partly to do the justice to Mr. Smith that he has not thought fit to do to himself, and partly to add a last word of urgent entreaty to dog show clubs, not to ruin themselves by the hide-bound exclusiveness that has done so much to bring them into public contempt. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa. Jan. 22, 1886.

IS THE A. K. C. TO LIVE?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Wade's twice propounded inquiry is one that can only be answered by the club itself, and not by promises but by acts. Its growth or decay depends entirely upon the amount of confidence it can elicit from those interested in shows. If it transacts its business in a prompt and straightforward manner it will succeed in gaining support, but if carelessness toward the interests of those it has undertaken to govern, an inability to grasp the situation it aspires to, or a laxity in punishing the lapses of its own members becomes apparent, then, like poor Joe, it may exist but it cannot live.

Mr. Wade lays much stress upon the so called "Sensation amendments," but as they were most summarily dealt with at the last A. K. C. meeting, credit must be given the club on that score. Mr. Elliot Smith, I am aware, stated to his fellow committeemen that Sensation's qualifying for the champion class was not the object of his amendment to admit the old St. Louis, Boston and Baltimore shows, but it is nevertheless a fact that the four votes cast against the amendment were given by gentlemen who felt they were crushing a piece of special legislation. There is, however, a portion of Sensation's history which was brought to the notice of the American Kennel Club which demands consideration and prompt action.

We all remember the fight of a year ago over "construction," and how Boston at first adopted the strange rendering of the champion rule propounded by Major Taylor, but after FOREST AND STREAM had editorially condemned Boston's action it fell into line with New Haven and New York, and called for three firsts at shows given by members of the A. K. C. So much fuss was made over this at the time that there was no excuse for any person accustomed to show dogs making a mistake. Yet in the face of this the Westminster Kennel Club's pointer Sensation was entered in the champion class when it was not eligible. Neither Mr. Elliot Smith nor Mr. Mortimer can deny that they were aware of this at the time of the show, if not before, and yet the prize for which Sensation had a walk over is still held by its owners. This is singularly inconsistent with the common dictates of honesty and is particularly conspicuous in view of the position the Westminster Club has always considered itself entitled to, and also Mr. Smith's being the president of the A. K. C.

What, may I ask, is the difference between the taking of the prize Sensation had no right to and Dr. H. M. Perry taking the kennel prize at the last Philadelphia show when he had but four dogs present? Yet in the former case we have the Westminster Kennel Club blandly smiling a what-are-you-

going-to-do-about-it smile, and the New England Kennel Club saying, "We have no protest before us and can do nothing." On the other hand, the Philadelphia Kennel Club disqualified the Sans Souci kennel, and at its last monthly meeting expelled Hext. M. Perry from the club, this action of course preventing him from taking further part as an exhibitor at shows held under A. K. C. rules. The A. K. C. cannot afford to allow this Sensation blot to remain any longer, even if the Westminster Kennel Club thinks that an ostrich-like blindness on its part will prevent outsiders from seeing it. So much for what the A. K. C. must do to preserve purity among its own members.

As to carelessness toward the interests of others, there is the application of the New York Fanciers' Club for admission as a sample. This application was presented at the meeting of Dec. 16, and referred to the Committee on Credentials. A month has elapsed and yet no advance has been made. When the application was read I was allowed permission to say with regard to it that an early answer was specially to be desired, as the club proposed giving \$800 in prizes, and it was anxious to announce at as early a date as possible its being a member of the A. K. C. if it was elected. The entries close next week for the Fanciers' show, and with an utter disregard to the convenience or the interests of the applicant, the A. K. C. still dawdles along in its slaphash, careless methods.

Then we have the short-sighted policy of preventing the growth of the A. K. C. by its restrictive champion class qualification rule, which applies only to its own shows. What a difference it would make to the strength and control of the A. K. C. if its rule read a winner of three first prizes at shows held under these rules, and at which not less than 300 entries are made. Can the committee of the A. K. C. not see that such a rule would enable the club to grasp the control of all shows, while at the same time it is not essential that the controlling body should be swamped by an excessively large membership, if that is what the committee objects to?

It is in the facing such as the foregoing and the action thereon that will determine whether the A. K. C. is to be a live organization or a stumbling block to point the finger at.

JAMES WATSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The letter of Mr. Elliot Smith, which appeared in your issue of last week, after I had already sent a communication on the subject of the American Kennel Club, calls for a postscript thereto. Mr. Smith overlooked the fact of the last meeting of the American Kennel Club being open to the public, and also some points in his own club's history. The amendment, which for convenience sake we will call the "Sensation amendment," was proposed prior to the meeting to be held at Pittsburgh last September. It did not meet with a very cordial reception on the part of some of the clubs, and Mr. Nickerson, the former secretary of the New England Kennel Club, informed me when in Philadelphia in November last, that he had written Mr. Smith about it. This brought forth a reply from the proposer, in which he acknowledged the motives which had inspired the amendment were open to misconception, and he would withdraw it. At least one other member of the committee told me he understood the amendment would not be proceeded with, hence it was somewhat of a surprise when it came up for official action.

Mr. Smith cannot fail to remember that upon Mr. Peshall asking that other shows be recognised, he was at once met by the motion made by Mr. Smith that the amendment be laid on the table. The Westminster Kennel Club voted "aye," as did two other delegates, while three votes were cast in the negative, the tie being decided by the negative vote of Mr. Morgan, then acting as temporary chairman. It will strike most persons that if the amendment had been of such vital importance, "a step in the right direction" as Mr. Smith calls it, he should not have attempted to withdraw it on what was so far opposition of the mildest form. The A. K. C. have taken so few steps in the right direction, it was a great pity to withdraw what Mr. Smith considered to be one. It must also be borne in mind that the amendment then was to admit only St. Louis and Boston.

The amendment then provoked a lengthy discussion, but mainly between Mr. Smith and Mr. Peshall, and after some time Mr. Smith accepted Baltimore as a part of it, but refused to make any further concession and finally choked off further discussion by calling for the question, just as Mr. Peshall and Mr. Osborn seemed about getting at a proposition to include really good shows. Then would seem to have been the time to get in Mr. Smith's first love, an acknowledgment of all shows previously recognized by the Westminster and other clubs. Mr. Smith asks if Mr. Wade has ever heard of shows at Mineola, Springfield, etc. I have no doubt Mr. Wade has, and also knows that the Westminster Club recognized Springfield until lapses of time made it obsolete. It also recognized Toronto and Ottawa, neither of which came under the fearful ban of "speculations." When the vote was finally taken, it was seen that the majority of the committee was not in favor of (to quote Mr. Smith) legislating for the recognition of any of "these accidental brutes that had jumped into the champion class through the inferiority of the class they had won in, or through the incompetence of a judge."

Mr. Smith is also in error in saying that the aforeaid brutes were favored by the original A. K. C. champion rule of the Westminster and other clubs that took that line. The A. K. C. rule first adopted choked them off, then Major Taylor's "construction" with General Shattuck's "opinion" intervened, only to be put aside by the leading clubs last spring.

The objection urged against Washington and other shows is that they were "speculations." What is the show Mr. Smith manages? Every show is a speculation—everything is a speculation, if it comes to that, in which there is uncertainty as to the future. Mr. Lincoln and I put up the money for the first Washington show; Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Olcott and a Chicago newspaper man were partners in the first Chicago venture; Mr. Smith and some of his friends are partners in the Westminster Kennel Club shows. Wherein lies the difference? This is it: Mr. Mason judged at Washington; Mr. Mason is not liked by the Westminster Kennel Club, and to get over recognizing Washington the plea of speculations was originated. My authority for that was Mr. Lincoln, and it was an open secret at the time it was done.

Mr. Smith's present proposition is to continue to advocate the recognition of all important shows held by a club in good standing before the foundation of the A. K. C., and only of A. K. C. members thereafter. In the first place, what has a club in good standing got to do with it, and which are important shows? Mr. Smith failed in his continuity of advocating very much, I think, when he distinctly and very emphatically declined at the meeting to allow any other club shows to be added to his three selections. The action and the statement make a very balky team.

Taking Mr. Smith's position as being the one likely to govern the A. K. C., and then add to it the action of the committee on credentials in the case of the New York Fanciers' Club, and what do we find? That this "holier than thou" association for motives they think are only known to themselves, but can be read as through a glass, propose keeping from its membership clubs of good standing without assigning any reason therefor. The secretary of the A. K. C. says the committee on credentials declined to approve of the application of the Fanciers' Club. These gentlemen surely mistake their duties, the province of a committee on credentials is to see that the requirements of the constitution are complied with. Wherein did the Fanciers' Club fail? It had previously held dog shows, and so far as the credentials were concerned they filed the bill. It rested with the committee itself to elect or not as they saw fit. Messrs. Child, Webb and Pope have mingled in one harmonious whole the processes of certifying to credentials, which is their sole province, and the

voting upon a club's application which belongs to the committee.

As I told Mr. Child personally, the A. K. C. is chipping away at its platform until it is a little upturned box 2x1½ on which is seen the sorry spectacle of a few clubs trying to find standing room, and holding on to one another as people do on the rear platform of a crowded car. By and by some of them will get tired and drop off, just such a dropping off will be seen when the sixty days' grace for paying the now pending \$10 assessment expires.

No, that is not the kind of club we want, but a strong, liberal organization, limited in its actual membership if you please, but not in its control, which should embrace every show held under its rules with but one proviso, and that the number of entries. The management and the judges have nothing to do with shows of the future. Exhibitors are wide awake now and have nearly all the shows necessary. These and all future ones to succeed and obtain entries must be well managed and have good judges. The entries will testify to the management and judges.

The "Sensation amendment" is of no account compared with the problem of future show recognition which the A. K. C. must face and that promptly.

JAMES WATSON.

THE NEWARK DOG SHOW.

FOLLOWING is the classification and prize list of the Newark dog show, to be held at Newark, N. J., March 23, 24 and 25:

Champion mastiffs, dogs or bitches, \$20. Open dogs, \$15, \$10 and \$5; bitches the same; puppies, \$10 and \$5. Champion rough-coated St. Bernards, dogs and bitches, \$20; smooth-coated, the same; open classes, same as mastiffs. Newfoundland, \$10 and \$5. Great Danes, the same. Champion greyhounds, dogs or bitches, \$10, open dogs, \$10 and \$5; bitches, the same; puppies, the same. Deerhounds, same as greyhounds, except there is no puppy class. Champion pointer dogs, over 55lbs., \$20; bitches, over 50lbs., the same; open dogs, over 55lbs., \$15, \$10 and \$5; bitches, the same; champion dogs, under 55lbs., \$20; bitches, the same; open, same as large class; puppies, dogs, \$10 and \$5; bitches, the same. English setters, same as pointers. Champion black and tan setters, dogs or bitches, \$20; open dogs, \$15, \$10 and \$5; puppies, \$10 and \$5. Irish setters, same as English setters. Chesapeake Bay dogs or bitches, \$10 and \$5. Irish water spaniels, the same. Champion field spaniels, any color, dogs or bitches, \$20; open dogs or bitches, \$15, \$10 and \$5. Champion cocker spaniels, any color, dogs or bitches, \$20; open dogs (liver or black), \$15, \$10 and \$5; bitches, the same; any other color, dogs or bitches, \$15, \$10 and \$7; puppies, field or cocker, \$10 and \$5. Clumber spaniels, dogs or bitches, \$10 and \$5. Champion foxhounds, \$15; open dogs, \$10 and \$5; bitches, the same; puppies, \$10. Champion collies, dogs or bitches, \$20; open dogs, \$15, \$10 and \$5; bitches, the same; puppies, \$10 and \$5. Champion beagles, dogs or bitches, \$15; open dogs, over 12in., \$10 and \$5; bitches, the same; dogs or bitches, under 12in., \$10 and \$5. Basset hounds, dogs or bitches, \$10 and \$5. Dachshunds, the same. Champion fox-terrier dogs, \$15; bitches, the same; open dogs, \$15, \$10 and \$5; bitches, the same. Wire-haired dogs and bitches, \$10 and \$5; puppies, dogs, \$10; bitches, the same. Champion bulls, dogs or bitches, \$15; open dogs, \$10 and \$5; bitches, the same. Bull-terriers, same as bulldogs; puppies, \$10. Black and tan terriers, over 7lbs., dogs or bitches, \$10 and \$5. Irish or rough-haired terriers, the same. Dandie Dimmonds, the same. Bedlington, the same. Skyes, the same. Champion pugs, dogs or bitches, \$10; open dogs, \$10 and \$5; bitches, the same; puppies, \$10. Yorkshire terriers, over 5lbs., dogs or bitches, \$10 and \$5; under 5lbs., the same. Toy terriers, the same. King Charles spaniels, the same. Blenheim spaniels, the same. Italian greyhounds, the same. Poodles (black), the same; other than black, the same. Miscellaneous, three prizes of \$5 each.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SETTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I write I have before me a photograph from a picture by Francois Desportes, a French artist who was the greatest delineator of sporting dogs of his time. I have not my books of reference at hand to give the exact date of his death, but it was before the middle of the last century.

The picture in question is a portrait of three setters, all pointing. They are in every respect like our best Llewellyns and might pass for a group from any of our best kennels only that the tails are curiously trimmed, the feather being closely cropped save at the tip where a short point brush shaped tuft is left, just as is commonly done with mules' tails. To those who think that setters were spaniels only a short time back, and that our crack field trial winners are triumphs of modern invention in breeding, this picture is, to say the least, instructive.

The uniform lesson of old pictures is that our best types of setters existed as long ago as any record can be traced. Here is one painted when guns had not been perfected so as to entirely supersede the net in field work with setters. Yet the dogs are just as we see them now. One peculiarity in the principal dog of the group is of great interest to me. The fore leg which is lifted in pointing is not bent at the pastern joint, but the foot is pointed straight out at the bird. This seems unnatural, yet the first setter I ever saw in my life would do just that way. I was but a little boy at the time 9 years old. I lived at what was then called Western New York, now Dwight, Illinois, and there were very few people besides our own family living anywhere within twenty miles of there. I remember that there were on a beautiful map of our "city" (exhibited in Chicago by the land agents) avenues, parks, city hall fountains and even zoological gardens, all laid out in most enticing colors. But the city at the time I speak of consisted of a stake with a rag tied to its top, and there wasn't a single house in sight unless the slowly rising frame of our own might be counted as one.

An Englishman connected with the survey of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, brought to our house a setter bitch and left her for some time in our charge. She was a smart little thing, looking very much like Juno A., and capital in the field. I remember seeing her point with her foot held straight out to the front, and I believed she was showing us the birds just as a man would point with his finger. I remember distinctly to have seen her do so twice, and my general impression is that she did so quite often. I have seen nothing of the kind since and should distrust my youthful memory, but the evidence of the work before me, every line of which shows knowledge, care, and exactitude, convinces me that there was no mistake about it. I note also in Desportes' setters that the ears show little disposition to prick and are set on quite low, and well back. Altogether, this picture strengthens my faith in the antiquity of the good qualities of the setter, and my belief that the worst defects are those resulting from outcrossing to other breeds. Surely if every ornamental point, as well as every useful point in the breed, is a heritage from the distant past, we ought to so frame our standard as to guard all of them from change or innovation.

I am about to go South for an outing. For six weeks to come my headquarters will be in Ocean Springs, Miss. If there is any sport going on down there you will be likely to hear from me.

JOHN M. TRACY.

GREENWICH, Jan. 22, 1886.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Westminster Kennel Club will hold their tenth annual bench show of dogs at Madison Square Garden, May 4, 5, 6 and 7. Premium lists and entry blanks may be obtained at 48 Broad street, room 14. Post-office box 1812.—JAS. MORTIMER, Supt.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XXXIV.

"LILLIBULERO died at Brighton," so say the great unformed. Alas, poor Langdale! I knew him. Ah! "where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar?" He was a mau popular with the crowd who love your free and easy fellows that never attempt to set aught straight in a very wry world. "The Captiving," "the gallant Captiving," as he dearly loved to be styled, was everybody's friend and he only excepted himself to prove the rule. No man could more significantly have sighed, "Life would be tolerable were it not for its pleasures." The last time we met was at Edinburgh, and we gravely discussed the identity of Lillibulero. Our unanimity was wonderful, we held it an uncommonly awkward position never to know when we were in his presence. "Hang me, the beggar may be listening now," said the Captiving as the waiter entered with two mere "gos" of Irish. We guessed Lillibulero up and down the dog directory, but least of all we suspected ourselves. The last time I saw him he was off for the races, bent on "busting the bookies," a performance I am afraid that no amount of rehearsal could have made him perfect in. Langdale was a very old member of the kennel world. Years ago, in Sandell's time, he was an exhibitor and a successful one. For a short time he was hidden behind a cloud, but he emerged with a smile on his face and the "past had buried his dead." He was a very fair judge and a most zealous reporter. The last news I had of him was that he had given instructions to proceed against an English kennel organ for libel. He had been charged in its columns with dishonest judging, but the hand of death has robbed the gibemouches of the dog world of a cause célèbre.

Our Collie Club is in danger of being split up by a scandal born of pique and bitterness. Private animosities founded in disappointment are the greatest danger the specialist clubs run. It was always believed that the Collie Club had nothing to fear in that direction, but this confidence has been rudely dispelled by the appearance of a wickedly malicious, and, of course, unsigned libel. It was put into the form of a circular and posted broadcast. I give it in its impudent entirety:

TO COLLIE EXHIBITORS.

Those who are fond of coincidences will find it curious to observe the following: That Messrs. Boddington, Thomson and Pirie, collie judges, and Mr. Krehl, collie exhibitor, are all members of a club called the "Crib-ton."

That the last named three should be proprietors of the *Stock-Keeper*, a weekly paper chiefly devoted to dogs.

That two of the four (Thomson and Pirie) form a majority of the prize committee of the Collie Club, thus increasing their strength.

That when one judges the others generally exhibit, and very successfully.

THE RESULT.—That at Sheffield show, where the prizes are good, there should only have been eighteen entries of collies at the time of closing entries, Sept. 30.

Verbum sap.

This circular contains a criminally ingenious blending of truth and falsehood. Mr. Boddington is a shrewd and clever fancier, he exhibits the best dogs, in consequence he wins with them and sells them right and left all over the country. This must naturally make less successful breeders envious; but with so many jaundiced eyes upon him that nothing has been discovered against his character is proof positive that nothing exists. If he makes money out of his kennel, many hundreds a year, it is said, then he succeeds in doing what everybody else tries to do.

As for the other three—Thomson, Pirie and Krehl—well, all I can say is, they are public characters in the kennel world and their names have never been associated with a dishonorable action. It is only pen and ink curs of gangrened imaginations and besmirched reputations who would try to drag down into the gutters of filth that public opinion has kicked them into, the men who can face the light of day and walk in the middle of the road. I regret to understand that Mr. Thomson intends to resign the club, and I hope his two friends may not be influenced by his example. Their duty is to stand by their club until the honorable majority have had an opportunity of purging from their midst a cowardly few. "The result" mentioned in the circular was a lying forecast, as the Sheffield show opened with fifty-two collies on the bench.

The only public notice taken of this outrage was in a rigmale episode from a boisterous member of the Collie Club committee. It reminded me of a line in "Hudibras," so I turned over the leaves of Mr. Samuel Butler and smiled when I came upon the couplet:

"Quoth Hudibras, 'I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate.'"

The Birmingham people were quite elated at the return of Dame Fortune this year. It was vexing to me that I could only get there the last day of the show. Although the total entry proved a complete recovery, I somehow wandered through the benches with the feeling that things were not quite what the old days knew. I had a good look at the white collie bitch and her pups which were honored with the Prince of Wales' attention. He bought one for ten guineas, and I am told he went to the show for that purpose. What the pups will be heaven only knows, but the dam is a lo-eared, sleepy-faced, light-boned, soft-coated, white English setter, and when I saw her she was suffering badly from chorea.

The St. Bernard Club show adds to its renown year by year. The vitality in this club is most remarkable and commendable. Three hundred entries and many refused is something to be proud of. The public bowed down to Plinlimmon, but the success of his kennel mate was received with mutterings.

Writing of St. Bernards brings up a subject I should be glad to be able to leave alone. Under the slow-witted mismanagement of its present kennel editors, the *Live Stock Journal* is fast going from the dogs to the dogs. The *Stock-Keeper* scored a cruel triumph over it in the St. Bernard show week. The two-penny paper presented its readers with a brilliant lifelike portrait of the talk of the hour, Plinlimmon, and a speaking likeness of Mr. Cumming Macdona. The whole paper seemed to be given up to dogs that week, and the report by "An Expert" (Mr. Crawford, I believe) was good technical reading. The poor old *Live Stock* was starved with a few columns and a report as dry as a drought. The numerous proprietors of the *Stock-Keeper* took care that no bushel should obscure their light from the public. They have adopted a style and policy that goes down with the public, and may pay if it lasts.

The great firm of Spratts Patent has been turned into a limited liability company. It is considered the most genuine business offered to investors and speculators since Bryant & Mays underwent the same transformation. It is stated that the capital has been subscribed over and over again. This was to be expected because every grocer who deals in the goods would feel anxious to have even a little finger in this very juicy pie.

When the senior partner, Mr. Wylam, purchased the patent for a few hundreds, neither he nor his friends could have dreamed of the colossal firm that was to grow up out of the profits on dogs' food. The smart business abilities of the purchaser pushed it to the position it now occupies. £188,000 are a large figure to pocket for a property consisting of the sale of biscuits and pheasants' meal.

The turning of this huge private firm into a public property will be a great blow to needy and shifty dog show reporters who look to augmenting their incomes by the sale of "promising puppies" and eleemosynary presents obtained by hanging about the office-door in Bermondsey—kennel perquisites.

Before the allotment of the shares has been made the £5 shares are selling at a premium of £2. This price is not likely to be sustained. However, the business stands upon such a solid basis and their goods are so first-class that the future of the company is assured.

In the *Sporting Life* forwarded to me through my editors I found the following paragraph marked:

"A friend asks me to mention that the gift of 'Lillibulero' to the American-English Beagle Club which consisted of a pretty engraving of two beagles, is so highly valued by the club that it now 'adorns the window of a little store in Market street. Next time I travel Market street I will look for it.'—PORCUPINE."

A correspondence has been raging in the *Stock-Keeper*, arising out of Mr. F. Adcock's challenge to show his bull bitch Acme against Mr. Sellon's Queen Mab, for £100 aside. As Mr. Adcock insisted upon naming the three judges, from whom his opponent was to choose two, the matter rather naturally fell through. The discussion that began in the above manner is finishing up with an attack upon the judges named, a relation of Britomart's merits and a bogus inquiry into the identity of Gaudifer, whom some half-witted groundlings have sagely endeavored to connect with the writers of these notes. The naked, stark naked truth of that business is not difficult to reveal.

Grave charges have been brought before the Kennel Club against Mr. Vero Shaw. I should be loth to publish this fact did I not know that it has been allowed to openly court the notice of the members in the club, they have carried the news on, and it is now everybody's property that Mr. Shaw has been accused of this, that and the other. It is more than weeks, it is months since this first became known, and I trust any noticing it will induce the committee to disclose what has been done in the matter.

There have been rumors that Mr. S. W. Smith's St. Bernard Merchant Prince was being nibbled at by an American buyer. I hear the bargain is struck.

I hear the London dogs are in great distress over the police order, and I am afraid these notes will dash the only drop of consolation from the lips of their owners who have snugly been assuring themselves that among the muzzled was yours to command, with a happy new year all round.

LILLIBULERO.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THE annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club was held at the St. James Hotel, New York, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 19. The following named gentlemen were unanimously elected a board of governors for the ensuing year: Messrs. B. F. Wilson, J. O. Donner, Elliot Smith, W. A. Coster, John G. Hecksher, R. C. Cornell, D. C. Bergundthal, Luther Adams, D. S. Gregory, Jr., 2d, F. R. Hitchcock, H. E. Hamilton, A. E. Godefroy, G. DeF. Grant, George T. Leach and Bayard Thayer.

A letter from Messrs. Heath & Anthony was received requesting that a committee be appointed to investigate the withdrawal of Graphic at the last field trials. The letter was referred to the board of governors, who ordered it placed on file. Mr. Alex. Taylor, Jr., who had presented the letter, thereupon used some unparliamentary language, for which he apologized and tendered his resignation as a member of the club, which was unanimously accepted. Notice was given of a proposed amendment to the by-laws to be acted upon at the next quarterly meeting. The amendment abolishes the initiation fee of \$25, leaving the annual dues \$25, as at present. The meeting then adjourned and the board of governors at once convened and elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: President, B. F. Wilson, Pittsburg, Pa.; First Vice-President, J. O. Donner, New York; Second Vice-President, Elliot Smith, New York; Secretary and Treasurer, Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I. It was decided that the public field trials of the Club for this year should be held at High Point, N. C., commencing Nov. 23 with the Derby, to be followed by the All-Aged Pointer Stake, then the All-Aged Setter Stake, closing with the Champion Stake, the Members' Stake to commence Nov. 18. A letter from W. T. Mitchell to the editor of the *Sporting Life* was placed before the board, and after reading it, Mitchell was by unanimous vote debarred from running or handling dogs at future meetings of the Club. Messrs. Donner, Hitchcock and Gregory were appointed a committee to revise the field trial rules.

FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Hear, hear! "Let us know where we stand," as "Raven" says in your last issue. I am glad to see my letter, written a few months ago to you on this subject, has at last elicited an answer, or rather another interrogation on the part of "Raven," who we all know is a judge of what a spaniel should be. His remarks about Pluto at Philadelphia fall show are well taken, and only strengthen what I said in my last letter, that practically, to all intents and purposes, there is absolutely no difference between a cocker and a field spaniel—except the weight. Now the question is, who is to decide this matter? I had hoped that it would have been decided ere this by the American Spaniel Club acting on my letter to you in some way, or at least to have publicly heard from one or more prominent members of the club their views on the subject. But my "conundrum" did not apparently have any interest to them in any shape or form.

Most of the coming bench shows have their premium lists printed by this time, so it is almost too late to make the alteration I suggested. But (I think I may say) the principal bench show of the country has not had a date fixed, and I would like to see the manages of said show take the initiative in this matter and I feel sure the other kennel clubs would without doubt follow suit at their future shows.

I therefore, as a breeder and exhibitor, respectfully ask the Westminster Kennel Club of New York to expunge the word "cocker" from their future premium lists and make classes for field spaniels as follows:

Champion Field Spaniels under 28lbs. (any color), dogs or bitches.

Field Spaniels under 28lbs. (black), dogs.

Field Spaniels under 28lbs. (black), bitches.

Field Spaniels under 28lbs. (any other color), dogs or bitches.

Champion Field Spaniels over 28lbs. (any color), dogs or bitches.

Field Spaniels over 28lbs. (black), dogs or bitches.

Field Spaniels over 28lbs. (any other color), dogs or bitches.

Field Spaniel Puppies (any color), dogs or bitches.

Another argument in favor of the change, viz.: If cockers and field spaniels are not practically the same breed, why do all the bench show premium lists put cocker and field spaniel puppies in the same class? They might put as well English, Irish and Gordon setter puppies in one class. In fact it would be a great deal more sensible, as the puppies mentioned are all setters, while in the other case some are cockers and some are field spaniels, as some out and out cocker men claim.

Why, one of our most respected spaniel breeders imported a certain spaniel bitch from the other side as a cocker, and when he got her he found she exceeded the limit that a cocker should be, and consequently the bitch alluded to has been shown in the field spaniel class and won prizes.

I repeat my "conundrum" given in my former letter, viz.: If a champion cocker happens to grow fat in spite of the best efforts to keep him below the limit weight, what is he? We will say he gets to be 30lbs. Can he be shown in the field spaniel class, and if so, does he scale the ladder again, or does he take his place in the champion class?

I would really like to hear what the American Spaniel Club have to say on the matter.

CAVE CANEM.

THE "AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER" ENTRIES new number 3,185. The current number is the first of the fourth volume. The Register is published monthly at \$1.50 per annum.

LARGE CANOES IN THE A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that there is some prospect of an amiable and comprehensive settlement of the existing differences respecting canoes, it is time to make a suggestion, not that I hope to change the opinions of such as have decided preferences, but simply to stimulate those who are hesitating or still dissatisfied. The advocates of the sneakbox and others seem to think that 48, or even more, inches beam preferable to less. It seems to me, therefore, quite within the province of the A. C. A. to "cover in the happy mean" and make the proposed new class 15ft. keel by 42in. beam, with an admissible depth forward of 2ft. 6in. and a draft of 11in. for each foot of length on deck, or not to exceed 17in. and a freeboard amidships of about 9in. This would have a tendency to introduce some of the famous Clyde features, and could not fail to give us a class of faster, more comfortable and decidedly handsomer boats than most of those now used under canvas.

If the Association sees fit to draw the line in a reasonably liberal spirit by admitting some such improvement of sailing canoes—without impairing or restricting the privileges of the paddle—it cannot fail to enhance the popularity of clubs by strengthening their membership. There need be no conflicting interests, because the man who has a paddle, cannot afford steam, and even hesitates about the expense of a yacht, will be an interested member directly, while those who have so bitterly opposed his recognition will be surprised to find him quite as gentlemanly as themselves and inclined to foster the best and most active members of the Association.

Granted some such concession, the average man—who now rows his boat when the breeze has failed—will find consolation in the society of those who know the sweet uses of adversity, as exemplified in the paddler aforesaid, and whether they go forth

"In their big canoe with pilions,"

or glance along the coast, both will be cheered by observing

"The seas with swelling canvas cover'd o'er."

I call my new boat a canoe for this reason: She is not deep enough to warrant the more assumptive title of yacht, although I hope to add some features which belong to the latter class of vessels. For instance—including her rail—she will possess a minimum freeboard of 19in., supported by a mast 10ft. 8in. high, which will, I believe, be the most convenient on a line with her deck, gratings, 15in. below the load waterline. Except the shoe shown on the bottom of her keel, she will have no outside ballast, another canoe feature which favors portability. Whatever ballast she requires will be of lead stowed as low as possible inside and concentrated upon the midship section.

Her waterlines will be similar to those of the Eagle with decks somewhat flatter, a deeper forefoot and the after keel less rockered.

I have been not a little amused by the several times repeated in these columns, that such vessels cannot be safely and easily beached and a landing effected without wading or getting splattered. Now allow me to say that I have often beached the Aura, a 23x5 pine boat drawing 17in. forward and 8ft. aft, by rounding to quickly, thus bringing her nearly broadside on. Her velocity, increased by 160lbs. of outside iron, never failed to carry her forefoot well out of water without in the least endangering her structural affinity or disturbing her top hamper. But then she was a cutter model and such vessels have since been proven more tractable, less dangerous and longer lived than any other.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My large canoe is now completed and I can give you some information in regard to the weight of the boat. My canoe weighs 110 lbs. by C. & Douglas, Waukegan, Ill., and is a very slightly craft. Length, 15ft.; beam, 42in.; depth amidships, 15in. Her stowage capacity is something immense. Stems and keel of oak, planking and deck of 5-16 white cedar. She weighs, with bottom board, centerboard, seats, rudder and steering gear all complete, except mast and sails, 150 pounds. This weight could be reduced 20 to 25 pounds if desired. The above boat will cost, complete, including sails, oars, paddles, etc., about \$100. Have rigged her for cruising, wide beam, balance lug sail, 13 sq. ft. The main boom and yard stowed under the deck without joints. This rig I have found to be a very handy one as there is but one sheet and one haliard to attend to. Of course this boat is not paddleable, but she will row very easily, either of which are of but little consequence to me as I am decidedly opposed to rowing or paddling any great distance, but there is no question in my mind as to her being able to sail well. As to the Association forming a class that will admit these wide beam canoes, I am at a loss to decide whether they will gain anything by it. As for myself, I would like very much to see a class of this kind and would be at the meets every year in racing trim, but I don't propose to build a canoe that is totally unfit for cruising in these waters in order to be able to race her once a year at the meets. We have admitted 81 and 86in. canoes in the Chicago C. C. races (and, by the way, they carried away the prizes) and I have no doubt that if a sufficient number of owners of large canoes should apply to the A. C. A. for recognition, a class would be formed for them. There will be several boats similar to the one I built here this winter, and after next season we can tell more about it. I believe I am as deeply interested in canoeing as "Class A" or "Class B," but the wind and water that I have to sail in forces me to use a larger canoe.

CHICAGO, Ill. CAPTAIN.

CANOE CLASSIFICATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In presenting the article on classification of sailing canoes in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 10, I was actuated only by a desire to advance and improve that feature of the meet. The classification was presented not with the expectation of its being adopted, but to show more plainly the inconsistencies of the present rules and to open the way for better ones. The A. C. A. now has, I believe, over 600 members, and is rapidly becoming national. Every member has his preference, and different localities require different sailing canoes. The A. C. A. having declared what shall constitute a canoe could provide sailing rules broad enough to classify all canoes within the limits. I am not advocating a large, or small, wide or narrow canoe. Let each individual canoeist use his own taste in that respect. I advocate a more equitable and general classification so that each member of the A. C. A. may, if he choose, take to the meet the canoe of his choice and have the privilege of entering the sailing races should he wish to do so.

In reply to the reviewer immediately following my article allow me to say that while the writer of the answer promptly says are for "nearly all the members of the A. C. A.," he candidly admits all I have claimed, and acknowledges that the present rules dictate two sizes of canoes, 15x28 for Class A, and 15x30 for Class B, and remarks that in "another year we may expect to see Class A all 15x28." Well, that is building pretty near to fit the rule. What has become of all the 14x28 and 27 canoes? Have their owners tried their canoes, or have they made an effort to get more even terms by getting a larger canoe?

Those sizes, 15x28 and 15x30, may suit the leather weight and answer well for sail sailing with them, but how about the larger and heavier of our members and those whose only sailing privilege is on the open waters of our lakes? It is not every member that can afford or cares to have one canoe for home use and another for the A. C. A. meet.

The further acknowledgment that "the object of the present rules is to afford a race to every possible size of canoe that may present itself" completes the confession. While the present rules may provide for the canoes in attendance at the meet, and, while the leading canoeists may be contented with the rules as they now are, nevertheless they are unfair and unjust because they dictate the canoes that shall have the privilege of sailing in the races of the A. C. A. Is it probable that a member of the A. C. A. will transport to the meet from a distance a proscribed canoe? Is it not probable that some stay away for this very reason? Change the rules so that all canoes within Association limits may enter the sailing races on more even terms and the result may surprise you. Certainly no harm will be done.

The rules proposed by me do not necessitate a lengthening of the programme, as both divisions of either class could be started at one time. In place of giving a first and second prize, give a first prize in each division and by each other than the canoes within Association limits, better meet the requirements of the Association than those which both dictate and prescribe certain sizes of canoes; which allow large and small canoes in one class on even terms; which allow a canoe under 16ft. x 28in. in either class, and while allowing a canoe of 17ft. x 28 1/2 in. in Class B, prescribe some canoes of less than

17ft. in length, of symmetrical proportions, and capable of being efficiently paddled by one man, as I know to a certainty?

Echoing the sentiment of "Hal," "fair play all around and no favor," is all that is desired by
CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 18, 1886.

SNEAKBOXES AND CRUISERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just finished reading the articles, and comparing the designs of the three sneakboxes given in the issues of Jan. 7, 14 and 21, and am at a loss to know why, in discarding, as in the last design, some of the duck-shooting features of the craft, you still tacitly recommend the retention of such a peculiar characteristic, the bow. As it is not a thing of beauty, why retain it? Has it any advantages over its adaptability for hunting purposes that it should be retained in the cruiser? Would it not be possible to build a boat on the same length, breadth and midship section but with an orthodox bow, that would row as easily, sail better to windward, and be as good a boat for the purpose as the one presented in the design?

R. K. B.

[It has been attempted in the design given to retain the peculiarities of the sneakbox model, and the bottom is practically the same, except for the additions of stern and freeboard above water. The bow of the sneakbox is very convenient for beaching and hauling up in cruising, and better for that purpose than a boat's bow. A boat is now building for the owner of the Bojorn from a design by Mr. W. P. Stephens, in which the bow is carried out as in an ordinary sail boat, in other respects being the same as shown last week. This boat, intended for smooth water sailing, is 15ft. over all, 16ft. on waterline and 6ft. 4in. beam, with one large lug and a balanced rudder. How she will perform with the other boats described remains to be tried this season.]

LIGHT-HANDED.

HOW unmeaning to the novice, but how striking to the veteran sportsmen are these simple words; to the one they convey no ideas, to the other they are fraught with the utmost importance; one need not of his import, while the other caters to their meaning with the utmost ability and care. I have seen a canoeist who knew what I mean; experience in its practical trials has taught them that, and if not, its synonym, "Nessmuk," has done his part. Hail to "Nessmuk"! What a jolly fellow he must be, and withal what common sense he shows. To the Western canoeist and hunter, well "Nessmuk" does this, "is always the finale."

"Nessmuk" wants but little here below" is fully exemplified in the life of a canoeist. A canoe is a pretty craft, and if her captain is a man of taste, a valuable one; but she is not a freight barge. How many times, and veterans, too, can lug along 200 pounds of stuff in a 75-pound canoe and call it canoeing is a mystery to me. I once did this myself, but no more. Instead of the halcyon days being gone, they have come. Let us see what a canoeist really needs. First comes canoe and fittings, sails and paddles are in their place, though some dispense with the former while cruising; canoe tent, cushions and apron nearly complete the list. Next comes the outer man—olskins head the procession, next comes bedding; a sleeping bag is the *de plus ultra*, but heavy blankets answer almost as well; a rubber blanket to throw over all, a heavy suit of underwear, with two or three pairs of socks, a soft hat or helmet, medium heavy coat and flannel shirt, and we have the list complete.

The most important department of all is the cuisine; grub box, magic man, heads the list; coffee pot, inside of which when not in use repose knife, fork and spoon, pepper and salt, can opener and water bottle, are by any means got in. It occupies one corner of the grub box; the square coffee and sugar can occupy the other corners, while the remainder of the aforesaid grub box constitutes the larder. A grantware plate and cup, together with a small frying pan, make utensils enough and to spare.

A troublesome, but necessary adjunct, is the tool box, which should be of tin and not over 3in. high, so that it may be placed under the cushion and used for all. A few copper and half a dozen nails, copper wire, string, a brace and a few screws, a small tin of putty, a lead pencil, a few brass screws and a piece of copper plate about 6x2 to mend paddle, etc., are the main things, while the remainder of the box can be used for storing "small duff," which, as every canoeist knows, accumulates with appalling rapidity.

A strong sheath knife should be carried in the belt; it should have a thin blade and be carried so that the sheath will project into the hip pocket. For all men carry a revolver, for show if not for use. A good knife, a good hatchet, a good saw, a good auger, but on the other hand don't handle it yourself if you can help it.

In some cases more may be carried and some less, but this is enough for a thousand mile cruise, and if I were going on such a trip I would only add such things as I could carry on my person. The disposition of a canoeist's plunder of course depends upon circumstances, but take the word of one who has tried it and you won't repent it.

I am away in taking up this subject, and am wearing out my old trodden ground, so that even my canoeist, start off with four white shirts, and a dress suit in his dry storage. It made even me desire to scribble.

ARCTURUS.

A VERY SMALL STEAMER.—Editor Forest and Stream: As I see that you invite communications on matters connected with canoeing, I send you the following description of what I believe to be the smallest steamer ever built, and I am proud to say that it was built by me. It is a 14ft. long, 20in. beam, clinker built, of pine, with short counter. The boiler is of steel, in shape vertical, 20in. high and 20in. in diameter, 31 one inch tubes, lagged with mahogany, brass dome and funnel. I have had as much as 160lbs. to the inch on it, but have usually worked it at 90 or 80. It is fed by two injectors; one a No. 0, Schaeffer & Budenberg's make, and the other a model made by the same makers for exhibition. The latter is barely 3in. long, yet, strange to say, it works far better than the larger one. I had originally a pump, but this a home made article, was not satisfactory. There is, of course, a water gauge, a steam gauge and a safety valve, the latter a large one. An ejector in the stern speedily throws out any water from the bilge, and an exhaust box on the waste pipe effectually prevents the unpleasant puffing noise. With the blast steam can be raised in a quarter of an hour, and when clean, the boiler will make steam so quickly that the boat will run well by fire door open. The engine is 3 1/2 in. stroke, 2in. bore, cylinder top just appears above the deck. There is no link motion. The reversing is accomplished by a cam, working in a slot on the shaft. Half a turn astern is given by hand to the fly wheel, and when steam is turned on the engine will go astern. With Welsh coal, there is no annoyance whatever from smoke. With about 300 revolutions the canoe will make about seven miles an hour in smooth water. Of course she is only intended to carry one in the well; but on one occasion she carried myself and two friends, one on the bow and one on the counter, for about seven miles. She is extremely stiff, so much so that I can stand up on the counter while she is running and steer with my feet. She is decked in forward of the boiler. A brass coil allows the air to enter, so as to prevent the woodwork getting too hot.—W.

THE FLORIDA C. C.—Editor Forest and Stream: At the meeting of Jan. 17, the Florida C. C. was organized in the city of Jacksonville with ten charter members and the following list of officers: Captain, B. H. Barnett; Mate, R. M. Call; Secretary and Treasurer, E. H. Buckman. This is the pioneer canoe club south of Mason and Dixon's line, and I believe it will be a great success. The organization, as has the right sort of men in the board of officers and all about them they have the facilities for gratifying a fondness for our manly health-giving sport. If convenience to some of the finest canoeing waters in the world will be an incentive to the development of a canoeing interest, they have it here, for flowing by their very doors they have the noble St. Johns River, which has a length of more than 300 miles, every one of which is a paradise for the canoeist. There are also numerous smaller rivers and streams within half a day's ride of the city in the waters of which game fish of many varieties can be taken, while along the banks, deer, bear, wildcat and birds of various kinds may be found for the hunting. When we take into consideration the fact that here the canoeing season is never closed by snow and ice as it is in the North, it is open all the year round, we begin to realize what a canoeist paradise Florida may and probably will become. Captain Barnett appointed a committee of sailing device, a report from which will be had at the next meeting. The captain of the club and probably two or three of the other members will join the brethren of the A. C. A. on the waters of E. I. Bay and around the campfires of Grindstone in August next.—CHAS. A. NEWELL.

SPRINGFIELD C. C.—The annual meeting of the S. C. C. was held on Jan. 10. The officers elected were: Captain, C. W. Bliss; Lieutenant, E. C. Knappe; Secretary, F. L. Sifford; Purser, P. A. Knappe. Messrs. Bliss, Bowles and Knappe constitute the Regatta Committee. A spring meet will be held at Calta Shasta Grove on the Connecticut River. The club dinner will be held on Feb. 10.

PERSONAL.—Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Murroe are now in Key West. Messrs. Phinney, of Boston, and Rev. C. P. Peters, are with Capt. Kendall at Thompson's. Mr. I. P. West, formerly of Orange, N. C., well known as the builder and paddler of canvas canoes, called on us last week. Mr. West is now settled in Omaha, Nebraska. Mr. Lucien Wilson, of the Cincinnati C. C., was in New York this week and spent Sunday at Marmalade Lodge.

OAKLAND, Cal.—Mr. W. W. Blow has sent us some photos of his canoes Zephyr, 14ft. x 28in., and Mystic, 15ft. x 28in. The former is rigged with a Mohican sail and small dandy, while the latter is rigged with jib like the Eagle.

A CRUISING AND RACING CANOE.

THE introduction of the Average Record system in the Association races, and the few changes made in the rules in 1884 have checked the tendency to build larger canoes and also to build canoes specially for sailing or paddling, and have fostered two sizes of boat, one in Class A, and one in Class B, as it would, while with sheets off, is not built to the limit of 16ft., the former, 14 to 15ft. by 28in., is built to the limit of 16ft., as it would, while with sheets off, make her too unwieldy for transportation, slow in tacking, and heavier. The favorite length promises to be 15ft., as giving the best all-around results, both in racing under the rule and for cruising and transport. Of course a 16x28 canoe would have an advantage in a paddling race, especially over a straightaway course, and on many occasions a canoe would have a similar advantage over two legs of the A. C. A. course in E. I. Bay, but neither of these would compensate for the sacrifice of all-around qualities and speed to windward. Similarly in Class B, the limit allowed is 15x31 1/2 or 16x30, but few avail themselves of the extra 1/2 in. of beam or foot of length, as experience has thus far proved that the smaller boats, such as Dot, Snake and their class, can out sail the larger canoes in most waters. The fight between these canoes and the larger ones of the Pearl type has been carried on for a long time, with odds in favor of the smaller boats. It must be said that the 1st class boats have had the advantage of more skillful handling for the most part, and have outnumbered the others, but the racing thus far in America all goes to prove that the ordinary 14 or 15x30 canoe, with a moderate amount of ballast, and in many cases unballasted, can do nearly all the heavy canoes are capable of, and that they are faster in most weathers. That they are easy paddling, convenient in transport, and for these reasons they have become popular. The near future will in all probability see some races between them and the best canoes of the other type, handled by experts, and these may reverse the results of the previous racing here; but in any case the medium all-around canoe must remain the favorite in America.

As in Class A, a more powerful boat could be built by going to the full limit allowed, but all considerations, weight, quickness in stays, easy paddling, convenience in transport, control under paddle, cruising and special work in rapids, etc., dictate 15x30 as the desirable mean.

For a 15ft. canoe a limit of beam of 31 1/2 in. has been established for Class B. A 15ft. x 31 1/2 in. canoe is quite a large boat, comparatively speaking, and for every purpose, except sailing races, such a canoe is less convenient than a smaller and lighter one, and however good the large one may be in the regular sailing races, she cannot hope for a place in the average record, as her weight and beam will in most cases handicap her in paddling.

After the A. C. A. '84 meet there was a marked tendency all along the line to build larger canoes approaching the limits more nearly on the average than any year previously. The Sunbeam was a result of this movement. Though not built up to the limit—on account of the paddling difficulty that would result—this canoe was designed to get the most out of a 15ft. x 30in. canoe. The stem and stern were plumb with a full body amidship and aft, and deeper draft than formerly, got by a decided deadrise to the floor. A season's use has pretty well proved that she is a fast canoe under sail and an excellent s. boat. A light-weight man must needs carry considerable ballast in a Sunbeam, however, to get stability down the wind—one hundred pounds is not too much to get the canoe down to her true lines, and more can be carried to advantage often.

The Lassic was designed as an attempt to get good speed, close windward work, a fairly light and small canoe to carry a moderate amount of ballast—always a heavy load to handle—and to be a good cruising canoe for all but very narrow and rapid waters. She has proved herself fast under sail and paddle, easy to handle on the water and ashore, amply large enough for a man of medium height and weight, and needs but 75 pounds of ballast at the most; with all this she is very steady before the wind. She is a Class A canoe, but allowed in Class B races, and just comes within the limits of Class III. paddling.

The dimensions—15ft. x 28in.—and the points arrived at were given to Mr. Everson, who worked out the problem in his own way, and to whom all credit for the result is due.

Two flat brass plates were used for the boards, placed as shown in the drawing, as being the best for windward results it was thought, not overlooking convenience at the same time. For cruising the after board can be dispensed with, and the slot in the keel plugged. The forward plate can be removed and a wooden board substituted, thus saving about 20 pounds in dead weight. The ballast all goes below the floor, and is held in by the floor boards buttoned down. It is then in the very best place. The canoe is steady before the wind since she draws more water than the Sunbeam—unless the latter is heavily ballasted—being narrower. The motion from side to side is a very easy one, quite unlike the quick roll of a flat keel canoe. The manipulation of the oars takes time to acquire, so that the maximum result can be obtained. They largely decrease the work that has to be done by the rudder in single board canoes.

Length.....	15ft.
Beam, extreme.....	28in.
Depth at gunwale.....	11 1/2 in.
Sheer, bow.....	7in.
Sheer, stern.....	6in.
Dead rise in floor.....	1 in.
Crown of deck.....	3in.
Fore side of stem to—	
Mast tubes.....	1ft. 3in., 8ft. 3/4 in., 11ft. 1/2 in.
Fore trunk, fore end.....	3ft. 2in.
Fore trunk, after end.....	5ft. 10in.
Coaming, fore end.....	4ft. 5in.
Well at deck, fore end.....	4ft. 10in.
Backrests, r.....	7.5in. and 9.3in.
After end of well.....	10ft. 5 1/2 in.
Bulkhead.....	10ft. 9 1/2 in.
Deck tiller.....	10ft. 10in.
After trunk, fore end.....	11ft. 2 1/2 in.
After trunk, after end.....	12ft. 6in.
Deck hatch, fore side.....	11ft. 11in.
Deck hatch, after side.....	12ft. 6in.
Width of cockpit.....	11ft. 6in.
Coaming, height at fore end.....	3in.
Coaming, height at middle.....	2in.
Waterlines, 3in. apart; buttock and bowlines, 5in. apart; sections, 2ft. apart, from fore side of stem; floor above gunwales, 3 1/2 in.; stem and stern sided 1in., keel sided (width) 3in.; moulded (thickness) 1in.; keel batten, 3/4 in. x 4in. at amidships; seats, 3 1/2 in. x 16 in., spaced 5in., 19in. at ends; deck, 3/4 in.; lean of mast tubes, 2in.; floors, 5-16in.	

REFERENCES.

a, stem, hackmatack.	m, coaming, oak.
b, stern, hackmatack.	n, hatch, mahogany.
c, keel, oak.	o, after hatch.
d, keel batten, oak.	p, deck hatch.
e, ribs, oak.	q, center strip of deck, mah og.
f, bulkhead, pine, 3/4 in.	r, back rests, oak.
g, headleaves, oak.	s, heel brace, oak.
h, sides of trunk, pine, 3/4 in.	t, steering pedals, oak.
i, o. oak beams, pine.	u, deck tiller.
k, knees, oak or hackmatack.	v, centerboard hinges, brass.
l, maststeps, oak.	w, floor ledges, cedar.

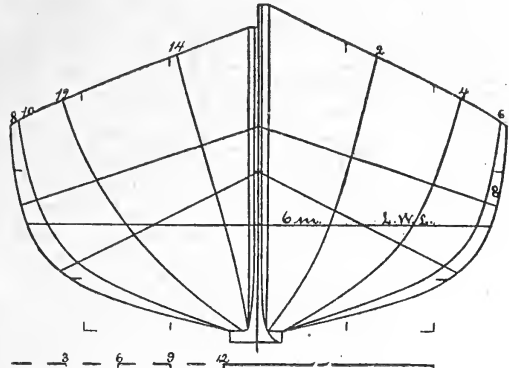
TABLE OF OFFSETS.

CANOE LASSIE.

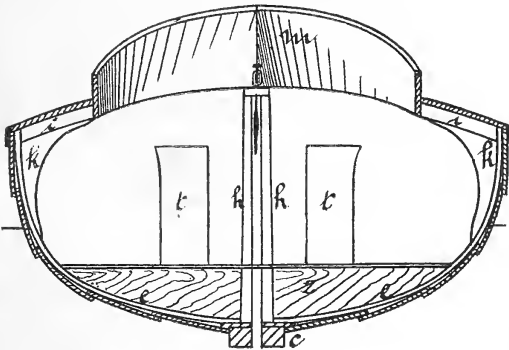
STATION	Height at deck.	HALF-BREADTHS.					
		Deck.	9 in.	3 in.	3 in.	Upper Diag.	Lower Diag.
		Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.
0	1 5 1/2	0					
2	1 4 1/2	0 1/2	5	4	2 1/2	5 1/2	4 1/2
4	1 2 1/2	1 1/4	10 1/2	8 1/2	6	10 1/2	9
6	1 1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 0 1/2	9 1/2	1 1/4	11 1/2
8	1 1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1 1/2	10 1/2	1 1/2	1 0 1/2
10	1 1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1	1 1	0	1 1/2	11 1/4
12	1 1	1 1/2	8 1/2	7 1/2	4 1/2	9 1/2	7 1/2
14	1 3/4	4 1/2	2 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
15	1 5 1/2	0					

The keel batten, 3/4 in. thick, is a separate piece; but it would be better if worked in one with the keel. The centerboard trunks are both below deck, closed on top and opening only on the bottom. The boards, of select brass, are hinged by means of two L-shaped pieces

shown at *v*, one on each side of the board. These pieces are each fastened to the keel by a screw from the outside. To remove the board the canoe is turned over, the two screws taken out, and the board turned back, when the board will drop out. The fore board is of 5-16in. brass, weighing 15lbs. The after board is of 3/16in. brass, weighing 5lbs., and is quadrant-shaped. Each is filed to a sharp edge. They are hoisted by cords, the forward pendant belying on a cleat on after end of the trunk; the after pendant coming through the deck to a cleat on starboard side of deck, abreast the canoeist. The three mast tubes are of uniform size, 2in. inside, so the masts may be interchanged. The rudder is of 3/4in. oak, thinned down at the edges, the yoke being a semi circular piece with a score in it for the rudder lines, of brass chain. The foot gear consists of two oak pedals, *l f*, fitted to the floor boards with brass spring hinges. When two are paddling, the after man uses the braces, *s s*, on the floor, the back-board for the forward man being at *r*. The hatch, *o*, is made with an outside rim, fitting over the coaming and close to the deck. There is no fore bulkhead, as usually fitted, and the sliding bulkhead is also omitted, a piece, *r*, taking its place and supporting the hatch and carrying the back-board. The broken lines in the sectional view show the inner edges of the planking, the widths of same at midships being given in the cross section.



BODY PLAN OF CANOE LASSIE.



CROSS SECTION AT MIDSHIPS.

THE SINGLE BLADE.—Where is "Single Paddle" this winter? Does he find a difficulty in hunting up the victories of the past season? I did not attend the meet, but if the reports can be trusted not a single race open to both kinds of paddles was captured by the single. I again make the assertion that everything else being equal the double is the fastest, and I may add that I think the superiority will be more apparent in the larger sizes of canoes. The 1886 meet is certain to be attended by the best paddlers of the country. Surely the single paddle men can attend and do their best to contradict my assertion. Don't be content with saying, "We have better men at home," but bring the better men along and give the doubles a worthy battle.—BOREAS.

HARTFORD C. C.—The annual meeting of this club was held Jan. 19, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Geo. L. Parmele, President; W. B. Davidson, Treasurer; John D. Parker, Secretary; Louis Q. Jones, Commodore; W. G. Abbot, member Executive Committee. Several new members were elected, and there is every indication of continuing prosperity. The club has found the following prescription of great benefit in keeping up club interest during the winter months: B. Smoke, canoe talk, refreshments as *q s*, Label, a camp fire. Dose—One each month at the homes of the different members. The next meeting will be at the home of Commodore Jones on the evening of Jan. 27.

WIDE AND NARROW CANOES.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: "Hal" says I have placed constructions upon his communication not warranted by the words used. I did not think so, but he must know better than I can what meaning he intended to convey, so I most cheerfully ask his pardon, and also thank him for his answer. I should like to say more, but have taken to heart the remark of "Skipper" about taking up the precious space of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, and will refrain.—KATRINA.

†A. C. A.—Mr. Edward C. Hammott, of Davenport, Ia., is a candidate for membership.

Pachting.

Address all communications to the *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

- July 17—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, First Championship.
- July 31—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Second Championship.
- Aug. 14—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Third Championship.
- Aug. 21—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Matches.
- Sept. 18—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Matches.

ELECTIONS OF OFFICERS.

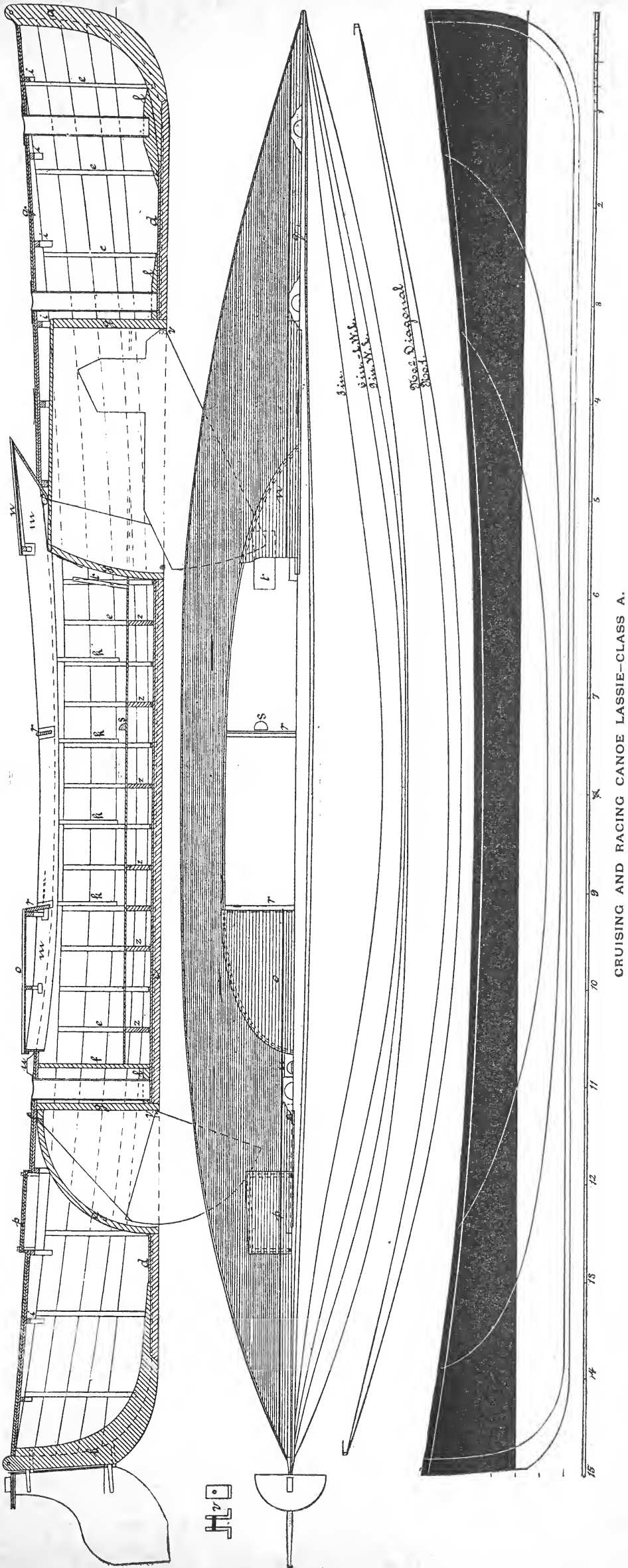
Lynn Y. C.—Jan 5.—Commodore, E. C. Neal; Vice-Commodore, Howard Dennis; Fleet Captain, F. S. Newhall; Secretary, W. B. Newhall; Treasurer, J. W. Atwill; Measurer, C. B. Taylor; Regatta Committee, W. B. Newhall, W. M. Rand, W. Hawkes, C. H. Lockhart and H. P. Armistead.

Buffalo Y. C.—Jan. 6.—Commodore, Harry D. Williams; Vice-Commodore, Louis G. Northrup; Secretary, Mort. C. Provoost; Treasurer, Eugene Roberts; Measurer, John H. Swanson; Trustees, Harry D. Williams, Charles B. Hill, J. H. Swanson, Harry N. Vedder, L. G. Northrup; Regatta Committee, John Willoughby, Charles Greiner, Richard Tobnie.

Hull Y. C.—Commodore, Charles V. Whitten; Vice-Commodore, Benjamin L. M. Tower; Rear-Commodore, George R. Howe; Secretary and Clerk, Peleg Aborn; Treasurer, Charles C. Hutchinson; Assistant Secretary, Frank C. Brewer; Measurer, William H. Litchfield; Executive Committee, Charles A. Perkins, J. F. Brown, J. J. Henry, G. Whittemore; Regatta Committee, E. H. Tarbell, W. H. Litchfield, O. A. Ruggles, B. W. Rowell, W. A. Cary, W. K. Millar; Membership Committee, Fred Pope, A. P. Thayer, B. T. Wendell, J. R. Chadwick, W. L. Porter, George Coffin, Charles E. Cunningham J. E. Sayles.

East River Y. C.—Commodore, M. J. Charde; Vice Commodore, Sargeant W. McManus; Secretary, Harvey T. Lewis; Treasurer, J. J. Driscoll; Sergeant-at-Arms, Peter Gillen; Board of Trustees, M. J. Charde, John Whitaker, J. F. Sullivan, William Briggs and C. Dreyer; Regatta Committee, E. E. Brown, J. D. Smallfield and Aloysius Lamb.

Poughkeepsie Ice Y. C.—Commodore, Theodore V. Johnston; Vice Commodore, William R. Innis; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas H. Ransom; Regatta Committee, Thomas H. Ransom, Theodore Van Kleck and William F. Booth.



CRUISING AND RACING CANOE LASSIE—CLASS A.

THE CRUISE OF THE PILGRIM.-V.

BY DR. W. H. WINSLOW.

PENOBSCOT Bay is, in my opinion, the best and most interesting cruising ground upon the Atlantic coast, but there is not a yacht club from Whitehead to Mt. Desert, except one lately formed at Rock land. A chain of small mountains lies along the western side from Northport to Rockland, a distance of about sixteen miles, and there are numerous high promontories upon the eastern side until the eyes rest upon Green Mountain, the highest portion of that magnificent island, Mt. Desert. It is not asserted as the French thought. There are many \$100,000 villas at Bar Harbor, and deer have been shot in the forests this season.

There are hundreds of pretty wooded islands, worth from one dollar apiece to many thousands, in the lower bay, and many of them are being bought up by city men for summer homes. There are many of the finest little coves, harbors and camping places along the shores, but one can conceive of, the water is deep and the shores are bold for the most part; low tide uncovers flats in which one can dig large, sweet, tender clams by the bushel, and the blue of high tide is covered with great quantities of dry drift wood, the refuse of the many sawmills up the rivers, which will get up a good hot bed of coals for a clam bake in the shortest possible time. Flounders, tommy-cod, cunners, salmon, lobster and the frisky sculpin are there in abundance. Crows, gulls, loons, ducks, snipe, partridge, squirrel and other birds in sufficient quantity to keep the guns from rusting. There are many places of picturesque beauty worth visiting, and a few of historic interest, of which Fort Point and Castine are the most celebrated. Within easy sail of everywhere, one can find cities or villages where he can get letters, newspapers and supplies. Everything is good and cheap, the people are kind and hospitable, there are few tramps and vagabonds to molest them, and all laws except those pertaining to liquor are promptly enforced.

During the cruising glory of the place is the magnificent sheet of sheltered water for comfortable, safe cruising. I climbed to the top of Mt. Percival, one of the aforesaid chain upon the western shore and looked down and away at one of the very finest views I have ever beheld, and that is saying much, for I have eaten bread in seven kingdoms. The shore line could be followed to the right as far as Owl's Head, to the left to Belfast, Seaside, Fort Point, then crossing the noble Penobscot strait to Castine, Cape Rosier and away into Eggemoggin Reach. Islands of every size and shape, cultivated or heavily wooded, blue water, blue sky, blue sea, and the cry could reach seaward. Before us was the long narrow Islesboro, with the light-house and inlet of Gilkey's Harbor. Beyond the eastern shore, blue hills shone blue and high above the surrounding land. Eastward, the misty peaks of Mt. Desert could be perceived, and southeast a dark heavy cloud upon the horizon represented Isle au Haut. It was like looking down upon a map of blue and green and gray—beautiful scenery, bold shores, few ledges, sheltered channels and straightaway courses, all in view from the excellent roads along the water line.

My companion, E. L. Williams, of South Boston, gazed at the magnificent sheets of water upon each side of Islesboro, the western and eastern ship channels, stretching from Belfast twenty-eight miles to the open sea, and exclaimed, "What a splendid sheet of water and what a glorious place for yacht races." But I confess the place is a long way from Boston and New York for the land craft to go, and without them, races would be as stale as soup without salt. Then the region gets up Genesee weather very often after the middle of August, and before that time the fogs are sometimes troublesome, so I suppose the New Yorkers will stick to their sultry, shallow Sound, and do a tremendous lot of yachting at the fashionable hotels all along shore from New York to Nantucket.

We broke camp one day after dinner and got everything and everybody on board safely, though the cutter was pitching her nose pole upon about sea, and without them, races would be as stale as soup without salt. Then the region gets up Genesee weather very often after the middle of August, and before that time the fogs are sometimes troublesome, so I suppose the New Yorkers will stick to their sultry, shallow Sound, and do a tremendous lot of yachting at the fashionable hotels all along shore from New York to Nantucket.

That's what one can do with a deep iron keeled cutter in a blow. If we had cast the wrong way, or sagged much before filling the sails, we should have been on the rocks. The iron keel and deep sharp body made her obstinate; she resisted the insulting flaps of the sea; implied that she was not to be made a plaything of by saucy waves; stood up firmly and obeyed her captain's wishes, and brought us out of the danger.

It was heavy weather and a very lively boat to windward. The cutter lay her rail to the water and hung there. Puffs did not catch her more than an inch or two, and she came up again lively. The seas were heavy but she did not ship any. She rose and fell, and knocked them right and left, but only threw spray in our faces occasionally. Sitting upon the windward seat of the cockpit, with feet braced against the lee side, we watched the movements of the craft, ready to start the jib sheet if necessary.

A large sailor plucked up his courage and gave us a salute with her whistle, while Theo, the passenger, had sea legs enough on to dip the ensign at the peak, where it always was when we were under way in sight of anybody. The steamer's people crowded to the stern and swung hats, handkerchiefs and parasols at us in admiration of our gallant contest with the gale, and before she was out of sight, we had rounded Cape Rosier, shaken out the reefs, paid off sheets, and were flying away from the following seas. It was a rapid run to Northport, and we anchored there at seven o'clock.

The boys were given a run on shore and small parties of gentlemen and ladies were taken out upon excursions of one or two days' duration, and as every one down east understands picnicking and camping out, we had most enjoyable times. There were always members of the party who knew all about vessels, so I had plenty of help in managing the yacht.

Turtle Head is a high wooded bluff at the northern end of Islesboro, owned and occupied during the summer by Dr. Davis of Chelsea, Mass. The doctor has a fine private home in the midst of a lovely forest of immense spruce and pines upon the highest part of the Head. He has beds for a dozen guests, a large supply of provender and wines, genuine Havana cigars, a perfect armory of sporting and warlike weapons, two boats, a boathouse, fishing outfits and signals. One can see across the bay in every direction from the upper windows, where a good telescope and marine glasses enable one to see every sail approaching long enough beforehand to hoist the colors upon the flag pole upon the edge of the bluff, and the little cannon, which thundered a salute to every passing or visiting pleasure craft.

No one is allowed to hunt upon the Head; the squirrels are quite tame and will come at the doctor's call and eat walnuts at his feet, while the uncollected seal lie in peace upon the rocks about the shore. Nothing delights the amiable doctor and his wife and Jimmy, the colored servant, so much, as a visit, and nothing can certainly be pleasanter to the visitors than the hospitality for which Turtle Head is famous. We were there in November, no soft winter. The doctor in the yacht in "real cutter weather" just to show him her qualities and to enjoy more of his society, and we shall go back again, sure of a hearty welcome, as every gentleman yachtsman may be also.

There's only one objection to his paradise and that is the anchorage. The wind and sea always seem heavy all around the Head. One may run the nose pole against the rocks and have lots of water under the keel, but there is no sheltering lee, and no soft bottom. The doctor just picked up her anchor and walked away with it many times. I left Bert in charge one day and went ashore for water, and when I came down to the landing, ten minutes later, the riding rope was straight up and down and the yacht was rapidly drifting up river. Fort Point is just within the mouth of Penobscot River and is one of the most picturesque and precipitous places upon the coast. There is a large summer hotel near the rounded parapet of the old Fort, and many pretty villas face the bay and line the road to Seaside. The river widens just above the point into a lovely sheet of water with excellent anchorage, and here we spent many pleasant hours. One night at sunset the northern sky became suddenly overcast by a dense black cloud that reminded me of some premonitions of the hurricanes that I had experienced in the tropics, and I concluded we were to get a regular sneezer. I got out the light, examined and cleared the extra anchor, tightened up things generally and prepared for the worst. Out it came, still black and threatening and quickly settled upon us like a mantle, so that we could not see thirty feet away. I breathed free; there was no wind; it was a down east fog that drenched the sails and covered the deck as if they had been rained upon. We went below and played comfortable games of euchre till midnight; then we slept till 8 A. M., when a man upon the wharf shouted that breakfast was ready and we took our meals ashore for a change.

It is a pretty run from Belfast to Castine, up the Bagaduce River and out again, across to Sabbath Day Harbor, along the shore of Islesboro, past Hugh's Head, and around the southern end of the Isle, and up then between it and Job's and Seven Hundred Acre Islands to Gilkey's Harbor. All the lower part of Islesboro and the adjacent islands are owned by a Boston millionaire, who goes down in his steam yacht and spends the summer in cruising and fishing. He has a range of sheltered water that is perfectly lovely, and upon this range I would I had a spot for camping, as I consider it one of the best places in the whole bay. But I am not a millionaire, and I probably could not buy it if I were. It struck me this gentleman could add much to his own happiness by being less exclusive.

Gilkey's Harbor, at the upper end of the inland passage, is a frequent stopping place for vessels in the storm, and is a most excellent haven, sheltered upon all sides by the land, and having the stickiest mud bottom I have yet experienced. We reached there one afternoon and the boat was sent ashore for fresh water. It was low tide, flats made off from the shore everywhere, and the boys had a long pull before they found a landing. I was amusing myself studying up the region with the glasses, when my attention was attracted to some birds along the shore, and I made out a score or more of gulls standing motionless in the mud. When the boat returned we put in the gun and went for them, but we could only get within about 300 yards and did not hit any with the rifle. The reports of the guns awoke a flock of gulls behind some tall grass, who took to their wings and sailed away with the cranes, making an evening concert of discordant sounds. We pointed the boat for the yacht and beheld a pretty picture.

The Lincolnville Mountains lay in deep shadow across the bay with the sunset glow showing over their peaks, forming a mellow background; the water was like a mirror stretching from the distant shore into the harbor, and reflected the rose tints of the western sky; the dark evergreen of forest of Spruce Island to the left, and the low green point with the little white cottage and lighthouse to the right, framed the picture, and, midway between, lay the little Pilgrim with her white masts and hull sharply defined upon the delicately shaded water of the bay. All the details were so softly tinted, so peacefully and so lovely, and so exquisitely beautiful, that we stopped rowing and spent some minutes in rapturous admiration.

It was getting late and supper was yet to cook, so we pulled to the west and were soon aboard and hard at work at the engine. Jamie and I landed on the island while the coffee was making and went into the woods in search of the originator of a solemn caw, and came soon upon the shore of an inland lagoon that lay dark and slimy in the gathering gloom. Our eyes soon made out numerous herons standing quietly by pools of water and we tried to get near them, but could not, on account of the treacherous ooze around us. Then we went, red to shoot at long range, but the sounds awoke a score of ghostly things which vanished like the Flying Dutchman, and none remained. Then we sought the boat and practiced paddling with a single oar till we arrived alongside of our floating home, where supper was ready.

We started early the next morning, and in the Western Bay found a lot of loons calling a storm. The boys got out their guns and fired at them for half an hour, and the yachtsmen were soon in the water. The shooters were sure they had killed a number, but we were not able to find one *corpus delicti*. I told them they had frightened the loons so that they had gone down to the bottom and were holding on to the grass with their teeth until we had gone away. A fine breeze came in from seaward about 10 o'clock, and, as we sped up the channel, the persecuted birds showed themselves in the coves and laughed derisively at the amateur loon hunters.

COMPARATIVE POWER OF LARGE AND SMALL VESSELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest the discussions and the various schemes that have been devised for equalizing the advantages which the larger vessels have over smaller ones in yacht racing. But it appears that a clear idea of the "What is it," that gives this advantage is not fully comprehended by all the managers of yacht racing, and that the line, which this advantage of volume varies with the average yachtsman.

Volume of displacement, being a function of four factors, viz.: length, breadth, depth, and a coefficient of form—usually called the coefficient of fineness of displacement—if any one of these factors is taxed, volume is sure to come out under the other factors.

The secret of this element—volume of displacement—lies in the fact that it grows, with the increase in the dimensions of the vessel, faster than does the corresponding resistance. An example will illustrate.

Suppose we have two vessels of precisely the same model and loaded to the same per cent. of their depth. As the two vessels are alike, and loaded alike, their coefficient of fineness, or displacement, will be the same, and we may throw this factor out of the calculation. Again, as the two vessels are alike, their lineal dimensions all vary by the same ratio, when we compare them by means of the ratio. That is to say, we will suppose all the linear dimensions of the one, as length, depth, draft, length of spars, and hoist and spread of sail, to be twice as great in one as in the other.

Then because similar surfaces are as the squares of their respective lineal dimensions, all the similar surfaces of the one, as wet surface, and the cross section, upon which the resistance chiefly depends, as also the sail area, are four times as great in the one as in the other. Again, because similar solids vary in their volumes, as the third power, or cube of their similar lineal dimension, the volume of one is eight times as large as that of the other. That is to say, the larger vessel has twice as much tonnage to the yard or foot of canvas, or twice as much power to the pound of resistance as has the smaller vessel.

The same relation is shown by an expression much in use by naval architects, viz.:

$$D \propto V^{\frac{2}{3}}$$

in which D represents the volume of displacement in cubes of some lineal unit—usually a foot.

As this expression may not be readily understood by those not familiar with algebraic notation, I will explain: The denominator of the fractional index signifies that the cube root of the volume D is to be taken, while the numerator 2 signifies that this root is to be squared. Because similar solids shows the surface of one face of a cube, whose volume is equal to the displacement. And though this surface is not the surface of either of the vessels, it is a surface that varies with the volume by precisely the same ratio as does the wet surface or the immersed cross sectional area, and therefore, it is a means of comparing these surfaces in different vessels. Moreover, the denominator signifies that the volume varies as the cube, while the numerator shows that similar surfaces on the vessels vary as the square of the lineal dimensions.

It may be asked, if the power of the vessel to hold sail up to the wind increases faster than does the resistance, why not put on more sail area?

This we can do to a small extent, and only to a small extent. We would soon find ourselves in the region of impracticability. An example will illustrate: Suppose, in the case already considered, we were to put sail area on the larger vessel according to the increased tonnage, i. e., eight times as much sail as is on the smaller vessel, not only by 2, but also by the square root of 2, or 1.414, thus making all our canvas and spars in the large vessel 2.828 times as large in their lineal dimensions as those of the smaller vessel.

This would give us the sail area exactly, but it would get us into serious difficulty. It would raise the center of gravity of the sail and thereby increase the heeling moment of the wind, diminishing the stability of the vessel under way.

Taking the increased height of the center of gravity of sail into consideration we have three factors, and must therefore multiply by the ratio and the cube root of the ratio=1.26, when we shall have provided the larger vessel with sail just according to her ability to carry it. In this case the sides of the sails and the length of the spars would all be 2x1.26=2.52 times as great as in the smaller one. But after we have put on a vessel all the sail we can prudently manage, how can we take care of them when all their lineal dimensions are increased by 25 per cent.

It is to obviate this difficulty that large vessels, not having room for as much canvas by the ton as small ones, cut down their beam and thereby diminish to some extent their need for canvas.

If the above ideas concerning the value of volume in giving power to a vessel were more generally understood, we should hear less about taxing it under any other dimension.

For the purpose of comparing the volume of vessels whose dimensions vary by different ratio, we must multiply together the several dimensions of the larger vessel and divide the product by corresponding dimensions of the smaller vessel, introducing the coefficient of fineness in each; when they are different, the quotient will be the power of the larger vessel in terms of that of the smaller vessel.

GRAND HAVEN, Mich.

H. C. PRANSONS.

CAPE COD PILOTAGE.—Will some one who has made the run from Cape Cod to Buzzard's Bay or the Sound give a sketch of the trip, how to dodge the shoals, and the usual courses run, so that a stranger may mark a chart for a 5 ft. draft boat?—W.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

IT is not customary to "lock in" boats on Sunday, but as the season was fast drawing to a close, the authorities of the Raritan Canal increased the facilities by keeping the lock and bridge tenders on duty all the time. Bulletins had been posted announcing that the waterway would be closed for the winter Dec. 20, the date usually fixed and lived up to, unless something extraordinary should occur. Gold Sunday before that time were not allowed to interfere, as a thaw might occur later on, enabling boats temporarily frozen in to pass out. The chief reason why the canal is closed at all during winter, is the impossibility of operating the lock gates in a jam of ice broken up by steamers. A suspension for annual repairs is also imperative, the constant traffic demanding a watchful supervision and speedy renovations, on the principle that "a stitch in time saves nine," very applicable to the proper maintenance of an artificial vein of commerce. The water being run off, inspections of the sides and bottom can be had and repairs executed with rapidity and ease.

The Raritan Canal is 43 miles in length, from New Brunswick to Bordentown on the Delaware River. Originally an enterprise of the State of New Jersey, it has fallen into the hands of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, with the object of avoiding competition by a judicious regulation of the charges. The traffic at this day, though very large, will not compare in volume with former times. The management of the canal has conveyed the idea that their occupation was nearly played out, and that the canal, by long distance, whereby the various canal charges could be averaged, by steamers had also replaced the mule power to a great extent, regular lines of propellers traversing the canal at short intervals. Some of these steamers and their tows are of unheard of proportions, so long and clumsy as to strike terror into the hearts of smaller and lighter craft, and the various canal charges could be averaged, by steamers had also replaced the mule power to a great extent, regular lines of propellers traversing the canal at short intervals. Some of these steamers and their tows are of unheard of proportions, so long and clumsy as to strike terror into the hearts of smaller and lighter craft, and the various canal charges could be averaged, by steamers had also replaced the mule power to a great extent, regular lines of propellers traversing the canal at short intervals. 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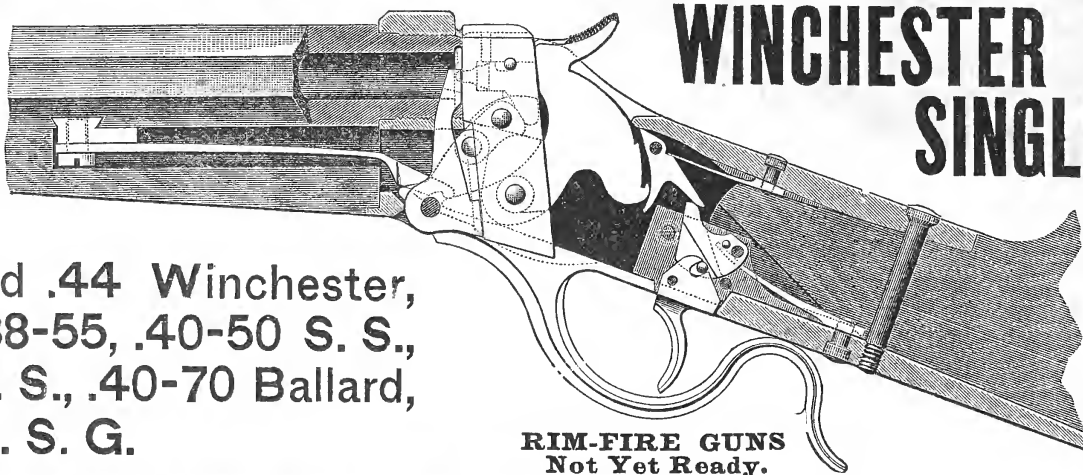
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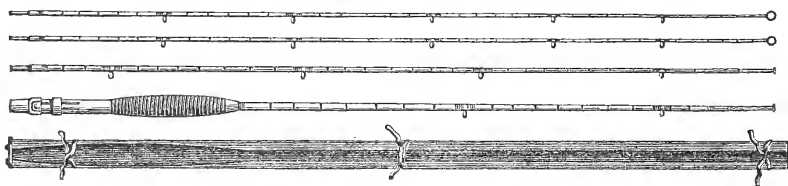


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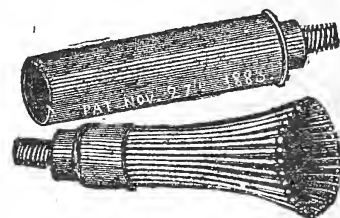


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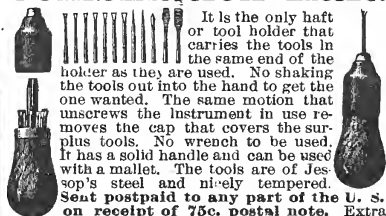
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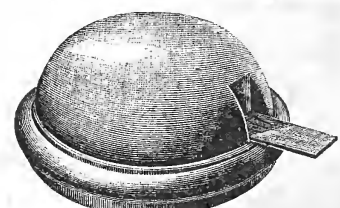
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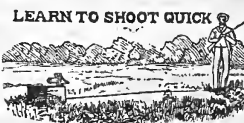


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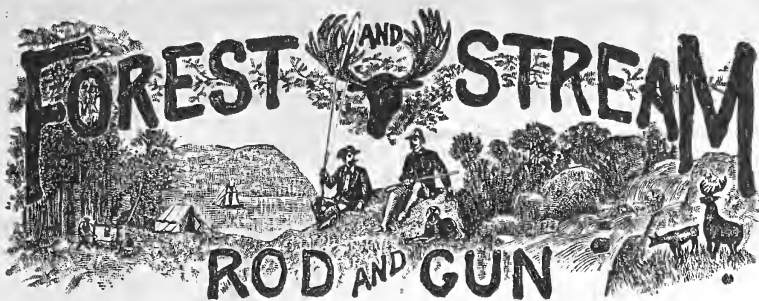
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THE MAINE HOUSE BURNERS.

ONE common protection of the classes who violate the game laws is in their standing threat to poison the live stock and burn the barn of any one who dares to give evidence against them. Scores and hundreds of outrageous acts have gone unpunished because no one in the community had backbone enough to risk the vengeance of these fellows. Just now the Legislature of New York is asked to modify one of the best game laws of the State out of deference to the demand of Adirondack dwellers, who threaten, if the law is not changed, to slaughter the game out of pure revenge.

In most instances this fear of vengeance is without any adequate foundation. The grouse snarer may proclaim that if "peached on" he will burn barns, but as a matter of fact he is a cowardly fellow, brave enough in setting snares, but lacking courage to apply the incendiary's match. The way to treat him is to go ahead with his indictment and punishment. In nine cases out of ten no barn burning will follow. In the tenth case, where the law breakers are actually so depraved as to execute their threats, there is but one course of action, as in the other nine, namely, to prosecute. Then if the barn incendiarism follows, punish that too. At all hazards take away from such dangerous members of society their defense. Break up the reign of terror. This is just the condition of affairs they have had to contend with in Maine.

Last March one J. W. Day, of Wesley, Me., was prosecuted by detective Pettingall for having killed deer contrary to law. Day believed that Game Warden Munson, of Wesley, was responsible for his arrest, and he made the customary threats of revenge. He belonged to a clique known as the "Shacker Boys," Shacker being a local term for deer. The Shackers resolved to "clean out" Warden Munson. Among other devices to accomplish this end, they set a dead-fall for him, but this he escaped. Then Day announced that a match was waiting for Munson's buildings as soon as the hay was in. At last on the night of July 17, Day poisoned Munson's cow, emptied a can of kerosene in the barn and house and set fire to them. Both were totally destroyed. Six weeks after that others of the "Shacker Boys" stole into the barn of Game Warden Samuel Cushing, cut off his horse's

head and burned the barn and all its contents. The incendiary Day was arrested for his crime and lodged in jail. Then letters were sent by the Shacker gang to six other persons who had been prominent in enforcing the game laws, among others to Dr. Sam. B. Hunter, of Machias. These cheerful missives threatened fire, poison and death. Day also sent out from his cell poetical effusions bearing upon his crime and arrest. One of these compositions was produced at his trial as an evidence of the law-defying character of the Shackers. It is an illiterate mess of doggerel beginning:

It was in the town of Wesley
as you shal understand
thair lived a croud of young men
thay was cald the shacker band
and thay was accused of munny
a bad deed let them be guilty or not
but they hunted deer the year around
and for the wardens make it hot
thair was one young man among them
the wardens all knew well
for by this deavils rill
thair had munny a poor deer fel
he hunted on old stream
I would have you all to know
and he sed it was one place
the wardens dast not go

Day was brought into court Jan. 23, and the case went to the jury on Monday of last week. He was convicted of arson and sentenced to State Prison. Next April, it is confidently hoped, at least one more of the Shacker band will join him there. The Maine authorities have adopted the only adequate policy of dealing with these characters; they are pursuing that policy with a decision and a vigor that cannot be too highly commended, and by the time they shall have finished, it will be understood, in that part of the State at least, that prosecutions for game law offenses are not to be avenged by poisoning cows, beheading horses and putting the torch to barns and dwellings.

KANSAS GAME NEEDS.

THE members of the Leavenworth Gun Club have addressed a memorial to their Senator, asking for much needed changes in the law for the protection of game birds. The quail and grouse are shipped to market in such quantities that, though the open season for them is right, the two species are sadly harried and their extinction only a matter of time. Another evil which has been developed in Kansas is the side-hunt. Competitive shooting leads to the killing of unreasonable bags. Game is destroyed not for the inherent sport of shooting, nor because the birds themselves are desired for food, but only to make a score which shall "beat the other fellows." The petitioners ask that exportation of game may be stopped; that Kansas game may not be dumped into the Chicago and St. Louis markets. They also ask that local game killers may be limited by law to twenty-five birds each in one day. These demands are reasonable. Senator Lowe will serve the true interests of his constituents if he will secure the game legislation they ask.

THE ALBANY DEER BILLS.

TWO of the bills relating to the hounding of deer have been reported upon by the Assembly committee, and were put on the files last Monday.

The first is No. 107, introduced by Mr. White. It makes the deer killing season from Aug. 15 to Nov. 1; allows jack-hunting from Aug. 15 to Oct. 15, and dogging from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15; allows possession of venison from Aug. 15 to Nov. 15, and the sale of venison from Aug. 15 to Nov. 1.

The second is No. 108, introduced by Mr. Barnes. It makes the deer killing season from Aug. 15 to Nov. 15; permits hounding from Aug. 15 to Nov. 1; forbids jacking at any time; and forbids the transportation of venison out of any of the counties of the State (save Queens and Suffolk) except that from Aug. 1 to Nov. 15 two carcasses may be transported if accompanied by their owner.

Both of these bills contains some good features, but each one has a vast preponderance of unmitigated evil, and the amendment of the present law as Mr. White proposes it, or as Mr. Barnes proposes it, would be nothing less than a public calamity. Mr. Barnes's clause restricting transportation of venison to two carcasses accompanied by the owner, is a capital provision, or it would be but for the idiotic proposition to legalize the transportation of dead game fifteen days before it is lawful to kill that game.

Mr. White and Mr. Barnes are posing under false pretences as apostles of game protection. The milk in the cocoanut is the deer-hounding clause. These bills have been prepared and are now being pushed solely with a view to restoring

Adirondack deer-hounding. The good non-jacking clause, the good non-transportation clause, the good shortening of the season clause—each is only a sop to make us forget the true nature and intent of the bill. Either bill, if it became a law, would mean the deplorable destruction of Adirondack deer. Mr. Barnes is working only for a small class of, improvident hotel keepers, stage drivers and guides. Their time-serving policy of grasping all they can to-day without regard to certain ruin to-morrow, is directly opposed to the true sentiment and interest of the intelligent residents of the Adirondack counties.

Every citizen of this State should concern himself to work for the defeat of the Barnes bill and the White bill, and all other bills intended to restore hounding.

We repeat the warning already given. If the deer law is to be maintained it must be by immediate, earnest and persistent action by individuals, each one doing his share. Elsewhere we reprint the petition given last week; and we urge every reader of the FOREST AND STREAM in this State to secure signatures to this and forward it to his district representative in Albany. This must be done now. The deer-hounders in the Assembly boast that they will carry the day. If their designs are thwarted it must be by prompt work.

THE REVENGE ARGUMENT.

ONE argument upon which the advocates of shooting exhausted deer in the water lay much stress is the revenge argument.

There are a number of men and their families in the North Woods who depend for a livelihood largely upon the wages paid them by rich city sportsmen who hire the guides and their hounds to drive deer into the water for the sportsmen to butcher. The hounding advocates aver that the guides of this particular class are a miserable, poverty-stricken lot, continually upon the verge of starvation. They drag out a wretched existence through the winter, barely subsisting upon what provender they have secured with their deer-hounding revenue and with what venison they kill in the snow. Were hounding allowed the winter-killing of deer by these half-starved guides would be limited to their actual present needs; they would crust-hunt only enough deer to do them and their dogs through the winter, and would carefully protect the rest as material for the profitable summer and autumn water-killing. But—this is the argument—if hounding be forbidden, and this source of revenue cut off, the guides will be compelled to kill more deer in winter; and, more than this, will crust-hunt by the wholesale and destroy the game out of pure revenge; and their revenge will not be sated save at the sacrifice of all the deer they can butcher.

Briefly put, the contention is that the deer must be hounded to death by sportsmen in order that they may not be crust-hunted by the guides. Paddle up to them in the water and cut their throats in August to save them from having their throats cut in the snowdrifts in February. The hounders who make this plea doubtless think that they have for it some foundation in fact. If there are shiftless, lazy, half-starved Adirondack dwellers who will butcher deer out of revenge, they certainly are not representatives of the decent class of North Woods guides. They are not the sort of citizens whose threats should coerce the Legislature into making a law for their benefit.

To the tender-hearted water-butcher of Adirondack deer it may appear a harsh sentence, but most other people will agree with us that if these men cannot make a living as guides in the North Woods under present laws, they ought to kill their hounds, engage in some legitimate labor and earn their bread and butter as other folks do.

MASSACHUSETTS SUNDAY SHOOTING.—A petition was presented to the Massachusetts General Court, at Boston, last week, praying for the repeal of the "Blue Laws" of that State, among them the statute which forbids shooting game on the Sabbath day. Whatever may be the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the other laws included in the petition, this one is perfectly right and proper. The prohibition of Sunday shooting should be maintained; to repeal its provisions would be most unwise.

CODFISH FOR THE GULF OF MEXICO.—Professor Baird is engaged in an attempt to acclimatize codfish in the Gulf of Mexico. A million eggs from the station at Wood's Holl in Massachusetts, will be put into the waters of the Gulf at Pensacola. The experiment will be watched with a great deal of interest.

TO THE WALLED-IN LAKES.

IX.—NIGHT IN THE LODGE.

THE wind, which rose again as the sun set, was cold, and as soon as dinner was over we took refuge in the lodge. Sticks were thrown on the smouldering coals of the fire, and Yellowfish, seizing the axe, went out and cut a couple of armfuls of wood, which he brought inside and laid by the door. By this time the pipes and cigarettes were all aglow, and the fire gave out a cheerful warmth, which made the howling gale without, a thing to be laughed at. We lay back on our comfortable beds, with our feet stretched out toward the fire, and were just lazy and contented. It was too soon after dinner to talk, and we quietly enjoyed the warmth and listened to the raging of the wind, and the rattling of the lodge poles and the flapping of the smoke shield, and sent up clouds of fragrant tobacco smoke. The lines of fishes drying above our heads swung backward and forward as the gale increased, but we felt nothing of its fury.

"Wind Maker is hard at work to-night, Appekunny," said I.

"Yes," he replied, as he glanced toward the half breed, "he lives up here in the Upper Lake. Does he not, Yellowfish?"

"Ah," replied the Indian, who was staring hard at the fire as he sucked at his pipe.

"It is rather curious," continued Appekunny in an aside to me, "that the Pegunny seem to have placed the cart before the horse in their belief with regard to this god. You know that Wind Maker lives under the water, at the bottom of lakes." Then louder, "The Pegunny say that when he wishes to make the wind blow, he first makes the waves, and that as they roll along they make the wind. Is it not so, Yellowfish?"

"Ah," said the Indian.

"He is strong in these mountains," said I. "All the time the wind blows. We have very bad luck. Our medicine is not strong. Tell me, Appekunny," I continued, "about the Medicine Rock on the Marias. How far has it moved since you have known it?"

"Once," he replied, "it was at the top of the bluff, but that was many years ago. Since I have known it, it has only moved two or three feet. Some years it moves more than others. It all depends on how fast the bluff wears away in the weather. The slope being gradual, the rock moves slowly. The Pegunny think that it is alive, and, as you have seen, make presents to it."

We had passed this rock on our way from the Marias, a huge, reddish boulder of sandstone, two-thirds the way up the face of a sloping hill on the north bank of the Marias River, and strewn on the soil about it were the decaying remnants of presents that had been made to it in the past. Near it I had picked up a pair of brass earrings, a steel finger ring, a little medicine bottle, and an old war eagle feather, the most recent of the offerings.

"Down on Milk River," said Yellowfish, "behind [east of] the Sweet Grass Hills, is another Medicine Rock. It looks like a person sitting down on top of a bluff. The Pegunny worship it. Always when they go by it they give it presents. Sometimes they give it a shirt, and put it on the rock, and then when you look at it it seems more like a person than ever. Over in the mountains to the west there is a pine tree in which is grown a sheep's horn. It is a very pretty horn. Not so very long ago—may be when my father was a young man—the tree was small, so that a man on foot could touch the horn without lifting his hand above his shoulder. But [as the tree grew] it got higher and higher, until it could hardly be reached by a man on horseback. All Indians gave presents to it whenever they went by, but one day a Nez Percé got mad at it and shot it, and pretty soon afterward he died. Some of the Pegunny have seen this horn, and maybe these Kootenays know about it, too."

"Speaking of religious beliefs," said Appekunny, after a little pause, "reminds me of what old Red Paint said to the priest over at Birch. The priest had just come into the country, and one night he asked a lot of the Indians over to the chapel on Birch Creek to have a talk with them. He wanted, he said, to get them to tell him some of their religious beliefs, and then he was going to tell them about Jesus Christ and try to convert them. He could not speak Piegian, and asked me to come over and interpret for him, instead of the regular interpreter, so that there would be no misunderstanding of any kind.

"I went over at the appointed time with a lot of the Indians, and more came after us, so that the chapel was pretty full, for, you see, they all wanted to hear the stories that the priest was going to tell. It was the famine winter, and the people were glad enough of any kind of an excitement to keep them from thinking of their starving wives and children and of their own gnawing hunger. Among those present was old Red Paint. He is a pretty good talker and has always something to say.

"After a little preliminary talk the priest asked them to tell him some of their traditions, for he wanted to find out something of what they believed. 'And afterward,' said he, 'I will tell you of my God, and His power and goodness.'

"Upon that old Red Paint got on his feet and told the story of the bad man who once cached the buffalo and the other game. He said:

"What I tell you now happened long ago.

"In those days the people were hungry. No buffalo and antelope were to be found on the prairies. The deer and elk trails were covered with grass and leaves; not even a rabbit

could be found in the brush. Then prayed the people, saying: 'Oh, Old Man! help us now or we die; gone the buffalo and deer; uselessly we kindle the morning fires; useless are our arrows; our knives stick fast in the sheaths.'

"Then went Old Man to find the game, and he took with him a young man, the son of a chief. For many days they traveled the prairies and ate nothing but berries and roots. One day they climbed a high ridge, and when they had reached the top they saw, far off by a stream, a single lodge.

"What kind of a person can it be," said the young man, "who camps there all alone, far from friends?"

"That," said the Old Man, "is he who has hidden all the buffalo and deer from the people. He has a wife and a little son."

"Then went they close to the lodge, and Old Man changed himself into a little dog, and he said, 'That is me.' Then he, the young man, changed himself into a root digger [a carved and painted stick about three feet long, shaped like a sacking needle, used by women to unearth roots], and he said, 'That is me.'

"Now, the little boy playing about, found the dog, and he carried it to his father, saying, 'Look what a pretty little dog I have found.'

"Throw it away," said his father, "it is not a dog." And the little boy cried, but his father made him carry the dog away. Then the boy found the root digger, and again picking up the dog, he carried them both to the lodge, saying, 'Look mother, see the pretty root digger I have found.'

"Throw them both away," said his father, "that is not a stick, that is not a dog."

"I want that stick," said the woman, "let our son have the little dog."

"All right," said her husband, "but remember, if trouble come, you bring it on yourself and on our son." Then he sent his wife and son out to pick berries, and when they were out of sight he went and killed a buffalo cow and brought the meat into the lodge and covered it up, and the bones, skin and offal he threw into the creek. When his wife returned he gave her some of the meat to roast, and when they were eating the little boy fed the dog three times, and when he gave it more, his father took the meat away, saying, "That is not a dog, you shall not feed it more."

"In the night, when all were asleep, Old Man and the young man arose in their right shapes and ate of the meat. 'You were right,' said the young man, 'this is surely the person who has hidden the buffalo from us.' 'Wait,' said Old Man, and when they had finished eating, they changed themselves back into the stick and the dog.

"In the morning the man sent his wife and son to dig roots and the woman took the stick with her. The dog followed the little boy. Now as they traveled along in search of roots they came near a cave, and at its mouth stood a buffalo cow. Then ran the dog into the cave, and the stick, slipping from the woman's hand, followed, gliding along like a snake. In this cave they found all the buffalo and other game and they began to drive them out, and soon the prairie was covered with buffalo and deer. Never before were so many seen.

"Then came the man and he said to his wife: 'Who now drives out my animals?' and she replied: 'The dog and the stick are now in there.' 'Did I not tell you,' said he, 'that those were not what they looked like? See now the trouble you have brought upon us!' and he put an arrow in his bow and waited for them to come out. But they were cunning, for when the last animal—a big bull—was about to go out, the stick grabbed him by the hair under his neck and coiled up in it and the dog held on by the hair beneath, until they were far out on the prairie, when they changed into their original shape and drove the buffalo toward camp.

"When the people saw the buffalo coming they made a pis-kán and drove a big band of them into it, but just as the leaders were about to jump off, a raven came and flapped its wings in front of them and croaked, and they turned off another way. Every time a band of buffalo was driven near the pis-kán, this raven frightened them away. Then Old Man knew that the raven was the one who had kept the buffalo cached.

"So he went and changed himself into a beaver and lay stretched out on the bank of the river as if dead, and the raven who was very hungry, flew down and began to pick at him. Then Old Man grasped it firmly and ran to camp and all the chiefs came to decide what should be done with it. Some said to kill it, but Old Man said 'No! I will punish it,' and he tied it over the lodge, right over the smoke hole.

"With the days the raven grew poor and weak and his eyes were blurred with the thick smoke, and he cried continually to Old Man to pity him. One day Old Man untied him and told him to resume his original shape, saying: 'Why have you tried to fool Old Man? Look at me! I cannot die. Look at me! Of all people and tribes I am the chief; I cannot die. I made the mountains. They are standing yet. I made the prairies and the rocks. You see them yet. Go home, then, to your wife and child, and when you are hungry hunt like any one else or you shall die.'

"And now," concluded Red Paint, "the white men have cached the buffalo, just like this bad man of whom I have told you, and we have nothing to eat; we are starving. *Oki,* [that's all], and he sat down.

"The priest had listened attentively, and he now rose and said: 'My brethren, your condition is a very hard one, and I am heartily sorry for you; but although you have nothing to eat, and your people are, as you say, starving, you have

still Jesus Christ, and I am here to tell you about him.' I interpreted this, and as I finished old Red Paint sprang to his feet, and, raising his hand to enforce silence, he said, sternly, 'That ain't grub,' and stalked out of the room. It was a good while before I could get my face straight enough to tell the priest what he had said, and when I did so he seemed to feel mighty badly about it."

It was impossible not to see the comical side to this story, and we roared over it until our shouts of laughter drowned even the noise of the wind without. Then I proposed to Yellowfish to tell us another story of the Pegunny, and asked him to relate it slowly, so that Appekunny might translate it literally as it was told, and I could take down the words just as they were spoken.

In his interesting papers on "Life Among the Blackfeet" Mr. Schultz has indicated the position in the mythology of this people occupied by *Napi*, or Old Man. This deity is the most powerful of the Blackfoot gods after the Sun, but is at the same time so malicious, and so short-sighted and foolish that he is continually doing mean things to those with whom he comes in contact, and is forever getting himself into scrapes. A little persuasion induced Yellowfish to comply with my request, and, laying aside his pipe, he sat up and prepared to talk. I give his stories as they fell from his lips. He said:

"That I told you about, far behind. That Old Man. Long ago women told me; long ago they were apart, women one place, men another. Old Man went about. First place, many men they stayed. He went, Old Man. Found two women, go to buffalo piskán. He found those women. Their lying down. He come there, those two women. Lying down, those two persons, women. He come one woman, take her person. One woman, he take her. When run, hit him nose. Much blood. Other woman run coulée. Far off, let fall one woman. Much hurt him nose, Old Man. When let go one woman hunt other, Old Man not find. Say 'Again lie as before those two women.' Big fool Old Man. *Oki.*"

This is a free translation of the story as told: "What I tell you happened long ago. This story is about Old Man. Long ago the women told me that in ancient times men and women were apart. The women lived in one place, the men in another. Old Man was traveling about, and first he came to a place where many men lived and stopped there some time, and then he went on his way. As he was going along he saw two women going to a buffalo corral. When he came near them they [were very much frightened, probably they had never before seen a man and] lay down flat on their backs. Old Man came up to them and found them lying so [and supposed them dead]. One of them he took up in his arms and carried with him. [She was limp with fright and] as he ran along her knees flew up and struck his nose, and Old Man bled a great deal. When he went away the other woman got up and ran off into a coulée. When Old Man had gone a good way, he let fall the woman he was carrying, for his nose hurt him very much, and went back to get the other woman, but he could not find her. Meantime the one he had been carrying had got up and run off. So he lost them both. Old Man said, 'Just you lie there again you two women, and see if I don't get you both.' So Old Man was made a big fool. That's all." Yellowfish seemed to greatly enjoy the discomfiture of Old Man and we laughed in sympathy with him as he chuckled over the god's misfortunes. After a little he continued:

"Going along Old Man came to big lodge, woman's home. Went in. Said women, 'Do you think you have man for marry [us]?' He said, 'Who is chief here?' Woman said [pointing], 'That woman behind, chief.' He said, 'To-morrow come coulée those women. Will be in coulée that Piegian, fine wearing apparel his, like weasel skin trimmed leggings, very handsome his wearing apparel.' Said chief woman, 'Wait. I first chief woman, I first take man.' That woman not niee her person; make dried meat; all bad her wearing apparel. That woman come coulée. Many men. Old Man in middle, fine dressed, weasel skin leggings. That chief woman sees Old Man, she let go, went back women. Said, 'Those persons take; fine dressed man middle, not take, him mine.' Fix nice wearing apparel that woman. Nice her wearing apparel. Went coulée. Went look for man those women. Old Man stay far back. Those women take men, take all men their lodges. One stop yet, Old Man. That chief woman said, 'Old Man, think I fool. Now we make buffalo piskán Old Man, going to [be] pine tree. Now he is fooled Old Man, not woman! When first that way, before find women men, men make buffalo shank moccasins. When women theirs, then make men all good wearing apparel. *Oki.*'"

Turned into the vernacular this story is as follows:

"As Old Man was going along, he came to a big lodge which was the woman's home. He went in. The women said to him, 'Do you think that you have men for husbands for us?' He said, 'Who is chief here?' A woman replied, 'That woman behind is chief.' He said to the chief woman, 'To-morrow let those women come to the coulée. A Piegian will be there, finely dressed, with leggings trimmed with weasel skin; very handsome is his wearing apparel.' The chief woman replied, 'Let the others wait. I am first chief woman, I will be the first to take a husband.' Now Old Man wanted very much to have the chief woman for his wife, although she did not look nicely. She had been mak-

The Sportsman Tourist.

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CAMP FLOTSAM.

XXII.—A BIG TALK DAY.

THE expedition of the last two days proved conducive to a second sleep in the morning, and it was ten o'clock before the camp succeeded in getting on its feet and taking a look outside. It was a typical Sunday; there was scarcely a ripple on the water or the stirring of a leaf on the trees; all nature seemed hushed in adoration before the invisible altars of the living God. We lingered long at the breakfast table, which George had spread under the trees and from which we could look upon the lake and along the hills on the opposite shore.

Every camp has a lounging place; last year the favorite spot was under a pine, hard by the tents; but this summer a log, a little off from camp, close to the water's edge and overhung with foliage, was our retreat. Here we would sit and smoke navy plug, and more than once, on a moist morning, we were treated to the sight of a flock of ducks, which, coming over the treetops behind us, settled in the water not ten rods in front. And hither on this Sunday morning, provided with pipe and field glasses, we settled ourselves. Soon a mink made its appearance from under a log a few rods away, came half the distance toward us, stopped, and then, as if scenting danger in the air, skulked in among the rocks. On the opposite shore, where with the naked eye one could not distinguish a man from the surrounding objects, with the aid of the glasses we could see the water lashed into foam by the sport of a loon, broken by the leap of a bass—our prey, yet seeking its own, like one of us—until Sabbatis in his canoe glided along close in shore, when the loon and bass disappeared together. We held the log for an hour and until a boat put off from the island opposite and headed for the camp. Then, knowing that visitors were on hand, we returned to the camp to slick up. The Colonel and Captain were soon at the landing and were duly escorted up the hill to the tents and received with all the honors. By the time we were through with a short experience meeting, which covered the last two days, there was another arrival—an old deer-hunting acquaintance of the Colonel's, on the Brulé and Fortune lakes—and a new school of experience was thereupon opened. The way those two veterans killed deer while sitting on the bunks in our tent was a sin. In less than an hour no less than six bucks were hung up and half as many more lost. In the mean time, with the help of the Captain, we landed several five-pound bass. Our sport was interrupted by another comer—our student friend—who, like the others, had dropped in for a call. Then the hunting and fishing went on again, but now spiced with an occasional dash of Schwieger, Hamilton and Kant. Venison, fish and metaphysics made a strange conglomeration, but the feast was heartily enjoyed; and we were well into the afternoon before the table was cleared and we were alone. It had been a day of much talk, but the end was not yet. Hardly were the boats of our friends out of sight before one of the Indian boys emerged from the bushes behind the tents, his brother a little below, a canoe and a skiff came round the point, and the host of Sabatis was upon us—horse, foot and dragoon, girls, squaw and all. Squatted in a half-circle about the tent door, they jabbered the afternoon through, Dame Sabatis pulling steadily on her clay pipe and explaining to the Madame between puffs the mystery of binding a papoose upon a board and the less difficult accomplishment of papoose raising; while the junior branches of the family discussed the pictures in a London illustrated paper which the Colonel had left us. They held their posts until nightfall and until the first squadron of mosquitoes charged up the hill and began to make things lively. There were no signs of their giving way until the smudge was started, to windward, when there were sundry expressions of disgust and a glaring about with watery eyes. "Ugh! much smoke," came from Dame Sabatis, as in a fit of suffocation she shifted her seat further from the door. The line followed her example, but the smudge was doing its best and the cohorts continued to fall back until they took refuge in the boats and drifted around the point, out of sight. The last visitor had gone and the day of the big talk was over. Coldly and silently the moon raised herself above the hills, illuminating the treetops with a glory that no mortal pencil could transfer, casting the long black shadows of rocks and islets upon the water and the deeper shadow of the forest upon the tents, and with all the splendor of the night about us we sought our blankets and sleep.

When we opened our eyes it was broad daylight, the tattoo was ringing across the water from the opposite camp and we hurried out to sound the response on the cook's frying-pan. There we found George, who had just returned from his morning trip to the outlet after water, bringing with him a pair of well-grown chickens, which he had purchased as "examples" of a lot which had been offered to him. They were liberated and were soon chasing bugs and scratching about for breakfast, and our poultry farm was started.

The day was a quiet one, with scarcely a ripple on the water, and two hours of casting brought us but three small bass. At noon a couple of anglers from Kingston, who had found our fishing place, put in to greet the American camp. To one of them, Mr. J. E. Hutcheson, we became indebted for camp luxuries in the shape of melons, coffee and old Times, which he afterward kindly sent us, and another link was forged in the chain of friendships which binds us to our cousins over the border. The night after their departure was made memorable by a combined attack of rain and mosquitoes, and at 3 A. M. we were turned out and compelled to start the smudge. The "killer" did its work effectually, but the Madame abhorred the grease and preferred the suffocating incense of the punk.

The forenoon brought a fine breeze, and we ran three or four miles up the lake under sail in search of a new bass ground. Some one had told us that on the north shore there was a bay which, years ago, had been a favorite ground for bass, but when any one had lately tried it was unknown; so we set out on a voyage of discovery. When the north shore was reached we lowered sail, and, turning down the lake, followed the rocky shore which rose above us, crowned with a heavy growth of timber and varied with an occasional clearing, in search of something which resembled a bay. We soon found that it would require a somewhat lively imagination to locate anything of that description among the rocks, so we began to feel our way along the shore by casting. Soon a small stream which tumbled over a rock suggested a spring close at hand; a landing was made, and we

set out to find the fountain head. A quarter of a mile back we found it, an oozy, miry spot, the first sight of which put all thoughts of quenching our thirsts at rest. A few yards below the stream gathered itself in a stone basin, but the water was warm, and we returned to the boat, preferring to take our chances on lake water. A thick growth of water-weeds hemmed in the outlet of the little stream, and on the outside edge of these we took a good-sized bass on a Lord Baltimore, while the Madame landed a much larger one on the more plebeian cast of a piece of perch. A little further along the shore we took another on the same fly, and the Madame again rivaled our catch with her strip of perch. With alternate strikes on the fly and bait we cast a mile down the lake, and, failing to find the bay of which we were in search, we took advantage of the breeze to hoist the sail and make our way homeward.

After we had gone a mile the wind failed us and with the oars we pulled to the foot of the island, where we met our neighbors, who were just starting out for their afternoon fishing. It was intensely hot on the water, and having no confidence in the condition of the weather, we turned into camp. On our way across the lake we noticed a peculiar appearance in the water as though the bottom had been stirred about, leaving it full of a whitish sediment which hung suspended near the surface. The symptoms were that the lake was about to undergo the periodical performance, which the Greenwood Lake fishermen style "working." Within the next two days the case was well developed; before a week we found the brook in front of the tents lined every morning with a substance which resembled sulphur in appearance and of a most unpleasant odor. This state of things continued for nearly a month, save when it was interrupted by a storm, in which case for a day or two the water would appear less turbid, only to come back to its old condition. From the commencement the fly-fishing was virtually at an end and consequently our sport. It was seldom, except on a rainy day or the one succeeding, that we could get a rise, and for the rest of our outing our main success was with trolling or with bait. We had built a fish-box a few days before and anchored it in front of the camp, in which we had stored our surplus fish. We had over twenty five bass in good condition, and with this reserve we felt secure during a dearth of fishing. Toward night we went to the marsh at the outlet and secured a lot of fine speckled frogs for the morrow's work. After breakfast we set out on a long troll up the lake, trailing a frog and a gang of flies astern. At the foot of Griffin Island we landed a small bass and midway of the lake we took another. At the head of the island we had a couple of strikes, at the same instant, on the Lord Baltimore and a frog, both of which were taken in. This comprised our entire catch for the morning, and although we trolled along the shores of the islands and the mainland for three or four miles, not another bass did we encounter. Just before sunset we started down to the outlet for the mail. When we entered the creek we rigged a cast of white flies to try the somewhat novel experiment of dropping them in the open patches of water among the lily pads. With the first cast came a strike from a pound and a half big-mouth, then several "goggle-eyes" followed, then another big-mouth, and by the time we were at the landing we had taken six big-mouths of over a pound each and were fully persuaded that we had been having some sport.

The next few days went by with daily trials with the fly, which brought no returns, and we determined to forego all further attempts at fishing until the "blow" should leave the water. This, the Colonel assured us, would take place with the first heavy rain, so we sat down to mope in the camp and to philosophize over the instability of fish affairs while waiting for a change of weather. During the lull we received some very important additions to the camp. One morning George brought the Madame a cat which he had found on the shore, and a day or two afterward some genius at the outlet conceived the bright idea of bringing over a calf to pasture on a strip of grass at the end of the island. When the latter feat had been accomplished we felt that we needed but a porker to give the camp a home-like air. We soon found, however, that the only pleasure from our live stock was that furnished by the "ki-dog," a vagrant mongrel of uncertain age, which had followed us from shore and taken up quarters under our bunk in the tent. For the cat took at once to the woods, while the calf became disgustingly familiar by hanging around the camp, getting tangled in the tent ropes, upsetting tables, knocking down rods and disturbing us by its bawls at unseasonable hours. But a sharp course of discipline, administered with a hoop pole with the aid of the ki-dog, soon made the life of that calf a burden to itself, nevertheless we invariably cursed the hour in which the thought was born that impelled the owner of the brute to turn it out near our camp. About 2 o'clock in the morning of the second day after the arrival of the cat, the camp was hailed with a sad toned meow at the door. Pussy was sitting there in a state of semi starvation, her wildness gone, and she was coaxing for a meal. A piece of bread, half a dozen sardines and a cup of milk from the can of condensed, thinned with water, made her breakfast, after the partaking of which she again struck off into the woods and was not seen for another day. At her next appearance, satisfied that she would never make a camper, we captured her, fed her and put her into the potato bag, in which she was taken ashore where we dumped her at the landing. How we got rid of the calf, which turned out to be too much of a camper, will appear hereafter.

During these days of loungings in camp, while waiting for the water to clear, the woods were well explored. In one place we found a profusion of blackberries near the camp and thenceforward many were the dainty desserts which they afterward furnished for the table. Much prospecting was also done to find a spring nearer than the outlet, but in this land of granite, water, save as found in the lakes, was a rare article, and our search was not successful. There was a tradition of good springs on the island below the camp, less than half a mile away, but vigilant reconnaissances failed to bring it to light, and Lost Spring Island thus received its name. Across the lake we came upon a deep bowl in the hillside, into which the water ran in a tardy sort of way from a fissure in the rocks, which proved a fairly good spring. On the afternoon of the finding we had been cruising along the shore when George's quick eye fell upon the green spot about the spring, and landing, he handed down a cup of the water for our judgment. Then returning, he emptied an after can of the fluid down his throat, while we sat and looked on in amazement. Had it not been for his color one could well have believed that the heroic Kingfisher stood before us plying his summer vacation, and, with a dearth of spring water about us, we thought with a shudder of the possibilities were the great Templar added to the camp.

WAWAYANDA.

ing dried meat, and her hands and arms and clothing were covered with blood and grease. The next day the chief woman came to the coulee, and there she found many men. In the midst of them was Old Man, splendidly dressed, with weasel-skin leggings. As soon as she saw him, the chief woman recognized Old Man, so she let them all go and went back to the women. To them she said, 'You can take any of these men except the finely dressed man who stands in the middle. Do not take him, for he is mine.' Then she put on her best apparel and went to the coulee. The women went to look for husbands. Old Man [who wished to be chosen by the chief woman] stayed far behind [so that he should not be taken by any of the others]. All the women chose husbands and took all the men to their lodges. One man was still left unchosen. It was Old Man. The chief woman said, 'Old Man thought I was a fool. Now we will make a buffalo piskán, and I will change him into a pine log and we will use him for a part of the fence. So Old Man is the fool, and not the woman.' In old times before men had wives they made moccasins out of buffalo shanks, but when they got wives then men had them make good wearing apparel for them. That's all."

"Old Man had pretty bad luck," said I.

"Yes," replied the Indian, "plenty trouble he had. Some time I tell you more about him."

As he spoke, he rose and put some more wood on the fire, and then, taking off his coat and moccasins, prepared to turn in. The others had by this time settled themselves in their blankets, and I prepared to follow their example. I filled and lighted a final pipe, and, with my covering partly drawn over me, smoked and stared at the fire. The wind still roared over the lake, and whistled through the willows, and shook the smoke shield. Gradually the fire burned down. Objects lost their distinctness. From the shadowy piles of blankets about the walls came deep, regular breathings, showing that my companions slept. Under the ashes of the fire lingered a dull glow, and a slender white thread still rose above them. Through the smoke hole a bright star looked down into the lodge. Now and then from some smouldering stick a jet of flame shot up for a moment and illumined the scene. Then the gloom settled down again.

Dreamily my thoughts went back over the years to other nights, spent in other lodges, with other companions, and memories of brave, tried friends of former days crowded thick upon me. I remembered lodges pitched on the plains—camps by the Republican, the Platte, the Loup, the Running Water, the Missouri—where with those friends, red and white, I had hunted and feasted, and fought the Dakotas and their allies; I thought of lodges in the mountains, on the fragrant sage plains, or high up beneath the snows, where, by the hurrying streams which pour into the Green and the Grand, with one companion I had trapped the beaver for a season; of months spent in the lodges of my brothers the Panis, and with the kindly Utes, and of camps scattered far and wide over the West.

Then I see pass before me, as in a vision, the forms and faces of grave, silent, gentle men, whom once I had called my friends.

They have fired their last shot, they have kindled their last camp-fire, they have gone over the Range—crossed the Great Divide. "There were giants in those days," and of that heroic race how few are left alive! Lingered illness, the storms of winter, the pistol ball of the white man, the rifle shot of the savage, have sadly thinned their ranks. And none have risen, nor can arise, to fill the places left vacant. The conditions which made these men what they were no longer exist.

Musing or dreaming, I know not which, I live over again scenes of the past, until, roused by the chill air, I draw my blankets over my head and fall asleep. Yo.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

179.

IN my youthful days I spent many a night upon the water with jack and spear. Of course it was contrary to law, but as the elders of the community paid no attention to the law, it could not be expected that the youngsters would do so. I therefore became a pretty skillful handler of both spear and paddle early in youth. While still green at the business I used to court the acquaintance of old Jake, the town drunkard, as, whenever he could be caught sober at night (which was but seldom) he was the best spearman in that region.

One night in June, away back in the fifties, I had collected a prime lot of fat spruce or pitch wood, and hunting up Jake we repaired to the lake for what I then thought to be a night's sport. Jake would always spear better when well ballasted with a cargo of whisky, but on this particular night he proved to be over-weighted, and was liable to founder and go down by the head. The night was a very favorable one, the fish were plentiful and lay steady in the light, but Jake made strike after strike at them without effect. The whisky in his eyes added to the refraction of his lines of vision in the water, and he miscalculated every stroke. Disgusted and angry I at length steered the boat for home. When a few yards from the landing, where the water was about five feet deep, a poor little sucker, some ten inches long, came out from shore, steering for deeper water. Jake saw him, made a desperate lunge with his spear, overbalanced, and went headlong into the water. After regaining his feet and blowing the water from his nose and mouth, he waved his spear in triumph, on which was impaled the worthless sucker—sole trophy of his night's efforts—and exclaimed, "Condemn 'you! I'll larn you that nary a fish in this ere lake can run by me." AREFAR.

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"THE STANDARD NATURAL HISTORY."

THE bringing out of a general work on natural history is an undertaking at which, it might be thought, any publisher would hesitate. The enormous amount of ground to be covered by such a work renders it imperative that it shall be the product of a great number of writers, and the absolute necessity of numerous illustrations makes the expense appalling. Besides this, literary difficulties of no little magnitude must be met and overcome. A standard work is for the use of the general public, but also, in a measure, for that of scientific men; and it must, therefore, on the one hand, steer clear of abstruse technicalities, and on the other, must be concise and accurate.

That the field to be covered is a broad one appears when we consider that of vertebrates alone there are estimated to be about twenty thousand species, that there are over half a million different and distinct forms of insect life, and that the total number of species included in the whole animal kingdom is not far from one million. With this million of species the present work has to do.

It is clear enough that no one man can be the author of such a work. In the present state of science, a single group, or fragment of a group, of animals is often too much for one individual to master, and when the specialist leaves his chosen field and attempts to write of forms to which he has directed no particular attention, he is quite as likely to go wrong as any one else. The publishers have taken the right method to make the work under consideration what it purports to be—a standard natural history. As editor-in-chief they have selected Mr. J. S. Kingsley, and have secured the assistance of a number of the foremost American specialists to furnish the material for the work.

Thus the lower invertebrates from the Protozoa up to the Starfishes and Sea urchins are treated by Prof. W. K. Brooks, Prof. S. F. Clark, Dr. J. W. Fewkes, Mr. A. F. Gray, Prof. C. E. Hamlin, Dr. Alpheus Hyatt, Prof. R. Hitchcock, Prof. D. S. Kellicott, Dr. C. S. Minot and Prof. A. S. Packard. Among those who have contributed material for the volume on the Arthropods are Professors Birge, Comstock, Fernald, Kingsley and Riley, Drs. Dimmock, Horn, Packard, Williston and Uhler, and Messrs. Harry Edwards and J. H. Emerton. The matter for the volume on Fishes, amphibians and reptiles comes from Professors Cope and Van Vleet and from Drs. Gill, Garman, Jordan and Yarrow. The bird volume is the production of Messrs. D. G. Elliott, C. B. Cory and Dr. Stejneger, while the mammals, except man, are handled by Drs. Coues, Gill, Macloskie and Lockwood, Prof. R. Wright and Messrs. Lockington and Scott. The volume on the races of man completes the work, and among the contributors to it are Messrs. F. W. Putnam, W. H. Dall, L. Carr and Dr. C. C. Abbott.

The list of contributors to the volumes includes in some groups the very best scientific talent which America has produced, while in others the names of our foremost specialists do not appear. Still, with such a corps of contributors, we should expect to find the work fully up to date, and fairly representative of the present state of our knowledge. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the earlier fascicles of the work were issued five years ago, and that within the last five years great advances have been made in our acquaintance with certain groups of animals.

The "Standard Natural History," which has just been issued from the press of S. E. Cassino, of Boston, has appeared in sixty parts of forty-eight pages each, and now, as completed, makes six large imperial octavo volumes. The mechanical execution of the work is excellent, and in typography, paper, presswork and general excellence of the illustrations there is little to be desired. The very large number of engravings by which the work is adorned will render it especially attractive to the general reader, to most of whom these illustrations will be new. It is attempted in the present work to give a fairly complete sketch of each group of animals by some naturalist who has made it a special study. A general account is given of the structure and habits, together with an outline of its classification. The principal species are enumerated and the more important facts given about them. A feature of the work which will, no doubt, commend it especially to many of our readers is that American forms are made prominent throughout the work.

The limits of this notice preclude the possibility of critically reviewing the several volumes of this work. The general impression conveyed by the work is that, on the whole, it has been well done, though from the very nature of the case the work is very unequal. The plan of the work has, however, been very well carried out, and the volumes will be in many respects of great convenience. Among the vertebrates, the volume on the birds appears to be the most satisfactory; that on the mammals the least so. Taking, for example, the North American ruminants, our large game, we find that they are treated in a manner which is not satisfactory. It seems a pity that we should be obliged to have served up to us again with regard to certain species well worn quotations from Richardson, as if nothing had been learned with regard to them since his day. The range of the buffalo is given as it was ten years ago, not as it is to-day nor as it was six years since, and no adequate mention is made of its enormously rapid decrease since the year 1872. It is on such points as these, points which are especially interesting to the general reader, that the work fails to satisfy.

As has been said, the volume on the birds appears to be the most satisfactory, and the chapters devoted to the truly game birds are very happily treated. So also the portion of the volume which has to do with the *Passeres*, the work of Dr. L. Stejneger, which is especially good.

In the fishes the text is excellent, far better than the illustrations. The description of the *Salmonidae* is far ahead of that of any popular work which we have seen. The author regards the charr as the highest form of salmonoid, and condemns the somewhat general idea that this term is one of contempt. His remarks about the grayling are not clear. The account of the Elasmobranchs, skates, rays, sharks, etc., is excellently done, and the same may be said of much of the work on the reptiles.

It is unnecessary to say much as to the illustrations. Most of them are very beautiful and faithful, but now and then we see some which are so bad as to be a blot on the work. The so-called portrait of the mule deer, p. 303, is a veritable horror, and it is difficult to comprehend how it could have found a place in the volume. The cut of the pike (*E. lucius*),

p. 169, is only to be identified by the title which appears under it.

It was inevitable that in a work planned and carried out on so large a scale, errors should occur, and perhaps as few as could have been expected are to be found in the present work. The plan of having each author sign his contribution, thus making him personally responsible for the material which he has furnished, is a guarantee of the care and accuracy with which the work has been done.

"The Standard Natural History" will prove a useful work and will do much toward popularizing science in America.

TWO YEARS IN THE JUNGLE.*

WHEN Professor Ward, of Rochester, selected Wm. F. Hornaday as a collector of wild animals in India, for his museum, he made a happy choice. Few men are to be found who so well unite the qualifications of hunter, collector, taxidermist and naturalist, and to collect successfully for a great museum, a man should be all these. Besides these, courage, physical strength and endurance, and patient skill in managing wild men and savages are all required. As a hunter Mr. Hornaday attacked the tiger in the jungle, the wild elephant and bison in their native forests in India, and this on foot, with his life entirely depending on his accuracy of aim, and the certainty of his weapon. Besides these lords of the forests Mr. Hornaday brought to bag the bear, the wild boar, crocodiles, and many species of deer and monkeys in the forests of Bengal.

In Ceylon he collected many of the peculiar fishes of that island, with other curious marine forms of life. The jumping fish, which comes ashore and feeds on the rocks; holothurians, resembling brown sausages six inches long, covering the beach, and much prized in China under the name of *bêche de mer*. Also skates and rays in great numbers and variety, though none were seen as large as the great devil fish (*Manta*) of our southern coast. Specimens, however, of this gigantic ray are not wanting in these seas, for the writer saw one in the Indian Ocean which would have measured at least twenty-five feet from tip to tip of the bat-like wings. Our traveler also procured a specimen of the tiger-shark (*Selachostoma*) six feet long, tawny in color and spotted with black. This species grows to an enormous size in tropical seas. One played about our ship when becalmed in the Indian Ocean, which was longer than our ship's beam (26 feet) and as large round as our long boat, a formidable looking creature, and perhaps the largest of fishes—as most people now know that the whale is not a fish. Another rare fish collected by Mr. Hornaday was a shark-ray (*Ramphobatis*) seven feet long, which has a spin crest like a sturgeon. Flying foxes, a large species of bat, were so abundant that forty-four were killed in five shots, as they hung in clusters like pears from a tree top. In Ceylon the crocodile is abundant, and unlike their relatives, the gavials, are often dangerous. The largest specimen was twelve feet long, though many larger ones were heard of. So in Florida we hear of sixteen-foot alligators, but they seldom measure more than ten feet when killed.

The most interesting part of the book is that treating of Borneo. Many tourists and sportsmen visit British India and Ceylon, but the interior of the great island of Borneo is almost a terra incognita. The principal object of Mr. Hornaday's visit was to procure specimens of the orang-utan (*Simia*), an animal little known, but of which strange tales have been told by romancing travelers. Its home is in Borneo, about which, even in Singapore, a meeting place of all races of men, the grossest ignorance prevails, as we are told by Mr. Hornaday, and as Borneo is 550 miles long, and 625 wide, there is a large field for exploration.

The orang utan is arboreal in habits, and rarely comes to the ground, where it is weak and slow, but it is at home in the lofty tree-tops, where it builds a sort of nest of branches. These forests are swampy and not easily traversed, either on foot or in a boat, yet this indefatigable American hunter collected forty-three specimens of both sexes, and of all ages, seven of which exceeded the maximum size of oranges as given by Wallace, the well known English naturalist. Mr. Hornaday's largest specimen measured four feet six inches from head to feet, and almost eight feet in extent of outstretched arms, and his weight was estimated at 185 pounds. It was the largest that the native hunters had ever seen, and they called him the "Rajah." Mr. Hornaday says he felt as if he had killed some terrible wood demon, or satyr. It was shot from a boat in a submerged forest, and two shots from a Maynard rifle brought the great ape down from his tree. Three baby orangs were captured, two of which refused to live in captivity, but the third was a mild and tractable infant, which became a tame and affectionate pet, and was Mr. Hornaday's constant companion as long as he remained in Borneo. It had many human traits, one of which was that like human infants, it could not swim, but sunk helplessly when put in the water. The full grown orang is enormously muscular and active, and would probably easily overpower any unarmed man. "The Rajah" may be seen in a glass case in the National Museum at Washington.

Another anthropoid ape peculiar to these great islands, the gibbon (*Hyllobates*) was procured by Mr. Hornaday, though with much difficulty, on account of its great activity. It flies through the tree-tops with immense leaps faster than a man can run on the ground. In a collection of animals in Macao, China, many years ago, the writer saw a tame specimen of the gibbon. It was about four feet high, with arms reaching the ground as the ape stood upright on short and rather weak legs. It was covered with long silver-gray hair, and seemed made of India rubber, bounding five or six feet from the floor of the room, more like a bird than a quadruped, and its feats among the ropes stretched along the ceiling would have astonished the most skillful gymnast or acrobat. Another rare monkey peculiar to Borneo, of which Mr. Hornaday gives a portrait, is the proboscis monkey (*Nasalis*), which with its immense nose, side whiskers and grave expression of face, much resembles certain old merchants to be seen any day on Wall street.

Perhaps to many readers the account of the Sea Dyaks, a race inhabiting the north coast of Borneo, will be the most interesting part of the work. They are represented as being a brave, vigorous race of savages. Perfectly honest, they neither lie nor steal, and always pay their debts. They are hospitable and kind, have neither priests, creeds nor religious observances, but believe in a supreme being. The position of their women is equal to that of the men, and their advice is asked in important affairs. They are very fond of their children, and are moral and chaste in their lives. These virtues are shown by the fact that in a Dyak village all live together in an immense apartment house, with separate rooms

*TWO YEARS IN THE JUNGLE. By William T. Hornaday. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1885. Price, \$4.

for fifty families, all of whom meet together in a common hall on amicable terms—conditions often difficult to be carried out in the most civilized society.

Says Mr. Hornaday: "In hospitality, human sympathy and charity the Dyaks are not out-ranked by any people living, so far as I know; and their morals are as much superior to ours as our intelligence is beyond theirs. If happiness is the goal of human existence, they are much nearer it than we."

Less than fifty years ago these amiable people were a ferocious race of pirates, who infested all these seas, slave hunters and head hunters; but by the firm, judicious and benevolent government of two Englishmen, Sir James Brooke and his son and successor, Charles Brooke, nothing now remains of this piracy, rapine and bloodshed, except a few heads of slain enemies hanging up in the houses of some of the chiefs. All this Mr. Hornaday acknowledges, which goes to show that civilization does not always bring misfortune in its train.

The book is furnished with suggestive and graphic if not highly finished illustrations, and is, in our opinion, an original and valuable addition to the library of the naturalist and sportsman. S. C. C.

NOTES FROM MAINE.—Smyrna, Me.—In your issue of Dec. 31, "H. R." gives an account of a supposed otter chasing a hare. My experience in trapping and of observations of the habits of the otter are that it lives entirely on fish. I think that "H. R.'s" otter must have been a fisher, as his description of its quick, clean jumps would indicate, and at the distance from him to one not familiar might easily make a mistake. Having caught many of the latter I have had a chance to study their habits. Your correspondent, "J. G. R.," in Jan. 14, explains it very well. I think the hare is not the fisher's favorite repast, but the Canada porcupine is its best dish. I have found the quills repeatedly in its skin and body; and the porcupine makes the best bait for the fisher of anything I ever tried. There are many crews of lumbermen in the woods here, and when a crust comes, woe to the deer and moose. The loggers are mostly Canucks, who do not care for the game laws, but kill everything they can to supply the camps with meat. But if some poor native kills anything out of season to keep his starving family in meat, then the valiant game wardens will pounce on him if they can get any information. It is right that the law should be enforced, but let the Canuck lumberman suffer as he deserves. Last spring one team carried out two moose hides on top of the load, through the county seat, across the line to their home in the Province, and not a word said. The same has happened in a great many places on the border.—SPRING POLE.

REPORT OF THE NEW YORK FORESTRY COMMISSION.—The first annual report of the Forestry Commission details the action taken as to organizing the Commission, the amount of salaries paid, etc., and show that the amount expended on Jan. 1, 1886, was \$536.89, leaving unexpended an available balance of \$14,413.11. It has not been possible for the Commission to do more than familiarize themselves with their duties, and to acquire knowledge as to the wants and dangers of the forests through the intelligent exertions of special agents under their direction. The Commission asks time to prepare and present a further report, and in connection therewith recommend certain amendments to existing laws, such as the prevention of forest fires, trespassing on forest lands of the State, and the removal of timber, the injury of forests through the operation of railroads, and a provision for the conveyance of certain lands now forming part—but it is believed by the Commission erroneously—of the forest preserve. The Commission consists of Townsend Cox, President; Sherman W. Knevals and Theodore B. Basselin.

ELK IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—Chauncey Hathorn, in a letter to Mr. E. R. Wallace, dated at his forest home in the solitudes of the North Woods (Raquette Lake), give the following items of information: "I am enjoying myself greatly in my 'winter palace'; although mercury has sometimes fallen forty degrees below zero. Deer are very plentiful here now—much more so than they were five years ago. And what is very surprising, the elk has again made its appearance in this section. A large one was recently killed at Long Lake. It is a mystery to us all, where this mammoth creature—so long a stranger in this region—hails from." Mr. Hathorn doubtless refers to the American stag (*Elaphus canadensis*), an animal which, says Mr. Wallace, I believe has not been seen in the Adirondacks since 1836, when Mr. Beach—an intelligent hunter then located on Raquette Lake—shot at one near Rainbow Lake.—*Syracuse Journal*. [The presence of an elk in the Adirondacks would be a "mystery," but it is important that the identity of the animal should be established on something better than hearsay.]

HAND-BOOK OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.—We have received a Hand-book of the National Museum, which gives a brief history of the origin and progress of this offshoot of the Smithsonian Institution from its inception to the present time, and a somewhat sketchy account of the vast mass of material gathered here for exhibition. The little pamphlet of 110 pp. contains a good deal that is interesting and useful, and the cuts with which it is illustrated add to its utility. The pamphlet is not a guide to the Museum, as its title might imply, but is rather a book to be read previous to a visit to the collections. As such it is not without a certain value. We understand that it is for sale at the National Museum and at Brentano's, in this city. The pamphlet is by Mr. E. Ingersoll and the cuts chiefly by F. H. Taylor.

CARDINAL BIRD IN NEW YORK IN WINTER.—Is it not unusual to see a cardinal bird in this part of the country at this season? I saw a fine specimen on three occasions in the Central Park last winter, and last week on a very cold morning I heard and saw my old friend again near the lower lake. It makes a pretty sight to watch this active and beautiful bird in a country white with snow.—C. P. (New York, Jan. 15). [Occasionally we see cardinal birds here in winter, and there are a number of recorded instances of their appearance on Manhattan Island at this season of the year.]

SPORTING EXHIBITION.—An international sporting exhibition will open at Rouen on Feb. 18. The exhibits will include horse and dog specimens from England, Spain, and Switzerland. There will also be a good show of hunting equipments, and a musical competition of hunting horns. The organizers also promise a "rato-puige," or rat-destroying department. The miscellaneous part of the exhibition will be made up of velocipedes, rowing boats, fishing implements, balloons, etc. The exhibition will last until the end of February.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A CAMP HUNT IN MISSOURI.—I.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With your approval I propose to fulfill a promise made to some camping companions during a most delightful camp hunt enjoyed by us this fall in the wilds of Southeastern Missouri. The promise was to give to the lovers of field sports and camp life, in a series of letters, a glimpse of the real enjoyment and invigorating recreation enjoyed by a few business men during a sojourn of ten days or two weeks in the wilderness.

Our party, eleven in number, with two servants, one a good cook, equipped with every convenience and comfort for a camp hunt in the woods, left Nashville as soon as the October frosts had tinged with brown the autumn leaves. Our destination was James's Bayou, in the wilds of Southeastern Missouri. The party was chaperoned by Mr. Isaac T. Rhea, of the great grain house of B. S. Rhea & Son, and his untiring energy and intelligent forethought had left nothing to be desired. He was ably seconded in his efforts to make the occasion a success by the cooperation of Mr. Dan Bailey, the veteran sportsman, of the wholesale grocery house of Bailey, Davis & Co., and by Mr. W. K. Phillips, the handsome junior member of the wholesale grocery house of Phillips, Jackson & Co. Fully armed and equipped for a deadly raid upon the wild ducks, wild geese and wild turkeys, and a possible deer or black bear, we took our leave of the loved ones at home and boarded a train of the St. Louis Division of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad, with hearts beating high in anticipation of the sport that awaited us. We had heard favorable reports of the abundance of game in our chosen hunting grounds, and every man was eager to test for himself the verity of the reports.

You must allow me here to express our appreciation of the courtesy and kindness of the N. C. & St. L. R. R., who not only furnished free transportation over their line for the whole party, but aided in every way to make our trip a pleasant one. And our whole company will always feel under obligations to Colonel Deal, of Charleston, Mo., who gave us a permit and an invitation to hunt on his land, some 12,000 acres. He visited us in our camp and his genial presence made us feel at home on his vast domain in the wilderness. The laws of Missouri forbid non-residents from camp hunting in that State and the presence and protection of Colonel Deal were greatly appreciated by us. Owing to delays occasioned by a change in the grade of the railroad we did not reach the great Mississippi River until near noon of the next day after leaving Nashville, but thanks to the foresight of Mr. Rhea, wagons and horses were in readiness, and crossing the great father of waters on a ferry, we struck out toward the setting sun, and at dark pitched our tents on the banks of the bayou whose name and dark waters were suggestive of robber bands and bloody deeds.

It was Saturday night, and doubt and despondency for a time clouded our bright expectations for a successful hunt. No one of the party had ever visited the locality before, and the selection of a camp site convenient to water and to the expected game, was a matter of the utmost importance. The rapid approach of darkness compelled us to make a hasty choice, governed rather by the proximity of water than by any appearance of the happy hunting grounds we had come so far to find. There was absolutely nothing to indicate the presence of game, and more than one of the party expressed disappointment at the prospects before us, and I think, if the vote had been taken, a majority would have expressed a preference for the warm beds and comfortable fire sides they had left at home. To add to the general feeling of doubt and despondency, members of the party had scouted the woods, ponds and streams along the route in quest of game, and had bagged but one squirrel and two summer ducks. The writer, anxious to test the qualities of a new Colt's hammerless gun, had gone on in advance of the main party, and in a walk of five miles was rewarded with only one shot. But that one shot satisfied me that I had no mean weapon. A summer duck, scared from a pond by another of the party, flew overhead, and coming from the direction of the sun, was not seen until immediately overhead. I turned, and as the duck was rapidly disappearing over the trees, I sent a charge of No. 7 bird shot after him that stopped his wild career as suddenly and effectually as if a rifle ball had struck him. But to the tent. After a hasty supper we prepared our sleeping quarters and lay down to rest with a feeling that we had come a long way to sleep in the woods.

Imagine the transition from despondency to feelings of thrilling expectation as the Sabbath dawned upon us bright and beautiful, and our ears caught the sound of a music that sends the warm blood leaping in the veins of a sportsman. The morning air was vocal with the *honk, honk* of the wild geese and the *quack, quack, quack* of the flocks of wild ducks disporting themselves upon the waters of the neighboring ponds. We had, as if guided by an invisible hand, pitched our tents midway between lakes or ponds that formed the favorite haunts of the wildfowl, and at a point that formed, as experience afterward proved, the best possible location for our camp. Some of the younger and more ardent members of the company, Sunday as it was, could not resist the temptation, and, under pretext of prospecting, slipped their guns out of camp, and directly the noisy picnic of the ducks and geese was disturbed by unwonted sounds, and in dismay and dire confusion the frightened fowls filled the air with their discordant notes and with the noise of flapping wings as they circled around and over the camp in their efforts to escape their unexpected enemies. We had game for supper. That night how different the feelings with which we went to sleep from those of the night before. Every man closed his eyes feeling as if he wanted the night express to make no stops at way stations and to bring us through to the morning at the rate of a mile a minute.

On Monday morning we were up before the dawn, and after a hasty breakfast were off to the haunts of the game. Most of the party, attracted by the known presence of the ducks and geese, donned their rubber boots and hid them away to the ponds. As daylight dawned the sport commenced, and for a couple of hours the frequent shots sounded like a skirmish line at active work in battle.

Mr. Jas. Coger, of Waverly, a famous wild turkey hunter, and myself, concluded we would try our luck in the pursuit of our favorite game, the wild turkey. The wild turkey ranks, in this country, all other game fowls with the sportsman, and such is its character for wariness, and the difficulty

of its capture, that one wild turkey is counted equal to ten wild ducks or three wild geese. Any sportsman who knows how to shoot can easily approach a flock of feeding ducks in a pond or stream by taking advantage of the banks and other obstructions, or he may stand in some favored spot where ducks and geese are passing on their way to and from their feeding grounds and shoot them as they pass; but the man who makes a success of hunting wild turkeys has to study their habits and use all the skill at his command.

At the opening of the hunt some of the party seemed to think that your correspondent was laboring under a slight disadvantage because he had lost his right arm near the shoulder. The work of the first day, however, convinced them that this was a mistake. Mr. Coger and myself, after a hard half day's hunt, returned to camp for dinner with two turkeys. Both had fallen before my hammerless. The duck hunters came in with a load of ducks and geese. We were now assured that our hunt would be a success. We had game already enough to last us several days.

After dinner we set out for explorations in new and different directions. Some three or four of us started out to investigate a forest back of our tents and away from the bayou and ponds. We had scarcely entered the woods before one of the party exclaimed, "Look at those deer!" as two fine deer bounded away from us and in a moment had disappeared in the thick underbrush. Had we been aware of their presence, or even expecting to see them, they might readily have been shot.

We saw them no more. We then separated and breasted through the woods, hoping in this way to discover any game that might be concealed in the thick and tangled brush.

Ahead of us ran my magnificent setter dog Io. I heard a squirrel barking off to the left, and removing the cartridge of turkey shot from one barrel and substituting a charge of No. 7, I was preparing to shoot the squirrel, when just ahead of the advancing line I heard the notes of consternation uttered by a flock of wild turkeys as my dog dashed into the midst of them, without warning, and scattered them in every direction. In an instant I was on the alert. A moment later and a splendid young gobbler, fat, black and glossy, came flying past. Shooting too hastily, I missed him with the first barrel, but dropped him beautifully with the second, nearly fifty yards away, with the No. 7 shot.

In the meantime I could hear the other sportsmen talking as they advanced, and could see the turkeys that had taken to the trees, flying from tree to tree ahead of them. One hen turkey, scared by them, flew to the top of a monster tree almost in front of me. By great care I succeeded in creeping near to the tree and by a well directed shot brought the turkey to the ground. By this time the other hunters were out of hearing. I quietly selected a position and after waiting long enough for the suspicion of danger to pass, gave a yelp or two on my call. Very soon I was rewarded with an answer, and in a few minutes a fine young gobbler came, and jumping upon a log about fifty yards distant, straightened his tall black body and neck for a survey of the situation. A puff of smoke from the muzzle of my gun hid him temporarily from my view, and when the smoke was gone so also was the turkey.

Without moving from my place I gave a few more calls and had the satisfaction of shooting down another at long range. Going then to the log upon which the young gobbler stood when I shot I found him lying dead behind the log. I now found myself alone, in strange woods, a mile from camp, with four turkeys, and night approaching. I concluded I did not want any more turkeys just then. Hanging one up in a bush I shouldered three and my gun and started for the camp. Great was the astonishment when I staggered into camp under the weight of my game. None were more astonished than those who had started with me. They had seen no turkeys, "saw some big birds flying out of the trees ahead of them, but thought they were big owls."

So passed the days of the hunt, every day adding largely to our supply of game, and around the camp-fires at night were recounted the incidents of the day. One day Mr. Coger and myself brought in eight turkeys, all killed at one place, and as we supposed out of one flock. Hunting cautiously through the woods where we saw fresh evidence of the presence of turkeys, we stopped for a few moments and making a few calls we presently got an answer, and looking ahead of us saw a sight that rarely ever falls to the good luck of a hunter in these days. A flock of about twenty black, sick, blue-headed fellows were feeding directly toward us. We allowed them to come up in close range and each of us got two. We afterward called up and killed four more, Mr. Coger getting five and I three. On another day Mr. Bailey, Mr. Coger and myself killed and brought in six. Of this number I was fortunate in killing five, having called and killed three at one shot, Mr. Bailey killing the other. In the mean time the duck hunters were having all the sport they wanted, as the immense strings of ducks and geese brought in testified. Rich jokes were told on each other around the camp-fires at night and a right jolly set were we.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DEAD DIAMOND COUNTRY.

WE left Colebrook one cold morning for Dead Diamond, our destination being Amasa Ward's camp at Hell's Gate, on the Dead Diamond River. Our route took us through Devil Notch, one of the great waterheds of New Hampshire, to Errol Dam, and then up the Magalloway River to Uncle Peter Bennett's, at the forks of the Diamond. After a night's rest here we started for Ward's camp by the old toll road to Lamb Valley, which is five and a half miles, where we arrived about 10 in the forenoon. After making a raft of some logs we crossed the stream, which is very deep and sluggish, and struck up Lamb Valley. (There is good boating up this stream in the summer for twenty-three miles, but as it was now late in the fall we went by land. Ward furnishes at short notice, for large and small parties, boats of his own make.) We took an old logging road and followed to the pond, which is two miles from the river, then took the carry for Amasa's camp, where we arrived about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Amasa Ward is one of the best guides and hunters in New Hampshire, and at his camp one is sure of a hearty welcome and a good place to rest. His camp is situated in the center of the game region, eighteen miles by water and ten miles by land from any settlement. Here the deer and moose roam at their will. One cannot go in any direction without seeing signs of them.

After a good night's rest we were ready for a hunt, but having very little snow it was poor business, and we gave up until Amasa came home from his traps. He came the next day with a load of fur. He had otter, sable and mink skins

in every quarter of his camp, and on the side was a beaver skin, and a very large one it was, Amasa told us. Amasa's welcome was, "Well, boys, this is about as good a thing as I have seen lately. I will allow that I was thinking about going out of this; but after I run my talking machine a little while I guess can stand it till the 1st of December."

It began to rain and snow a little, and the next day we found about three inches of snow, which froze up hard the next night and put an end to still-hunting, and we only got one shot, and even then scored a clean miss. The Diamond is one of the best streams for trout in Northern New Hampshire, with plenty of game, and it promises to be one of the centers of sporting. One wishing to make a trip can find guides at Colebrook or at Magalloway.

ALBERT C. WALLACE.

COLEBROOK, N. H.

"FOREST AND STREAM'S" GRIZZLIES.

I HAVE just received a communication from Mr. J. P. Squibob, who writes me while in camp at Polikoscchnitz-kewrskaia, and after a long conference with General Gourko, Mr. Squibob and the General are firm in the opinion that the future destination and mission of the FOREST AND STREAM's grizzly bears should be of a national character, and have requested me to lay before the President and Cabinet their views upon the subject. As these officials all take, or should take, the FOREST AND STREAM, your publication of the scheme will save me a journey to Washington. I will only remark that if any portion of the plan proposed seems inapplicable to the methods of our Republic, it is because a lengthened sojourn in the dominions of the Czar has produced its natural effect upon the mind of Mr. Squibob.

(1) A park or corral, containing several—or more—acres and fenced in with a stone wall fifty-six feet high, provided with peep-holes and one gate of entrance only, shall be established near the White House. Over the gate a legend shall read, "Office-Seekers' Repose."

(2) The bears shall be placed therein and provided with rocks, brushwood and other lurking places.

(3) All office-seekers shall be compelled by law to pass through the gate of this park when on their way to the powers they seek, or shall receive not less than 500 strokes of the knout.

(4) All laws conflicting in any manner with the above scheme shall be at once repealed.

Observe the beauties of this plan for a truly economical and labor saving institution. The expense of constructing two park gates is lessened one-half—a second would be useless. The Government will not have to feed the bears. No surgeon would be required, and the President and Cabinet would have time to attend to the affairs of the nation.

Five dollars a peep could be charged at the peep-holes, and judging from the way people throng at a public execution, or to see a jockey's neck broken at the short turns on a race-course, the wall would be paid for in less than six months.

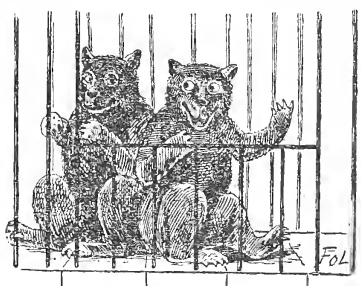
The Smithsonian would be in raptures.

I may add that the receipt of Mr. Squibob's letter relieved my mind of much anxiety concerning his fate, and upon this head I may write you again. G. WHILLIKENS.

P. S.—If any one should suppose that no one could be found willing to dare the dangers of the park, I can only say that he doesn't know the qualities of the average American office seeker. G. W.

Scarcely a week goes by without the addition of a new attraction to Superintendent Conklin's collection of rare animals. That is why thousands of hard-working men use up most of their Saturday half holidays and Sundays at Central Park with their wives and children. Some of the people who live in the big brown stone houses near by say that the menagerie is a nuisance and that strong odors from the arsenal are wafted to their sensitive noses. Neither the boss artist, the military looking man nor the mild young man could find any trace of the odors yesterday, and when they asked Superintendent Conklin about it he laughed and said it was all moonshine.

But during all this time the two grizzlies have been grinning away in their brand-new iron cage, waiting to hear what the gentle reader thinks of them. They came by express from the wild west a few weeks ago, as a little token of esteem to a big newspaper man in Park Row. After they had eaten three of his editorials one afternoon and then laughed at him, the big man sent them up to Mr. Conklin at the Park, and there they have gladdened the hearts of several thousand children and their white-capped nurses. The small boy who is slowly wading through this narrative



"TWO LITTLE GRIZZLY BEARS ARE WE."

has no doubt discovered that the bear on the right is singing, while the black-looking fellow beside him is indulging in a heart-broken sob. The sobber's name is B and the singer's name is A. This is what he was singing:

See how the fates their gifts allot.
B eats chestnuts; I do not.

Now you see the reason for B's glumness. But it never lasts more than fifteen seconds at a time. As a rule the grizzlies eat more queer capers in a minute than a man could remember in a day. They spend much valuable time turning somersaults over each other and wrestling and training for all sorts of athletic feats. When they are not dusting the rocky floor of their cage with each other's gray-brown coats they sit up and make eyes at the pretty French girls who stand outside in charge of little boys and girls. This is a trick the gray-coated park polie-mea taught the grizzlies, and although a sharp-featured old lady lectured them about it for an hour yesterday they haven't reformed a bit.—*New York World.*

THE TRAJECTORY TESTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Notwithstanding the very considerable amount of commendation of which you were made the recipient upon the publication of the results of your rifle trials, I desire to express, as one of the many who have followed the reports with pleasure and profit, a sense of obligation to those through whose enterprise the tests were brought about. In view of the excellent methods employed and the manifest thoroughness which characterized the entire undertaking, it is safe to predict that these tables will be recognized and consulted as authority for a long time to come, forming as they do, a tangible and reliable set of data for the purpose of rifle makers as well rifle users.

To the student of modern rifle lore the recorded figures present occasional seeming anomalies, which perhaps the knowing ones of the craft may be able to clear away. For example: We are taught, theoretically, that one step toward securing a low curve is accomplished by making the rifling with a moderately slow twist, as such a form produces favorable conditions, in connection with proper loading, for a high starting speed, and still allows the use of sufficient weight of bullet to be well sustained in its flight at least up to the limits of the ordinary hunting distances.

That this doctrine can not be unqualifiedly accepted is aptly illustrated by a comparison of the work of the .40-60-210 Winchester with that of the 40-cal. Bullard in the late trials. The former is but a slight modification of the express proper in the matter of degree of twist (one turn in forty inches), and with its finely proportioned cartridge might, it would seem, be reasonably expected to show an extremely low curve, yet its bullet rises more than 11.5 inches in reaching the target at two hundred yards, while the latter with one turn in twenty inches gives a trajectory of barely 10.5 inches, loaded in practically the same proportion.

I long ago imbibed the idea that a rifle to most completely meet the purposes of the hunter, in all the ever varying conditions and circumstances of his usual experience, would be a weapon so made up as to blend the most valuable attributes of both the express and long-range systems.

I was therefore somewhat disappointed to find that my pet plan would not be likely to reduce or eliminate the difficulties involved in the estimation of distance and the corresponding adjustment of sights. Thus we "live and learn."

On the whole, however, the riflemen of to-day are to be congratulated upon the fine array of weapons from which to select, and a gratifying fact is that in making the choice they may safely be controlled by individual preference for any particular form of mechanism, breech action or such other matter of detail as strike the fancy, and take the shooting qualities for granted.

All of the standard makes are good and they must be to hold their ground in the field of competition. I have recently seen a number of diagrams—the careful work of Mr. E. A. Leopold—illustrating the performance of the several rifles engaged in the recent tests, and will say that any one must indeed be hard to please who would not be satisfied after seeing how the average weapon will send bullet after bullet cutting so near the same plane that it speaks volumes for the wonderful uniformity with which the modern rifle responds to proper treatment and handling on the part of the marksman.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Jan. 23.

W. D. ZIMMERMAN.

JANUARY REFLECTIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems perfectly natural, even in the absence of a written law, that the sportsman should have his decided and instinctive feelings as to when the season for hunting should close. He has his unwritten laws, equally as sacred as his duty to observe those of his legislature. How naturally this seems to be the beginning of a new year. The man of business, who simply makes sport a recreation, feels that the time for his recreation is ended, and that it is better luck to resume his serious labor with the beginning of a new year. To have a good conscience, it is advisable that one should consider that his sport is not contravening his legitimate business; for without a good conscience, a peaceful mind and a light heart, sport is not a pleasure, but becomes a sneaking, time-killing occupation. We look upon the man who loves field sports as being a whole-souled, brave and honorable gentleman, for it seems that it is these qualities that plunge him into a sport that creates the feeling of boundless freedom and innocent unrestraint which the fields and forests themselves present. It is difficult, therefore, to see how such a character can do violence to his own humane ideas as to the fitness of seasons.

But stop! I must be driven to these philosophizing ideas from that tinge of regret with which I quietly lay away the trusty little gun in its cushioned case. So true has been its work and so glib its mechanism, as to be treated with the companionship of something animate. Then there are our dog friends. We had fallen newly in love with them, and they with us. At the sight of the cartridge belt, or the hunting leggings, or the brier-torn coat, do you remember how provokingly familiar they became? Do you remember how, when on Sundays we stayed at home from the office during autumn weather, they hung around our chair and jealously jostled each other from the rug at our feet? Now they will grow more dignified and formal; salute you kindly in the morning, but, like men whose connections sever, almost become strangers. They become epicures, display a full feather, grow fat and independent. These are the relative positions of a well-regulated sportsman and his dog.

Then I have parted with a Southwest Virginia autumn, with its semi-southern beauty. The kind golden haze of its sun has changed for the struggling winter glare; the second growth of the green meadow swards have been made bare by the grazing herds; the leafy picture that hung in the landscape is returning humbly its tints of nature; the partridge, that dreaded only the cracking shot, is battling in the frosted coverts with the fox and the hawk. Many a pleasant day have I spent in the field this fall. My first shooting was one afternoon, about the first of September, when I bagged eight woodcock along a branch, in a patch of corn, within the corporate limits of our little hamlet. Then the sora soon began to settle along the swamp and branches in the open meadows. Bags of from ten to fifteen could be made in the afternoon. After a while the partridge came in. They were later of growth than usual, but soon the awkward, downy, and from the tangled weeds, changed into the metallic whir and lightning dart.

At the close of this season there is one thing that troubles me, a trouble that has found the tender spot of many more than myself. My old setter is failing. He is passing over on the shady side, and with human tact, tries to hide it in the field. As I have told you before, he claims to be no

tancy dog, but is every inch a business dog. With every point he makes his position is a surprise, one never looks like the other. As the tainted air, at long range, from the bevy meets him, his high point, lithe stride and stealthy step is the warning. When plunging along, you would think wild, and his keen nose detects the single sulking bird, he will fall, spread like a feather. Poor old fellow! When he grows old and crazy and useless, perhaps I'll wish I had seen him fall headlong from the steep cliff, as he roared the wild pheasant through the low ivy on the mountainside, or had gone under, not to rise again, as he heedlessly plunged into the mad flood to bring me the duck. Then I could have remembered him as the brawny and brave young hero, instead of the lame and suffering old creature that he may be. Don't you remember how we always wish we could have another just like our old one?

SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA.

GRAEME.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the published proceedings of the Board of Supervisors of the county of Essex, assembled at Elizabethtown, I find the following items: "Mr. Powers presented and moved the adoption of the following resolution: Resolved, that our Senator and member of Assembly are hereby instructed to use all legal means to secure the repeal of Chapter 557 of the Laws of 1885, entitled 'An act for the better preservation of wild deer,' etc. A vote being had, it was carried unanimously."

I cannot see how the honorable Board of Supervisors could conscientiously place themselves on record in this light, for they must know the consequences of encouraging the breeding and using of hounds in a deer park or range like the Adirondack wilderness, a region nearly depleted of deer already. The law these gentlemen wish repealed was passed expressly to preserve the Adirondack deer from extermination. No doubt the supervisors have been influenced by a certain set of men who call themselves sportsmen; men who go out to have a good time and take things easy; men who send their guides and dogs out to do the hunting while they sit on some runaway waiting, in the meantime solacing themselves with the contents of their pipe and bottle. Along comes the frightened deer, fleeing from his worst enemy, the hound, and in passing gets riddled by a handful of shot from an old "scatter-gun," provided the shooter has not indulged too often.

There is another set of men who call themselves sportsmen—men whose strongest "holt" is the "tail-holt"—who go out in a boat, and when the deer takes to the water to escape the hounds, grip it by the tail and whack it over the head with a club until it gives up its life. Or, perchance, the oarsman will hold him steady by a grip on the tail while the shooter kills him by aiming at his head only a few feet away. These men then go out among civilized people and brag of their prowess in deer hunting. They call themselves sportsmen. God save the mark!

There is one point in regard to hounds and deer that is not sufficiently known, and that is the terrible destruction of deer by hounds when running at large. Having lived in the Adirondacks nearly all my life I think I am qualified to speak in this matter, and I will give you some facts that have come to my knowledge. Mr. Elijah Simonds, an old trapper and hunter, well known in these parts, and whose word cannot be impeached, tells me that about forty years ago he heard reports of moose signs near Dix's Peak, and taking another man and a hound with him went in there to investigate. On the way the hound slipped away from them a number of times, and he told me he counted seventeen deer that he knew his hound killed in the two days they were in the woods. There was a deep snow on the ground, crusted enough to bear the dogs but not the deer. Speaking of dogs running at large, he says, one winter two dogs, belonging to a Saranac hotel keeper, went into the woods and staid two months, hunting on their own hook. In going up Cold Brook one-half mile he counted nine deer killed by three dogs. One had got into a hole where the dogs could not get at its head or throat and they had eaten off its hind parts. It had just life enough to crawl up on the bank as he came along. He afterward caught one of these dogs in a bear trap, which took him around the head, and he was glad of it. Simonds said that he had not the least doubt that those dogs destroyed at least two hundred deer that winter, and he believes that one hound allowed to run at large in the winter will destroy more deer than all the hunters of that town kill in the year by legitimate hunting. I have long been of that opinion myself. Mr. Simonds said that some of the hotel-keepers were mean about letting their dogs run in winter. He named two on Keene Flats, and others at Saranac Lake who made a practice of letting their dogs run and scout the woods in winter as much as they pleased. He says it is almost impossible for owners of dogs to keep them where they belong, for they get uneasy toward spring and they have to let them out for exercise. When let out they stay around a few minutes and then start off for the woods to look for deer, and they know where to look as well as we do, because they have been taken there before. He says in hunting with dogs they often kill deer in the woods that the hunters know nothing about.

This reminds me of a neighbor of mine who had a big hound he used to let run loose, and when the dog came home at night with bloody chops and a full belly he would knock off work, take his hired man and go and look for the remnant of the deer, sometimes finding it but oftener not. A lumberman, an acquaintance of mine, tells me that, being tired of eating salt pork, he thought he would take his dog up into the woods and catch a deer, the snow being deep. Although it was against the law, he thought it no harm to kill one deer for his own eating, especially if it did not become known. He said he came to a yard of deer and set his dog on, expecting to catch one deer, but in spite of all he could do to stop him the little — killed five before he could get him off.

There is a class of irresponsible men in the Adirondacks that are half lumbermen, half guides and more than half poachers—I mean game law breakers; who often keep from one to three hounds, and, as a rule, let them run loose. One such man living near me had two young hounds nearly a year old. In March, when the snow was deep and crusted, these dogs, in company with an older hound, used to go off in the morning and be off all day. This man, on being remonstrated with and told that the dogs were destroying all the deer, said: "D—'em, let 'em run; it will learn 'em to hunt."

A man who was drawing logs in that section told me that while looking out a lumber road he found eleven dead deer killed by dogs on less than two acres of ground. The deer, being unable to resist or run, being hopelessly mired in the stiff snow, the dogs could butcher them at their leisure.

Samuel Dunning, an old Adirondack guide, tells me it is nothing uncommon for a hound to go into the woods and be gone a month, hunting on his own hook. I once went on a fishing excursion to Moose Lake; went into the woods at Arayville, North Elba, and in traveling through the beautiful woods, six miles or more, I was surprised at seeing no deer signs, and but very few about the lake. On coming out I made some inquiries at the house of Mr. Morbous, a backwoods farmer. I asked if there had been much hunting in that section the last year, and was told, not more than usual. I also asked if there had been any stray hounds around late in the winter, and he said a hound came there in March; used to sleep in his hog-pen nights and went off hunting in the woods daytimes. The snow was three or four feet deep, with a crust that would bear a dog, and he stayed about there two or three weeks.

He said, "It was a blanked good-looking hound." Just so, it was a "blanked" good-looking hound, but God only knows how many deer this dog slaughtered while ranging the woods, far and near. He probably stopped when there was no more deer to be slain, and then departed to "fresh fields and pastures new" to carry on his butchery.

In fishing up some mountain brook in May, it is not very pleasant to come across the body of a deer in the water, driven in and killed by dogs in March or April. I have seen a doe, heavy with fawn, running before a hound in May, but then, "it was a blanked good-looking hound," as the man in North Elba said.

One thing is certain. Every effort to have the deer bounding law repealed, and every vote cast for that purpose is a direct effort and vote for the extermination of the deer in the Adirondacks. This will take place sooner than they think if the law is repealed. Look at Vermont: not a wild deer known to exist, and the Green Mountain region should be a well-stocked deer range, and would be at this day if the domestic wolves, the hounds, had not been allowed to chase, worry and slaughter deer, right and left, until the last one is gone.

I saw a statement in a late number of the FOREST AND STREAM of the finding of a number of skeletons of deer supposed to have been killed by wolves. Query—Were they not killed by domestic wolves, who knows?

Now, it is my belief, that the only way to preserve the Adirondack wilderness as a well-stocked hunting ground for the people of the State of New York, is for the Legislature to define and locate the boundaries of the deer range of this region, and then pass stringent laws, giving a bounty of fifty dollars for the head of every hound caught or found at any time within these limits, the same to be assessed on the owner of the hound.

NEW RUSSIA, N. Y., Jan. 26.

BAINBRIDGE BISHOP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I have been in the habit of hunting deer in the Adirondacks more or less every year for the last forty years, I feel that I have a right to have my say with the rest. A proposal to amend the present game law comes from Boonville and was published in the *Utica Morning Herald*, Jan. 21, in the form of a memorial to our Legislature recommending opening the season Aug. 1 and closing Oct. 15, and to repeal all restrictions as to the mode of hunting during that time. The list of signers is headed by State Game Agent Brinkerhoff, with twenty-three others, all Fulton Chain hotelkeepers, guides or stage proprietors interested in conveying people to and from the woods. The memorial states that the present season has been very destructive to breeders, and that four-fifths of the deer killed were does and unfit for food, and asks that the half of October and the whole of November be cut off in order to stop the slaughter. Let us see where these breeders were killed. Game Agent Brinkerhoff, who, I am told, is also a guide, in his report published in the *Utica Morning Herald* Dec. 14, says that he has kept a record of the deer killed by floating from Aug. 1 to Sept. 15, which was 63. Of this number 38 were suckling does, 12 were yearling does, and only 8 bucks in all. I give his own figures. This record corresponds with that kept by him for the past seven years, and gives a proportion of one buck to ten does, and most of them mothers of fawns.

Game Agent Phelps in his report says that Wm. Light and Barbour, two well known Bisby guides, told him they had counted this season some twenty-five or thirty carcasses of deer that lay rotting near the banks of the Canishega still-water, on the south branch of Moose River. These deer, it is fair to infer, were wounded in front of a jack during the floating season, but had strength enough to get a short distance from the stream and were never found. Deer killed by dogs or by still-hunting are seldom lost. If this is approximately true of two miles of one still-water, what is the grand total of the deer left to rot in the whole Adirondacks? Besides, a large portion of venison is wasted, as the weather will not permit of its being kept but a short time; and deer during the floating season are always in poor condition. In October and November, and in those months only, they are at their very best. Venison can then be kept quite a number of days, and my experience and I believe of most hunters is, that more bucks are killed than does, at least the number would be equal.

Still, with all these facts and figures, according to their own showing, these memorialists ask to cut off the half of October and all of November and retain the whole of August, that they may shoot the breeders and dog them *ad libitum*; that they may put money in their purses.

I am pleased to see so few names of the many guides of the North Woods appended to it. Any man or sportsman who has hunted deer in October or November, who has been fortunate to kill one or two deer (and he can, if he tries), will never want to sit doubled up behind a light any more in August and riddle a sucking doe with buckshot at short range. No more will he want to kill the poor, frightened animal as he plunges, panting and red hot, into the lake or stream to escape the hounds. He will be satisfied to kill his deer by fair play and in a sportsmanlike manner, and will never be haunted by the ghosts of the starved fawns, whose mother he may have slaughtered in front of a light in August. It is always wise to learn from the experience of others. In Maine the law prohibits killing in August, also hounding, and limits the number of deer to be killed by one person to three, which has done away with market-hunting, as no market-hunter will go into the woods if he can't kill but three deer. This law has been in force in that State for several years and has given general satisfaction. Why not go and do likewise?

A VETERAN.

HOLLAND PATENT, N. Y.

The communication signed C. Fenton, published in our last issue, should have been credited to the Lowville (N. Y.) *Republican*.

KANSAS GAME BIRDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I give you a synopsis of a recent communication by the Leavenworth Gun Club, addressed to Senator P. G. Lowe of this place in relation to the destruction of our quail and prairie chickens which are really our only game birds of note.

Our Kansas law is sufficiently strong and stringent so far as shooting seasons are concerned, and protects the birds from unreasonable attacks; but no law as yet has been able to prevent the wholesale slaughter of birds in the lawful shooting season, hence our birds are becoming scarce. In the prairie chicken and quail seasons, birds by the hundreds and thousands are daily offered for sale, and there are many men who make money by slaughtering our birds and sending them to our river markets where previous arrangements have been made with dealers to receive them. We submit the following points for legislation:

First—Make it a criminal offense for any person to kill more than 25 quail or prairie chickens, or part of both, in any one day from sunrise to sundown. This section puts an end to matches as to which party or person shall kill most game in any one day. No sportsman would care to kill and carry more than 25 birds in one day.

Second—Make it a criminal offense for any person to offer for sale, barter or trade in Kansas, any prairie chicken or quail killed in Kansas, and join with the seller any person who shall offer to buy, trade or barter for any quail killed in Kansas at any season of the year; and the possession of such birds for marketable purposes shall be *prima facie* evidence of any evasion of the law, and the burden of proof must rest with the possessor. This section closes up the avenues of sale and prevents pot-hunters from making the potting of birds profitable.

Third—Make it a criminal offense for any express company, railway company, or any common carrier, to receive for shipment and transportation at any point in Kansas, any quail or prairie chicken. The above section does not prevent any common carrier from shipping into Kansas any game birds, and the second section would not prevent persons from buying birds from outside of Kansas, only they must have the bills, bills of sale, etc., properly authenticated that such birds were not killed in Kansas.

These look like extreme measures, but it requires extremes to reach a proper medium, and a little extreme legislation would break up the pot-hunting business, just as President Cleveland's extreme measures are breaking up the cattle ring business. Do you know, Mr. Editor, that during the prairie chicken season, hundreds of men from Missouri and other neighboring States, go on to the prairies of Kansas, and ship in thousands of chickens to the dealers on the Missouri River, and even to Chicago? The stopping of transportation breaks up that kind of business. Will you please give publication to this as I expect it will bring criticism, and thus help to open the way to such state legislation as shall be uniform, or as nearly so as possible, in protecting our birds from pot-hunters who kill for the money the birds will bring.

THOS. MOONLIGHT, President.

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, Jan. 27, 1886.

The third annual election of the Leavenworth Gun Club, Jan. 4, was as follows: Thomas Moonlight, President; A. C. Girard, Vice-President; Henry Laintz, Secretary; Geo. W. Goff, Treasurer. Board of Managers, W. C. Hinman, Frank C. Patton, Wesley C. Gordon.

MIDWINTER PERILS.

THE following account, taken from the *Sun* of last Friday, has additional interest because Mr. Allison was one of the two campers whose cosy winter camp was described in these columns week before last, under the heading "Notes from a Winter Camp":

Bangor, Jan. 26.—Chas. A. Allison, the New York sportsman who had such a terrible experience at Moosehead Lake on Saturday last, was in Bangor to-day on his way home. The *Sun's* representative found him in a comfortable room at the Penobscot Exchange, seated before a blazing hearth, and listened to some of the details of his perilous journey. Mr. Allison is a young law student of New York city, where he has also been connected with the press. Since last summer he has been camping out by himself at Brassva Lake, near Moosehead, having a royal good time shooting and fishing. He had sent his traps in advance to the Kineo House, a great hotel on the shores of Moosehead, with the intent of returning home, and on Saturday he started on snowshoes to walk to the hotel, a distance of ten miles, there to take the stage for the railroad at West Cove, at the foot of the lake. He trudged along toward Moose River for a while all right, but the drifts became of such a nature that he cast the snowshoes aside and started on moccasins. When he reached the mouth of the river, where he intended to cross, he found, to his dismay, that there was a stretch of open water before him. He started to follow up the river for a crossing, but had not gone far when the ice broke, and he went into the water to his shoulders, barely saving himself by stretching out his arms. He then kept along the shore for a distance, but the snow was four feet deep, and he was again obliged to take to the ice.

Soon again he broke through, and this time went so deep that he got a drink of water, which his parched mouth sadly needed. By great exertions he managed to crawl out, and then sat down on a spot of sound ice to rest and try to tie on one of his moccasins, which had fallen off. So slow was he tying the knot with his benumbed fingers that when the operation was finished he found that the shoe had frozen to the ice, and he was obliged to cut it off and proceed barefooted. He half walked, half crawled along the ice, breaking through every few rods, and getting out—how, he knew not. His wet clothing had by this time frozen stiff, and he only kept from freezing to death by rolling in the deep snow on the banks. This gave him the appearance of a veritable ghost of winter, the snow having clung like a feathery mantle about his dripping, icy form. Once he was almost buried by falling over the crest of a wing dam into a huge drift.

There is one habitation only on Moose River, the cabin of Tom Willer, and this Allison knew, but he did not know how near he was to it. At length, wearied out, he was about to lie down in a snowy grave, when, almost without hope, he shouted for help. There was no answer. It seemed like shouting to the winds. He called again, and there was a faint echo. He was near Tom Willer's. Willer came out on the bank, but the ice between him and the freezing sportsman was thin, and had not two Bangor woodsmen bravely exposed their lives by going out through the thin ice to their necks in water, pushing an old flatboat before them, young

A PETITION

For the Continued Protection of Adirondack Deer.

To the Honorable, the Legislature of the State of New York:

We, the undersigned, residents of _____ County, respectfully petition that the law (Chap. 557, Laws of 1885) which makes it "unlawful to pursue any wild deer in this State with any dog or bitch" may not be amended in any such way as to permit the use of dogs for hunting deer at any time.

(Signed)

Mr. Allison would never have seen New York again. He was kindly cared for at the cabin, and was soon in Bangor, healthy and well, having, thanks to his snow baths, suffered no serious injury from freezing.

"Do you see that hat?" he asked, pointing to an old derby on the table. "Well, I wore that hat in camp, and thought it would hardly do to go home to New York in, but I took a notion to bring it along as an old friend. Well, I probably fell into the water fifty times, but every time I clung to the old hat, and once in my despair found myself talking to it, as a madman, and asking it not to desert me."

The Godbout hunter, Napoleon Comeau, whose name is familiar to our readers, had a hard experience last week. A dispatch from Montreal, Jan. 30, reports: In the tempest which prevailed some ten days ago all over the Gulf of St. Lawrence, four hunters of Godbout had a miraculous escape from death, having drifted for some ninety miles during forty hours on a piece of floating ice. Napoleon Comeau, his brother and two of his brothers-in-law, went out from Godbout River in two canoes to hunt seals and ducks. Two of the men were engaged in killing a seal upon a field of ice, when the animal fiercely turned upon them. Napoleon Comeau, who is a telegraph operator at Godbout and one of the best shots and most noted hunters in the country, went to their assistance with his brother. After killing the seal they were drifted so far out into the gulf that they were unable to return. A merciless storm raged around them and soon they were thirty miles from either shore. Three of the men became badly frozen and would have perished but for Napoleon Comeau. They had nothing to eat but two frozen ducks and had frequently to take to their canoes as the ice broke away beneath them. After drifting for ninety miles during forty hours, they managed to land upon the south shore of the gulf, near St. Annes des Monts. Then they were driven to Metis, a distance of fifty-six miles, it being impossible for them at this season of the year to cross the gulf. From Metis they reached Quebec by rail.

A FLORIDA YARN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you a copy of a letter received by a little boy at the North from a Florida dorky with whom he struck up an acquaintance last winter. The letter is dated at Mandarin, Jan. 15, and reads as follows:

Harry, you will remember I told you I would write you. Well, I will fulfill my promise. I am down here among the alligators—that is, in their home. When I first came down last November I took a hunting excursion down in the swamps. I was out two days and one night. I took a fellow along who is a native, and two old army muskets, and ammunition, and a bag of grub, which consisted of cheese, crackers, cold tongue and peanuts. We traveled about ten miles. Night came on; then came the tug of war. Nowhere to sleep, no blankets, ten miles out in the woods. We were close by a muddy stream or river. We stacked our guns and hung our grub on the guns. So I climbed up a big live oak tree and got in the crotch for the night. It was pretty warm and I felt comfortable, all things considered, according to the situation. Just before daybreak I heard a scrambling below. Looking down, there was a big wild hog after our grub; he had knocked down the guns and was cleaning us out. While so doing up comes an old alligator out of the swamp and tackled the hog, and such squealing that I thought the whole place alive. Two old wild cats smelled blood and came on the spot. I tell you, Harry, I felt shaky. I called to the fellow. He had gone to the top of the tree. The wildcats, alligator, wild hog fighting like Old Nick below and both of us up the tree, the guns on the ground; what to do I could not tell. I can tell one thing, my eyes were as large as moons—at least I thought so.

The old alligator was boss of the fight. He ate up the hog. The smell of blood kept the infernal old wildcats around till sun up. Finally they left. I came down. The guns and ammunition scattered over the ground, the grub all gone. I got the fellow down and prepared to leave, but to my surprise, about fifty feet, looking up a tree, was a wildcat licking his chops. I filled the old gun a quarter full of buckshot, not so much powder, and brought him down. In the meantime I sent the fellow down to the stream to get a bottle of water. He did not see the cat. I was afraid to tell him for fear he would run off and leave me alone in the swamp. So while he was gone, as before stated, I brought the old fellow down, cut off his head, threw it away in the bushes. When the fellow returned I told him I had shot a raccoon; I had him almost skinned. The fellow looked at it with suspicion, as he knew more about a coon than I did. He almost caught me in my little game. He said to me, "Where is the tail? You see, all coons has long tails and wildcats has short tails." "Confound it," I said, "I shot it off." We struck up a fire and broiled that old tomcat for breakfast. I tell you, Harry, he tasted equal to venison. After breakfast we started to look for the old alligator; found him on the bank of the stream asleep or sunning himself. Put two full charges under his flank. He keeled over. We cut him open. We found the hog, one of the wildcats, the bag that contained our grub, all inside of him, a bullhead and three ducks. I concluded to return home. On our way back, succeeded in bagging two rabbits, four squirrels, one opossum and some small birds. Very well satisfied, but no more all night in the woods for me,

ROBERT HAZELTON,

DAKOTA GAME.

BUSINESS keeps many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, no doubt, from taking those long vacations and outings that some of your correspondents enjoy; but it is the next thing to being there ourselves to read the accounts they write of trips by land and water, of game bagged and fish caught, and all the incidents thereof. However, as far as I am concerned, I manage to get one little vacation of ten days every year. There is one week in October of each year when my address is Dakota. Heretofore I have never been able to get the use of a suitable hunting boat; so this year, before I went, I sent out my little Powell & Douglas boat in ample time, as was supposed, to arrive before she was wanted; but when we arrived—for I took with me my neighbor, the Doctor—the boat had not put in an appearance. We spent our week very pleasantly and bagged as much game as we needed for our own use and that of the neighborhood, besides bringing back all we needed; but we came back convinced of the truth of the statement made recently in these columns, that "the Dakota of to-day was fast becoming the Iowa of five years ago," for we encountered a number of parties both going out and coming in, and no day that we spent on the prairie or on the lake were we out of hearing of the boom of guns. Four years ago, on my first trip, we encountered very few shooters; but the country has been pretty well advertised, and perhaps I have done some of it myself. Probably there are nearly as many geese and ducks as there were on my other trips, but the land is pretty well broken up and there is more feeding ground for them, so they are scattered more; but prairie chickens are increasing very fast, and the single pair of quail I noticed last year have raised two broods, and if the winter is a mild one there will be good quail shooting on my friend's farm next fall. We had a good time and arrived home safely, but they got a pretty good joke on the old man. The little mother at home wrote, "Do take care of yourself; that boat makes me nervous," and got for reply that "no cause for nervousness existed," for "first, there was no water deep enough to drown any one," and "second, there was no boat," and "third, I guessed I was old enough," etc., etc. Well, I don't know how it came about, but the boat hadn't been in the water ten minutes before out I went, gun and all, and as I had to pole ashore to empty my boots, wring out my clothes (jimmey, wasn't it cold!) and scoop the mud out of my ears, of course the boys found out all about it; but how on earth they found it out at Highland Park is more than I know, but all the same I'm hunting for the Doctor with a club.

HIGHLAND PARK, Ill.

HARRY HUNTER.

ERRATIC BULLET FLIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reading in your issue of Jan. 21 of the "Dido of a Spent Bullet," it brought to mind several episodes which have occurred in my own practice. One occurred about forty years ago. From boyhood I was always tinkering with rifles whenever opportunity offered. I made very numerous experiments with hunting sights. That which gave best results for all work is well illustrated in the Whitney-Kennedy rifle shown in the advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM. My front or muzzle sight, which shows white in the engraving referred to, was made of ivory. A gentleman in our neighborhood employed me to mount such a set of sights upon his hunting rifle. I had finished them and loaded the rifle to see if they were properly centered. Our folks had just moved the old house from over the cellar, preparatory to building a new one on the site. Picking up a half-brick of bright red color, I blackened with powder a spot in its center about the size of a twenty-five cent piece and placed it in an indentation of the lumber pile, about thirty yards distant. Stepping down into the old cellar, then half filled, I rested the rifle upon the embankment and fired. In an instant there was a sharp whizz by my left ear and a slight disturbance of my hair just over the ear, and at the same time a sharp thud in the old chimney stack a few steps to the rear. In one second my eyes were in that direction, where I saw a little puff of brick and mortar dust rising from a crevice. Stepping to the spot, I found the larger portion of the bullet I had just fired. It was a narrow escape. Had it gone an inch above it would have damaged my old hat.

The hard-wood lumber was simply sawed "through and through" but not "edged," the one-inch boards being left full width for roof purposes, to lay shingles upon. The boards were piled in same order as sawed, in what sawyers call "stocks." It was what was termed a three-stock pile. In "sticking up," long, narrow strips bound the piles together. Upon one of these strips, at an indentation of the pile, I placed the brick. I fired at this, striking the upper part of it, cleaving off about one-third of the brickbat and deflecting the bullet directly upward, it striking the wane edge of the board above and giving the bullet a return motion. It next struck the projecting stick above, giving it the direction back again, as I have related.

MILTON P. PEIRCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 26.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE STATEMENT.—The statement of Mutual Life Insurance Company, published in another column, shows a remarkably prosperous condition of affairs. The amount received for policies in force or terminated amounts to \$103,846,252, and the surplus to \$5,012,633.78. The assets include \$49,228,930.16, and mortgages on real estate, \$39,306,104 U. S. and other bonds, \$10,720.45 of real estate, \$2,619,643.21 in cash in bank, and \$8,156,800 loans on collateral, the total assets footing up to the tremendous sum of \$108,908,967.51. The Mutual Life is one of our oldest and best companies, and its continually increasing prosperity and ever-widening influence tells a story of wise and conservative management.

AN ADIRONDACK DEER HUNT.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

From "In the Wilderness." By kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass., publishers of Mr. Warner's works.

EARLY on the morning of the 23d of August, 1877, a doe was feeding on Basin Mountain. The night had been warm and showery, and the morning opened in an undecided way. The wind was southerly; it is what the deer call a dog-wind, having come to know quite well the meaning of "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky." The sole companion of the doe was her only child, a charming little fawn, whose brown coat was mottled with the beautiful spots which make this young creature as lovely as the gazelle. The buck, its father, had been that night on a long tramp across the mountain to Clear Pond, and had not yet returned. * * *

The doe was feeding, daintily cropping the tender leaves of the young shoots, and turning from time to time to regard her offspring. The fawn had taken his morning meal, and now lay curled up on a bed of moss, watching contentedly, with his large, soft brown eyes, every movement of his mother. The great eyes followed her with an alert entreaty; and, if the mother stepped a pace or two farther away in feeding, the fawn made a half movement, as if to rise and follow her. You see, she was his sole dependence in all the world. But he was quickly reassured when she turned her gaze on him; and if, in alarm, he uttered a plaintive cry, she bounded to him at once, and, with every demonstration of affection, licked his mottled skin till it shone again.

It was a pretty picture—maternal love on the one part, and happy trust on the other. The doe was a beauty, and would have been so considered anywhere, as graceful and winning a creature as the sun that day shone on—slender limbs, not too heavy flanks, round body, and aristocratic head, with small ears and luminous, intelligent, affectionate eyes. How alert, supple, free, she was! What untutored grace in every movement! What a charming pose when she lifted her head, and turned it to regard her child! You would have had a companion picture, if you had seen, as I saw that morning, a baby kicking about among the dry pine needles on a ledge above the Ausable, in the valley below, while its young mother sat near, with an easel before her, touching in the color of a reluctant landscape, giving a quick look at the sky and the outline of the Twin Mountains, and bestowing every third glance upon the laughing boy,—art in its infancy.

The doe lifted her head a little with a quick motion, and turned her ear to the south. Had she heard something? Probably it was only the south wind in the balsams. There was silence all about in the forest. If the doe had heard anything, it was one of the distant noises of the world. There are in the woods occasional moanings, premonitions of change, which are inaudible to the dull ears of men, but which, I have no doubt, the forest-folk hear and understand. If the doe's suspicions were excited for an instant, they were gone as soon. With an affectionate glance at her fawn, she continued picking up her breakfast.

But suddenly she started, head erect, eyes dilated, a tremor in her limbs. She took a step; she turned her head to the south; she listened intently. There was a sound—a distant, prolonged note, bell-toned, pervading the woods, shaking the air in smooth vibrations. It was repeated. The doe had no doubt now. She shook like the sensitive mimosa when a footstep approaches. It was the baying of a hound! It was far off—at the foot of the mountain. Time enough to fly; time enough to put miles between her and the hound, before he should come upon her fresh trail; time enough to escape away through the dense forest, and hide in the recesses of Panther Gorge; yes, time enough. But there was the fawn. The cry of the hound was repeated, more distinct this time. The mother instinctively bounded away a few paces. The fawn started up with an anxious bleat. The doe turned; she came back; she couldn't leave it. She bent over it, and licked it, and seemed to say, "Come, my child; we are pursued; we must go." She walked away toward the west, and the little thing skipped after her. It was slow going for the slender legs, over the fallen logs, and through the rasping bushes. The doe bounded in advance, and waited; the fawn scrambled after her, slipping and tumbling along, very groggy yet on its legs, and whining a good deal because its mother kept always moving away from it. The fawn evidently did not hear the hound; the little innocent would even have looked sweetly at the dog, and tried to make friends with it, if the brute had been rushing upon him. By all the means at her command the doe urged her young one on; but it was slow work. She might have been a mile away while they were making a few rods. Whenever the fawn caught up, he was quite content to frisk about. He wanted more breakfast, for one thing; and his mother wouldn't stand still. She moved on continually; and his weak legs were tangled in the roots of the narrow deer path.

Shortly came a sound that threw the doe into a panic of terror,—a short, sharp yelp, followed by a prolonged howl, caught up and re-echoed by other bayings along the mountain side. The doe knew what that meant. One hound had caught her trail, and the whole pack responded to the "view halloo." The danger was certain now; it was near. She could not crawl on in this way; the dogs would soon be upon them. She turned again for flight; the fawn, scrambling after her, tumbled over, and bleated piteously. The baying, emphasized now by the yelp of certainty, came nearer. Flight with the fawn was impossible. The doe returned and stood by it, head erect, and nostrils discented. She stood perfectly still, but trembling. Perhaps she was thinking. The fawn took advantage of the situation, and began to draw his luncheon ration. The doe seemed to have made up her mind. She let him finish. The fawn, having taken all he wanted, lay down contentedly, and the doe licked him for a moment. Then, with the swiftness of a bird, she dashed away, and in a moment was lost in the forest. She went in the direction of the hounds.

According to all human calculations, she was going into the jaws of death. So she was; all human calculations are selfish. She kept straight on, hearing the baying every moment more distinctly. She descended the slope of the mountain until she reached the more open forest of hard wood. It was freer going here, and the cry of the pack echoed more resoundingly in the great spaces. She was going due east, when (judging by the sound, the hounds were not far off, though they were still hidden by a ridge) she turned short away to the north, and kept on at a good pace. In five minutes more she heard the sharp, exultant yelp of discovery, and then the deep-mouthed howl of pursuit. The hounds had struck her trail where she turned, and the fawn was safe.

The doe was in good running condition, the ground was

not bad, and she felt the exhilaration of the chase. For the moment fear left her, and she bounded on with the exaltation of triumph. For a quarter of an hour she went on at a slapping pace, clearing the mossy bushes with bound after bound, flying over the fallen logs, pausing neither for brook nor ravine. The baying of the hounds grew fainter behind her. But she struck a bad piece of going, a deadwood slash. It was marvelous to see her skin over it, leaping among its intricacies, and not breaking her slender legs. No other living animal could do it. But it was killing work. She began to pant feebly; she lost ground. The baying of the hounds was nearer. She climbed the hard-wood hill at a slower gait; but, once on more level, free ground, her breath came back to her, and she stretched away with new courage, and may be a sort of contempt of her heavy pursuers.

After running at high speed perhaps half a mile further, it occurred to her that it would be safe now to turn to the west, and, by a wide circuit, seek her fawn. But, at the moment, she heard a sound that chilled her heart. It was the cry of a hound to the west of her. The crafty brute had made the circuit of the slash, and cut off her retreat. There was nothing to do but to keep on; and on she went, still to the north, with the noise of the pack behind her. In five minutes more she had passed into a hill-side clearing. Cows and young steers were grazing there. She heard a tinkle of bells. Below her, down the mountain slope, were other clearings, broken by patches of woods. Fences intervened; and a mile or two down lay the valley, the shining Ausable, and the peaceful farm-houses. That way also her hereditary enemies were. Not a merciful heart in all that lovely valley. She hesitated; it was only for an instant. She must cross the Slide Brook Valley if possible, and gain the mountain opposite. She bounded on; she stopped. What was that? From the valley ahead came the cry of a screeching hound. All the devils were loose this morning. Every way was closed but one, and that led straight down the mountain to the cluster of houses. Conspicuous among them was a slender white wooden spire. The doe did not know that it was the spire of a Christian chapel. But perhaps she thought that human pity dwelt there, and would be more merciful than the teeth of the hounds.

"The hounds are baying on my track;
O white man! will you send me back?"

In a panic, frightened animals will always flee to human-kind from the danger of more savage foes. They always make a mistake in doing so. Perhaps the trait is the survival of an era of peace on earth; perhaps it is a prophecy of the golden age of the future. The business of this age is murder:—the slaughter of animals, the slaughter of fellow-men, by the wholesale. Hilarious poets who have never fired a gun write hunting songs,—*Ti-ra-la!* and good bishops write war songs:—*Ave the Czar!*

The hunted doe went down the "open," clearing the fences splendidly, flying along the stony path. It was a beautiful sight. But consider what a shot it was! If the deer, now, could only have been caught! No doubt there were tender-hearted people in the valley who would have spared her life, shut her up in a stable, and petted her. Was there one who would have let her go back to her waiting fawn? It is the business of civilization to tame or kill.

The doe went on. She left the saw-mill on John's Brook to her right; she turned into a wood path. As she approached Slide Brook, she saw a boy standing by a tree with a raised rifle. The dogs were not in sight; but she could hear them coming down the hill. There was no time for hesitation. With a tremendous burst of speed she cleared the stream, and, as she touched the bank, heard the "ping" of a rifle-bullet in the air above her. The cruel sound gave wings to the poor thing. In a moment more she was in the opening; she leaped into the travelled road. Which way? Below her in the wood was a load of hay; a man and a boy, with pitchforks in their hands, were running towards her. She turned south, and flew along the street. The town was up. Women and children ran to the doors and windows; men snatched their rifles; shots were fired; at the big boarding-houses the summer boarders, who never had anything to do, came out and cheered; a camp-stool was thrown from a veranda. Some young fellows shooting at a mark in the meadow saw the flying deer, and popped away at her; but they were accustomed to a mark that stood still. It was all so sudden. There were twenty people who were just going to shoot her, when the doe leaped the road fence and went away across a marsh toward the foot-hills. It was a fearful gantlet to run. But no one except the deer considered it in that light. Everybody told what he was just going to do; everybody who had seen the performance was a kind of hero:—everybody except the deer. For days and days it was the subject of conversation, and the summer boarders kept their guns at hand, expecting another deer would come to be shot at.

The doe went away to the foot-hills, going now slower, and evidently fatigued, if not frightened half to death. Nothing is so appalling to a recluse as half a mile of summer boarders. As the deer entered the thin woods, she saw a rabble of people start across the meadow in pursuit. By this time the dogs, panting, and lolling out their tongues, came swinging along, keeping the trail, like stupid, and consequently losing ground when the deer doubled. But, when the doe had got into the timber, she heard the savage brutes howling across the meadows. (It is well enough, perhaps, to say that nobody offered to shoot the dogs.)

The courage of the panting fugitive was not gone; she was game to the tip of her high-bred ears. But the fearful pace at which she had been just going told on her. Her legs trembled, and her heart beat like a trip-hammer. She slowed her speed perforce, but still fled industriously up the right bank of the stream. When she had gone a couple of miles, and the dogs were evidently gaining again, she crossed the broad, deep brook, climbed the steep left bank, and fled on in the direction of the Mount-Marcy trail. The fording of the river threw the hounds off for a time. She knew, by their uncertain yelping up and down the opposite bank, that she had a little respite; she used it, however, to push on until the baying was faint in her ears; and then she dropped, exhausted, upon the ground.

This rest, brief as it was, saved her life. Roused again by the baying pack, she leaped forward with better speed, though without that keen feeling of exhilarating flight that she had in the morning. It was still a race for life; but the odds were in her favor, she thought. She did not appreciate the dogged persistence of the hounds, nor had any inspiration told her that the race is not to the swift. She was a little confused in her mind where to go; but an instinct kept her course to the left, and consequently further away from her fawn. Going now slower, and now faster, as the pursuit seemed more distant or nearer, she kept to the south-

west, crossed the stream again, left Panther Gorge on her right, and ran on by Haystack and Skylight in the direction of the Upper Ausable Pond. I do not know her exact course through this maze of mountains, swamps, ravines, and frightful wildernesses. I only know that the poor thing worked her way along painfully, with sinking heart and unsteady limbs, lying down "dead beat" at intervals, and then spurred on by the cry of the remorseless dogs, until, late in the afternoon, she staggered down the shoulder of Bartlett, and stood upon the shore of the lake. If she could put that piece of water between her and her pursuers, she would be safe. Had she strength to swim it?

At her first step into the water she saw a sight that sent her back with a bound. There was a boat mid-lake; two men were in it. One was rowing, the other had a gun in his hand. They were looking towards her; they had seen her. (She did not know that they had heard the baying of hounds on the mountains, and had been lying in wait for her an hour.) What should she do? The hounds were drawing near. No escape that way, even if she could still run. With only a moment's hesitation she plunged into the lake, and struck obliquely across. Her tired legs could not propel the tired body rapidly. She saw the boat headed for her. She turned toward the center of the lake. The boat turned. She could hear the rattle of the oar-locks. It was gaining on her. Then there was a silence. Then there was a splash of the water just ahead of her, followed by a roar round the lake, the words "Confound it all!" and a rattle of the oars again. The doe saw the boat nearing her. She turned irresolutely to the shore whence she came; the dogs were lapping the water, and howling there. She turned again to the center of the lake.

The brave, pretty creature was quite exhausted now. In a moment more, with a rush of water, the boat was on her, and the man at the oars had leaned over and caught her by the tail.

"Knock her on the head with that paddle!" he shouted to the gentleman in the stern.

The gentleman was a gentleman, with a kind, smooth-shaven face, and might have been a minister of some sort of everlasting gospel. He took the paddle in his hand. Just then the doe turned her head, and looked at him with her great, appealing eyes.

"I can't do it! my soul, I can't do it!" and he dropped the paddle. "Oh, let her go!"

"Let H. go!" was the only response of the guide as he slung the deer round, whipped out his hunting-knife and made a pass that severed her jugular.

And the gentleman ate that night of the venison.

The buck returned about the middle of the afternoon. The fawn was bleating piteously, hungry and lonesome. The buck was surprised. He looked about in the forest. He took a circuit, and came back. His doe was nowhere to be seen. He looked down at the fawn in a helpless sort of way. The fawn appealed for his supper. The buck had nothing whatever to give his child,—nothing but his sympathy. If he said anything, this is what he said: "I'm the head of this family; but, really, this is a novel case. I've nothing whatever for you. I don't know what to do. I've the feelings of a father; but you can't live on them. Let us travel."

The buck walked away; the little one toddled after him. They disappeared in the forest.

POINT OF BEACH.—New Year Day was so pleasant and warm, that a few of us thought that if Saturday was as pleasant we would make one more trip to the mill. Friday night found us cleaning guns and loading shells preparatory to an early start Saturday. Early Saturday morning the horses were hitched up and T., Joe Miller and the writer were aboard the surrey, bound for the mill. We were driving up Nostrand avenue (Brooklyn). Miller's dog, a superb pointer, tried to get into the surrey when it was in motion, only succeeding in getting his hind toe run over by the rear wheel. Duke, we thought, was not hurt much and so we wouldn't take him in the wagon. He, however, thought otherwise, and jumped on to a car that was going our way, stepped inside and seated himself on the cushion, looking out of the window toward us. When we reached the earstables he changed ears and got into the little one-horse concern that turns toward the park and showed such a desire to ride that Miller had to get out and bawl him out of the car. We carried him the rest of the way. My little cocker spaniel ran all the seven miles and seemed to enjoy it. When we reached the mill we got the little 14 by 4 skiff and dropped down the creek for the end of Barren Island, called Point of Beach. Some time since one of your correspondents wrote quite a long article about the bad smells of this place. Now I have been down at all times of the year and never experienced such ill effects as he mentions; and at the same time I have shot lots of bay birds, and in the fall a good many black sea-ducks and English spce. Arrived at the beach, we walk up near the water, around the island nearly, Miller getting a couple of butterball ducks. We saw no snipe of any kind, though the season had been so very mild. There were quantities of gulls, crows and heldivers, and some old sportsmen whom we met said that some geese and brant had been shot near the beach. Right across from Point of Beach is the tail end of Rockaway Point. This is a splendid place in August, September and October for bay birds and ducks and a good many are shot. After dinner F. saw some ducks out in the channel and offered to row any one who would go out and shoot them. Of course Miller went and he got four out of this flock, all butter balls. They were very fat and had quantities of feathers. Toward sundown it began to grow chilly and we sorrowfully packed up our duds and started with slow oars home.—COCKER.

THE HOUNDERS' CONFESSION.—The deer hounder rings the changes on the destructiveness of jacking, except when he forgets himself and inadvertently shows what he really thinks. Thus the editor of the Boonville *Herald*, who is a rabid advocate of the hound and club, commenting on Mr. White's bill to allow jacking in August, and hounding not until after Aug. 15, "gives himself away" by saying: "This bill is not what is wanted by the true sportsmen. It does not allow the use of dogs in August, at which time the greater number of tourists are in the woods, and in order to get a deer they will have to float night after night for it or go without. The deer of the woods are for the sportsmen who go to the forests for rest and recreation, and dogs should be allowed to run as much in August as September." "Float night after night for it." That is to say, jacking is harder work and a less certain method than hounding. Is that not a fair inference from the words?

SAGADAHOC ASSOCIATION.—Bath, Me.—This association elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Dr. Charles A. Packard, Bath; Vice-Presidents, A. Q. Goud, Topsham, James H. Millay, Bowdoinham. Executive Committee, S. W. Carr, Bowdoinham; A. Q. Goud, Topsham; G. H. Nichols, A. Hatch, Bath; A. S. Alexander, Richmond. Secretary and Treasurer, Geo. E. Newman, Bath. A committee of three were appointed to consider the best method of prosecuting violators of the game laws, and an offer of a reward of \$10 was voted for proof sufficient to convict any person of such offense. This association is now in a flourishing condition, and much good has been done here during the few years of its existence. Sewall's Pond, in Arrowsic, Campbell's Pond, West Bath, and Nequasset Pond, in Woolwich, have been stocked with black bass to a limited extent, and the latter being thought particularly well suited for the purpose, it is proposed to deposit there early the coming season one hundred of these superior food fishes. The gentlemen composing this club have shown much public spirit in their experiment with the Messina quail, and in stocking the waters in the vicinity with trout and black bass, paying all the expenses connected therewith freely out of their own pockets. The good results of this organization are seen also in a better state of public sentiment in regard to the game of our forests, and the song and insectivorous birds of our fields and gardens, and it is seriously hoped that the time is not far distant when these laws will be respected by all, and when it shall be considered not only inhuman but the height of meanness to take the life of our beautiful song birds for mere sport, or kill our partridges and other game birds out of season.

MICHIGAN NOTES.—If the deer in northern Michigan don't become extinct in a very few years, it will be something wonderful to relate. During the year 1885, 1,130 carcasses were shipped from Alpena alone.—William McKeeson and Lewis Ingersoll were hunting deer (out of season) in Pioneer township, Missaukee county, near Lake City, when Ingersoll shot and killed McKeeson, mistaking him for a deer.—H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., who owns Mai-on Island in Saginaw Bay, intends to have Congress pass a bill, if possible, giving him the marshy portion between the island and the main shore, on the ground that it is part of the island and a recent accretion. While this property would seem to be of no great importance to any one, even to Mr. Warner, it is in reality a valuable territory. It comprises the Wild Fowl Bay hunting ground, and therefore is valuable to the sportsmen of this section of Michigan. At the last Congress a similar bill was offered, and by the strenuous opposition of the Lansing Gun Club, was defeated. It now behooves sportsmen to use their utmost exertions to oppose the bill if they desire to hold possession of the property. If it passes into the hands of Mr. Warner he can arbitrarily prevent any one from shooting on this ground, thus reserving it for his own use. As Wild Fowl is the principle ducking ground on Saginaw Bay, the sportsmen who annually visit it will readily understand the importance of bringing their influence to bear in opposition to the Warner bill.

GAME BILLS INTRODUCED AT ALBANY are as follows: (1) Mr. Huntington's, to protect deer, European hares, gray partridges and English pheasants on Long Island for five years. (2) Mr. Parker's, to prohibit jacking deer. (3) Mr. Barnes's, to make open season for deer Aug. 1 to Nov. 15; allows hunting Aug. 15 to Nov. 1; forbids jacking at any time; limits transportation of venison to two carcasses accompanied by owner, and legalizes shooting dogs when in violation of the law. (4) Mr. Pierce's, repealing the deer hunting law. (5) Mr. Wemple's, permitting deer hunting in Fulton and Hamilton counties during September and October. (6) Mr. White's, permitting floating from Aug. 15 to Oct. 15; hunting from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15; sale of venison Aug. 15 to Nov. 15. (7) Mr. Peart's, to forbid woodcock shooting between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1.

FOXES ARE UNUSUALLY NUMEROUS in the neighborhood of Morrisson, Sullivan county, N. Y.—or at least they are bolder than ever in depredations on the poultry. The local hunters and trappers have had great sport hunting foxes, and there is scarcely a barn in the region that has not at least one fox pelt nailed to its door. The extraordinary number of foxes in the county and their unusually bold manner of operating can be explained in no other way than by the theory that the wild animals and birds on which they depend for food—rabbits, partridges and other small game—are for some reason not to be found in their usual haunts, thus forcing the fox to resort to heroic tactics to obtain necessary provender.

FORT BOWIE, ARIZONA, Jan. 21.—Quail are very plentiful, so are cotton tail and jack rabbits. Deer are getting scarcer every year, although I have killed two in the mountains just back of the ranch within the past three weeks, going out and getting back the same day. There are plenty of antelope in the valleys. Now and then a bear is killed in the mountains. Blacktail deer are scarcer than the whitetail; occasionally a small band comes in here in the winter time. In some localities within a few miles of here good deer hunting can be had. There are some turkeys on the summits of the mountains. Antelope hunting is the most exciting sport I know of.—J. C. H.

HIGHLAND PARK, Ill.—What little cover we have left is pretty well beaten over by hunters who come up from Chicago and elsewhere. When I first came up here to live, in 1889, there was fair shooting just on the outskirts of the village; but the growing timber has been cut down, hard winters have killed the quail, and too much shooting has done the rest.—HARRY HUNTER.

TEXAS—El Paso, Jan. 23.—I admire your position toward non-hounding deer laws, the rigid enforcement of game protective laws, etc. There is no protective law in El Paso county, and the evil is being felt already. Our Legislature does not meet until next January, so there is no relief until then, when our gun club hope to bring this county in.—R.

MAINE MOOSE—Two of the Kineo guides at Moosehead Lake recently shot a pair of moose within three miles of the lake. Leaving the carcasses in the woods and returning the following day to bring the meat home, they encountered on the way and shot another of the monarchs of the forest. All were of very large size.

A CURRITUCK DUCKING SCORE.—Following are the scores of four days' shooting at Currituck:

Jan.	O.B.	R.H.	Wid.	C.D.	Geese	Mis.
11—Two guns, Little Sheep Isl. (1h.)	4	3	8	1	2	
12—Two guns, Sheep Island	4	6	1	8	1	2
12—Two guns, Narrow's Isl. (2hrs)	3	5				
13—Two guns, Sheep Island	92	8	9	30	2	4
13—One gun, Devil's Elbow	27	10	1	10		
13—Two guns, N.E. p't Home Marsh (24 day)	7	5		1		3
13—Two guns, Grandy Island, opposite club house	17	44		15		
14—Two guns, Sheep Island	47	9	8	4	2	
14—Two guns, N.E. p't Home Marsh	5	33		2		13
14—Two guns, Devil's Elbow	10	28	4	5	2	
14—Two guns, Grandy Island, opp. club house	9	33		8	1	
Total	267	176	39	81	9	22
Total for days: 11th, 18; 12th, 70; 13th, 275; 14th, 218.	Grand total, 581.					

LYMAN'S PATENT IVORY BEAD FRONT SIGHT.—This sight gives the sportsman a clear white bead, which can be seen distinctly against any object, in the woods or in bright sunlight. The contrasting black neck of the sight makes the bead all the more prominent. The construction is strong and the sight durable. It has been tested and is highly endorsed by the best known rifle shots. Mr. Otto Walkers, of Kent, Ohio, well known as a splendid wing shot, who uses the Lyman rear sight for all his shooting, says of this front sight: "I am of the opinion that this front sight is about as perfect as it is possible to make it. I do not claim to be much of a stationary shot, but at 50 to 100 yds., with this front sight and your rear sight, I can bunch the bullets in a way that would surprise some of our older and more experienced rifle shots. In my wing shooting it shows up so plain and distinct, that it is quite an easy matter for me to hit glass balls thrown up at from 25 to 50 yds., which is, as you know, a much more difficult feat than at 15 ft., which is the distance some of our champion wing shots shoot."—Adv.

WATERPROOF CARTRIDGES.—Windsor, Conn., Jan. 23.—U. S. Cartidge Co., Lowell, Mass.—Gentlemen—Thinking it might be of much interest to you, we take pleasure in informing you of the success which your first quality waterproof shells have achieved. During the past two weeks the U. S. Government have been testing in every manner possible, one of our shotguns, which has resulted in the gun accomplishing all it was asked to do, with no failure in anything. During the test your shells, among others, were used, and the Board of Officers, who had charge of the trial, soaked in water for forty-eight hours some of your first quality waterproof shells (paper) and at the expiration of that time, these shells were put into the magazine of our gun and were manipulated through the gun and fired without a catch or failure.—Truly yours, SPENCER ARMS CO.—Adv.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FLY-FISHING FOR SUCKERS.

A PARTY of us were in camp on our favorite ground at M. Pond, in the latter part of August, 1885, for a week's fly fishing for trout. The fish had been rising quite freely night and morning for the first three days, and I had taken from twenty to thirty in perhaps three hours' fishing each day. But now, for some reason known only to themselves, they had stopped rising, and after a morning's fishing with only two trout to show for it, we began to talk of trying another pond.

During an excursion to this region in 1883, in passing along the shores of a pond about one and a half miles to the eastward, I had seen fish rising; in fact, the pond seemed fairly alive with them, and they appeared to be of large size. I had fished it several times with indifferent success, but as it was quite a distance from where I was camping I had never cast a fly on its waters after sunset. So now we concluded to try it under different conditions, for I was certain that it contained an abundance of trout. Taking supplies for two meals, our rods and landing net, we started at about 4 o'clock for the pond. Following an old tote road, partly overgrown with bushes, in about an hour we came to Long Pond. This contains twenty-five or thirty acres, is oval in shape and twelve or fifteen feet deep, and is situated on a divide between two mountains, being fed entirely by springs.

It was a clear day, and the surface of the pond, unbroken by a ripple, mirrored the mountains, with all their rugged outlines, on either side. A pair of hawks wheeling in circles overhead, a pileated woodpecker calling to its mate on the opposite mountain side, and once in a while a flycatcher, leaving its perch on some limb overhanging the water, would scoop up a fly from the surface before it had time to dry its wings and fly away, were all the signs of life to be seen. An old raft was anchored at the shore near by, but from its appearance little fishing had been done here this season.

"If trout were very plenty here," said Jim, "I should not suppose the flycatchers would be allowed to have all the fun."

"Wait till sunset and perhaps there will be a change in the programme," said I. "But meanwhile I will try what virtue there is in an anglerworm." So putting together our rods we pushed the raft out a few rods from shore and began still-fishing with worms. Once in a while a fly would come to the surface of the water, cast its skin like a mosquito, and float on the surface until its wings were dry enough to use, when it would rise in the air only to be gobbled up by the nearest flycatcher, as though it had been hatched for his especial eating.

Do all fishermen know that the flies that trout like the best come from the water like mosquitoes? In the best natural trout ponds you will find their cast-off coats floating in great numbers, and in some of the larger varieties of flies nearly an inch and a half in length. I was watching a fly fluttering along the surface of the water trying to rise into the air before its wings were fairly dry, when it was suddenly taken by a trout that I judged would weigh at least a pound, and making a splash that fairly made us jump, and might have been heard twenty rods.

Carefully moving the raft within casting distance I cast the bait across the wake, and letting it sink below the surface it is quickly taken, and with a few minutes' play I have him in the net. "A pound and a half?" "No, pound and a quarter," said I.

Just then another rise at the opposite side of the pond, and as the sun sank behind the mountain tops, leaving the pond in the shade, it became fairly alive with fish, all apparently of large size. After catching two more with bait I take off the bait hook and put on a couple of flies, and making a short cast across a big swirl within fifteen feet of the raft, a big one took the tail fly nearly as soon as it touched the water. Turning him as he started, bringing the dropper perhaps three inches from the surface, it was taken by another fish; then the fun began. As I was using large flies I did not let the fish get very far away, but they made my rod

bend almost double when they would both start in the same direction.

"I've got a buster," shouted Jim, and looking up I saw his rod bent in a half circle and his eyes as large as saucers. He had evidently got a big one, but I could only give him a hasty glance, for I had all I could do to keep mine from going under the raft and getting tangled up. Bringing them sharply round I slipped the landing-net under the nearest one and brought him on the raft, when instead of having a trout as I expected I had a sucker. To say that I was dumfounded would not half express my feelings at that time. Jim did not notice what it was, so I quietly put it in the basket and proceeded to reel in the other one, of which I had caught a glimpse, and I saw that one was a trout and a large one, too. Meanwhile Jim had got his fish pretty well tired out, and calling for the net he took him in. "A sucker, as I am a sinner," said Jim. "If that's what you are catching, land this fish for me," said I, and bringing my fish around so that he could reach him, he took in a trout that would weigh a pound and a half at least. "That is what I am catching to-day," said I, and as he turned to unhook his sucker, the expression of disgust that came over his countenance was amusing to see. I laughed, but not a smile from him. "Are suckers in the habit of rising to a fly?" said Jim, as soon as he could make himself heard. "Not to mine," I replied. But now came an experience, that if it had not happened under my own observation, I am afraid I should have called a "fish story." For the next half hour suckers were continually rising for flies, and I judged I caught as many as fifteen and Jim nearly as many more, all taken with the flies on the surface of the water. They would rise as greedily as trout when they are on the feed, and the hook catching in their tough lips, we had to take each one in and unhook him with our hands.

The surface of the water was fairly alive with fish from one to three pounds weight, and I should think more than three-fourths of them were suckers. We could hear their lips come together, when they took in a fly, for quite a distance, and that was all the way we could tell a sucker from a trout, till he was in the net. The noise made by them in taking flies is something that was entirely new to me as was their taking our flies so freely. I have frequently seen them feeding in schools with their back fins out of water, when they would go down in an instant if a bait or fly was cast among them, but here they were, not at all shy, and frequently rising within a few feet of the raft. We caught only four more trout that evening but they were large ones.

We camped that night by the side of a fine spring of water, and tried them again in the morning and caught four more trout, but not a sucker put in an appearance. They had evidently gotten their fill the night before. After the sun came up they stopped rising, and the surface of the pond was as quiet and untroubled by a fin as when we first saw it on the day before. Going ashore we ate our breakfast and went back to our old camp with a basket of trout of which any one might well be proud. Any one passing our camp that evening might have supposed a big jollification was going on, from the shouts of laughter that frequently issued therefrom as I thought of the look of intense surprise and disgust that came over Jim's countenance as he landed his first sucker. When he reads this it will be the first time he knows that I caught the first one.

As we talk over that excursion we promise ourselves that when the next fishing season comes for us, and we feel the angling fever coming on, we will look for part of the anti-dote at Long Pond.

S. J. G.
LANCASTER, N. H.

THE STRIPED BASS LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 28 you advocate, under the caption "The Striped Bass Law," the revision and modification of the present law in regard to the close season on striped bass (Jan. 1 to May 19). It seems very strange to us that you (who, of course, know, that the close season now named in the law, barely covers the period during which the striped bass are running up the Hudson, spawning and returning to salt water) should seriously lend your influence in the direction of the extermination of our great game and food salt-water fish. Any of our old Hudson River anglers can remember when splendid takes of bass were made up the river, especially at and near Sing Sing. And every one knows that the fishing through the ice and netting in the early spring has about destroyed any hope of ever getting any more bass up the river, and made the fishing for them miserable in our bays. There is just a chance left for the preservation of striped bass, and that chance lies in the maintaining of the present law.

The fish mongers may say that the bass sold in our markets come mainly from the South. So the game butchers say the quail sold here come chiefly from the West. But this is no reason why—for the sake of their making a few dollars just now—our game fish and birds should be exterminated.

ABBET & IMBRIE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.

[The fact is that the season named does not cover the whole season of the striped bass in the Hudson, for small ones are found spawning occasionally until the middle of June. No one knows where the large bass spawn within the limits of the State of New York; if any one does know the locality then that person has kept the secret well, for our fish culturists and fish commissioners have sought this information in vain. On two or three occasions a small striped bass has been found with ripe eggs, in the month of June, or late in May, as high up as Catskill or Castleton, by the men employed in the shad hatching for the State, and a few eggs have been hatched. The large bass of thirty pounds and upward often go up the Hudson and winter under the ice in the vicinity of Tarrytown and here they are caught by nets set or hauled under the ice. They do not go far up the river and leave it early in spring. They are found in salt water about Montauk Point, the eastern end of Long Island, in April and May, full of eggs, but seldom with ripe ones. It may be fairly questioned whether they spawn here or not as a rule. The only spawning grounds of striped bass that have been found are in North Carolina. We have advocated the repeal of the bill because outside of the fish taken under the ice in the Hudson and an occasional one along the coast of Long and Staten Islands, there are no bass taken in the State, the most of them coming from the South, and it has not been shown that their capture in Southern waters has threatened the supply of this valuable food fish. It has seemed best to repeal the law before passing another one on the same subject, and if this were done in the present case we could then join Messrs. Abbet & Imbrie in advocating the passage of one which prohibits the netting of striped bass under the ice in the Hudson.]

COOKING A TROUT IN CAMP.

FOR the last half mile the trail led us through a piece of low, marshy ground rank with the luxuriant vegetation of July. The level ground was a relief to feet that had supported not only the bodies rightfully belonging to them, but packs of fifty pounds, more or less, and had climbed hills and stepped over fallen logs for nearly four miles. In this piece of "bottom" there was no sign of the presence of a lake, but the wooded hills on every side plainly said that if there was water in the neighborhood it must be near. The two guides were leading the column, each with the boat resting on the neck yoke on his shoulders, while the Colonel and the Doctor, each with a pack of provisions, Jack, the Colonel's son of sixteen, with camp kettles and axe, and I, with the tent, brought up the rear. Tired and hungry, no one beside the Doctor noticed the profusion of the curious flowers of the pitcher plant which thrust its single stalk crowned with a large purple blossom above the grass, while the modest pitchers were invisible. The Doctor gathered several of the flowers, no doubt with the evil intent of inflicting a botanical lecture upon us at the first opportunity, remarking at the time that we must be near the lake. He had scarcely spoken when Lake Merganser opened into view as we passed a clump of bushes. We left the marsh and turned up the lake a short distance to get on more solid ground, and beside a big rock the boats were launched and we rowed along the shore looking out for the little spring that came down the hill, in order to camp by it.

The sun was not over two hours high when we reached the camping place, and it was necessary to utilize every moment in order to prepare for night and get supper for five hungry men and a ravenous boy. Tired as we were the Doctor insisted on having fresh lake trout for supper, and getting out his tackle, stepped into a boat and soon had his heavily-leaded trolling spoon in the depths of the lake where the large lakers love to lie in the cooler waters. The guides went to cut and split some dry wood for the night, the Colonel gathered twigs and branches for a temporary fire, I had pitched the tent, and Jack was bringing balsam boughs which I carefully stripped of large stems and laid in lapping rows until a soft, springy bed, redolent of the most delightful odor that ever beguiled tired woodsman to slumber, was completed. The declining sun lit the treetops on the hills, and the clouds hung lazily over the water as if to see themselves in that mountain-framed mirror; or, possibly, they knew the lake was the result of their weeping, and now with cheerful faces they loved to hover over it. The Doctor, in his eagerness to get out his fishing tackle, had stepped upon and ruined his pitcher-plants, and we were thereby saved a lecture on the family *Sarracenia*, for which Jack audibly expressed the thanks which the rest of the party felt.

A noisy kingfisher flew up and wound up his reel on a limb, disappointed at the result of its last dive, and a shout from the Doctor proclaimed that he had a strike. After a long, quiet reeling-in, the fish made a fair struggle for freedom which bent the short, stout rod and caused the Doctor some anxiety lest the line should pass under the boat and get fouled or be sawed off. Nothing of the kind happened, and in a few minutes more a splendid five-pounder was laid before us. The kingfisher also saw it, and chirped his disapprobation of the invasion of his domain and the capture of a fish greater than he could master. "Now," said the Doctor, exultingly, "we'll have the fish for supper and save the ham and canned goods for some other time, perhaps when we can't do better." He looked around defiantly, as if challenging opposition, his face still suffused with a flush of victory, but finding none he subsided, and his smile lit up the cedars and the rocky shores of the island and was reflected by the white birch at the landing, and then audibly picked up in a weird manner by a solitary loon whose "ha-ha" as he dove startled the kingfisher into again winding up his reel as though he had struck a yearling trout. A few minutes later the Colonel and the Doctor sat on a log by the open front of the tent and argued how a trout should be cooked. "I tell you," said the Colonel "a trout to be cooked to perfection should never be dressed at all. Just roll it up in wet clay, about an inch thick all around, and lay it in a bed of hot ashes and cover it up with live coals, and let it bake. A trout the size of this one wants from a half to three quarters of an hour, and when the clay comes off the skin comes off with it and the inside arrangements are shrivelled up to nothing. The fish is cooked in its own juices, and is not dried up." And he smacked his lips at the thought. But I had some doubt about the Colonel's experience in this matter, and suspected that all he knew of it he had read somewhere among the camp stories of theoretical campers, for he was not as much of a woodsman as he flattered himself to be, and in this he bore a most striking likeness to most of us who do a little camping.

About cooking a trout, however, the Doctor had his own ideas, and while the Colonel was delivering his lecture on camp-cookery, had split the fish down the back. Then, laying his pipe on the log, looked up and said: "Colonel, this is my trout, and I am going to cook it in my way, and when you eat it you will say it is the best fish you ever put a tooth in. It will wrap round your heart like a yard of new flannel." He then ran a twig through the gills, put a splint across the halves to keep it spread open, laid a strip of bacon over the head, and set the twig in two crotches before the fire, so that the fish hung with the flesh side to the coals and the dripping bacon would keep it moist.

"Don't you salt it before it is cooked?" asked the Colonel. "No; it is best to salt it afterward." "I like to have salt cooked into a fish." "Yes," chimed in Jack, "both salt and pepper should be cooked into the fish and not sprinkled over, afterward. If you want to serve that trout to the Queen's taste just salt and pepper it while it is broiling."

"Well," replied the Doctor, "when you go out and catch a trout and bring it to the camp, you may cook it as you please, and if it is good I will say so, but I am the old trout cook myself, and you will all say so after you eat this one. I tell you the bacon salts it some and salt on a raw fish binds it from cooking through properly. Now among the old Romans—"

"Hang the old Romans," said Jack, "how do you know whether they ever slept out over night or not, and a man who never did knows nothing of camp-cookery. What did a Roman cook know of Lake Merganser and a trout cooked over birch twigs? Not more than a French chef."

They appealed to me, and I intimated that if there was plenty of it and it was ready that moment I could eat it with salt, ashes, or sand, either on the outside or on the back-bone. I spread a blanket on the boughs and stretched full length on it. The sun was nearly down, and a wood-thrush poured forth its short, sweet notes in the thicket, the crickets

chirped below the bed of balsams, and the bacon sizzled. The Doctor and Jack went for some light-wood to make a cheerful fire, and the Colonel fussed around muttering something about salt, and then went to the spring for water. Jack came in, threw down his wood, and asked if there was any pepper in camp. I told him there was, and he went hunting for it. Presently the other two came in, and after a glance at the fish the Doctor pronounced it done, took it from the fire; opened the salt-box and sprinkled the fish lightly, saying: "You'll say that this beats the world."

"What have you been doing with the salt-box?" asked the Colonel.

"Salting the fish, to be sure," was the reply. "I salted it while you went for wood," said the Colonel, "and put on plenty, too."

"So did I," said Jack; "I salted it and peppered it well. Guess we've got it salt enough."

"Well," sighed the Doctor, "you've got it to eat, or no supper. There is one good thing—the spring is handy; but the next time I cook a trout I want you to let it alone." An early-rising owl asked "Who, who?" and the Doctor looked up but answered not. The last rays of the fast-declining sun illumined the clouds until their tints rivalled the Doctor's face. His good-nature got the better of his disappointment, and he said: "Maybe it won't be so bad, after all."

We sat around the fire with huge chips in hand for plates and anxiously watched, as only hungry campers could, the slow process of dividing the fish. I tasted, and rested. The Colonel tasted, and looked at me. We in turn looked at Jack, who had a large piece on his fork which his open mouth would soon engulf. He bit it, jumped, and ran to the spring.

By this time the Doctor was ready to sample his. One taste, and he knocked the bread into the fire as he rose, saying: "I expected any quantity of salt, but—" Here a coughing-fit seized him and he stopped.

"Jack," called the Colonel, "what did you put on his fish?"

"Nothing but salt and pepper," answered he. "Where did you get the pepper?"

"Out of the brown paper by your tackle-box."

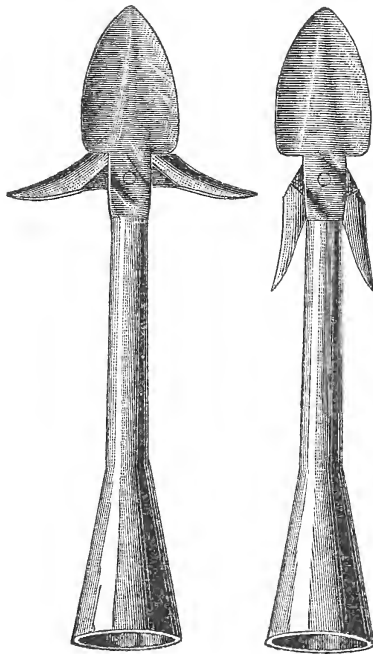
"Good grief! The Scotch snuff I brought up to give Uncle Ben to kill fleas on his dog!"

The pink rays of the dying sun set the kingfisher out in bold relief as he chattered furiously, and a loon on the opposite shore laughed a scornful, jeering laugh. An audible silence hung like a pall over the camp for half a minute. "If there was a gun in camp I'd kill that loon in the morning," remarked the Doctor, and each sat awhile wrapt in thought, contemplating the beauties of nature.

FRED MATHER.

HARPOON FOR BIG FISH.

THE diagrams shown below are drawn from a pattern from which a number of steel heads have been manufactured for use in Florida. This harpoon with movable ears was invented, we believe, by a Massachusetts gentleman, Mr. W. R. Tompkins, who spends a considerable part of each winter in Southern waters. His account of the capture of a devil fish with one of these weapons appeared a short time ago in *FOREST AND STREAM*. With the same weapon he has taken numbers of tarpon, as well as some very large sharks.



The harpoon head requires little explanation, for the drawing tells the whole story. Into the socket the staff fits, but it is not attached to it. The line is looped about the slender part of the shaft of the head and the swell of the socket keeps it from slipping off. The ears are, as can be seen, movable. When the harpoon is thrown they lie close to the shaft. After it has entered the fish, and as the pull comes on it, the ears are thrown out and it is impossible for the head to draw out. The cutting edge is very keen and should be kept so, and the weapon kept free from rust. One of those shown us by Mr. Tompkins was nickel-plated.

OFF FOR FLORIDA.—On Saturday last a very jolly fishing party from Syracuse, N. Y., left by steamer Saratoga for Havana and from there to Key West and Florida. They are all sportsmen and trout fishers who find that the Adirondack winter is too long and does not promise them any sport before the middle of May. The party consisted of the Hon. James Geddes, R. W. Jones, Dr. O. C. Potter, F. B. Klock, Burnet Forbes, Jacob Krouss, John Moore and John Blanchard. We personally know most of them and truly believe that no jollier party of anglers ever cut bait. They are mostly fly-fishers, and will try their lures on the salt water inhabitants before they tempt the alligator with a brown hackle. We hope to hear from them.

TO CARRY A LANDING NET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having lost two or three nets when wading, the necessity of a fastening which is secure and at the same time from which the net may be easily disengaged, resulted in the method described as follows:

To the pin of a large "shield pin," such as is used for horse blankets, solder a pin of about half the length of, and bent so that it will be about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from and parallel with, the first. Put this near the collar in the back of any coat worn when fishing, and it will stand out from it, being so held by the second pin.

To the handle of the net fasten, either by screws, rivets or lashing with fine fishing line, a strip of German silver or spring brass $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide and of a suitable thickness, allowing about $\frac{1}{4}$ inches to project beyond the end of the net handle; bend this piece of metal into a hook, beginning about $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch from the end of the handle; bend it over on the side of the handle opposite from that where it is fastened. Take hold of the net anywhere and its hook may be caught on the loop made by the pin in the back of the coat. By hooking it with an upward motion and by then giving the net a toss back it will there remain until it be lifted up and unhooked by pushing it down. This may appear a very complicated operation at first, but if once tried it will prove the contrary, and there will be no nets lost in the future. Another advantage of the arrangement is that by the hook the net may be hung on the reel strap, in the opening of a pocket, or a buttonhole of the coat, without being obliged to hold the net in any particular place to so fasten it, which is sometimes quite a convenience when unhooking a fish, after which it may be hung again on its loop behind. C. G. LEVISON.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 1.

[The model of this has been left at our office by Mr. Levison, where it can be seen for the next month.]

A CURIOUS SALMON CAPTURE.—Albany, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last summer, while on a trip on the Upsalquitch River, which is a branch of the Restigouche, I had with me only a trout rod and some trout flies, and becoming very tired of salt pork and beans, I determined to try for one of the many salmon which sported themselves every evening in the large pool (Fork's Pool) in front of my camp, even at the risk of my last tip. I entered the canoe at just about sundown, and paddled to a place where the water was rough, and cast my fly just over the spot where I had seen about an eight-pound salmon rise. The very minute the fly touched the water the salmon rose and took it, and such jumps as he made could only be equaled by a circus acrobat, but when he got through jumping I commenced to reel in, and the fish came in just like a log of wood, which is not the way that salmon usually come. When I had him in close to land, I saw that he was coming in tail foremost and acted as if he were almost dead. I then laid the rod down on the shore and took the line in my fingers and pulled it in very slowly. Now, as I had no gaff, I was in a rather bad position, and I determined to try and catch him by the tail and yank him on shore. I tried this once, and just as I got my fingers on his tail he gave a sloop with it and covered me with water, and ran out about ten feet and then stopped. I repeated this operation four times, and with the same result each time, till at last the fish "belled up," and then I knew he was mine; so the next time I took the line in my teeth, my right hand took him by the tail, and with my left on his side I succeeded in scooping him ashore, where I immediately jumped on him with both knees, and killed him with a stone. As soon as he was entirely dead I got off and examined him, and found that in his first jumps he had tied two half hitches around and made one around the small part of the tail, and the reason he gave in so quick was that his gills and mouth were completely tied up by the leader. To conclude, I got drenched, but we had fresh salmon that night for supper. This may seem rather crooked to those who have caught salmon, but there is a man named Jim Harris, who lives a mile from the junction of the Restigouche and Upsalquitch rivers, who will prove it.—PETE.

TIP-UP FOR PICKEREL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue "Lumber Jim" tells of using the jumping jacks of the toy shops to signal when a fish takes hold while fishing through the ice. All the toys of this kind that I have seen appear too frail for this use, and a fish of three pounds would, in my opinion, smash one every time. No doubt these "jacks" could be made strong enough for this purpose if one made them himself, but it would be something of a task to make a lot of them, for one man often cuts as many as fifty holes, if the ice is not too thick, and puts a line in each hole. Years ago I did some of this kind of fishing, and then thought it sport, and this is the way we boys used to improvise "tip ups." We laid a round stick across the hole, flat on the ice, and then cut a stick with a crotch in it, one limb of the crotch about six or eight inches long and the other a foot in length. To this longer one the line was attached and the crotch was put over the round stick, the long butt laying out on the ice with a dark rag tied to it. When a pickerel took hold the flag went up, the crotched twig standing upright. Several kinds of tip-ups may now be bought in the tackle stores, more or less ingenious and effective. I should like to see "Lumber Jim's" face when a big fish smashed his toy jumping-jack, and hear him whisper softly to the west wind his blessings on the man who put a frail tow-string inside it, or hung the legs on a frail sliver of pine.—POKE-O-MOONSHINE. [We have several communications on this subject which are unavoidably crowded out this week.]

MENHADEN FISHERIES BILL.—Washington, Jan. 25.—The Senate Committee on Fisheries this morning agreed to report favorably Senator Sewell's bill for the protection of fisheries on the Atlantic coast. The bill in its present form prohibits fishing for menhaden and other oil and fertilizer and producing fish within three miles of the coast, under penalty of forfeiture of the fishing outfits. It does not apply to the use of nets having meshes of nine inches or more.

STRIPED BASS.—A large striped bass (*Morone lineatus*) was caught off Fire Island last Monday. It weighed fifty-five pounds and was displayed at Mr. Blackford's in Fulton Market. This is the largest fish of this kind we have knowledge of this season.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—With two friends I went to Kingston one day last October and found perch, pickerel, bass and trout fishing there. We stopped at the Knowles House.—BASIL.

DESTRUCTION OF FISH IN LAKE ERIE.—Erie, Pa., Jan. 26. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fishermen here ran their steam fishing tugs up to Dec. 20, with large catches. The bay is frozen to a depth of about ten inches, and fishing through the ice for perch is in order, and good catches of large fish are made daily. The State hatching house is finished here and I believe is in operation; what for I cannot tell, surely not to stock these waters. All laws as far as the lake is concerned were repealed last summer and pound-nets are all along the shore wherever a stake can be driven, scooping in any and everything. Men who have boats to hire catch bait with seines from forty to one hundred feet in length and scoop up all the young whitefish fry; fyke nets have captured or frightened nearly all the bass from these waters. Instead of taking sixteen or twenty black bass on an afternoon's fishing, as my fishing chum and I used to, we tried eight or nine afternoons during the past season and only got one between us, and that not over three pounds. It is a shame that a few hogs, for the sake of dollars, should ruin the sport of thousands. We cannot even buy them at a reasonable price, for they freeze and ship them, or hold for higher prices. The amount of fish taken at this port the past season was immense, each boat bringing in from one to three tons daily. The men who own the boats will not give correct figures and the truth will not be known; but from ten to thirteen steamers and about thirty sailing craft are employed every season with constantly diminishing size of mesh in their nets are telling the tale. It is only a matter of time, short time too, when hawks and eagles will have to emigrate or starve.—HEADLIGHT.

WILLIMANTIC, Conn., Jan. 28.—P. W. Turner, of Turnerville, owns the lands surrounding North Pond, and has always claimed that he had a right to do as he liked with the pond, under a law which makes private any pond that is surrounded by land that is owned by one person. But in 1875 the people of Hebron had a law passed exempting Mr. Turner's pond from this private pond statute and placing it under State control. Mr. Turner has long wanted to test the constitutionality of the law, and a few days ago invited Frank Fowler, Will Alpaugh, Edgar Burnham, John Lincoln and Henry Edgerton, of Willimantic, to visit him and fish. They caught a fine string of pickerel, perch and trout and felt under great obligations to Mr. Turner for the day's sport. While they were enjoying it many people from Hebron watched them. The five young men were exhibiting their catch in Willimantic yesterday when Sheriff Filmore, of Hebron, arrived with warrants for their arrest for violating the fish laws, North Pond being forbidden ground from Nov. 15 to April 15. The Sheriff awaited the prisoners at the depot, but they thought it was a joke and did not appear. He then went to their places of business, took them in custody, procured a wagon and the party drove in a drizzling rain twelve miles to Hebron. Lincoln and Burnham were fined \$2 and costs and the others were discharged because the Hebron people had not seen them make any catches.

BASS FLIES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been studying up the question of bass flies this winter and devising new forms. I send you specimens. I want to go for the big ones. You know that most of the black bass taken with the fly are what are called "shore bass," i. e., those which run from a pound to a pound and a half, with an occasional larger one. My idea is this: Take flies like the sample inclosed, any color you like, place lead enough on the line to keep them well under water, let out twenty or more feet of line and troll for the bass instead of casting for them. There will be just as much sport if you use the same rod and tackle that you would in casting the fly. I was out fishing one day last season and let the fly sink in about eight to ten feet of water on the end of a reef and then put out a live bait on another rod. The first thing I knew a three and a half pound bass had taken the fly that was hanging still in the water and near the bottom. I then made up my mind that the way to use the fly for bass was to let it go way down below the surface. I did not have time to test my theory that season, but will do it next year, and now write it out in order to let others try it. If they have any success with this method I will be pleased to hear from them.—N. W. A. [The flies were brown and ginger hackles tied on a No. 4 Sproat hook with a short hook at its back placed half way up the shank.]

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE ADIRONDACK HATCHERY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sheet of water in the Adirondacks on which is located the new State fish hatchery, heretofore known as Little Clear Pond, has been rechristened by the Fish Commission and will henceforth be called Lake Brandon. It is a beautiful body of water, covering some 250 acres, and its elevation to the dignity of a lake is but justice. The lake is named Brandon after the township in which it is located. State Fish Commissioner Sherman says that 80,000 infant salmon trout, all in good condition, have been taken from the hatchery and placed in the lake. Many of the small fish at the hatchery were killed at the time of the recent break in the dam; some by the stoppage of the flow of water for 24 hours and others by the sand which afterward washed in. A number of landlocked salmon from Cold Spring Harbor will be deposited in Lake Brandon this spring. The work of repairing the break in the dam will be commenced as soon as the weather will permit. It has been suggested that it would be wise to locate the dam 200 feet further up stream, as it could then be made two feet lower, thus lessening the danger of another washout. It is proposed during the coming summer to construct twelve stock ponds near the hatchery. The men employed at the hatchery are now engaged in getting out the timbers to be used in building these ponds, and work on them will begin as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

The law-abiding citizens of Franklin county realizing the benefits they are likely to receive from the new hatchery, and deploring the losses it has sustained through the maliciousness of certain poachers, have taken up the cudgel in its behalf. Over 100 of the most prominent residents of Saranac and Bloomingdale villages have signed a paper pledging themselves to do all in their power to prevent future depredations and outrages by the poachers, to use every effort to bring offenders to justice, and encourage in every way the work of the hatchery.

The hotels in the Saranac region, like all others in the Adirondacks, are dependent on sportsmen for the greater part of their patronage, and there are several quite large houses there. The receipts at Paul Smith's amount to \$75,000 annually, and at the Prospect house to \$50,000. The Lower

Lake House has two hundred guests the year round, and the hotels at Chateaugay Lake also do a heavy business. In years gone by the game laws have not been well observed in that part of the wilderness, but last season a marked change for the better was noticed. The hotel proprietors are beginning to realize that the chief attraction for sportsmen is the fish and game to be found in that region, and unless proper protective measures are taken there will ere long be little inducement for the tourist to patronize them. Other business men are awakening to the fact that it is time to make a move for game preservation, and School Commissioner Wardner, of Rainbow Lake, a man who is well-known and popular in Franklin county, is taking the preliminary steps for the organization of a fish and game protective association. He is meeting with encouragement everywhere, and the indications are that a strong society will be formed within a few weeks.

UTICA, N. Y., Jan. 27.

FISHCULTURE AND THE FISHERIES.—A large octavo of 680 pages with the modest title of "Handbuch der Fischzucht und Fischerei" has been issued from the press of Paul Parey, Berlin. For those who read German, it is a most valuable work. Ichthyology, embryology and anatomy of fishes are well described by Dr. B. Benecke in 200 pages; fishculture in its various branches, apparatus, enemies of fish, and protection, is ably treated by the celebrated fishcultivist, Herr M. von dem Borne. The sea fisheries, boats, implements, etc., are described by Herr G. Dallmer. The work is profusely illustrated with well drawn figures in all the departments, and is a highly creditable volume. The illustrations alone are instructive.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 22.—Eight annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 8, 9 and 10.—Fourth annual exhibition of the New York Fanciers' Club at Madison Square Garden, New York. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 62 Cortlandt street.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

March 23, 24 and 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club, Newark, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

March 30 to April 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club, S. K. Hemingway, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, Edward A. Moseley, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

April 13, 14, 15 and 16.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club, A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Tenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent, P. O. Box 1812, New York.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3185.

NOTES FROM ENGLAND.

I PROMISED in my last to say something about special clubs; that is, clubs each of them devoted to the interests of one particular breed. This country swarms with them. The two oldest are the Bulldog and the Dandie Dinmont Terrier clubs, and of the latter I do not know whether there are now two or three in existence. The Fox-Terrier Club and the St. Bernard Club are much the strongest, and there are probably twenty distinct fox-terrier clubs, independent of each other and of the original club, but accepting the same standard for the dog and conducted much on the same lines.

The Collie Club has drawn up the most extraordinary description of that dog that was ever published, and it yields conclusive proof that it was the work of amateurs, who know nothing practically of the sheep dog and his work.

The Mastiff Club is largely worked by men of no knowledge of the breed except what they catch up in the reverberations of dog-show chatter. Of course the club is not entirely composed of such; there is enough of the salt of intelligence to keep it from rotting, but it has exhibited putrefaction disagreeable to honest nostrils ere now, and it sadly wants vitalizing.

The Great Dane Club came with a boom, the new name took, and despised German boarhounds are worshipped under the new title, to which, however, their claim cannot be proved. But it is not a bad thing for those in the swim when quotations rise from £10 to £100.

Of other terriers than those mentioned, the Bedlington, the Airedale, the black and tan, the Irish, has each a club to look after its interests, and if the so-called Welsh terrier has not an infant club to take care of it, then after all the Welsh gutters in its praise and English protests that the dog is not Welsh, it has been "wrecked in Babycombe Bay," while, so far, at least, its congeners "ride safe at Port Natal." I cannot say they ever venture to leave their anchorage or do much actual work. Most of our clubs are more like boys' "playing at ships" on a pond for their own amusement than undertaking anything useful. The two other foreign breeds, each having a club, are the dachshund and the French basset hound, the latter of which is limited, as these quaint-looking cripples do not take with English sportsmen, who seem to have lost their old love for slow, musical hounds, preferring the dash and endurance of our modern foxhound, who with increased speed has lost much in tongue but nothing in nose. We have also a Pug Club and a Toy Spaniel Club, principally under the guidance of ladies, assisted by, as I have heard them irreverently called, "old women of the other sex."

Lastly, we have the Irish Wolfhound Club, or what I call the Resurrectionists, the men who propose to "make from sand a solid rope, French bread of rubble." The Scotch deerhound and the German boarhound—or Great Dane, so-called—are being crossed to resuscitate the Irish wolfhound. I at one time inclined to the belief that there was sufficient blood of the old Irish wolfhound left to reconstitute the race, but a closer investigation of the evidence I have had to make lately has rudely shaken, if it has not yet entirely destroyed, a faith I nursed not wisely but too well.

It would be impossible in the limits of a letter to do anything like justice to the value of special clubs, as judged by their results.

The very great increase in the numbers of the varieties of the dogs so cared for, and the decidedly higher quality of the animals exhibited, taken as a whole, is claimed as due to the influence of the clubs, by the partisans of these societies. No doubt there is much truth in this, as regards some breeds at all events, but other influences apart from, and even antagonistic to, such clubs have also been at work, and not without good effect. Then there are those who point out that in almost every breed there has been degeneration in practical

or working qualities due to clubs fostering unimportant fancy points and exalting them above essential qualities.

Another very grave charge brought against these clubs is that they, however honestly founded under the impulse of admiration for the breed and desire for its improvement, many of them degenerate into cliques and are worked for the benefit of the members and not to the advantage of the breed of dogs.

This last evil is effected by the influence of the prizes the clubs are enabled to offer to show committees, and these prizes are, in the large majority of cases, given with the understanding that the donors shall name or select the judges. As this almost invariably means the appointment of one of themselves, the unfairness to outsiders is evident, and this leads me to refer to the much lauded and greatly over-estimated special judge.

It is evident that these clubs have a strong interest in getting men holding the same views as the club supports to judge their dogs, and such men are certainly most likely to abound in their own circle than out of it. But they go too far, and especially through the *Stock-Keeper*, which aspires to be the mouthpiece of the special clubs, claim that only men who have confined themselves to one or two breeds are fit to judge these breeds. This is a monstrous claim, the absurdity of which defeats itself. In our gardens one sees numberless species and varieties of flowers, and some men are famed for their roses, for their chrysanthemums; but should we call them florists worthy of the name if they knew so little of other flowers as not to be able to separate the good, bad and indifferent? The man who has a good map of the carnivora in his mind will the more readily class the varieties of the domestic dog, and if he is a breeder of these animals and well-informed as to the uses, whether of sport or work, for which they are bred, he will the more readily distinguish between the relative fitness of the individuals forming each class. But the special judges of the day are for the most part not the best informed, or men of practical experience in the working of dogs, but those who by the accident of their wealth or from having been fortunate as exhibitors, and having learned their lesson in the narrow school of the clubs, are promoted through the influence of their fellow club men to the position. Here is a sample of how a specialist judge and public writer deals with fox-terriers; he says, "Seven or eight years ago such terms as 'terrier character,' 'expression' and 'liberty' were unknown." And I think when I have quoted this specialist's definitions of these terms, all true lovers of the terrier will agree with me that it is a pity we were not left in the darkness and ignorance of seven or eight years ago. Says this oracle: "When one looks into some of the faces of the fox-terriers on a show bench, they see the same look as they do in a collie, and the eyes, instead of looking keen and fiery, are mild and placid. The size of the eye has much to do with this; a large eye is as bad as a small one, the former being collie-like and the latter bull-terrier-like in expression. This is the definition of the term 'expression.' Well, there are definitions more difficult to understand than the most formidable propositions, and I take that to be one of them.

Our specialist judge then goes on to say: "But character it is almost impossible to define; a dog's stern has much to do with it, and one of the changes we hail with the utmost satisfaction is the perpendicular carriage of the stern, that is now acknowledged to be the correct thing." Could any one but a specialist judge write such balderdash? Our cows carry their tails perpendicularly, but it was left to the modern product of special clubs to discover the close analogy in the caudal appendages of the cow and the fox-terrier.

Now come we to the quality of "liberty," and your readers must be prepared for enlightenment, for our sage tells us it "is an easier thing to explain;" and this is how he does it: "Liberty in its true sense is only found in a few specimens. * * * Long-backed dogs have liberty of a sort, but the liberty that conduces to speed at the expense of stamina is wrong. * * * Liberty simply means an aptitude to gallop; but it must not be thought that this means that a dog must be long in the back and loins to possess it; far from it. * * * A narrow-chested and long-legged dog cannot possess liberty, from the very fact that his conformation makes it impossible for him to take a long, raking stride with his forelegs, simply because their fulcrum, the shoulder blades, are blocked and restricted in their action by the shape of the chest." But enough. I am of the benighted ignoramus of the dark ages of more than seven or eight years ago, before these terms were "known and understood," at least in a specialist judge's sense of them, obstinately hold that a greyhound can gallop and stay better than a bulldog, and that the former shows much greater liberty of action than the latter; and in the old benighted times the greyhound was the long-legged and narrow-chested dog, and the bulldog the comparatively short-legged and wide-chested one; but of course we must all bow to the modern specialist, whether he understands the terms he uses or not.

In my opinion the evil inherent in the specialist judge is the narrow views that a faucier of one variety insensibly cultivates, and that almost certainty of exaggerating some one or more points desirable enough where normally developed, and not at the expense of the general character. In mere fancy articles like toy terriers this is of less consequence than when applied to dogs for use; but even in toys it is dangerous, and among other evils leads to the development of those hideous skulls which Professor J. Woodroffe Hill properly ridicules as hydrocephalous.

There is also the danger that members of a special club elected to judge will be, almost unconsciously, perhaps, influenced by *esprit de corps*, and thus do injustice to those who are not of the privileged judge electors, which common fairness seems to indicate all exhibitors should have an equal voice in.

I told you last month how serious the hydrophobia scare is with us. We are muzzled up to the eyes—that is, our London dogs are—but had the muzzles been applied to some editors of the daily press and a multitude of foolish letter writers therein, the stamping out of rabies could have been carried out more effectually.

I thought we had succeeded in putting into type the most utter nonsense on this subject that sane men could compile, but a friend has sent me a big bundle of cuttings from the New York Herald, and after reading them I think our London press may throw up the sponge. How such a busy people as you appear to be can find time to read such trash is a marvel to me; but I suppose it is read. I looked in vain through the waste of words for a little of evidence that the Newark dog was rabid, but could find none. It is otherwise with us; we have no less than twenty-six deaths from hydrophobia following the bites of mad dogs in London alone recorded during 1885.

I was amused to read the account of the mad stone and the wonderful cures it has effected. I had the story many years ago from an English friend who lived in, I think, Indiana twenty-five years ago, and who thoroughly believed in its virtue, and yet I assure you he is in other respects sane, although that seems hard to believe. I have great hopes the scientists will come to our aid and that we will soon be able to inoculate dogs with as great certainty of preventing rabies as we now prevent smallpox, by vaccination.

In this country we are in the hands of a parcel of mawkish sentimentalists, who are able, through the folly of our legislators, to put a veto on the physical research which would help us.

These people are hard to reach and impossible to touch, for they are ignorant of their own ignorance, and certainly mistake emotional disturbance for intellectual conviction.

At the Dogs Home, London, there has within the last few months been about 10,000 dogs destroyed—all are destroyed after three days that are not claimed or suitable permanent

homes found for. In one district of London 500 summonses were issued against people for not having licenses for their dogs that had been "run in" by the police. Most of these people were, I am informed, of the well-to-do classes; people who apparently thought they were too respectable to be suspected and might therefore cheat the Revenue with impunity, and they certainly would but for the action of the police in seizing all dogs unmuzzled or unled since the hydrophobia scare set in.

Mr. Frank Adcock made an offer to show his bull bitch Acme against Mr. Pybus-Sellon's Queen Mab for £100. This has begotten a discussion not quite free from acerbity. It is not worth troubling you with details unless the match eventually comes off, of which there seems at present little probability, but there is a curious and instructive little episode dropped into the subject in the most natural manner, and an indiscreet editor in his zeal for special clubs and specialist judges, has cut the encysted tumor, and like that slice of St. Medard's knife in the Devil's fardel on the Red Sea shore, he has let out more than he will catch "one while." Mr. Pybus-Sellon is the honorary secretary of the Bulldog Club, and acted as judge of the bulldogs at the Crystal Palace show, July, 1885. In the open bitch class there were nine competitors, and Mr. Pybus-Sellon said of that class in a report he wrote for the *Kennel Gazette*—the organ of the Kennel Club—"This (the bitch) class was the best of any. I gave Acme first honors as she has wonderful ribs, short back, is well out at shoulders, eyes wide apart, and in ear, muzzle, layback, under jaw and tail excellent." Mr. Pybus-Sellon awarded in that class of nine three prizes, two very highly commended and two commended cards, and wrote of the class as I have quoted; but in December last he describes the class in which Mr. Percival placed the same bitch Acme as "a moderate one." This is certainly not ingenuous, and to make it worse the *Stock-keeper* founds an argument, or the semblance of one, upon it, to the effect that judges should not write reports over their own names, or give reasons for their decisions, because, like Mr. Pybus-Sellon, they may be afterward confronted with their opinions much to their confusion. Either Mr. Pybus-Sellon was right in lauding Acme so very highly when he judged her and wrong when he disparaged her, or vice versa, but as he has the right to choose which horn of the dilemma he will sit on, he has also had the opportunity of explaining the apparent inconsistency, but he has not done so, and I think must be held an incompetent judge until he does explain the contradiction in a satisfactory manner.

I have always thought that the reports of the judges over their own names was one of the best things the Kennel Club has yet done, and this bulldog incident confirms me in my previous opinion. Doggy things are dull as ditch water; we are all laying up force for the coming Crystal Palace show.

CORSINCON.

THE PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.

WE have received the premium list of the twelfth annual dog show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, to be held at Pittsburgh, Pa., March 16, 17, 18 and 19. Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky., and Mr. B. F. Wilson, of Pittsburgh, Pa., will judge English, Irish and black and tan setters; Major Taylor will judge pointers, fox-terriers, foxhounds, greyhounds, deerhounds, spaniels and beagles; Mr. James Mortimer, of Babylon, L. I., will judge all other classes. Following is the classification and premium list: Mastiffs, champion dogs, gold medal; bitches the same; open dogs, \$10, \$5 and medal, bitches the same; puppies, \$5 and medal. St. Bernards, champion, rough-coated dogs, gold medal, bitches the same; open dogs, \$10, \$5 and medal, bitches the same, smooth-coated the same, puppies \$10 and medal. Newfoundland dogs, \$10 and medal, bitches the same, puppies \$5. Greyhounds, champion, \$10; open dogs, \$10 and medal, bitches the same. Deerhounds, dogs or bitches, \$10 and medal. Pointers, champion dogs, large size, gold medal, bitches the same; open dogs, \$20, \$10 and medal, bitches the same; small size the same; puppies under 18 months, dogs, \$10 and medal, bitches the same. English setters the same. Black and tan setters the same. Irish setters the same. Irish water spaniels, \$10 and medal. Cocker spaniels, other than black, under 25lbs., \$15, \$10 and \$5, over 25lbs. the same; black over 25lbs., the same, under 25lbs. the same; puppies, under 18mos., \$5 and medal. Foxhounds, champion, gold medal; open, \$10 and \$5. Beagles, champion dogs, gold medal; bitches the same; open dogs, \$10, \$5 and medal; bitches the same; puppies, dogs \$5 and medal; bitches the same. Dachshunde, champion, gold medal; open dogs, \$10, bitches the same, puppies \$5 and medal. Fox-terriers, champion dogs, gold medal; bitches the same; open dogs, \$10, \$5 and medal, bitches the same; puppies, under 18mos., dogs, medal, bitches the same. Collies, champion dogs, gold medal, bitches the same; open dogs, \$10, \$5 and medal, bitches the same; puppies under 18mos., dogs, medal, bitches the same. Bulldogs, champion, gold medal; open, \$10, \$5 and medal. Bull-terriers, champion over 25lbs., gold medal; open, \$10, \$5 and medal, under 25lbs. the same; puppies under 18mos., medal. Rough-haired terriers, \$10 and medal. Black and tan terriers, dogs, the same, bitches the same. Dandie Dinmont terriers the same. Irish terriers the same. Skye terriers, champion, silver medal; open dogs, \$10, \$5 and medal, bitches the same. Pugs, champion dogs, gold medal, bitches the same; open dogs, \$10, \$5 and medal, bitches the same, puppies medal. Yorkshire terriers, blue and tan, over 5lbs., champion, gold medal; open, \$10, \$5 and medal, under 5lbs. the same. Toy terriers, \$10 and medal. King Charles spaniels, \$10 and medal. Blenheim spaniels the same. Italian greyhounds the same. Miscellaneous, \$15, \$10 and \$5. Entries close March 2. A large number of special prizes will also be given. Mr. C. H. Whitman, of Chicago, will superintend the show. The Secretary's address is Mr. C. B. Elben, Box 303, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE NEW HAVEN DOG SHOW.

FOLLOWING is the premium list of the third annual dog show of the New Haven Kennel Club, to be held at New Haven, Conn., March 30 and 31 and April 1 and 2: Mastiffs, champion dogs, \$10, bitches the same; open dogs, \$10 and \$5, bitches the same, puppies \$8 and \$4. St. Bernards, rough-coated, the same, smooth-coated the same. Newfoundlands \$10 and \$5. Greyhounds, champion, \$10; open, \$10 and \$5. Deerhounds the same. Pointers, champion dogs, \$10, bitches the same; open, large dogs, \$10 and \$5, bitches the same, small the same, puppies \$8 and \$4. English setters, champion dogs, \$10, bitches the same; open same as pointers. Black and tan setters the same. Irish setters the same. Irish water spaniels \$10 and \$5. Clumber spaniels, dogs the same, bitches the same. Field spaniels, champion, \$10; open, \$10 and \$5. Cocker spaniels, champion, any color, \$10; open dogs, liver or black, \$10 and \$5, bitches the same, any other color the same, puppies \$8 and \$4. Foxhounds \$10 and \$5. Beagles, champion, \$10; open dogs over 12in., \$10 and \$5, bitches the same, under 12in. the same, puppies \$8 and \$4. Dachshunde \$8 and \$4. Basset hounds \$10 and \$5. Fox-terriers, champion, dogs \$10, bitches the same; open dogs, \$10 and \$5, bitches the same, puppies \$8 and \$4. Collies, champion, dogs \$10, bitches the same, open dogs, \$10 and \$5, bitches the same, puppies \$8 and \$4. Bulldogs, champion, dogs \$10, bitches the same; open dogs, \$10 and \$5, bitches the same. Bull-terriers same as bulldogs. Black and tan terriers \$8 and \$4. Rough-haired terriers the same. Dandie Dinmont terriers the same. Irish terriers the same. Bedlington terriers the same. Skye terriers the same. Pugs, champion dogs \$10, bitches the same; open dogs, \$10 and \$5, bitches the same, puppies \$8 and \$4. Yorkshire terriers over 5lbs. \$8 and \$4, under 5lbs. the same. Toy terriers the same. King Charles spaniels the same. Blenheim

spaniels the same. Italian greyhounds the same. Mexican hairless the same. Poodles the same. Miscellaneous, over 25lbs \$10 and \$5, under 25lbs. the same. Kennel prizes will be offered for mastiffs, St. Bernards, greyhounds, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, spaniels, beagles, fox-terriers, collies and pugs.

The list of judges as published in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 21 is correct, except that pugs and Mexican hairless are added to the classes assigned to Mr. Mason. Mr. G. Edward Osborn is superintendent. The secretary's address is Mr. S. R. Hemingway, Box 1235, New Haven, Conn. Entries close March 13.

THAT IRISH SETTER SPECIAL.—Progress, N. C., Jan. 21, 1886.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In your issue of the 14th, under the head of "Irish Setter Special" over the signature of L. W. White, I find what he terms an answer to my question in yours of 7th inst., but what seems to me to be anything but an answer. It seems to me rather a queer combination to be called an answer to a few simple questions. If it is impartial on my part to ask him why the prize was not awarded as per agreement when the dogs started, and not changed as it surely was after one dog had won a heat, I must confess I fail to see it, as I claim I have the right to look after the interests of any dog I have in my charge when its owner is not present. It is true I have never been entrusted with a special, and cannot say that I wish to be, as I never saw anything made at it, but if I should be so very unfortunate as to have one put in my hands I should get it into the hands of the club that was to make the award as soon as possible, and then if they failed to give it to the dog it belonged to it would be their fault, not mine. I cannot see why Mr. White should make so much ado about my not contributing to an Irish special, as I never bred an Irish dog, and this is the first one I ever handled, as they had been called such hard names that I supposed it about impossible to break one on account of their wildness, but to the contrary this one has a little too much caution, which was all the fault any one could find with him in his heats, besides I did not know as it was expected of a common dog breaker, to give very liberally to specials of any kind. Now as to the prize, Mr. White told me there was nothing extra to compete for it and that it was for dogs in the open class only, and to be decided by the judges as to which red dog had done the best work. This I objected to, but he said it was the only way it could be done, so I had to abide by it, and started my dog under those conditions. Blarney was the first red dog run and won his heat. Elcho, Jr., and Rose of Killarney did not start until next day, and were both beaten. This gave me good grounds to believe that I had the special already won, according to the way Mr. White said it was to be decided, the Derby not to compete for it. But to my surprise that evening at the hotel I found Messrs. John and Luke White, Mr. Walker, owner of Glencaire, and Mr. Tallman, handler of Elcho, Jr., and Glencaire, and they had concluded to run the red dogs together for the special. I don't know whether Mr. White had asked advice on it then or not, but think he had not. I told them it was a little too thin, as I considered it Blarney's already, and should not run for what already belonged to him. This was where and when I refused to run separate heats, but did offer to give any red dog there a race any time in the month of February, in this State, but no one saw fit to make it. The next day I ran Blarney in his second heat and was beaten, and took my dogs down to where I am located for the winter and did not hear any more of the special until I went up to run my pointer. I then asked two of the judges what they had done about it and they said, not anything, as Mr. White had not put it in their hands and they would not act on it, but said if he would do so they would tell very quick which dog it belonged to. My pointer was declared beaten and I came back and heard no more of the prize until I wrote Mr. White about it, and he informed me in a letter dated Dec. 1, 1885, that he had laid the matter before the judges, and at first they told him to divide it between the Rose of Killarney and Glencaire. He said he drew their attention to Blarney and they said he was no good and to throw him out. Most glorious judgment. How it would have sounded to any one that was there and saw Blarney's heat and that of Rose of Killarney. The better way for Mr. White would have been to have taken every man interested in the red dog before the judges and asked them to assist him in giving the prize so long as he did not see fit to put it in their hands, and not have waited as he did until the trials were all over and everybody but a few members had gone home. As Mr. White very well knows not one of the three judges he names would take a red dog as a gift and did not care what became of it as long as they were not responsible. Mr. Donner might give him advice as a friend but not as judge, as he was not judge of setters and had not watched their work, neither had any of the judges any right to decide it after the trials were all over, as they had refused to do so in the proper time. If I have put Mr. White in an awkward position I can't help it. Will all those dogs dividing second and third this last year be eligible in specials at bench shows given to dogs that have been placed in trials?—T. M. ALDRICH.

HYDROPHOBIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Your editorial entitled "Hydrophobia versus Delirium Tremens" reminded me of a circumstance which occurred a few days before. For some weeks I had been the victim of a serious abscess which had deprived me of the use of one of my hands, and somehow—without the slightest foundation in fact—it was rumored about that the trouble was caused by an injury received from one of my dogs. On the occasion referred to I was in conversation with a physician of my acquaintance, when a person noted for his proclivity for something stronger than water came into the store where we were sitting, and evidently at the time a little under the influence of his inhibitions, addressed me somewhat rudely as follows: "I understand you have a bad hand. What is the matter—hydrophobia?" After my reply the physician said to him: "No, it is not hydrophobia, but there are a number of cases of that in this town. Hydrophobia is defined as a disease in which there is an aversion to water, and there are quite a number of persons in this place who are so afflicted." My questioner had sense enough left to feel the thrust, and I scarcely felt sorry for him, as I thought him rather impertinent in his manner. Perhaps, after all, there are some cases of hydrophobia at Newark.—D. G. J.

THE BOSTON DOG SHOW.—Boston, Feb. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: All indications are very favorable to a great success at our coming show of April 6 to 9 next. We have secured the immense hall of the Mechanics' Charitable Association, which will enable us to have our benches, judging rings, etc.—everything, in fact—on a single well-lighted floor. We have contracted with Spratts Patent American Limited to feed the dogs, providing everything, while Mr. John Read, who was our superintendent last year, will act in the same capacity this year. Our premium list, which will be very full, will be ready for distribution about the 15th inst.—Edw. A. MOSELEY, Secretary.

RED IRISH SETTERS IN THE FIELD TRIALS.—Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I should like to make a suggestion to those interested in red Irish setters. At present it seems like wasting money to run them in competition with English setters at field trials. Would it not be well to have a stake open to reds only in connection with, say, the Eastern Field Trials Club? To do this it would be necessary to raise sufficient funds to defray the expense and provide necessary prizes. If this is done, I trust in a few years the reds will be able to hold their own in any company.—W. H. C.

THE HARTFORD DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Referring to your editorial headed "The Hartford Plan" we thank you kindly for the following: "In all matters connected with dog shows, the interests of exhibitors are of the first importance." * * * "It is eminently proper that they or some of them should be consulted on the appointment of the judges." The above is just what we have done and we are glad that you support us. We shall announce our list of judges before we issue our premium list, so that exhibitors can act understandingly. The beagles will be judged by the American English Beagle Club's standard, and by one of their members. We also claim April 13, 14, 15 and 16 for our show instead of April 14, 15 and 16. Following is the list of judges appointed for the Hartford dog show: English setters, Mr. J. O. Donner, New York; Irish setters, Mr. W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y.; Gordon setters, Mr. H. Clay Glover, New York; pointers, Mr. J. M. Tracy, Greenwich, Conn.; field and cocker spaniels, Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, New York; beagles, Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn.; all other classes, Mr. James Mortimer, Babylon, L. I.—HARTFORD KENNEL CLUB (A. C. Collins, Secretary).

THE NEWARK DOG SHOW.—We are informed by the Secretary that entries for the Newark dog show are coming in finely, and that many requests for blanks are received daily. The show will be held under the rules of the A. K. C. as revised at the last meeting of the club. A letter has been received from Mr. Whitehouse, expressing regret that he will not be able to act as judge. There will be a meeting of the club tonight to appoint judges for the unassigned classes, a list of whom we hope to be able to give next week.

BOUND BOOKS OF KENNEL BLANKS.—We have bound books of kennel blanks, each book consisting of 200 blanks of a given style, and can furnish these (postpaid 50 cents) for the convenience of those who have occasion to use a large number of blanks. In ordering be careful to state what particular series of blanks is desired, i. e., whether Names Claimed, Sales, Bred or Whelps. The arrangement of the blanks is such that a duplicate record of each note sent for publication may be retained for future reference.

THE AMERICAN ENGLISH BEAGLE CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The following officers have been duly elected for this year: President, Dr. E. C. Nichols; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Ashburner; Executive Committee, W. F. Streeter, A. Winsor, Herman F. Schellhass. The amendment to the by-laws having been adopted, the annual dues are now \$1.—W. H. ASHBURNER, Secretary.

INDIANAPOLIS DOG SHOW.—Indianapolis, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: As I am the owner of the English setter dog Change, winner of first at our late bench show, will you please rectify the mistake of your reporter in giving the name of Socroie as the owner of Change.—S. H. SOWELL.

PREMIUM LISTS.—We have frequent calls for premium lists and entry blanks of the different dog shows. They are often wanted at the last moment before the closing of the entries. Dog show managers should bear this in mind and send us a supply.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Dude. By Louis E. Haag, Indianapolis, Ind., for black, tan and white collie dog, whelped Dec. 7, 1885, by Frank H. (A. K. R. 2934) out of Nellie Price (A. K. R. 2819).

Cash. By Louis E. Haag, Indianapolis, Ind., for black, tan and white collie dog, whelped Dec. 7, 1885, by Frank H. (A. K. R. 2934) out of Nellie Price (A. K. R. 2819).

Leona. By Louis E. Haag, Indianapolis, Ind., for black, tan and white collie bitch, whelped Dec. 7, 1885, by Frank H. (A. K. R. 2934) out of Nellie Price (A. K. R. 2819).

Maud Nelson. By H. L. Hollis, Wellsville, N. Y., for fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Nov. 28, 1885, by McManon (DeBueh—Dinah II) out of Lady Nelson (champion Nelson—Gregg's Brenda).

Madona. By H. B. Soule, Taunton, Mass., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped July 8, 1885, by Count Paris (Royal Blue—Modjeska) out of Lyn (A. K. R. 2430).

Duke. By Spencer Helms, Hudson, N. Y., for orange and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped Dec. 5, 1885, by Prince Albert (Chance—Fly) out of Golden Floss (Col Stubbs—Pet).

Murdock B. By C. A. T. Riepe, Providence, R. I., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped March 24, 1885, by Foreman out of Pet Berwyn.

Lady Vic. By Chas. W. Roedenburg, Hoboken, N. J., for red Irish setter bitch whelped May 10, 1885, by champion Elcho, Jr. (champion Elcho—champion Nor-eu) out of Ruby (champion Berkeley—Syren).

Nanon. By Chas. W. Roedenburg, Hoboken, N. J., for red Irish setter bitch whelped May 10, 1885, by champion Elcho, Jr. (champion Elcho—champion Noreen) out of Ruby (champion Berkeley—Syren).

Lulu. By J. G. Tod, Harrisburg, Tex., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped 5-pt. 10, 1885, by Glencoe (Elcho—Noreen) out of Flame (Vn—E).

Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of Jan. 28, 1886, 143 West Fifty-fifth street, New York city, claims the name of St. George Kennel. Now, as I have used that name for my kennels for several years, having claimed it long since in your and other papers, and shown dogs and won prizes at the principal shows as belonging to it, I would suggest that the gentleman adopt some other name for his kennels.—E. W. JESTER, proprietor St. George Kennel, St. George's Del.

NAMES CHANGED.

Olive K. to Marion. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 6, 1881 (Rake—Bessie Lee), owned by California Kennels, Sacramento, Cal.

Blackie to Lady Abbot. Black spaniel bitch, whelped July 11, 1885 (champion Black Prince—Newton Abbot Lady), owned by A. C. Wilmerding, New York.

Chancellor to Newton Abbot. Chestnut spaniel dog, whelped July 11, 1885 (champion Black Prince—Newton Abbot Lady), owned by A. C. Wilmerding, New York.

BRED

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Marion—Harold. California Kennels' (Sacramento, Cal.) English setter bitch Marion (Rake—Bessie Lee) to their Harold (Gath—Gem).

Dido—Harold. California Kennels' (Sacramento, Cal.) Irish setter bitch Dido (champion Ben—Dido) to their English setter dog Harold (Gath—Gem).

Flora to Comedy. Eugene Taylor's (Richmond, Va.) English setter bitch Flora F. (Rebel Wind'em—Flecta) to W. H. Colquitt's Comedy (A. K. R. 2559), Jan. 17.

Lotie—Paul Gladstone. A. Netherland's (Memphis, Tenn.) English setter bitch Lotie (Count Rapier—Junio) to W. B. Gages's Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette), Jan. 7.

Flora L.—Barry. R. L. Stevens's (Hoboken, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Flora L. (A. K. K. 3145) to Jos. Echeiter's Barry (Barry—Juha), Jan. 15.

Flash R.—Mainspring. D. S. Gregory, Jr., 2d's (New York) pointer bitch Flash R. (A. K. R. 80) to J. T. Perkins's Mainspring (Mike—homp), Jan. 10.

Belle—Bang Bang. D. S. Gregory, Jr., 2d's (New York) pointer bitch Belle (A. K. K. 203) to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A. K. R. 294), Jan. 10.

Leah—Huck. Dr. W. A. Strother's (Lynchburg, Va.) English setter bitch Leah (Gladstone—Frost) to E. S. Terry's Huck (Rebel Wind'em—Blossom), Jan. 4.

Frost—Huck. Dr. W. A. Strother's (Lynchburg, Va.) English setter bitch Frost (Leicester—Vivress) to R. S. Terry's Huck (Rebel Wind'em—Blossom), Jan. 1.

ENGLAND'S CHAMPION SHOT.—Graham the English shot sailed for home on Saturday last, having failed to make any definite arrangements for a meeting with the crack shots here. Just before his departure, speaking of his plans Mr. Graham said: "I have been champion wing shot of England" for the last four years. I will shoot three matches with Captain Bogardus or any one else, as follows:—Match No. 1.—To shoot at 100 pigeons each at 30 yards rise. Match No. 2.—To shoot at 100 pigeons each; 1 to stand at 24 yards and my opponent at 30 yards, 1 to use one gun against his two. Match No. 3.—As a special inducement to Captain Bogardus I will shoot him a match at 100 pigeons from the 25 yard mark. I to use one hand only against his two, if he in this match stakes \$500 to my \$250. The first two matches for \$500 a side. The Hurlingham rules, under which I offer to shoot all these, I find are the ones adopted by the leading American gun clubs, with whom it has been my privilege to shoot during my short stay here. I have had a pleasant time here, and am coming back in a month or two. I don't want the shooting public to think I am running away. I am only going home to shoot a big money match and will return in the next steamer."

MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB.—A meeting of the Middlesex Gun Club was held at the law offices of Suydam & Stillman, this city, on Saturday evening last, and final arrangements perfected whereby the organization became complete. Changes have been made in the Board of Directors, which now consists of the following named gentlemen: Messrs. E. H. Robinson; A. Worden, of Dunellen; F. R. Stevens, Chas. R. Thiers, Geo. P. Suydam, S. G. Smith, Jan Terry, of Plainfield; John H. Corbush, Bound Brook; John Day, Jersey City; M. W. Mulford, Elizabeth; J. Blenhermann, New York. The officers are: President, E. H. Robinson, Secretary, M. W. Mulford, Treasurer, George P. Suydam. The building will be erected at Dunellen and fitted up appropriately for the use of shooters. The regular weekly shoots of the club are on Saturdays. Live and clay pigeons and glass balls are furnished in abundance. The initiation fee is fixed at five dollars with fifty cents monthly dues. Life members are constituted by the payment of \$25 a year. A large number of prominent sportsmen have already become members. This club, while laboring under difficulties in its formation, starts out under most favorable circumstances, and promises to eventually be a prominent organization of the State.—*Plainfield (N. J.) Constitutional*.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager; F. C. ETHEBRIDGE, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARR, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

June 17	Dorchester Y. C., Nahant, Open.
June 19	Hull Y. C., Pennant race.
June 23	Boston Y. C.
June 26	Corinthian Y. C. Race.
July 3	Hull Y. C. Race.
July 4	Boston Y. C., Regatta.
July 10	Hull Y. C., Novelty Race.
July 10	Corinthian Y. C. Race.
July 13	Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, First Championship.
July 17	Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
July 21	Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July 23	Boston Y. C.
July 24	Dorchester Y. C.
July 24	Corinthian Y. C., Ladies' Race.
July 31	Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Second Championship.
Aug. 7	Corinthian Y. C., Open Regatta.
Aug. 14	Hull Y. C., Open Regatta.
Aug. 14	Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Third Championship.
Aug. 21	Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Matches.
Aug. 25	Hull Y. C., Ladies' Race.
Aug. 28	Corinthian Y. C. Race.
Aug. 28	Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 2	Boston Y. C.
Sept. 4	Dorchester Y. C., Fall Race.
Sept. 4	Corinthian Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 11	Hull Y. C., Champion Sail-off.
Sept. 11	Corinthian Y. C., Sweepstakes Regatta.
Sept. 18	Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Matches.

THE STATUS OF GALATEA.

SINCE it has been decided that Galatea will come out next year to sail for the America Cup, her challenge having been duly accepted, the question has been raised in some quarters as to her claims to be a representative British yacht. In the *Field* of Jan. 9 the following letter appeared:

"Sir—I see it reported in Tuesday's *Times* that the owner of Galatea intends racing for this Cup, and has already issued a challenge. This course all yachting men must deprecate, for, though we know that any one has the right to challenge for this Cup, it must be borne in mind that as the race is more or less regarded as an international one, the yacht sent over should at least have some pretensions to being a prize winner in home waters.

I think something should be done this year to retrieve our lost laurels, and with the view of avoiding the blunder made last year in sending out an untried yacht (it seemed madness to send Genesta out after such important alterations, without a trial), I would suggest that the various yacht clubs contribute to a prize to be sailed for under the same conditions that are applied to the America's Cup, it being of course understood that the winner goes to New York as our representative yacht. If this course were adopted, I think £1,000 would be easily raised.

A week or three more letters appeared, which we give with the editorial comments below, two of them being in answer to former letters.

"Sir—I sincerely trust you will use your influence and write strongly against the absurd match proposed to take place with the Americans. It is nothing but courting defeat. A yacht should be built specially for the purpose.

CHARLES ISLANDS.

"Sir—As to the sailing capabilities of Galatea, I think 'John' is at least a little premature. In the season can hardly have fairly tried her, and sailed in no few matches, and like Irex in her second season, may yet be a prize winner. I think it is a pity that cold waters should be thrown on the sporting endeavor to regain the America's Cup. No doubt, if any yacht owner (doubting Galatea's powers) may still desire to enter for the Cup, the N. Y. Y. C. will, as last year, accept two entries. We have yet to see the two distinct types in a sea-way; so may a breeze like that at Dartmouth last August be on the match days, and I venture to say that it will not be 'by fluke or otherwise' if the white red St. George's cross is flown under the burgee.

JACK (YARD).

[To save trouble to our readers, we may mention that Irex started in twenty-nine races the first year she came out, and won eight first and two second prizes, amounting to £680. The Galatea started in fifteen races, and won two second prizes, value £50.—Ed.]

"Sir—Your correspondent 'John' has made the statement that Genesta, when she sailed for America, was 'tried' yacht. Will you allow me to inform this gentleman that his statement is incorrect, inasmuch as she was tried both before and after her 'important' alterations. Possibly, judged by his incorrectness on this one point, 'John' may be incorrect also in his knowledge of these alterations, terms of the 'deed of gift' of America's Cup, etc., as he certainly does not appear to understand the terms of the six months' notice. JOHN B. COOK, owner of Galatea, has made the statement that the property of sending the Galatea to New York to compete for the America Cup—and no doubt some very strong opinions are likely to be expressed about it—there can be no doubt that the Genesta had unexceptionable credentials, and was quite a fit representative of British yachts. As this matter—the question of the capabilities of the Genesta—was so thoroughly thrashed out in our columns, we cannot now re-open the subject, and so far as Genesta is concerned, the correspondence is closed.—Ed.]

The assumption that Galatea is not such a vessel as will make a good fight for the Cup, and that her qualities are not such as to justify the expense and trouble to which the holders will be put, is based on the summary of her season's work as concisely stated above, two seconds to fifteen starts and a total of only £50 prize money. This in truth is her record, and if it were all there might be

some reason for the complaints made against her posing as a champion; but to those who have followed the season closely and who are familiar with all the ins and outs of Galatea's work this year, there is really no ground yet for condemning her, or for asserting that she will not be found in a better place next season. An analysis of her races will show that while always beaten she was in reality but very little in time behind a very fast boat improved by a season's trial and the alterations it suggested. Undoubtedly Galatea, from the time of her launch has been a most unfortunate loss in several respects, but the source of the principal trouble is known and steps are now being taken to remedy it, and thus far at least it is too soon to pronounce her a failure or a fraud, and to deny her the same rating accorded here to Genesta. She was built with the object in view of racing for the Cup; her owner, an old sailor, is ready—not to take a pleasure trip which will cost him little and throw all the expense on the defenders, but to spend a large amount of money on a venture which can bring him a return in kind in the event of victory, and which can only be modifying in case of defeat. Her designer, too, whom we may suppose is not only pretty well acquainted with his own work, but is now thoroughly posted on the requirements of a boat for our racing, and whose prestige is largely involved in the result of the coming race, has sufficient confidence in the boat to decide to bring her out after Genesta's failure. Each of these reasons, when taken in conjunction with much more to lose than to gain by a defeat, and who have had better opportunities of knowing the boat than any one else could have, are willing to risk the trial; and having challenged in good faith, are entitled to the same consideration they would receive if they came with a string of twenty winning flags flying.

THE ATLANTIC.

THE members of the Atlantic Y. C., Messrs. L. A. Fish, J. R. Maxwell and N. A. Lawton, have been appointed a committee to manage the building of the new sloop for the club. The drawings have been made from Mr. Ellsworth's block motion and plans and specifications are now ready for the builders, several of whom will send in estimates. The dimensions as given are:

Length over all	95ft. 1in.
Length on load line	83ft.
Beam extreme	23ft. 2in.
Beam at load line	22ft. 8in.
Depth from rabbet to plankline	11ft.
Freeboard	3ft. 6in.
Draft aft, from stem	4ft. 6in.
Draft amidship	5ft. 10in.
Draft at stern	5ft. 7in.
Draft with centerboard	30ft. 6in.
Area of midship section	92sq. ft.
Area of lateral plane	550sq. ft.
Displacement	105 tons.
Ballast on keel	38 tons, lead.
Ballast inside	9 tons.

The sail plan shows a mast 30ft. from fore side of stem and 66ft. to bowsprit, with a 40ft. topmast, 70ft. boom and 44ft. gaff. The bowsprit will be 35ft. outboard, spinnaker boom 72ft. and hoist 54ft. The new boat will be built at once and will be ready by Decoration Day. Captain Joe Ellsworth and his crew will sail her.

NEWSPAPERS AND CLUB SCANDALS.

IN the active hunt for news among a number of daily papers private affairs which concern no one but the parties directly interested are often dragged before the public, regardless of the harm that may result when once the matter is made the subject of general gossip. A recent example of this sort of journalistic enterprise is given in the case of the Scavanhaka Y. C., in which a family party that in no way concerned or interested any one outside of the club has been made public by the papers in a manner which has only widened the breach. What the New York *Herald* thinks of such proceedings is well told in the first of the following extracts, taken from its editorial columns of Jan. 30. What it does in a similar case is shown in the second extract from its news columns of Jan. 13. The latter paragraph, immediately on its appearance in the *Herald*, was denied by the leading men of the American Y. C., and was further disproved by the harmonious meeting and the treasurer's report which followed a few days later.

On the other hand, in spite of the *Herald's* direct assertion to the contrary, there is a decided difference of opinion among the members of the New York Y. C. and more excitement over the coming election than has been felt for many years; but as yet the matter is simply a private one, with which the members only are concerned.

N. Y. *Herald*, Jan. 30.

N. Y. *Herald*, Jan. 13.

YAKS ABOUT THE NEW YORK Y. C.

NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO KEEP GOING.

IT is rather remarkable that an organization of such high standing as the New York Y. C. cannot conduct its election of officers without being subjected to a series of malicious yarns. Absurd rumors of dissensions, which were said to threaten the very existence of the club, have gone the rounds, and some people have been simple enough to give them credence. On inquiry we find that the sensational stories have not the least foundation in fact; that the club was never in a more satisfactory condition; that harmony prevails instead of discord, and that, in a word, the scandal mongers have simply drawn upon their imaginations for what they have pleased to call the facts. It is time that such slanders should cease.

A PRIMITIVE LATEEN RIG.

ICE boats in the neighborhood of Fall River are merely makeshifts, not the finished yachts of the Hudson. This is naturally the case, as our bay is seldom frozen over to make good lee for the sport. However, when such is the case, our yachtsmen generally manage to utilize sails and jibs and build platforms with runners, which answer quite well for sport, and in strong breezes frequently attain good speed.

Ten years ago this very winter we had a long cold spell, and the ice admitting of it, several such boats were built and launched (if the latter term will apply to the process of putting them on their proper element), both sloops and cats. Not to be outdone, your correspondent had some run over the water. Of course, with the usual sail on an ice boat. Her dimensions were as follows: Length between runners and rudder, 16ft.; distance between runners, 12ft. For a sail was used the job of the Una, a 25ft. yacht which belonged to the aforesaid. This was 20ft. long on foot, with a leach of about 24ft., containing about 240sq. ft. On first rigging this boat the main boom (a spare mast) of the Una was bent to the luff of this jib, and the masts were set plumb over the runners. Of course, with the usual sail was made a first-rate yard for my lateen, and the masts, being hauled together at the top, made a nice pair of shears to hold the yard. The lower end of the yard was, of course, made fast to the end of the bowsprit. Having carried away two or three sets of masts, 4in. spruce, I at last determined to have something strong, and taking an axe went into the woods and cut a couple of hickory sapplings for the purpose. These never broke, but have probably long since furnished firewood for some one's stove, as the boat was used only one season. She indeed short-lived, but I think that it is safe to assert that none ever furnished more sport than did that one. Being always ready and always at the disposal of my friends, she was in motion nearly all the time when the weather was fit, and as her deck was large her accommodations were equally so, and with strong breezes her crew and passengers frequently numbered a dozen. As to speed, in light breezes she was nothing, being easily beaten by several of the cats. Not to be outdone, your correspondent, being a little heavier, could not have fallen short of 600 pounds. However, when the wind was strong the result was reversed. The other boats were simply nowhere, as the lateen could outpoint them fully a point, and foot three feet to their two. The cats were nowhere, let them put on never so much steam.

Now for the lesson. The shape of the lateen sail is probably better for pointing close to the wind than any other, as the whole luff and head is held close to the wind, and it will therefore not shake so much as one where the head swings off. I think, too, that it furnishes more proportionate driving power per square foot of area, as the whole of it can be used for that purpose, even when lying very close to the wind. There are objections to it, however, as used by me, the chief of which is its awkwardness. The yard is a very clumsy spar to handle, being so long, and, for that reason, so heavy, as great strength is required. Furthermore, in the lateen the perpendicular line, it made so much of a lifting sail that it required a great deal of weight aft to hold her rudder down hard enough to get a good grip on the ice.

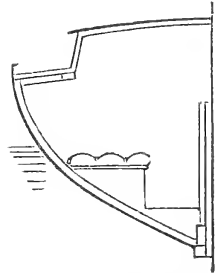
The fastest time that I ever made with her was in one of our heavy northwesterly. With six men aft and eight hundred pounds of rock piled on forward, I succeeded in sailing three-quarters of a mile in 35 seconds from the time of straightening the rudder. FALL RIVER, MASS.

J. BORDEN, JR.

INTERIOR OF THE CUTTER MELUSINA.

GIVEN a certain amount of space, measured by the number of cubic feet contained within the ceiling and below the deck of a yacht, the problem is how to dispose of it so as to secure the greatest amount of room for a man. It matters little how wide it may be if it has not height, or how long if it is too narrow for comfortable movement. On shore the architect starts out with at least 6 or 7 ft. in every direction, but the naval architect is hampered and bound down by the absolute necessity of limiting himself to a hull whose dimensions are dictated by many other considerations besides the personal comfort of the dwellers therein, and who has not the resource of his brother ashore of putting on a bay window here or a mansard roof in another place. He is confined to a very contracted space, and the results of his planning depend partly on his individual skill, but still more on the form of hull to which it is exercised. His work must be laid off by one unit of measurement, the height of a man, which will be about 6 ft., and the space to be distributed is valuable or otherwise as it contains this factor. If the height is less than this a man cannot stand erect, but must always retain a constrained and uncomfortable position; if the length is less a man cannot lie down to sleep; and while less breadth may give passable accommodations if coupled with length and depth, 6 ft. in height will give a berth or transom on each side, and a passage way between.

Measured by this standard the shortcomings of the ordinary shoal centerboard boat are easily seen by a glance at a transverse section. In a boat of 14 or 15 ft. beam for instance, drawing under 5 ft., and with the ordinary low freeboard, and centerboard trunk amidships, when the required width on each side of the trunk is laid off the floor line has been raised so high that to obtain any head room a high cabin house is necessary, with its attendant loss of weight, construction of a limited deck room, and unsightly appearance. Referring to the accompanying cut it will be seen that a large part of the space is



divided into small portions of awkward size, one under the floors and a small triangular space in each wing, none of them of much use. The fore and aft disposition is still worse. No room in the fore peak, a height of 3 ft. only in the galley, the center of the boat taken up with the centerboard trunk, the main cabin forced aft, cutting out any after stateroom, and a damp and ill shaped hole under the cockpit, difficult of access and when reached of limited capacity. Besides these are the wings already mentioned, and small spaces under deck alongside the cockpit, sometimes utilized for stowage. The main cabin must be depended on for the principal dormitory; the stateroom, if there is any, is hardly more than a closet, and is placed under the deck, dignified by name of berth. Aided even by the extra space stolen from above by the cabin trunk, the accommodations of the ordinary centerboard sloop are nearly always of a makeshift and unsatisfactory character.

With the boat of moderate or even narrow beam and a fair depth the case is entirely different. The space, no greater in cubic feet than in the former case, is now in the form of a solid, approximately rectangular in section, at least as high as a man can stand comfortably high, and keeping these dimensions for a length of three or four times the measuring unit—say 25 ft., with large space beyond at each end. It is obvious at once that a man can walk from end to end of this space, erect and with arms extended, and the division of it that would naturally suggest itself would be: One length, say 7 ft., stateroom; one length, 8 ft., cabin, and the remaining length added to the portion at the bow for galley and forecabin. An excellent example of this type of boat and its capabilities is shown in the plan of the companion on the Melusina, prepared from sketches furnished by her designer, Mr. George K. Boutelle, to whom the credit of the general plan is due, the details being designed and carried out by Mr. Edward Burgess.

Inspection of the lines of the Melusina, published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 17, will show that her actual beam of 10 ft., on deck, decreased only by narrow skylight and companion in plan, gives an ample deck room, in fact greater than in shoal boats of much larger beam and length, whose decks are cut down by a clumsy cabin trunk to a narrow gangway, often blocked by the boats and spare spars. In the Melusina, as in all her of type, the space for working ship is ample, a deck 42 ft. long by 10 ft. wide and with space along the middle line. Her relative beam also, 27 per cent. of her loadline, when coupled with depth and hullast, is sufficient to insure a fair amount of initial stability demanded by many in a cruising boat. In compliance with American ideas, a cockpit is provided for the steersman and large enough to accommodate three or four persons. Aft this cockpit and made as part of it is a hatch opening into a sail locker. Forward of the cockpit is a skylight over the after or ladies' cabin, then a space of deck between the latter and the main companion. This is in one with the main skylight, which lies just ahead of it. The companion is placed a little to the starboard side, and below for a door from the main to the after cabin, this door of course being on the port side of the companion stairway. Just above this door is a small skylight as long as the companion proper, and forward of both is the main skylight.

Entering the cabin from the deck by the main companion, the visitor is landed in a small but cosy room, not vastly different from a snugger ashore, except in the absence of windows. This room is 6 ft. square and about 6 ft. high, finished in hard wood, with a bed on each side is a comfortable locker with cushioned seat and back, making a bed at night or a lounge by day. Opposite to the stairway is a handsome tile stove, and above it is a bookcase. Aft of these is a door, as shown, leading to the galley, while on each side at the head of the transom is a cellaret locker, the top making a table with a closet above, the top making another shelf. The after bulkhead contains a door to port, abreast the gangway, leading to the cabin or stateroom, and at the foot of each transom is a closet for coats, dresses, etc., allowing them to hang at full length. Below the transoms is additional storage room, and under the floors are the water tanks and spaces for coal, potatoes, etc. The cabin is well lighted by the skylights, and with its polished furniture, bright cushions and hangings and cheerful stove, it is always homelike and inviting. Leaving the cabin by the after door the visitor enters the after cabin, a room 6 ft. long, with a single head room. On the starboard side is a permanent berth made up with drawers and lockers under it, as shown, giving ample and accessible storage for clothes. A dressing case and mirror will occupy the forward bulkhead, next to the door, while between the berths at the other end is a water closet. The washbasin is arranged in one of the drawers at the foot of the port berth, and may be drawn out for use at any time, the waste pipe being flexible. Aft this cabin is a large sail locker, and space for spare lines, cables, brooms, mops, etc., the only opening being on deck.

Now going forward through the main cabin, the galley is reached, clean, lofty, roomy, with lockers for two men forward, a stove, pump, etc. On the port side is an icebox and refrigerator, with water tank below, and next to this a dresser and cupboard, offering every convenience for cooking. No low, confined, smoky hole such as is too often found in the ordinary sloop, but a light, airy and comfortable room, easily kept clean, in length it extends quite up to the bows, giving a good head room for the entire distance.

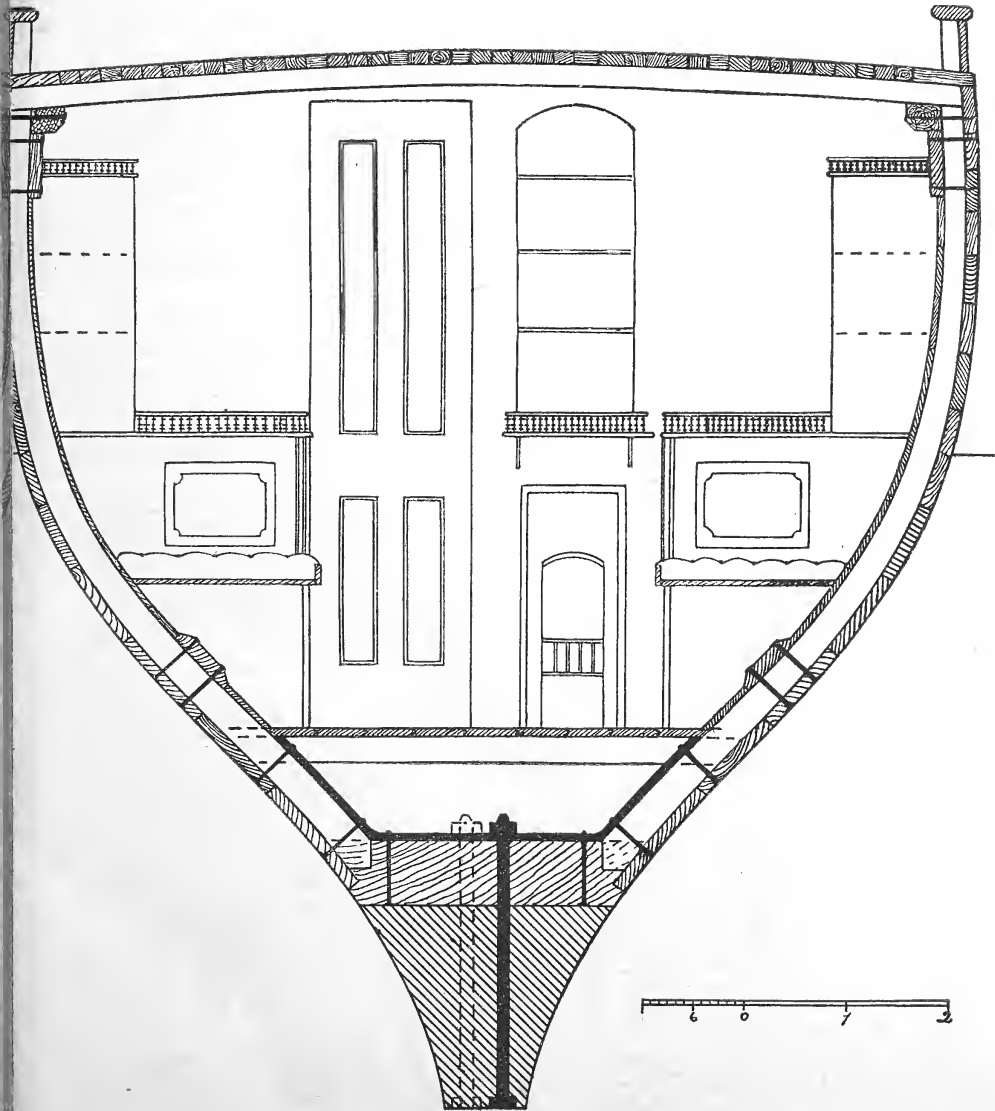
This general plan is found in all boats of the cutter type, from Genesta, whose plans were published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* last fall, to the small fives of 5 ft. beam or less; and in all cases it gives an amount of practical accommodation which cannot be had in the common centerboard type for the same length or cubic capacity.

A large cabin or room enough for a hotel range are not the prime objects in designing a boat, but in deciding on the controlling features and dimensions of its design each owner should consider the opportunity for a proper distribution of room. Careful study and a little skill combined with appropriate dimensions will give a roomy and commodious boat at no greater cost than an ill-arranged and uncomfortable box; size alone will not always insure proper accommodations, and it is often money well spent to call in aid of the experienced designer, who by his skill will make the boat worth the money she costs.

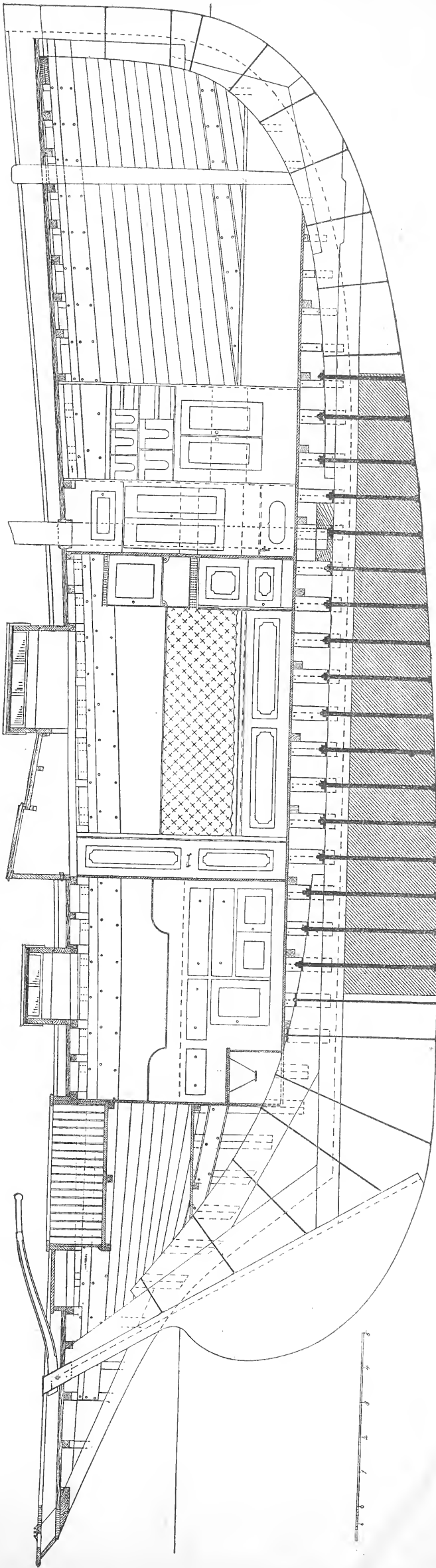
OEN. PAINE'S YACHT.—Work is progressing steadily on Gen. Paine's new boat. The keel stem and stern have been got out, and the hull will soon be ready. The joiner work is going forward at the same time, so that her hatches, companions, etc., will be ready before the deck is laid.



SAIL PLAN OF MELUSINA.



SECTION AT FORE END OF CABIN.



LATEEN RIGS FOR ICE BOATS.

IN answer to inquiries concerning the lateen rig we republish a cut of the rig as applied to a canoe, which first appeared in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Aug. 7, 1884. The shape of the sail and details of rigging can be applied to an iceyacht as well as to a canoe. This rig, fitted by Captain George Price, of Boston, has two shear legs, a, a, hinged at the top, a yard, b, and boom, c, united by a joint at their fore ends. The halliard d is made fast to the hook k, and leads through a block on the yard, up over the sheave l and down the other side of the block.

The boom is held down by a universal joint or link below the point of suspension of the yard, so the sail swings freely.

The topping lift, or lazy jacks, e, are made fast to the two eyebolts. The sail is reefed by the lines g, g, led through grooves. In a large rig the two shear legs would fit in an iron cap, forged with two sockets, the sheave l and hook k being retained in their present position but all being of iron. Two halliards would also be used on a long yard.

THE CRUISE OF THE BONITA.

SUNDAY, Jan. 3. Bonita left Chincoteague, Va., and went into Wataquepiqua Inlet at 1:30 P. M. From there we worked our way down inside to Cape Charles in very fine weather. Stopped at the cape and got some oysters and quahogs, lay over until Jan. 7. Sailed from back of the cape at 6:45 A. M. and arrived in Norfolk at 11 P. M. Had very light wind from the NW and when we got out to Hampton Roads it came on calm with the ebb tide; we could not make much head way.

Jan. 8. At the dock in Norfolk white frost and some ice. Jan. 9. Fortunately we lay in a good berth in Norfolk; the weather very severe, making ice very fast, the wind N.W. blowing a gale.

Jan. 10. Left Norfolk at 7 A. M.; sailed up the Elizabeth River and through the canal into the North Landing River; got through all right and had but slight trouble from ice until we got to Blackwater Flats at the head of Currituck Sound at 5 P. M. and here we are in for it (frozen in solid).

Jan. 16. Still in the lee; weather warmer and ice breaking up some; go ashore to exercise the dog and have some sport with her; when sailing she sits on the stern and watches the birds that go by and seems to snuff in disgust that we let good shots escape.

Jan. 17. Broke the ice to the channel. Monday, Jan. 18. Bid good-bye to Blackwater Flats. The steamer Orinda, of N. J., got up steam and back-d down and took Bonita in tow. She steamed along down Currituck Sound and had us into the short canal that connects Currituck Sound and North River.

Jan. 19. 1 o'clock A. M. The wind S.E., fresh and rainy, we laid at the bridge until 8 A. M., then went down North River. Orinda towed us through Albemarle and Croatan Sounds, and we arrived at Cape Hatteras at 4 P. M. We went into Pamlico Sound and arrived at two miles northwest of the N. W. Point Royal shoal at 11 P. M. We then cast off from Orinda. No wind, we rowed to the light and anchored at 1:20 P. M.

Jan. 20. 6:40 A. M. had a good breeze from N.N.W.; got under way and arrived at Harbor Island at 9:30 at the head of Cove Sound, N. C., and arrived at Beaufort 4 P. M. Wind fresh N.E.

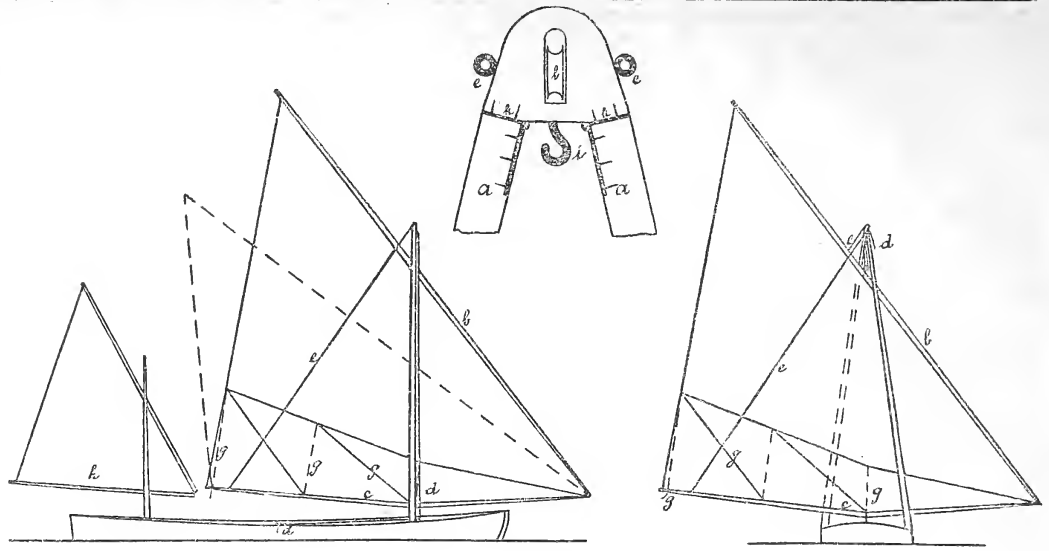
Jan. 21. We are having bad weather today, the wind S.E. and raining. It looks as though we should have lay by two or three days. They had a wreck here on the 9th, a three-masted schooner went ashore very near the Cape Lookout light; five or six men drowned, one was saved to tell the sad story. They say he hung to the end of flying jibboom 48 hours before they got to him and fifty men on the beach in sight of him picking up wreckage.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

IT was past noon before some matters of business had been attended to, whereupon the lines of the Coot were cast off from the bulkhead and the peak roused up for a drift up to the lock. The boat could not be kept up to the light wind, but sagged broadside down upon the bulkhead in spite of her board. For the last hundred yards she was shoved along by digging the bat hook into the timber cribbing. The lock-tender, opened the gates without a word, took my line and made some coo-whistles about a post, and then walked off to his dinner. In due course of time the yacht got through and sculled up the artificial harbor to a berth near a small shipyard. A visit was made to the office of the canal, where a pleasant young gentleman was in charge. Through the pig-hole he took the name, tonnage and destination of the Coot, and handed out a receipt for \$2.28, the fee for passing through the canal. This did not seem exorbitant, considering the large number of locks and bridges and the attendance of a sambo.

Two officials volunteered with noticeable alacrity to point out the "team office," where animals for a tow were to be secured. I felt like a fly in a spider's web. There seemed to be a mutual understanding between the two offices and I was to be the victim. A little wooden box with a very modest sign over the door held the monarch of the mule path, to whom I applied for the needed assistance. It required but one animal, I urged, the Coot was so small, but he could not break up his team, he said. Then I told him of a gang of mules and I was told that the expense would be \$7. The autocar replied with a vacant gaze and, the same terms as provided for a "chunker boat," and he was pleased to offer me the benefit of the lowest rate. This was very kind; but as loaded Erie boats came through with only one pair of horses digging their hoofs into the path, it seemed ludicrous to hitch four prancing mules to a little thing I could almost haul through myself. "Ah, but what time he allowed?" he queried. "He never leaves the dock whether it would or not," he coolly demurred, assured me there was no escape from his clutches. Before giving up I sought out several canal boats for a tow astern, but none of them volunteered for less than \$5, as they understood the situation quite well. To sail through was against the regulations. So I pushed the money through the inclosure with which his majesty was lodged about to resist the onslaught of fierce canalliers, and in return receive a formal receipt with the assurance that the boat would be on hand as soon as fed. Of course, it was not. The day was raw and damp, and it was anything but agreeable waiting till late in the afternoon for the appearance of four disconsolate but very knowing representatives of the race limited to one generation. They stalked gravely across a bridge and up the tow-path a few rods, when they halted and cast inquisitive glances across the water. The driver followed in an old army coat. Like the mules, he had nothing to say. He was halted twice, then he made a tired motion and the Coot was on a race for favorable remonstrances. He had no received his customary half dollar and this was his way of making his wishes known. For a half mile the canal is virtually a narrow harbor to the town of New Brunswick. On one side the buildings stretch along, their yards coming down to the bank. Wharves, basins and landings are numerous. Many schooners, barges and carriers of all descriptions load with the products of the city's varied manufactures. On the opposite side rises the embankment which preserves the level of the canal considerably above that of the river, rising turbulently beneath. Above the city is the flat or deep lock of the canal proper. Beyond this the water-way contracts and assumes its artificial aspect. Before reaching this lock the county and railroad bridges have to be passed under. The Coot's mast obliged the attendants to open the draw, and the first structure was quickly left astern. But at the railroad bridge travel was so incessant that we had to wait fifteen minutes before a chance offered to swing the draw. Train followed train in such rapid succession that it seemed marvellous how few accidents should happen with the roar of the engine and the clatter of the wheels. It is not another darting across your vision. Red flags were posted at the ends of the bridge, and the heavy iron span opened. The mules were whipped up and the Coot slipped through just as a passenger train came to a dead stop, warned by the red bit of bunting.

There is more prose than poetry to be told of a canal, and little remains to be said beyond the information already given. The dusk of the evening was soon upon us. The mules kept stepping along at a regular pace, and the Coot was perched upon the tow-path, every foot of which they knew so well. The driver leaped upon the rear animal, pulled the cow over his head, and I broke out my oilskins, a nasty, cold drizzle making the prospects for the night very unpleasant. The distance to the next lock was ten miles, and as there was a "station" for man and beast at the lock, which we would not reach before 7, I determined to tie up for the night. No green lantern being on board, a white light was displayed after the manner of a signal. The boat was pulled up to the lock, and the approaches being guides which are easily discerned. But the weather was so raw (and I had missed the noonday meal) that a stop was imperative. Teams are changed at these "stations" and a fresh driver taken on. A voluble son of Erin announced himself as my next companion. He found the stove of the company's building so much pleasanter than the idea of setting forth through such a night, that he was reluctant to find me prepared to await the next day. The Coot was pulled up to a cribbing, the end of which afforded a turnout to avoid colliding with passing



LATEEN RIGS FOR ICE BOATS.

boats. She was tied to the bank, and after supper I turned in for a good night's rest, which was appreciated after the unusual work and exposure of the day. Several times the horns of canalliers and drill whistles of steam propellers broke upon my senses, and a vague fear seized me that the Coot might be run down or crushed by some careless fellow. As a precaution I had one lantern burning on deck and kept the cabin lamp bright all night. Nothing more serious took place than a slight chafing of paint against the bank in answer to the calls of the steamers. Mooring lines must be made well fast in a canal, as the suction of passing boats will drag the moored craft off shore with considerable force.

C. P. K.

THE CRUISE OF THE PILGRIM.-VI.

BY DR. W. H. WINSLOW.

THERE is only one other of our numerous excursions that I will mention. One morning, C. A. Pillsbury, editor of the *Republican* of Belfast, Me., R. G. Dyer, local editor, and G. H. Quimby, humorist, better known as "Our George," came aboard the yacht with sundry fish lines, pipes and mysterious packages and domiciled, as it they were commencing camp meeting. Such an array of luggage and talent I did not honor the craft before, and I put on a regular quarter-deck smile and immediately made out a man-of-war watch, quartermaster and station bill to prevent them from being too promiscuous. The wind was blowing a moderate gale from the N.W., and the day was clear and pleasant. The anchor was soon away and catted, the sail up and trimmed, and we flew down the bay at the rate of eight miles an hour. Our George looked after the jib sheets, the Local steered, the Editor in Chief smoked, and I took a position for once as a passenger and greatly enjoyed it. Editor Pillsbury, a former writer for the *FOREST AND STREAM*, said in his journal:

"It was a delightful sail down the bay Thursday. As we went on, the breeze freshened, driving down over the Northport and Lincolnville hills in fine gusts that sent the Pilgrim along with the Local at the helm, at the best rate of speed she had ever shown. Two hours after leaving Belfast, we were fairly abreast of Camden, and this was certainly good work for a small craft."

"It was my first cruise in a cutter, and I very much doubt if a boat of the same tonnage of any other other type would have behaved as well as did the Pilgrim. In a ten mile boat to windward, against a sea into which she now and then ran her bowsprit. It was wonderful the way she worked to windward, and, though her lee rail was under water a good part of the time, she did not leak the water to any extent, or throw spray enough to wet those on board, whether they were in the bow or cockpit."

Mr. Dyer said: "At the rate of eight miles per hour, the Pilgrim sped down the bay with the lee rail awash, the white sails filling out with the wind, the water clear cut, thrown off in rainbow tints by her graceful bow, and the trembling tiller sending an exhilarating thrill along the arm of the helmsman. Below Mark Island the wind died out to a flat calm, leaving the yacht rolling and tossing one mile north of the Drunkard Ledge. Before night a southwest wind sprang up which again put life into the gallant little vessel. We passed the Fiddler Ledge, off Crabtree Point, on our port hand, and ran for the Sugar Loaves—three rocks that rise abruptly out of the water nearly opposite Brown's Head light. Passing Young's Point, we open up the Thoroughfare (Fox Island), one of the finest harbors on the coast."

"Anchor was cast off Martin Hopkins cove, supper eaten, and then three of the party rowed across to North Haven."

"The village of North Haven is at the northern side of the harbor and is the second largest fishing port in Maine. Some Boston people have bought land here and built a club house on the shore for summer use. Friday morning a stiff southerly wind was blowing, and it was decided to make Carver's Harbor, by the way of the eastern end of the island. The Pilgrim swiftly passed through the eastern entrance by the quarantine station upon Widow's Island, when building, by the way, resembles a barn more than a hospital, and then on to Stoddard's Point, the easternmost part of the island. The wind came out of Pleasant River in sharp squalls and the yacht buried her lee rail in a manner that would have terrified the uninitiated. We now had to anchor in Carver's Harbor. On our lee is Isle au Haut while to windward and seaward are Brimsone and other islands."

"Our stop at Carver's Harbor was brief. * * * Weighing anchor, we shaped our course for the open sea through Larry's Island passage. The sail was delightful. Right here we wish to speak of the excellent survey and buoy system of the Government for the protection of navigation. Every ledge and shoal is carefully buoyed and numbered so that with a chart the stranger can sail about with safety."

"Camden was reached at night-fall. Here we remained until Saturday morning, when sail was again made and the Pilgrim headed for home. We reached Belfast at 1 P. M. All were delighted with the trip and unanimous in praise of the Pilgrim, which is one of the ablest and best sailing boats in these waters."

"Our George" has his say: "For a few weeks before the Puritan-Genesta race, there was sufficient interest evinced over it to have paid the national debt, but the cap to keep it in, the interest has fallen off one or two per cent. Still yachting will always be popular and people will go, some to enjoy it and others to be maderetched by it. "A yacht is a high-toned pleasure boat with usually more 'git' to her than to her plebeian sister, and like a piece of pie can be either large or small. There are two requisites necessary for yachting. The first is to have a friend who owns a yacht, and the next is an invitation to go with him. When Dr. Winslow came along and invited me to go with him in the Pilgrim for a few days' cruise, I told him that I had been standing by in hand for twenty-five years his lining for an invitation, and had about come to the conclusion that I was dead, for he was the first I had heard in all that time. He said he was to have the Editor and Local aboard, and, although he did not say it in so many words, I gathered that he wanted me to give a tone to the thing—a sort of eclat as it were, and likewise on stated occasion to pull a rope, with a can-opener, and how-like an angel of peace over the cockpit. In fact, to put myself where I could do the most good and be the least in the way. That's the kind of invitation I like, to make myself sort of promiscuous and not engage as a specialist. When I'm invited out to sit still and look pretty, I get tired very quick. I never was intended for a piece of bric-a-brac."

"The Pilgrim is about five tons. I don't know whether that means that she weighs five tons or will carry five tons. I have been so busy somebody else to 'cast off the downhaul and hoist the jib,' and for me to 'hold her till she filled.' I suggested that as I couldn't swim, if he was going to let her fill, I'd better go ashore. * * *

"When we went on board, we found the hook attached to a piece of rope. Capt. Winslow said to me 'haul the anchor short,' and for somebody else to 'cast off the downhaul and hoist the jib,' and for me to 'hold her till she filled.' I suggested that as I couldn't swim, if he was going to let her fill, I'd better go ashore. * * *

"The Pilgrim is a sloop and likewise a cutter. I can't tell you exactly what a cutter is. A razor and a meat axe are cutters, but the Pilgrim is neither a razor nor a meat axe. I think a cutter is rather long legged in the water, has a deep cellar so to speak, and a straight bow like a steam boat. * * *

"I broke out the anchor and there never was a case of measles that broke out as hard as that anchor did. I also weighed the anchor, but I have forgotten how much it weighed; I should say a thousand tons, more or less, and then I 'eared it,' and then I 'on'ly' embraced the mast, and drew a cambic banknote from my star-board pocket and gathered up the perspiration, which had oozed out from my mainport, and was standing like spectators on my face to see us get under way. There was one of those turn-around-the inside-out breezes, and as the Pilgrim makes up her mind very quickly, those on board are forced to do likewise. Her deck is flush and about a foot and a half above water, when she is trying to dip her flag in the brine. I have seen a 'flus' deck' that was a good thing to hold on to, but it wasn't a yacht's, and as she would lurch, I would instinctively feel my toes grabbing for the inner sole of my boots, and I would hug the mast as if it were my best friend."

"After all the fuss and coolery of bidding the shore good-bye was over, I went aft and sat down and proceeded to enjoy myself. I was just getting used to it when the Pilgrim concluded to jib, and, before I had given my consent, the motion had been put and the vote taken and the thing stood a tie, when the main boom went over to the other side and carried it, and a fine-looking gentleman of about my size came wending ending his yachting minus a head. Later on I learned that the main boom always has the right of way on board a yacht. * * *

"When I was stationed as overseer to clear the jib sheets, I learned what the word busy meant. I never before knew that a piece of rope was endowed with intelligence. I always looked at it as an inanimate object, but when I would go forward that particular bit of rope would be lying there as peaceful as a plaster of 'Paris' Sammy at prayer, when, all of a sudden, it would make a spring and one or two turns around my port lee and bury her lee rail under so that a speed that my years do not usually allow me to attain, and I would find myself about to go over the side, when it would let go my leg and lay out on the deck as still as if it had not moved since I came on board."

"The Pilgrim is as staunch as any of its old namesakes, and she can sail anywhere you point her. If there is a breeze, she will snell close up to the wind and a little the other side of it if it inclines, and, when there was a spanking breeze she would put her lee rail under so that everything would be under water but her keel, and you could walk around on the side of the cabin and hang your hat on the floor. Anybody who does not enjoy the water does not want to strike up a friendship with a yacht, for it is strictly a water bird, but, if one does enjoy being on the water, and has a stomach that is not fit to be maimed and get the owner into trouble, there are few sports more enjoyable."

"It is a sort of sport where there does not seem to be any work, and, yet, after sailing all day with a good breeze, you feel at night as if you had wheeled Jumbo up. Mr. Washington, but you are all ready the next day for another dose."

"I think that does up the excursion very well and will only say, that the event was one of the most enjoyable of the whole summer, and the cruising waters, wild and picturesque shore lines, and snug, safe harbors at convenient distances ample to make this portion of the busy a most delightful place for weeks of pleasure yachting."

Another memorable trip of 1 day was made with three old sea captains of advanced age and rich experience. Two of them had been captains of ships for years in the China trade, and one had just returned with his frigate from Sanyra. I got them to test the laying powers of the yacht, and we decided that she lay within three points of the wind, and she headed exactly six points apart upon different tacks. The Pilgrim was from only two points, reclining on the onshous and smoking, as he was not well, but he was always ready when his turn came to tell a story. Here is one of them: "Two ships were racing home from Hong Kong and kept along side by side for a week, and no amount of trimming and watching gave either the advantage, both being on the port tack, close hauled. At last the Boston captain had his yards braced in about two points; he immediately began to go ahead of his rival, and arrived home several days in advance. You can make more of the wind by not bracing too sharp up," said the captain."

Capt. McDonald told how not having a barometer aboard saved his vessel, and how with a barometer one was lost. "The two vessels were in company, bound in to Boston. It began to blow and he kept on all sail, not suspecting any severe weather was coming, and drove his craft, and when the gale did come off shore, he was able to reach Provincetown and to get to anchor before dark. The other vessel had a barometer and as it was falling rapidly, the cautious captain ran up under Cape Cod, took in his light sails and reefed down close. Then he kept on at an easy jog, but he had lost valuable time and day light. The gale caught him, drove him off shore, and the vessel foundered with all on board. It is just as well sometimes not to pay too much attention to the barometer," said the captain."

This reminded me of the Signal Service journals and the fishermen's sun-dog the day I left Booth Bay. Our journalists called this trip "The Cruise of the Royal Tars."

THE CRUISE OF THE ZIMMERMAN.

"HURRY up, boys!" This was the skipper's first order, which was promptly obeyed. Water, wood, coal, small boats, sea stores, oil-kins, gun boots, shore torgery, etc. had been properly stored, and we were waiting for Morris Clark and his usual home mate loaf, and then worthy put in an appearance just as the yacht sailed down stream, and with a fresh southerly breeze we made our first start. The night was dark and rainy, wind freshening and hauling in the eastward. Off Oldman's Point a "heavy one" struck the yacht, the cook struck his foot out of the companion way, reporting that the ship was upst to down. As that important functionary was standing on his head, argument was not admissible. Directly another "hard one" jumped in; the mate, who was lifting the jib at the time, was literally floated into a horizontal position. The leeward water barrel went overboard, crushing down on a staving on that side, and every thing to starboard left us. By request of the cook, we stopped for the night. As an honest recorder of fact, I must say this little episode was the result of Clark's practical joke. He's a sad one, always on the alert for a little exciting fun. Our yacht is a center-board sloop, 31 ft. over all, 27 ft. loadline, 11 ft. beam and 2 ft. 6 in. draft. Two water barrels are on a flush deck aft of the cabin, and when the yacht canted to an excessive angle of heel, the weight of water so high could not be kept in position, though carefully lashed in the chocks."

Next day was foggy. Beat down to deep water point, where we fell in with the steam yacht Comet at anchor; Dr. Valett and friends just returned from a trip South, and bound to New York and Long Island Sound. Went on board and had a good time. When abreast of Fort Delaware wind suddenly shifted to northwest, blowing hard, came to, ship rolling badly, and anchor light dancing a jig. Morning

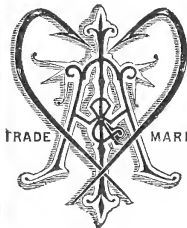
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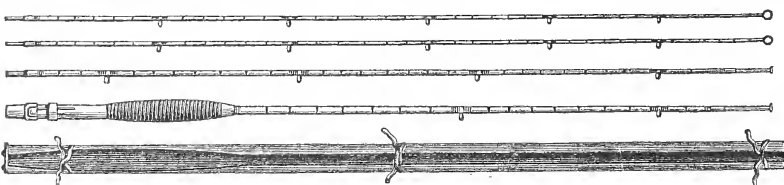
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STATEMENT OF The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

For the year ending December 31, 1885.

ASSETS, 108,908,967.51.

Insurance and Annuity Account.

No.	Amount.	No.	Amount.
Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st, 1885.....	114,865 \$851,815,941 07	Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st, 1886.....	120,952 \$868,981,441 36
Risks Assumed.....	14,934 46,507,139 16	Risks Terminated.....	8,247 29,341,638 87
	129,199 \$898,323,080 23		129,199 \$898,323,080 23

Revenue Account.

To Balance from last account,.....	\$97,009,913 08	By paid to Policy-Holders:	
" Premiums.....	14,768,901 93	Endowments and Purchased Insurances, \$5,270,116 34	
" Interest and Rents.....	5,446,052 35	Dividends and Annuities.....	3,211,900 00
		Dec'd Lives.....	5,920,083 56
			\$14,402,049 90
		" Other Disbursements:	
		Commissions and Commutations.... }	\$1,228,679 84
		Taxes.....	266,656 50
		Expenses.....	991,954 14
			2,487,290 48
		" Premium on Stocks and Bonds Purchased.....	469,882 87
		" Balance to new account.....	99,865,641 11
	\$117,224,867 36		\$117,224,867 36

Balance Sheet.

To Reserve for policies in force or terminated.....	\$108,846,253 00	By Bonds Secured by Mortgages on Real Estate.....	\$49,228,930 16
" Premiums received in advance.....	50,080 73	" United States and other Bonds.....	39,366,104 00
" Surplus at four per cent.....	5,012,639 78	" Loans on Collaterals.....	3,856,500 00
		" Real Estate.....	10,992,720 45
		" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at Interest.....	2,619,648 21
		" Interest accrued.....	1,217,329 85
		" Premiums deferred and in transit.....	1,438,189 55
		" Sundries.....	189,550 29
	\$108,908,967 51		\$108,908,967 51

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus above stated a Dividend will be apportioned as usual.

New York, January 20, 1886.

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Seymour L. Husted,	Oliver Harriman,	Robert Sewell,	Nicholas C. Miller,
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Most truly yours,

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FLORIDA. Indian River

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW ENGLAND FOX HUNTING.

THE morning breaks dull and lowering. Moisture is in the air and an inch of new snow covers the old and crusted mantle which lies upon the ground. Fetters of frost bind the earth, and the feathered game is protected by law and by the conscience of each right-minded man.

Is there then no use for the gun and the dog at this inclement season? The old fox hunters of New England will laugh at you if you ask this question. It is now that they take their pleasure. No matter how ardent they may be in their pursuit of birds during the season, it is to the fox hunting that they look forward all the autumn, and upon its delights that they reflect after the snows have melted and the waters have burst their icy bonds.

On a snowy winter's day, when the white flakes are softly falling, the old fox hunter is uneasy. He takes down his gun more than once during the day, counts his cartridges over and over, and looks over old Drive and Dame and the pup to see if their feet are right. If there should be an abrasion between the toes, or if the hard crust of a previous run has cut a pastern, he bathes the spot well in old beef brine. Probably he finds the dogs all right, for the foxhounds of New England as a rule are a tough and hardy race, and take good care of themselves. Game they are, too, to the backbone, and we once knew one to run for half an hour with a steel trap fast to his hindleg. But he never left the track, nor complained, and when released followed on as cheerily as ever.

The morning breaks, the old pung is at the door before light, and the hunters with guns and dogs are soon off for the well known grounds where reynard during the night has been hunting. Before the old horse is fairly tided and blanketed, the mellow notes of Drive, and the shriller notes of his consort, mingle with the excited yelps of the pup, and we know that a track has been found.

Why speak of the remainder of the day; of the exhilarating music which salutes the ear, now loud, now faint, sometimes passing entirely out of hearing, again drawing near, until while we listen entranced, the fox leaps the wall within twenty feet of us and vanishes from our startled sight before we can raise the gun. The dreamer will not make a successful fox hunter. Why speak of all the winter sights and sounds of the fields and woods, sights and sounds that are seen only by him who goes a-foxing. He can tell you

how the chickadees and the kinglets swing in the branches of the cedar, how the black snowbirds and the tree sparrows tear at the heads of the weeds and squabble over the seeds that fall on the snow from the spreading panicles of the tall-stalked weeds; how the nuthatch corkscrews his way up the trunk of the tall forest trees, and what queer rolls the woodpeckers drum out on the dry branches. He knows too where the cunning old gray squirrel has buried his store of nuts, and understands the curious chuckling conversation which the bluejays carry on when they think they are quite alone. It is no use for us to tell of all these things, because all the old fox hunters know about them, and those who are not fox hunters won't understand them.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

VERY slowly the public are awakening to see that the fashion of wearing the feathers and skins of birds is abominable. There is, we think, no doubt that when the facts about this fashion are known, it will be frowned down and will cease to exist. Legislation of itself can do little against this barbarous practice, but if public sentiment can be aroused against it, it will die a speedy death.

THE FOREST AND STREAM has been hammering away at this subject for some years, and the result of its blows is seen in the gradual change which has taken place in public sentiment since it began its work. The time has passed for showing that the fashion is an outrageous one, and that it results very disastrously to the largest and most important class of our population—the farmers. These are injured in two ways; by the destruction of the birds, whose food consists chiefly of insects injurious to the growing crops, and of that scarcely less important group the Rapaces, which prey upon the small rodents which devour the crop after it has matured.

The reform in America, as elsewhere, must be inaugurated by women, and if the subject is properly called to their notice, their tender hearts will be quick to respond. In England this matter has been taken up and a widespread interest in it developed. If the women of America will take hold in the same earnest way, they can accomplish an incalculable amount of good.

While individual effort may accomplish much, it will work but slowly, and the spread of the movement will be but gradual. Something more than this is needed. Men, women and children all over our land should take the matter in hand, and urge its importance upon those with whom they are brought in contact. A general effort of this kind will not fail to awaken public interest, and information given to a right-thinking public will set the ball of reform in motion. Our beautiful birds give to many people a great deal of pleasure and add much to the delights of the country. These birds are slaughtered in vast numbers for gain. If the demand for their skins can be caused to fall off, it will no longer repay the bird butchers to ply their trade and the birds will be saved.

Statistics are as yet wanting to show the proportions to which this traffic has grown in North America, but we know that it reaches well into the hundreds of thousands. Some figures published in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 4, 1884, showed that in a three months' trip a single taxidermist collected bird skins to the number of 11,018, which, including specimens too badly mutilated for preservation, and skins spoiled in the making, would perhaps represent a destruction of 15,000 birds. This same person states that he handles annually about 30,000 bird skins, almost all of which are used for millinery purposes. A single middleman who collected the spoils of the shooters in one small district, brought to the taxidermist's in four months about 70,000 birds.

The birds of the fields, the birds of the woods, the birds of the marshes, and those of the sea, all suffer alike. It is needless to repeat the oft-told story of destruction. How can we best go to work to combat this great and growing evil, what means can we best employ to awaken at once popular feeling against it?

We desire to enlist in this work every one who is interested in our birds, and we urge all such to take hold and assist us.

In the first half of this century there lived a man who did more to teach Americans about birds of their own land than any other who ever lived. His beautiful and spirited paintings and his charming and tender accounts of the habits of his favorites have made him immortal, and have inspired his countrymen with an ardent love for the birds. The land which produced the painter naturalist, John James Audubon, will not willingly see the beautiful forms he loved so well exterminated.

We propose the formation of an association for the protection of wild birds and their eggs, which shall be called the Audubon Society. Its membership is to be free to every one who is willing to lend a helping hand in forwarding the objects for which it is formed. These objects shall be to prevent, so far as possible (1), the killing of any wild birds not used for food; (2) the destruction of nests or eggs of any wild bird, and (3) the wearing of feathers as ornaments or trimming for dress.

To bring this matter properly before the public at large, we shall employ every means in our power to diffuse information on the subject over the whole country. Those who are willing to aid us in our labors are urged to establish local societies for work in their own neighborhood. To such branch societies we will send without charge circulars and printed information for distribution among their neighbors. A little effort in this direction will do much good. As soon as the association shall have a membership and shall be in position to organize and shall have attained an existence, we will hand the books and any funds which it may have, over to its members, who will thereafter take charge of it.

The work to be done by the Audubon Society is auxiliary to that undertaken by the Committee of the American Ornithologists' Union; and will further the efforts of the A. O. U. committee, doing detail duties to which they cannot attend. Those who desire to join the Audubon Society, established on the basis and for the purpose above set forth, should send their names at once to the FOREST AND STREAM, 40 Park Row, New York.

A SUPERINTENDENT OF PROTECTORS.

THERE are sixteen State Game and Fish Protectors in New York. They are subject to the supervision and direction of the Commissioners of Fisheries. The Commissioners are required to receive from each of them a monthly report of all his official labors, and are further required to certify to the Governor the proper performance of the duties of each protector as well as to report the delinquencies of each. This involves a vast amount of labor, which falls on the secretary of the Commission. It consumes his time. For it he receives no compensation whatever, save that he is paid by generous abuse whenever the public imagines it has a ground of complaint.

The present secretary is Gen. R. U. Sherman. With the highest appreciation of his faithfulness, public spirit, and efficiency, we suggest that he should be relieved of the care of superintending the protectors, and that that duty should devolve upon an official expressly appointed to the work and paid for doing it. Such a special man could give his whole time to the cares of the office—and they would demand all his time—and his duties being confined to this single branch of the public service, he could more effectively direct the protectors, watch them more closely, and double their efficiency.

The next important step in game protection at Albany should be the passage of a bill creating the office of State Superintendent of State game and fish protectors. Then put in a man known to have a deep interest in the cause of game protection, and possessed of energy, integrity and executive ability.

ASSEMBLYMAN FLOYD J. HADLEY, who was sent to Albany on the platform that the hounding law must be repealed, is making an active effort to please his constituents. He attended the monthly dinner of the New York Association for Protection of Fish and Game in this city last Monday evening, and over the champagne talked the club into an endorsement of his efforts to repeal the law. He did it by making them believe the silly statements that more deer have been killed by still-hunters this fall than in former years by still-hunters and hounders combined. If the members of the society had any intelligent conception of the condition of affairs in the North Woods, they would not have lent themselves to such a pernicious scheme as the restoration of deer hounding.

THE REPORT ON THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.—The Secretary of the Interior sent to the Senate on Feb. 1 the report of Mr. W. Hallett Phillips, who was last summer appointed special agent of the Department to inquire into the condition of the Park. As our readers will remember, this report was published in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 3, 1885.

ADIRONDACK DEER.—It has been suggested that those who are interested in preserving the Adirondack deer from the dogs should send to their members at Albany marked copies of the FOREST AND STREAM and other papers which print matter relating to the subject.

TO THE WALLED-IN LAKES.

X.—UP SWIFT CURRENT.

THE morning brought more wind, but the sun shone bright and clear from a sky whose brilliant blue was patched here and there with white clouds.

We were to-day to start on a two days' excursion to the Swift Current Lakes, and having seen them and the mountains about them, to return to St. Mary's and then to depart for the Agency.

Our scanty outfit was speedily collected and put on the pack horse. Blankets, bacon and bread, with a frying pan, bucket and a tin cup or two made up the load, and we were soon stringing out over the level plains toward Swift Current.

Something has already been said about this rushing torrent. Although neither very deep nor wide, it is not always an easy stream to ford because of its swiftness and the character of the bottom. Over the great smooth boulders, about which the waters foam, a horse has to pick his way with great care if he is to keep his footing, and the rider experiences a feeling of relief when his animal, after slipping and staggering through the flood, gets his forefeet on the dry gravel of the bank.

It happened that I rode down last into the water and just before me was the pack horse, which Yellowfish was leading. The bank on the other side was almost a cut bluff for twenty or thirty feet, but there was an easy trail leading up the bluff. I was close behind the pack horse, which hung back, and rode out of the water above the trail, rather than keep my horse standing in the stream until the way should be clear. Just as I had got clear of the water I saw the pack horse rear as if to put his feet on the bank and then fall over backward, nearly pulling Yellowfish out of the saddle. The beast fell squarely on the pack and the force of the current swept him along, rolling him over half a dozen times, giving him another turn every time he tried to regain his feet, until at length, exhausted, he lay still, with nothing but his head and half the pack out of the water. By this time we were all off our horses and down by the water's edge, and Yellowfish ran into the stream and caught the lariat and we dragged the dripping beast to shore and up the bank. From every corner of the pack the water was trickling in capacious streams, and it was plain that our bedding was well soaked.

While we apostrophised the unlucky author of our misfortune in no measured terms, the pack was jerked off the saddle and its contents exposed. The blankets were wrung out and spread in the sun to dry and the damp bread treated in like fashion. Then we sat down and while the horses fed and the blankets dried we grumbled.

Yellowfish said: "Some person is doing this. First rain all the time, then fall in the creek. Bad."

"If that is so," I said, "let us make a present to some god. which one shall it be, Appekunny?"

"The Sun, I suppose," he replied.

So we took a couple of the damp biscuits, and I gave Appekunny a piece of tobacco. Then he sang a little song in which he magnified the Sun, and prayed, saying: "*I yu Natose, I yu Napi, Kim-o-tit, Kim-o-tit.* Hear Sun, hear Old Man, pity, pity. Look down. Many days ago we started out, and all the time we have had bad luck. First plenty of rain, then fall in the creek; misfortunes all the time. Have pity, Sun. Give us good. Take care of us. Let us make a lucky journey and kill plenty of meat. Pity. Pity." And we all murmured *Kim-o-tit Kim-o-tit*. Then Appekunny put the presents up in a little tree and came back, and we smoked and waited for an hour or two longer, when the things, having become a little dry, we packed up and started on.

The way is merely a hunters' trail leading into the mountains; but it shows a good deal of use, and the Kootenays had evidently been trapping here recently, for their fresh horse tracks were often seen. Two or three miles above the Kootenay camp we saw where some Canadians the previous year had cut a large quantity of timber which, during the high water in spring, they floated down to the St. Mary's River and so over the line. A United States Deputy Marshall was sent after them, when the Piegan Indian Agent learned what these men were doing; but before he reached the spot they had gone. It is said that they took out many thousand feet of timber, to which, of course, they had no shadow of right. Where it comes out of the hills the valley of Swift Current is wide, though it has no true bottom, the terraces or benches extending quite down to the water's edge. It is fitly named Swift Current, for its fall is very rapid, and there are no quiet pools or reaches of water near where it pours into the St. Mary's. The water is cold as ice.

Six or eight miles from the stream's mouth we entered the gateway of the mountains which it drains. Hitherto the ridges which bound the valley had been rather low and rounded and timbered to their summits; but now we passed on the north a long, knife-edged mountain, showing on the side toward us only a bare pink and gray rock slope. This was immediately succeeded by one much more lofty and covered in part with snow. On the south side of the valley rose one equally high, but showing little snow on its exposed slope.

Before we could see these mountains to their bases, however, we rode over a little ridge in view of the lower of the Swift Current Lakes. These lakes were discovered a few years ago by a hunting party, and have been visited only once or twice by white men. They have been reported as

being five in number. The lower one is perhaps a mile in length and quite broad. Those above it are smaller, but still quite considerable.

The water of Swift Current is markedly different in one respect from that of most mountain streams. These are usually pure and as transparent as crystal. Swift Current, however, though by no means a turbid stream, is still somewhat roily, or at all events very far from clear, and where the water is a foot or two deep it is impossible to see the bottom. The color of the water is pale greenish, and its aspect, by the time we had reached the lowest of the lakes, led me to suspect the existence of glaciers at the head of the stream.

The bed of the stream is on the south side of the valley, which is here rather broad, and on the mountains which rise above it, the spruce timber comes down to the very edge of the water. To the north of the stream the slope is much more gradual, and there is at first but little evergreen timber, its place being taken by quaking aspen and cottonwood brush. Above the lower lake the immediate shores of the stream are low and marshy, and overgrown with high grass and clumps of willows—fine feeding ground, one would imagine, for moose and white tailed deer.

As we advanced, the confines of the valley drew closer and closer together, and the mountains became more abrupt. Finally on the north they became mere vertical walls of from three to four thousand feet in height, with a talus of finely broken rock at the base perhaps 500 feet high. At intervals of a mile or less, narrow cañons opened out from between the mountains, leading back into wide amphitheatre-like basins scooped out in time long past by the action of the ice. On the south side of the stream the mountains, though seemingly less steep, were higher and—because we could see more of them—more grand. Here on the northern slope of the mountains snow was much more abundant, and from every drift fell a long line of white waving mist, marking the course of some cascade down the nearly vertical side of the mountain. A few black pines clothe the lower half of the talus slope, but higher up nothing grows save occasionally in a ravine, worn out by some torrent, a few stunted willows maintain themselves, and here and there in a crevice of the rock a spruce strives to draw sustenance from the flint.

Ice is present in many of the ravines, but nowhere along the lower lakes did I see any that appeared permanent. As we advanced, however, and could see further up the valley, a superb glacier came into view. It lies on the south side of the stream and forms the source of a sixth lake, which is an arm of the fifth, which has, until now, been considered the uppermost of the Swift Current Lakes.

We made camp below fifth lake, in a little patch of green timber, it being thought that further up the stream there would be found no grass for the horses. Near this point was an old Blood camp of three lodges which had been deserted about six weeks ago. The bones about the camp showed that they had killed some sheep and goats, and not far off was a spot where, from the great quantity of hair scattered about, we saw that they had been tanning sheepskins.

Before doing anything else, Appekunny and I went up the trail to see the falls at the outlet of fifth lake, for we had heard them described in glowing terms as being one hundred feet high and of great beauty. We were greatly disappointed in them. They consist of a series of broken cascades, each about twenty-five feet high, the stream itself being about twenty feet wide and flowing between vertical walls of rock. The lake itself, walled in as it is by lofty mountains, is very beautiful. From an elevated point we could see something of the sixth lake, the greater part of which, however, was concealed behind a great mountain. The waters of this lake are green and milky—true glacier waters, in fact—and a well defined line in the fifth lake shows where its clear waters and the milky ones of its arm come together. Very impressive is the superb mountain which lies between fifth and sixth lake, and partially conceals the glacier which gives origin to the latter. Its base in sections is triangular, two of its sides facing the lakes being cut away vertically. Its acute angle is directed a little south of east. Along its lower third it is thickly clothed with brush, willows and alders and aspens. Above this is a narrow belt of evergreens. Still above, rise a series of narrow ledges one above another, and on each grow a few pines. These ledges indicate the different strata of rock which have weathered off from above. These rocks are all dark in color, black and dull green and dark red and purple; and these, with the different hues of the foliage and the white snow, gave the mountain a most varied aspect. Behind this mountain and over sixth lake the glacier was visible. We could see at least a mile of its width, and how much was hidden from view we could not conjecture. Its course, if uninterrupted, would make it a part of another great glacier which lies at the head of the main chain of Swift Current Lakes. The thickness of this mass of ice we estimated at several hundred feet, but as our efforts to reach it were unsuccessful, we can only guess at this. It extends back a long way on the mountain side, quite to the summit, in fact, and is broken in two by falling over a tremendous cliff, the height of which is greater than the thickness of the ice, so that the face of the rock is visible. We spent a long time examining the mountain sides, on which we detected many little white dots, which we thought might possibly be goats, but we could discover no motion in any of them.

Our fire that night was built in a little opening among the spruces, and as it burned high after dinner, the tips of the

overhanging boughs crackled sharply in the heat. On sticks set in the ground about were our damp garments smoking in the warmth. The tent, swung on a rope between two convenient trees, stood a few yards back from the fire, and as I surveyed the camp from my couch of dry pine needles on the opposite side of the fire it had a wonderfully comfortable and homelike aspect.

Even an old dweller in camps like myself is sometimes surprised by the very little it requires to make a comfortable home in the wilderness. Blankets and fire are all that is needed. You can really carry your home about with you on your saddle. The old camper instinctively selects the place which each piece of his camp furniture shall occupy almost before he has unsaddled his horse. The fire must be there because there is no chance of its spreading and there is a convenient log or rock where he can place his dishes while cooking. Here is the place for the bed, a smooth spot and level and near the fire, and he rides up and unsaddles there so that he will not be obliged to carry saddle and blankets from one place to another. His slender stock of "grub" is placed among the branches of a tree out of the way of any prowling fox, coyote or skunk that may visit camp during the night, or if no tree be at hand, is put under his head, so that if it is disturbed he will be likely to know of it. The water bucket has its place and so with every article he possesses. If he has to find anything in the dark he knows just where to put his hand on it. Needless to say that he takes good care of and keeps close watch over his horse, on whom his very life may depend. Usually the animal is allowed to wander hobbled or with his picket rope dragging until the approach of darkness, and then he is brought as close to camp as possible and picketed, if the surroundings will admit of it, where the grass grows thickest and best.

One wants to be as comfortable as possible at all times, and I have not the slightest sympathy with those who delight in making hardships for themselves. But when it is necessary to travel light, to go insufficiently provided, to sleep with a single blanket, to eat meat straight, or to get along for days or weeks on bacon and unleavened bread, a man, if he only looks on the cheerful side of things and laughs at hardships, can have a lot of comfort and can take a vast amount of pleasure out of this life. But I do hate to have to travel at night and to lie by without a fire during the day. However, those days are about over now.

Our talk that night was of the superb mountains about us, of the great ice masses that furrow their side, and of the possibilities of meat for the morrow. As we talked, the wind howled down the valley and made curious sad murmurs through cañon and ravine, while the tops of the spruces tossed themselves to and fro sighing in an undertone that was but faintly heard; but our fire burned bravely upward, for where we were the wind could not reach us, and it was warm and bright and pleasant. The pipes kept going well, there was plenty of wood, and we lounged about and chatted or dozed, until at length one by one we crept into our blankets and the wind sang our lullaby.

Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CAMP FLOTSAM.

XXIII.—AURI SACROFAMES.

LOAFING about camp, picking berries and spring hunting was fast becoming monotonous, but the blow on the water showed no signs of a let up and we were obliged to content ourselves in idleness. One night, just after sundown, we tried the white flies in the creek, but there was not a breeze stirring, and while we had a few small strikes from baby bass we had larger ones in the proportion of about six hundred to one of the former, from the mosquitoes from the marsh. It would have been an interesting spectacle from the shore, had any one been there to see, as we made a cast with one hand and at the same time a slap on the face with the other, then shifted the rod to the left hand to crush a patriarch which had settled on the off side and again dropped the rod altogether to smite the hoards upon our hands. It was too much to be enjoyed at a single sitting, and we got out of the creek into the lake as rapidly as possible.

We waited long and anxiously for the rain which the Colonel promised us would dispel the blow. It came after many days and lasted for twenty-four hours with a strong wind which we trusted would put us in the way of sport once more. When the rain ceased it left the weather cold with the thermometer at 56°. The blow had mostly disappeared from the water, although some signs of it were yet observable over the shallow stretches. A cruise among the adjacent islands resulted in two small bass, which we threw back, and on our way to camp a fair strike ended by fouling the leader on a log which stood upright with the end just below the surface, where we lost a gang of flies. The next day the blow was back on the water and the brimstone deposit on the beach, so the rod was unjointed and put away and we returned to loafing and prospecting.

One afternoon when we returned to camp, we found the household of Sabattis awaiting our coming on the slope before the tents. They had brought us a basket of field peas and half a dozen fine full grown chickens for our poultry yard, which yet consisted of the original two. The chickens had been procured for us from some one in the interior, while the peas, though they were from the fodder field of some farmer, were nevertheless good when prepared for the table. The Indians spent over half the afternoon in delight over a Grant memorial number of a New York illustrated paper which had been brought us from Kingston. Occasionally, they would jabber to each other as they turned over the leaves, and we wondered whether the pictures conveyed

any meaning to them. Only a single question was asked, and that was by the squaw who pointed to the paper and made the single inquiry "dead?" They had never heard of the great chief, and when we told them who he was and what he had been in his own land, Dame Sabattis pondered a moment, and then, in her broken English, told the tale how one of the chiefs of her tribe who, after being buried a hundred years, was disinterred and, upon being brought into the light of day, lifted his skeleton right arm and waved it over his people. It was saying in her own way that the influence of the great does not die.

Soon after the departure of our visitors, we heard sounds of an altercation in the poultry yard. The original family of chickens refused to welcome the new comers, and a champion had been selected from the latter whom the senior rooster of the resident household was entertaining without gloves behind the tent. Whether there was a foul or the champion was getting the worst of the combat we could not tell, but the bystanders suddenly interfered, put an end to the mill and drove our two "examples" into the woods. There was never any friendship between the two groups, each fed and roasted by itself until the lesser one was exhausted on the gridiron.

In spite of our resolutions, the creek tempted us once more to try the fly. We found the blow upon it equal to that on the lake, and though we worked from sunset till dusk we went home unrewarded. The dark nights had come on us again, and we could hardly find our way up the creek into the lake, so deep were the shadows from the trees on either side. But when we made the last turn, there was a burst of light from the western sky where the crimson of the sunset still hung upon the clouds. The aurora was making bright a spot in the northern heavens while the long shadows, reaching from the east and west across the water, made an ebony border to the silver sea which lay in front. While we paused to enjoy the beauty of the night, a skiff came out from the darkness on the left and halted a couple of lengths off. It was Sabattis on his way to his cabin; we answered his hail, held a short talk and then moved on, while he kept us company to the landing. From the tent door we could see the great square of Pegasus through an opening in the trees; from overhead myriad lights looked down; Cassiopeia with her chair invited us to linger without, but we turned our faces from the outward splendor, dropped the tent flaps and shut out the night.

The long, tedious days, during which the lake was working, dragged themselves away after witnessing now and then a futile attempt made by us to catch something, but the tedium and monotony were confuted to the slowness of the fishing, otherwise there was enough of novelty in cruising upon new waters and enough of enjoyment in the entertainments and receptions tendered us by the Colonel and Captain in the shade in the rear of their camp, to make us wish that each day might repeat itself. There were, too, vast amounts of information gathered concerning lakes only a day's journey to the north, where the entering streams were alive with trout and around which deer could be daily seen. One of these, a lake seven miles in length, interspersed with islands and nine miles distant from a human dwelling place, as described by an old hunter, so captivated us that full notes of how to reach it were taken for practical use in another summer.

Our outing was within two weeks of the end, when a violent storm of wind and rain at last cleared the lake, and the blow disappeared to return no more. For some time, Sabattis had been anxious to make a trip with us to the salmon trout grounds, nine or ten miles up the lake, but we had been reluctant to undergo the labor of a long day on the water with the lake in a condition which made us hopeless of success. But, just as the lake was clearing itself of the last of the blow, we were awakened early one morning by a light footfall in the tent, and there stood the younger of the two Indian boys beside our bunk. He had been sent by Sabattis to tell us that the former would be ready in half an hour to start for the trout water, that the bait (live perch) had been caught, and to ask us if we would go with him. Telling him to ask his father to wait for us at the point by Griffin Island, we hurried up a breakfast, hustled a launch into the boat, and with trolling lines, sinkers and A. N. C.'s two trout gangs, we put off. The old man was waiting for us at the point and the two boats, as close beside each other as the sweep of the oars would permit, took their way up the lake. The air was full of that indescribable softness which, with the haze on the far off forest, marks the Indian summer, though it was hardly past the middle of August. The southern shore was fringed with pine, between which could be seen an occasional clearing which was aglow with the scarlet of the sumac, tempered with the buff of the golden rod, and the dusky purple of the swamp oak stood out against a background of gray solemn hills.

It was just the day to listen to traditions and legends, and they were soon thronging about us. Again Sabattis unlocked his treasures and laid them at our feet. Here, near the ruins of the old Indian trading port, from which twenty-five years ago he had been taken to be tried for murder, John Brass had buried his gold in haste, together with his bloody fingers which he had severed from his hand, that they might keep his wealth in their unhallowed grasp after he had mounted the scaffold. On one of the Three Brothers, tradition had located another spot cursed with the white man's desire to preserve his gold beyond the grave, while beside a rock, opposite the entrance to Cady's Bay, strange and hellish forms made nightly rounds—infernal patrolmen guarding treasures to which the earth unfettered refused her keeping. And strange to relate, the old man was eager to learn some spell to which wraith and goblin damned would succumb, and by which the treasures in their keeping would be revealed and surrendered to him. Leaning over the gunwale of his boat and looking us in the face, he anxiously waited for our answer to his question whether, we in the States, had any means of determining the exact spot where money was buried. We could only suggest the witch hazel waud, but he was already versed in the my-teries of its use, and with a long drawn sigh turned toward the stern.

By the time we had reached Salmon Point, which Sabattis told us was the name of a long strip of land running out into the lake on the southern shore, it was after ten o'clock and here, at his suggestion, we arranged the troll. A fine lot of lively perch were put into the boat and with one of these, about four inches long, fastened on the gang, we made our maiden effort to take a lake trout. We moved along slowly for half a mile with two hundred feet of line astern which, with its sinkers, kept the boat within six or eight feet of the bottom in a depth of about eighty feet of water. In the middle of a broad open sheet of water, our first strike came, a strong firm tug. The line was brought rapidly in hand over hand, the weight at the end increasing with each

successive pull, until within twenty feet of the boat, when there was a wild dash downward, a scurrying around beneath us, a splash alongside, and a small-mouth bass that weighed three pounds and a half was whisked over the side into the boat. We felt all the disgust natural to the occasion but kept the fish. By the time the line had been paid out again we felt another tug, this time we were less confident, still we hoped for the best. But we were again to suffer disappointment, for a two pound small-mouth bass crushed our expectations. Two more were soon added to our catch, and after pulling half a mile further, the gang began to gather moss, when we turned about and went back over the course. No strikes of any kind followed and, after trying the water in every direction for an hour, we declared the trout experiment at an end. We found Sabattis off the point, where he had lost a spoon while trolling in the same depth as ourselves, and he showed us the end of the gimp which he said had been cut by a trout. We trolled through the shallow water to the bridge, taking a couple of bass on our way and then, hot, hungry and disappointed, we ran under one of the wide wooden spans where, tying up in the shadow, we spread our lunch on the seats. Soon a wagon rumbled over our heads, sending down a shower of dirt, and in a flash we were back through half a life to a scene five hundred miles away when, in one of those glorious "noonspells," we sat under the old bridge below the school house and divided the bread from our dinner pail with the red-fins which were darting in and out among the stones, and listening to the thump above us from the wheels of the farm wagons and the scuffling of the bare feet over the planks by the boys, running races down the dusty road. The cobwebs floated above us in all their dusky splendor, the damp odor from the water soaked timbers filled the brain with their ancient incense, the boyish eagerness and wonderings of twelve were thronging about us again, when a bearded face looked back into our own from the water and stayed them all.

By the time we had finished our lunch, a good breeze had sprung up from the west which, sweeping under the bridge, soon made us willing to drift out into the sunshine. As the wind increased, the sail was hoisted and Sabattis was for the moment forgotten as we began to make rapid headway down the lake. Suddenly our discourtesy in leaving the old man alone to pull six weary miles to camp smote us hard, and we rounded to and waited for him. He was pulling lustily twenty rods astern, with a determination apparent in his stroke to be left no further behind than his strong muscles could prevent. When he came up, we took him in tow, and he was soon stretched out fast asleep in the stern of his boat with the bright sun beating on his head and the breeze blowing his long hair about his face. Through the dreamy mellow afternoon we winged our course with well filled sail along the wooded slopes, through narrow channels and past green islands, without a word to break the silence. At the foot of the mast, with the end of the sheet rope in his hand which he had given a single hitch around the cleat at our feet, George was wandering in the same shadowy land as his compeer in the boat behind, while the master held the tiller and kept the course. The boat of Sabattis, with its long low line and no hand to steer, headed first to the right then to the left with sudden jerks until we shortened the line and drew his craft with the bow close to the stern of our boat, and thus we made our homeward way like "The dead steered by the dumb going upward with the flood."

It took repeated shouts to rouse Sabattis when we had reached the foot of Griffin Island and cast his boat loose for him to make his way to his cabin in the little bay around the point. Our day had been one of disappointment, for we had hoped to honor our trout gang and its donor with a catch of which we might be proud. But "fisherman's luck," that misfortune which comes to us all, had overshadowed us and in the gloom of defeat we drew up to our landing. It needed but a single drop more to fill our cup of humiliation and bad humor to the brim, and we found it awaiting us in camp. It was the inevitable which always comes about the same time in each year to render the balance of our outing a period of gloomy anticipation. There was a summons in which the limit to our camping was fixed, and we were to move on thenceforth, day by day, to the doom which was staring us in the face. The dream which had disturbed us at the beginning of the camp was soon to be realized, a blast like that from the trumpet of the Gideonite shattered the enchanted wall which we had reared about us, and through the broken battlements came to our ears the coarse din of toil.

WAWAYANDA.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

180.

DOCTOR R and myself were duck shooting from a double battery under the north shore of the Great South Bay, near Patchogue. The Doctor observed a single broad-bill coming up from the leeward and said, "Lie low and see your uncle roll this fellow over." On he came and at the same time came another on my left which the Doctor did not see. I killed the one on my left, while the Doctor emptied both barrels at the one he was to knock over. Recovering from his surprise at seeing his bird rapidly disappearing and seeing the water covered with feathers, he slapped me on the back and said, "Look at the feather bed I knocked out of that fellow." Imagine his surprise and consternation when I pointed to my dead bird and told him that was where his feather bed came from.

NEW YORK

181.

"Governor" David S. Crandall, formerly editor of the Lockport *Courier* and for many years well known in Western New York, used to tell a story of the great meteoric shower, which fell, I think, in November, 1833. He was at that time living temporarily upon a farm which he had purchased, lying at a few miles' distance from Lockport; and among his dependents was a chore boy twelve or fourteen years old. On the night referred to Mr. Crandall was engaged in writing after the rest of the family had retired, and saw through the window the shower of meteors. He aroused his wife, and then the boy, requesting them to come to the door, where the boy was at first struck dumb with astonishment, thinking that all the stars in heaven were falling through space. After a little he turned to the North star, and his courage returned. "By gosh!" he shouted, "the old 'dipper' hangs on yet, don't she?"

KELPE.

Natural History.

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WILD ANIMALS IN CONFINEMENT.

IT is a well known fact that the grounds at Central Park now devoted to zoological purposes were chosen merely as a makeshift, not for their adaptability. It is a small cause for wonder, then, that little interest is felt by lovers of natural history in that collection. The curator, Mr. Conkling, is unremitting in his efforts to make a zoological collection worthy of New York's intelligence, but he is so hampered by a contention of interests that his efforts are rendered almost abortive. Property owners on Fifth avenue have asked the Board of Apportionment to refuse to grant any money for the purpose of maintaining the menagerie, on the ground that it is a nuisance. But the true objections to the menagerie are not the selfish ones brought by the Fifth avenue property owners. They are that it is a poor and utterly incomplete collection, and is badly situated for its purposes. The menagerie was started merely as a makeshift, and has grown to its present proportions in a more or less accidental way, and was put where it is without the intention of there establishing a great and permanent zoological garden. Hence for years past the necessity for removing the menagerie to some more suitable situation has been recognized by everybody familiar with the Park, and having a just conception of what a zoological collection ought to be.

There is at present little hope of establishing a zoological garden at all worthy of New York. That there is an inherent love of natural history in our people no one who has observed their tastes will attempt to deny. No show or place of amusement that ever New York held has attracted so many persons as that menagerie attracts on every fine day. "We have from 80,000 to 100,000 visitors on Sunday," says Superintendent Conkling. If, therefore, so many people are interested in the rather "mangy collection of beasts" now exhibited, how would it be if we had a zoological garden worthy of the name, comparable, for instance, with that in London, or even with that in Philadelphia?

I have spent considerable time in the Central Park menagerie studying the various habits and characteristics of the animals under confinement. Of the 600 different species in the menagerie not one is of foreign birth. They are all to the manor born. First in point of interest is the deer. To the hunter who has seen them in the pride of their liberty, bounding recklessly through valleys and up and down mountain sides, the deer in captivity presents a sorry picture.

"Do they retain many of their native characteristics in confinement?" I asked of Superintendent Conkling. "Well, yes," he replied, thoughtfully. "Deer are naturally voracious animals. In their wild state they are constantly feeding and never seem to satisfy their hunger. Here in confinement they soon lose that characteristic. They get accustomed to a fixed routine and look for their food at a certain time as regularly as mankind. Being herbivorous we provide them with a diet of that class. Our native deer do not stand captivity as well as those of foreign origin. I can account for this only on the ground that in their wild state they obtain certain herbs that are unknown to us. Deprived of them they become slab-sided and lanky and seldom live more than four or five years. I have noticed how vastly different in point of hardiness are our native and the fallow or park deer, of England. The latter have become so thoroughly domesticated that captivity and confinement are a second nature to them. They thrive in paddocks on such food as we give them. I have known some of them to live fifteen years."

"Do you think it possible to wholly change the habits of any wild animal by captivity so that in the course of time they will become thoroughly domestic in all their characteristics?"

"It has been done in the case of the fallow deer, but I am inclined to think that it was an easy matter to do so. They are essentially a park deer. From time immemorial they have been confined in the immense parks owned by wealthy noblemen in Europe. I fancy it would be difficult to find out anything about their habits in a wild state, if in fact they ever were in that condition. Our native deer do not take kindly to captivity any more than do grizzly bears, wolves, panthers, and other animals of very wild natures. Another peculiarity about deer that I have noticed is that they do not breed as readily in captivity as they do in their wild state. Observation has taught us that this is the fault of the bucks more than the does. The former seem to lose their amative spirit. Still we succeed in breeding a good many deer. A doe in captivity will generally produce one fawn at a birth when she is three years old, and two frequently thereafter; when wild, they breed at two years of age, but this is rarely the case when in captivity. Experience has shown that a doe is not strong enough to be allowed to breed at two years of age. If allowed to, she would undoubtedly drop a weak fawn—one not likely to live long. Most of the fawns that have been born in the menagerie, came between June and September at no stated intervals. One of the doe's most striking characteristics is her strong affection for her young, and she will defend it with great energy. Just before the birth of the fawn she will seek out some quiet spot secure from observation, and after it is dropped, she will carefully conceal it by covering it over with leaves. This precaution is taken to protect her young from the buck, who evinces a strange disposition to kill the young fawn as soon as it is born if he can get at it, he seems to take a fiendish delight in trampling and goring it to death. At the end of about four months, if the fawn survives for that time, the parent doe weans him and makes him shift for himself.

"A fully developed bear captured and brought into captivity here is very easily subdued. Bears are very intelligent animals, and they readily succumb to civilizing influences. All wild animals, captured when full grown, are always more easily tamed than those born and reared in the menagerie. The youngsters inherit all the savage characteristics of their parents, and seem to look upon their civilized surroundings as part of their natural state. Civilization, therefore, does not have the same subduing influence on their natures as it does on those accustomed to the forests. This has been our experience with all the various animals, with the exception of bears. We have had all kinds of animals born in this menagerie except them. However, I expect to be able to tell a different story, now that we have got the FOREST AND STREAM's pair of grizzlies in our care. They'll breed, I feel sure. In their wild state bears hibernate all winter, subsist

ing, as far as we know, on a very slim allowance of food. While under our care they lose that habit, and feed right along all winter as voraciously as any of the rest of the animals. Little difference is made in the habits of wolves, foxes, coons and such animals. Foxes and wolves born in captivity, however, seldom thrive well. Rarely one of them is born without some disease, the most prevalent form being that known as rachitis. Even if they are not afflicted with this disorder few are perfect in their formation, being knock-kneed and otherwise deformed. Those born with rachitis, which, by the by, is a scrofulous affection of the spine, rarely attain a full growth. The disease is generally fatal."

The one animal in all the strange collection that is more likely to stir unpleasant recollections is the once proud but now almost extinct lord of the plains of the West—the buffalo. I never could understand why buffalo killing should be the sport and toy of every fledgling who could straddle a horse or fire a gun. Why those noble animals should have been allowed to be slaughtered as ruthlessly and as pitilessly as one would kill a biting, snapping cur on the roadside, is one of those things which I will never be able to find out. Said Mr. Conklin, "Scarcely a week passes by that I do not receive a letter from some showman asking me the price of the buffaloes that we have here in the menagerie. They want to buy them to exhibit them as curiosities, for such they have become." The prices which showmen are willing to pay for buffaloes for circus purposes depends entirely upon the age and condition of the animal; strange to say, that no matter how high the price they may offer, owners of the animals are loath to accept, for they realize that in the present condition of things it will be difficult to replace them. At the present time in the Central Park one buffalo calf mopes about his cage unconscious of the importance which is attached to his existence in this bustling world. He is as carefully tended as though he was worth his weight in gold dollars. Buffalo breed readily in captivity, their period of gestation being the same as that of our domestic cattle, with which they naturally assimilate.

As stated already, every animal now in the Central Park menagerie, with perhaps one or two exceptions, was born there. Experience has shown that those of "foreign origin" are longer lived, and harder than the animals of this country. The record of the deers is one that will excite more regret than other records. In two pages of the ledger which I examined I found that during one year there had been fifteen deaths as against twenty-six births. Out of all the deaths only five were the result of natural causes, the remainder being principally due to tramp dogs, which infest the park in great numbers during the summer months. Deer have a mortal fear of dogs, and a great many of them have been actually frightened to death by curs which have attacked them in their cramped quarters. The park police and the keepers of the menagerie are not slow in shooting all dogs they find at large about the park. Notwithstanding their vigilance in this regard, the prowling canines occasionally succeed in evading them.

Such a zoological garden as New York requires should be put in a park wholly or chiefly devoted to it alone. There the necessary space for a complete collection, properly organized and classified, can be obtained, and the garden can receive the attention as an independent enterprise which its development requires. It would not be difficult to select such a park among those which are subsidiary to Central Park, and there, with the present menagerie as a basis, we could in time build up a zoological garden which would become one of the grandest and most instructive resorts on Manhattan Island. There is a latent disposition in the minds of some of our wealthiest and most public-spirited citizens to establish such an institution, and agitation of the matter is, to my mind, the most feasible method of stirring them up to immediate action. What worthier journal than the *FOREST AND STREAM* can be found to engage in this worthy work? TOM FRANCIS DAGGETT

Game Bag and Gun.

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A CAMP HUNT IN MISSOURI.—II.

IN recounting the incidents of a hunting excursion one must necessarily confine himself, in a large measure, to events witnessed or participated in by himself, and this must account for the frequent use of the personal pronoun "I" in these letters. Every hunter who ever attempted to recount the exploits of a day's shooting will understand this.

The second day of the hunt, Tuesday, Mr. Rhea and Mr. Coger, equipped with boat and reel and troll, set out for an interview with the finny tribe, said to disport themselves in the waters of a neighboring lake. They were the happiest men in camp that night. And well they might be, for as the dusk of the evening brought the straggling and hungry hunters into camp they displayed to our delighted eyes one of the largest and handsomest strings of game fish that ever rewarded the skill and labor of two fishermen under similar circumstances. A few days afterward they added new laurels to their well-earned reputation as fishermen, and to our supplies a still larger and handsomer string of the wide-mouthed shining beauties. They had the satisfaction of presenting to Col. Deal, who was with us, to take home with him, a string of six black bass, or trout, as we call them, the least of which was estimated to weigh four pounds. These were selected from a large number of beautiful fish of smaller size. But Coger was not happy. He had been beaten, fairly beaten, at his own game that day. He had hooked and safely landed in the boat, the famous "biggest trout of the season." There he lay, the monarch of the lake, with glaring eyes, and fins erect, captured at last. A splendid struggle he had made for life and liberty, but alas, the skill of the great fisherman was too much for him, and there he was, a prize worth a hundred of smaller size. A sportsman knows the worth of such a catch. Coger knew, and in exultant triumph he raises his great catch up by the line that he may realize his grand proportions. But the old fish was caught, not conquered. He was game to the last, and now's the time to teach his captor a little trick all his own. A mighty flounce sends him clear of the hook, clear of the boat, and as the waters of the lake close over him Mr. Coger begins to think he had let something go. And he had.

Mr. C. E. Burton, of the firm of C. E. Burton & Co., the great deer killer, whose memory haunts the bucks and does of Lawrence county, concluded I was lucky with turkeys,

and he would go with me on a turkey hunt, while Coger tackled the fish. So off we set on Tuesday morning to the place where I had killed the four turkeys the evening before. We soon found the one I had left in the bush. Sending my dog Jo ahead on a scout, we soon heard the alarm signal, *put, put, put*, of the remnant of the flock, as the dog rushed among them and scattered them. That is the time for a turkey hunter to be on the alert and use his eyes, for a good turkey dog will nearly always chase one or more of the startled birds in range of the gun. A fine fellow flew past us, but too far to shoot. I marked his course quickly, and turned just in time to land at the feet of Mr. Burton another that was flying almost directly toward us. Experience or something else had taught the others a lesson, and they would not answer to call. We spent afterward several hours in a fruitless hunt. Jo ranged the woods far and near almost with the speed of a greyhound, and crossed and recrossed almost every acre of the forest for miles without flushing a single turkey. We were returning disheartened when, not far from the place where we had killed the one in the morning, the dog suddenly ran into a small flock of four or five. One flew by us, but too far. As we were watching its course another came almost over us. This I brought down with a charge of No. 7 shot that I had put in to shoot a squirrel. Mr. B. declared I was a lucky man. I walked to where the dead turkey lay without reloading—an unfortunate act, for just then the dog routed another, that came flying toward us. I happened to be under a leafy bush, and fired a load of buckshot by guess through the leaves and missed. Just then Mr. B. fired also and missed. The turkey turned through an opening in the trees and passed in a clear space not more than thirty yards from us, offering a beautiful shot. My gun was not loaded. With surprise I asked Mr. B. why he did not kill it with his second barrel. His reply was, "I had in a load of buckshot." From the fact that he had carried buckshot to shoot turkeys with, I must conclude that seeing so many turkeys must have given him what hunters call the "buck ague."

This conclusion is strengthened by the fact that subsequent events developed that Mr. B. is subject to "buck ague" in the woods. He was caught in the very act with the chill on him. Mr. B. had entertained us with some marvelous yarns of his exploits in deer killing in Lawrence county. He told of a little deer that ran by him on one occasion, and of his firing his murderous gun at it as it passed, and of some woodsmen actually finding the carcass of a dead deer in woods some miles from the fatal spot some months afterward. He carried with him then the gun of the bloody record. We determined to get up a deer drive for Mr. Burton, and some of the young fellows concluded to watch him and see how he did it. Marshaling a few coon dogs from the neighborhood, we all took stands around an old "deadening," the lurking place of a few buck rabbits, while Mr. Burton was stationed where the buck was most sure to come out. A native was sent in to make the drive. Just before completing the drive a bark or two from the coon dogs put everybody on the alert for the exit of the buck. The eyes of the watchers were on the great deer killer of Lawrence county. With a quick glance around he drew from his pockets a bottle of quinine and hastily swallowing a heavy dose, is ready for the buck, with a dead thing on the buck ague. Around the camp fires that night we enjoyed no little sport at the expense of Mr. Burton and his quinine remedy for buck ague.

By the way, the party got the laugh on your correspondent on one occasion. There was a general dread among the less experienced of the party in regard to getting lost in the interminable swamps where much of the hunting was done. This feeling was not shared by me, as a long experience had made me feel pretty safe in the woods, particularly as I make it a rule, in unknown woods, to hunt by courses and landmarks. We were camped near a road that ran almost due north and south for many miles and was the only road of any consequence in the country. I boldly asserted that no one need fear getting lost if he would hunt in reference to that road. If he was to the west of the road, by traveling directly east he would certainly strike the road, and if hunting on the east of the road a west course would necessarily bring him to the road. A compass, the sun or the stars would readily give one the points of the compass. It frequently happened, however, that night and darkness would overtake belated members of the party out hunting, and signal guns were fired at camp for their benefit. Two of the party lost their course one night, and the Mississippi River only convinced them they were traveling east instead of west. They got beyond the sound of our signal guns. The party accused me of making my gun hotter one evening firing distress signals than I ever made it shooting at game. Three of us had gone up the road about three miles from camp one cold, cloudy afternoon, on a turkey hunt. Leaving my companions near the road, I followed a dim path down into a dense forest to the west of the road. This forest was known to extend, without a human habitation, for ten or fifteen miles. After following the path about a mile, my dog struck the trail of a flock of turkeys, as I supposed, and ran off at right angles to the path I was following. In momentary expectation of getting a shot at the turkeys, I followed the course the dog had taken for some distance, and not seeing them, I turned to retrace my steps to the path I had left.

It was getting late, and thinking I could save time by it I turned my course so as to strike the path some three or four hundred yards nearer the main road than where I left it. Owing to the darkness of the evening, the dimness of the path and the fresh fallen leaves that covered it in places, I crossed the path without knowing it. I had failed to take a compass with me and the sky was obscured by thick clouds. It was cold and night rapidly approaching.

In my search for the path I had left I came upon a trap set for wild hogs. Despairing of finding the path, I set out for the road where I had left my two companions. I knew I was about a mile or mile and a half west of the road and chose, as I supposed, a course due east.

After a rapid walk of half an hour as near due east as I could judge without compass or sun or stars, I found myself back again at that identical hog trap. I had made a circuit of perhaps two miles and came back to the very spot I started from. I recognized the situation at once. I was not lost; of course I was not. I knew right where I was, but concluded I would let my friends know also, and I wasted more ammunition right there letting my friends know where I was than I wasted in all the hunt besides. A cold rainy night in an unknown swamp, miles from any human habitation, is not an inviting prospect.

I did not venture into that swamp another cloudy day without a pocket compass. H. E. JONES.

Nashville, Tennessee.

HUNTING AT ARMY POSTS.

ABOUT a month ago a brief note was sent from this office to several of the outlying posts of the regular army, asking for information about the use of the Springfield shotgun, which is issued for use by the men in their leisure hours. The object of the inquiry was to see how far these guns were successful in the purpose of their manufacture and issue in keeping the company and post larder well supplied with game delicacies in season.

The responses from the army posts have been general and prompt, and show that the members of Uncle Sam's scattered frontier patrol force have not failed to take advantage of the opportunities for field sport thrown in their way.

The letters speak best for themselves, and the few we are enabled to give in this issue show that from the Canadian to the Mexican border there is always some manner of healthful exhilarating sport to be had:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yours of the 9th is just received. Though by dint of hard work the more energetic of us manage to make fair bags in a season, this can hardly be called a game country. The whole vast expanse is prairie, more or less broken with cover for game only in the sparsely timbered bottom of the Missouri River, or in the yet more sparsely timbered creeks and ravines. A few red deer inhabit these timbered bottoms with the habits of a rabbit, lying perdu all day, feeding at night; not when disturbed running away with vigorous bounds, but sneaking off like a rabbit or wolf unnoticed. It is only by rarest good luck that any of these are brought to bag, though some of our indefatigable youngsters actually walk them down where the snow is deep.

We have the lynx, wildcat, wolf, swift or prairie fox, badger and skunk, and I have seen the skins of one or two raccoons offered for sale by Indians, but these predatory animals are less numerous here than in any wild portion of our country in which I have ever served. We have but one indigenous game bird, the sharp-tailed grouse (*Pediocetes phasianellus*). In August and September it gives the most perfect sport, lying well to the dog and acting in all respects like its cousin, the pinnated grouse. By Oct. 1 they begin to pack, gather in immense flocks, sometimes of hundreds, are very wild and will not lie to the dog. When snow covers their favorite feeding grounds they go to the bottoms and eke out an existence on cedar berries and the buds of the bullberry. Now they are great perchers and nearly all that are bagged are ignominiously potted from trees. Yes, I do it. It is a most toothsome bird, and if he will insist on sticking to the treetops instead of the grass he must pay the penalty. Their numbers of course depends on the condition of weather during the breeding season. In 1885 my bag was 726 and in my hunting book is this note: "It is estimated that over six thousand grouse were killed by the troops at Fort Sully between Aug. 1 and Dec. 31. The company hunters came in loaded down every day, yet there is no apparent diminution of their number." 1885 was a bad wet season. My bag dwindled to 358 and the company hunters came in usually with a round 0.

It is a glorious country for rabbits, but a man on foot might tramp the year round without seeing one. They live in the rosebush thickets two to four feet in height. On an alarm they dart away like lightning. I developed them accidentally by riding into such a thicket on horseback. From that "coin of vantage" their movements could be seen, and if any man wants to test his capacity as a shot, I recommend him to try this game. It is the very perfection of snap shooting. The little brown streak takes twenty courses in a minute, and to bag him you must have a quick eye, a steady hand and a good horse. My rabbit bag of 1884 was 201, of 1885, only 91. The season closes so quickly that we have a mere suspicion of duck shooting. In 1884 I bagged but twelve, in 1885 but five, and this takes in both the spring and fall shooting. The field plover arrives here about May 1 in fine condition, but one has hardly bagged a few dozen when he finds females with eggs already formed. No sooner do they get through their duties as parents than they clear out. By the middle of August no plover is to be seen. Curlew breed about us, but being scarcely eatable they are rarely shot at.

During this last fall and owing entirely to the immense emigration to this section of country, a few pinnated grouse have been bagged, and to the great joy of all our sportsmen, a covey of quail has located itself in the bottom below us. With the advance of civilization we may have better sport.

RICHARD I. DODGE, Colonel 11th Infantry.

FORT SULLY, Dak. Ter., Jan. 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to your letter of Jan. 9, I will state that I have only been here since the 14th day of June last, the garrison now here relieving that of the Twentieth Infantry on the date given, and consequently am unable to give as correct and detailed account as I would wish. Early in the season I made an endeavor to find out all I could about the game in this vicinity in order to write to a friend in Chicago that it would pay him to make me a visit, he was anxious to know all about the larger game. I could not find at that time that such game was in sufficient quantities in the immediate vicinity of the post, to warrant my writing him that a successful hunting trip, such as he wanted, could be made near this place. During the winter several hunting parties have been out, but with little success. One man though, belonging to Company I, Eighteenth Infantry, who either understands hunting deer or is more fortunate than others, has been quite successful so far, killing seven deer. Citizens who live at a distance from here have kept this place very well supplied with venison. Wild turkeys are found in large quantities at a distance from the post, but seem rather hard to get as the supply has not been well kept up. Chickens this year are very scarce, none been brought in that I know of, nor have I seen one. Ducks are plentiful here and many have been killed. Quail are in abundance.

The shotguns referred to in your letter, so far as my company is concerned, are in constant use, and much of the smaller game is bagged with them. CARROLL H. PORTER, Captain 18th Infantry, Commanding Post.

FORT GIBSON, Ind. Ter., Jan. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I take great pleasure in replying to your request of the 9th inst., but as I have only lately been assigned to this post my information is derived, not practical. My first hunt is to take place day after to-morrow.

The men inform me that there is quite a large supply of small game here. The list includes quail, both California and Messina; plover, meadow lark, curlew, rabbits, cottontailed and jack, etc.; and in large game we have deer, black-

tailed and white-tailed; antelope, mountain lion, black bear, wild pig, etc.

South of us, about seventy miles, is a mountainous "no man's land," through which Indians from both sides of the Rio Grande hunt; and although dangerous to hunt there in small parties, it pays very well to do so, provided, as above hinted, you can protect yourself. We have a party out there at the present time.

I notice you wish a statement as to merits of the Springfield shotgun. It is a very good gun for a single-loader, but in our troop not much used, as we have four double-barreled guns of good make, which the men prefer to use, as a general rule.

For large game we use the carbine habitually. Personally, I prefer the carbine as a hunting weapon, as it is very good practice for its more serious use.

GEO. H. MORGAN,

First Lieut. 3d Cavalry, Commanding Post.

CAMP PENA COLORADO, TEX., Jan. 26.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your communication of the 9th inst., I would respectfully state there is an abundance of deer, turkey, geese, ducks, blue quail, etc., around here in their season, and the shotguns referred to are used extensively by the whole command.

E. H. LISCUM,

Captain 19th Infantry, Commanding.

FORT RINGGOLD, TEX., Jan. 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your letter of the 9th inst. has just been received, and in reply I have the honor to state that game—wildfowl and quail—is plentiful in this neighborhood, and the men in spare time bring in a good quantity. The Springfield shotguns are used when double-barreled guns of larger bore cannot be obtained. The guns issued not carrying sufficient charge.

J. H. BRADFORD,

Captain 19th Infantry, Commanding Post.

FORT BROWN, TEX., Jan. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your note of 9th inst. is at hand, and in reply would state that the large game, such as deer and antelope, have almost entirely disappeared. A few deer have been killed in the vicinity of the post, and they by hunters and trappers. The only small game we have are ducks (mallard and teal) and the willow grouse. The ducks are not very plenty, and we only get them during the fall flight south. The grouse are with us the year round, and occasionally give good sport. This part of Nebraska is filling up so rapidly with settlers and farmers that I believe the grouse will increase. The corn, wheat and oats fields give the young birds cover from hawks and other destroyers of small game. The Springfield shotgun issued by the Government to the troops is used by the enlisted men almost exclusively, and with fair success. For a person who has been accustomed to an 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ -pound Scott double gun the Springfield would not be a success. The Springfield is a better gun for the enlisted men, for the reason that few of them are good wing-shots.

Jack rabbits and the small bush rabbits are found in some places along the streams. The bush rabbits are plenty. There are no quail in this part of Nebraska.

D.
FORT ROBINSON, NEB., Jan. 26.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Replying to your letter of 9th inst., I would state that there is plenty of game to be had in this region, such as deer, prairie chicken, wild geese and ducks. The Springfield shotgun is much used, and is good at short distance only. The rifle is mostly used in deer hunting. Supply of deer and chickens unlimited.

J. N. G. WHISTLER,

FORT BUFORD, D. T., Jan. 28. Colonel 15th Infantry, Com'd'g.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yours of Jan. 9 to hand this morning. There is no game on Mackinac Island, or in the immediate vicinity of this post.

GEO. K. BRADY, Brevet Lieut.-Colonel.

FORT MACKINAC, MICH., Jan. 20.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The commanding officer directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 9th inst., and in reply to say that the supply of game in this immediate vicinity is limited to a few rabbits, and in the spring and fall to migratory ducks. The Springfield shotguns are used frequently by the men, and they seem to meet with fair success in their use.

E. B. ROBERTSON,

First Lieutenant and Adjutant, 9th Infantry.

FORT D. A. RUSSELL, WYOMING, Jan. 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your favor I would say that game in the neighborhood of this post consists of deer (common red), antelope, jack rabbit, cotton-tail rabbit (a variety of hare), geese, ducks, prairie chickens, plover and snipe. Elk and buffalo have practically disappeared.

In their season ducks, prairie chickens and plover are abundant and furnish sport and an agreeable change in the army ration for all.

Wild geese in immense numbers frequent the wheat fields of Burleigh county, on the east side of the river (we are on the west side) and a few drift over the post during the fall months.

The Springfield breechloading, single-barrel shotgun has been furnished to the enlisted men of the army for hunting purposes, and they do good execution. The Parker, however, is the general favorite among sportsmen out this way. The writer has used a number of different makes, but has found the Parker the most satisfactory for general shooting.

Setters are generally employed—Gordons, red Irish and English. A good retriever is a necessity in duck season, and is often extremely convenient during the early chicken shooting, as the wounded birds can readily conceal themselves in the thick prairie grasses found everywhere in the cooleys, ravines and dry creek bottoms, which are the haunts of the coveys in the early autumn. Later in the season the chickens frequent wheat stubbles and "sod" cornfields and the berry patches along creeks and springy runs.

The writer was surprised one day last autumn, while wading through a reedy bayou (an old bed of the Missouri River), by finding evidence of beaver. Afterward several houses, with a winter's supply of food piled up in the creek near by, were found. Very few of these animals are left in this section of the country. Raccoons are beginning to put in an appearance, and an attempt has been made to introduce

quail. It is very doubtful whether they can survive the severe winters.

Owing to the thick growth of willows along the banks of the Missouri River, it is very difficult to get at deer, and if dogs are not used, they will probably be abundant for many years to come, though high water is apt to drive them to the bluffs in the spring, and they are then an easy prey for lawless pot-hunters. It is to be hoped that with the admission of the Territory as a State, more stringent game laws will be adopted and faithfully executed.

Ducks and wild geese are shot in passes generally, though often boats are used on the lakes and wading done in the wet marshes. Mallards, teal, widgeons, scaup, redheads, spoonbills and other varieties are met with, but the two first named make the longest stops with us and afford the most sport. Marvelous stories are told by many of our sportsmen of the wagonloads of ducks killed every fall at Long Lake, which is about thirty miles southeast of the post; but the writer not being a wagonload sportsman cannot speak of his own knowledge on that subject; he can vouch, however, for the satisfactoriness of the early fall duck shooting in this neighborhood. The air is dry, clear and bracing, the scenery varied and enjoyable, the birds plenty. What more could be desired?

QUINCE SABLE.

FORT ABRAHAM LINCOLN, D. T., Jan. 25.

THE GAL FOR ME.

DANVIS, Jan. 3, 1886.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mrs. Lovel's rag bag lately gave forth the inclosed. S. L. appears to have been singing with some rhyme and more reason, to himself in the woods, for the lines are scrawled in pencil on the margin of a crumpled copy of the *Vermont* that he had evidently carried in his pocket for gun wadding. Yours truly, H. MUMFOS.

THE gal that treats my dawg aright.

Oh, she's the gal for me!

When I come off the hills las' night,

Consid'able tired, for me,

And my dawg, the same was he,

I saundered into 'Pepperells'

An' sot ri' daown mongst supper smells

To rest me for awhile.

'Twas there the slickest gal I see

An' she hed jes' the cutest smile!

An' she shed it ont'er me.

On ter the crane the sump pot hung

A bubblin' merrily,

An' as towards her it she swung

So low au' sweet a rhyme she sung,

A kitchin saint seemed she,

With lips an' cheeks like piny blows,

An' hair like yaller silk,

An' pas' describin' eyes an' nose,

An' when she fed me sump an' milk,

Till heart and stomack was full 's a bee

O' sweets in a July basswood tree,

Then thinks sez I to myself sez I,

"You air the gal o' the world for me!"

Jes' then ol' Drive come sneakin' in,

An' curled hisself the fire beside,

An' she commit a weeked sin—

She kicked him with her poofy foot

An' cried, "Git out, you nasty coot!"

Haum' dawgs I never could abide."

Kicked the dawg 't hes fellered wi' me

Till it aint me an' him, but we!

Then thinks sez I to myself sez I,

"You ain't no gal for me. Good night!

If we was wed an' hed some chicks

You'd be a givin' them yer kicks

When you wa' n't kickin' of my haum';

An' if he an' them wa' n't handy raoun',

Like 's not you'd be a cuffin' me.

The gal that treats my dawg aright,

Oh, she's the gal for me."

Truly not yours,

S. L.

NOTES FROM SOUTHWESTERN KANSAS.

A VERY severe blizzard visited this section of the country recently and the telegraph has already told you of the great loss of human life in the western counties. Several hunting parties who went down into the Indian Territory before the blizzard, have been heard from, but there was no great suffering among them. They were prepared for severe weather. The great suffering occurred where parties were living in board shanties on claims, with no fuel except buffalo chips, and seventy-five to one hundred miles from railroad stations where coal was to be had; or parties out hunting claims, or movers without any shelter whatever but their wagons. The indications and predictions of an open winter induced many land hunters and home seekers to go into these western counties without protection against severe weather. The result is what might have been expected. The storm came in a few hours and woe to the animals being caught out doors. It was impossible to distinguish objects a few yards distant. Several persons who perished were found within a few yards of houses where they would have been in complete safety. It is but fair to say that such a blizzard is almost unknown in Kansas, which a residence of twenty years enables me to assert.

I fear the quail have nearly all perished. The farmers tell me they have found a large number dead. However, as they have not been much hunted the past season, enough may survive for seed. Quail are considered rather small game here. When a person wants to take a hunt he organizes a party of four or five. They hire a mau who owns a team and tent, and the party starts for the Territory. It is only twenty miles to the line, and they go as far as their inclination leads them. Our markets have been well supplied with deer and turkeys, though by far the greatest amount of game brought to this market is shipped to Kansas City and other points. Average number of market hunters have been down there all winter, and the amount of game shipped is immense. Game is very plentiful, though getting shy. Deer and turkey are the principal game, though bear are numerous in some sections.

It has been extensively advertised that Oklohoma is free from cattlemen and "boomers," and that even hunters are kept away by the military unless favored with a special permit. Now I am not a "boomer," nor the son of a boomer, but have a natural "nose for news," so a hunting party was interviewed upon their return from a two weeks' cruise in Oklohoma a few days ago. They said they had no difficulty in driving through the alleged military lines, and were not molested during their stay. They said "the brush was full

of boomers," but saw no permanent settlements. The country has been written up and written down owing to the circumstances under which the party describing it saw it. As this party described it as a regular Eden, it is to be presumed they had a good time.

What has become of the geese and ducks? A few years ago they were very plenty upon the Arkansas. This year not a quack nor a honk has been heard. TENDERFOOT.

WELLINGTON, KANSAS, Jan. 17.

THE LYMAN SIGHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your paper of Jan. 21 "Backwoodsman" has said a little more about the middle sight, and has given a rule for using my rear sight. I have said enough on the middle sight question in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 31, but I must object to this rule. "Backwoodsman's" system of aiming could only apply to rifles of the flattest trajectory, and with any rifle it would not give very accurate results at short distances. The center of the aperture of my rear sight has a degree of light which is about the same as the light which is present outside of the sight. This light gradually diminishes as the rim of the sight is approached, and quite near the rim the light is rather poor for aiming purposes; so that if a partridge is to "lose his head" the chances are that the shooter will have to fire more than once.

This center of stronger light partly explains why the eye takes care of itself when no attention is paid to the sight, and why it naturally finds the center of the aperture.

The ordinary small peep sight gives a degree of light which is several shades dimmer than the existing light outside of the sight. In the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 31 Mr. "I," in reply to "Backwoodsman," gives an experience with my sight which I was pleased to see, and it is, no doubt, the experience of many. The last remarks about aperture might, however, mislead. His mathematics are correct, but it will not do to figure from the $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch, which is the full size of the aperture, for with an ordinary bead front sight one cannot aim nearer than $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch from the rim of the rear sight to the center of the bead of the front sight, and in trying "Backwoodsman's" method at fifty yards, by aiming from one extreme of the aperture to the other, the bullet holes will be only about three inches apart. In other words, with the fixed purpose of getting as far away from the bullseye as possible with the front sight on, one cannot place the bullets further than about one and a half inches from the center of the bullseye.

As regards the point blank range for a hunting rifle I think that from fifty to seventy-five yards, depending on the trajectory of the rifle, is far enough for ordinary hunting.

Now, with any rifle sighted with a bead front sight and my rear sight and no middle sight in the way, shooting becomes a simpler matter than many suppose. All that is required is to see that the front sight is on the object and up to seventy yards no allowance need be made. For a longer shot hold the front sight a little high, and as the neck of the sight is not as wide as the bead, this sight will not cover enough of the object to interfere with the aim. For a long shot which is occasionally needed in hunting, elevate the rear sight by turning the knurled sleeve, which, if one is in a hurry, can be done instantly and without looking at it, or if there is time to look at the graduated sight stem any exact distance can be obtained.

WILLIAM LYMAN.

THE WEATHER AND THE BIRDS.

COLD weather and driving storms I am afraid have killed off the few quail that were left hereabouts last fall: Never during my shooting experience have I found so few of these birds as last season; the year before, a drive of a few miles would take me to fields where I could any day find several coveys; during two days hunting in November two of us with three good dogs found but a single flock after a faithful tramp over this same ground; so too in Maryland and Delaware; a week's shooting did not give us as many birds as we often bagged in a single day; how are we to account for this? The winter of 84 and 85 was not a severe one and a number of coveys were fed and cared for by my "game keepers"—the farmers boys—and came out all right in the spring; what became of them and their broods I cannot tell. Many wild turkeys were killed and more seen than during any former season. The timber men tell me that there are a great number of grouse in the woods.

SPICEWOOD.

CENTRALIA, PA., Feb. 6.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Farmers in this vicinity report the finding of whole coveys of quail frozen stiff, in some instances they say a half bushel measure could be filled without moving out of their tracks, showing that entire flocks must have been destroyed. Prairie chickens began flying south from Northern Kansas and Nebraska much earlier the past season than common, and the flight lasted much longer, showing that an unusual hard and cold winter could be looked for. A passenger reports seeing 2,500 sheep in one pile frozen to death, near Coolidge, in the western part of this State, also states that he saw 500 head of cattle frozen stiff in one cañon close to the Kansas line. When the cold weather annihilates stock in such numbers as the above, there is little hope for the small game. Farmers from Missouri report the quail all right where they have shelter like underbrush or timber, but those in hedges or caught on the prairies are all frozen. The blizzard has been extremely severe with us in this part of the Missouri Valley, and the ice is over two feet thick on the "Big Muddy," and teams, sleds, etc., have been crossing for three or four weeks with wood, freight, etc. The jack snipe season generally opens here about the 20th of March, but it will be much later this season on account of the large amount of frost in the ground, and no sign of a let up.

The writer will forward you a sample of the new Leavenworth pigeon, now being perfected and pronounced the grandest flying target of the age, by all sportsmen who have examined it.

W. C. H.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Feb. 6.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Quail were very plenty last fall, but owing to the severe winter so far they are suffering badly. I have as yet found none frozen to death, but know of several coveys that have been materially diminished in number by something.

Chickens are more numerous than ever and are living fat on the corn still in the fields. Rabbits plenty but snow too deep to hunt with any satisfaction. Sportsmen in this part of the State are not in favor of abolishing spring shooting.

C. B.

ANITA, IOWA, Feb. 1.

ON THE BUFFALO PLAINS.

LOST! What heights of misery, what depths of despair, what worlds of suffering can be crowded into that one little word; and yet we of the every-day world never realize what a stupendous word it is. To awaken to a full appreciation of what the word does and can mean, one needs actually to be lost just once—and one need not be very badly lost either—to have the word indelibly impressed upon his memory. The experience of the writer was not very tragic in its ending, nor of such a character as to cause him any great amount of suffering; but it was sufficient to teach the meaning of the word lost, and though more than ten years have come and gone since the event, each trifling circumstance connected with that event is as well remembered as if it occurred but yesterday.

It was in the summer of 1874. With two professional buffalo hunters I was traveling over the vast plains which stretch in an unbroken expanse from the Arkansas River on the south to the Republican on the north. This wide waste of country was once known as a desert, and to the tourist of this day it still presents some of the features as at that time; but many changes have taken place, and the country is fast becoming populated. Towns and villages are springing up, thrifty farms and fine ranches can be seen on all sides, where only ten years ago roamed the remnants of that mighty multitude of bison or buffalo.

No doubt there still exist some traces to prove to the doubtful ones that the buffalo did feed upon those plains in vast herds, though it may be hard to believe it. At the time I write of, the herds had been seriously diminished and there were but a few thousand left roaming over the country which but a short time before had been black with them. Great trails out into the hard, dry, gravelly soil to the depth of nearly two feet, made by bands on their journeyings, would prove much, and if that was not sufficient thousands upon thousands of carcasses, which had not yet fully decomposed, bore silent witness that here had been the great feeding ground of the buffalo. On many little knolls one could stand and within a radius of two or three hundred yards count over one hundred bleaching skeletons, many with some of the hair still upon the skull and legs, as the "skinner" only took the hide off as far as the knee joints and to the neck. When one states that these carcasses could be seen for hundreds of miles through Kansas, Colorado and Nebraska, then we begin to realize what immense herds of these creatures had once inhabited this region. The years from 1870 to 1874 probably saw the largest slaughter made in the herds of buffalo, as the railroads had pushed their way so far west that they offered great facilities for the shipment of hides, and the numbers shipped in 1872 over the Atchinson, Topka & Santa Fe and the Kansas Pacific railways seem fabulous. The market had become glutted, and even in 1874 when the supply began to diminish, prices ruled low. Two dollars were given for bull hides, one dollar and thirty cents for cows. All hides weighing twenty nine pounds or over were classed as bulls; all under to thirteen pounds as cows; hides of less weight were called calves and only twenty to thirty cents were allowed for them. At this rate the business did not pay and very few hunters were sticking to the business. Take the outfit I write of as an example. We were out nearly six weeks and secured about one hundred hides. After paying for feed for the team, "grub," ammunition, etc., there was not much left for the men's time. The majority of these skin hunters, however, were men who would not work at any legitimate employment. They were, with few exceptions, a hard "tough" lot. They would go out on to the range, "kill a load," and take the hides to some railroad point, sell them and waste the proceeds on whisky and its general accompaniments. On the range they never washed their clothes, nor bathed their person, a "clean-up" when they went "to town" being all that was considered necessary. Their food consisted of meat, bread and coffee, cooked in as few dishes as possible and with little attention to cleanliness. A hunter and skinner, who also drove the team, comprised the usual outfit. Some time there would be three men in the outfit; and when the buffalo were plenty, still larger outfits would go on to the range; but in 1874 in the section of country mentioned two and three were the usual number. I thought these men were a bad lot taken all in all, they were not mean, nor to be despised in their way. Go on to the range as one of them and you would be treated with as much courtesy and kindness as among those whose ways of life were less rough; but the would "have you use" for any one who "put on style" or acted as if he felt above them.

On May 24 we started from the Arkansas River and drove north, crossing the Smoky Hill fork of the Republican at Fort Wallace, Kansas. Not having found any buffalo, we drove northwest from that point toward the headwaters of the Republican. The summer of 1874 was very hot, and it was one of the great grasshopper years. It was also a year that a general outbreak among the Indians was expected, but fortunately for us that did not occur. On the afternoon of June 4, just as we were unaking up our minds that it was time to camp, and all were on the lookout for signs of water, that great necessity and also great rarity on the plains, we saw a wagon coming out of a little draw and rapidly approach us. We halted, and presently two men drove up. One of them informed us that he and his partner were lost. They had left camp several days before, and had been unable to find the locality again. As they had only started for a day's hunt, expecting to make camp at night again, they had not taken any grub with them, and all they had was "fresh hump," which, while it would keep them from starving, they did not relish as an all round diet; "and say, partner, if you have any bread or bacon we will buy it of you. We hain't got no money, but have powder and lead and some hides." We speedily assured them they could keep their powder and lead, and as we had some bread left from dinner, they were welcome to it. Each man was soon munching bread and raw ham with much gusto, and as I sat and watched the great slices of raw ham disappear, I little thought that soon I would "give my old boots" for the same chance. Our friends seemed to feel like new men as soon as they had finished their lunch, and concluded that they could "find camp the next day, and if we would go with them we would find it a good place for permanent quarters, as there was a spring hole near by, and the buffalo were feeding near there." Traveling on a few miles further we found a hole in the prairie, which contained the remnants of the last heavy rain. The water was not very sweet; too many buffalo had been through it, but it did not do to be particular. It was this water or a dry camp, so we made the best of the situation and camped.

It was hardly daylight the next morning before we were all stirring, and our simple breakfast of hot bread, bacon

and coffee was dispatched, wagon loaded, horses saddled, and outfit moving. I rode a black pony, a very good buffalo horse, as he had been on the range before, and had also been used as a "cow pony." One of the hunters of our outfit rode a small Indian pony, the other drove the wagon, while the other two hunters rode in their wagon. I was prospecting ahead of the outfit, and had just reached the top of a little rise when I saw, several miles ahead, a herd of black objects moving along quite rapidly, but at right angles to our course. I did not require to be told what they were, and putting spurs to Nig, was soon at the wagons reporting. One of my comrades was for going for the herd, as it was our first chance, and he did not want to let the opportunity slip by. The rest proposed to find camp first. We compromised. J. and I were to go on after the herd, and A. and the two hunters were to go on to camp. We were to take a general direction north, as the herd was going that way, and in returning strike southwest, which the hunters thought would bring us near them. J. and I stopped only to fill our belts with cartridges, but very foolishly did not take any "grub." As the buffaloes had a good start of us and were not feeding much, it was quite late in the forenoon before we were near enough to "stake" the ponies and try for a shot. We had a long walk after leaving the ponies, and the sun came down on us in overpowering rays. The lay of the land was unfavorable, and though, it now being in the heat of the day, the herd was not moving or only doing so slowly, we could not get nearer than at least six hundred yards. There were several old bulls in the rear, evidently suspicious of the crawling objects they saw in the distance. We were now on our hands and knees, and I was beginning to think that there was not as much romance in hunting buffalo as I had read of, especially when I would plump my hand down on a cactus or strike my knee on a small stone. J. thought if we could get within one or two hundred yards, so as to make a sure shot the first fire, we might get a "stand," and then the herd would be our prey; but luck was against us. We could not crawl as fast as they would move, and we determined to open on them at long range. Wiping the perspiration from out of our eyes, and lying still a moment to get our breath, we each singled out a bull and the two Sharps spoke. A good story demands that those two bulls "quivered as the balls struck them with a sickening thud and then toppled over," but the truth demands that they did not do anything of the kind; they just jumped and "let out," the herd before them. We jumped too, and loading and firing as we ran, kept after them until they got under such good headway that I gave up. J. kept on as his wind was better, but he did not succeed in "downing" any, though we could see several of those in the rear running on three legs and gradually falling behind. I walked back for the ponies and rode after J. He was disgusted when I overtook him, and did not want to give up. We held a council of war, and he thought I might take a circle, ride hard and get ahead of the herd and turn them. J. reasoned that it was so hot that they would not run far. I agreed and started. By this time the buffalo were out of sight, excepting a few stragglers which we could see in the distance, and which, from the effect of the bright sun and mirage, appeared to be traveling in the air and looked as large as a good sized barn. This peculiar state of the atmosphere is often seen on the plains, and distant objects become magnified and appear much larger and nearer than they are in reality. I left J. and started, and rode as fast as I dared where there was constant danger from prairie dog and badger holes. I did not care to have a pony with a broken leg, nor did I care for a tumble. After a half hour's fast riding, I saw the herd again moving very rapidly and off to my left. I gradually drew in toward them, and if I had been so disposed, might have picked off a straggler or two; but being bent on turning the herd I kept on. I found that this would be no easy matter, as the buffalo had kept well up with me; and as I got nearer, they quickened their lumbering gallop, which appears very slow and clumsy, but which takes them over the ground much more rapidly than one would suppose who has not tried to ride up to them. I soon saw that I might as well give up the attempt to turn them, and glancing at my watch found it was after three o'clock. I turned and rode back in the direction I supposed J. would take and soon saw him coming. We met and compared notes. He agreed with me that we had better not attempt to follow the buffalo but start for camp. Camp! Where was it? We had not given it a thought, being engrossed with our exciting pursuit of the herd; but now we were cooler and had time to think. We looked at one another, and both concluded that perhaps we had done a very foolish thing. J. said he thought that from the general direction we had traveled and from what the lost hunter had said that he could so shape his course as to strike somewhere near where camp ought to be; but "there's the rub," we did not really know where camp was.

Mounting our tired ponies, we rode as rapidly as possible in the supposed correct direction. The sun was sinking lower and lower and soon put his great fiery head beneath the horizon. The evening shades were just appearing when J., who was a little in advance, stopped and waited for me to approach. "Look there," said he, "there goes our supper and what is as essential, our bed." I glanced in the direction he pointed and there I saw two buffaloes moving along slowly. They were about a thousand yards away, and it behooved us to hurry and make some effort to get nearer, or it would soon be too dark to shoot. A low place in the prairie favored us and we ran our ponies for several hundred yards. J. then sprang from his pony and started to sneak nearer. The old bulls, as we could now see they were, kept on slowly. I picked the ponies and crept up on to a little rise to watch J. From the lay of the land it was impossible for him to get nearer than six hundred yards, but with daylight to aid him he would have been reasonably sure of a bit as he was a splendid shot. I lay waiting anxiously the event, for much was at stake. If he got a buffalo we would not go supperless to bed, and then the hide would serve as some protection as a covering. Neither of us had coat or saddle blanket; each was clothed only in pants and shirt. If an earnest desire for a person's success would be of any avail I felt J. would succeed. It seemed to my overwrought senses a tremendously long time before he fired. I could not see him but could see the bulls as they kept moving and knew he must soon shoot. Presently a sharp report rang out in the still evening air. Then I heard the bullet sing as it sped on its way, and then, oh joy! came the spat of the ball as it struck one of the bulls. Again and again the old Sharps spoke out, but alas, either the balls were placed too far back or did not strike any vital point. They only served to start the buffaloes into a run, and there went one supper, "over the hills and far away." "No use, my boy," said J. as he walked back. "We won't feast on that old bull's

hump to-night." I heaved a deep sigh and whispered, "The saddest words, etc." As our ponies were pretty well fagged out, as we were ourselves, it was concluded to give them a rest and let them pick a little buffalo grass; so we took off the saddles and stretched ourselves on the ground. I was very tired and very hungry. I had only been out on the plains about ten days, and had come directly out of an office where the most laborious duty I had was that of wielding a pen. Not being a very strong man physically, the hard day's ride and excitement had made an impression on me; and an empty stomach did not help matters.

As soon as the stars came out and our ponies had eaten an hour or more, J. proposed we saddle up and proceed. I acquiesced, as I left the affair wholly in his hands. We were soon in the saddle again, and J., leading the way, set off over the prairie. Very little conversation was indulged in, and for my part, I was busy with my thoughts. I did not fear that ultimately we would not find our way out of it, but the present was sufficient. After riding some time in silence J. stopped. "Don't you hear a frog?" said he. I listened, and surely heard the peeping of frogs. "There must be a slough over there; let's investigate. I would like a drink." We soon found the low place where the frogs were singing, and the ponies were as glad to get some water as we. The water, though a little brackish, tasted very good. I struck a match and found it was 10 o'clock. "Well," said J., "shall we camp or move on?" "Let's camp, I am about used up, and we might as well wait for daylight." So we hunted a soft place near by in a sand draw, and, after picketing our ponies, lay down back to back for the sake of a little warmth.

Though the days are extremely hot on the plains, the nights are invariably cool. This one proved cold, and as a heavy dew fell—rather a strange occurrence for the plains—it was all the colder. We awoke about 2 o'clock nearly frozen, our teeth chattering and bones aching. "I can't stand this," said J., as he got up and waited about to keep warm. "Let's try and find some chips and weeds," said I, "and start a fire." At the risk of stirring up some wandering "rattler," we managed to find a few chips* and some weeds. With these we started an apology for a fire and managed to worry through two hours more of misery. As soon as the first streaks of light showed in the east we saddled the ponies, and, as it was soon light, set out on our weary way. J. seemed to have an instinct which told him the right course to take, and I followed silently. Any one could have bought my share of that "buffalo hunt" cheaply that morning, for if I felt miserably the night before, I could discount it in the morning. Oh, how I longed for something to fill my empty and aching stomach. Every jolt in the saddle seemed as if it would break me in two. I bore up as bravely as I could, for J. seemed not to mind it; but I thought to myself, "I don't want any more romance on my plate." I prefer something of a nature more satisfying to the inner man; not quite so ethereal, as it were.

We jogged on and scanned carefully the prairie in all directions. No sign of camp. At last when the morning was well spent and the hot sun was nearly over our heads again, J., who was slightly in advance, jumped from his pony and examined the ground very carefully. "There, I knew it," he said. "Know what?" I asked. "Knew I would strike their trail." And sure enough, there on the hard-baked soil was faintly to be seen the track of a wagon. Off I jumped, too, and getting on our hands and knees we soon determined which way the horses were headed by the imprint of their hoofs. That question solved, all we had to do was to follow the trail and we would strike the boys. With light hearts we mounted our ponies and urged them on. It was long after noon when I discovered two dark objects far off. J. said they were men, and presently we saw a smoke and heard a distant shot. "It is the boys," he cried, "bang away in reply." I fired a shot in the air which was answered by another. All doubt was now removed, and I "braced up" wonderfully at the knowledge that we would soon be with our friends.

Our ponies loped gaily along, but suddenly turned and bolted as a large dark object jumped up and bounded off from nearly beneath their feet. We were just going over a little rise, and in a small draw on the other side a buffalo cow had been lying. The ponies saw her before we did, and as we were riding with loose rein, after the custom with those western ponies, they turned before we could stop them. We soon brought them round, and saw the cow disappear over the next rise. I forgot how tired I was and how weak, but only thought of the opportunity to kill a buffalo. So handing J. my rifle, I gave the pony the spur and flew after the buffalo. She did not run far, being evidently suffering from a previous wound, which accounted for her being alone and lying down. My pony gained fast, and I was soon near enough to fire. My Colts .44 rang out, but the ball sped wide and only hit the buffalo in the body, but she stopped and turned to face me. A very ugly looking thing she was with her great "mop" hanging down over those blood-red eyes. She shook her head as if to say, "Beware, I can't run, but I will fight!" I rode up within ten yards and sent a ball into her forehead, then another and another. She quivered as the lead struck her, but did not fall. The warm bright blood came from the bullet holes and the white froth which flowed from the lips was soon flecked with red, showing she was done for, but she was "game." I had carelessly let my reins fall on my pony's neck and was endeavoring to turn the cylinder of my revolver, which had jammed in some way, and the pony, not seeming to care any more for the buffalo than if it was an ordinary cow, had begun to pick at the buffalo grass. I heard a slight noise and raising my eyes saw the cow making a desperate lunge at my horse's side. The spurs struck him before the buffalo did and he leaped out of the way. Quickly turning I rode round and with one more shot ended the poor creature's life. She fell to her knees, still facing me, and with a look of the deepest ferocity and rage made one despairing effort to rise again and then slowly sank to the ground. I had heard of wounded buffaloes being and looking ugly. Now I knew it. J. came up, and we took off the hide.

We were joined by our friends and they piloted us to camp, where we were soon hard at work filling the "aching void" and recounting our experience. Then congratulations at the happy termination of our adventure were in order. As I look back through the long years that have passed since I was "lost" and killed my first buffalo on the plains, I can again affirm what I expressed at that time and which is now sung in one of the topical songs of the day: "I hope it won't happen again."

PRAIRIE DOG.

DETROIT, Michigan.

* Buffalo "chips" were the only fuel to be found on the plains, excepting near the water courses.

NEW YORK PROTECTORS.

ALL of the State game protectors except Seymour C. Armstrong, of the fifth district, who is sick, have handed in their annual reports to State Fish Commissioner R. U. Sherman. The following abstracts, in connection with those already published, complete the list:

FIRST DISTRICT.

George W. Whitaker, of Southampton, protector for the first district, devoted considerable time last year to watching the markets. In May he seized two fyke nets and turned them over to a police officer. Soon after he sent a game constable to destroy them, but he was arrested, charged with having stolen the nets. He was afterward released on his own recognizance, and asked to assist in arresting Mr. Whitaker. A criminal complaint was made against the protector, but was afterward withdrawn. Many song birds were killed in the first district, but the protector was unable to obtain evidence strong enough to convict the offenders. Protector Whitaker says: "The game laws are more popular in this district than they were two years ago, and are more generally respected. I would suggest the wisdom of amending section 28 of the laws of 1879 so as to prohibit the use of nets in the waters of Long Island the meshes of which are less than 2½ inches. There is a clause in the section permitting the use of nets with small meshes in taking menhaden. Menhaden are caught in all the bays of Long Island, and fishermen now set nets for blue and other fish, claiming that they are set for menhaden. Hence the restriction as to the size of the meshes of the nets should be made uniform, or no such nets should be allowed in the waters. I think a net with 2½-inch meshes would take all the menhaden that should be taken at present. The fishing interests of Long Island are of great importance, and should be guarded with care. I am of the opinion that the game and fish laws should be kept separate as far as possible. I think the game protector should not be subject to arrest, as in my case last summer. The word 'wilfully' should be stricken out of section 11 of the game laws. The clause 'nor shall any person wilfully sell or expose for sale,' etc., will, I am afraid, prevent my obtaining a conviction in two cases I have pending for trapping partridges. It would be easy for a person to show where he got the birds if he did not snare or trap them himself."

SECOND DISTRICT.

Joseph Goodwin, Jr., of Kingsbridge, N. Y., State game protector for the second district, in his annual report says: "During the past year I devoted 150 days to the work of protection and expended \$136.95. In the cities and large towns in my district I find a growing disposition on the part of the marketmen to comply with the fish and game laws, and when an offense is committed it is more often from ignorance of the laws on the part of those violating them than from a disregard of the same, and the greater part of the violations are from the lower class or smaller dealers. Violations of the fish laws are becoming less frequent, and when they do occur it is usually through the ignorance or carelessness of employees in exposing for sale under-sized fish received from other States. There has been a large increase in the number of game protective associations in this district, and the members render invaluable assistance in the apprehension of offenders. I am informed that certain of the societies propose to see that the enforcement of the fish and game laws is made a part of the platform of a candidate for the office of county judge before supporting him in caucus or at the polls. I have the following suits pending: Against Rowell, Wood & Stillman for having twenty-three small trout in possession; John Walker, Geo. W. Lockwood, Zeas C. Crocker, Middleton & Carman, Peter Vincelette, Patrick Kelly, John Elsey and Samuel T. Skidmore for having in possession and exposing for sale striped bass less than one-half pound in weight; Middleton & Carman and John Griffiths for exposing for sale lobsters less than 10½ inches in length; Henry Sturcke for selling grouse out of season; Robert B. Mooney and William Sanders for having in possession and on sale hares killed out of season. I think it would be wise to amend the game laws regulating bass fishing, so that salt-water striped bass should not be classified with the striped bass of fresh water; that is, the close season should not be identical. I would also suggest that no black bass be taken from the State for propagating purposes. Where they are wanted in foreign countries the United States Fish Commission can supply the demand."

SIXTH DISTRICT.

John Liberty, of Elizabethtown, Essex county, State game protector for the sixth district, in his annual report says: "In the month of January, 1885, I visited Port Kent and the mouth of Ausable River. Alexander Eyo was fined \$15 for illegal fishing. In February went to Chateaugay, Chazy and Placid lakes, but discovered no traces of illegal fishing. In April I again visited Chateaugay Lake and obtained evidence against Lewis Perry and F. Patreau for crusting deer. In May I went to Plattsburg, Valcour and Ausable River. On my return I seized and burned a large seine. At Rouse's Point seized six large fyke nets and anchor ropes, etc., used for setting pound nets, and destroyed them. In June made a protracted trip in the Saranac country. In July again visited Chazy and Chateaugay lakes. In August went to North Elba to look up evidence against a party for hounding deer, but the offenders had gone out of the county. In October I obtained a judgment of \$50 against Joseph Dukett for hounding deer. Also secured the conviction of G. A. Stevens, Ellsworth D. Hayes, James Huntington and J. A. Stevens for dogging deer at North Elba in August. They were fined \$25 each. In November went to Silver Lake and Ausable Ponds, and in December to West Chazy and Rouse's Point. Only two suits brought by me are now pending—Philip Sawyer, indicted in the Court of Oyer and Terminer in Clinton county, in November, 1884, and Berry St. Germain, indicted at the same time and place. Both gave bail and I am unable to learn why they are not brought to trial."

THOUSAND ISLANDS DISTRICT.

State Game and Fish Protector W. M. Steele, who has charge of the Thousand Island district, in his annual report states that during the past year he worked 201 days and traveled over 4,000 miles in the performance of his duties on the St. Lawrence River. He captured and destroyed 62 nets valued in the aggregate at \$15,000, but was unable to prosecute the offenders as the nets were set at night. The protector says: "The illegal fishing has been very great in the St. Lawrence River in former years. From Tibbets Light, at the source of the river at Lake Ontario to Chippewa Bay, some fifty miles below, there have been for many years men who have mainly made

[Cut this out, put it on a blank, obtain signatures and send to your Member at Albany.]

A PETITION

For the Continued Protection of Adirondack Deer.

To the Honorable, the Legislature of the State of New York:

We, the undersigned, residents of _____ County, respectfully petition that the law (Chap. 557, Laws of 1885) which makes it "unlawful to pursue any wild deer in this State with any dog or bitch" may not be amended in any such way as to permit the use of dogs for hunting deer at any time.

(Signed)

their living by fishing with nets. It has been estimated that until the St. Lawrence Anglers' Association commenced its work, and prior to my service under the instructions of the commission, there were over 1000 tons of fish taken from the river annually. But this is a thing of the past; nets and netters are rapidly disappearing. I believe that the law passed during the last session of the Legislature which forbids the having in possession black bass and other game fish, will be of very great benefit the coming spring and until the time that the close season ends. The Canadian authorities have taken up the matter of protecting game fish of the river from capture in nets, and have greatly improved their laws and increased their protective service. There have been large numbers of nets destroyed on the Canadian side of the river by their officers and sportsmen. I think we can feel sure that entire co-operation from the other side of the river will be accorded us. With the work that is now being done, it can hardly be otherwise than that the fishing in the river will become even better than it has ever been before." Protector Steele acknowledges having received valuable assistance from Daniel Staring of Alexandria Bay, agent of the St. Lawrence River Association, and H. R. Clarke of Jersey City, N. J.

A LONG ISLAND GAME PRESERVE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A week or so ago, I inserted an advertisement in your paper suggesting that those sufficiently interested in the formation of a gunning and fishing club on Long Island, should address themselves to me at my hotel. I received in reply quite a number of answers. The subject seemed to create so much interest, and the matter being now to a certain extent under way for the formation of a club, I thought that some of your readers would be interested in a more detailed account of the proposed club.

You recently suggested that many acres of land in the eastern portion of Long Island were lying idle; that the section was not of a character to be farmed to advantage, nor suited for manufacturing purposes. It was thought possible that this land might be controlled cheaply, and be stocked for the benefit of sportsmen generally, with game, but more especially deer. It is a well known fact that for many years past, deer have made their home upon Long Island, and during the time when the law was off, from Nov. 1 to the 15th, have been killed in comparatively large numbers considering the small space of ground. They have existed on Long Island in spite of pot-hunters and hunting out of season. My idea was, that as land on Long Island could be purchased at \$10 or \$15 per acre, as it was easily accessible by train from New York city, and as it was utterly impossible to get good sport without going long distances and putting up with inferior accommodations, it seemed that this was just the place for such a club. For instance, if twenty gentlemen of means were each to take a share of stock in such a club, at \$1,000 per share, that would be \$20,000 to work with; 500 acres to start with would cost \$5,000. A club house would cost as much more. Birds, deer, and all necessary game would cost about \$1,000. A kennel would cost about \$1,000. The wages of four gamekeepers would probably be \$3,000. In this way a comparatively large tract of land, well stocked with accommodation for members' dogs, which could be broken and trained on the ground, and accommodations for members themselves in a club house, run for what could be paid for by a small annual due from each member. Near the Great South Bay there would be facilities for salt-water fishing and wild duck and brant shooting; there also would be one or more fresh water streams, running through this land, which could be stocked with trout, which would afford excellent sport within the first eighteen months. At the same time, certain portions of this land could be cleared, cultivated and put in grain, etc., for the double purpose of supplying straw, etc., for the club stable, and for giving cultivated fields for birds to feed in.

A thousand acres would of course be better than 500 acres; and 3,000 acres better than 1,000 acres. Still, for a commencement, 500 acres with the privilege of purchasing four times that amount, would do very well. In this way, it seems to me, that one of the most satisfactory gunning and fishing clubs in the country could be started and maintained in excellent style. I have a place at Slip on Long Island, and know all about the land in that region and further east; know just what wages men would expect for the work as suggested, and know about the class of game that abounds there.

I am very much interested in this subject, having been forced for some years past to go even as far South as Sanford, Florida, to get anything like reasonable shooting; and quail shooting under a hot sun in Florida is not quail shooting in the North, as we are accustomed to it. One marked advantage of such a club would be the excellent accommodation near the salt water for members, and the advantage to be obtained in training a large kennel of members' dogs. Indeed, that could be kept the year around if necessary, and if the number becomes too large for a single kennel, one large kennel could be broken up into four or five smaller ones, with advantage of less danger from contagious diseases.

If any other gentlemen than those from whom I have already heard, are sufficiently interested in this subject to take from \$200 to \$1,000 in stock in such a club, I should like to hear from them; and I firmly believe, that in five years' time, shares in such a club cannot be purchased for

five times the original amount invested in them. Indeed I think, in that time, a forced sale of the land itself would bring enough money to reimburse all the members. SRO.
GEDNEY HOUSE, NEW YORK.

A FIRST EXPERIENCE.

A MAN can sometimes be made to appear perfectly ridiculous when he has his wits about him. My only deer slaying is stored in my memory in just such an association as that. It was a number of years ago that a party of us visited the Adirondacks to get such game as we could, and such experience as we couldn't help getting. We were four in number, and engaged at one of the most celebrated hotels in the woods, three guides to help us on a camping-out trip. The names of two of them I have forgotten, but the name of the third, on whom this story turns, was Lovell Newell. He has since died but his name will awaken many associations in the minds of some of your readers, who in remembering their own experiences, will doubtless take some pleasure in hearing of this one of mine.

We started out on a misty morning in three boats, and passed without special incident to the pond where we intended to camp. Here we found a party ahead of us. Out of this pond we ran into one of those slow "rivers" of the Adirondacks, and several miles down it made our camp. The place had been used as a camp before, and the labor of pitching a camp was greatly reduced, by the labor already expended there in setting up rude tables, fireplaces and laying out bushes for beds. Others may have found that a ready made bed in the woods means work after you get into it at night, as well as when you pitch tent. It didn't add any to our appreciation of the spot chosen to be obliged to clear the spring of celluloid collars and broken condensed milk cans; but it was so near night that we were obliged to accept the situation and we did so, realizing, as one of our party remarked, that this was a part of the experience that we had got to take. Passing over the night, which was a very active one for all of us, and so sleepless that there was no need of the assurance by our guides that they would awaken us at four in the morning "to go out for deer," it is well enough to mention our breakfast. This meal was served on the flat side of a single slab which extended the length of the camp. It consisted of ham and eggs, and some camp griddles served with maple syrup, and it would have been splendid if we could have eaten it; but we couldn't. We spent the morning in planning, and this resulted in our all taking to our boats and starting for a famous place for trout. The only fly-rod in the party belonged to me, and when we reached the place, my boat was pushed out so that I had the best position—the one worthiest of my superior tackle. The trout responded readily, and I was soon playing and running back to Lovell Newell one after another, and sometimes two taken at a single cast. He disengaged them and threw them into the boat. I was so excited that it never occurred to me that my companions were doing anything than watching me and wondering at my famous luck. A swing of the boat distracted my attention, and I turned to see how the rest were enjoying my sport, when to my bewilderment I found that while I had been taking in fifteen or twenty trout, those wretched pot-fishers behind my back had rigged themselves out with swamp alder poles, lines, plain hooks and pieces of pork, and had caught and piled up in a hollow on the bank over half a bushel of trout as large as any I had caught. We called a halt, and gathered ourselves up for the trip home.

Newell took me along rapidly, until we had gained quite a distance on the others, when he showed me deer tracks, and said the deer came down to the water at that time of day, and I had "better look out." I carried his gun in the bow of the boat. He paddled in the deaf noiseless fashion of a good guide, and I wasn't long in working up to the proper pitch of excitement for the second time in one day. In this somewhat intense state I remained during sweep after sweep past dark pool and shadowy turning, until I was tired with the strain.

Then I began to take in the situation. We were returning over the same route that we had noisily taken only a few hours before, and though I hadn't noticed the fact sooner my companions were within a few rods, making noise enough to scare tame cattle, and occasionally shouting and laughing. I couldn't feel delighted at the "take in," but I never betrayed the slightest doubt by any action or word that I had lost faith. If I couldn't do anything any better, I could make a subject for Newell's story to his next party, and I wonder that I never have heard of the episode since from any returned sportsman tourist from the Adirondacks.

J. D. P.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Jan. 30.—Deer carcasses without the head are selling in the Memphis markets for six cents a pound. Venison saddles for eight and ten cents. They are brought over the Kansas City, Springfield & Memphis Railroad from Arkansas. My three friends, Polk, Warner and Lowenburg, of Vicksburg, went duck hunting in their new steam launch Greenwing, Jan. 6, and were out in our phenomenal blizzard. They returned Jan. 9, with two hundred and four ducks, mostly mallards, killed in Yazoo River and adjacent lakes. They report that the ice accumulated so rapidly on gloves, clothing and decoys, that they could not make the most of their opportunities; otherwise they could easily have secured three times as many ducks. But the thermometer was below zero, which was a new experience for Mississippi duck hunters and they were glad enough to get back home unfrozen. —CHAS. BOLA.

A DAY WITH THE GOLDEN-EYES.

Of all the sports within reach of the votaries of the gun, in this little province by the sea, the one that has the most decided charm for me, is the shooting of the whistler or golden-eye duck. This bird, by far the most beautiful of any of the duck family, and whose name has always been a synonym for elusiveness, is, even now, considered so well qualified to take care of itself, that so far as I know, no law exists on our statutes giving it the slightest protection. Last winter our Legislature gave us a common sense ruffed grouse season (Sept. 20 to Dec. 1), and enacted a stringent non-export law that will effectually crush out the slaughter of game for the Boston market.

Shooting over decoys is little practiced here, and as the golden-eye can find plenty of shallow lakes and bars on which to feed where an unseen approach is impossible, he is, for the greater part of the year, master of the situation. But in the early spring, before the dead water thaws out, and again in the late autumn, for two or three days after it freezes over, he is obliged to feed close to the banks of the deep creeks, and then the sportsman goes for him. The man who tries to pot the whistler by a water shot will get left nine times out of ten, but he will be liable to think many times of the scriptural passage, "A little while ye shall see me and a little while ye shall not see me," and perhaps in this way be benefitted. I shall always look back with pleasure on the days I have spent in trying to circumvent this wary bird, and prominent among these memories is a day in 1883.

I had agreed to join Arch and Ferris in a hunt in the vicinity of Little Musquash Island, on the River St. John, and a certain Saturday, about the 17th or 18th of April, was the appointed day. Arch's home was our base of operations, and to reach it in time to get a square start with the rest it was necessary for me to make an eight-mile journey Friday evening. I found the major part of the population of the village gathered for a sort of farewell turn at "the mazy," and was easily persuaded by my prospective hunting companions to join them. It was 1 A. M. on Saturday morning when our heads sought and found their pillows, a circumstance that should be considered before judging our shooting too hastily. It is always amusing to see the malicious pleasure that the seniors, who stay at home, take in rousing out the juniors who have been out the evening before, and the alacrity with which the latter respond, in order to throw out the impression that they were home on schedule time. These motives, working together in pleasant concord, were instrumental in starting our hunting party before dawn; but not before justice had been done to a good, warm breakfast, and the old gentleman had assured us that a team would be at the shore in the evening to haul our game to the house. Musquash Island is at the mouth of Washademoak Lake, the waters of which swirl around it in deep, narrow creeks, that seldom freeze over; and should they by accident be betrayed into any such indiscretion, the slightest relaxation of the cold will clear them of ice with startling rapidity. The island has a lake in the center, which is connected with the St. John by a deep creek thirty feet wide.

Would that my pen were equal to the task of describing the beauties of that morning. The gray dawn was gradually gaining strength in the cloudless eastern sky. The air was so soft and mild that no gloves were needed, yet the snow which still enveloped the ground, and the ice in the marshes and on the lake were as solid as in January, apparently bound together by their own innate frigidity rather than by any lowness in the temperature of the atmosphere. And when the sun came up, giving the distant hillsides first a tint of gold, then the appearance of burnished silver, and causing the top of Bald Mountain, which towered in the distance like a monarch "head and shoulders above" the surrounding peaks, to sparkle like a jeweled crown, while the awakening of the world to life gradually deepened into a confusion of clanking chains, tingling bells, and the crunching patter of horses' feet on the frozen lake; it did seem as if we were being repaid for some of the cold, sleet and slush of the previous winter.

All our early morning attempts to corner a whistler, were fruitless. Sometimes it would be the crunching of the snow, then the flying of a wary old drake that would betray us. At last, a muskrat out of his morning plunge, was compelled to heave to by Arch's old muzzleloader, in the hands of our bow-paddle. One of our party climbing a tree, located a flock of whistlers in the outlet of the little island lake. The creek being far below the level of its banks, we had no difficulty in getting within 150 yards, and then on the author of this sketch devolved the duty of taking a "peep." Removing his cap, he slowly raised his head till four black dots showed against the snow on the opposite bank; and when they disappeared in quick succession we covered the distance with an energy that would have been no discredit to a winner in the Olympic games. A "she-whistler," as the boys contemptuously called her, came up, and as she winged her way down the creek, a furrow in the water a little ahead, told how I came to miss her. A second ran the gauntlet of both of Ferris's barrels, without the loss of a feather. A big drake came up, and with a gleam of defiance in his bright yellow eye, he dashed into the air, but at the crack of the old muzzleloader, his light was snuffed out so suddenly that he never moved after he touched the water.

I walked down to the point of the island. Cautiously looking over the bank I saw the head of a splendid drake close to the shore. Still as a statue I stood till it disappeared and a faint swish told me he was under, when I walked coolly out to within twenty feet of where he went down. When *cr-r-r* sounded forty yards down the bank and I gave to him full in the back. The dull "wop" of the shot on his feathers came distinctly to the ear, but he sailed on, only to be discovered later in the day completely devoured by crows. Hardly had I pulled trigger when I knew I had been fooled and the one marked down came up and went "his several ways," while I was energetically trying to get a shell into the gun butt end foremost. O for a double barrel! A single whistler dropped into the inlet two hundred yards away and dived almost as soon as he struck. I ran and fell flat on my face, watching the creek with the corner of one eye. He came up, gorged something he brought with him and explored the depths of the creek once more. When he again appeared, I was waiting to welcome him and he died of paralysis, brought on by violent contact with a charge of B shot. I then joined the boys who had hauled out the canoe by a hay barn and were preparing to lunch. Soon another canoe, bearing George P. and Scott G. who had been out all the morning and got no feather, arrived and the prospects for a lively morning increased considerably.

George walked to the canoe and picking up a duck, said with an innocent air, "Where did you find this, boys?" then tossing it to Scott with a well simulated look of contempt,

"See, it has been shot a week." "Wouldn't eat it for fawty dollars," returned Scott, who, it should be explained, has been to Boston, and to quote one of his reviewers: "Failing to strike a banana, and not being indispensable to the existence of the commonwealth," returned to his native land minus \$150 and the sharp corners in his vocabulary. "Get out! you nineteenth century Sancho Panzas," replied one of our party, "you should not always look at the situation from your own standpoint. What's the reason you got none? did the shooters at the head of the island retrieve all their wounded, or had some darky skimmed the pot before you this morning?" "We didn't get any for divers reasons," said George, dryly. We had such a good time that it was late in the afternoon before we again embarked.

The first event on the afternoon's programme was some rifle practice at a flock of geese, floating down the river on a cake of ice—no damage done. In speaking of the next incident, I could borrow a part of the language of the Hibernian, who sat down on a hornet's nest and becoming aware, in some mysterious manner, of the sort of cushion he had, got up and trampled it to pieces in his rage. "It was meself that didn't like it, and the hornets didn't like it, but it was darn fine fun for the boys." A single bird was sighted so far away that he took no notice of our canoe; and the boys put me ashore on the ridge, with orders to go up and rake him in. By a series of maneuvers similar to those before described, I got behind a very small drift stump within forty yards of where I last saw him. When he came up what was my chagrin to see him settle himself for a rest, instead of diving immediately, as I hoped he would. I was lying face downward on an icy glade, with the fierce afternoon sun beating down on my back, producing a sensation similar to that caused by a gigantic mustard plaster. The minutes seemed to stretch into hours as with cramped neck and eyes a-water I watched that confounded whistler, till at last he went under, and I stalked out to the edge of the bank, full of a grim determination to square the account with him when he came up. He appeared, with surprise and consternation plainly depicted on what little countenance he had, and also in every motion. Before flying he darted about a couple of feet one way, then turning half around made a quick dash in another direction, as if to take a look at me from two different points of observation, and seeming to come to the conclusion that I was not the sort of person whose acquaintance he would care to cultivate more closely, away he went into the air. When the smoke cleared I confidently expected to view his lifeless remains, but instead there was a cloud of feathers—more than ever I saw shot out of any six ducks, and my bird was pursuing the not altogether noiseless tenor of his way. My companions chaffed me unmercifully for lying and waiting for him to go down, instead of firing at him and either killing him or compelling him to dive, and also complimented me on my skill as a collector of "pillow-stuffings." I have often, when watching a game of checkers, seen chances for brilliant strokes in playing, when the persons engaged in the game were vainly thumping their brains for moves.

We started for home, Ferris gallantly giving his place to a young lady who was going our way and preferred a short canoe ride to a long walk. I have a suspicion that Arch hoped that I would join Ferris, and when I did not, he would have almost seconded the motion of the executioner in "The Mikado" concerning "all third persons who on disturbing *l'le-a-tâtes* insist," but I hardly think he would have gone so far as to say, "I'm sure he won't be missed." Glancing back to the day, I am vividly reminded of a few lines I once saw in a little English story book, and I can only trust to their close-fitting, blister-like applicability to our case to commend me to the lenience of FOREST AND STREAM's quotation fied exterminator. The piece was entitled "The Three Loyal Sportsmen," and one of the stanzas went something like this:

"We hunted and we halloed till the setting of the sun,
And we had nought to bring away when the hunting day was done.
Then one unto another said, 'This hunting does not pay,'
But we've powdered up and down a bit, and had a rattling day."

NOVA SCOTIA.

L. I. FLOWER.

MAINE GAME.

READING the FOREST AND STREAM's earnest plea for the retention of the New York non-deer-hounding law brings to mind the struggles of the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners a few years ago for the holding of just such a law upon the statute books of that State. The owners of packs of hounds, both at home and in neighboring States, sent lobbyists to the Maine Legislature, and members were approached with the same plausible arguments that are being used in New York this winter. But they were met by a force too great. The Hon. E. M. Stillwell, the strongest and truest friend the noble game of Maine has ever found, together with his colleague, Henry O. Stanley, aided by Dr. Hunter, of Machias, told the Legislature that winter that to let loose the dogs it would require but two years—three years at the most—to exterminate the deer. Said Mr. Stillwell: "A deer dreads a wolf—its natural worst enemy. Several times in the history of our State the deer have been driven almost to extermination by wolves. Our forests are just recovering from the last of such periods, thirty or forty years ago. A dog is a wolf's first cousin. Both are equally destructive to the deer. Turn off the dogs and your deer will increase. Let loose the dogs and your deer are gone forever!" How have these words proved? Everybody familiar with the Maine woods will grant that the deer have more than quadrupled under protection, the best part of which is a non-hounding law.

Is hounding destructive to deer? Yes. Why? Because every greenhorn who goes into the woods can, by employing guides and dogs, surely get a deer. For proof, take a case right here in Boston, hundreds of miles away from the Adirondack wilderness. Two years ago last August a party of young salesmen took their vacation in that part of the country. They went armed with repeating rifles and money enough to employ guides. The guides, of course, gave them the chance to kill deer. One of them explained to us how it was done. "The dogs were let loose. My guide took me in a boat. Soon the hounds drove the deer into the water. My guide began to pull for dear life, and as soon as I got near enough I began to pepper that deer. I was so excited that I fired ten times before I stopped him. I wanted to kill another deer, but the guides refused. They said I had had my share of fun."

Another Boston case dates only back to last November, and shows that in some sections of the New York wilderness the non-hounding law has been evaded. An old gentleman, a Boston merchant, who didn't even own a gun, but bought a new repeating shotgun for the purpose, killed his deer in

the Adirondacks. As in the case of the young salesman, the dogs drove the deer into the water, and, paddled out by the lusty arms of the guide, the old man pulled away on his repeating shotgun, crowded with buckshot, till the deer succumbed. Ah, such hunting! No. Butchery!

Now, in all fairness, let any advocate of deer hounding answer: How many deer could those young salesmen, reared in a city, unfamiliar with the woods or with firearms—how many deer could they or that old gentleman of sixty have killed without the aid of dogs? I have tramped all day through the woods, where the tracks of deer were too thick to single out one and follow it, never getting sight of a deer, or at the best, only a chance for a snap shot; and I am willing to do so again. I have lain in ambush more than one day beside a deer path, actually beaten like a sheep path, and yet have never obtained the much-desired shot in that way. But I am willing to do both again, and if I live long enough, I expect to kill my deer by legitimate still-hunting; but I trust I shall never so thirst for butchery as to allow a dog to drive a deer into the water for my shooting. Oh, the prowess of such hunting! Why not hire the guides to tie the legs of the poor creature and then fire away with the repeaters? Good FOREST AND STREAM, leave no stone unturned to preserve the non-hounding law in New York. Repeat it, and the days of the deer are numbered! Retain it and enforce it, and your deer will multiply.

Commissioner Stillwell writes me that the recent rains have made a bad crust over the snow in Maine, and that years ago he should have trembled for the deer, but the law has nagged the poachers so closely that they dare not follow their old tricks. The Commissioners, with their able corps of wardens, are as much on the alert as ever in Maine.

Some things distress me, but perhaps they are all right. I saw the head of a female moose at a taxidermist's the other day—the whole skin, in fact. It was a noble specimen. The head measured nearly two feet from the muzzle to the top of the forehead. It looked, as it lay over the taxidermist's block, very much like the head of Barnum's hippopotamus, so broad was the muzzle and wide the nostrils. The creature must have weighed 800 pounds. It belonged to a Portland, Me., gentleman, and is being made into a mat. It was either killed in open season or was killed unlawfully in the summer, for the skin had been some time at the tanner's.

The sight of that enormous head reminded me of the experience of a chap from Boston. He went down to Parmachenee, Me., and hired a guide to "call" a moose for him to shoot. As he told the story himself: "The guide kept up an unearthly roar on that old birch horn. It was about as dark as pitch. All at once I heard a crashing, when down came a giant beast close upon me. His head was in the air about twenty feet. His horns were ten feet broad, and knocked the spruce limbs into kindling wood. His eyes were as big as saucers, and from his nostrils came two streams of fire as big around as my arm! As for me, I dropped that little shotgun and ran!"

I learn from good authority that the case of the New Haven gentleman, who, after having been prosecuted for killing a deer at Rangeley, Me., in June, two years ago, began a suit against Commissioner Stillwell for \$1,000 damages, has been settled. I understand that the jury gave him \$1 for damage to his reputation. This is the first case of the kind in my recollection, and shows how juries regard the game laws. SPECIAL.

SAVE THE ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Sportsmen, of all men, are prone to hobby riding. This one advances the true theory perhaps. If you investigate you will probably find that his theory is the one he finds most successful in practice. It might not suit the next case at all. It is just as absurd to say which method of hunting deer is least destructive to the game as to say which is the best gun. It all depends.

Deer vary in habit in different localities; the locality often determines the method of taking him. Given the nature of the land—whether level, rolling, or mountainous; whether well watered or dry, timbered or open—and the hunter will adopt the method so as to make nature serve him in the pursuit of his quarry.

In the high dry lands of Western Virginia I suppose the floating would be poor, and because of the absence of large bodies of water, hounding becomes in such sections an altogether different thing from hounding in New York. What I have to say in this article has reference solely to the methods in vogue of capturing deer in that most charming spot for an outing, the Adirondack wilderness.

Three principal methods obtain there—floating, still-hunting and hounding. The first is possible only during the months of summer, and cannot always be depended upon even in September. The second is practiced by the native hunters only, and not to any extent until after the first snows have fallen. The third method is possible any time, and can be successfully carried on by anybody who can buy a dog.

Now what are those aiming at who write for your valuable paper? It is to be hoped that the great army of sportsmen are not taking this means to assist each other to knowledge which may enable them to kill more deer, but to, if possible, find out how to get the maximum of hunting and the minimum of killing, *i. e.*, to have the most sport possible, and give the deer as many chances for his life as possible. Can we agree upon the above? Now I am bound to work for the suppression of hounding in the State of New York, absolutely, and at all times of year. I will tell you why as clearly as I am able.

In the first place we need to keep on foot as many deer as can be; the time is coming, all too fast, when there will be only hunting and no finding in the great northern forest. The woods will breathe their odorless balm, the delicious water bubble from the rocky crevices, the air will come laden with the incense of the pines and the balsams just the same decades hence, but the deer, the chief charm to many, will be gone if great care is not taken for their preservation.

Now, what does hounding enable a man to do? It enables a man to put out a dog to get venison every time. With the intersecting streams, the thousands of lakes, deer hunting can be reduced to a science and a certainty with dogs.

Suppose you wanted to procure twenty-five deer, for no matter what purpose, in a given time. You go up to the borders of the woods and find your "old guide," tell him your mission and ask if the thing can be done. Does any woodsman doubt what he would say? He would say, "We might float for 'em and have good luck, we might still-hunt, but we would run a good many chances; give me the dogs and we'll do it."

Dogs will and can hunt deer in all weathers; the exceptions

to this are not worth mentioning. The dog will run an old doe with young as eagerly as a buck in the short blue. Hounding enables the rich sportsman to monopolize as large a tract of country as he pleases. Hounding does not favor sharp shooting nor quick shooting. The deer is not killed on the full jump, but on the full swim. Hounding makes all other methods practically impossible, by driving the deer from their watering places, and making them too shy for successful still-hunting. Hounding allows the sportsman little exercise of skill, as the deer is shot in the water at short range; the skill is on the part of the guide, who works not for fun but \$2.50 per day.

Now the question comes, If this method of taking deer is unfair and ought to be unlawful, what methods are fair? I claim that floating gives many more chances to the deer than hounding. He who thinks that to kill a deer by means of a jack light is the same thing as seeing him, has had no experience with the "lanthorn" in the North Woods. Deer come to know the meaning of the light very quickly, and often all the intimidation the hunter has of the presence of game is a vicious snort and the musical thump, thump of vanishing hoofs in the darkness. To carry a lamp on one's head, sit still, aim the gun accurately enough while trying to keep the equilibrium in a frail boat or log canoe, and shoot a deer, knowing full well that what is done must be done quickly; all these factors supply an element of uncertainty to the problem which the man in the boat bounding over the waves after a deer run to water by dogs never has to take into account. There is something so weird and strangely bewitching about a mountain lake or river at night, that for me, at least, there is pleasure even in drifting over the placid surface, propelled, as it were, by an unseen, intangible force; and then to add to this, which, if you please, you may call nonsense, the thought that the snapping of a twig, a vague shape undefined in the darkness, may mean game, bring in those elements which always constitute sport, or uncertainty, skill, excitement, fairness.

Does any one object to my plea for floating? Very well. To please him, I'll not float; but he must be fair now, and to please me, he must not hound. I should be perfectly willing to pay the price of not floating, if by statute law the cowardly, destructive practice of dogging deer could be forever stopped in our glorious Adirondacks.

The only time a dog is in order is to catch a wounded deer. In such a case I would use and have used a dog. In no other case would I attempt to justify the practice. St. Lawrence county forbids bounding within her borders, but the law is practically a dead letter. Boundaries are not well defined in the great woods. I am glad for so much, however; but I for one who love hunting for its own sake, and find in the grand old woods my best recreation, hope that the present Legislature will maintain inviolate the law against hounding.

NITRAM.

GOUVERNEUR, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last month in the northern part of Oneida county I met a number of sportsmen, and found by conversing with them that nine out of ten were opposed to turning the dogs loose again. If the Boonville *Herald* would print the whole of the correspondence sent to it instead of suppressing a large part, as they have done, then perhaps there would not be as many supporters of dogging as there are now. I think most of the cry for dogs we see in the Boonville *Herald* is self-interest. The owners of teams who carry the dog-hunting deer-slayers live in Boonville. All supplies that are not taken with parties from home are bought in Boonville. Some of the guides live there, and most of the hotels on the Fulton Chain get their supplies in Boonville. Is it anything strange then that the Boonville *Herald* and most of the people of the place should be in favor of dogging deer, when it brings so many sportsmen their way, besides all the pot-hunters? If more men went still-hunting than dogging deer, I have no doubt the same *Herald* would be as anxious for the law to remain as it is as any one. There is no doubt but self-interest has a great deal to do with the stand the *Herald* takes on the dog law. I am willing to admit self-interest has a bearing with all of us, and in many cases too much. The sooner our lawmakers make laws to protect the game regardless of self-interest the better. Call off the dogs.

C. D. F.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Feb. 4.

MARKETING MICHIGAN VENISON.—The Marquette, Mich., *Mining Journal* has already called to the attention of sportsmen and others interested in the preservation of the game in this peninsula, the urgent need of a more vigilant enforcement of the laws, and of further protection for the deer in our forests. The figures then given were surprising to many, who had not supposed that such a wholesale slaughter of deer was going on, and the figures given related only to the single station of Munising, on the D. M. & M., at that. A letter written to a prominent sportsman of Marquette now lies before the writer; it gives the number of pounds of venison saddles shipped from the station of Floeter, on the D. M. & M., during the open season, from Aug. 15 to Nov. 15, and also estimates the amount, not included in the shipments, consumed in camp and other places. There was shipped from Floeter in the interval mentioned 66,840 pounds of venison, saddles only, while the number of pounds consumed in the vicinity is thought to be about 14,000. This means that in the vicinity of Floeter alone between Aug. 15 and Nov. 15, about 1,150 deer were killed; estimating the average weight of a saddle as 70 pounds it would give 1,147 killed, of which record was kept. It does not require much intellectual effort for one to decide from the above showing that soon, and very soon at this rate, our boasted hunting will be a thing of the past. Such has been the experience in other favorite haunts of game where such indiscriminate slaughter has been practiced, and such will be the result here unless steps are speedily taken to check the evil. There are enough prominent sportsmen in Marquette to whom the matter is of great moment, to have it in their power to bring about a change for the better, if they would but combine and make an effort in that direction. Violations of the game laws are common and notorious here, but the reporter has yet to hear of any one being prosecuted and compelled to pay the penalty for his infringement of the statutes. Is the object not of sufficient importance to warrant prompt action on the part of those who wish to protect the game hereabouts? The *Mining Journal* thinks that it is, and trusts that local sportsmen will organize at once and check the evil.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE full report of the FOREST AND STREAM's trajectory test of hunting rifles has been issued in pamphlet form. For sale at this office, or sent post-paid. Price 50 cents.

A MISLEADING DOCUMENT.

THE members of the Legislature at Albany have received copies of a pamphlet entitled, "The Preservation of Deer in Our Northern Woods." It purports to be sent to them by the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association. The introduction embodying the argument is by Dr. Samuel B. Ward, the president of that association. We print this argument in full:

At a meeting of the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association, held on Jan. 13, 1886, the President stated that soon after the organization of the Association the attention of the Executive Committee had been called to the present condition of the law in this State concerning the preservation of the deer in the Adirondack region, and that he had been directed to correspond with well-known residents of the North Woods and others—those who were most interested in the success of that district of the State, and knew most about it—and ascertain what their views were on this subject. A part of the letters, extracts of letters and documents which follow, were received in reply. It is to be regretted that lack of space prevented the publication of them all in full.

Concerning the number of deer in the Woods now, as compared with five and ten years ago, two or three correspondents think that it may have diminished; the very large majority think they have decidedly increased in number. In other words, it is clear that the provisions of the law of 1879 were, on the whole, wise and good, and resulted in permitting the deer to increase and multiply. Nevertheless there were many who thought that it would be a great improvement to forbid entirely the sending of deer to market, and not a single correspondent objected to this addition to the law. Those who objected to the hounding of deer at any season based their opposition on the fact that so many of these creatures were killed late in the season for market, and it is believed that the proposed law, which will be found further on, will fully meet this objection.

As to the most sportsmanlike manner of hunting deer, opinions were nearly equally divided between hounding and still-hunting, with a small preponderance in favor of the former method. Those who objected to hounding on the ground that when the deer was in the water he had no chance to get away. In the first place, many deer do get away after the dog has driven them to water. And it is very difficult to understand how the deer has any better chance against the still-hunter, when the latter, treading three or four inches of snow with the noiseless tread of moccasined feet, and cultivating all the virtues that adorn the sneak thief and assassin, deliberately puts a bullet through his unwary victim before he is apprised of the least danger. The letters will show that if the deer are not made shy by the pursuit of dogs, of whose approach they have ample warning, one still-hunter can kill more deer in a season than two or three guides with dogs. If the deer have been hounded during the proper season, still-hunting cannot of course be so successful. The experience of the autumn of 1885 shows that the still-hunters so glutted the market as to bring the price of venison down to ten cents, and in some localities to four cents a pound, when hounding was forbidden.

As to jack-hunting, not a single correspondent had anything to say in its favor. The objections to it were very numerous; first, because many deer are wounded and drag themselves off in the woods to die for every one that is recovered and used; and, second, because it is very difficult for the hunter to tell whether he is shooting at a buck, a doe or a fawn. Certainly no one can claim that it is sportsmanlike to be noiselessly paddled up within a few feet of an unsuspecting doe or fawn and blaze away, very much at random, with a double-barreled shotgun, loaded with buckshot.

With one single exception the correspondents were all in favor of rescinding the law of last year and of permitting the hounding of deer for a proper length of time, about the duration of which there was some difference of opinion. Those who preferred only a short season for the use of dogs, assigned as a reason that so many deer were killed for market in this way late in the autumn, the proposed manner of meeting which has already been stated.

The Executive Committee having attentively considered all the suggestions made in the various communications received, instructed their counsel to draw up a bill to be introduced into the Legislature at as early a date as practicable, which should embody the views of as many intelligent and interested persons, and antagonize as few as possible.

The law of 1879 has proved a success after five years' trial; nearly everybody was satisfied with it and the deer had increased under it in almost all sections of the Woods; where they had diminished it was due to the season being too long and, therefore, the proposed new law closes it two weeks earlier than did the law of 1879, and it is believed that no one will suffer any serious injury or inconvenience thereby. In all other respects the dates of the law of 1879 are adhered to.

The provision that no deer shall be sent to market from the Adirondacks was considered an absolute necessity by almost everybody who knew anything about the matter. The hotel keepers and the guides understand that the preservation of the deer is in their interest as much as in that of any one else—that the tourists and sportsmen who go there virtually support the region. Not one in twenty of the latter class is a still-hunter, or has the leisure to go there at the season when still-hunting is a possibility; ninety-nine one-hundredths of them find more sport in bounding than in any other method of hunting. To permit hounding will attract visitors; to forbid it will drive them else where. The testimony is universal that each deer killed by a summer visitor leaves in the Woods from a hundred to fifty to three hundred dollars; and that the number killed by them, in any and every way, amounts to nothing at all compared with the number hitherto killed for market, and which yield to the owner some seven or eight dollars apiece at the outside. To prevent the sending of venison to market from this region is a hardship to those only who do not live in the Woods; and it will be very little injury to them since it is estimated that in the large cities of this State not less than ninety per cent. of the venison comes from outside the State. If as many deer are killed annually in the future as were the past fall, under the anti-hounding law, in five or ten years the deer in the Adirondacks will become as scarce as the moose now are, the region will offer no attractions to sportsmen, the occupation of the hotel-keepers and guides will be gone, and the city will be no better off than under the proposed law.

The talk about its being unsportsmanlike to follow deer with hounds, bred and trained for the purpose, is as senseless. In all ages of the world, in all countries and climates, from time immemorial, it has always been, as it still is, the most exhilarating, exciting and sportsmanlike manner of hunting deer. It is one of the least destructive methods: very few deer, if any, are wounded and lost; and in this State it is objected to only by those pot-hunters and still-hunters who desire to kill the most deer in the shortest possible time, for the few paltry dollars that their flesh and hides may bring.

SAMUEL B. WARD.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 25, 1886.

The remainder of the document consists of letters giving the views of a number of advocates of hounding. These views are stated to be "virtually epitomized in the above remarks" by Dr. Ward.

This pamphlet goes to the Legislature with the sanction of the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association. It is put out as the result of an investigation undertaken by that society. When an association professedly working for right game protection institutes an inquiry into a subject of such grave concern as Adirondack deer hounding, it is bound by the professions of its title to conduct that inquiry fairly, without prejudice, and thoroughly. When it makes a statement based on the result of that inquiry and intended to influence legislation in the direction of right game protection, that statement should be fair, unworried by prejudice, and candid, giving the truth, and basing arguments and conclusions on well determined facts. The document now before us is not fair. It is not unprejudiced. It is not candid. It conceals the truth. It suppresses the facts. Its arguments are based on misrepresentations. It is not a safe guide for legislation in the interest of game protection.

1. It is misleading and deceptive because it purports to be the result of an honest inquiry by a game society. As a matter of fact, it is a collection of arguments gathered by

deer hounders to bolster up deer hounding. The president states that he was directed to correspond with well-known residents and others interested in the North Woods. By the further statement that with "one single exception," his correspondents were all in favor of rescinding the law of last year, he virtually confesses that only those persons were written to who were known or believed to be advocates of deer hounding. The "one single exception" was a mistake on his part; he had misjudged his man. The officers of the association, themselves deer hounders, instead of conducting an impartial canvass to truly determine public sentiment, constituted themselves a partisan committee to drum up ammunition for their cause. Mr. W. W. Byington, the association's secretary, wrote some of these letters of inquiry, and one of the published replies comes from the Boonville *Herald* editor, a pronounced advocate of dogging deer. This is the way the reply begins: "Yours at hand. I am exceedingly pleased to find that our ideas are alike on the deer-hounding law." Had Messrs. Ward and Byington, as private individuals, gathered this material for their purpose and presented it to the Legislature on their own responsibility, that would have been perfectly proper; but to presume to offer it on the pretense of its being a game society's public-spirited action is a different thing altogether. If the Eastern New York Association was not organized by active deer hounders for the express purpose of conjuring with its name at Albany to help their cause, the members owe to the public a disclaimer of this pamphlet sent in the society's name to the Legislature.

2. The document is misleading and deceptive because it pretends to represent public sentiment. After such a one-sided inquiry as this was, the result of necessity cannot in any way reflect public opinion. The compilers of the pamphlet studiously avoid giving the side (which in point of number and character is by far the most worthy of being heard) opposed to their own private dogging interests. They suppress the other side entirely, even when pretending to give the views elicited by others. For example, on page 14 they profess to give the views contained in the correspondence published in the Glens Falls *Republican*. But among the diverse views expressed there, they select and print only two letters, one written by S. J. Palmer, of Indian Lake, who wants the deer hounding law repealed because certain lawless ruffians in his neighborhood persist in slaughtering deer with hounds; and another from Oliver St. Marie, a store keeper of the same place, who trades supplies to these deer butchers in exchange for deer pelts. Now, if these pamphlet compilers who pose as game protectionists, honestly intended to give the Legislature a fair statement of public feeling on this question, why did they not print the letter from A. C. Clifton, of Hague, published in the *Republican* of Jan. 8. Mr. Clifton wrote:

"Moose and beaver were natives of the Adirondacks and no voice was raised to prevent their destruction. Our rivers swarmed with salmon and they too have disappeared. Deer and trout are sure to follow them, but by judicious management the day of their disappearance may be long delayed. One thing, however, is certain, we must give up the deer or the dogs at once. Of all the methods of deer hunting the use of hounds is the most destructive and inhuman. Crust hunting is but little less so when practiced, which is not once where dogs are used a hundred times. A hunter who is so disposed can use his dogs and kill deer any day in the year. The crust hunters' time is limited to a very few weeks, and the fact that the game at that season is worthless and unfit for food, is in itself a great protection. He who must hunt for skin-poor does, can do so only in fly time. For a certainty the dog is always resorted to. When his owner has no use for him he hunts for his own amusement, and, left to run at large, ill cared for and ill fed, he takes to the deer yards and the destruction is completed. I have said that the practice is inhuman, and to sustain the assertion will give you one instance among many in my personal experience upon which the charge is based.

"As hunting with a party at the head of the Boreas River. Returning late one day from starting dogs, while crossing a neck of the big swamp at the upper end of Saddlebag Pond, I heard a deer bleating loud and often. I made my way to the spot, which proved to be in a brook filled at that place with windfall and floodwood. Here was a tired-out deer, tangled in a mass of vines and brushwood, and one of the largest hounds I ever saw was eating from the quivering flanks of the living animal. As I approached, the dog (a strange one) made a vicious spring at me. I kicked him off and he returned to his ghoulish meal. The pitiful cries of the deer, and the savage demonstration of the hound toward my self, decided me at once, and I sent a bullet through his head. I cut away the brush with my sheath knife and approached the deer, a beautiful doe, which made no effort to escape, but looked up in my face with its beautiful, pleading, almost human eyes, as if to thank me for the relief from torture that had come too late to save its life. Had it been possible for the deer to live no harm of mine would have been raised against it. But an examination proved that it was a ruined pair, all hope of recovery and I shot it dead in its tracks. This is not an isolated case, but one of many I have seen, and such as are daily happening where dogs are used.

"The lines of the territory inhabited by deer are ever contracting, and are already nearly beyond our county limits. The present law enforced to the letter, as it will be unless the courts refuse to do their duty, we regard as the last chance for deer on the barren and useless mountains which occupy the northern portion of Warren county."

This eagerness with which everything in favor of hounding—no matter how false or preposterous it is—is seized by the pamphlet compilers, and the equal zeal with which they seek to conceal the actual sentiment of the great majority of intelligent and unselfish citizens, lay bare the covert purpose of the society's officers and stamp the document as untrustworthy, even though it bears the pretentious sanction of a "game protective association." No honest attempt at wise game protection ever yet demanded such perversion and suppression of truth to accomplish its ends—and never will.

3. The pamphlet is further misleading and deceptive when it states that hounding "is objected to only by those pot-hunters and still-hunters who desire to kill the most deer in the shortest possible time." The truth is that the most intelligent and public-spirited sportsmen recognized the imperative necessity of a law against hounding, worked to secure it, have been hearty in their support of it, and now demand that it be retained. To cite a few names—Hon. O. B. Matteson, of Wilmurt Lake, wrote to Governor Hill last

May urging him to sign the bill against hounding. Is Mr. Matteson a pot-hunter? Gen. R. U. Sherman, secretary of the Fish Commission, is on record in these words:

"The number of deer wantonly killed by hounding by far exceeds those killed out of season, and the slaughter of the animals for mere sport is an evil which demands prompt attention. Men seem to have just found out how easy a matter it is to get deer in this way. I am of the opinion that running deer with dogs should be prohibited, as there seems to be no other alternative."

Does Dr. Ward presume to class Gen. Sherman among the pot-hunters? Among the subscribers to a fund to pay a special officer to enforce the law against hounds in the Beaver River district last summer were Hon. Lansing Hotaling, of Albany; Prof. E. L. Richards, of Yale College; Dr. Spencer M. Nash, of New York city, and Charles Fenton, of Number Four. Does Dr. Ward mean seriously to tell us that these men are pot-hunters? Mr. Edward C. Litchfield, of Brooklyn, is strong in his condemnation of the injury of hounding. Does Dr. Ward class Mr. Litchfield among the pot-hunters? We might fill a column with such names as these, but it hardly seems worth while gravely to consider this silly and preposterous pot-hunter pretext.

4. The pamphlet is misleading and deceptive when it declares that "to follow deer with hounds" is a historic and sportsmanlike method. What if it be so? That has nothing to do with the Adirondack style of hounding. In the North Woods the sportsmen do not follow the hounds. They sit on the bank or in a boat and wait to be rowed out to within arm's length of the exhausted deer swimming in the water. There is nothing exhilarating about the water-butcher of deer until the butchers have become abnormally hardened to it. Ninety-nine deer out of every one hundred killed by hounding in the North Woods are killed in the water. Only the hundredth is killed on a runway, after the manner of hounding as practiced elsewhere in this country. To call this water-butcher historic and sportsmanlike is grotesque.

5. The pamphlet is misleading and deceptive when it represents that the welfare of the North Woods guides and hotel keepers depends on hounding. Of a thousand Adirondack tourists, less than one hundred go to hound deer. The nine hundred would gladly see the hounds kept out. The guides are not dependent on the hounders; they can find abundant employment in other ways. The most intelligent guides recognize that hounding destroys the deer supply and is opposed to their true interests. Many of these guides petitioned the Legislature last year to pass the hounding law. They have not since then changed their opinion of the wisdom of the measure—statements in this pamphlet to the contrary notwithstanding. We challenge the compilers of this document to name one man whose opinion is entitled to respect, who was last year in favor of a non-hounding law and is now opposed to it.

6. The pamphlet is misleading and deceptive when it argues that the deer supply has increased within the past "five and ten" years. The exact opposite is the truth, and no one knows it better than the dogger. It was in fact the alarming decrease of deer that started the friends of game protection to work for the abolition of hounding, the most destructive method of hunting the deer in the Adirondack region, and one which, if persisted in, means the extermination of the game.

7. The pamphlet is misleading and deceptive when it avers that hounding "is one of the least destructive methods" of hunting deer. Of all the modes employed in that region it is only less destructive than crusting, and crusting is very properly forbidden by the present law. Hounding is more destructive than floating or still hunting, because more sure. It can be practiced—and in fact is practiced—at all seasons. It requires no experience nor skill. The deer is driven into the water and the hunter is rowed within short range. It is a common thing for the guide to hold the deer by the tail while the "hunter" shoots or clubs it to death. Just because it is so sure and so easy it is clamored for by one class of guides and one class of tourists. By it they have killed 75 per cent. of all the deer killed in the North Woods. These classes are now clamoring for a law against floating. Why? Not because they believe that it will save the game, but because they hope thereby to regain the privilege of hounding. Why do they want to exchange jacking for hounding? Because by the latter method they can get more deer. Jacking is uncertain, often barren of result. Hounding is sure four times in five. They want the sure method. They demand that the hound be again put on the track of the buck and the doe and the fawn. But the men who ask for hounding are only a small class compared with the whole number of Adirondack guides and visitors, for—

8. The document is misleading and deceptive when it states that more deer were killed last season by still-hunting and floating than in any recent previous year by these methods and floating combined. The statistics given in the pages of the pamphlet and quoted from the Boonville *Herald* are wholly without foundation. They are not authenticated by any responsible person. Nobody but a highly constituted idiot would believe them nor expect others to believe them. Moreover, jacking was practiced last June, hounding was extensively practiced last summer, and crusting has been practiced this winter. By these three illegitimate methods, it is fair to presume, as many deer were killed as were taken by lawful jacking in the open season and by still-hunting. If venison was cheaper than usual, it was water-killed venison and crust-killed venison—

as set forth in the pamphlet, pages 14 and 17—both methods are forbidden by law and meat so obtained is contraband.

9. The document is misleading and deceptive in the plea that deer must be hounded that they may be made shy. Hounding does prevent the taking of deer by still-hunting. It does not prevent it by making the deer shy. It prevents it by killing them. A deer driven by hounds into the water and clubbed to death in August cannot be shot by a still-hunter in the autumn. That is exactly the way hounding works. If dogs are used no deer will be left to be taken by any other method whatever. The pretext that hounding is preservative of the deer is rubbish. The men who dog do not dog for the purpose of protecting. They dog to capture and kill. And they do kill. They exterminate. One of the professional gentlemen whose letters are published in this pamphlet has made it a custom for years past to dog deer by the wholesale, to kill more than could be consumed as food, and to leave the carcasses to rot in the woods. That is the sort of making shy the hounders call for and that is the way they practice it.

The excessive killing by still-hunting, it is admitted by the hounders, is the work of market-hunters. The way to stop this is to cut off the market. Forbid the transportation and sale of game. For years the *FOREST AND STREAM* has urged such a law. Every sportsman would rejoice to see that provision on the statute books. We strongly urge the passage of a bill to that effect by the present Legislature.

But to make such a law at the sacrifice of the present non-hounding statute would not save the game. The repeal of the present law, on any pretext whatever, would mean the doom of the Adirondack deer. The hounding law is wise and beneficial. Let it stand. Enforce it. The State of New York cannot afford to repeal it. The community cannot afford to put the hounds again on the track to drive deer into the water. It would be sheer and irreparable folly and improvidence to sacrifice the game supply of the Adirondacks to the selfish, time-serving and greedy clamors for permission to hound.

FIFTY-EIGHT FOXES, FOURTEEN DOGS AND TWO ITALIANS.—Hawley, Pa., Feb. 8.—About twenty years ago Randall Kellum, of Kimbles, Pike county, five miles below this place, on the Honesdale branch of the Erie Railway, purchased a horse for which he paid \$90. He worked it daily on his farm until one day last week when the horse died. The neighborhood of Kimbles, and in fact all through that part of the country, has been literally overrun with foxes this season. As has been the case in Sullivan county, across the Delaware River, the farmers have lost hundreds of chickens and other poultry by the bold raids of these usually timid animals. Farmer Kellum hit upon a plan that he thought might destroy a large number of the thieving pests, and that was to put strychnine in the carcass of the old horse, and place the body in a spot where foxes would be sure to flock to it. The deadly drug was accordingly placed plentifully in the flesh of the dead horse, and the carcass was hauled to an out-of-the-way spot in the woods, two or three miles from Kimbles, and left there. The next morning Kellum went early to the woods to see if his plan had worked successfully. He found lying scattered about in all directions, and none of them far away from the poisoned horse, 39 dead foxes. How many more managed to get to their holes or hiding places before they died was of course unknown. Mr. Kellum had the foxes taken home, and the next morning went to the woods again. There were no foxes found, as could hardly have been expected, as the horse during the previous night had been monopolized by half the dogs in the neighborhood, 14 of which were found dead at the scene of their feast. With barely an exception the dogs were animals that had long been suspected of habitual wholesale killing of sheep in the vicinity, so the night's work was regarded as an excellent one. The following morning Kellum visited the remains of his old horse again, and this time picked up 19 dead foxes. He was returning home loaded down with fox pelts, when about a mile from Kimbles, he heard moans and cries of pain issuing from the woods, some distance off to his right from the road. Kellum made his way to the spot from which the sounds proceeded, and found two Italian quarrymen rolling in the snow and writhing in pain. Upon asking them what the matter was one of the Italians told him that they had found a frozen horse in the woods, and had cut a piece of meat from it, which they had roasted over a fire and eaten. They were almost immediately seized with intense pains in the stomach. Kellum waited to hear no more. He knew at once that the Italians had eaten a piece of his poisoned horse. He started on a run for the station to telegraph for a doctor. Fortunately, Dr. Brace, of Lackawanna, had been called to Kimbles that morning to attend a patient, and Kellum met him as he was flying in for aid for the poisoned Italians. Kellum hastily told the doctor the situation and the two hurried back. Dr. Brace administered powerful antidotes to the Italians, and got them to the nearest house. He succeeded in counteracting the poison and in a few hours the Italians were able to go on their way. Kellum lost no time in burying his dead horse. The 58 foxes that fell victims to Kellum's baited horse will net him \$58 in bounties. The pelts he can sell for \$2 a piece—a total of \$114 from a horse dead that only cost him \$90 alive and had given him 20 years' faithful service. What the profits would have been if the Italians had died he does not care to cipher on.—*N. Y. Times*.

JUDGE CATON'S HOUSE BURNED.—About midnight of Feb. 8 the house of Judge J. D. Caton, at North Bluff, Ottawa, Ill., caught fire and was burned to the ground. No lives were lost. Judge Caton and his family were not at home, and only the servants occupied the house. Judge Caton's library and his large collection of natural history specimens were destroyed. Among the books burned was a complete set of Audubon's works, and many other valuable volumes.

"A CURRITUCK DUCKING SCORE."—It is suggested that the above heading in this column last week may convey the erroneous impression that the scores then printed were made on the grounds of the Currituck Club. As a matter of fact the shooting was done by the members and on the grounds of the Narrows Island Club, of Currituck Sound.

KENT COUNTY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—At the annual meeting held in the office of Dr. E. S. Holmes Feb. 9 the following officers were elected: President, Dr. E. S. Holmes; Vice-President, H. Widdicombe; Secretary and Treasurer, N. Fred Avery; Directors, L. D. Follett for one year; A. C. Horton for two years; T. Stewart White for three years; A. B. Richmond for four years, and W. C. Denison for five years. The President was authorized to make application for membership in the National Sportsmen's Association. The following were elected delegates to the State Association, which meets in Kalamazoo on the 9th inst.: A. B. Turner, A. B. Richmond, L. D. Follett, F. E. Blakely and N. Fred Avery.

SNIPE SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—Portland, Ore., Jan. 30.—Dr. Jessup, the distinguished dentist and sportsman of this city, reports that on the day following a recent snow storm, he, with a common parlor rifle, from his parlor window, shot and killed eleven English snipe which had gathered on the lawn in front of his residence; that he fired only thirteen shots, and that each bird was shot through the neck, and not elsewhere. Ought the club to question the truthfulness of the statement?—C. T.

VIRGINIA COLD AND GAME.—Richmond, Va., Feb. 6.—We are having now the coldest weather ever experienced here. The thermometer registering Thursday morning five degrees below zero. In addition to this the snow is about eleven inches deep. From information gathered from farmers in the counties of Henrico, Chesterfield and Hanover, I am afraid poor "Bob White" has been effectually "cleared out." Whole conveyances are reported as found frozen to death.—W. H. C.

COLD WEATHER IN MAINE.—A Portland (Me.) correspondent who was compelled by the recent cold weather to abandon his fox hunting, writes that upon visiting a known grouse cover he discovered two of the birds frozen to death and covered with ice; the inference is that the ice storm was very destructive of the grouse in that section.

A TAME MOOSE.—Burlington, N. J., Feb. 1.—Ex-Congressman H. B. Smith, who announced some weeks ago that he was to establish a paper here has changed his mind. He has a pet moose from Canada, and, eschewing politics, is now putting the fleet animal over the road in high glee.

ATLANTICVILLE, L. I., Feb. 7.—One gun, three days, recently secured fifty ducks, mostly broadbills and whistlers, at the inlet on Shinnecock Bay.—J. W.

TAUNTON, MASS., Feb. 3.—We have organized a gun club here and own several good dogs among us.—So.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE STRIPED BASS LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We thank you for the prominence which you so kindly gave our communication of the 1st instant, and the very courteous editorial comment on same.

It is quite true that the present law "does not cover the whole season for striped bass in the Hudson." It is equally true that the present laws in regard to trout and black bass do not cover the whole of the spawning season of either of these two last named fish. Every angler has taken gravid trout in July and gravid bass in August. If a law covers the time during which the large majority of any specific class of fish spawns, it does as much as any citizen has a reasonable right to ask; but it does not seem to us that the fact that a close season is too short is a good reason for making it still shorter.

So long as it is generally conceded that the chief, if not the sole, reason for anadromous fish ascending fresh-water streams is to spawn, and so long as it is true that in the case of all those anadromous fish, with whose habits we are anything like familiar, the period covering their ingress and egress covers their spawning season, it seems to us to be wise to protect them during the greater portion of the time they are in our rivers. Though no man can prove that all of the fertile bass which run up the Hudson do spawn during the present close season, yet no man will presume to deny that many of them do spawn then and there. Nor would the opinion that the constant and permanent supply of striped bass in our waters does not chiefly depend upon river spawning be seriously entertained by thoughtful students of fish life.

What you say about the propriety of enacting a law against dragging nets under the ice is most pertinent in this connection. But we believe that so long as there is no law against the sale of bass during the season at which this abomination is possible, this thing will continue. The philanthropic fish mongers say in their petition, "To fairly [fairly seems hardly a proper word under the circumstance] prepare for Lent, our cold storage warehouses should be filled immediately during the present cold season, when the supply is readily obtained." In their eagerness to secure striped bass for the Lenten season they may not have time to find out whether the bass were caught under the ice. And this, besides encouraging law breaking, would be a constant source of remorse to an excellent and necessary class of people.

ABBET & LUMBIE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.

[Our correspondents are reminded that the season named in the law, *i. e.*, Jan. 1 to May 19, is not known to cover any portion of the season of spawning of the striped bass in New York waters, for, as we have pointed out, but little is known of their spawning habits, and the few eggs which have been taken from them in the Hudson. Our main reason, however, for urging the repeal of the striped bass law, was because the framers of the law did not intend to protect this fish, but meant it for a small fish found in Lake Ontario, and in consequence of this the State Game Protectors were instructed by the Fish Commissioners with the sanction of the President of the New York Society for the Protection of Game, of which Mr. Lumbie is a member, not to take notice of this law or begin any prosecutions under it. The law being a dead letter—not because of any lack of enforcement by subordinates, but because the authorities so declared it—we think it better off the books than on it. As for the prohibition of netting under the ice in the Hudson, we believe it possible to stop it if a law to that effect is passed. That kind of netting is done out on the ice in full view of citizens along the bank and of passengers in the cars which run on both banks of that river.]

TROUT OF SUNAPEE LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in your article announcing the discovery of a new species of trout in Sunapee Lake, and after thinking the matter over for a while it occurred to me that while I was a member of the New Hampshire Fish Commission we had planted the *Salmo ogassu* in that lake, and I accordingly wrote to my former colleague, Mr. A. H. Powers, of Grantham, N. H., a town very near the lake, to ask him about it, as he was the superintendent of the State hatchery from the beginning, until Mr. Hodge succeeded him on his resignation of his commission.

Mr. Powers writes me as follows: "On June 3, 1879, I planted 4,000 *ogassu*, or blue-backed trout, in Sunapee Lake, and these *Salmo sunapee* (?) may have come from that plant; they have a look like the fry, as I remember them. But could they have multiplied so, and grown to such monsters? I have no doubt that some of those we saw, for I was with Mr. Hodge at the time, would weigh from eight to ten pounds; we caught some of six pounds, and saw much larger ones. Now these fish are lake spawners. Not one of them came up the brook I planted them in, while the landlocked salmon of about the same weight did so. In Maine it was said that they were small, about one-quarter pound weight, and came into the river to spawn Oct. 10 to a day. That is as I remember it. Now the question is, could they change from minnows to whales and from river to lake spawners in so short a time?"

Now I am equally puzzled with my friend Powers. We know that the landlocked salmon which we placed in Sunapee Lake, from eggs procured at Grand Lake Stream, have attained a weight of over twelve pounds, though the Grand Stream fish seldom go over two or three pounds, and the same season's fry distributed in Squam Lake have gone up to fifteen or sixteen pounds.

This I attribute to the fact of their finding plenty of fresh-water smelts for food, for one reason, as well as to the fact that we usually find the size of the fish to correspond in some degree with that of the water from which they are taken.

This discovery is a very interesting one, and having found a possible *raison d'être* for *ogassu* trout in Sunapee Lake, I send it you in hopes that some other correspondent may be able to throw some light on the matter, and solve Mr. Powers's queries as to the possibility of such rapid growth and apparent change of habit.

SAMUEL WEBBER.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Feb. 2, 1886.

A WINTER CHAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Little Sandy" is sad, and why not? Information has just reached us that the Legislature has repealed the State law to prevent seining, etc., in the waters of Kentucky.

For years we have been trying to effect a change in our community by distributing some of the wholesome teachings of FOREST AND STREAM to show up the evil effects of seining and kindred devices for catching fish. The State passed a law to prevent seining, and though badly enforced, it had a good effect. Last spring we appealed to the ever gallant and generous Dr. Henshall to furnish us, through your columns, with a description of suitable fly tackle, by which our sport might be heightened and made more interesting. We were congratulating one another a few days ago as a small nucleus of the "new fangled fishermen" (as we are sometimes ironically called) had met around a glowing fire to talk over our first year's experience in the most delightful of sports, *i. e.*, fly-fishing, when the sad news reached us of the action of the Legislature. While we grieve we have much to be thankful for.

Acting upon Doctor Henshall's suggestion last spring we sent for a pair of seven ounce lancewood fly-rods, reels, lines, flies, fly-books, and leaders, which came by express in a few days, and were secreted under lock and key so that no unhallowed eyes might pry into those precious packages, for it had already been noised about that my friend Skill (may he soon be released from his snow-bound situation and find a fair market for his mules) and I were going to use horse flies and gnats for our fishing baits instead of minnows the coming season. That night we were children again, it reminded me of the Santa Claus days. We put the rods together and praised their fine proportions, spring and workmanship. How we longed to be in some secluded nook on Stoner or Storde's Creek, where we might rig our first cast just to see if what we had been told was really true, "that fly-fishing was well enough up North or out East where fish are plenty, but fish had too much sense to bite at a feathered hook in Kentucky."

The rods are laid aside, a bundle of leaders receive but a passing glance, then the Orvis reels; these (at first) look awkward compared to a No. 1 Meek, of which the spool is not more than one inch in diameter, but then it takes up line very fast, and the perforated plates allow the line to dry without removing it from the reel. Next come the fly-books which are very handsome and well made. "What is this by the side of the little green box marked flies?" asked my friend. "Fishing with the Fly," Orvis-Cheney collections, a present." A hurried glance at the index shows articles from the pens of a host of writers of whom we had long ago become familiar through the pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

Since that night our fondest anticipations have been realized, and though we had entertained some fears that the light rods, in inexperienced hands as we were, might in a well-contested battle fail, yet victory on victory gave us more confidence, and at the end of the season have sustained their reputation. The flies, too, we ordered first (from names only) proved very successful, and that the notes taken from the different writers on the "most killing flies" were not made in vain. We have caught fish of all the representatives of our streams with the fly, excepting the sucker, and we can well afford to leave him to those who are willing to take their seats on the muddy and slippery bank, in February and March, at a place previously baited with dough balls, and fish with the humble "wum" for bait. Anglers as a rule are incredulous, and hold to the doctrine that "seeing is believing." One among my first essays was in company with a friend who thought "minnows were good enough." But it happened on one of those likely evenings previous to a shower, with a good breeze, and as it took me some time to rig my cast, he baited his hook with a minnow and commenced fishing down stream from the bank.

When I got ready I waded out in the middle of the creek, and cast right and left in his wake; he caught one bass, while I was getting a rise at nearly every cast, and at last he reeled up his line and said he "would rather watch me than to fish himself, it was so novel." I made a convert right there. This is not the only instance, for to-day we have

quite a number who are devotees of the fly-rod and have enjoyed its seductive pleasures. I received a letter from your correspondent "Vox" from Mt. Sterling, a few days ago, saying that "I have just received a split-bamboo fly-rod. I want a few instructions. Come up and spend a day with me. It would be like an experience meeting of old Methodists."

On the following day my genial friend E. P. B., treasurer of the Bourbon Gun Club, met me. "What say you on going to Mt. Sterling to-morrow?" "I can be ready by 8 o'clock." The next morning turned out to be one of those cold, disagreeable, misty days, the ground all covered with snow and slush, but just right to talk fly-fishing. We arrived at Mt. Sterling early, and as we sauntered into the office we found "Vox" in his little workshop at the end so busily engaged that he was unaware of our presence. I knocked on the door, and turning he hid something which to me looked like a fly-book. And with that whole-soul smile which characterizes him above all good fellows, "hail friends well met," introduced us to the Rev. Mr. S., formerly Fish Commissioner of Tennessee. After a hearty greeting he informed us that they had just been engaged in a conversation on the subject of fishing. Ceremonies were cast aside. My friend B. excused himself, having some business in town, which left the happy clover leaf in its glory. The rods were brought out and I soon ascertained that "Vox" had it bad. Fortunately the "weather conditions" were such that it kept all the toothache patients at home, which often prevents one of those pleasant *à-la-tête* chats that we enjoy so much, and then it gave us full sweep of the room.

The office was hardly high enough to make the overhead cast *comme il faut*, but taking off the butt joint we managed to lay out (an imaginary) line fairly well. Thrice the dinner bell rang before we could find a convenient stopping place. After dinner followed a long discussion on the action of legislators, which closed with the hope that the Senate would be awake to its duty and surely "kill the bill." We cast our eyes across to the court house clock whose hour hand already pointed a little after five and bade our friends a reluctant *au revoir* with the promise that as soon as the water was in right condition when spring has asserted her rights again I would telephone them when they would meet me to try the result of our meeting.

As we drove homeward through the falling mist and rain I could scarcely think of anything but the pleasant day spent with genial companions when everything was present but the fish.

LITTLE SANDY.
NORTH MIDDLETON, Ky.

ANOTHER WAY TO CARRY A LANDING NET.—Centralia, Pa., Feb. 6.—Any plan or arrangement that adds to the pleasure or comfort of a sportsman's "outing" I think should be common property, so let me tell of a contrivance that helps to keep this necessary but cumbersome article out of the way while always ready for quick use. I take it to be the invention of a friend, one who can entice more fish into his net with the gentle persuasion of his springy greenheart rod than any other fisherman I know: Fastened securely to the short handle of the net is a loop of say four feet of the very best elastic web, three-quarters or one inch wide; this is worn around the neck and when not in use is thrown so that it hangs down the back; when wanted and your fish is ready to be landed taking the handle the web will stretch as far as you can possibly reach; when the two pounder is taken care of a toss puts it back over your shoulders ready for the next one. In my early fishing days I was sorely bothered with the corkscrew twist that was always in my six foot leaders as I took them out to replace one that my largest fish had carried off; it was only after some minutes drawing through the water and making every trout in the pool think more about a water snake than of the white winged coachman, that it straightened out for business; now when starting on my trips I take a common tin oval tobacco box, one that can be handily carried in the pocket; then dampen a heavy piece of cotton flannel that has been cut the width of the box and twice its length; laying it in I place the leaders on it then fold the end back over them; very soon they are as soft and pliable as if they had been soaking in the water and are ready for immediate use. Both of these plans may be nothing new to most of your readers, but perhaps it may to some one of them save a tangled line or another fish for his creel.

—SPICEWOOD.

ADIRONDACK FISHES.—I will again appeal to the kindness of friends and ask them to send me such notes on the fishes of the Adirondack region as they may have. The few hundred copies of my "Memoranda" for Mr. Colvin's forthcoming Report of the Adirondack Survey, which were issued in advance of his report, are nearly exhausted, and it is proposed to extend the report on fishes. The following note, which is just at hand, explains it: "Albany, Feb. 4, 1886. Mr. F. Mather, Dear Sir: I think that you can rely upon having fully six months in which to get in all the addenda. I shall use every effort to make your report as perfect as possible, even if we have to cut the electrolyte plates. Sincerely yours, VERPLANCK COLVIN, Supt." My collecting tour was a hasty one, and it is very probable that I missed some species; in fact, I inserted the "Miller's thumb," *Uranidea*, on the authority of Dr. Merriam, as I could not find it. Some of the sticklebacks may also be found there, and then we want specimens of those "Morse Lake minnows," and "Seventh Lake minnows," which are mentioned, but which, owing to their decayed condition, could not be identified, and which Prof. Jordan thought might be new. Had it not been for the good friends who helped me out in making out the list of the distribution of species this portion of the work would have been omitted. This is a very important portion of the work and is not complete, and all volunteer help in the work will be thankfully received.—FRED MATHER (Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.).

FLORIDA FISH KILLED BY COLD.—St. Augustine, Fla., Jan. 31.—I have just returned from a fishing cruise to the head of Matanzas River. The sight that I saw was enough to make the heart sick. Hundreds of large sea trout and channel bass were lying dead along the shore, killed by our last cold snap. One can understand how the sea trout were caught in the shallow water and frozen. But my surprise was great when I saw many sheepsheads among them, as they are fish which usually seek deep pools and channels. The buzzards are so full they will hold no more, and such a mass of decaying fish certainly will not be conducive to the health of the country. In spite of this wholesale destruction I had very good sport with rod and reel. And many a fine fish was replaced in his native element for fear of killing more than I could use. The nights have been rather cool of late, and I have been glad while sleeping in my boat to have my second sleeping bag around me.—WINDWARD.

BISBY CLUB.—Utica, N. Y., Feb. 3.—The eighth annual meeting of the Bisby Club was held here to day, and the following trustees chosen: Gen. R. U. Sherman, Hon. H. J. Cookinham, H. Lee Babcock, O. J. Childs, Thomas R. Proctor, A. G. Brower. At a subsequent meeting of the trustees the following officers were elected: President, Gen. R. U. Sherman; Vice-Presidents, Christopher Roby, W. W. Snow, D. W. Cross, Thomas R. Proctor; Secretary, Henry H. Thompson; Treasurer, S. P. Sherman; Legal Counsel, Hon. H. J. Cookinham. The club passed a resolution declaring against floating for deer, favoring the limiting of the shooting season beginning Aug. 15 and closing Nov. 1, and advocating hounding from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15.

NOT AN UNCOMMON CASE.—"Got any fish?" "Nary fish." "Got any bites?" "Nary bites." "Got any bait?" "Nary bait." "What are you doing there?" "Fishin'."—Texas Siftings.

Fishculture.

THE FULTON CHAIN HATCHERY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the annual meeting of the Boonville Sportsmen's Club, held at the Huriburt House, Boonville, recently, the following officers were elected: President, L. W. Fiske, Boonville; First Vice-President, S. T. Miller, Constableville; Second Vice-President, H. G. Emmis, Turin; Treasurer, C. W. Colton, Boonville; Secretary, G. A. Willard, Boonville.

The report of the committee on the new fish hatchery just completed on the Fulton chain of lakes, was read by Hon. H. Dwight Grant. The report stated that the hatchery house was located near Cold Spring Camp, on Fourth Lake of the Fulton Chain, on the recommendation of State Fish Commissioner Sherman. The site was selected for the purity of the water and its convenience as a central point for procuring and distributing trout fry. The plans of the building and plant were made and furnished by Mr. Sherman on the most approved methods for hatchery. The dimensions of the building are 20x36 feet. It is boarded and battened on the outside, and has a plain, tasty cornice and gabled roof covered with good pine shingles. It is lighted by 8 windows of 12 lights each, 9x14 inches, and has one door. The inside walls are lined with building paper and covered with matched spruce ceiling. The rooms are also ceiled overhead with spruce. Water is conducted to the building through a 3-inch main 136 feet in length from a reservoir built for that purpose. The inside reservoirs and hatching troughs are on the ground ready for setting up. Necessary wire cloths for hatching trays has been purchased and the frames are in process of construction. Owing to late commencement of operations on the building and the early forming of ice on the lakes, the managers were unable to transport and set up the hatching apparatus until after the time that the spawn had reached maturity, thereby making it unsafe to remove them from the State hatchery. The committee recommends that the apparatus be set up in early spring and everything be put in order for future use. A better building has been erected than Commissioner Sherman contemplated and it will be better equipped. It has already cost \$572.44, and \$50 or \$60 more will be required to complete it. The report was accepted. The treasurer's report, which showed a balance of \$90.95 on hand, was also read and accepted.

Hon. H. Dwight Grant, Geo. H. Beck, John Bruckerhoff, F. A. Barrett and C. W. Colton were elected managers. L. W. Fiske was delegated to go to Albany to confer with representatives in regard to securing aid for the new hatchery and to voice the sentiments of the club on the proposed changes in the game laws.

PORTSA.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1886.

BLACK BASS IN GERMANY.—We have received a pamphlet of eight pages from Herr Max von dem Borne, on the black bass. This gentleman, it will be remembered, has introduced the two species of bass into Germany and has sent us accounts of his success in breeding them. He has called the small-mouth *der Schwarzbarsch*, and the big-mouth *der Forellenbarsch*, *Forelle* being the German word for trout. The great success in breeding these fish, together with their growth and game qualities, causes Mr. von dem Borne to value them highly, and to recommend their introduction into suitable waters in his country.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 22.—Eighth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elber, Secretary.

March 23, 24 and 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club, Newark, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

March 30 to April 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club, 8, B. Hemingway, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, Edward A. Mowley, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

April 13, 14, 15 and 16.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club, A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Tenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent, P. O. Box 1812, New York.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3185.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THERE was an important meeting of the Board of Governors of the Eastern Field Trials Club at the St. James Hotel on Tuesday evening, Feb. 9. The Treasurer's report showing a balance in favor of the club of \$838.60 was accepted. Messrs. J. L. Breese, New York; C. L. Dick, Pittsburgh, Pa.; O. H. Denny, Pittsburgh, Pa., and J. T. Perkins, Brooklyn, N. Y., were elected members. The conditions of the Members' Stake were changed so as to allow any member to handle a dog owned by another member. The committee on running rules reported several amendments which we shall publish next week. The date of birth of entries for the Derby of 1886 was changed back from May 1 to Jan. 1, the entries to close May 1, with \$10 forfeit and \$10 additional to starters. The stake will be \$700, with \$400 for first, \$200 for second and \$100 for third.

THE FANCIERS' SHOW.

THE dog show held in connection with the New York Fan- ciers' Club opened on Monday last, and closed Wednes- day evening. The entries numbered 307, and the quality of the dogs was very high. The show of dogs appeared to attract more attention than any other of the exhibits, and the crowd about the benches and about the judging ring was often so great that it was very difficult to obtain anything like a satisfactory view of the animals on exhibition. The judging was conducted in a ring at the east end of the build- ing, by Messrs. C. H. Mason and Jas. Watson, and gave gen- eral satisfaction. In the case of the contest between the rough-coated St. Bernards Otho and the newly-imported Merchant Prince there was room for an honest difference of opinion, and we presume that in the opinion of the judge the bad condition of Merchant Prince gave Otho the first place.

POINTERS—(MR. MASON).

The pointer classes were not well filled. The average qual- ity, however, was very good. In the dog class, Beauvoir, win- ner of first, is a good young dog, with a fair head, good loin, quarters, legs and feet. He is a bit throaty and is too wide in front. Second was properly withheld. Corney, the only other in the class, showing more greyhound than pointer character in head and neck. The bitch class brought out two new ones, Faustina, winner of first, is a nice white and liver ticked. She is fairly good in head, shoulders, legs and feet and tail. She is faulty behind. Dawn, winner of second, is not so good as the winner. She has a fair head, good loin and legs, but is throaty, too wide in chest and has poor feet. In the puppy class, Beauvoir, the winner in the aged class, had to make room for his litter brother, Beau Brummel, a nice young dog, with good shoulders, back quarters, legs and feet. He is not quite clean cut enough in head. Vic, winner of third, was out classed.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. MASON).

Foreman scored an easy win in the dog class. He was look- ing well, except that he was out of feather. Fairy King won second. He is a nice little dog; his ears are set on a trifle high and he is a bit slack behind the shoulders, but may im- prove in this respect with age. Four of the others were given hc., which was all they were entitled to. Shot has a good head, but is faulty behind, and was in bad condition. Tip has not improved upon his puppy form; his head is of the Clumber spaniel type, and he is faulty in quarters. Sussex Tramp is a big, heavily-made dog, too coarse all over. Rex is heavy in shoulders, round in barrel, has a curly coat and bad feet. In the bitch class, first went to Pet Berwyn, rather a nice little bitch, with no very serious faults except that she is a bit heavy in shoulders. Second went to Alice Dale. We rather fancied her for first. She is a very taking-looking animal, with good head, shoulders and legs, and a nice coat. She is too long-coupled and has flat, open feet. Neither of the two puppies were first-class.

IRISH SETTERS (MR. MASON).

In Irish setter dogs Tim won first. He has greatly improved and fairly won his place. Chip, second, was looking well. Glen, third, is a fairly good dog, but he was badly shown. Leo, hc., is too heavy in head and light in loin. He is also straight behind and has too much white on chest. Champion Rory O'More was on exhibition only; he carries his eleven years bravely. There was nothing else in the class worthy of notice. The bitches were better than the dogs. Mollie Bawn won first. She has greatly improved since we saw her last. Second went to Miss Nellie Husted. She won first in the puppy class at Philadelphia last fall. We then said of her that if she went all right she would do to show again. She is not yet fully mature and if she develops the proper amount of muscle she will hold her own in good company. Third went to Yoube; she was looking well. Fame, vhc., is only a fair specimen, with not much to choose between her and Katie Gates, hc. There were three nicely shaped puppies, all of one litter, that carried off the prizes. Redstone, hc., is too heavy in head and neck and his ears are set on too high.

GORDON SETTERS—(MR. MASON).

Only three of the seven entries in the Gordon classes were shown. Argus had an easy win in the dog class. Don, his only competitor, winning second. He is rather a well formed little dog with a nice flat coat. His color is not good and he has light eyes. The only entry in the bitch class was absent. Jess, the only puppy shown, was very lucky to receive first. She is fairly well formed, but has a poor head and a curly coat.

CLUMBER SPANIELS—(MR. WATSON).

Mr. Richardson was the only exhibitor in this class. Tyne was out of condition, and in consequence only received third.

FIELD SPANIELS—(MR. WATSON).

Newton Abbot Lady, winner of first, was the only entry in this class, but a miscellaneous spaniel or we should say a spaniel from the miscellaneous class was added and given second. He is a very handsome animal and the first field spaniel of the kind that we have seen.

COCKER SPANIELS—(MR. WATSON).

In the cocker spaniel class for black or liver, Miss Obo II. had an easy win. She has a good head, which is a trifle too large. She is well formed and has good legs and feet; her coat is not quite so straight as we like to see, but take her all round, she is a very nice bitch. Pearl Lake Obo, the winner of second, is not square enough in muzzle and is too tight in middle, too high up, and has a long up-turned tail. In the class for "any other color," Marion won first. She was much the best. Hornell Nance was second, and Wanda T., short of feather, was third. In the puppy class, first went to Newton Abbott, and second to Lady Abbott, his litter sister. Neither are quite right in head, but may improve with age. Third went to Jim. There is also room for him to improve in head and body both.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. MASON).

Bran and Lorna, both well known, were respectively first and second; both were in good condition.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. MASON).

Mr. Huntington entered Hawthorne Belle, but changed the entry to her litter brother Harlequin; but the correction, through mistake, was not made in the catalogue. He won first, and is a nice dog, with a beautiful head and neck; he is a trifle light in bone and might be better in feet. Second went to Begonia. She was looking well. Maud, winner of third, is rather a nice bitch, except that she has bad feet. Bouncing Boy, vhc., we preferred for third, notwithstanding his flat back.

BEAGLES—(MR. WATSON).

Only four beagles were shown, all good ones, we thought them, properly placed. Rye, winner of second in the aged class, was wrongly entered in the catalogue as Ringwood.

DACHSHUNDE—(MR. MASON).

Three only were shown. The two that were placed were fair specimens. Both are too tight in skin. The winner is faulty in color, and Badger is deficient in crook.

ULMERS—(MR. MASON).

Cafe-au-Lait was the only one shown in this class. He is better than the average and appears to have the best of dis- positions.

MASTIFFS—(MR. MASON).

There was a fine collection of mastiffs. Ilford Caution took first. He was in excellent condition and form. He is still weak behind, but his wonderfully good head (barring the ears) carried him through. Homer, second, is not so good in head and is small. Hector, faulty in muzzle and lacking

size, took third. Ned is bad in head. Shylcock was trans- ferred to the puppy class. He is bad in legs, houndy in head and is of bad color. In bitches Prussian Princess, looking very well indeed, took first. She has recovered from a stiff- ness behind which she formerly had, and moved very well indeed. She beat Rosalind in muzzle, and in that only. Both are very good bitches. Chinalotte, third, is too long in the face, carries her ears badly, and has faulty feet, but is of good size. Juno has a long, light head. Browning's Lucy is crooked on forelegs. In puppies Hannibal has a fair good body, legs and feet, but has not sufficient width of muzzle, and his eyes are light in color. Ajax, second, is of good size, has good legs and feet, but is too long in head. Nadine was transferred from bitch class to puppy class. She is bad on the forelegs, of a bad color and houndy in head. Leonidas is too long in head. Major has a bad head and bad feet.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. WATSON).

The display of St. Bernards was very fine. In fact, they were the feature of the show. In the rough-coated dog class, Otho, looking better than we have ever seen him, carried off the honors. The celebrated English winner Merchant Prince, recently imported, came next. When we first looked over Merchant Prince we were of the opinion that Mr. Watson had made a grave mistake; but a closer inspection and com- parison of the two dogs showed that there was room for a difference of opinion. As we have before said, Otho is the grandest dog in front that we have seen. He is very straight behind and weak in quarters, but his increased weight, in a measure, improves his appearance behind, and he moves much better than one would expect, although his gait is far from perfect. Merchant Prince is an immense dog, but he has not much the advantage over Otho in this respect. His head is not so good, and his chest is decidedly inferior; his forelegs come out close together, and when the two dogs are placed side by side Otho shows up by far the best. Prince is much the best behind and moves nicely, both carry their tails too high and both were off in coat, Prince having the worst of it in this respect, his hair standing all the wrong way. He is but just off ship and should not have been shown until in good condition. Upon the whole it was rather a close thing between them, although we thought Otho a little bit lucky in beating his formidable antagonist. Schoonhoven, third, and Julien and Nero, both vhc., are all well known and need no description. In the bitch class Mr. Moore's recently imported Miranda scored a win, beating such well-known good ones as Millie II., Empress, Stella, and Baronne, respectively second, third, vhc. and hc. Miranda, with the exception of rather a weak muzzle, is one of the best we have seen. In the puppy class, although over age, Julien won first, he was also vhc. in the aged dog class. Second and third went to Fleur-de-Lis and La Duchesse, litter sisters, both are promis- ing puppies.

SMOOTH-COATED ST. BERNARDS—(MR. WATSON).

The smooth-coated St. Bernards were a good lot. St. Botolph, first, is a grand fellow, and we regard him as very cheap at his catalogue price. Ernst is plain in head, and has a bad expression. His tail is bad. Turk has a fair head, but is faulty in muzzle. In the bitch class Flora II. is good in head, as our smooth-coated St. Bernards go, though even in her we look in vain for the typical head and the grave, majes- tic expression which should characterize these dogs. She is faulty behind and is light of bone. In puppies, first and second were taken by two of St. Botolph's get, and third by Thuna, imported. She is snipy and light of limb.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

It seems remarkable that so little interest is taken in this fine breed of native dogs which have so much to recommend them. Most of the specimens seen at our shows are very in- ferior. There were seven Newfoundlanders entered. Of these Major took first very easily. He is not very large, but is fairly typical of the breed. If he were a little flatter between the ears we should like him better. Juno, second, is on the small side, and her head is faulty between the ears and in muzzle. The others call for no special mention.

COLLIES—(MR. WATSON).

There were some nice collies in the bitch and puppy classes, but the dogs were a wretched lot and all awards in this class were properly withheld. Lady of the Lake, winner of first in the bitch class, we have not seen since the New York non- sporting show in 1884. We then wrote of her as one of the most promising young ones that we had seen and predicted that if she went all right she would eclipse some of the cracks the next year. She appears to have gone all right and will no doubt give a good account of herself at the coming shows. Dot, the winner of second, has improved since the Philadel- phia show. Ruth deserved her third, although she was out of coat. Gifford, in the puppy class, has a nice head and is very promising. Second went to Dandy. He also has a good head and coat.

BULLDOGS—(MR. WATSON).

In this class the winners are all well known. Bill was ex- tremely lucky in getting first over Tipppo. He is in better condition it is true, but the latter is so far ahead in head and shoulders that we think he should have won. In bitches both Bellissima and Britomartis, the latter looking well, showed up, and we think the two were well placed.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

The dog class introduced a good terrier in the recently im- ported Count. He is a capital dog all round. He is a trifle cheeky, and would be improved with a bit more length in muzzle. Judas, winner of second, is rather coarse, with blunt muzzle and faulty in shoulders. He is also cheeky and carries his tail too high. Little Nell won first in the bitch class. She is also recently imported. She is a nice little bitch. Her chief faults are too full an eye and poor feet. Second went to White Rose, winner at Philadelphia last fall. Genesta, win- ner in the puppy class, is a nice puppy, with a coarse tail.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. WATSON).

In this class Richmond Jocky, first, is a little cheeky, but is after all a workmanlike-looking terrier. Rustic Flash, second, has a sour expression and is thick in skull, but has excellent legs and feet. Regal, third, is snipy and cheeky. Smash is leggy and light in body. Swipes has a bad head and shoulders and is too wide through the chest. In the bitch class Rich- mond Olive won easily. She was by far the best fox-terrier in the show. She is, however, becoming thick in skull as she grows older. Lady Winnie, second, is snipy, light of bone and faulty in feet. Shame, third, has a bad head. Di, vhc., is be- coming coarse in head. In puppies, Spot, Jr., second, has a poor head and is heavy in shoulders, but has a nice small ear. Gypsey is round in skull and carries her ears badly. Baby Jack, third, is a little round in skull, as is also Nina, first, who s besides cheeky. Lulu and Ouda are both faulty in head and ear.

WIRE-HAIRED AND IRISH TERRIERS—(MR. WATSON).

There were two good wire-haired fox-terriers in this class. New Year's Day was the best of the lot. Nailor, placed second, is an Irish terrier, fairly good, but not so good as his kennel mate, Molly Bawn, given vhc. Tiny Todger was placed third, she is a nice little bitch.

SKYE TERRIERS—(MR. WATSON).

Only two Skyes were shown. Nettie, first, has a soft coat, and Nypp a bad head and ears. They were well placed.

TERRIERS, ANY OTHER BREED—(MR. WATSON).

This class was made up entirely of black and tans. Vortigern was placed first; his mouth is gone and he should give place to younger animals. Second went to Britt, smutty in tan, full in eye, and shallow in chest. Queen, placed third,

was the best in the class; she has a good head, properly marked, and is of good color, she is a trifle light just below the eye.

PUGS—(MR. WATSON).

There was not a large collection of pugs, but the quality was good. Bradford Ruby, looking better than we have ever seen him, won over Young Toby, placed second. Dick and an unnamed entry were given equal third. Dick is faulty in head and ears, and is smutty; the other we could not see out of his cage. In the bitch class, first went to Beauty. She has a bad tail and carries one ear badly. Tra-la-la is round in skull. In puppies, Zoe, first, is round in skull and not very good in color. Jumbo and Fly are small in eye and faulty in head.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

This class was divided into over and under seven pounds. In the large class first went to Ben, a nice little dog of good color, but short of coat. Second went to Young Hero, better in coat than the winner, but faulty in tan and not blue enough on back. In the small class first went to Ben, entered as three years old. He looks much older, and is short of coat. Second went to another of the same name. He is undershot and too long in back. Raggs, placed third, is faulty in color. Both of the bitches shown were off in color. Lillie, placed first, is not good in head and is too long in back. Viola was bad in coat.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS—(MR. WATSON).

Duke, the winner, is well known. We thought him well placed. Charlie, placed second, is faulty in head and coat. The others were perhaps as well placed as possible.

BLENNHEIM SPANIELS—(MR. WATSON).

King Victor won handsly over King Pippin in this class. He is a bit too large, but much the best.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. WATSON).

Some pretty toys were shown. We thought them well placed.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS (MR. MASON).

There was only one Italian; a fair specimen only, as it is too large.

MISCELLANEOUS (MR. WATSON).

In this class first went to Mouton, wrongly printed as New- ton. He is a very fair white poodle. Second to King Guide, a well formed foxhound, and third to Black Bess, a black curly retriever, fairly good in coat, but faulty in head. Fol- lowing is a complete list of the

AWARDS.

POINTERS.—Dogs: 1st, G. Thatcher's Beauvoir (Beaufort—Faustina); 2d, withheld. Bitches: 1st, C. P. Wilcox's Dawn; 2d, J. Mat- thews's Faustina (Ranger—Clara). Puppies: 1st, Chas. D. Sheppard's Beau Brummel (Beaufort—Faustina); 2d, G. Thatcher's Beauvoir (Beaufort—Faustina); 3d, M. Hayden & Son's Vic (Fred—Fan).

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Blackstone Kennels' Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.); 2d, Blackstone Kennels' Fairy King (Foreman—Jessie). High com., Chas. W. Barnum's Shot (Dashing Dan—Miner's Bess); Miss L. Buxton's Sussex Tramp; R. E. Rockwell's Rex (Rackett—Petrel II.); A. J. Thomas's Tip. Bitches: 1st, Blackstone Kennels' Pet Baron (Dashing Berwyn—Vivax Druid); 2d, Blackstone Kennels' Alice Dale (Water Grouse—Daisy Dale). Puppies: 1st, Blackstone Kennels' Pansy (Plant—Jessie); 2d, Wm. Brooks's Rosalind (A.K.R. 2498).

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel); 3d, C. W. Redoubt's Cup (Chief—Dot); 3d, F. Wick's Glen. High com., F. M. Brasher's Leo (Chief—Moth). Bitches: 1st, W. Dunphy's Molly Bawn (Glencho—Biddy); 2d, T. J. Farley's Miss Nellie Husted (Glencho—Red Lussie); 3d, Max Wenzel's Yoube (Elcho—Rose). Very high com., Jas. R. Draper's Fama (Glencho—Nora). High com., A. W. Pearsall's Katie Gates (A.K.R. 1086). Puppies: 1st, C. L. Pierce's Owen (Snap—Peggy); 2d, C. L. Pierce's Mickey (Snap—Peggy); 3d, O. L. Pierce's Roger (Snap—Peggy). High com., A. W. Pearsall's Redstone (Shot—Katie Gates).

GORDON SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Argus (Blossom—Moll II.); 3d, C. W. Tuttle's Don (Donna's Tom—Lucille). Puppies: 1st, R. H. Westbrock's Jess (Caro—Meg).

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st, M. Richardson's Newcastle; 2d, M. Richardson's Bateman; 3d, M. Richardson's Tyne.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Newton-Abbot-Lady; 2d, E. M. Oldham's entry.

COCKER SPANIELS—BLACK OR LIVER.—1st, J. P. Willey's Miss Obo II. (A.K.R. 2191); 2d, Walter Scott's Pearl Lake Obo (A.K.R. 1481); 3d, William West's King Colk (A.K.R. 2355). Com., Walter Scott's Flirt (Bengal—Darling). ANY OTHER COLOR.—1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Marion; 2d, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Nance (Obo II.—Miss Nance); 3d, Ernest F. Thomas's Wanda T. (Col. Stubbs—Bell). Puppies: 1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbott; 2d, A. C. Wilmerding's Lady Abbott; 3d, J. F. Johnson's Jim (Obo—Cithie). High com., William West's Queen Obo (A.K.R. 3082). Com., Walter Scott's Shina (Pedro—Jae W.).

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, John E. Thayer's Bran (Donald—Wyvis); 2d, John E. Thayer's Lorna II. (Bruce—Lorna).

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, H. W. Huntington's Harlequin (Champion Doubleshot—Napoleon); 2d, H. W. Huntington's Begonia (Bour- a-demon—Belladonna); 3d, Mrs. Dr. Mary J. McLeary's maid (Victor—Belle). Very high com., H. W. Huntington's Bouncing Boy (Walton Lad—Gudgeon's bitch).

BEAGLES.—1st, and UNDER.—1st, Westchester Kennels' Dot (Ringwood—Maida); 2d, Geo. Laick's Rye (Ringwood—Rozzy). Puppies: 1st, Westchester Kennels' Rover (Rattler—Dot); 2d, Westchester Kennels' Belle (Rattler—Dot).

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, J. W. Hornor's Bismarck (Fritzel—Gretchen); 2d, W. W. Wilvey's Badger.

ULMER DOGS OR GREAT DANE.—1st, J. W. Clark's Cafe-au-Lait.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, E. H. Moore's Ilford Caution (Crown Prince—Ilford Claudia); 2d, Winlaw Kennels' Homer (Cato—Queen D.); 3d, Winlaw Kennels' Hector (Nevison—Venus). Bitches: 1st, Winlaw Kennels' Prussian Princess (Crown Prince—Nina); 2d, Winlaw Kennels' Rosalind (Crown Prince—Lary Rowena); 3d, Joseph L. Hope's Chinalotte (A.K.R. 2628). Very high com., S. S. Browning's Lady Stella (Thor—Augusta). High com., Buena Vista Kennels' Baronne (Champion Barry—Champion Mont Cenis). Puppies: Buena Vista Kennels' Julien (Cesar I.—Daphne II.); 3d, The Hospice Kennels' Fleur-de-Lis (A.K.R. 3015). Daphne II.; 3d, The Hospice Kennels' La Duchesse (A.K.R. 3022). Com., Mrs. J. F. Orr's William Tell (Pontiff—Alice).

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.—Dogs: 1st, Briarcliff Farm Ken- nels' St. Botolph (Grosvenor—Monk); 2d, H. H. Chittenden's Ernst (Rex—Alma I.); 3d, W. J. Ehrich's Turk (Swiss Farmer—Swiss Flora). Bitches: 1st, W. J. Ehrich's Flora II. (Swiss Farmer—Bellina); 2d, Briarcliff Farm Kennels' Belle of Stirling (Ch. Bayard—Brands). Puppies: 1st, Briarcliff Farm Kennels' Not Named (St. Botolph—Belle of Stirling); 2d, Briarcliff Farm Kennels' Not Named (St. Botolph—Belle of Stirling); 3d, The Hospice Kennels' Thuna.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, J. W. Burke's Major; 2d, H. W. Lacy's Juno; 3d, Henry Beerman's Pride (Hero—Lady of the Lake).

COLLIES.—Dogs: Prizes withheld. Bitches: J. D. Shotwell's Lady of the Lake (Champion Eclipse—Meta); 2d, Mitchell Harrison's Dot (A.K.R. 2709); 3d, Martin Dennis's Ruth (A.K.R. 2127). Puppies: 1st, J. D. Shotwell's Gifford (Charlatan—Flurry); 2d, Martin Dennis's Dandy (A.K.R. 3109); 3d, C. F. Thompson's Lillie Stark II. (Tweed II.—Lillie Stark).

BULLDOGS.—Dogs: 1st, John E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe (Cham- pion Monarch—Panzy); 2d, Mrs. J. Patterson's Mill (Bo—Jennie); 3d, John E. Thayer's Tipppo (Champion—Ida). Very high com., W. W. Russell's Hamlet (Belle of Stirling—Ida). Bitches: 1st, John E. Thayer's Britomartis (Cham- pion Monarch—Panzy); 2d, John E. Thayer's Bellissima (Sancho Panza—Ida). Com., M. V. B. Davis's Galatea (Boz—Molly Maguire). Puppies: 1st, J. P. Sharkey's Young Boxer (Champion—Panzy) and Trouble (Boxer—Bessie); 2d, F. J. Sharkey's Gussie (Boxer—Lassie).

BULL-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Frank F. Dole's Count (Marquis-Kitt); 2d, Thos. Blackburn's Judas (Marquis-Patch). *Bitches:* 1st, T. B. Varick's Little Nell (Little Victor-Daisy); 2d, Frank F. Dole's White Rose (A.K.R. 2709). *Puppies:* 1st, E. Lever's Genesta (Dutch-Jr.-Young Vener); 2d, H. W. Holmes's Alice (Dutch, Jr.-Nellie); 3d, Mrs. J. R. Gildersleeve's Lillie.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Robert Lyon's Richmond Jockey (Marlborough Jockey-Twinkle); 2d, J. W. Clarke's Rustic Flash; 3d, Chas. Hyland's Regal (champion Royal-Warren Lass). *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. Garland, Jr.'s Smalls (Terror-Julip). *Puppies:* 1st, John E. Thayer's Richmond Olive; 2d, J. H. Shepherd's Lady Annie (Sam-Nell); 3d, John E. Thayer's Rame (Baby Tyrant-Richmond Olive). *Very high com.*, John E. Thayer's Di (Baby Tyrant-Richmond Olive). *Puppies:* 1st, John E. Thayer's Nina (Mixture-Slame); 2d, J. B. Welsh's Spot, Jr. (Spot-Nell); 3d, John E. Thayer's Baby Jack (Mixture-Slame). *High com.*, Chas. Hyland's Ouda and Dr. C. O. Bailey's Miss Slick (Briar-Judy II.). *Com.*, H. R. C. Watson's Gypsy (Chance-Nellie).

WIRE-HAired AND IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, Ronald H. Barlow's New Year's Day; 2d, Singleton Van Schaick's Nailer; 3d, Ronald H. Barlow's Tiny Todger (Todger-Nellie). *Very high com.*, Molly Bawn and J. A. Garland's entry.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. J. R. Gildersleeve's Nettie; 2d, Mrs. J. R. Gildersleeve's Nipp (Nipp-Nettie).

TERRIERS.—ANY OTHER BREED.—1st, Ed. Lever's Verticern (E. K. C. 8633); 2d, Ed. Lever's Lilly II.; 3d, G. D. Woodbull's Queen. *Very high com.*, G. D. Woodbull's Victoria. *Com.*, John Hammond's Pussie (Cuss-Fannie).

PUGS.—Dogs: 1st, City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (E. 13,834); 2d, Chequasset Kennels' Young Toby; equal 3d, H. Samson's entry, and Mrs. J. R. Gildersleeve's Dick (Punch-Beauty). *Bitches:* 1st, M. J. McGovern's Beauty; 2d, Chequasset Kennels' Tra-la-la (Toby-Taurinus); 3d, City View Kennels' Zoe (Bradford Ruby-Daisy). *Puppies:* 1st, City View Kennels' Zoe (Bradford Ruby-Daisy); 3d, Briarcliff Farm Kennels' Jumbo (Wallie-Gypsy).

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Mr. Cassidy's Beau; 2d, Jas. Bowden's Young Hero; 3d, A. W. Cabot's Lancashire Star (Bismarck-Elmer). *Bitches:* 1st, Mr. Cassidy's Lillie (Young Spark-Lillie); 2d, Charles Hyland's Viola.

TOY TERRIERS.—ROUGH-UNDER 7 LBS.—1st, Wm. W. Silver's Ben; 2d, Mr. Cassidy's Ben (Bradford Hero-Nell); 3d, John Hammond's Rag.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Mrs. Annie M. Kramer's Babe.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, A. W. Lucy's Duke; 2d, Mrs. J. Hammond's Charlie (Charley-Miss Saker); 3d, Mrs. A. W. Lucy's Lucy Simpson. *Very high com.*, Louise Goethe's Priceless (Memph-Priceless). *High com.*, Jas. B. Reddie's Pitou (Sancho-Ouida); Jas. B. Reddie's Nellie.

BLenheim SPANIELS.—1st, William Phillips's King Victor; 2d, Miss Mamie Phillips's King Pippin (Bowsie-Countess Blennie).

TOY SPANIELS.—ANY OTHER COLOR.—1st, John Hammond's Young Ching (Ching-Fanny); 2d, Mrs. A. W. Lucy's Sister Francis; 3d, Frank E. Lucy's Roses Red. *Very high com.*, Frank E. Lucy's Flora McFlimsey.

MISCELLANEOUS.—2d, D. C. Paulding's King Guide; 3d, Mrs. J. R. Gildersleeve's Black Bess. *Very high com.*, Mrs. S. S. Browning's Napoleon.

LITTERS OF PUPPIES.—UNDER 3 MONTHS.—1st, J. S. Sheppard's rough-coat St. Bernard puppies (Hermite-Dido II.); 2d, Mrs. Anne M. Kramer's Italian greyhound puppies (Romeo-Bebe); 3d, Singleton Van Schaick's Irish terrier pups (Nailer-Mollie Bawn). *Very high com.*, John Hammond's Russian poodles (Cognac-Brandy). *High com.*, E. G. Candale's fox-terrier pups (Wicks-Sally).

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best rough-coated St. Bernard, Otho. Best smooth-coated, St. Bernolip. Best mastiff, Prussian Princess. Best display of collies, J. D. Shotwell. Best pug, Bradford Ruby. Best bulldog, Brattonart. Best King Charles spaniel owned by a gentleman, Duke. Best owned by a lady, Charlie. Best Newfoundland, Major.

POINTER SWEEPSTAKES AT PITTSBURGH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In addition to the large number of specials already offered by the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, the following sweepstake classes for pointers have been arranged by the society in answer to Messrs. Anthony and Munson's letters, under the following conditions: All dogs to be entered in the regular classes before competing in the sweepstake class, each entry to sweepstake to be \$10, the society to add \$10 to each sweepstake class required to fill. Entries to close March 8, the entrance money in sweepstake class and money added by society to go to winner. Following are the classes:

Best pointer dog over 55 lbs.; best pointer bitch over 50 lbs.; best pointer dog under 55 lbs.; best bitch under 50 lbs.; best pointer dog or bitch in the show; best brace of pointer dogs or bitches as a brace; best kennel of five pointers, dogs or bitches, owned by one person, kennel or club. C. B. ELLEN, Sec'y.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Feb. 1, 1886.

NEWARK SHOW.—Jersey City, Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to the refusal of express companies to make satisfactory arrangements for transporting dogs to and from our show, we have adopted the following plan, for the benefit of exhibitors: The Penn. R. R. and branches: N. Y., Lake Erie & W. R. R., Lehigh Valley R. R., N. Y., Susquehanna & W. R. R., and Philadelphia & Reading R. R. will carry free both ways, all dogs when accompanied by their owners or care takers. The club will provide wagons to call at all of the depots in Newark during Monday, March 22 and Tuesday morning March 23, to transfer dogs arriving on the above roads, to the Metropolitan Rink, and will return them the day after the show closes to the depots, without charge to our exhibitors. At our last meeting the club made four extra classes, by dividing the dogs and bitches in the mastiff, rough-coated St. Bernard, smooth-coated St. Bernard and collie puppy classes, making Class 4, mastiff puppies, dogs, \$10 and \$5; Class 4½, mastiff puppies, bitches, \$10 and \$5; Class 11, rough St. Bernard puppies, dogs, \$10 and \$5; Class 11½, rough St. Bernard puppies, bitches, \$10 and \$5; Class 12, smooth St. Bernard puppies, dogs, \$10 and \$5; Class 12½, smooth St. Bernard puppies, bitches, \$10 and \$5; Class 13, collie puppies, dogs, \$10 and \$5; Class 13½, collie puppies, bitches, \$10 and \$5. The club offers the following special prizes for kennels, to consist of dogs or bitches, to be owned by one exhibitor, the prizes for each being \$10: Pointers (any weight), English setters, red Irish setters, black and tan setters, mastiffs, rough-coated St. Bernards, smooth-coated St. Bernards and collies.—A. P. VREDEBURGH, Sec'y.

JUDGES AT NEWARK.—Mr. John Davidson of Monroe, Mich., has been invited to judge the setters and pointers. Mr. J. A. Stovel, of Philadelphia, will judge the beagles.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Moulter. By Geo. E. Reading, Flemington, N. J., for liver and white-coated pointer dog, whelped July 4, 1885, by Lancaster's Frank out of Voorhees's Nelly (Dash-Jersey Lily).

Snap. By Geo. E. Reading, Flemington, N. J., for yellow Italian greyhound bitch, whelped July 1, 1885, by General out of Snap.

Do-Peep. By Mignon Kennels, Cortland, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 10, 1885, by Kiddlevink (A.K.R. 997) out of Gretchen (A.K.R. 996).

Jetty. By Mignon Kennels, Cortland, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 19, 1885, by Kiddlevink (A.K.R. 997) out of Gretchen (A.K.R. 996).

Bertha. By Mignon Kennels, Cortland, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 19, 1885, by Kiddlevink (A.K.R. 997) out of Gretchen (A.K.R. 996).

Waverly Dandy. By Waverly Kennels, Yonkers, N. Y., for liver and tan cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 4, 1885, by Waverly Gyp (Pilot-Beauty) out of Tooker's Gyp (Emerson's Phil-Lady Nell).

Waverly Jennie. By Waverly Kennels, Yonkers, N. Y., for orange and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped March 17, 1884, by McClellan's Chance (Don-Flossy) out of Flora II. (A.K.R. 1108).

Goldie. By Griffin Halzht, West Hoosick, N. Y., for orange and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Dec. 5, 1885, by Prince Albert (Chance-Fly) out of Golden Floss (Colonel Stubbs-Pet).

Duke H. By Griffin Halzht, West Hoosick, N. Y., for orange and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped Dec. 5, 1885, by Prince Albert (Chance-Fly) out of Golden Floss (Col. Stubbs-Pet).

Dandy II. By Dr. W. H. Hart, Hudson, N. Y., for orange and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped Dec. 5, 1885, by Prince Albert (Chance-Fly) out of Golden Floss (Col. Stubbs-Pet).

Racer, Jr. By W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 4, 1885, by Racer (Rowett's Rally-Lill) out of Vickie (Racer-Vic).

Vickey. By W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 29, 1885, by Racer (Rowett's Rally-Lill) out of Vickie (Racer-Vic).

Jewell. By W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 4, 1885, by Racer (Rowett's Rally-Rowett's Lill) out of Vickie (Rowett's Racer-Vic).

Pansy. By W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 19, 1885, by Rustler (Trump-Lady) out of Viola (Spotie-Sara).

Star. By Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., for silver fawn, white star on breast, Italian greyhound dog, whelped Jan. 8, 1886, by Fly (Duke-Topsy) out of Posey (Prince-Gypsy).

Jewel. By Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., for fawn Italian greyhound bitch, whelped Jan. 8, 1886, by Fly (Duke-Topsy) out of Posey (Prince-Gypsy).

Rustler. By W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped July 5, 1885, by Trump (Darwin-Lady) out of Lady (Baker's Rock-Old Fan).

NAMES CHANGED.

Nellie to Millie. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 3, 1884, by Racer (Rowett's Rally-Lill) out of Sara (Spotie-Old Fan), owned by W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass.

Tug W. to Koko. Stone fawn pug dog, whelped Oct. 13, 1885, by Bummy out of Judy, owned by F. M. Wilmut, Bridgeport, Conn.

BRED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Glossy-Ponto II. Nelson V. Ketchum's (Savannah, Ga.) cocker spaniel bitch Glossy (A.K.R. 1871), to Geo. Noble's Ponto II. (Ponto-Silken Floss), Jan. 10 and 12.

Althia-Obo II. Herbert Flint's (Haverhill, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Althia (A.K.R. 842), to J. P. Willey's Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), Jan. 24.

Daisy-Frank Dale. H. E. Burkmar's (Rockland, Me.) English setter bitch Daisy (Dick-Bess) to A. Hatch's Frank Dale (Grouse Dale-Lady Thora), Dec. 27.

Irma-Chang. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Irma (A.K.R. 1051) to C. H. Marshall's Chang (Irma-Hermit), Jan. 7.

Nun-Hermite. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Nun (A.K.R. 24) to their Hermit (A.K.R. 23), Jan. 6.

Fannie-Waverly Gyp. Walter Thomas's (Yonkers, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Fannie (Nell-Jouie) to J. W. Rushforth's Waverly Gyp (Pilot-Beauty), Dec. 22.

Waverly Jennie-Fraserly Gyp. J. W. Rushforth's (Yonkers, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Waverly Jennie (Chance-Flora II.) to his Waverly Gyp (Pilot-Beauty), Jan. 11.

Gipsie-Obo II. H. G. Charlesworth's (Toronto, Can.) cocker spaniel bitch Gipsie to J. P. Willey's Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), Jan. 26.

Hazel Kirk-Yong Obo. H. Flint's (Haverhill, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Hazel Kirk to J. P. Willey's Young Obo (A.K.R. 861), Feb. 2.

Helen-Yong Obo. W. O. Partridge's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Helen (A.K.R. 654) to J. P. Willey's Young Obo (A.K.R. 861), Nov. 25.

Critie-Obo II. W. O. Partridge's (Boston, Mass.) black cocker spaniel bitch Critie (A.K.R. 303) to J. P. Willey's Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), Nov. 20.

Blackie III-Obo II. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Blackie III. (A.K.R. 428) to his Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), Jan. 14.

Phonise-Yong Obo. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Phonise (A.K.R. 1482) to his Young Obo (A.K.R. 861), Jan. 26.

Black Busy-Yong Obo. G. C. Thomson's (Hamilton, Can.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Busy (Raven-Busy) to J. P. Willey's Young Obo (A.K.R. 861), Nov. 9.

Priscilla-Earl Leicester. Cloverbrook Kennels' (New York) fox-terrier bitch Priscilla (Joker-Warren Bessie) to their Earl Leicester (Spice-Dance), Jan. 25 and 26.

Miller-Rustler. W. E. Deane's (Somerset, Mass.) beagle bitch Miller (formerly Nellie) (Racer-Sara) to his Rustler (Trump-Lady), Dec. 8.

Roxey's Boy's Girl-Glen Rock. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Roxey's Boy's Girl (Roxey's Boy-Gipsy Maid) to his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616), Feb. 1.

WHELPS.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Trix Royal. S. B. Dilley's (Rosendale, Wis.) pointer bitch Trix Royal (Vandervort's Don-Jean Royal), Jan. 30, nine (five dogs), by his Rauger Croxteth (Croxteth-Royal Fido).

Dido II. J. S. Sheppard's (Montgomery, N. Y.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Dido II. (Barry-Dido), Dec. 12, ten (five dogs), by Chequasset Kennels' Hermit (A.K.R. 24); three since dead.

Victory. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) pug bitch Victory (A.K.R. 1265), Dec. 19, three dogs, by their Young Toby (A.K.R. 473).

Tantrums. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) pug bitch Tantrums (A.K.R. 220), Dec. 1, four (three dogs), by their Young Toby (A.K.R. 473).

Little Lassie. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) pug bitch (A.K.R. 1446), Jan. 1, two dogs, by their Young Toby (A.K.R. 473).

Mary Belle. Henry May's (Augusta, Ga.) English setter bitch Mary Belle (A.K.R. 1373), Dec. 30, nine (six dogs), by his Harry S. (A.K.R. 223).

Dashing Jessie. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Dashing Jessie (A.K.R. 815), Feb. 4, eight (five dogs), by his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616).

Critie. W. O. Partridge's (Boston, Mass.) black cocker spaniel bitch Critie (A.K.R. 303), Jan. 17, twelve (six dogs), by J. P. Willey's Obo II. (A.K.R. 432).

Helen. W. O. Partridge's (Boston, Mass.) black cocker spaniel bitch Helen (A.K.R. 654), Jan. 26, eight (four dogs), by J. P. Willey's Young Obo (A.K.R. 861).

Princess Phoebe. F. Windholz's (New York) English setter bitch Princess Phoebe (A.K.R. 1287), Jan. 26, three (two dogs), by his Rockland (Belthus-Bess).

Spite. Cloverbrook Kennels' (New York) fox-terrier bitch Spite (Akely Joe-Vampire), Jan. 18, four (two dogs), by J. E. Thayer's Mixture (Spice-Fairy III.).

Lurette. F. Hoey's (Hollywood, Long Branch, N. J.) fox-terrier bitch Lurette (Spice-Olive), Feb. 1, seven (five dogs), by L. & W. Rutherford's Splendor (Dickson-Sutton Veda).

Blossom. W. B. James's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Blossom (Crisp-Vic), Jan. 20, three dogs, by W. Wallace's Chip.

SALES.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Babe. Mastiff bitch, agent given, by Dread out of Lancaster Lass, by J. R. Trissler, Lancaster, Pa., to H. E. Burkmar, Rockland, Me.

Layman. Orange brindle, white markings, St. Bernard dog, whelped June 16, 1885, by Hermit (A.K.R. 23) out of Brunhill (A.K.R. 28), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to C. A. Lamb, Chicago, Ill.

Tiny II. Golden fawn pug bitch, whelped June 21, 1885, by Young Toby out of Lady Flossie, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to E. T. Sargent, New York.

Duck. Orange brindle and white St. Bernard dog, whelped June 16, 1885, by Hermit out of Brunhill, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J.

Lorenz. Brindle, with white markings, St. Bernard dog, whelped April 13, 1885, by Alp II. (A.K.R. 705) out of Alma (A.K.R. 27), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J.

Orange tawny, white markings, rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 5, 1885, by Hermit out of Sombre, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to H. B. Sherman, Minneapolis, Minn.

Alaska. Tiger brindle, white markings, rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 23, 1884, by Bayard out of Bernie VII., by J. M. MacPherson, Chatham, Ont., to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.

Francesca. Orange tawny, white markings, rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped November, 1882, by Cowan out of Alpenrose, by J. M. MacPherson, Chatham, Ont., to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.

Francesca. Orange tawny, white markings, rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped November, 1882, by Cowan out of Alpenrose, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass.

Rudolph II. White and brindle rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped June 7, 1885, by adwilder out of Mera, by J. M. MacPherson, Chatham, Ont., to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.

Luern. Brindle, with white markings, St. Bernard dog, whelped April 13, 1885, by Alp II. (A.K.R. 705) out of Alma (A.K.R. 27), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J.

Princess Starlight. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped April 25, 1885, by Gun (A.K.R. 1538) out of Morning Star (A.K.R. 1541), by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to Rev. Jos. Pullman, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Alce. Lemon and white English setter bitch, 2 yrs. old, by Goodsell's Prince out of Peble, by estate of Prof. H. J. Rice to Chas. H. Mason, New York.

Pussion. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped September, 1883, by Goodsell's Prince out of Peble, by estate of Prof. H. J. Rice to Rosecroft Kennels, Birmingham, Conn.

Lady Lass. Mastiff bitch, whelped Aug. 23, 1885, by Dread out of Lancaster Lass, by Jos. R. Trissler, Lancaster, Pa., to H. E. Burkmar, Rockland, Me.

Gun (A.K.R. 1538). Morning Star (A.K.R. 1541) whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 11, 1885, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to Rev. Jos. Pullman, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Waverly Gyp-Waverly Jennie whelps. Liver, white on breast, cocker spaniel dogs, by Waverly Kennels, Yonkers, N. Y., one to Geo. R. Rushforth, same place, and one to John Sanders, Newark, N. J.

Prince Albert-Golden Floss whelps. Cocker spaniels, whelped Dec. 5, 1885, by E. Holley, Jr., Rhinebeck, N. Y., an orange and white dog and bitch, to Griffin Halzht, West Hoosick, N. Y., and a liver and white dog to W. Berg Kip, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Connie. Liver and white field spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 26, 1885, pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Alex. H. Wilson, Jr., Smyrna, Del.

Nell. Tawny and white collie dog, whelped Sept. 7, 1885, pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to F. P. Carswell, Wilmington, Del.

Glen Luna. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 28, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Dashing Jest (A.K.R. 1614), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to E. E. Pray, Denver, Col.

Glen Chester. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Dashing Belle (A.K.R. 814), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Miss Mary Bullard, Dedham, Mass.

Glen Chief. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped Aug. 28, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Dashing Jest (A.K.R. 1614), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to E. E. Pray, Denver, Col.

Glen Duke. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Dashing Belle (A.K.R. 814), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to W. C. Russell, Bridgeport, Conn.

Pet. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 29, 1883 (A.K.R. 2521), by W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Jim. Black, white and tan beagle dog, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to W. C. Russell, Bridgeport, Conn.

Quits. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to W. C. Russell, Bridgeport, Conn.

Ringwood (A.K.R. 2202). Jenny whelps. White, black and tan beagle dogs, whelped Sept. 1, 1885, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., one each to W. S. Beeching, Holyoke, Mass.; E. P. Eastman, Lancaster, N. H., and H. E. Carlton, Gardner, Mass.

Ringwood (A.K.R. 2202). Bunnie whelp. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1885, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to Burt Griffin, East Granby, Conn.

Ringwood (A.K.R. 2202). Thorn whelp. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped September, 1885, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to Newton G. Tyler, Thomaston, Conn.

Ringwood (A.K.R. 2202). Trunk whelp. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped July 2, 1885, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to C. H. Parks, Mystic River, Conn.

Ringwood (A.K.R. 2202). Gay whelp. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 30, 1885, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to H. E. Spencer, Centerville, N. Y.

Point. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped July 4, 1884, by Ringwood (A.K.R. 2202) out of Jenny, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to E. A. Davis, Tariffville, Conn.

Monarch. Lemon and white beagle dog, whelped Nov. 18, 1885, by Little Duke (A.K.R. 1994) out of Mischief (A.K.R. 2592), by Joseph H. Brady, Pawtucket, R. I., to James G. Fales, Central Falls, R. I.

Mikado. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Nov. 18, 1885, by Little Duke (A.K.R. 1994) out of Mischief (A.K.R. 2592), by Joseph H. Brady, Pawtucket, R. I., to James G. Fales, Central Falls, R. I.

Magic. Lemon and white beagle dog, whelped Nov. 18, 1885,

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 4.—Within a few weeks there has been a decided movement in this vicinity to revive the interest in the rifle. The first event of the week was the first of a series of six consecutive meetings at the South End Gun Club range. These meetings are on Tuesday afternoon; at each meet there are to be five regular events as follows: 5 glass balls, 5 Maomber targets, 5 blackbirds, 3 pairs of doubles, 5-day pigeons. The club offer 10 cash prizes that aggregate \$100, also a special prize of one-half keg of powder. The arrangements are in the hands of Corren Doone, E. F. Swan and A. B. F. Kinney. It is the intention of the committee to keep the individual score as near a secret as possible until the end; in that way it is hoped to increase the interest. This week the contestants were: Albert Houghton, Cyrus Holman, Corren Doone, R. Jones, W. R. Dean, Wm. L. Davis, B. Franklyn, M. D. Whitner, J. B. Tongos, H. W. Webster, E. P. Smith, M. D. Gilman, E. F. Swan, C. H. Parker, E. S. Knowles, C. S. Day. It is generally understood that the best score was 21 out of a possible 26, mixed shooting.

At the meet to-day of the Worcester Rifle Association at Pine Grove Range the wind was unfavorable and very cold. The American standard target was used:

Record Match.	6	10	7	10	9	8	6	8	10	82
Brown	8	6	5	8	5	5	7	5	7	65
Morse	7	9	5	5	5	5	5	8	9	62
Clark	7	9	5	5	5	5	5	8	9	62
Leighton	8	6	6	4	7	5	7	3	8	62
Fuller	6	6	6	6	7	5	4	7	5	61
Jones	8	6	5	4	8	6	6	7	7	80

	Practice Score.									
	8	10	8	10	9	8	5	9	5	81
Brown	7	7	6	10	8	6	9	9	9	78
Fuller	6	7	10	6	7	8	10	4	7	8-73
Leighton	3	8	7	9	6	8	4	10	5	10-72
Jones	5	9	6	9	8	4	10	4	5	5-69
Clark	7	5	5	7	7	9	4	6	8	65
Morse										

GARDNER, Mass., Feb. 4.—Regular meet of the Gardner Rifle Club, Hawk attack Range, standard American target, off-hand, distance 200 yds:

G. F. Linsworth	77	77	158	Geo Warfield	72	77	149
W. C. Loveland	77	78	155	C. N. Edgell	78	63	141
G. C. G. Dale	77	77	154	Chas Crabtree	57	63	120
A. M. News	76	76	153				

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—Zettler Rifle Club, weekly shoot, ring target, 100 yds, off-hand, possible 120: M. Dorrler 117, M. B. Engel 118, B. Walther 113, G. Zimm 108, D. Miller 105, C. Zettler 113, B. Zettler 107, H. Hoizer 111, T. C. Noone 107, L. Flach 113, C. W. Karcher 108, M. L. Riggs 113, G. W. Blaisted 105.

WALNUT HILL, Feb. 6.—The riflemen met at Walnut Hill to day for their weekly shoot. The conditions were not good for fine shooting, and though the number of entries in the market was large, but few scores were finished:

Military Match.										
W Henry	6	6	10	7	9	6	9	5	5	10-73
A C Gould	6	8	7	7	7	6	8	9	6	8-72
E Carver	7	7	7	4	9	8	8	8	5	7-70
W C Johnston	5	8	8	3	8	7	8	8	5	6-68
H A Lewis	7	6	3	4	6	9	7	10	6	6-64

	Victory Medal	Match.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																													
J B Fellows	8	9	8	9	7	10	10	6	9	85																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																									

R Davis	5	10	5	7	9	10	10	7	7	4-74
Decimal Off Hand Match.										
W Charles, C	10	9	6	9	7	9	10	9	7	7-83
C E Berry, A	8	9	7	9	4	10	6	6	7	10-76
A B Andrews, C	4	7	8	9	9	6	6	9	5	6-69
W C Johnston, Jr, Mil	4	5	5	6	6	9	2	5	4	55

W C Johnston, Jr, Mil.....	4	5	5	6	6	9	2	5	9	4-35
Rest Match.										
S Wilder, A	9	9	10	9	10	8	10	10	10	10-95
W Charles, F	10	10	10	8	8	10	10	10	9	9-94
S Winchester, A	9	10	8	10	8	6	7	10	10	10-91

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 4.—Topeka Rifle Club's weekly shoot. The day was cloudy, with good light, slight wind blowing from 12 o'clock, target same as the Hinman, without the fractions:

First Score.	7	6	9	5	5	9	6	5	8	88
J L Paine, 32-40 Rem match	7	6	9	5	5	9	6	5	8	88
G J Royce, 32-40 Rem. match	6	7	10	5	9	6	8	5	7	68
Reed McCarter, 38-55 Bal Pac.	9	7	5	6	6	7	4	7	10	88
F H Martin, 33-55 Union Hill	7	5	7	6	6	7	7	8	9	63
Robert Thompson, 32-40 Rem. P G Bal.	6	9	4	6	3	10	4	9	7	61
C C Trimmer, 38-55 Union Hill	6	8	5	2	4	6	7	8	10	55
J T Williams, 33-55 Union Hill	10	6	2	3	5	5	4	6	3	47

Second Score.										
Reed McCarter.....	8	7	6	10	9	10	5	5	7	7-74
J L Paine.....	10	5	9	5	8	5	0	8	8	8-72
Robt Thompson.....	3	6	10	8	4	10	6	8	5	6-66
C C Trimmer.....	7	8	5	9	6	5	6	7	5	8-66
F H Martin.....	7	6	5	7	8	6	6	7	4	6-62
J T Williams.....	6	4	8	6	6	6	6	4	7	7-61
G J Royce.....	9	7	5	6	4	6	6	4	6	5-50

G I Royce.....	9	7	5	6	4	6	0	4	6	0-55
		Third Score.								
Robt Thompson.....	9	8	5	10	8	7	9	3	5	5-63
F H Martin.....	7	7	7	2	8	7	9	3	4	5-63
C C Trimmer.....	7	6	6	8	5	6	7	7	5	5-62
G J Royce.....	4	10	6	10	5	4	5	6	4	5-59
J T Williams.....	6	6	6	8	7	7	4	4	3	6-57
Reed McCarter.....	10	3	8	5	4	9	4	5	3	5-54
J L Paine.....	2	7	8	0	2	0	5	2	3	6-53

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

BERGEN POINT, N. J., Feb. 3.—Following are some of the excellent scores made by two youths 18 years of age:

First 5 single and 2 pair glass balls.										
La Roche	1111	11	11	9	Stevens	10111	00	11	6	

Second, 12 glass balls:										
La Roche	111111111111	12	Stevens	100111111111	10					

Third, same conditions:										
La Roche	101111111111	9	Stevens	111111111111	12					

Fourth, 12 glass balls, shooting with one hand:										
La Roche	101011111111	9	Stevens	1100.001111	6					

Fifth, 25 single glass balls:										
La Roche	111111111111010	111011	22							

Stevens	10111111111111111101	23								
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Balls thrown in five different directions, use of one barrel only.—WITNESS.

MEDFORD, Feb. 3.—About a dozen members of the Boston Gun Club assembled on that group at Watlington this afternoon for their practice shoot. Following are the results:

1. Seven clay pigeons—W. A. Allen first. 2. Seven clay pigeons—Kirkwood first. 3. Seven blackbirds—Law and Kirkwood divided first. 4. Seven Maomber targets—Law first. 5. Seven blackbirds—Law first. 6. Seven claybirds—Aldoes first. 7. Seven blackbirds—Wardwell and Henry divided first. 8. Seven Maomber targets—Spencer first. 9. Seven blackbirds—Tirrell first. 10. Seven clay pigeons—Tirrell first. 11. Seven clay birds—Wardwell and Allen divided first. 12. Seven blackbirds—Wardwell first. 13. Seven blackbirds—Wardwell first. 14. Five blackbirds—Wardwell first. 15. Five blackbirds—Snow and Parker divided first.

WINDSOR, Conn., Feb. 6.—Monthly shoot of the Spencer Repeating Shotgun Club:

C M Spencer	01111111111111111111	23								
Milan W Bull	00111111111111111111	21								
Geo W Miner	11011111111111111111	23								
C Griswold	11111111111111111111	20								

Weather cold and raw.—WALPOLE.

HAMILTON, Feb. 2.—The pigeon shooting tournament, under the auspices of the Wild Fowling Gun Club, was opened at the Halfway House, Dundas road, this morning. Over a hundred sportmen attended. The weather was very cold, and the experts needed all their enthusiasm to carry them through. The shooting was at 21 birds each, and the men divided into squads, occupied two days in disposing of the match. The record stood:

First Squad.—E. M. Moody (Lockport) 14, W. H. Case (Lockport) 7, J. A. Andrews (Lockport) 12, Wallace Price (St. Williams) 13, I. Koch (Buffalo) 16, O. Bessor, Jr. (Buffalo) 6, Alf. Downs (Buffalo) 11, E. Smith, (La Salle) 13.

Second Squad.—C. Carter 14, C. M. Stark 10, D. R. James 11, A. Garner 4, W. S. Perry 15, W. Schiebert 12, W. Carrothers 5, J. Townsend 13.

Third Squad.—A. Baker 15, A. Whitney 15, R. Perry 15, W. Watts 9, C. Humphrey 11.

Fourth Squad.—E. T. Hetherington (Toronto), 7, retired; H. Graham (Hamilton), 2, retired; G. Harrison (St. Catharines) 5, retired; McFarlane (Huron, Ont.), 1, retired; Westbrook (Brantford), 11; Chapman (Sydney, N. Y.), 11; C. Hart (Hamilton), 12; Spink (Jackson, Mich.), 11.

Fifth Squad.—P. Wakefield (Carlton West), 8, retired; C. Smith (gonac, Mich.), 9, retired; Harwood (Woodstock), 7, retired; Ward (Dundas), 14; Williams (Rochester) 12; Lutter (Sydney), 15; Neff (Port Colborne), 15.

Sixth Squad.—Sheridan (Sayre, Penn.), 8; Wilhelm (Buffalo), 5, retired; Crooks (Hamilton), 6, retired; G. H. Smith (Port Colborne), 7, retired; McAvoy (Hamilton), 7, retired; Courtney (Sydney), 10; D. Bay (Toronto), 10; Jones (Buffalo), 5, retired.

A sweepstakes match, 10 smoked glass birds at 15 yds. rise, was won by F. A. Crowell and C. Gregory.

NORTH SIDE GUN CLUB.—Twenty-fourth monthly shoot, Feb. 3, 2 yds (Chevallier 29 yds), for badge:

Chevallier	1011111	6	Duryea	1111111	7
Vinholz	1110101	5	Biglow	0001100	2
Pfaender	011010	4	Wahlen	0001010	2
Dr. Frenz	011010	5	Lyon	1111101	6
Jerrett	011111	6	Smith	1100011	4
Manning	101010	4	Grau	1111110	6
Eberhardt	101010	4			

RIVERSIDE SHOOTING CLUB, Topsam, Me.—At the annual meeting of the Riverside Club held on Feb. 1 the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, M. C. Hall; Secretary, Chas. Goud; Treasurer, A. Q. Goud; Assistant Treasurer, A. S. Alexander. The club is in a flourishing condition and the members are expecting to enjoy sport before the traps the coming season, which will open with us in April.—CHAS. GOUD, Sec.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager; F. C. ETHERIDGE, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARR, April 18, 1885.—Adv.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CANOEISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to Forest and Stream their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, trips, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY.—Dr. C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member of the A. C. A., together with the sum of \$3 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the commodore. Money should be sent by registered letter, or money order on Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

WIDE OR NARROW CANOES.

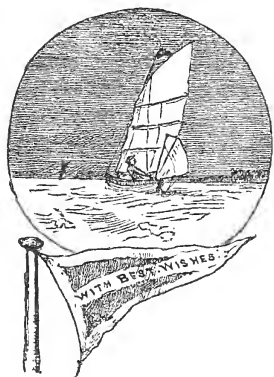
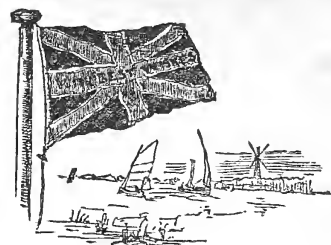
Editor Forest and Stream: In Mr. R. W. Gibson's very sensible letter, published by you this week, the writer seems to infer that a wide and comfortable sailing canoe must necessarily be too cumbersome for easy handling, and also have an excessive draft of water. As my name is mentioned by him in this connection, will you permit me to reply by giving the dimensions, etc., of a sailing canoe which I have now nearly finished for my own use, and which it is my intention to take to the A. C. A. meet next summer, where I trust she will have an opportunity to try conclusions with other double-enders worthy of her beam.

In designing this boat, the model of which, for all I know, is quite original, there has been no attempt made to attain extreme lightness at the expense of strength. Part of her planking is 1/2 in. thick, the balance 5/16 in. It is of clear white pine; therefore heavier than cedar. Her timbers are of buttnerut wood 1/2 in. x 1/2 in., with deck beams of same material 1/2 in. x 2 in., all fastenings being brass screws. She weighs complete, exclusive of her centerboard, 115 pounds, which is a weight easily handled, out of the water, by any ordinary man. The shape of her bottom below the waterline, is somewhat like a longitudinal slice cut from the under side of a very stout cigar. She will draw 5 in. water at midship section, and nothing at bow and stern, when carrying over 300 pounds. The rudder is of the balance variety, guided by a regular tiller, with no tiller ropes, steamboat fixings, or unhandy kickspaws of any kind. The dimensions of the canoe are: Length 14 ft. 6 in., depth amidship 12 in., beam 4 in., sail area, for cruising, 104 sq. ft. I shall probably use this sail for racing, as is a right, and possibly the addition of a staysail. For my part I can see no valid reason why wide sailing canoes should not enter against narrow ones of same length on equal terms, or perhaps with a time allowance based on sail area only, without regard to size of boat. If this latter course were pursued there would at once be a damper put on the present ridiculous over rigging, and canoes would not be no need for more than two classes of sailing canoes.

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., Feb. 6.

"KATRINA'S" NEW CANOE.—Mr. Ruggles, of Charlotte, New York, has lately shipped a new canoe to Mr. R. W. Bailey, 240, of Pittsburgh, a modification of Rear Commodore Andrew's Sofronia, out with a flatter floor. She is 15 ft. long, 30 in. beam, depth at gunwale, 10 1/2 in., and at fore end of cockpit, 14 in. Just forward of the cockpit is a bulkhead with brass door fastened with a thumbnut. Forward of this bulkhead about 17 in. is a centerboard trunk, and in the stern is another, the aft end of slot being 2 ft. from the stern post. On each side of the after trunk is a metal air tank. The boards are each of 1/16 in. brass, hung like the Lassie's, and weigh under 6 pounds. The boat is built after Mr. Ruggles's system of smooth skin and narrow plank and presents a very handsome appearance. She is not yet named. Mr. Ruggles is now at work on Commodore Rathbun's flagship.

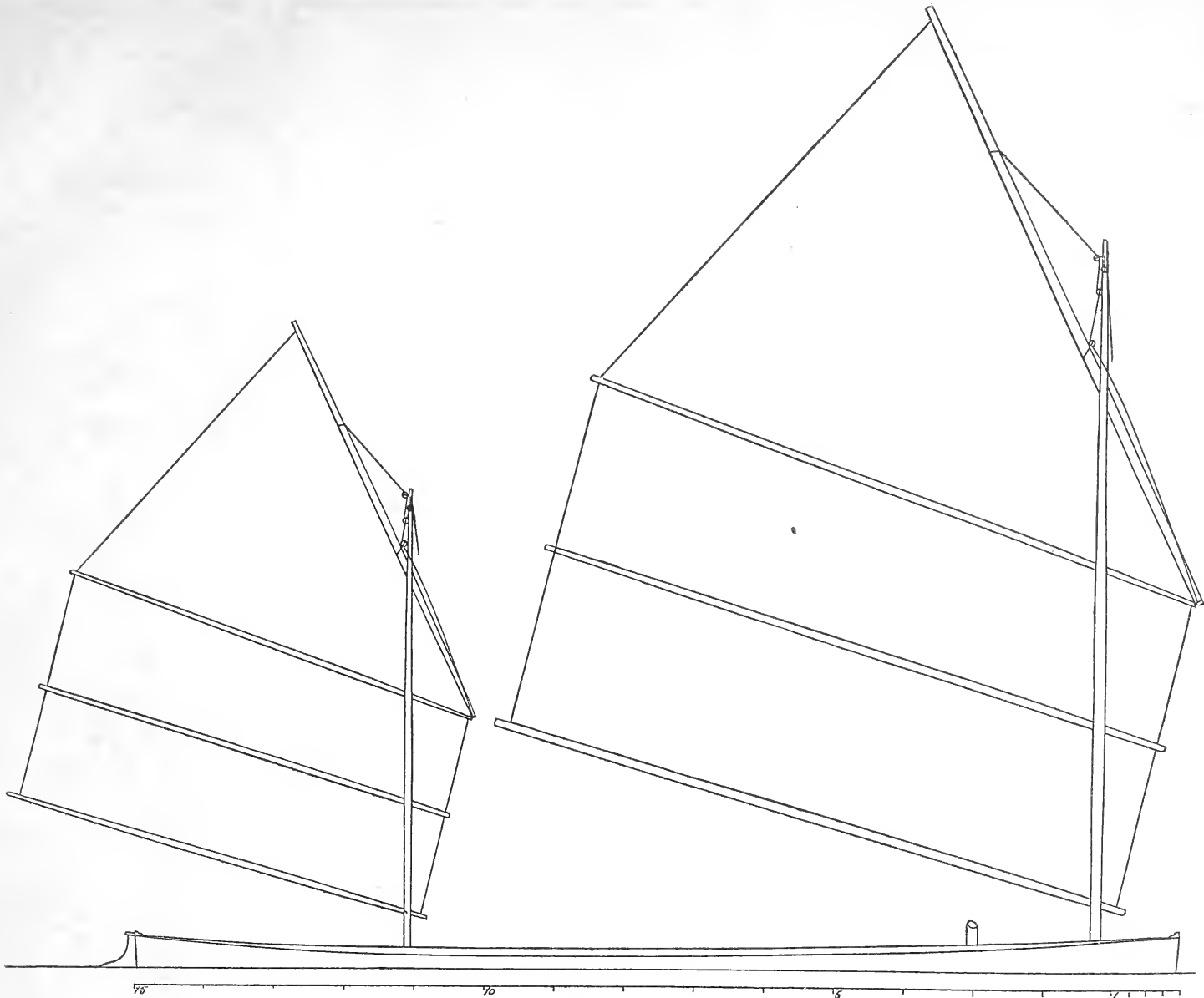


A WINTER EVENING'S REVERIE.

WINTER is the time to gather in the memories of the season, and garner them with the accumulated stores of a dozen years of boating reminiscences.

Reposi in my armchair with the pipe of peace, I have but to look around my room for inspiration. A moment's glance would provide the tastes of the occupant. Models of favorite canoes, pictures and photographs of cruises and canoe men recall many a joyous cruise and many a friendship conceived and nurtured on home and foreign waters. Here we see a group of the bold paddlers of the Mersey, a fitting pendant to a similar picture of the Clyde men and their craft. There a bookshelf full of boating literature, from Taylor's "Verie Merrie Whorrie Ferrie Voyage," the first account of a genuine pleasure trip—for it is some three hundred years since Taylor first set out—to the McGregors, Bishops and Stephensons of the present time.

Then there are the charts and maps, the accumulation of many a year's cruising, and with their assistance it is pleasant, sitting in my comfortable armchair, to set sail once more and in imagination thread the mazes of the thousand fir-crowned islands of Stockholm and Norway, or drift lazily down the winding stream of some fair English river, flowing so peacefully amid wooded hills, past ruined abbeys and quiet old country towns. How much all seems to come back again, and as the smoke from my pipe curls upward I seem to trace in its blue wreaths many a well remembered face. Where are they all, those pleasant companions of the paddle? Drifted away. Some to distant colonies and far-off foreign lands, carrying with them, let us hope, the same golden memories of many a bright summer cruise and joyous bivouac. Others have come to anchor in the tideless harbor of matrimony, and find enough to do to paddle their own canoes in the metaphorical rather than the literal sense. Like a ghostly procession my various canoes sail past, each in its day the subject of anxious thoughts, each for a time, in its owner's eyes, perfect, and each beloved with that love which only exists, I think, between canoe and canoeist. But from it all one fact takes special form—my first canoe. What a charm lies in these three words. Ten years' familiarity may have blunted the feelings with which each succeeding favorite was thought out, planned, watched during building, and ushered into waters of life



SAIL PLAN OF CANOE LASSIE.

us. With us all is of the plainest, and rough shaggy pilot coats and shocking bad hats are the fashionable wear.

We generally sail double, and many a pleasant cruise has this season added to my log. The week has dragged on its weary course and Saturday dawns, and with it the prospect of a respite. Toward mid-day leighers and account books are closed with a sigh of relief, and my first lieutenant, who, enjoying more leisure, has to look to the fitting out, comes up beaming with smiles to report all ready for sea. So down to the harbor. Yes, there she lies, the little Ægir, as neat a little craft as ever bearded old Neptune.

"Is all ready?" "Aye, Aye." from the shore. "Then cast off," and we pull down to the harbor's mouth, let go centerboard, up mainsail, and away flies the little craft, lying down nicely to her canvas. Mainsail is sheeted home, mizzen set, ropes coiled away, all made snug, and now for a pipe.

There is something grand about the Humber. No innocent looking fresh water river reflecting on its breast the peaceful country side, but a broad expanse sparkling in the sun, its low banks receding in the distance. Full of life too, the noble animation of peaceful commerce. There comes a mighty four-masted Atlantic liner, and great steamers from India and many another distant land lie at anchor, and the tall masts of the graceful clipper ships lift high in air the delicate tracery of their rigging.

Fussy tugs dart hither and thither and are the frequent cause of anxiety and bad language on board the Ægir, as her steersman has to solve in one brief moment a problem in which the strength of the wind, the set of the tide and the speed of the advancing tug, are at once important and conflicting elements. Result, one of those narrow shaves which set the heart beating and confirm the idea that the canoeist, like the cat, is blessed with nine lives.

A yacht or two flit by with a cheery greeting from their owners and the red sails of a fishing fleet give warmth and color to the scene, but wind and tide bear us out of the crowded roadstead and its busy life blends with the background of smoky Hull.

The evening sunlight casts a glow over the broad surface, broken here and there by buoy, of the river. Silently the low banks glide by. It is a scene almost Dutch in character, the very river craft carrying out the idea with their hunt bows and great square sails.

The noble tower of Hedon church shows above the bank, rising from its surrounding elms, and sets us thinking of the old time when the ships of Hedon came and went and helped to build up the wealth of many a merchant prince, or swelled the fleets when the Edwards and Henrys of the middle ages called on their subjects for help in their endless wars. It has looked down upon a harbor crowded with shipping and its chimneys have sounded sweetly through the hum of the busy life on its quays, the creak of cordage and the sailors' chorus. It has entered into the everyday life of the men of Hedon, seen them as children playing beneath the surrounding elms, or gazing open-eyed upon the shipping and listening to the fabulous tales of mariners, fresh from Ormus and far Cathay. It has witnessed their marriages and watched them take their places as mercantile adventurers, rising to places of honor and renown, and its bells have tolled for their departure.

Where are they now, these men of a long past age? At rest in the quiet churchyard, heedless of the passing centuries and no longer concerned for the fate of their laden argosies or jealous of the increasing rivalry of their youthful neighbor Kingston upon Hull.

What matter to them that the glory of Hedon has gone forever, that her harbor has sunk into an insignificant stream, up which a few river sloops painfully make their way, that the voice of commerce is forever hushed and that Hull has left their old town far behind while the great stream of commerce rolls by all unheeding and forgetful and knows Hedon no more save as a passing landmark.

But time has dealt less harshly with her than with Ravenspurn and other sea ports whose very sites are a subject for antiquarians to wrangle over, and she retains the nobility of her many churches though her once busy streets have grown into grass grown country lanes. But her decay has more of the sadness of ruin about it. It is rather the peaceful evening of a once vigorous life.

But wind and tide bear us onward and we are running past dear old Paull. Though only a little fishing village it is quaint and picturesque, with its one straggling street of tumble down houses, with the seaweed clinging to the piles which fence it from the encroachment of the Humber, and the setting sun lights up the red roofs with a ruddy glow and brightens the gray church tower standing on the slope amid its encircling trees.

Paull is the one spot in the neighborhood where the hand of pro-

gress has not been busy. No pretentious villa residences dot its breezy slopes, and as yet no one has thought of improving it into that abomination—a modern seaside resort.

At one time the Dock Company threatened its peace of mind and spoke of fish docks, etc., and the lovers of the quiet old world spot trembled. But the peril passed and the docks went west instead of east and Paull was left to slumber in peace once more.

But evening draws on, and the banks grow dim and objects become mysterious and vague in the twilight. It is time to come to anchor somewhere for the night. The merits of various adjacent creeks are discussed as we run along the Lincolnshire coast. In the darkness it is difficult to detect the entrance of the desired creek and a sharp lookout is kept ahead. The mate's eyes are the sharpest. "Here we are at the Skitter-Haven. Luff up!" and obedient to her helm the little boat glides into the haven whose quiet waters are a strange contrast to the choppy waters outside, which we can hear chafing and roaring outside the spit. "Let go mainsail, up centerboard!" and after answering as far as possible the question "How shall we lie at low water?" "How shall we get out to-morrow morning?" "How much cable does she want?" the anchor is let go, a shore line is run out and sails made snug for the night. Then up goes the tent over the well, and the riding light shows what is, if a limited, at least a snug interior.

Soon the stove is burning brightly and coffee bubbling, while the Mate is laying the table for supper. We have grown fastidious in these latter days and must needs have a table cloth, and from deep recesses are produced various necessities and not a few of the luxuries of life.

Supper over, the bed clothes are brought out, and with many an acrobatic contortion we shake down into our blanket bags. This is the pleasantest half hour of all, as we repose side by side, each with his little pannikin of grog on the little shelf by his side (we are great at shelves), and pipe in mouth, we discuss the events of the day and the plans of the morrow. Then lights out and good night.

The last awake perhaps feels the boat ground on the soft mud as the tide leaves the creek, and knows that all is right, and sleep comes with the noise of the Humber coming with softened sound to the drowsy senses.

OAKLAND C. C.—On Jan. 23 the Oakland C. C., of California, effected an entire re-organization, starting anew with fifteen members and ten canoes, the latter as follows:

Length Beam.			
Name.	Ft.	In.	Build.
Columbia.....	13.6	28	Racine.....F. Gonzalez.
Water Lily.....	15	32	Carvel.....W. Morrow.
Flirt.....	14.6	32	Lapstreak.....Milton Jones.
Undine.....	16	36	Racine.....A. D. Harrison.
Falcon.....	15	30	Carvel.....E. R. Cooper.
Zoe Mou.....	14	33	Lapstreak.....R. Engelbrecht.
Black Dwarf.....	15	32	Racine.....H. Darneal.
Zephyr.....	13	28	Shell.....R. Engelbrecht.
Mystic.....	14	29	Lapstreak.....W. W. Blow.
	15	35	Racine.....W. W. Blow.

The new officers are: Com., W. W. Blow; Vice-Com., A. D. Harrison; Sec., E. R. Cooper; Treas., Harvey Darneal. The club is collecting the addresses of California canoeists, and has in view a State meet on Oakland Creek, with paddling and sailing races. The club is now well housed in the old quarters of the Mystic Boat Club on Oakland Creek, where they have a boat room 18x46ft., a meeting room and dressing room each 18ft. square, and a workshop. Races are held through the season and the club promises to be the nucleus of a large canoe fleet in California.

INSURING CANOES.—While there is comparatively little danger of a canoe being destroyed by fire, many of the canoeists about New York and Albany have their boats insured. Those of the New York C. C. were insured by Messrs Wemple & Hutchinson, 32 Liberty street, New York, the policy reading, "For insuring from loss or damage by fire the property hereinafter described not exceeding the sum specified on each article, viz.: — dollars on his canoe — including her furniture and apparel while in any of the waters of the States of New York, New Jersey or Connecticut or in any boat house in said States or in transit by rail or boat, and while at builder's at Staten Island for repairs. Other insurance permitted." The rate is one per cent, and the term 3 years, only costing 33¼ cents a year, no policy being issued for less than \$2.

SAIL PLAN OF CANOE LASSIE.

THE balance lug sail was first introduced to America in 1879 by a member of the New York C. C., who rigged one from the drawings published in England. In 1880 the canoes of the New York C. C. were nearly all rigged with leg of mutton sails. Elfin, Clochette, Psyche and many others having this rig, while the only lug sails were a balance lug on the Rosalind, a standing lug on the Dot and a diminutive sail of the same rig on the Star, an old Rob Roy. In this year Mr. W. F. Stephens fitted two large balance lugs to the Queen Mab and also to several other new canoes, and by the time of the fall regatta the strong prejudice against the lug as compared with the leg-of-mutton had disappeared, and all the leading racers came out with large balance lugs. Since 1880 the growth of canoeing has set hundreds at work on the problem of rigging a canoe to the best advantage, and from the many plans and suggestions several excellent rigs have been evolved, but after thorough trial none has proved so well suited for use about New York as the balance lug. Its details have been modified and improved, but the main points of the sail are the same.

Foremost among American canoeists as an authority on sails and sailing, is Mr. C. B. Vaux, of the New York C. C., a canoeist widely and favorably known not only as a most successful racer and skillful sailor but as the author of many contributions to canoe literature, foremost among which is his valuable and instructive book on "Canoe Handling," the wide-spread popularity of which has carried it in little over half a year to a second edition, now in preparation. Mr. Vaux's first experience, ten years since, was with the primitive and useless rig furnished by the builder of his first canoe, a sliding gunter with a jib and a sprit mizzen, very soon discarded for a more effective if small sail plan. In 1878 the Dot, Mr. Vaux's first and most famous canoe, was fitted by her owner with a standing lug of about 45ft., and a mizzen of similar shape, with which rig she sailed in the race of the New York C. C. in 1879, the first date in the revival of canoeing which has since extended to all parts of America. The excellent qualities of the lug were shown even in its crude form as then rigged, but the absence of keel and board prevented the Dot from covering the course in a strong tide. Next season she entered, with the same rig but with a keel added, and succeeded in defeating the leg-of-mutton rigs. In the fall of the same year, 1880, a suit of balance lug sails were made for her, being fitted with bamboo spars, and battens in the regular style. With this rig the Dot raced until 1882, when she was fitted with the sail described in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 31, 1883, which she carried until sold in 1884.

The present sails, shown in the accompanying cut, were planned by Mr. Vaux for the Funbeam canoe Sea Breeze, Class B, and have since been used by him on the new canoe Lassie, Class A, illustrated last week. The principal points in a balance lug sail are to make it sit absolutely flat and to keep the luff taut, for which purposes it is essential that too much of the sail shall not be set forward of the mast. In the present rig the forward portion is very small, and the yard is also set up by a powerful tackle, devised by Mr. Vaux. A special feature also is the proportion of the sail, the boom, yard and two battens all being of the same length. The sail as now hung is almost a standing lug, the tack coming to the foot of the mast, but the battens are retained as in the old balance lug. The halliard is rigged as follows: A single hloock is lashed to the yard forward of its center; the parrel is made fast to the heel of the yard, leads through this hloock, and at its end a second single block is spliced in. At the masthead are two single blocks, each fitted with a strap over the masthead, or a hole may be bored through the latter, as shown, and a short line passed through, a block being spliced in each end of the line. The halliard, which is longer than usual, is made fast to the yard near the peak, leads through one block at the masthead, thence through the hloock on the end of the parrel, thence through the second masthead block and to a block at deck, thus setting up both peak and throat.

The sails are made of fine muslin with bights 6in. apart, the latter running parallel with the leach in each portion of the sail. In bighting the canvas, that for the lower portion, below the second batten is first lighted, then the widths of the bights in the upper part are so laid off that when cut on the required angle they will correspond with the widths of the others, which are, of course, cut nearly at right angles. The two parts of the sail are then stitched together along the line of the second reef. The peculiar shape of the sail is designed to give as large an area as possible with the shortest spars, the cutting away of the lower after corner reducing the length of boom and battens much more than it does the corresponding area. The sails shown

At the morning the old man again appeared, and with many well wishes cast off my lines, remarking, that if he were still young he would follow my example. From New Brunswick to Trenton, a distance of 35 miles, the canal is on a gradual ascent until the "divide" is reached at Trenton. On the Delaware side of the ridge, the slope is so abrupt that the descent is made in a series of cuts, and a series of six deep locks, three on each side, are believed within the city limits. The first of these locks is the rude lessons of the previous day divined the soothing influence of the five cents upon the average barbarian on the towpath, that sum was forthcoming this day at the outset, and so the locks were taken one after the other without serious difficulty. The driver would catch the stern line and upon the boat upon entering, and would tow her out clear by hand. And so the boatmen, by pulling in up, he poked his head in, and in a quick moment so that the frightened towmen were left over them, the Coot taking the middle of the canal, the rafts hugging the bank. A series of long bends are followed by a straight reach from which are caught the first glimpses of the Delaware's limpid waters as the river comes leaping down over its rocky bottom. Only a narrow channel is navigable up to Trenton, which is the head of navigation. Below the city, a narrow channel is cut in some places, and a small boat is being changed from rock to mud and sand, and it is this prevailing character at Bordentown. The last lock was reached as the sun broke forth bright and warm, and nature assumed a cheery garb all round. Passing up the remnant of the official receipt to the collector's office, the gate swung open, and at last

SCHUYLKILL Co. Pa.—Now and then hunters in the woods of this and adjoining counties of Pennsylvania come across wild, wolfish looking dogs in isolated mountain regions, but the brutes have always managed to disappear so quickly among the rocks, on being discovered, that none have ever been killed. They are supposed, with good reason, to be descendants of wolf and a mongrel dog, which were bred together in 1825. Wolves were becoming scarce in the region sixty years ago, but a few lingered in the woods, and were a great nuisance to the farmers, making frequent raids on their sheep pastures. In 1822 one wolf in particular made great inroads on the farmers' sheep, and defied all efforts to catch it. There was a superstition among the pioneers of the region that there were such things as "were-wolves," wolves that bore charmed lives, and possessed the power of roaming about without leaving any trail by which they could be followed. Tom Ballard was a famous hunter of the day. He was entreated by the farmers who had been losers by the raids of the mysterious wolf, to hunt it down if the thing was possible, although many believed it was a were-wolf. Ballard started out in the spring of 1822 with his dogs and gun for the purpose of killing the wolf. He roamed the wildest part of the woods for several days, but could find no trace of the animal. At the end of the fifth day he came to a crevice in the rocks on the southern edge of a hill known as Mount Pisgah. There was no outward evidence that it was a wolf's den, but he resolved to enter the cave and find out. He crawled on his hands and knees and found two wolf whelps a week or two old. He wrapped them up in his blanket and quickly withdrew from the cave. He did not meet the old wolf and started for home with the two young ones. He placed them in his wood house. Three nights later he heard a great noise in the yard. Looking out he saw an old wolf trying to get into the wood house. It was the mother

of the whelps. Ballard shot her. She was an unusually large one, and as no more raids were made on the sheep pastures of the region it was believed that she was the one that gave them so much trouble. The whelps grew up in captivity. They were both females. In 1824 Ballard sold one of them. The next year the other one was bred to a mongrel dog. She gave birth to a litter of whelps resembling their mother. After becoming a mother the wolf, which had never been fierce, changed to a most ferocious animal, and no one dared to go near her. Her offspring early developed wild and vicious characteristics and it was thought best to kill the whole family. One night before the decision was carried into effect the wolf and her half-grown hybrid whelps took to the woods. They were followed, and the mother and one or two of the young ones were killed. The others escaped and have bred among the rocks ever since.—*Exchange*.

A young lady whose father is one of the wealthy men of the city, went abroad last summer in company with two relatives. They sailed from this port and returned hither. They allowed their general baggage to be inspected without protest. The young lady carried a diminutive pug dog in her

arms. The animal was particularly ill-natured and vicious, but the young lady appeared to be very fond of the brute and carried him in her arms all the time. He wore a blanket and a collar around his neck. I got close enough to see that the blanket was a mass of expensive lace, tacked on to the blanket to enable her to evade duty on it, and that the collar was literally studded with diamonds. What could we do? If we held the dog there would have been a great howl over the indignity, and the girl's father had influence enough to have us all discharged. We consequently allowed the \$10 pug with his \$2,000 blanket and his \$10,000 collar, to pass free of duty.—*Philadelphia Times*.

"I hear of a woman of fashion," says London *Truth*, "who has ordered a dress to be trimmed with canaries. It would be well if the crack-brained votaries of such detestable innovations were to be boycotted in society. If any woman tries the experiment of going to court ornamented with singing birds, I will venture to predict that she will be ignominiously turned back, as the Queen strongly objects to all such barbarities."—*Evening Post*.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

IT PROMPTS THE MEMORY.—Erie, Pa., Jan. 26.—Inclosed please find \$4 for another year's sport with *FOREST AND STREAM*. That's about all the sport I have now a days; but each number of your paper is so refreshing that after perusing its pages I call on my old chum and "swap shooting and fishing lies" for an hour or so, and feel a good deal better.—*F*.

CANSTO DO WITHOUT IT.—I may as well say here that the *FOREST AND STREAM* is gaining in favor every week. Our friends all say it has very much improved and is by all odds the leading sportsmen's journal in the country; they cannot do without it. G. E. N. (Bath, Maine).

A PECULIARLY CREEKY REQUEST.—Narcoossee, Orange County, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream*—Dear Sir: Can you inform me where I can procure — and the necessary apparatus, i. e. spring trap, etc. By doing so you will greatly oblige yours, A. W. HALL, P. S.—As I do not see your paper, would you kindly insert my note, as then some manufacturer may reply direct to me by mail.—A. W. H.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

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CHEAP AND EFFECTIVE.

THE sub-committee of the House Committee on Indian Affairs is reported to have agreed upon the sum to be appropriated for the support of these people during the coming year. The estimates called for \$6,052,259. The committee cut this down \$525,806, and the bill as now framed calls for \$5,526,453, being \$67,642 less than the bill of last year.

Such devotion to economy is most laudable, but it is not unexampled. We have seen it before when there was question of appropriating money for some worthy object, but it is apt to be lost sight of when a measure like the Arrears of Pensions bill comes up. Then a little cheap political capital is to be gained, then the soldier's vote is to be captured, and the people's money is squandered.

Congress has blundered over the Indian question quite long enough, but its experience has not been wholly wasted. At last it has hit upon the true solution of the problem. This is to cut off the Indians' supplies. The solution is startling in its simplicity, and it costs next to nothing. Besides, the development of the country has made all the conditions favorable to the success of the plan. In many cases it can be carried out without the slightest expense. In others it may perhaps cost a few white lives and a few hundred thousand dollars. This first outlay, however, will be all the expense connected with it. After that there will be no need to vote further appropriations for the Indians.

The large game of the West is exterminated in many localities. It is especially rare in the neighborhood of Indian reservations. The wild creatures whose flesh used to support these people are gone. A few prairie dogs and birds alone remain. The Indians' food is now what the Government gives them.

This food has never been enough to keep the Indians alive. For years they refused the Government rations. Then came a time when the rations and what game they could kill supported life. Lately they have often starved on Government rations alone.

The course adopted by Congress is simply to decline to longer furnish these supplies. Having nothing to eat, the Indians will in due course give up the ghost, and when they have done so, the Indian question is settled. These people will give no more trouble. There will be no more discussions about keeping the whites off their reservations, no more

Indian appropriation bills, no more plans for civilizing them. A lot of trouble will thus be saved. And then it is so cheap!

There are some localities where this course may cause a little annoyance. Where cattle ranges border on a reservation, the Indians may perhaps kill a few cows, but when the starving people do that, they can either be killed themselves, or if apprehended can be sent to jail for ten years, as was done the other day with an Arapahoe boy. Or it may happen that in some places the desperate, hunger-stricken men may sally out and kill a few whites. If they should do this we hope that they will be sternly and successfully dealt with.

The Congressmen probably think that the cows can be paid for, and the white lives do not count for much. Congressmen do not live near Indian reservations, as a rule.

Is it not best that the Indian question should be settled in some such way as this? It is scarcely to be expected that the Indians themselves will regard it exactly from the white man's point of view; but from the truly philosophic standpoint, is it not better that these people, their wives and their little ones, should perish now from off the face of the earth, even though it be by the lingering torture of starvation? Then, at all events, their troubles will be over, and gnawing hunger will no longer, for half the year, make their lives miserable. And it certainly will be a great saving to the country.

Congress will then have deserved the gratitude of the American people for cutting down their expenses, and for ridding the public conscience of the burden of the Indian question.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

IN our last issue we briefly outlined the plan of the Audubon Society, which we hope may result in the protection of our birds. It is only within a few years that such protection has been really needed, for it is only recently that any wholesale slaughter of these innocents has taken place. Nevertheless, the sentiment which calls for the preservation of these species from wanton destruction is no new thing, for laws having this in view have for many years been on the statute books of most of the older States. Such laws, however, in most cases are wholly inoperative, since there is no public sentiment on the subject which insures their enforcement. Unless such a public sentiment shall be awakened, unless the laws which we have shall be enforced, and new and more perfect ones enacted, we may make up our minds to bid a long farewell to our beautiful songsters.

The birds have indeed a hard time. Men and boys scour a district during spring, summer and autumn, killing off all the permanent residents and a large proportion of the migrants. In and near the cities and towns, where the human killers have less liberty to destroy, the pestilent English sparrow quarrels and fights with the native species, and what is worse, destroys their eggs and tears to pieces their nests. Add to these agents of destruction the cats, weasels, skunks and snakes, and the hawks and owls, and it will be readily seen that the checks upon bird increase are very great.

The common remedy proposed for the protection of our birds from these human enemies is the enactment of new and more stringent laws, but at present it is hopeless to accomplish anything by this means. This is beginning at the wrong end. Let us rather try to induce people to live up to the laws now on the statute books. After they have been educated up to that point it will be time enough to make the protective laws broader and more stringent. Who ever heard of any violator of the small bird laws being punished? Who ever heard of such an one even being arrested? One such instance is related in another column, but they are very unusual.

The remedy for the deplorable state of affairs now existing with regard to our birds must be looked for only in such a general and popular awakening as we have indicated, and this awakening must take place soon, if it is to serve any useful purpose.

The history of the extermination of North American game shows this. For many years the slaughter of the buffalo went on unchecked, and to the demand for protection, and the statement that unless the slaughter was checked the species would be exterminated, came the reply that there were millions of them, that they blackened the plains, and could never be killed off. A few years went by, and one day the dwellers in the buffalo range awoke to find that there were no more buffalo. A year or two later the information spread through the country at large. As with the buffalo, so with the elk and the antelope and other large game. It is being destroyed, if not so swiftly as were the buffalo, at least as surely.

No serious results to the country at large are likely to follow the destruction of these large species of animals. It is melancholy to see them become extinct, but the feeling is at best but a sentiment. The case will be very different when the consequences of a continuance of the present destruction of our small birds make themselves manifest. The punishment for our neglect of these species will surely make itself felt, and in a way that will affect every class of our community.

Armies of noxious insects will attack the growing crops of the farmer, and his year of work will be lost. A failure of the farmer's crops means that he can buy less of each of the commodities sold by the merchant, whose trade must thus fall off. It means that the railroads will have less freight to move, less grain to carry to the monetary and manufacturing centers, less manufactured goods to transport to points of distribution. The railroads, having less freight to transport, must cut down expenses and so must reduce the wages of employes, must purchase less rolling stock, do less repairing, discharge men, give out less work. On every hand receipts of cash will be diminished. Every one will feel poor. Times will become hard.

Does any one fancy that these are great results to follow the killing of a few small birds? The picture is not over drawn. Of all the perils to the farmer's crop, there is none which is so much to be dreaded as insects. The Eastern farmer as a rule knows little about this danger, though there be some who have fought the army worm, but let the farmer of the East consult one of the West. He who has dwelt in Kansas or Nebraska or Dakota or Minnesota during a grasshopper year can tell a moving tale, if he will, of the utter devastation and ruin which a single species of insect has wrought in a day.

It is not improbable that the next season may witness the beginnings of such calamities as we have foreshadowed, for the number of our birds slaughtered during the past five or six years has numbered hundreds of thousands each year. Such destruction, together with the diminution of the production of young, which must result from it, cannot fail to exercise before long a very marked effect on the insect life of the sections where the birds, once numerous, now exist only in small numbers. The reproduction of insect life goes on at such a tremendous rate, and the multiplication of individuals is so enormously rapid, that this great decrease in the number of their enemies is sure to be followed by a much more than corresponding increase in their numbers. The number of insects seen during August, which have sprung from the comparatively small number of individuals which survive the winter may give us a hint of what this increase is. The danger is a real and a pressing one, and measures should be taken to face it at once. The only successful way to do this is to foster and encourage the natural checks upon this insect life.

This is the purpose of the Audubon Society, and to assist in this good work we desire the aid of all. Even if one can do no more, he can at least lend the influence of his name against the wholesale slaughter which is now going on. We have already received a number of letters warmly commending our plan and expressing a strong desire to aid in carrying it out. Let every one who is willing to help send in his name and those of any whom he thinks would take hold.

THE PROPOSED NEW STANDARDS.—We have published some of the standards recommended by the standard committees of the American Kennel Club and others may be found in the kennel department this week. The remainder we presume will be forthcoming shortly. It is not our purpose at this time to criticize the work of the committees, but to draw the attention of our readers to the fact that the different standards are placed before the public for the purpose of obtaining the views of all parties interested in the improvement of the different breeds of dogs, as to the advisability of the adoption of new standards, and also for the purpose of eliciting from them their opinions as to what changes they may deem desirable. We sincerely hope that no one interested in the matter will neglect the opportunity thus offered and that we shall have a full expression of opinion upon all points from all who have the future welfare of the dog at heart. There is not the slightest danger that the American Kennel Club will adopt any standard that is objectionable if breeders throughout the country will come forward and freely give their opinions upon the matter. It is perhaps needless to say that the columns of FOREST AND STREAM are open, and we hope to see a full discussion of every point that may affect for good or ill the future of the different breeds of dogs.

NO RAILROAD IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

TWO bills for a railroad through Yellowstone Park are now before Congress. They are essentially the same in character and provide that a right of way shall be given the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad Company across the northern portion of the Yellowstone National Park between Cinnabar and the Clark's Fork mines. The route somewhat vaguely indicated is up the Yellowstone to the East Fork, up that to and up Soda Butte Creek, and thence to the headwaters of Clark's Fork. Both bills provide that the location of the right of way shall be approved by the Secretary of the Interior, and that if the railway be not completed in the course of one year (in the case of the House bill) or two years (in the case of the Senate bill), the right of way shall be forfeited.

The present bills are an attempt on the part of those interested in the Clark's Fork mines to get railroad communication from Cooke City to the outer world. And the route specified is chosen by them as the best for this purpose.

No railroad should ever be allowed to penetrate the Yellowstone Park. If one is built there it will be the signal for a dozen other companies to force their way into this region, which should be sacred. It is not generally known that the Park has already been overrun by surveyors, acting in the interest of various railway companies. Their stakes may be found in the most secluded valleys, and if all the railways that have been surveyed there should be built, the delightful quiet of this now peaceful region would be gone forever. A population would follow the railroad and settlements would spring up along the track. Sparks from the locomotives would fire the prairie and the forests, and the visitor would see only blackened wastes, hillsides bristling with dead burned timber, and mountain tops shrouded in smoke. The shriek of the engine and the rumble of the train would drive away the game, and the beautiful and wonderful Park would become commonplace and unattractive.

If the Cooke City people wish to reach the railroad there is another and easier route which they may choose, but they must leave the people's Park undisturbed. There is a good way for a railroad to the Northern Pacific without passing through the reservation, and we insist that the rights of the whole Nation shall not be encroached upon to please one corporation.

No. No railroads in the Park. We have fought too hard for its protection to see such a backward step taken. The region is now in good hands. Public interest on the subject has been awakened. Each season more people visit it, and no one comes away without feeling a deep interest in the region and its wonders. No one who realizes what the Park is and what its future is to be would willingly see a railroad enter its boundaries. Let it be carefully protected. Railroads within it mean forest fires, game destruction, and a host of other evils.

GAME IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.—Reports of the abundance of game in the Yellowstone Park continue to come in. We have many times urged, and the event has proved the truth of our statements, that protection within the Park was all that was needed to make game abundant there. The varied natural features of the reservation render it both a winter and a summer range for game. We understand that a band of about two hundred head of elk have wintered in the vicinity of Swan Lake, which, as many of our readers will remember, is only five or six miles from the Mammoth Hot Springs, and in full view of the road. We have recently conversed with a gentleman who has resided for the last three years continuously in the Park. He states that the game seems to know that within the reservation it is safe, and that if a band of elk get out of the Park and near its borders are shot at or disturbed, they head directly for the Park, and soon after crossing the boundary line seem to lose all fear and stop to feed or lie down. We have no doubt that this statement is exact. The wild creatures have learned, as we long ago said they would, that there is a place where they are safe from molestation, and having learned that lesson, they may be depended on to keep within this refuge or near to it. With this continuance of the protection will come a great natural increase in the numbers of the game, and this increase will overflow from the Park into the surrounding region. In the time to come we look to see the vicinity of the Yellowstone National Park the great hunting ground of the United States for elk, deer and mountain sheep, just as it will be the only place in the world where one can hope to get a shot at the almost extinct bison.

A SUPERINTENDENT OF GAME PROTECTORS.—A bill has just been introduced in the Legislature at Albany authorizing the appointment of a superintendent of game protectors. The text of this bill we have not seen and we do not know its form; but we understand that it is framed to meet needs that we have already alluded to as pressing, and of which we spoke last week. Mr. Floyd J. Hadley has done a good work in bringing this matter before the Legislature, and we commend this action as much as we condemn his introduction of that other bill to legalize again the water-butcher of deer. If Mr. Hadley's superintendent bill should become a law, and his deer-hounding bill should fail to pass, the State protectors of the Adirondack region will have their hands full, and it will be a very excellent

thing to have some reliable, energetic man behind them to spur them on to greater efforts. In case these bills are acted on in this way the number of game protectors ought to be increased, for all the Adirondack waters should be watched. Then, when the hounding season is over, we may expect to see the game protectors concentrate and form a kind of body guard about the solitary still-hunter of the Adirondacks, of whom Dr. Ward, in another column, tells us.

THE PERILS OF ANGLING have another illustration in the case of the English tenor, Mans, whose death was the immediate result of his love of angling. While suffering from chronic rheumatic gout he went a-fishing at Christmas time, and paid the penalty with his life.

TO THE WALLED-IN LAKES.

XI.—A PORTENT OF EVIL.

LONG before the sun had made his appearance over the high mountains we were astir. Our simple meal was soon finished, and Yellowfish at once started off on foot alone. A little later Appekunny and I departed up the trail, and the camp was left in charge of the dogs and horses. I was extremely anxious to get to the ice on the other side of the stream, but my efforts in this direction were not successful.

Following the trail to the fifth lake we went down to the water's edge, and scanned the landscape to see how most readily we could reach our goal. By crossing the creek just back of camp and clambering for several miles along a very rough and precipitous mountain side, we could reach fifth lake at a point where only its width would separate us from the great glacier which overhangs it, but it seemed very doubtful whether we could get around the lake, which appears to run far back into a deep gorge in the mountains. By following the trail, on the other hand, it seemed likely that we might find some spot where it would be practicable to cross the creek and thus approach the northernmost of the two glaciers. We did not yet know what the stream valley contained above fifth lake. Just as we were about to turn away from the spot two tiny white moving objects were seen on a green slope in a ravine half way up the great mountain to the south of our camp. For a little while we watched them as they moved along up the slope, now clambering quickly or again stopping for a short while, and satisfied ourselves that they were goats, a mother and her kid, for one was much larger than the other.

Appekunny was much excited, and was for at once going back to camp, crossing the stream and climbing the mountain to try to get a shot, but I persuaded him to continue up the trail until we could determine whether it was possible to cross over to the ice, to reach which just then seemed to me much more important than to kill a goat. We therefore kept on up the trail until we had gone some little distance beyond fifth lake, and then taking a game trail which branched off toward the stream, followed it in the hope of finding a crossing. It soon turned back toward the mountain, however, and we were forced to keep to it, for the timber was so thick that it was very difficult to force a way through it. We tried a number of trails, but all of them sooner or later turned toward the hills, and we finally gave up the attempt to cross here, and breaking our way through the timber and underbrush, made what speed we could toward the higher ground.

After getting out of the timber the hillside was terribly steep and slippery, but we worked our way slowly up it, and crossing a mountain torrent which rushed down the slope in a symmetrical, clean cut trough scooped out of the shale, found ourselves not far below the first ledge.

All through the morning the skies had been growing darker and more threatening from hour to hour, and now as we looked up the valley, angry clouds were seen rushing forth from the black-mouthed cañons at its head. The sombre mountains were soon hidden by sheets of driving rain, which now and then changed to snow, and rushed down upon us before the driving wind. Before we had reached the ledge the storm was upon us, and we took shelter behind a low spruce bush, where, muffled in our rubber coats, we waited for a lull in the storm. This came in half an hour, and we continued the ascent. The climbing was difficult, for the ledges rose one above another in a seemingly interminable series. We would clamber up one, almost hand over hand, and then, having reached a little bench, follow it until some place was found where the next wall above us could be scaled. Sometimes the course of a tiny brooklet would furnish a way up over the rocks, at others a series of projecting knobs would offer foot and hand hold. Less often a slide, where the rock had slipped away and exposed a shelving mass of loose shale, gave an insecure footing for a quick scramble upward. About every half hour it would rain or snow with great violence, and during such times we would shelter ourselves as best we could beneath some projecting rock, and start on whenever the rain stopped. All the while the wind blew most furiously, and on this account the climbing was not altogether safe. Much of the walking was along narrow ledges only a foot or two wide, and when a violent gust of wind struck one on these narrow places there was always a possibility of its throwing him off. On one side there was nothing but the smooth rock to cling to, and on the other side there was a vertical fall of from 20 to 200 feet.

At one place where a gust rushing down a narrow gorge caught me I positively flattened myself against the rock. Appekunny had seated himself after a bit of rough scrambling, and I had gone on along a ledge to see what it led to. This ledge was only ten or twelve inches wide, and beneath was a drop of perhaps forty feet, while my shoulder brushed against the cliff that towered I knew not how far above me. A sheep trail followed the ledge and led me to hope that the way would be an easy one to ascend. After going thirty or forty yards, I came to a narrow gorge only six or eight feet wide, and the trail turned sharply at right angles, about a projecting point of rock, the path being so narrow that I had to exercise a good deal of care to turn the corner without falling off. As I rounded it the wind caught me with a violence that for a moment sent my heart into my mouth. Back from this corner ran a deep narrow chasm or cañon, cut out by a small mountain stream, and twenty feet in front of me the ledge on which I was walking ran out, and the sheep trail crossed the chasm. The distance across was only four or five feet—an easy leap for a sheep or for an ordinarily active man—but the landing place on the other side was on another narrow ledge about eight or ten inches wide and broken down on its outer side for several inches into a sharp slope to the edge of the cliff. Forty or fifty feet below I could see the gleam of the stream, and in the hells of the wind hear the tinkle of its waters, as they fell from rock to rock. The jump might well enough be made in the excitement of pursuit or flight, but I did not feel like attempting it in cold blood. One would have to alight on his feet just rightly balanced. If he went too far he would strike the cliff with his body and might rebound and fall off; if he did not go quite far enough, of course he would lose his balance and fall. I looked at the jump for a moment or two and then very gingerly turning myself about, went back to look for an easier way.

The rain and the snow and the fog continued, and often it was impossible to see any distance, while at short intervals the blinding sheets of rain descended with such violence that we had to stop where we were and wait for the storm to abate. We climbed in this halting way nearly to the top of the mountain, and at length found ourselves on the upper edge of a grand amphitheater of rock, whose back and opposite side were formed by a mountain considerably higher than the one on which we were. The red, purple and green shales which formed its floor and side were wholly without vegetation, and were tilted at an angle of 45 degrees, and thus being about at right angles to the surface of the ground at the back of the amphitheater; but the side opposite to us was very nearly vertical. Down through the midst of this great basin, which was a mile in length and nearly as wide, foamed a great torrent, the sum of a thousand springs which trickled from the rocks, and as many rivulets, which crept out from beneath the snow banks, which lay in all the ravines and sheltered spots. Everywhere over the shale ran sheep trails, and fresh signs were abundant; but the almost continuous rain and fog made it impossible to see far, and we could detect no living thing.

During a lull in the storm and a gleam of sunshine, we had from the highest point which we reached, a fine view of fifth lake and those above it. Counting the four which were not in sight, there are at least twelve in the chain, of which eleven are in a continuous series, and one, as has been said, is an arm of the fifth lake. From this point we had also an excellent view of the glacier at the head of the lakes. In character it is very similar to the one to the south of the stream, and like that, it falls over a great cliff, which shows through it. It seems thicker, however, and is beautifully fluted on its vertical face where it breaks off to make its plunge downward. It is quite possible that these two apparently distinct ice masses may be merely the two extremities of one glacier of great size; but this point can only be cleared up by some one who shall visit this interesting country, properly equipped with a pack train, so as to reach the ice.

The green color of the waters of the glacial lake is due to the grinding to powder by the slowly-moving ice mass of the green slates, shales and schists which form so large a proportion of the mass of these mountains. This finely comminuted rock is carried down by the water of the melting glacier and for some little time held in suspension by it, giving the water its peculiar tinge.

During this short brightening of the skies the mountains about the lakes were spread out before us in a wonderful way. They are incomparably ragged and inaccessible, and seem all to be knife edges or pyramids or cones. It is unusual to see one that is square or round-topped.

Up here on Swift Current, where it is so much higher and colder than at our permanent camp, the foliage has changed much more than about the St. Mary's Lakes, and the combination of colors that we looked down on was startling in its variety and its magnificence. An artist's palette, splashed with all the hues of his color box, would not have shown more varied contrasts. The rocks were of all shades, from pale gray, through green and pink, to dark red, purple and black, and against them stood out the pale foliage of the willows, the bright gold of the aspens and cottonwoods, the vivid red of the mountain maples and ash, and the black of the pines. In the valley were the greens of the deciduous shrubs, great patches of the deep maroon of the changing lobelia, lakes, turbid or darkly blue, sombre evergreens; on the mountain sides foaming cascades, with their white,

whirling mist wreaths, gray-blue ice masses, and fields of gleaming snow. Over all arched a leaden sky, whose shadows might dull, but could not efface, the bewildering beauty of this mass of color.

Down the mountain side we slowly picked our way, and at dark, tired, hungry, wet and without game, reached the camp. There we found Yellowfish, who had been in since noon. Soon after starting out, he said, he had got among goats and had shot away all his ammunition, twenty rounds, at them without getting one. He said that they had been very plenty, and it was very amusing to hear him tell how, when he would shoot at one it would jump down out of sight behind the rocks, and another would pop out from behind some other point to see what the noise was about. He said that he had hit several, but all too far behind, so that they got away among the rocks, and he could not find them.

"Some one," he said, "is surely doing this" (*i. e.*, bewitching us) "first we had rain, then we fall in the creek, now I can't shoot. Some moons it is so—a man cannot shoot—and when it happens so, one knows that the medicine is bad and some of his relations are going to die. Then the people make many sweat lodges and they get well."

Although we nodded gravely as the Indian made these statements, accepting them without question, as we did almost everything that he told us, no doubt Appekunny and I smiled inwardly at the crude superstition of the savage who thus expressed to us an article of the Piegan faith. We do not believe such things, we intelligent white men; to us signs and portents are nothing. We fear at those who fear the ticking of the death watch or the howling of a dog and believe that they foretell some direful event. But it did seem just a little queer, when we got back to the agency, to learn that a young man, a relative of Yellowfish, who had been off on a horse stealing expedition, had been killed by the Crows, and that the news reached the Piegan camp just about the time that we were up on the Swift Current. A coincidence you will say. No doubt, no doubt. But you would find it a difficult matter to persuade an Indian that it was merely a coincidence. It was certainly odd and worth making a note of.

We are disbelievers in this age, agnostics we call ourselves, perhaps without very well knowing what we mean by the term. Is it not possible that we disbelieve too much? I have seen so many mysterious and altogether inexplicable things during my wandering among the Indians that I am slow to believe or to disbelieve anything. Some day I purpose giving for the benefit of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* a little exposition of the things that I have seen and those that I have heard from thoroughly reliable sources. The history of the medicine workers among these people has never been written, and, indeed, never can be, for in many cases their wonderful practices have been abandoned and almost forgotten; but the feats that were accomplished by some of the Indians of the Southwest, by the Panis and Rees of the Missouri River region, would be simply incredible to one who has not seen them.

It seemed curious that the Indian should have made such wretched work of his shooting. He has the reputation of being one of the best hunters in the tribe, and is said to be a good shot as well. We were interested in his story, for we needed meat, as our rations would only suffice for one more meal; and desirous as both Appekunny and I were to get a goat, its meat was even more important to us than the satisfaction of killing a new species of game. Our provisions consisted of a small piece of bacon and four biscuits, and unless fresh meat could be obtained on the morrow, we should be obliged to return to the St. Mary's.

Soon after supper my companions turned in, but I lay long by the fire, watching through the branches the stars in the sky, and listening to the soft whispers of the wind in the treetops and the distant murmur of the rushing stream.

Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A CAMP HUNT IN MISSOURI.—III.

THE two members of our party who lost their way in returning to camp after dark, and who brought up on the Mississippi River, fell in with a most remarkable character, who was pressed into service and piloted them back to camp. His name was Cassius Crosswhite, familiarly known as Cash Crosswhite. A regular swamper, born and bred in the swamps. He knew every tree and every stump, every stream, pond and thicket in that country, and traveled by night as by day. He could not read, but knew the language of every wild animal and bird in the woods. Could, with his mouth, imitate with wonderful precision the signal, or call of any bird or animal you can mention. We engaged his services for the rest of the hunt, very much to his satisfaction and our own, as he proved to be a useful adjunct to our camp.

Mr. Will C. was the handsome and dashing duke of our party. He had a brilliant record as a "masher" on "Ward's licks" at home, but soon concluded his gun was not a success on mallards and wild geese, and determined to devote one day with me in paying our respects to the wild turkeys. After an unsuccessful tramp of a couple of miles through the favorite haunts of our chosen game, we emerged into the road at a place where the tall trees of the dense forest made a wall as it were, on either side. Just then the note of a round in full chase after a deer, burst upon our ears. A moment's listening satisfied us that we were in the line of the chase, and as we stood expectant and ready to give the deer

a warm reception, a flock of wild turkeys, startled by the approach of the dog, ran into the road some two hundred yards above us and came running down the road directly toward us. They soon rose to wing and came flying straight down the road between the walls of forest trees on either side. The sight was a beautiful one, but it was too much for Mr. C. He unfortunately had no quinine and Mr. Burton was not within reach to supply him, and before the nearest turkey came in range of our guns his excited nerves got the better of his judgment and he fired both barrels, and lost as fine an opportunity as he will ever have to bag a brace of wild turkeys, right and left. His firing caused the flock to separate and take to the woods on either side, but still passing in range I killed one, but missed with the second barrel. Mr. C. had in the meantime reloaded and gave them a parting shot, but without effect, as they passed.

In a few minutes my dog ran one into a tree not far off. By careful creeping I got a long shot at it and brought it wounded to the ground. It did not stand on the order of its going, however, and "ran like a turkey." Carrying the dog to the place where it came down he soon got the scent and after a chase of two hundred yards, caught and killed it. A young man on horseback, coming along the road soon afterward, kindly consented to take the two turkeys to the camp for us and Mr. C. concluded he had enough of turkey hunting for one day, left me and went back to camp. After remaining quiet for a time, I succeeded in calling up one more of the flock, which I killed. The others would neither answer nor come to call. Returning that afternoon toward camp through the same woods we had hunted unsuccessfully in the morning, my dog flushed and scattered a flock.

Selecting a place near where they were flushed, and remaining quiet for half an hour, I had the pleasure of calling up and killing two fine turkeys at one shot. Having now as many as I wished to carry, I concluded to try an experiment. I stood the three dead turkeys up at a convenient distance, near where I had shot the last two, to act as decoys. Thinking that I might in this way kill two or three at a shot. After arranging my decoys, I began to call and brought up two. One came and stood almost in the very place where I had just killed the two. But he paid no attention to the decoys and in a few moments both walked off. I might easily have shot the one, but I took my chances for two and got neither. After carrying the three already killed about a mile and a half, I considered myself lucky that the others had escaped. The flock of turkeys that ran into the road that morning and flew to Mr. C. and myself, looked to me, in the distance, as black as ravens, but Mr. C. insisted in camp that night, that they were all sorts of colors. He saw yellow ones and spotted ones, and blue ones, and a general rainbow mixture.

He had never encountered a flock of wild turkeys before. Thus the time passed rapidly; every day adding to our game supply, while around the camp-fire at night the incidents and jokes of the day added zest to our enjoyment of the occasion. At the end of two weeks we broke camp, having bagged four hundred ducks, thirty wild turkeys, seven wild geese, squirrels without number, and one enormous pelican, measuring eight feet from tip to tip of its wings. The pelican resembles the swan in general appearance, and is a very rare bird in this part of the country. Its general color is white, but the wing feathers are tipped with black, and so are the wing coverts, or small feathers on the butts of the wings, giving it a beautiful appearance. The distinguishing feature of this bird is its pouch, or food sack. It has a beak about eight inches long, from which depends a phable and self-adjusting sack, composed of skin resembling india rubber. It is capable, when distended, of holding as much as a pint or more of food. When empty, the pouch contracts so as to be scarcely noticeable. The breast of the bird was covered with a coat of soft feathers and down much thicker than that of a swan. It was a great pity that so fine a specimen could not have been preserved.

Rarely did a hunting party ever enjoy an outing more, and we left our happy hunting grounds with a resolve to repeat our visit with the next autumnal frost.

H. E. JONES.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

CAMP FLOTSAM.

XXIV.—THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

ALTHOUGH the day which we spent in trying for salmon was barren of results, yet we were rejoiced to see the last of the blow disappear from the water, and a faint hope rose within us that in spite of what the netter had done, we might yet have some sport. Thus far, our outing had been full of disappointment, so far as the fishing was concerned, and a letter or two from A. N. C., who was having grand success in the Back Bay of Lake Champlain, but served to increase our chagrin. Though our success was incomparably greater than any possible at Greenwood or the free for all lakes resorted to by anglers in the vicinity of New York, yet it had been less dazzling than we anticipated. Not that our scores had been insufficient for our needs, but it had been our ambition to make in an hour or two what would require from sunrise to sunset in the lakes above mentioned. Three years ago this was possible, but the man from the island has ended it all.

On the morning of the day after our fruitless quest above the bridge, we secured a pair of fine perch bait and soon after breakfast were anchored on the long shoal off the upper end of Lost Spring Island in a depth of about ten feet of water. Our tackle was, with the exception of substituting a hook for the flies, the same as we had used in casting. A furious strike greeted our first bait before it had fairly settled, and in a moment we were engaged in tussle with a four-pound pike, whose escape with only a single gut between it and liberty, was assured from the beginning. It was not, however, until we had the fish along-side and thought our game safe, that the catastrophe came. A single flourish of the tail, a wriggle of the body, and the slender gut was cut and the fish was gone. There was no regret at parting, except for the loss of the sprout hook, for pike were rather plentiful. Before our fishing for the forenoon was ended, the calamity twice repeated itself, and another pike and a small mouth bass each left us minus a hook. But these were our only escapes, and the net proceeds of the morning's work were ten bass averaging two pounds apiece. Before we finished, Sabatis's two girls anchored their skiff near us and enticed the bass in vain for an hour, at the end of which they followed us to camp, where they spent the remainder of the day. The older of the girls, whom we called the Princess was about seventeen and had high cheek bones, a dark, sallow skin, and long, coarse, black hair. She was short in stature but well formed, and could swim, row a boat, handle a canoe or chop wood, with all the grace and ease of her brother. The younger one was about ten and

had regular features, an olive complexion and soft, dark eyes, and bade fair to be a beauty. The former was the Madame's guide and was competent to take care of her mistress in any emergency; beside her other accomplishments, she was a most successful fisherman.

There was a manifest improvement in the fishing after the blow was fairly off the water, but with the date for our breaking camp fixed to the dead certainty, so that we could count the remaining days on our fingers, our enthusiasm was gone and we were satisfied to sit down and await the end. Instead of fishing, we were willing to drift by the hour in the open lake or idle away the time in the shade of the rocks among the channels between the island. Here were rare opportunities for reflection, and communion with solitude. To the north and south, east and west across the long stretches of water as far as one could see, not a moving thing was there to distract the thoughts. Islands rose about us on which few men had ever trod, while the signs of civilization on the shores were scant indeed. It was a very paradise for a hermit—at least in the bright summer days, but with six feet of snow and the thermometer at 30°, with norwesters sweeping up the lake for twenty miles, the soul of the anchorite would yearn to cast aside his furs and snowshoes and be transported to the white sand beaches of the gulf. For places where to idle away the time there was little choice between the water and the camp. Each had attractions of its own, and with a hard attack of laziness, wherever one might be he would long for the other. The island, with its thirty acres of forest, furnished a good roaming place and the bunks in the camp a retreat when a fit of drowsiness came on. But in these remaining days all that the lake or forest could give of pleasure, was concentrated around the camp-fire. With the incense of the resinous knots was mingled the fragrance from pine and spruce which loomed up darkly behind us, and upon which the firelight, cast strange and fantastic shadows—the very giants which used to gather in the gloaming in the corners of the old kitchen, and from which we used to flee to the shelter of a mother's apron by the broad fire-place, giants, which now as of old, waved their shadowy arms and danced their weird dances, but from whom the older terror had departed, for fifty years had made the boy a man and a greybeard, one who had faced all the ogres of which these were the prototypes, and contended with "the phantoms vague and van which beleaguer the human soul." But now, the giants and shadowy conception of long ago were naught, there only remained the golden memories, sifted like wheat from the tares, memories which were born again and came floating back in their olden reality to hover over and surround us here. Boyish faces, the companions of many an angling trip through the meadows of the past, sterner faces bronzed in the sports of flood and field, on whom manhood had set the seal of consecration to loftier duties, aged faces, mellowed by years into the dreams and sports of youth again, faces all of them now lying in the dust, looked out of the whirl of flame aglow with the ancient light of friendship and love as though they would live over with us all that life's brief dream had been to them.

It was among these latter days that the Student made his way once more to the camp to pay one of his ever welcome visits. Before it was over, we were invited by him to attend service at his parish church, fifteen miles from camp, on the following Sunday. The preparations were duly made, and by seven o'clock on Sunday morning breakfast had been finished and we were ready to embark. Our retainers gathered at the landing to witness our departure; the chickens assembled on the bank, the "ki"-dog took his position in the bow and the calf hung its head in dejection over the stern. When we pushed off, the latter gave a mournful bellow and before we were ten rods from shore, it was in the water beyond its depth and swimming lustily in our wake. By the time we had rounded the point where we passed out of its sight, it was a hundred yards from shore and still heading out to sea. We congratulated ourselves that we were rid of the beast, and indulged the hope that it would never touch land again unless it were in the bottom of the lake. But it was not so to be. A half hour later, while the Colonel and Captain were yet making the groves of Garden Island resound with their nightly notes, the calf made their landing and, thrusting its head in the open door of the tent, greeted the sleepers with a thundering *ba-air*. "What in —, I say Jo!" shouted the senior officer, "what's that?" The Captain drew himself up into a sitting posture and calmly surveyed the intruder. "Arthur's calf, by Jove, they've unloaded it on us." But, when an hour afterward it swam after the Captain's boat as he went ashore, and made the land half a mile away the suspicion was dropped as groundless. Had it not repeated the performance, explanation would have been in order from the American camp.

When we rounded the head of the island we found a strong wind was blowing up the lake, so we hoisted sail and were soon going before it at eight knots an hour. Swiftly we shot by the low outlying islands, turned the headlands and swept through the narrow channels, passed the Brothers' and over Cady's Bay, radiant with the memories of an idyllic day with Truthful James a summer ago, and in an hour from the starting drew up the Pizen Ann on the bank at the end of the bridge. Three or four dirty, miserable looking Indians were lounging about a shelter built against a tree on the hillside as we landed, who greeted the party with looks of wonder and a deal of jabbering among themselves. Just over the crest of the hill we were welcomed at the house by the Student and his kind-hearted and hospitable household, and after a pleasant hour we were loaded in a large farm wagon and started off for church. The road led over the granite hills for two or three miles, then turned to the westward and followed the range which overlooked the lake. We could see it stretching away for five or six miles on the west, until we made another turn to the right and were soon among well cleared and cultivated lands, dotted with comfortable houses around which were many evidences of thrift. Another turn to the left and we soon came to the plain stone church which marked the end of our journey. The building was filled to overflowing, and the worshippers were kneeling at the very threshold as we entered. At the altar stood a gray-haired priest under whose hands was wrought "the mystery of faith"—the mighty sacrifice of the Catholic church. When he turned to the people it was a kindly face of perhaps forty which looked upon them. This was Father McWilliams, the foremost in the front rank of the priests of Canada, the staunch friend of the Premier, the ripe scholar and man of culture. After the services were concluded, we were most kindly received at the parochial residence. Upon the library wall hung a portrait engraving of Sir John A. McDonald and near it a miniature flag of the Union. The Rev. Father is a Yankee, being from Vermont, which accounted for the stars and stripes, while in Dominion politics he is a conservative and an ardent

admirer of the great chief whose face adorned the wall. At parting he promised to visit us and spend a night in camp, a promise which unforeseen duties afterward compelled him, much to our regret, to retract. Twelve weeks later, he stood on the scaffold beside Louis Riel, and saw the sun of the northwest rebellion set in the gloom of unaccomplished purposes and the price paid to the uttermost, of treason to a crown.

It was three o'clock and after before we were again back to the lake, where after dinner with our friends we set out for camp in the teeth of the wind which was still blowing hard up the lake. It took three hours to make the landing in front of the tent, and by the time we were housed the Colonel and Captain were on hand to hear the tale of the day's adventures. Sabbatis too, in wonderment at the deserted camp which he had discovered in the forenoon, dropped in to learn the cause. It was the first visit from the old man which we had received since our unlucky expedition for lake trout, a failure which he cudgeled his brains in vain to explain. That trout were plenty in the lake was evidenced by the stories of Sabbatis and others who had taken large numbers together with quantities of yellow bass, (*M. salmoides*), through the ice in winter, but why we so signally failed to take any of the former we could not understand.

In regard to the latter, it has become an accepted dogma in a certain school of anglers, that the black bass hibernate during the winter. While this, within certain limits, may be true as regards the small-mouth, it can hardly be said to apply to the big-mouth variety. Changes of feeding ground in our northern lakes after they have become ice bound, together with the fact that few bass anglers fish in the winter, has led many to a hasty and erroneous conclusion, formed largely from the habits of the small-mouth, which is identical with our big-mouth bass, remains in the state of activity throughout the winter, and his congener of the north partakes of his nature and habits. Big-mouth bass are frequently taken through the ice by pickered fishermen, in shallow water, a fact which proves their activity in winter, while the number of those who fish during that season in deep water, is so limited, that much experience tending to prove the non-hibernation of the big-mouth, has never been made public. One of the principal reasons for this may be, that few of the winter fishermen follow the sport at any other season, and of these, there is rarely one who has ever read a line upon the subject, or given the habits of fishes a thought. It may, however, be safely set down as a fact that the big-mouth can be taken in all seasons of the year, and let no one be surprised when some angler reports to *FOREST AND STREAM* a fine string of small-mouths caught in January.

On the following Sunday afternoon, while the tide of discourse in the tent was at the flood, there was a hesitating footstep heard without, a rap on the pole of the tent nearest the water, then a light tread of one approaching the headquarters, and in a moment the face of Truthful James was peering in the tent door. Was it he, or a phantasy conjured up by the Colonel's cheese? We clasped the outstretched hand, it was solid flesh, the prodigal had returned. Now we could understand the meaning of the flight of that calf. Some warning from a wandering bird perhaps, or a premonition of coming evil it might have been, but it was apparent that our bovine didn't intend to linger about a camp where prodigals were liable to drop in unannounced. We suspected that Truthful James had been wasting his substance on guides and was filled with the husks of summer boarding places, but we forbore interrogating him, and he was given the chief seat at the table, and with Sabbatis for his oarsman, he haunted his old fishing grounds during the remainder of our stay. Once more the camp responded to the inspiration of his presence, and we were soon living over the olden days as though there had been no interval between the first careless hours which joined us here, and the later ones which reunited us in what was once the clysium of perennial bass.

WAWAYANDA.

[For Auri Sacro Fames (in last issue) read Auri Sacra Fames.]

THE COON'S HAUNTED HOME.

NO one had been in Burton's Woods at night, but once—and that was at the beginning of the war—since old man Burton died some fifty years ago. It was the one place in Old Virginia that had supported through half a century of peace and prosperity and war and privation an aristocratic ghost and its long line of pale-faced descendants.

Exactly what old man Burton had done to oblige him and his deceased olive branches to haunt the forest, no one ever could tell, but if what both the white and colored folks said was true—and most sincerely they believed it—was the woods at night were filled with spectre Burtons most terrible.

Now I myself don't believe that old gray-wooled Uncle Jordan, the oldest slave on the plantation, who started the story, ever saw the spirit of his master come hobbling along with his ghostly gouty foot through the old woods. But Uncle Jordan came one night into the store at the head of the Neck, as if he had been shot out of a cannon, and almost scared every darky there white for life by shouting out:

"Fo' de Lor', chil'en, if de ole man Burton ah com' tu right smart, I seed 'im mesel a-shinen wif de blue flame bie' in de ole woo' so'?"

If a bomb had exploded it could not have created a greater panic. Uncle John Wise, old Jordan's son, dropped on the floor and crawled under the counter, and young Jeems-Gordon-Burton-Cecil-Mason junior to John Wise, as he called himself, the twelve year old grandson of old Jordan, was seized with such a fright that his two big ears, that it was said he used to turn under for a pillow when he went to sleep, wiggled with terror. The other darkies crowded together in a dark corner where nothing could be seen but the whites of their eyes and their chattering teeth. Then it came out that old Uncle Jordan had come out for a stroll that piping hot night, and that when he stopped by the edge of the wood to wipe his face and "wonda if it wou' eva again snow," he saw old man Burton's ghost come limping toward him down the old wood road.

Like wildfire the news of what Uncle Jordan had seen ran through the county, and for months after the hero of old man Burton's ghost was besieged by questioners. Jordan, however, stuck to his story with a religious conviction, so that it was believed by every man, woman and child as gospel truth. From that time out the long belt of timber-land that walled in the Burton plantation from the rest of the world was given a wide berth by every one. The wood road with which it was traversed became obstructed with fallen tree-tops and moss-covered logs. A dense underbrush of young pines and holly sprung up, and the tall trees became festooned with vines and creepers, whose stems throbbed and moaned when the wind struck them, and whose leafy tendrils, like a canopy, shut out the sunlight. The wood

always in the low ground became damp and mouldy and tall rank grasses and canes fringed its briery outskirts.

No longer did the booming of the axe against a hollow gum tree, and the rumbling of the wood cart awaken the vibrations of the forest. No longer did the mocking bird stop to listen to the quait carolling of the light-hearted wood choppers. The forest was as silent as the grave, save when some rogue of a fox barked on the track of a cotton tail, or the eagles who had been duck hunting all day on the adjoining breakwater came screaming home to their nests in the tall, dead oaks. Then when the winter winds blew, the pine tops gave back as echoes the roaring of the distant surf and made people shudder and like to crowd round the fire. Of course, under such conditions Burton's woods became a safe harbor for game and ground vermin. There the night-partridge, as the woodcock is called down South, sucked his julep in peace; and when the snows came the quail huddled for shelter in the brush heaps safe from the tracking pot-hunter. And the stories about the coons in Burton's woods! Why, they would almost set the hounds a-barking a mile off; but as often as the conversation started on coons, it invariably ended in ghosts, so that the family of coons lived and prospered as all well-regulated coon families do. The wood had come to be dreaded with such an overwhelming fear, that no one could be induced to penetrate its shadowy recesses. It was so horrible a place, that Dr. Willis's standing offer of \$5, posted at the store, for any one to go there coon hunting, though very tempting, was a perfectly safe one for the doctor.

Thus time crept on. The old folks died and young folks took their place. Then came the war and the departure of the white men to join the Southern army. Northern troops invaded the county I write about, and one of the first things two of the officers did was to begin to chaff Dr. Willis about old man Burton's ghost, which they at once heard all about. Right, jolly, good fellows were the Major and the Captain, so that one night they inspired the timid Doctor with sufficient courage to promise to take them a coon hunting in Burton's woods. When the news of the proposed expedition got about, the greatest excitement prevailed and all the old darkies tried to dissuade the foolhardy hunters. It was a dark, drizzly night, just such a one when coons and ghosts are said to like to get about, when the three, equipped with an axe and a bag of light wood, started from the store to the haunted forest. Besides the coon dog, Dr. Willis's bulldog Grip was taken along, an animal of undoubted courage and one that had been known to face the most obstreperous bull in the county and throw him; so he was boasted about as a dog that knew nothing of fear. In the cornfield adjoining the wood the hound led off on a coon trail and was soon heard barking in the woods where the coon had treed. The hunters were making their way to the place along one of the old wood roads, when Grip, who was on ahead, uttered a low growl and came running toward them with his tail between his legs. Then the astonished and now thoroughly terrified hunters saw a great burning object descend an old rotten tree and come toward them. The hunters faltered, but the plucky Major picked Grip up and flung him toward the bright figure whom they described always afterward as resembling a red hot cylinder stove—and then they took to their heels and fled. Through green briar thickets which tore their clothes and scratched them till the blood flowed, tumbling over logs and into ditches and bumping up against trees, they went crashing on. The crowd at the store heard them coming and a few of the bravest ones stuck their heads out of the door, breathless with excitement, while the rest shivered with terror. Not a word was said until "junior to John Wise" asked from behind a barrel if "ole man Burton ha' yet com' in sight?"

"Gu' Lor', chil'e," replied his father, "dun' say tha' but I know he's shua to com'."

These terrifying words produced a chorus of moans and groans, and all the darkies had just begun praying with all their might, when Grip and the tree hunters tumbled up the store steps and fell headlong and panting into such a crowd of scared darkies as has never been seen before or since in Old Virginia. But old man Burton, as the fiery spectre was generally supposed to be, must have climbed the tree again, for he certainly did not follow the hunters. The story of what they had seen and the fight that had caused their demoralized retreat, only went to confirm every one in their belief that the woods were the roosting place of ghosts, or such brave soldiers as the Major and Captain would not have been frightened so badly. Shortly after this the Northern troops were withdrawn from the outlying county, and from that time forth for many years the spectre Burtons and the coons carried on their revels in the haunted woods without let or hindrance. But the talk of the pranks of the Burton wood goblins was kept alive by strange sights and noises in its impenetrable fastnesses. The good wife of the old Methodist parson who filled the dual role of preacher and storekeeper, saw globes of fire hop out of the wood and roll like ten-pin balls down the road, and yet not one of these good people ever suspected that the ghosts of the Burton tribe were nothing more or less than "fox-fire," which in some marshy localities in the Southern States is startlingly brilliant and curious to contemplate; and the noises, the scraping of the trees against each other when the wind blew,

BOB WHITE.

AFTER all what is there in the whole line of field sports that equals the autumn shooting of the Atlantic States as it used to be twenty-five or thirty years ago? We may talk of excitement and skill and courage and scenery, of bounding bucks and charging bears, of beetling cliffs and roaring brooks, but there is nothing to which the memory of the old time sportsman more fondly returns than "the happy autumn fields" in "the days that are no more." Is there a veteran of the dog and gun who reads these lines that does not remember what a fever the first sight of autumn leaves used to stir within his veins? Does he not even now feel a strange, restless yearning when he sees the ripe pumpkins shining among the shocks of corn, the maple reddening upon the hill and the butternut yellowing in the vale? And can he forget the change that came over the old dog when the bright crimson of the gum tree began to blaze along the lowlands and the prickly burrs of the chestnut to open amid its golden leaves? In summer he tapped out a lazy welcome with his tail at his master's approach without raising his head or opening perhaps more than a single eye. But in October he jumps up at his approach, cocks his head first one way and then the other, and with glistening eyes and anxious whine tries to fathom his master's intentions. Right well he knows that autumn has come and that any moment he may be whistled off to the field.

Bob White was the leading spirit that lent such a charm to the autumn fields. The ruffed grouse and the woodcock

added untold loveliness to it, but both could have been more easily dispensed with than Bob. The first genuine quail hunt I ever had seems still the brightest because all was so new and wonderful and the dogs behaved so well. I was a mere child of twelve, and though for two or three years I had been worrying squirrels and rabbits, robins and high-landers with a long single-barreled gun, I had never seen a pointer or setter work in the field, and the few quails, woodcock and "pheasants" that I had started were always gone before I could recover from the surprise caused by their sudden burst from cover.

It was the first of November, and as the sun's first rays began to kindle the russet tops of the white oaks and shine on the bare twigs of the red oak, we started out over the fields. Along a tangled wood that sloped away toward a little brook where I had speared many a sucker, lay an old field overgrown with weeds and briars, where I had shot at many a rabbit, and part of this was now a buckwheat stubble sparkling with frost.

The action of the dogs changed at once upon reaching the field. There was no more of the wild exuberance of joy with which they started from the house. They no longer raced and barked and tried to jump over their masters' heads; but with noses raised to the breeze and tails carving elliptical comes out of space, they settled each to a rolling canter, beating from side to side, crossing each other's track at quite regular intervals, occasionally slackening speed and taking a delicate sniff of the breeze as they approached some clump of briars.

Fine dogs they were, too, and as I look over the long list of dogs with which I have hunted since then I can remember no superiors and few equals. My companions, two gentlemen who had been kind enough to let me go with them, will, if still living, smile when they read these lines. But it will be a smite of sadness as they think how short-lived are such friendships as those between the sportsman and his faithful dogs.

Old Sancho had crossed and recrossed the stubble several times, and finally went galloping down the edge of it where it bordered on the old field of briars. When nearly at the end of it he suddenly stopped and wheeled half around, stood still for an instant, and then, with lightly swinging tail, walked slowly over into the weeds and briars. Here he stopped for a moment and looked around at his master with a mingled expression of triumph and tremendous responsibility, then crawled along with thievish tread and gradually stiffening tail. Don, a hundred yards away on the stubble, had caught sight of Sancho's first step and backed him with as firm a point as though he had himself taken the scent of game, and now came crawling slowly along behind him, stopping when he stopped and moving on again when Sancho moved.

Sancho suddenly stopped again, but there was a slight wavering in the tip of his tail and an unsteadiness about his head for a few seconds. Then crouching low he took three or four steps as carefully as a sneaking cat, then suddenly halted again and stood as firm as a rock.

"Now he has them sure," said his master.

But scarcely had he finished when the quivering of Sancho's rigid tail changed suddenly into a wavering motion. Slowly he turned his head an inch or two, crept stealthily along a few feet, then suddenly became as stiff as an icicle, and with eyes fixed in a wild stare at the dead rag weed a few feet ahead, head bent a little on one side, one forefoot upraised, stood as if carved out of stone. And full seventy yards behind him with head just visible above the weeds stood Don, quite motionless and looking as wise as if he had himself found the game.

We moved slowly up beside Sancho, but nothing moved. Ahead of him was nothing but rag weed and briars. From the brown old oak came the harsh cry of the bluejay, the high-holder squealed from the gum tree, from the cedar came the piping of the robin and from overhead the melancholy "peep" of the bobolink as in his altered suit he bade farewell to his summer home, but there was neither sight nor sound suggestive of quail.

Another step forward, and there was a sudden flash of whirling wings in the weeds and the air fifteen feet ahead of us was filled with bustling life, whizzing for the timber with arrowy speed. Quickly my gun came to my shoulder and dimly along its barrel I caught a glimpse of buzzing brown—that is I thought I did. Confidently I pulled the trigger, but the brown went on without shedding a feather and ten yards further on whirled over at the report of a gun on the other side of the dog. In a moment more we were alone with the dogs and the only sign of game was a few feathers drifting back upon the breeze. The dogs both lay down while we loaded and when sent ahead picked up three quail which my friends had killed.

After entering the timber in search of the scattered bevy the dogs quickly changed their pace. Instead of the wide ranging canter we saw in the field they took a trot and ranged much less, quartering the ground and testing every bush with their keen noses. Don was soon missing, and after some search, was found standing as if in full run he had struck an invisible bank of clay and stuck fast in it. His master gave two or three kicks in the grass ahead of him, nothing moved, and Don still kept his point, standing almost in a sitting position with head bent downward. His master gave another kick nearer to the dog and almost from under his nose sprang a bird which wheeled over the man's head and vanished behind the scarlet crown of a dogwood tree, through which went two charges of shot, sprinkling leaves and twigs below. But we heard nothing drop and saw no feathers floating on the air.

For two hundred yards or more around we then beat the ground in all directions, but the dogs made not another point. "They are lying close and holding their scent," said one of the men.

"Yes," said the other "let's give them half an hour or so and try that next stubble."

This seemed strange to me at the time. But many a time since I have seen quail lie so close that the best dogs would walk right over them, and their power of withholding scent seems beyond question. The only doubt is whether such withholding is voluntary or not—a point hardly worthy of discussion.

After spending about half an hour in beating two other stubbles, we returned to the scattered bevy in the wood.

"Let's call them and get them running first," said one of the gentlemen. Sitting down on the fence he gave the autumn call of the quail a few times and soon from several directions and from the same ground that the dogs had before so carefully hunted came the tender *clot-ee, clot-ee, clot-ee, clot-ee*. When we reached the place from which came these sweet notes both of the dogs were pointing in a moment and each upon a different bird.

Old Sancho stood between two bunches of long grass on the border of a bit of swampy ground, looking very intently first at one bunch and then at the other. It was evidently the old story of the ass equally distant between two equally tempting bundles of hay. Dogs generally solve this problem as speedily as an ass does the hay question; but old Sancho with body and tail motionless turned his head from one bunch to the other several times as if undecided which was the finer flavored bird.

A kick into one of the bunches started nothing but Sancho, who moved up a foot or two closer and looked wild with excitement. Another kick, and still nothing moved but Sancho, who ran around to the other side of the bunch of grass and crouched low to the ground, with head bent at right angles and the tip of his nose only an inch or two from the grass. Another kick, and the dog, unable to contain himself any longer, pounced upon the grass, running his nose half way through it. Out from the other side went a quail, curling upward among the treetops, with one barrel of my friend's gun roaring harmlessly in its rear. But just as it went wizzing away on a straight course the dead leaves flew from a white oak sapling in the line with its course and down came the bird with a broken leg and wing, falling directly in front of Don. He cast a wistful glance at it as it hobbled away, but still kept his point.

Sancho quickly transferred his attention to the other clump of grass, over which he stood looking down into it with an air of intense curiosity. At the first kick into this out darted a bird, and in a twinkling vanished in a thicket near by, with a charge of shot scattering the blackhaws in line with it; and a faint thump in that direction made my friend look at me and smile with satisfaction as he pulled out his flask to reload.

Meantime the other gentleman flushed the bird upon which Don was pointing. Swiftly upward and away went the dim line of whizzing brown that marked its course among the yellow leaves of a little grove of hickory saplings, but turned as quickly eastward at the report of his gun.

When ordered to retrieve it, Don refuses and disappears in the brush in the direction previously taken by the wounded bird. He remains so long that we have to go to look for him, and a few moments' search reveals him in a clump of cat briers some fifty yards from his former point still as a statue. In his mouth is a live bird apparently as contented as if on its nest, its neck projecting from one side of the dog's mouth with head erect and bright black eyes calmly surveying us. It is evidently the wounded bird that fell near him, and having picked it up he has evidently met the scent of a well one on his way back with it.

That performance struck me then as wonderful, but since then I have seen enough to satisfy me that a dog could point a new bird with one perfectly unharmed in his mouth. It is marvelous enough how quickly a dog distinguishes between a well bird, a wounded one and a well one. But still we can understand this. But can you understand how a dog can stand in the midst of half a dozen closely-lying pinnated grouse or even lie down among them and do nothing but turn the direction of his nose from one to another when told to go on after the guns are loaded? Or can you understand such a trick as I saw old Sancho do two or three years later, stand immovable when a bevy of quail had risen before him and three or four had fallen before the guns, and refuse to stir when told to retrieve them because another quail remained hidden there—a thing that very rarely happens? There are dogs enough that would point the remaining bird, but how many would do it without breaking the first point and making a new one? And how does a dog know how many have risen?

As we came up to Don three quail rose from the briars in front of him. But at the report of one gun one of them came down bounding on the ground, and at the report of the second another rose towering fifty feet in air, folded his wings and sank stone dead, while my gun belched innocuous thunders at the third, giving me intense satisfaction to think I had mustered sufficient courage to shoot at him at all.

The rest of the flock were soon found. Some spun away in safety through the brush, while others, whizzing through dense thickets or among the treetops, came plunging down before some well directed charge of shot.

On we then went through a mile or more of the autumn scenery that has furnished such everlasting grist for the American doggerel mill, when on a hillside covered with saplings Don suddenly came to a point among some crimson maples. Before we were quite up to him a dark brown bird with twittering wing and twisting flight whirled upward from the dead leaves in front of the dog, and came in a moment whirling down again, stopped in its swift career among the treetops. No game ever made such an impression on me as that, the first woodcock I had ever seen dead. The rose-wood colors of its back, the large, lustrous, black eye set far back in the head and wearing even in death such a look of tranquil dignity, its long odd looking bill, buff vest and delicate pink stockings, all made me feel that I was in the presence of nature's nobility.

Down among the alders that fringed a little brook Don was soon found crawling along with great caution, and as we went toward him there rose some twenty yards ahead with roaring wing a large brown bird, vanishing like a rocket among the distant tree trunks. Bang, whang, bang went three barrels almost at once, but dimly we saw the bird, with tail outspread and unruffled wing, fade in the outer circle of brush. We followed in its course, and Sancho soon began to creep and in a moment more brought in a dead ruffed grouse. As I surveyed its crested head, its

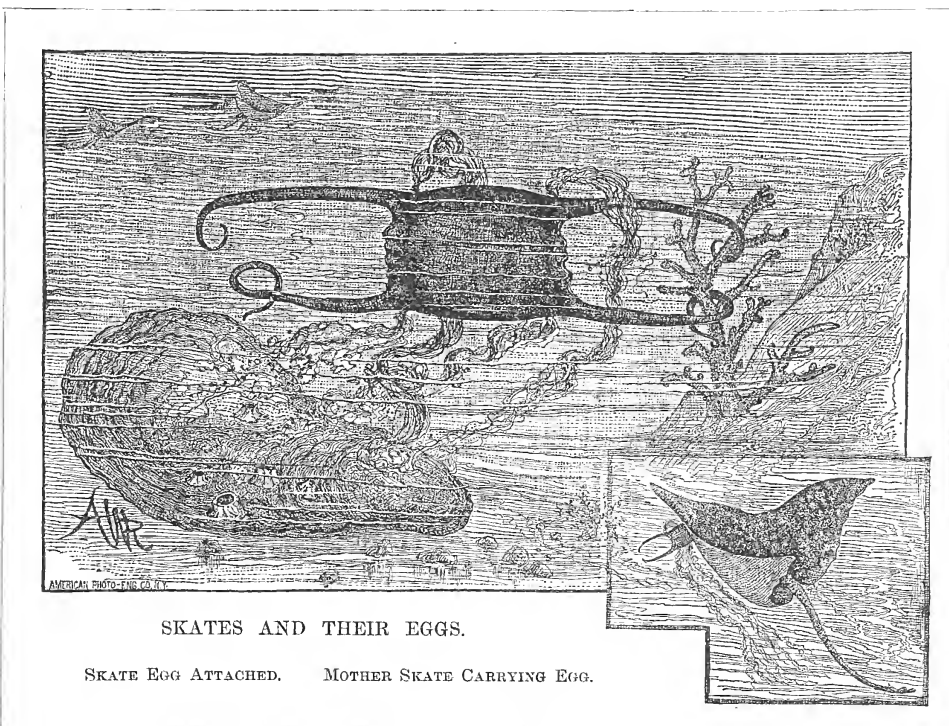
swelling breast, black glossy ruffs, and the banded fan that formed its tail, I felt my young soul swell with pride at the thought that I had shot at it. From this delightful standpoint it was quite easy to jump to the conclusion that I had killed it. Though it went into the netted game bag of one of my companions, the item

Pheasants.....one

formed for the next year the leading item on the best-thumbed page of the only game record I have ever kept.

On we went for another half mile, I reflecting on the fate of merit in this unjust world, and wondering whether I would receive an invitation to assist at the dissection of that pheasant, when the vigorous tail of Sancho began to flag. But for the bright look he gave us as he turned his head about to see if we were coming, one would have thought he had suddenly become tired out and was about to quit hunting for the day. He dawdled about for a while with legs as draggy as though each foot were a sack of shot. But the tendency of his movements was all in one direction, and in a few moments his pace became a wary tread with Don stiff-legged and solemn close in the rear. On he went winding around tree tops, crawling through cat briers with ever slower step and more slowly waving tail. On he went one hundred, one hundred and fifty yards, until his pace became suitable for that of chief mourner at a snail's funeral; but still he did not stop. A hare scampered away from almost under his nose, but with a contemptuous glance at it he went on for another fifty yards or more. Then he suddenly stopped, and crouching low, raised one forefoot.

"Now we've got!"—My friend was interrupted by the obstreperous Bbbbbb of another ruffed grouse. It rose some fifteen yards ahead of the dog and went booming through the timber like a brown-feathered shaft from a giant's bow. Vainly my com-



SKATES AND THEIR EGGS.

SKATE EGG ATTACHED. MOTHER SKATE CARRYING EGG.

panions' guns spattered fierce destruction among the dead leaves along its path, and I could not resist a chuckle of satisfaction when it faded darkling into the back ground of tree trunks and brush. It was evident enough that grouse were not going to drop much that day without my aid. Harboring no hard feelings toward the dog because his master took my "pheasant," I remarked that he "did that mighty well." But Sancho, quite insensible to flattery, went on, passed right over the place where the grouse rose and went on as cautiously as before, while Don stopped there but a second, gave a transient and dubious sniff at the ground and surrounding air, and resumed his march in the procession with an air of wisdom that plainly showed that meeting the grouse was quite accidental, and that other game was on foot. Some sixty yards further on Sancho stopped again with a faint tremor of anxiety in his knees. But in a moment his tail began to wave, he raised his nose and sniffed the air with great caution, then crept a few steps with stealthy tread, and stopped again on the side of a little knoll beside the brook, where the wild stare of his eyes and the trembling of his tail with his efforts to hold it still showed that the trail was ended at last.

Rarely in the Eastern States can one see quail upon the ground, especially at this time of year; but upon a little sand bar on the side of the brook, some twenty yards ahead, was a medley of little blue tails, speckled breasts, white and yellow collars and brown coats, from which came the soft, musical tee, tee, tee, tee, tee, tee.

Young as I was, I had already heard that the "true sportsman" never shoots game on the ground. Imagine then my surprise to see the man who had pocketed the grouse raise his gun at the quail. Imagine next his surprise when my gun went off first. If there is anything I ever was good at it was a "pot shot," and a marvellous aptitude for quick and comprehensive work in this line was developed in advance of most of my other faculties. Only two or three birds flew away, and these he missed in his wrath with both barrels, while nine or ten lay dead in a heap upon the sandy bar. It is almost needless to remark that that was my last hunt with those two gentlemen.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

YANKEE NOTIONS FROM BOSTON.—What is a bear cupboard?—The entire forest. Too much for the lawyers.—The finishing claws of a grizzly's will. What to do with your grizzlies.—Give a dinner to your friends upon their carcasses and say, like a certain ancient Roman, *Et tu, Brute.*—REIGNOLDS.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

SKATES AND THEIR EGGS.

THE electric ray, saw fish, sting ray, cow-nosed ray, butterfly ray, and the immense devil fish of the Florida and North Carolina coasts, the barn-door skate, little skate, big skate, prickly skate, and starry skate, all belong to the great order of *Rajidae*. Then comes the angel fish, or angel shark, which seems to be a sort of stepping stone, or tapering off, variety, from the great shark family into that of the rays. In fact the sharks blend into the rays so gradually as regards their structure, and often their ovo-viviparous egg cases, that it is hard for one not high up in fish science to determine where the blending of these two great families of fishes takes place.

In the largest tank in the Aquarium (100 feet long) I determined to place all the varieties of the ray or skate family that I could procure, particularly those comical little fellows the cow-nosed stinging rays, which I was never tired of watching, as they constantly swam the entire length of the tank forward and backward all day long in Indian file, one close behind another, moving their large pectoral fins, or wings, with all the grace of a bird. At one end of this tank I had caused to be laid a flooring of Coney Island sand, in which the skates delighted to bury themselves. For, unlike the stinging rays, they rarely took an extended swim as long as they were bountifully fed. One day when admiring my cow-nosed pets, I noticed a large female "big skate" (ocellated ray) rapidly moving about on the bottom as if in search of food. Knowing that this could not be what she was

seeking, as all had just been bountifully fed on bull-nosed hard clams, I became interested in her movements. At last, when reaching the upper end of the tank, she had to turn, and in so doing exposed her under side, when I discovered that in her mouth was firmly held a newly laid egg case, from which flowed the long, silken tangles that are so abundantly provided by nature to this particular variety of skate. Constantly and anxiously she moved from one part of the tank to another, carrying the egg case about with her. Closely observing her every motion, I saw her at last settle on a lot of old oyster shells, on which were masses of acorn barnacles and that beautiful, crimson-colored and tree-like sponge which goes by the name of "oyster beard" with the oyster-terms of Long Island Sound and Prince's Bay. Over the mass of shells she pressed down her wings, all the time moving about in small circles and half circles. At the end of half an hour she swam away to the sand end of the tank and buried herself. But the egg case was firmly anchored, as shown in the illustration.

Every few days some of the skates were depositing their egg cases, but none took such great pains to securely anchor them as did the ocellated rays. In the illustration is shown one of these curious looking egg cases which is attached to an oyster shell by the four silken tangles that start from the sides of the egg case. It will be noticed that the four hook-like terminations of the egg case are also intended by nature to aid in more securely anchoring the egg to any marine plant that they may come in contact with. Neither the male nor female pays the slightest attention to the egg cases after they are once securely fastened. To enable the young skate contained in the egg case to breathe, there is an opening at the end nearest the head of the young skate. Through this opening passes a sufficient quantity of water to supply the young with oxygen with which to aerate its blood. After the expiration of a few days, the time being longer or shorter, according to the temperature of the water, the young becomes strong enough to push his way out of the ingeniously constructed opening at the end of the egg case, through which he has received his supply of well oxygenated water. After the young skate has left its egg case, it is several days before the umbilical sac is absorbed, and during this time a rare chance is offered to study the circulation of the blood and the action of the heart, as the body of the young skate is nearly transparent.

In England the skate eggs are called "pixy purses" and



"land barrows," but the egg cases of the spotted shark with its curious curling tendrils (see illustration), are called "mermaids' purses," "sailors' purses" and "sea purses." I

have never found or known of an egg case of any of our sharks or dogfish to be found on our neighboring coasts, though in Europe they are very common.

Mr. Mather informs me that when visiting the Southport Aquarium, he witnessed a spotted shark attack or entangle to a mass of algae, the curling, tendril-like terminations of one end of her egg cases before the egg had been entirely extruded; but that as soon as the tendrils became fastened to the mass of algae she moved along, thus causing the egg to be delivered from her ovary.

During the winter months, after a severe storm, I have often gathered numbers of the fruitful egg cases of both the "barn door skate" and the ocellated ray, which were very interesting studies in embryology during their development in a self-supporting marine aquarium. In England, Scotland and Ireland, the flesh of the skate is highly prized and is eaten both fresh and salted, but in this land of abundance only a few Scotchmen ask for it. A. W. ROBERTS.

HERBERT'S LAW TO PROTECT BIRDS.—It may not be generally known that "Frank Forester" prepared the first effective law for the protection of insectivorous birds passed by the New York Legislature in 1858, and that this law, with a few trifling amendments, is still in force. This enactment, known then as the "Herbert law," was prepared by him only a few weeks before the tragic death of the great sporting author, and therefore was among the last productions of his pen. Through the courtesy of our correspondent "Canonicus," who has the original manuscript in Herbert's characteristic chirography, we recently had the pleasure of examining the historic scroll, which fills ten pages of foolscap paper. "Canonicus," who was active at that time in urging the necessity of a law to protect songsters and insectivorous birds, submitted to us his correspondence with Henry William Herbert, Hon. O. B. Wheeler, Senator (the late General, killed at the Wilderness, May, 1862) Wadsworth and others in regard to the subject and the absolute necessity of the law. The original MSS. of the Herbert law would prove most interesting to all, and any devoted admirer of the late "Frank Forester." Our correspondent desires us to say that inasmuch as the law is in such shape as to be divided and then mounted and framed, he would be glad to have it become the property of some club. In order to meet this idea he is willing to part with it at a low figure, so that the rare souvenir may meet more generally the public eye. Address W. T. Evers, this office.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Many persons when they see birds destroyed wantonly by boys, or for mercenary purposes by men, feel convinced that the law ought to be enforced, but rarely take the trouble, or have the courage, to act up to their convictions. I am glad to be able to say that there is in Delaware at least one man who protects the birds under any and all circumstances. In a recent letter regarding the heronry mentioned by him in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of January 21, Mr. R. B. Gilmer, of Wilmington, states, "The birds return every year, and apparently in increased numbers. I do not think the place has been destroyed to any extent, save by boys of the locality, who at one time were wont to destroy the whole heronry. I succeeded in scaring them away and in having some of them placed under bail for their good conduct. The heronry has been kept intact for several years and I do not want it molested by skin hunters." Let others follow the good example of Mr. Gilmer.—WILLIAM DUTCHER, (of the A. O. U. Com. on Protection of N. A. Birds).

AN ULSTER COUNTY WILDCAT.—Flathush, Feb. 6.—I have just received for mounting a very fine specimen of wildcat or bay lynx from Mr. J. O. Beers, of Saugerties, Ulster county. The cat is the largest I have ever seen, measuring nearly six feet in length. He was killed by a boy fourteen years of age. The boy being armed only with a club, had a tough fight of it, and was well scratched about the arms and breast.—H. B.

HOW DO THEY GET THERE?—Suspension Bridge, N. Y., Feb. 14.—Whenever we have a very dark and stormy night at this season of the year, we find on the following morning dead and wounded ducks in the river just below the falls. I have seen nearly a wagon load picked up in one morning, usually just after a blinding snow storm. Now, the question is, are they ducks that have come over the falls or did they come from down the river and fly into the sheet of water?—O. E. L.

BLUEBIRDS.—Salem, Mass., Feb. 16.—Some bluebirds (*E. sialis*) were seen at Everett, Mass., just before the last severe cold snap.—X. Y. Z.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

182.

MY friend, Dr. E. Bradley, of New York, told me of a little fishing incident which came under his observation. An eight-year-old son of one of his friends was out with the party on a fishing trip, and on returning to the hotel rushed in to his mother, exclaiming, "O, mamma, I caught the biggest fish you ever seed. He was longer'n my arm, and you'd just ought to have seen him, for you never did see such a big one." "Well, where is it, Charlie," asked the mother, "didn't you bring it home with you?" "No, I didn't bring him. He bit and I pulled as hard as I could, but when I got him most up to the boat, he just unbit and div." F. M.

THE WEATHER AND THE BIRDS.—Huntingdon, Tenn., Feb. 10.—For a week the snow has lain upon the ground to the depth of twenty two inches, something remarkable for this latitude. The lowest temperature reached 16° below zero. A few coveys of quail perished, but the most of them have come through in a depleted condition, the survivors hardly able to fly. Squirrels are scarce. Since the snow fell a number of our young men have enjoyed the sport of tracking up raccoons, cutting down the trees in which they den, and letting their dogs to them for a fight. In Beaver Creek Bottom, which lies adjacent to our town, within a radius of one mile square, they bagged about forty coons, in some instances finding as many as four in one tree. As they are useless and pestiferous vermin such great destruction is looked upon as beneficial rather than otherwise.—L. L. H.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE full report of the *FOREST AND STREAM*'s trajectory test of hunting rifles has been issued in pamphlet form, with the illustrations and the tabular summary, making in all 96 pages. For sale at this office, or sent post-paid. Price 50 cents.

CURRITUCK CANVASBACK SHOOTING.

IF to those who are fond of the sport of shooting wild fowl any account of their favorite pastime is welcome, even though the bag may not be phenomenally large, nor the species those which may take an exceptional high rank among the Anatidae; how much more gratifying then may it be, when the subject treats of unusual numbers and of no less eminent abird than the royal canvasback. Gamest of all web-footed fowl, this celebrated species deserves the very highest rank among the creatures worthy of a sportsman's attention, and the opportunities afforded any one of meeting them in their haunts in uncommon numbers, are surely worthy of being recorded. Canvasbacks are eminently cold-weather birds, at least upon our eastern coasts, and they rarely appear, save in the case of a few stragglers, until winter is well advanced, say in Currituck about December. On their arrival their serried ranks are seen high in air, as they traverse the length of the waters they have chosen for their winter home, seeking suitable places to alight where their experience tells them that food is abundant. They frequent the open waters, following the channels in their flights, and rarely enter the bays, or approach the marshes until the severity of the weather compels them to seek some kind of shelter. Among the swiftest of birds upon the wing and endowed with immense vitality, besides having the ability to dive and remain under water almost equaling that of a fish, it requires something more than a tyro's hand to stop them in mid-air, and bring them securely to bag.

The shooting of which I propose to give a brief account, was obtained on grounds which is the property of one of the well-known clubs in Currituck and which may without exaggeration be styled historic ground, for under former owners it has been known far and wide as the most celebrated place for canvasbacks and redheads (our two finest ducks) upon the eastern coast of the United States, not even excepting the flats of the Susquehanna below Havre-de-Grace. Every winter these birds congregate there in immense hosts, and large numbers are brought to bag, especially if the weather is cold or stormy.

Before January, this season, the weather had been mild, indeed some days fairly warm, and consequently the shooting had been moderate, although many good bags had been made, and the total score had assumed very respectable proportions. The canvasbacks had gathered in goodly numbers and the club members were sighing for a freeze so that the birds would be driven to the marshes. The sky had borne a threatening look for several days, and the weather-wise, the Wigginses of those localities, prophesied a storm from out the north, and for once they were true seers. The barometer began to fall rapidly on the 8th of January and the wind rose, while toward evening the mercury made frantic efforts to hide itself altogether in the bulb of the thermometer. It blew a furious gale that night, at times from the southwest and then from the northwest, and the water of the sound, driven before the wind, flooded the marshes, where it froze. Next morning a large portion of the sound was covered with ice and the wind blew as strongly as ever and cut like a knife when one's face was exposed to it. As the ice was not strong enough to bear much weight, but too thick to push a boat through, the members were compelled to amuse themselves indoors. Next day was Sunday, when of course no shooting was permitted. The wind still blew, but not so fiercely, and the cold continued. It was the freeze we had so longed for. From the top of the club house, immense quantities of ducks, geese and swan could be seen flying over the frozen sound, standing on the ice or crowding the airholes of which there were several in view, until they absolutely could not hold one bird more. It was a marvelous exhibition of bird life, under peculiar circumstances, and of the immense clouds of ducks that were constantly rising and circling in the air, nine-tenths were canvasbacks. How beautifully they appeared as they went through their various evolutions, stringing along in well-kept ranks, then suddenly bunching together and executing a wide circle, now shining like silver, again presenting but a grayish mass to our view.

The next day the freeze still continued, and the ice was growing thicker, but still treacherous about the shores. However, about the middle of the day, the writer and a friend determined to try and get somewhere, and gather in out of the cold a few of the birds that were so near us. So, sending the men in charge of a light skiff with some decoys along the marsh, we started to walk across to a point facing the sound, where we could see great numbers of birds flying. The water which had been all over the marsh had now subsided, but had left a coating of ice upheld by the reeds a foot or more above the solid ground. Of course as soon as we stepped on this we broke through, and as it was impossible to tell whether our feet were over firm ground, soft spots or muskrat holes, our progress as may be imagined was difficult, slow and wearisome, varied occasionally by falls. Although our objective point was a short half mile away we did not reach it until about an hour before sundown, and were both nearly used up with our frantic efforts to make headway. Our men had tried the ice, but it would only bear in places, and they had had as much difficulty to reach the appointed spot as we had ourselves, although they had a different kind of obstacle to overcome. We were at the mouth of the creek opening into the sound, with an island in front of us, around the point of which the canvasbacks were passing constantly in flocks of many hundreds. That point we wanted to reach, but could not, as the ice would not bear us, so we put out our decoys in an air hole close by, and gathered eighteen birds in the short time remaining before sunset. The birds did not want to come where we were, so we determined that on the morrow we would get to the other side of the island in front of us, and see where the birds all went to. From the upstart that came from the opposite side, we felt sure there must be an opening in the ice of some extent into which the fowl were settling. Leaving boat and decoys we shouldered guns and game, and with the men on the lead to break a road through the marsh, we reached the club house before dark.

The next morning we had less difficulty in crossing the marsh to our boat, as we had beaten down a good path, and we then crossed the ice, (which had now become some three or four inches thick), to the island we could not reach before. It was still intensely cold, and the birds were everywhere in undiminished numbers. On rounding the point we saw ahead of us a large air hole filled with birds, the ice in the vicinity being also covered with them. As we approached the fowl all took wing with a deafening uproar. It was an impressive sight, for there were many thousands of them. They scattered about seeking other openings in the ice. Fortunately this air hole was close to the island, so we were able to make our blinds of reeds on the bank, and set out our decoys in front of us. We had but few of them, their weight preventing us from carrying them. We had hardly got ourselves into position, when the warning "here they come" was uttered, and a small bunch were seen approaching the decoys.

Canvasbacks are peculiar among ducks for the boldness with which they approach the stools, if they intend to come in, for they seem to pay no attention to anything else save their wooden representatives. No duck, however, on being alarmed, can recover its speed and get away more quickly, and on account of their size, the novice is very apt to be deceived as to the rapidity of their flight, imagining it to be much less than it really is, and therefore shoots behind. To stop them cleverly and neatly, it is necessary to hit them in the head, neck or crop, for if struck behind, their vitality is so great that they are almost certain to escape. In water of any depth, it is useless to follow a wounded canvasback, for on discovering that he is pursued, he will dive, and likely as not, he will never appear again. The birds that were heading for us rapidly approached, and as they were coming against the wind, it was not necessary for them to swing around, so they set their wings and threw their bodies partially upright, preparatory to descent among their supposed kindred. We were watching them closely, remaining perfectly motionless, and as they came to what we deemed the proper distance, a low "now" was uttered, and we rose to our feet, each selecting his bird at the same moment, and like one report the guns were discharged, and two noble drakes, killed in mid-air, but carried still onward by the impetus of their flight across the open water, fell heavily upon the ice. Gathering themselves instantly the survivors with apparently undiminished speed hastened to quit the dangerous neighborhood, but were obliged to leave one more of their number with the drakes upon the ice. And almost without intermission the birds kept coming throughout the day, singly, in pairs, or in small bunches, until at one time we had fifty canvasbacks lying upon the ice in front of us, besides many in the open water. Nearly all were drakes, and we remarked upon the scarcity of females, but we were glad that it was so, for the species had a better chance of being continued if the females survived.

Occasionally a flock of geese would fly near, when a well delivered "honk" would cause them to swerve and come down to us, for we had three or four geese decoys riding in front of the ducks. I know of no more pleasing sight than that presented by a flock of geese sailing in to the decoys. Their great wings spread to the fullest extent, the long necks stretched out before them, they come floating toward the waiting sportsmen who is ready to give them such a warm reception. A very wary bird too is a wild goose, and in spite of his size, he can get out of a dangerous position with a celerity that is perfectly amazing.

As the day drew to a close, our ammunition began to get low and we also commenced to feel that we had shot enough for once. In every direction in front of us birds were lying, for we had shot fairly well, not killing every time (we are not of the class of sportsmen who can do that), missing sometimes perfectly easy shots, killing at other times birds that it would seem almost impossible to stop. Word was passed to the guides to pick up the trophies and get ready to leave. It took some time to gather the birds and they made a goodly show—the largest number of canvasbacks I ever saw killed in a single day from one blind. Leaving our decoys we loaded up the boats with our game and started over the ice for the club house. We were obliged to leave our boat at the marsh and carry the birds to the house overland. We found that the other members had not been idle, and our grand total, considering the number of guns, was very large. *FOREST AND STREAM* has given the scores made for four days of this time, it is not therefore necessary for me to say any more. I left the grounds the following week, but I learn that the shooting has continued good and that a great many of the royal birds have been killed. WILDFOWLER.

FEB. 10, 1886.

"MIDWINTER PERILS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Camp Annie is all broken up.

In yours of the 4th you publish an article headed "Midwinter Perils," and quote from a Bangor paper under date of Jan. 26. As a sequel I inclose a clipping from same paper Feb. 8. I do this to let you know that you will get no more "notes from (our) winter camp" for some time. Camp Annie, which was started last July under such favorable auspices, proved almost a death trap to us both, but fortunately Mr. Allison received no permanent injury and I but a slight one.

The article reads: "Our readers will remember that a few weeks ago Mr. C. A. Allison, a New York sportsman, narrowly escaped drowning by breaking through the ice on Moose River while coming out of camp on Brassua Lake. Mr. Allison and his friend, Mr. T. C. Huntington, came from New York and went into camp on Brassua early last spring and they seem to have been ill-fated. Mr. Allison left Mr. Huntington alone in camp when he came away, and everything went well with him until about two weeks ago when he had the misfortune to put his ankle out of joint. This left him in a bad plight. He was on the shore of Brassua Lake, miles from any human habitation, and at a place where no lumbermen, or in fact any person was at all likely to pass. By making a great effort Mr. Huntington pulled his ankle back into place, but he was then unable to step. He lay in his camp until one week ago yesterday, when a hunter and guide who was exploring around the lake thought he would visit him and tell him of Mr. Allison's adventure. When the visitor reached the camp he found Mr. Huntington nearly ready to give up all exertions to keep from freezing. He had a small amount of food left, but he had broken up all his benches and camp furniture for fuel. The guide relieved his wants and then went to Kinco and obtained help, and one week ago to-day Mr. Huntington was hauled out to the above place on a sled. He came down on Saturday night's train, attended by two other gentlemen, and was at the Penobscot Exchange yesterday. Mr. Huntington ex-

pects to recover in about six weeks, and he says that he shall then return to Brassua and go into camp again. He certainly has an unlimited amount of pluck."

I sincerely hope that no one, on reading this, will be deterred from going into a winter camp if he feels so disposed, as I can assure you that some of my pleasantest camping days were spent in Camp Annie during last December and January. One thing I will urge, however—never go into camp, winter or summer, alone. I camped once before by myself in Colorado, during the winter of 1869-70, fifty miles from the nearest known habitation, for five long winter months, and I then was deprived by an accident of the use of my left arm, and was obliged to snowshoe those fifty miles alone in search of help. So you see I am fairly able to judge of the disadvantages of camping alone.

I should like to mention here the exceeding kindness I received from all with whom I came in contact in the woods, and I take this opportunity to thank them for all favors extended toward me. To some of them I undoubtedly owe my life. I hope that our experience may serve as a lesson to others to be careful while in the woods, and that FOREST AND STREAM may have no more "Midwinter Perils" to chronicle.

T. C. H.

JERSEY CITY, Feb. 9.

LESSONS OF THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

"OLD Fogies to the Front" should perhaps be the title of this article, for that is most certainly where we have arrived, if I am any judge of arrivals. The test certainly sustains in the fullest manner all that Major Merrill, Mr. Romer, I or others ever claimed, viz., that the old American muzzleloader, as an accurate rifle at ordinary hunting ranges, has not yet been equaled, much less excelled by any rifle in which the ball was started below the grooves of the rifle. It was commonly supposed, ten years ago, that the superiority of the breechloader was settled by the international match of 1876. But every American rifle in that match was loaded as a muzzleloader, either by running the ball down the muzzle or shoving it up from the breech and pushing the shell charged with powder after it. The only earthly difference was that in the English rifles the breech-blocks were screwed in and in the American rifles were easily movable. In every long-range match ever shot since then the breechloaders have been thus loaded, or the ball was so lightly seated in the shell and so long in body that it was almost entirely in the grooves at the time it received the first impact of the powder.

Directly after this match of 1876, up rose a set composed of two classes—those who were carried away into blind idolatry by the superior speed of fire and convenience of the breechloader, and those who had never shot a muzzleloader and did not know what good shooting was. This set, fired with that absurd and false spirit of progress which feels bound to decri as worthless everything old, suddenly discovered that the rifle of their daddies was not only inferior at long range to the production of their own wondrous age, but never did shoot anywhere at any distance; that the whole art of rifle-making had, in fact, but just been discovered, and that anybody who thought otherwise was an old fogey, etc. The fact that any such heretic constantly used a breechloader for hunting because of its convenience, as I did, and would use nothing else, only made his offense the more rank. As far back as ten years ago, to say that the wonderful American breechloader was anything but perfection, was only to prove yourself an ignoramus and a bungler who did not know how to shoot.

The trajectory test has quietly buried all such questions. Of course the report passes no judgment upon rifles. It is not expected to discriminate between any rifles or makers. But the facts are all there and the conclusions irresistible. We not only hear of no wild or corkscrewing balls from the muzzleloaders, but are expressly told that they "maintained a high degree of accuracy," etc. When a breechloader comes up to the muzzleloaders we hear of it at once. It happens, however, in but one case. On page 406 of FOREST AND STREAM, we read of the Ballard, 40 70:

"This arm is one of the fine, close-shooting, patched-bullet weapons, and, so far as compact bunching of the shots on the target, seemed to be fully equal to the high-charged muzzleloaders in the test." This was a patched ball, very long in body, with not over one-eighth of the ball seated in the shell; a rifle specially made for fine target work. Its accuracy was due to its approach to the muzzleloaders, fully seven-eighths of the ball being in the grooves of the rifle at the explosion of the powder. A careful reading of the whole report makes it pretty safe to assume that if any other rifle had equalled "the high-charged muzzleloaders" we should have heard of it. On the contrary, it is full of apologies and explanations, but the muzzleloaders don't seem to need any of them.

But in reality the muzzleloader was far ahead of this Ballard rifle, the difference in trajectory being for a hunting rifle *per se*, a difference in accuracy. The Romer rifle made 200 yards with a rise of about 4½ inches less than the Ballard 40 70. The principal part of the claim always made by the old fogies was that no American breechloader could shoot from the shell with accuracy as short a ball with as heavy a charge of powder as was done with the old muzzleloaders by those who knew how to load them. This claim is fully substantiated if anything is. That carries all else with it; for if accurate with such charges, they certainly are with less powder and longer balls, except for long range, for which their twist may not always be sufficient.

This point seems to have been overlooked by your London correspondent "J. J. M.," who expresses surprise that I should have thought it good shooting to keep on a half-inch bullseye all day at twenty yards. I expressly said "with four or five inches of powder behind the ball." Will he show me a breechloader that will do it with that amount of powder and the ball in the shell? He will find few in America that will do it with over one inch of powder and a very long ball will be needed then.

I was merely combating the old idea that "too much powder drives the ball wild," and showed that it did not apply to many American muzzleloaders and was not necessarily true. In the "Still-Hunter" I said that the "express or high speed system is by many supposed to be an English invention, but on the contrary is as old as the history of American rifle shooting." I was trying to show that high speed and accuracy were combined many years ago. Almost any rifle will shoot well with a very small charge of powder. This is the cause of the great accuracy of the 22-caliber rifles and it is the difference in the amount of powder that makes the .22 short more reliable for a long series of shots than the .22 long. In spite of the fact that they do not fill the chamber, they are still about the most accurate of all the breechloaders—a thing that would be almost impossible with

[Cut this out, put it on a blank, obtain signatures and send to your Member at Albany.]

A PETITION

For the Continued Protection of Adirondack Deer, AND AGAINST WATER-BUTCHERY.

To the Honorable, the Legislature of the State of New York:

We, the undersigned, residents of _____ County, respectfully petition that the law (Chap. 557, Laws of 1885) which makes it "unlawful to pursue any wild deer in this State with any dog or bitch" may not be amended in any such way as to permit the use of dogs for hunting deer at any time. The present non-hounding law is absolutely essential to maintain the supply of deer in the Adirondacks. The use of dogs and water-butchery would surely cause the extinction of the game.

(Signed)

a fair charge of powder. The combination of accuracy with tip-top speed was the great point in the old muzzleloader, and it will be a few days yet before it is beaten.

Nor has "J. J. M." any real ground for surprise at the statement of "Mississippi Lowlands" that two of the leading American breechloaders missed a 2½-inch disc at 40 yards, the one five shots out of ten, the other three shots out of ten, while a muzzleloader that was older than any of us hit it every time. That is just exactly the trick that a breechloader can play, while a muzzleloader carefully loaded, never does. Either of those breechloaders might at the next ten shots hit it every time. But you can't depend upon their doing it as they would if they were loaded as muzzleloaders.

Another trick that a rifle can play when the ball is started below the grooves instead of in them is that played by the .30 express that "J. J. M." mentions which shot several balls accurately at 40 yards, yet would not be accurate at 100. Those balls at 40 yards must have been rotating a little off the true axis, and their grouping in the mark may have been accidental, a thing that wild bullets will often do, or else he 40-yard target was exceptional and could not be repeated. "J. J. M." certainly will not assert that a bullet whose axis of rotation is correct up to 40 yards could without touching anything begin to wobble before it reached 100 yards. A small round ball may do it, but any ball long enough to make a good 150-yard target at all, if rotating on the proper axis at 40 yards will still be there at 100 yards, unless deflected by something.

These same principles will explain the accuracy ascribed by "J. J. M." to smooth-bores. I used to see plenty of what were once called "smooth-bored rifles" by the country folks to distinguish them from "cut rifles." With a moderate charge of powder, and tight, well-shaped round ball, they will do fair shooting; and if you count out the wild balls will do fine shooting. But they work just like the breechloaders of fifteen years ago, throw so large a percentage of wild balls that they are unreliable. They may also act like a good rifle defectively loaded, throw a majority of the balls fairly in the center and the rest far enough off to miss an elk at 100 yards. All such work may be tolerated, provided we can get nothing better, but only on such condition.

The FOREST AND STREAM deserves the sincerest thanks of all riflemen for the careful, exhaustive and impartial nature of this trajectory test. Its results will stand for many a year as the arbiter of all disputes and the basis upon which the trajectory of any new rifle may be very nearly calculated without actual trial. The most important of its lessons is, however, one that is liable to be wrongly read by many, to wit, the effect of low velocity in hunting or shooting at unknown and ever-varying distances within such range as one is likely to get a shot at any sort of game.

It would be quite natural for one who gave little thought to the question to say that the difference of a few inches in the height of the curve at 100 yards would be but a small matter, easily remedied by holding a little lower and not worth half the fuss that has been made over it, and that on the first and last part of the course the difference was still more trifling. When we come to the trajectory for 100 yards, the difference at 50 yards between any of the rifles there tested seems still more contemptible, and by no means balancing the increase of powder, noise and fouling.

But this position would be founded upon the tacit assumption that the hunter always aimed so as to hit above the center at all objects between him and the point blank of the rifle. Such persons figure in imagination an antelope standing at 100 yards, with several rifles sighted for 200 yards aimed at him with the same sight as for 200 yards, with the bullets striking 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 inches too high, some missing entirely and the others only crippling the animal, and quite naturally conclude that holding a little lower will bring them all nearly even. Such would be the case if that were the way the rifle were used in hunting. But that is precisely the way it is not used; and the error is, in fact, generally about four times what it thus appears to be.

The hunter always wishes to hit his game in the exact spot at which he aims. He never wants to hit it too high. This is what the novice generally does when he hits at all, and his improvement from a bungler to a good shot upon game consists almost entirely in shooting lower without getting too low. He must make a center shot as often as possible. In other words, if the game does not happen to be at the point blank of the rifle he must change the point blank to suit the game. Whether he does this by taking a finer front sight or by holding the sights below the mark the effect is precisely the same as if he lowered the back sight and reduced the point blank in that way. So that when the crack shot shoots at the antelope at 100 yards with the rifle sighted to a point blank of 200 and makes a center shot, he does it by reducing the point blank to 100 yards. His ability to do this quickly is mainly what makes him a crack shot on game.

If now the game is a few yards closer than he aims for, he hits it but a trifle too high. But if a few yards further off, he hits it—not the same distance too low that he would before have been too high—but a great deal more. Here is where

he generally errs. The tyro will err the other way and think his game is further than it really is, but the skillful shot upon game has got over that error, and in trying to avoid it, runs into another, less dangerous indeed, and the lesser of two evils, but still an evil—underestimating distance. If game appears to be at 125 yards and there is the least doubt about its being only 100, the careful hunter will always decide in favor of the shorter distance.

Now, not only does a difference of six inches at 100 yards in the rise of two trajectories for 200 yards make a great difference in the difficulty of holding a finer sight or holding lower for intermediate game or higher for game beyond the point blank, but makes an enormous difference if the game happens to be a little further off than the hunter thought it was. To understand this last difference the rifles must be viewed as fired, with sight's set parallel with the axis of the bore, and the fall of the bullets below the line of sight will quickly show what actually takes place in hunting. The fall of any bullet from gravity alone is, at any point, about four times the height of the trajectory required to make a point blank at that distance. Thus a bullet requiring a rise of 6 inches to make 200 yards would, if fired from a level, drop 4x6 or 24 inches at 200 yards. I use round numbers all through for convenience, but they are very near. And the ball taking a rise of 12 inches, would therefore drop 48 inches at 200. Dividing these figures all by 4 again will give us very nearly the figures for 100 yards, the two rifles having but 1½ inches difference at 50 yards by the ordinary way of measuring trajectory, but actually four times this at 100 yards, or 6 inches as the hunter measures trajectory in the field. The influence of air resistance we must leave out for convenience.

Now, to whatever distance the point blank is set, either by adjustment of sights or by taking an extra fine sight or holding under, this same result, the difference in the fall of the bullets, begins immediately after passing it. Now, draw yourself a diagram of two trajectories, the one striking at 100 yards 6 inches below the center and at 200 yards 24 inches below; the other at 100 yards 12 inches below and at 200 yards 48 inches below, and you will see exactly the difference between the two or nearly all shots that happen to be further off than you aim for. Yet the difference between the two at 100 yards as trajectories are ordinarily measured would be but 1½ inches at 50 yards, an error that many would quite naturally say was of little consequence.

Now, compare in this way the muzzleloader of Mr. Romer with its 6-inch rise with the rim-fire .44 long, shown on page 387 of FOREST AND STREAM. This is the cartridge, I believe, of the old Henry and Winchester of 1866, and very nearly represents the trajectory of the average breechloader of 12 or 15 years ago. Its rise at 100 yards is 19 inches, making a drop of 76 inches at 200 and at 50 yards its rise is 4½ inches, making a drop of about 18 inches at 100 yards, both about three times that of the muzzleloader. Were those fools, old fogies, duffers, etc., who, ten years ago, pronounced such things inferior in accuracy within hunting ranges to the old muzzleloader? If any one thinks this difference overestimated let him try at unknown and varying distance and at natural marks two such rifles up to 200 yards. He will be apt to say it is underestimated.

Applying this test we can quickly see what our rifles, "for small game," are worth. They are good for small game only because they do not tear it. A rifle with a rise of 4 inches at 50 yards or a drop of 16 at 100 is a nice thing to hit small game with, isn't it?

It may be said that the fault of the breechloader is in its ammunition. True enough. But if we complained of the ammunition it could be said that the fault is in the rifle. It is immaterial which way we look at it.

The trajectory test certainly proves one thing which I claimed several years ago in this paper—that a hunting rifle should be made to shoot two different kinds of bullets and charges, one a light bullet with a heavy load of powder for all short range hunting, and also be fixed so as to be loaded as a muzzleloader where extreme accuracy is needed and there is no haste. This last is easily done by pushing a patched ball through an empty shell into the grooves and then inserting one filled with powder. This is the method I have generally used as much quicker and more convenient than loading from the muzzle with a ramrod. But it seems an easy matter to invent some much better and quicker way.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

SAN DIEGO, Cal.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have taken great interest in the trajectory tests conducted by the FOREST AND STREAM this winter. The reports thereof have helped me out with one idea which I had spent some thought and experiments upon before, but never with the facilities you had. That is the gyratory motion of some bullets. I had heretofore formed the idea that the more twist there is to the rifling the greater the danger of bullets taking this motion, and your reports confirm me in that opinion. But I cannot coincide with "Common Sense" in his reasoning as to the cause of this eccentricity in some bullets. I think the real cause lies in the fact that through

some means the center of diameter and the center of weight in these individual bullets is not the same.

To demonstrate, take a rifle bullet with a flat base and drill a hole into the base on one side of the center nearly through the bullet, so as to cause one side to be lighter than the other, fire this bullet over the water, and you will see that when it strikes the water it does not skip straight forward as a bullet should but glances to one side, showing that it was not following a course directly parallel with the line of sight but was revolving with a corkscrew motion around it. If it touches the water in the lower part of the gyratory motion it will glance to the left, but if in the upper part it will glance to the right. Shoot the same kind of a ball from a smooth-bored gun and it will skip straight forward, because it has no revolving motion. Again, take a baseball and insert a piece of lead or other weight just under the cover on one side. Strike this ball with a flat bat, so that it will have no revolving motion as it flies, and the line of its flight will be a true line, no matter which side of the ball the weight may be. But throw the same ball from the hand and it will have a revolving motion, the axis of its revolution being at right angles with its line of flight. The line of flight of the ball will be a wavering line, being first upon one side and then upon the other of a direct line. Now if you can throw the ball in such a way that the axis of its revolution shall be parallel with its line of flight (like the motion of a rifle ball), you will see the gyratory motion.

Now what causes some rifle bullets to have their center of weight differ from their center of diameter? is the question. Can any one explain that to me? Can we look for an explanation in the fact that most rifle bullets at this day are composed of a combination of two metals? When two metals are melted together, will the lighter rise to the top as in liquids? Who can answer this question for me?

LEW WILLOW.

MALVERN, Ark., Feb. 10.

HUNTING AT ARMY POSTS.

[Continued from Page 45.]

THIS week we print another batch of letters from our friends at the army posts, giving interesting bits of information about the sort of game prevalent and the use of the army Springfield shotgun:

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your note received yesterday I forward the inclosed from Major Kellogg, U.S.A., concerning small game.

Of the larger sort there are a few antelope still left, very few indeed compared with the vast herds that roamed on these plains some years ago. Buffalo, once numbered by the hundred thousand, have wholly disappeared from this section of country. A few straggling buffaloes, remnant I presume of the old southern band, were reported near the upper Cimarron during the summer.

I have not seen nor heard of an elk since our arrival at Fort Hays last June.

Our larder at Hays is helped out by prairie chicken, quail and a very small amount of antelope or venison, each in its season.

J. J. COPPINGER.

FORT HAYS, KAN., Jan. 22.

My dear Colonel:

As a reply to the note from FOREST AND STREAM, which you referred to me, my short residence at this post would lead me to make these remarks:

There is no large game in this section. A few antelope are sometimes seen, but a hunt for them would seldom be successful. We have several varieties of game birds, some of them—the pinnated grouse and the quail—in sufficient numbers to make their pursuit good sport. Local sportsmen say that waterfowl shooting is sometimes tolerably good in the autumn, and usually fine sport in the spring when the pond holes are full of water. There is no close season for these birds. The pinnated grouse are becoming more numerous each year, and during the first half of the open season, which is from Sept. 1 till Dec. 31, a fair shot can make a good bag of them. The open season for quail is from Nov. 1 till Dec. 31. But few of these birds can be found within a radius of five miles from the post; but beyond that distance, on Big Creek (running through the reservation), on the Saline River, on the north fork of Big Creek, and probably on every stream in this vicinity, they are in such numbers that one who is an average shot can, with a good dog, bag from fifteen to thirty or more in a day's shooting. Occasionally a bevy may be found a few miles from any stream.

From information given by local sportsmen I believe quail are yearly decreasing in number. This is undoubtedly mainly due to the ubiquitous pot-hunter and trapper. The severe cold and deep snow which we have had during the last twenty days have doubtless killed great numbers of these birds, and I scarcely hope for a great measure of success in the pursuit of Bob White this year.

I am told that a few snipe can be obtained during the spring migration, and one can sometimes bag a golden plover, but plover are not often abundant here.

The Springfield shotgun, the delight of the company pot-hunter, is utilized by him to the fullest extent, and by him alone; in his hands it is left by the true sportsman, who, as he is a gun lover, is a gun owner. It is an effective arm for all small birds, and also for ducks in the early autumn. At some posts it gives variety to the company mess.

E. R. KELLOGG, Captain 18th Infantry.

FORT HAYS, KAN., Jan. 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to your queries addressed to the commanding officer of this post, I was requested by him to reply, and it gives me great pleasure to be able to give you the information desired. The supply of game, both large and small, is abundant. Black-tail deer and antelope are found, not, however, in the immediate vicinity of the post. Hunting parties are compelled to go about fifteen to twenty miles away; this is owing to the fact that immediately surrounding the post is a large Mexican population, who own considerable sheep and goats which roam around, followed by herders and dogs, which cause the game to keep further away than otherwise.

There are stationed here 300 troops of the 3d Cavalry, headquarters and band of the regiment. From these organizations frequent hunts are made, the parties numbering from three to five and six, and they have been invariably successful in bringing in a large supply of deer and antelope meat. As a sample of what was done here lately, I will take the hunt of four handmen, all excellent shots. They left here on a ten days' hunting pass to get a supply of game for Christmas and New Year's; they succeeded in bagging five large deer and twenty-two antelope. This was also accomplished by hunters from the three troops, with quite if not equal success,

The men reported the deer and antelope "plenty," and could have killed many more, but having plenty to supply the wants of the garrison for some time, refrained.

There are among the enlisted men here a great many ardent sportsmen, sportsmen in the true meaning of the term, who deprecate the wholesale slaughter of game for the sole purpose of killing and letting their carcasses rot on the prairie, which I am sorry to say is being done by hunters in the West for the "hide," and by hunters from the East for the pure sake of killing, which work, if allowed to continue without let up or hindrance, will soon result in the extermination of the elk, deer and antelope as the buffalo has been exterminated. So much for the large game. The blue quail is plentiful around here, and one occasionally meets with the black or Messina quail, a most beautiful bird, which is not numerous and is very hard to find. Ducks, the mallard, blue-winged teal, the hooded merganser were met with in the ponds and on Lympia Creek in the earlier part of the winter, and a great number were killed, but there seem to be none here at present. Curlew were plentiful last summer, as were the mountain plover. We have had a surfeit of quail; the officers are continually out hunting them. For two hours' work, twenty would be considered good shooting; occasionally one can take a dog and gun and stroll out from the post a short distance and get a few quail, but for good shooting, four to five miles must be traveled in order to reach good shooting ground. The enlisted men do not seem to take so much to shotgun shooting as they do to shooting with the rifle or carbine, probably because they are more familiar with the latter arms, and cannot get the time or lack facilities, but small game shooting is almost entirely confined to the officers. There are some men in each organization here who use the shotgun and go hunting frequently and are very successful. You continually meet the same men, and very seldom a new face appears, but there are always plenty of volunteers for large game hunting. Probably the smallness of this garrison in enlisted men compared to the amount of work required of them prevents many from availing themselves of the pleasure.

I can bear testimony to the uniform excellence of the Springfield shotgun and of the excellent results from the use of them by enlisted men, and they admirably serve the purpose for which they were designed. Of course, the ambition of most of the good hunters among the men is to own a double-barreled shotgun.

F. H. HARDIE,

FORT DAVIS, Texas, Jan. 23.

First Lieutenant 3d Cavalry.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your letter of the 9th inst., in reference to game in this vicinity, I have to say that deer can be found in abundance not very far from here. About 100 have been brought into the post during the winter.

Mountain sheep and goats are found about 100 miles from the post, but it is very difficult to get them. Bears can also be found from 50 to 100 miles from the post.

Prairie chickens (i. e., sharp-tails) and blue grouse are very plenty all around us. Large numbers of them are brought into the garrison in their season. There are also some ruffed grouse and a very few sage hens about here.

The Springfield shotgun does some good work.

Deer improve the post larder somewhat. Small game does not amount to much in that direction, except in officers' messes.

A. S. DAGGETT, Captain 2d Infantry.

FORT SPOKANE, W. T., Jan. 27.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your note of the 9th ultimo came duly to hand, and I submitted it to Major Jackson, of my regiment, for reply. He made the following note on its back, which I send for your information:

"There is no game other than willow grouse in the immediate vicinity of the post. From fifty to one hundred miles south-southwest and southeast, game, large and small, can be found, consisting principally of willow grouse, ruffed grouse and blue grouse, deer, elk and bear. Antelope and buffalo are about extinct.

"The company shotguns are used considerably by the enlisted men, and they vary their diet in some small degree by the grouse and ducks killed with them; but the extent to which they are turned to profitable account is not appreciable."

N. A. M. DUDLEY, Colonel 1st Cavalry.

FORT CUSTER, W. T., Feb. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yours of the 9th inst. just received. In reply thereto, would state that game has almost disappeared from this vicinity. When I came to this post (1881) game of some varieties, as turkeys, deer, quail, plover (upland), was very abundant. In the spring and fall geese and ducks were to be found in numbers sufficient for rather good sport. Game continued to be quite abundant until the winter of 1884. Since that time it has decreased in quantity very rapidly. This is due, I think, to the unusual cold winters and the presence of large herds of cattle held here for grazing purposes. Moreover, during the years 1884-5, much of the country has been burned over in fall and winter, destroying the food supply. Last year and the year before, turkeys in large quantities migrated, going toward the south and east. This occurred late in the fall of those years and they have not returned. Last year the quail were almost all destroyed by the extreme cold weather and want of food. Coveys of twenty and twenty-five were found frozen to death in January last. This winter has been equally destructive to those that were left over. The geese and ducks no longer come in, except now and then a few scattering bunches.

In regard to the shotgun referred to, I consider it a perfect failure. It might be used in killing tomcats, I presume. Many of our men own good double guns, generally of gauge No. 12, and use them with effect.

I was out early in last month with a party of one officer and some enlisted men and Indian scouts—eight. Went south to the main Canadian, some sixty miles from this post. We found some deer, killed fifteen. Saw very little other game. Very few turkeys—killed fifteen. Two years since we should have killed all the turkeys wanted on the same ground. This year all the country had been burned over and the game had left.

X.

FORT SUSTY, I. T., Jan. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The commanding officer has requested me to answer for him your letter of Jan. 9, knowing that I have been here longer and that I am better acquainted with the subject of your letter for that reason.

Last winter at least 400 wild turkeys were eaten at this post, this winter about 225 have given us a rest from the

beef of this region. At least four-fifths, I believe more, of these turkeys were killed by double-barrel shotguns, the remainder by the company shotguns, rifles and carbines. The proportion given will hold good with the other game we kill here, but the wild turkey, from Sept. 1 to April 1, is our principal game, ducks and prairie chickens coming next. Deer and antelope have become very scarce indeed. I have never fired the Springfield shotgun, but have been out hunting a number of times with good hunters who had them and have seen those same men with the double-barrel shotgun, and in comparison with the average double-barrel shotgun the Springfield "company shotgun" stands a poor chance. It is only a makeshift better than a rifle or carbine, which would mangle the game so as almost to render it worthless for table use. I believe the cartridge of the company shotgun will not hold a load large enough for turkey hunting.

C. J. CRANE, First Lieutenant 24th Infantry.

FORT SILL, I. T., Jan. 30.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your communication of the 9th inst., I have the honor to inform you that no regular account of bag, except in one or two cases, has been kept; but as near as we can figure up we find our killing for the past season about as follows, viz.: Deer, 1; ducks, 163; geese, 2; chickens, 1,059; snipe, 50; rabbits, 40.

About two-thirds of the above game was shot by three officers at the post with double-barrel guns; of the balance, probably one-fifth was procured by enlisted men with the Springfield shotgun, which, while very convenient and serviceable in the early season for young birds, is not strong enough for waterfowl or late chicken shooting, and the men then generally resort to their rifles, in many cases using reloaded shells with reduced charges and round bullets.

We have chickens and rabbits in abundance in the vicinity of the post, a fair number of geese, ducks and snipe in season; but their feeding and breeding ground is principally about fifty miles north of this place. We have few or no deer in the immediate vicinity of the post, having a large Indian camp that keep them hunted out; but they are reasonably plentiful forty or fifty miles from here in the hills between this and the Yellowstone. No regular hunting camps have been out from this post this past season, and our shooting has been principally confined to ordinary day spotting, except in one or two instances during duck season.

The Indians destroy considerable small game—chickens and rabbits—during the winter months, shooting the chickens from the trees, but do not exert themselves much in hunting large game.

There are few or no buffalo or elk in this part of the country, all killed or driven out.

W. T. HARTZ, Captain 15th Infantry.

CAMP POPLAR RIVER, Mont., Jan. 26.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your communication of the 9th inst. to the post commandant has been referred to me and I take pleasure in replying to your inquiries.

The supply of game, both large and small, within reach of this garrison is practically, so far as our own desires are concerned, unlimited. In the immediate vicinity of the post the variety of small game embraces willow grouse, geese, brant, ducks, sandhill crane (the young ones being quite edible), plover, curlew, robins, meadow larks, sage hens, snipe and vast numbers of doves. We have good duck shooting all the year round, while the best season for small game in general is from March to October 1.

Within a few miles of the post, representing from one to two days' journey, we find deer, antelope, mountain sheep, etc. The season for large game shooting is from October to March.

In the above enumeration I neglected to mention the hare (jack rabbit) and the cotton-tail rabbit. The former are so numerous as to be termed a nuisance, while there are but few of the latter. The jack rabbits afford us much valuable practice with the rifle, but except just at the present season it is never found on the white man's table, although the Indians eat them at all times.

The Springfield shotguns are capable of good execution and for a single barreled gun are very satisfactory, but as there are but two issued to a company they are but little used, as every man who is at all fond of hunting owns his gun, and as a result the Springfields fall to the lot of the occasional hunter and poor shot, and consequently do not add much to the company larder.

We have the finest kind of trout fishing, and, I may add, both the hunting and fishing is all that the most enthusiastic sportsman could desire.

As to the extent to which the supply is laid under tribute to enrich the post larder I have to say that it is limited only by the desire of the sporting portion of the garrison to go out and bring it in. As for myself I never let a week go by without going to the meadows, and one month I hardly missed a day. There are nine shotguns in the post and many fine shots with rifle and gun; you can imagine the result.

In conclusion I will write you the result of our latest hunts in Steen Mountain, Oregon. Party of eight hunting four days, killed 15 deer, 3 antelope, 5 coyotes, 1 badger, ducks, geese, sage hens, willow grouse. Other party of four hunting three days, killed 11 deer and 1 antelope, with smaller game. The first party killed about 50 jack rabbits, with the rifle only, at range from 50 to 300 yards. As for the small game, 109 sage hens represent one day's shooting, party of ten, and same number have brought in 160 ducks, the result of one day's shoot. The highest catch of brook trout was 123 in one day, by two of our crack fishermen. We have a fine trout stream running through the post which affords good fishing for miles up and down. Ten-Mile Creek is a still better stream, while McDermitt Creek, at Disaster Peak (twenty-three miles), cannot be excelled in its number or quality of fine game trout.

With abundant transportation and every facility for camping out, a distance of twenty-five or even seventy-five miles, only add pleasure to our sport, and I venture to say that there is no finer hunting or fishing in the country than that within easy reach of this garrison. But hunting and fishing is about all we do here, as eighty miles of sage brush desert separate us from "civilization and the railroad."

W. A. MERCER, Lieut. 8th Infantry.

FORT McDERMIT, Nev., Jan. 31.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—Du Quoin, Ill., Feb. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The sixth annual meeting and tournament of the Southern Illinois Sportsmen's Association will be held at Du Quoin between the 15th of May and 15th of June.—C. P. RICHARDS, Secretary.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the devices adopted last fall by pot-hunters, wishing to evade the anti-hounding law, was a ruse which worked successfully wherever resorted to, for the game protectors did not learn of the dodge until after the hunters had left the woods or ceased shooting. I will cite a case by way of illustration: A party of hunters, six or eight in number, entered the wilderness and encamped on Moose River. They devoted their time to sitting on the runways, ostensibly watching for any deer which might, of its own free will, wander their way. Under ordinary circumstances, as every hunter knows full well, such a proceeding would be sheer folly, for the chances of getting a deer in this manner are very slight indeed, especially at the season of the year when this party was on the warpath. That the hunters knew what they were about was demonstrated by the fact that from one to half a dozen deer could be taken by them in a day. At first their success appeared to be due to chance, but the seldom varying good fortune attending their silent vigils led other sportsmen who had unsuccessfully tried the same method of hunting to suspect something "rotten in Denmark." When questioned closely the hunters said that it was almost an every day occurrence for one or more "strange dogs" to run deer into the stream, and the party depended on the so called chance visitations for its supply of venison.

To experienced woodsmen the story looked decidedly thin, but it was not until after the hunters left the woods that the truth of the matter came out. The facts as stated by one who knows are these: Before entering the woods the hunters sent a guide with three or four hounds on ahead of them, with the understanding that he should occupy a shady half a mile distant from the stream and never, under any circumstances, appear at the other camp. He was instructed to keep away from the other members of the party as far as possible while in the woods, and was to receive orders from one of the hunters who would stealthily visit his quarters about sundown and map out the work for the next day. His duties were to care for the dogs at his lodge during the night and to put them out after deer in the morning for the benefit of the hunters on the river. It was the understanding that the dogs should be started on fresh tracks only in order that the run might be brief and the chances of detection correspondingly lessened. In case a stranger happened along and saw or heard a hound in pursuit of a deer all hands were expected to swear that it was a stray one. A dog was never to be allowed to stay at the main camp.

The ruse worked well last fall, but the game protectors are better posted now and will be on the lookout for such chaps next season.

This is one of the many dodges resorted to by pot-hunters to obtain a supply of deer for the market, and there is no doubt but that hundreds were killed in this manner last year. It is a conceded fact that hounds could be heard running in the woods every day last fall, in the vicinity of lakes or large streams, but it was an extremely difficult matter to find a man who would confess to owning one.

The opposers of the anti-hounding act are strictly non-committal on this subject, as they are seeking to make it appear that the still-hunters killed all the deer. I am indebted to one of this class, however, for the facts concerning the ruse adopted in the Moose River region.

PORTSA.

URICA, N. Y., Feb. 12.

[From the New York Times, Feb. 14.]

It is not necessary, however, to share the acrimony of the contest in order to arrive at an impression with regard to its merits. Nor is it necessary to go into the incidental questions as to the comparative demerits of "dogging" and "jacking." It may be proper, however, to explain for the benefit of those who know nothing about the subject that dogging or hounding deer has very little likeness to the stag hunt, as described and depicted by romantic writers and painters, in which the mounted hunters as well as the hounds pursue the quarry. As practiced in the Adirondacks, it is not even the form of sport in which the hunter establishes himself at a stand where the lay of the land makes it likely that a hunted deer will pass him and take a shot at him as he goes by. The dogs run the deer to a lake, on the surface of which the hunter is afloat, and when the deer takes the water he has no chance for his life, because his speed is destroyed when he takes to swimming. On shore, if a bad marksman misses him he goes free for that time. But on the water the bad marksman has as many shots as he chooses to take at an animal that can neither fight nor run. There are even stories of guides paddling alongside the swimming deer and holding him by the tail while the adventurous sportsman beats out the victim's brains with a club.

It will be admitted that there is nothing inspiring or picturesque about this method of destroying deer. Those who practice it declare that those who object to it are pot-hunters, while those who oppose it insist that its practitioners are inspired either by the hope of gain or by the love of mere slaughter. Mere slaughter is not "sport" in any sense that entitles the sportsman to any consideration from the Legislature, or from anybody else.

The question, however, is not to be settled according to the dictates of good taste in sporting matters. The preservation of wild animals, birds and fishes, if they are not noxious or dangerous, and the prevention of unnecessary cruelty are the only considerations that justify the passage of game laws. The tourist who desires to kill deer by way of resting his intellect from the cares of business, and the pot-hunter, for whom the tourist entertains a fine scorn and who shoots for market, are entitled to equal consideration. The question is, or should be, what legislation is desirable in order to prevent the extirpation of deer in the Adirondacks as moose and beaver have already been extirpated?

From this point of view the main objection to be found to the law of last year is that it does not go far enough. Hounding is objectionable to those who wish to preserve deer, because it is too nearly "a sure thing." The very first requisite is that no more deer shall be shot than are needed for the consumption of those who shoot them. If this plain rule was enforced a short season of hounding might possibly be allowed—say the ten days that are now permitted in Suffolk county. But the taking of venison out of the Adirondacks for market ought to be strictly prohibited, and the prohibition could be enforced only by prescribing penalties for taking it out for any purpose whatever. The Adirondacks now contribute but a small fraction to our supply of venison, though this fraction is important in its relation to the number of deer still surviving in the Adirondacks. It would perhaps be necessary to prohibit the killing of deer altogether for a term of years, though such a prohibition would be opposed by the residents of the region, whose support it is,

of course, desirable to enlist, and whose support would be enlisted if they were convinced that their own ultimate interests required a restriction to be put upon deer shooting.

The State has two interests in the Adirondacks. One—the most important—is to prevent the wanton destruction of timber, and the other to prevent the wanton destruction of game. When the timber is all cut and the game all exterminated the region will be almost entirely worthless. It will be difficult to attain either object so long as the lauds are held by private owners. The oftener the question comes up and the more it is discussed, the clearer it appears that the acquisition of the tract for a State park is the ultimate solution of the problems that arise with regard to its treatment by the Legislature.

[From the New York Evening Post, Feb. 12.]

Dr. Samuel B. Ward, who is President Cleveland's camping companion in the Adirondacks, has written an argument in favor of the repeal of the anti deer hounding law by the New York Legislature. FOREST AND STREAM takes up this argument and disposes of it very effectively, going so far as to charge, point by point, that Dr. Ward's statements are "misleading and deceptive."

[From the New York Sun, Feb. 14.]

The Adirondack woods should be preserved, and so should the Adirondack deer. To that end the present law forbidding the hounding of deer should stand.

The following was published in the Times of Feb. 14:

"I am very sorry to see the stand your paper takes on the deer hounding question. I, for one, wish to be put down as a sportsman that does not favor the hounding of deer. I am an old sportsman and know a great many who are opposed to changing the law. In fact I am happy to say that I do not know a single genuine sportsman that favors driving deer in that manner. What sport there is in hounding a deer to the water and then either clubbing him to death or blowing him full of buckshot while the guides hold him by the tail, I fail to see. As a member of the Society for the Protection of Game of this city, I wish to correct the statement you make, that we favor a change of the law. I was present at the meeting when this was brought up, and we were decidedly opposed to it and sent a resolution to that effect to the Governor at his request. Hounded venison is not fit to eat; it soon turns black and will often cause sickness. Would you like to eat beef that had been driven for hours before being killed? I do not understand why, if so many more deer were killed under the new law, these people wish it changed. I should like to see a law passed forbidding the use of shotguns in deer hunting. Many deer are wounded that escape to die, where if a rifle was used they would either be killed or missed. Cockney sportsmen need hounds and clubs and buckshot to kill deer, and do so kill them out of mere wanton love of killing, leaving them to rot where they fall. True sportsmen can kill them, at least enough for food, without these aids.—W. HOLBERTON (New York, Feb. 8)."

In a misleading and deceptive pamphlet recently sent to the Legislature by the deer hounders were the following statements:

"I have talked with Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Henry Bergh, who neither of them fully understood the case last year, and I do not think they would object this year to the modification of the law that I propose."

"I have also seen Mr. Henry Bergh, and I think he is convinced now that hounding is not as cruel as he supposed."

Very truly yours, JOHN T. DENNY.

Mr. Denny's evident purpose was to put Mr. Henry Bergh into the position of an advocate of deer hounding. What Mr. Bergh really thinks of deer hounding in the Adirondacks is shown in the following letter:

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS,
Headquarters, 4th Ave., cor. 22d St.
New York, Feb. 12, 1886.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am in receipt of two letters from you in relation to the hounding of deer. You therein refer to a pamphlet which has been sent to the Legislature—and which I have not seen—citing me as being in favor of the cruel and unsportsmanlike practice. How such an inference could be drawn from any conversation I ever held with any one on the subject is astonishing.

To do so would be to approve of fox hunting, rat baiting, pigeon trap-shooting, prize poultry killing and the like and would bear about the same relation to legitimate sportsmanship as standing a cow up in a field and firing at it. In the deer hounding case the men are technically the sportsmen, but the dogs are the real hunters.

Viewed from a sanitary standpoint, there cannot, logically, be two opinions as to the damage done to the flesh of the animal at the time of its death. It is universally admitted that the flesh of fish is surely deteriorated by every minute of captivity even before it is killed; and experienced fishermen who care to preserve its quality speedily kill the creature by a blow on the head with a stick or club. Lobsters, with wooden plugs driven into their claws, experience a similar deterioration. Inflammation is occasioned, suppuration ensues, and the matter, having no means of escape, is taken up into the circulation and is absorbed. It is an undeniable law of nature that the treatment of an animal at or previous to its killing is imparted for good or evil to its blood and tissues. Can there exist a doubt that the abuse which cattle receive during their long voyages by rail is imparted to their flesh, and may not many of the diseases we suffer from be the consequence of such abuse? Half-starved, thirsting, and terrified by blows and shouting, its blood boiling with fever, the creature is driven to the slaughter house and killed, and the next day, perhaps, its flesh is put upon the table for consumption. Something equivalent to mind in man exists in the brute economy. Anger, terror and every extraordinary emotion is liable to poison the milk of female animals to such a degree as to instantly kill the infant that partakes of it.

I have briefly referred to these physiological phenomena in illustration of the danger, as well as inhumanity, of prolonging the tortures of deer hunting in the manner proposed by the bill presented to the Legislature.

I congratulate the public, as well as the animal creation, that there is a paper so widely circulating as the FOREST AND STREAM to stand sentinel over the extravagant practices of thoughtless and misguided sportsmen.

HENRY BERGH, President.

THAT MISLEADING DOCUMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has been called to an article in your issue of Feb. 11, entitled, "A Misleading Document," which is itself so full of misleading statements, that I must ask a little space, in common fairness, to reply. If we must differ in opinion as to the propriety of hounding deer, let us do so honestly and honorably. I am willing to grant that you really believe that to take deer by hounding is a very destructive and unsportsmanlike method of so doing, and am entirely willing to listen to any arguments that you may bring forward in support of your views, always remembering that misrepresentation and abuse do not constitute argument. Please believe in return that I, in common with a great many others, find more pleasure in taking advantage of the instinct which the Creator has implanted in dogs in following deer, than in any other mode of hunting them, and also that I honestly believe that the majority of men who are familiar with the Adirondack region, know that it is the least destructive method at present in use.

Now as to your objections to the pamphlet referred to:

1. You charge that the circular of inquiry was addressed only to those persons "who were known or believed to be advocates of deer hounding." This I deny squarely. When the circulars were sent out I was as ignorant as you are today of the sentiments on this subject of much more than one-half of those to whom they were addressed, and I also knew that some to whom they were mailed, like Mr. C. E. Fenton, at Number Four, were opposed to hounding. I confess that I was amazed at the almost entire unanimity of the replies—that those who lived in the woods or visited them every year and thereby became familiar with the results of the various modes of hunting deer, all favored hounding with the exception of some in the Beaver River country. Having come to the conclusion that it was wise to make an effort to have the anti-hounding law of last year repealed, and having been credibly informed that you had already declined to publish letters on that side of the question, we thought that it was entirely safe to trust you to lay before the Legislature all the letters and arguments that were necessary to a full understanding of your side of the question.

The Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association are responsible for the pamphlet to just exactly the extent stated in the opening paragraph. The meeting was regularly called by the secretary and what occurred is distinctly reported.

2. You ask why we did not publish a letter from Mr. A. C. Clifton, addressed to the Glens Falls Republican. Our reason for not publishing it was that we had never chanced to see it. Besides, while I have no doubt that Mr. Clifton's pathetic report of a very sad incident is entirely true, I respectfully submit that such occurrences are far too rare to be used as a legitimate argument against hounding, and this exact occurrence might just as well have taken place by the accident of a dog's getting loose without his ever having been intentionally put on the track of a deer at all. In fact there is not a particle of evidence that this dog had been "put out" that day. We might just as well refuse to ever read another newspaper because typographical blunders occasionally lead to entire misstatements. You would not expect a reply to your courteous characterization of the facts which we present as "false and preposterous" or "the perversion and suppression of truth."

3. You find fault with the sentence which reads that hounding "is objected to only by those pot-hunters and still-hunters who desire to kill the most deer in the shortest possible time." Well, we will admit that that statement is a little sweeping; but we were thinking when it was written only of those who replied to our circular or who kill enough deer every year to have some tangible effect on the number left. You have named a half dozen gentlemen who are also opposed to hounding, and give a quotation from Gen. Sherman, for whom, as well as the others, I have the greatest possible respect. You make Gen. Sherman say that "the number of deer wantonly killed by hounding by far exceeds those killed out of season, and the slaughter of the animals for mere sport is an evil which demands prompt attention." I have been in the Adirondacks every summer for several years, and have talked with hundreds of others who have been there longer than I have, and unhesitatingly state that Gen. Sherman is in error as far as the region at large is concerned. No doubt Gen. Sherman was so informed, and believed at the time he wrote the sentence quoted; the statement may have been true in some particular season, in some small district of the Woods. But I repeat that as applied to the Adirondacks in general, the statement is erroneous. Why did you not also include Gen. Curtis among the anti-hounders? His great personal familiarity with the subject under discussion led him to state before the Governor last year, in my presence, that summer visitors to the North Woods ought to get all the sport they wanted by still-hunting. I asked him if he meant in August and September, and he replied yes. In response to further inquiries he said that he had never killed a deer in his life, and knew nothing about the subject except what he was told. Evidently a man who honestly proposes to us to still-hunt in August does not know much about the woods.

4. While it is undoubtedly true that it is occasionally possible to row close enough to a deer to kill him with a revolver, yet it is to my personal knowledge also true that many deer escape after being driven to water by dogs, and that to get them many long and difficult shots have to be made. I also think that you underestimate the number of deer killed on runways. If you think it possible to enforce it, I should be very glad to see a law passed forbidding the killing of any deer while swimming in the water.

5. I assure you that you are mistaken when you say that nine hundred out of every thousand Adirondack tourists would gladly see the hounds kept out. Perhaps the hotel keepers and guides in the North Woods do not know as well as you do what they depend for a living, but if you will read a letter in the Essex County Republican of Feb. 11, from Capt. James H. Pierce, of Bloomingdale, you will see what he thinks about it, and his opinion is precisely that of the large majority of hotel proprietors and guides. There are plenty of gentlemen in your own New York Fish and Game Protective Association who were "last year in favor of a non-hounding law, and are now opposed to it," and I could easily meet your challenge by naming a half dozen of my personal acquaintances; but I do not propose to subject others to the annoyance of being misrepresented and abused as I have been.

6. In reply to your sixth objection I can only reiterate what I said before, that the evidence from my correspondents, taken by chance from Stoddard's Guide Book, is clear and distinct that the number of deer in the North Woods in-

creased under the operation of the law of 1879, and I am satisfied from personal observation that it is so in the Saranac region, with which I am familiar. You may think it gentlemanly and very convincing to charge me with lying about it, but that does not alter the fact.

7. You object to my stating my belief "that hounding is one of the least destructive methods of hunting deer." Read Mr. Wardner's letter in the pamphlet referred to—himself an old still hunter. Inquire of Paul Smith, or of anybody who knows what he is talking about and you will get the same reply. Read Mr. Fuller's letter; read Martin Moody's letter; read Mr. Manning's letter; read Dr. Dodge's letter; read Mr. Francis H. Weeks's letter. It is a very short way out of the trouble to accuse, as you do, all men who do not agree with you of being liars; but, my dear Mr. Editor, abuse is not argument, and your calling people liars, aside from being very discourteous, does not make them so. It is the method usually resorted to by those who have no better argument to use and always reminds one of the lawyer who having lost his case in court revenged himself by swearing at the judge and jury. I have repeatedly heard it stated that not more than one deer is taken in every three races prior to Oct. 15 in the Adirondack region at large, and I believe that average to be pretty near the truth. I recollect well one series of eight consecutive hunts, with two or three does each, by a party, some days of five and others of six, in which not a single deer was killed or wounded. I recall another occasion when a party of four of us with five guides and four or five dogs, hunted five days and killed two deer. Not less than two deer were started each day on each of these occasions. There are, no doubt, certain portions of the woods and certain seasons late in the fall when the proportion of deer killed is larger than this. But the statement is made on excellent authority that single still-hunters on the snow last winter killed, each, from thirty to fifty deer, and that there are many carcasses hanging in the woods this winter, killed by still-hunters for market and never carried out because the price of venison went so low that the sun received would not pay for the labor. Allow me to suggest that you dispose of all these statements also by simply characterizing them as untrue, in fact I see no other course for you to pursue.

You have also, my dear Mr. Editor, a very fascinating and convincing way of arguing, by attributing motives to your opponents other than those which they themselves honestly set forth. For example, you say that we are clamoring for a law against floating, "not because they [we] believe that it will save the game, but because they [we] hope thereby to regain the privilege of hounding. Why do they [we] want to exchange jacking for hounding? Because by the latter method they [we] can get more deer." Now, I object to this. We don't say of you that you spouse the anti hounding law in order to sell your paper, because we find at the bottom corner of page 41 a suggestion that those who are interested on your side should send marked copies of your excellent paper to their members at Albany. That would be mean and probably untrue. But it would be no more untrue than your statement that we are actuated by the motives which you attribute to us. We have given the reasons why we object to jacking. Why don't you show that there is true sport in sitting cramped up in the bow of a boat for hours and then blazing away with a double-barreled shotgun, at a distance of a boat's length, at an entirely unsuspecting doe or fawn? Why don't you show that it is perfectly easy to select your game and let the dogs go, as we do in hounding? Why don't you show that the killing of one doe does not exert at least four times as much effect on the future number of deer in the woods as the killing of a buck? Why don't you show that one-half the deer wounded by jack-hunting do not crawl off into the woods to die a painful death of their wounds and starvation? If you could do some of these things you would, and thereby add to the sum total of human knowledge facts on which legitimate arguments could be founded. No one with the spirit of a man in him, who has ever heard the bay of the hounds, would think of resorting to jacking except as a dire necessity to provide food for his camp.

8. You attack the statistics, furnished by pretty much everybody, to the effect that the still-hunters killed more deer last year than usual. If you have facts from reliable persons to show that still-hunters did not do so, bring them forward. We will cheerfully give due weight to evidence which you may adduce, but must respectfully decline to accept as conclusive your bare statement that statistics "quoted from the Boonville Herald are wholly without foundation."

9. Read over Mr. Fuller's letter again. Here is a difference of opinion between yourself on the one hand, and Mr. Fuller, and every other woodsman that I ever talked with, on the other. You think that the deer are not made shy by hounding; the others all think that they are. Mr. Bergh is driven almost into convulsions over the fright which a deer experiences at the approach of a dog. Pray calm his nerves with this positive assurance of yours; and while you are about it assure him also that, during the proposed hounding season, no dog ever "tears into fragments one of the most beautiful and harmless of God's creatures." I never knew or heard of a dog's overtaking a deer in the North Woods in my life, unless the deer had been previously wounded by some night-hunter. You know this also, and, of course, he will believe all that you say. A deer can take to the water and throw off a dog in ten minutes any time that he is tired of the race.

In the same interview, please reassure Mr. Bergh also on the sanitary question. Tell him that you have it on the authority of a physician of more than twenty years' practice, that even if a dog were excited, yes, "intensely excited," so much excited that he could catch a deer and bite it, so excited as to be really "rabid" when he bit the deer, that even then the flesh of that deer could be cooked and eaten with entire impunity; that while the flesh of a deer killed after a long run in warm weather may not keep very well, it is perfectly harmless while it does keep. At the same time whisper quietly in Mr. Bergh's ear that if this physician is mistaken, and the meat is, under these circumstances, deadly poison, so much the better. You will soon be rid of these cruel brutes of "sportsmen" off the face of the earth, and they are perfectly willing to take all the risks.

SAMUEL B. WARD.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 15.

The shrewdness, wit and incisiveness of Dr. Ward's reply combine to make it forcible, and we presume that no one who has read it enjoyed it more than we did. It is charmingly ingenious. The injured side is always effective. To appear to have been abused and misrepresented is always to win sympathy for one's cause. We have so high a regard for Dr. Ward's personal sincerity in this matter that we feel sure that he would regret, even more than ourselves, should

sympathy for him as an injured being blind the Legislature to the real points at issue. Dr. Ward will agree with us that it is of much more importance that the truth about deer hounding should be clearly presented, than that he should receive the sympathetic regard always accorded to injured innocence. Dr. Ward will therefore understand our motives when we firmly but kindly point out to him that this position is untenable, and is likely to mislead. We did not call Dr. Ward a liar; we called his document misleading and deceptive. Dr. Ward, in the third line of his letter, calls our statements misleading. We do not, therefore, imagine that he intends to abuse us or to call hard names, and we shall not seek to pose as maligned and insulted. We are much more concerned that the truth about deer hounding shall appear than about anything else in this matter.

Dr. Ward would perhaps think it scarcely fair if we were to point out to him that there are many men who "find more pleasure in taking advantage of the instinct which the Creator has implanted in dogs" to fight other dogs, than in any other mode of using these animals. If we were to make this suggestion it would only be to show that his graceful method of introducing his points could be used in more ways than one, and not for the purpose of comparing deer hounding with dog fighting. We are not discussing the brutality of Dr. Ward's favorite pastime.

If Dr. Ward will calmly reread the objections to which he takes exception, we are confident that in this cooler moment he will see what must be patent to every one else, that we nowhere questioned his own individual veracity. Our remarks were applied to the pamphlet itself, and the truthful or untruthful character of that document was a perfectly legitimate subject of discussion. Dr. Ward's assumptions to the contrary may be ingenious, but are they fair?

Taking up the points of Dr. Ward's reply we will endeavor to show him in language very mild and not at all abusive that he is in the wrong. Come now, let us reason together, Dr. Ward.

1. Dr. Ward acknowledges that, of the replies received in response to his letters of inquiry, he suppressed the portion unfavorable to the hounders, and explains that he did this because he thought the FOREST AND STREAM could be depended on to give "the other side." Now we mean no offense when, in the kindest spirit, we point out that this explanation of the reason of the suppression does not dispose of the suppression itself; nor does it answer our charge that, because of that suppression, the document which professed to be fair and impartial, was, in fact, partial and one-sided, and therefore, as an expression of public sentiment, misleading and deceptive.

We did not question the regularity of the meeting of the Eastern Association, we simply intimated the suspicion, which Dr. Ward's acknowledgment goes to confirm as a fact, that the association was shrewdly organized by active deer-hounding advocates to influence the repeal of the present law.

2. We cheerfully accept the explanation of the omission of Mr. Clifton's letter and are willing to make the same excuse cover the entire omission—from a pamphlet purporting to represent public opinion—of every written and printed statement of fact and opinion adverse to the cause of the hounders. The fact remains that there was such an omission, and for this reason again—however ingenious the action of the compilers—the document was misleading and deceptive as an exponent of public sentiment.

If Dr. Ward imagines that this incident of a doe being devoured alive by a hound is one of similar "occurrences far too rare to be used as a legitimate argument against hounding," we congratulate him on his ignorance of one phase of the subject; but again, without meaning any offense, we suggest that however blissful that ignorance may be to its possessor, it is unbecoming in one who undertakes to instruct the Legislature on the subject of Adirondack deer hounding. Perhaps the dog was not "put out." It is well known that dogs go off "by accident" to pull down venison for themselves; but is that any valid argument for maintaining a horde of half starved hounds in the North Woods? We do not expect any reply to our characterization of the statements as false and preposterous, for we honestly believe that there is no reply to be made to it.

3. We said that the statement that "hounding is objected to only by those pot hunters and still-hunters who desire to kill the most deer in the shortest possible time" was misleading and deceptive; and we cited names to prove it. Dr. Ward says it was "a little sweeping." For Messrs. Sherman, Hotelling, Richards, Litchfield, and the others whom we named, he has the highest respect. Do you commonly show your respect for your friends, dear Dr. Ward, by dubbing them pot-hunters, eager to kill all the game they can for a few paltry dollars? But the statement did not refer to these men; it referred only to those who replied to the circular. Well, let us see who they were:

In this State [hounding] is objected to *only by those pot-hunters, etc.*—Dr. WARD in pamphlet.

We were thinking * * * only of those who replied to our circular, or who kill enough deer every year to have some tangible effect on the number left.—Dr. WARD *supra*.

With one single exception the correspondents were all in favor of rescinding the laws of last year and of permitting the hounding of deer.—Dr. WARD in pamphlet.

The only opponents of deer hounding are "those pot-hunters," who were "those who replied to our circular," who were "one single exception." It is "a little sweeping," beautifully sweeping. It sweeps away the whole army of deer hounding opponents, and reduces them to one man. Now, tell us, Dr. Ward, are you not giving yourself altogether unnecessary vexation of spirit in writing pamphlets and letters to combat the opposition of all those one single exception? Would it not be more sensible to go to this individual and quietly reason with him, than to pay printer's bills and worry the members of the Legislature with your documents? Or why not whisper the name of all this single man to Mr. Howe, who is reported to have gone to Albany provided with money to put the hounding bill through. Do you not indeed honestly believe, Dr. Ward, that Mr. Howe would be more successful in an appeal to that one meek pot-hunter than he will in trying to find any members who will heed his blandishments? If this host—one man—who are making this opposition at Albany cannot be disposed of in any other way, why not corral him until the excitement is over, or use more severe measures? Why leave to the valiant Little Tailor of Duleek the proud boast "I'm the only one of all min, that killed three score and tin, at a blow?"

Dr. Ward argues that the anti-hounding law should be repealed because he has discovered that Gen. Curtis who introduced the bill last year is not a sportsman. Will Dr. Ward ask us to repeal all our game laws if it shall be dis-

covered by some one who wants to shoot game in May that the bills were not introduced by members who were sportsmen? Shall we repeal all our banking laws because the bills were not introduced by bank presidents? If the community were threatened with a scourge, would you, Dr. Ward, seriously ask the repeal of all legislation relating to contagious diseases, unless it could be shown that the bills had been introduced by members who could produce medical diplomas? Believe us, when we say that we do not think you would. Believe us also when we express our sincere conviction that if every member of the present Legislature were a practical deer hunter, the bill to permit hounding would promptly meet the fate of the bill offering a bounty on Indian scalps, introduced into the Colorado Legislature some years since, and promptly in accordance with an unanimous vote, "chucked under the table."

4. We are glad to know that Dr. Ward is not an advocate of killing hounded deer in the water, but if he will make inquiries on that point among the deer hounders, he will find himself in a very lonely position, almost lonely enough to pair off with the "single exception." Dr. Ward knows as well as we do that however much he may desire an anti-water-killing law, such a measure could not be enforced; and in all kindness we warn him that if he attempts to secure a law of that nature, he will speedily lose the support of the very men who are now working with him.

5. Well, not to be outdone in magnanimity, let us admit that the estimate of nine hundred out of a thousand may be "a little sweeping." Call it eight hundred. As to the N. Y. Association we have a letter from a member stating that the members present at the meeting the other night which indorsed Mr. Hadley's bill did not represent the sportsman element of the association.

6. If the correspondents taken by chance from Stoddard's Guide Book think that the deer of the Adirondacks have annually increased in number beyond the annual destruction, we advise Dr. Ward to learn the truth by applying to some others whose names do not happen to be in the Guide Book. We urge him to broaden the field of his inquiry, and to give in the next document sent to the Legislature the fruits of this broader inquiry. Here again it is ingenious in Dr. Ward to assume that because we declared the conclusions drawn from a limited inquiry misleading and deceptive, we called him and all his correspondents liars. We did no such thing. We are now even quite willing to modify our characterization of the pamphlet itself. Let us call it not misleading but "a little sweeping."

7. Dr. Ward did not state it as his "belief" that "hounding is one of the least destructive methods of hunting deer." He stated it as a fact. We did not question that he believed it; we questioned the statement as a statement of fact. We still question it. We have read the letters and have found them "a little sweeping." As to calling these men liars, we have not done so. Dr. Ward, as a physician, knows that there are some things that cannot be handled with kid gloves. While it is sometimes perfectly practicable to kill deer from a boat without soiling one's gloves, it is not always advisable to discuss such a practice gingerly. And we have not "lost" this "case" yet.

Dr. Ward recollects a series of eight hunts with hounds in which not a deer was taken. Well, we can match it with one single hunt in which eight deer were driven into the water by the hounds and killed, and another in which in one day three fawns were killed. The advocates of deer-hounding will do well to let cold figures alone. Dr. Ward asks us to dispose of the statement that single still-hunters killed from thirty to fifty deer on the snow last winter, and that there are many carcasses hanging there now. Before undertaking to dispose of this, we beg to ask, do you, Dr. Ward, seriously mean us to infer that you believe it yourself?

There is more fascinating ingenuousness in Dr. Ward's evident endeavor to put the FOREST AND STREAM among the advocates and defenders of jack-hunting. If among any of his acquaintances there happens to be one who has read this journal for the past six months, we beg of him to inquire respecting our attitude, past and present, on the jacking question.

That Dr. Ward may have no further misconception on this point, we make what seems to us to be a perfectly far proposal, viz., if the members of the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association honestly wish to prohibit jack shooting in order to protect the deer, and not simply to trade off jacking for hounding, they can readily show this by causing to be introduced a bill for the total abolition of jacking—but not giving permission to bound. We here pledge ourselves to support that bill and to work for its passage; we also pledge to its active support most of the advocates of the present law with whom we are acquainted; and if the Eastern Association will do their share we think we are safe in promising that the bill shall pass. If they refuse to do this, they cannot reasonably object to the charge that in their present efforts they are less anxious to forbid the jack than to replace the hound on the trail.

It is unfair to attempt to blind the Legislature by the flare of the destructive jack-light.

8. Dr. Ward is aggrieved because we do not accept the ridiculous assertion that more deer were killed by still hunting last fall than in former years by still-hunting and hounding combined. If the Boonville statistics are not without foundation, will Dr. Ward kindly inform us if he knows who avows their paternity? And will he tell us whether he accepts the proposition they are intended to bolster up?

9. Ingenious again. We did not deny that deer are made shy by hounding. On that point there is absolutely no difference of opinion between us and Mr. Fuller and other woodsmen. We do differ from Mr. Fuller in his notion that the deer is such a tame creature and so sure to rush, from afar off, into the arms of the still-hunter, that hounds and guides and boats full of "sportsmen" equipped with magazine rifles, and repeating guns loaded with buckshot, and oar butts and clubs and sheath knives must be employed to make this abnormally tame creature "shy." That is where we differ. And of the letters the FOREST AND STREAM did not publish, and out of the refusal to publish which Mr. W. Denny and Dr. Ward have made so much capital, one was from Mr. Fuller, of Meacham Lake, submitting this "shy" argument, and the other from Mr. Denny repeating the same "shy" argument. We do not question that these men may honestly believe what they say, but how can they ask us or anybody else (except a pamphleteer trying to "sweep" the Legislature) to print such stuff? That they are even so honest in their conviction as to put it into practice, we do not deny. The spectacle of Mr. Jno. T. Denny, in a boat on Meacham Lake, pumping bullets out of a Winchester magazine rifle at a deer

in the water ten feet from the muzzle of the gun, lends abundant evidence that these men practice what they preach. If Dr. Ward wants his "shy" argument, we are generous enough to say to him that he is welcome to it.

Dr. Ward has seen fit to refer to Mr. Henry Bergh. Will Dr. Ward pardon us for saying that we think it would have been in better taste for him not to have done this? When Mr. Denny wrote to Dr. Ward the other day that—of all men—Henry Bergh was not opposed to deer hounding, and when Dr. Ward, in all sincerity, put that statement into type and sent it to the Legislature, he had as an excuse that Mr. Denny had clearly misled him. But after Mr. Bergh had repudiated such a use of his name and had stamped Mr. Denny's assertion as—a little sweeping, would it not have been fair and manly, Dr. Ward, to acknowledge your error, instead of writing those closing paragraphs?

No; no dog ever "tears into fragments one of the most beautiful and harmless of God's creature," because as in the incident recorded by Mr. Clifton, and which you have accepted as true, Dr. Ward, a man always comes to shoot the dog before it accomplishes its purpose; is that it?

Perhaps the purpose of calling in Mr. Bergh (we made no reference to him last week) may be to take advantage of any difference of sentiment which may be supposed to exist between American sportsmen and the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. If that be the object, we assure Dr. Ward such efforts are misdirected. We may claim to be somewhat familiar with the sentiment of the sportsmen of this country as learned during the past twelve years of the publication of the *FOREST AND STREAM*. It may surprise the Adirondack water-butcher, but we give it as our sincere conviction that on all essential points the two classes are united. When, by such a stupid blunder as that of Mr. Denny, the S. F. P. C. A. is led into taking a position antagonistic to any "sport," it is quite likely to be one which, as in the case of Adirondack dogging, the great body of sportsmen condemn.

In conclusion we beg to express our entire confidence in an experienced physician's opinion on the sanitary qualities of hounded venison. The numbers of whole carcasses of hounded deer, known by us to have been abandoned by eminent physicians and left to rot in the Adirondacks, warrant the belief that these professional gentlemen were excellent judges of how long hounded deer would keep, and of the proper time to pull up the tent and move away from it—it being too "shy." Lest Dr. Ward should twist this assertion into our "calling him a liar," we hasten to add that we do not know that he ever wasted a pound of venison. We are gratified to believe that he would not approve of such wanton destruction; more than this, we believe that if Dr. Samuel B. Ward knew one-half of the abominations and atrocities incident to and inseparable from the sport of hounding, and annually committed by hounders under the shelter of the North Woods, he would not now be working to legalize the "sport," but would be heartily with the *FOREST AND STREAM* and the great majority of right-minded sportsmen in their demand that the anti-hounding law be not repealed.

"AN OFFICIAL SLAUGHTER."

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your issue of Jan. 7, "A. P." tells of "an official slaughter" of large game in the neighborhood of Fort Fetterman by a "law-breaking, game-murdering" officer of the Army during the late war, an author not unknown to fame, but "whose name for shame shall not be told." Your correspondent seems to know full well of the shameful operations of this man who with "several friends, a detachment of U. S. soldiers, about a dozen citizen teamsters and packers in the U. S. employ, and three guides," killed "elk by the score and antelope by dozens, and in nearly all cases leaving the flesh to rot where the murdered animals fell," etc. etc. Your correspondent closes his communication with the hope that some one will hold this person "up to the public gaze and contempt for the unparalleled meanness he displayed" in the wanton destruction of so much noble game, and says, "Who will rise to the occasion? Where is Capt. Nessmuk?"

Now I submit that this course on the part of "A. P." is very hard to understand if he really wishes to have the author of aforementioned outrage publicly exposed.

Why in the name of good sportsmanship and honest indignation does not "A. P." himself give the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* the name of the offender? Thus far, to your readers, "A. P." is the only one who can expose the man. I do not understand the "shame" which induces him to withhold the name but which can permit him to call upon Captain Nessmuk or some one else to give it. For one, I want to know the name of this game-murderer, that I may, with all lovers of gentlemanly sports, mark him and help in whatever way we can make him and all his kind suffer for such meanness.

Let "A. P." come to the front and tell what he knows and he will have the thanks of all good sportsmen. Unless we are all willing to do this upon occasion, game-murdering will go on till there is no more game to be murdered.

C. H. A.

Boston, Jan. 10.

SOUTHERN SHOOTING PRESERVES.—For all the purposes of the hunting of the most favorite game there is no place on the Atlantic coast like the islands of South Carolina, and especially those in the vicinity of Charleston. It is gratifying to know that interest is being exhibited in fields so abounding in game and fish of the choicest description, and it must appear a matter of surprise that so little is known outside the borders of the state of its conspicuous advantages in this line. Every year hundreds of sporting men and others in the pursuit of the pleasures of field exercise and sport go either to Canada and the Northwest and to the prairie lands, where as a general rule the enjoyment of the season is marred by the intensity of the cold. One of the advantages of the climate of South Carolina will recommend itself to all lovers of sport under the best of conditions, and that is the equable temperature of our hunting season. It may be said, however, that a very rigorous climate is necessary for the appearance of the best qualities of game. This is not true to an extent that would in the slightest degree interfere with the fact that ordinarily cold weather is sufficient to send to our coasts the kinds of migratory game that is usually sought in more distant regions. For instance, the appearance of the woodcock and snipe begins early in the winter on our seacoast, and they remain during the season unless the winter is phenomenally mild, which does not often occur. The rice fields on the coast are always in the proper season stocked with snipe, and the breaks and thickets near and in marshy grounds are alive with the splendid and delicious bird, the woodcock. The low country of South Carolina is

known the world over to be the finest hunting ground for the deer and wild turkey. From September until March the partridge is found in abundance, and the wild duck in endless variety flocks to the inland rivers, the rice fields and the estuaries along the coast. The whole of the ocean front of the State is dotted with islands, and on many of these all the kinds of game that have been mentioned exist plentifully. There is scarcely a plantation on the coast of South Carolina which does not embrace in its extent lands on which high land and lowland game may not be found in the winter season. Nearly every one of these plantations, in fact, is composed of highlands and marsh or rice lands, and, indeed, the sites of these old-time domains were selected with a view of comprising such qualities of land. The fishing along the coast, in the inlets and along the banks near Charleston, is well known to be of the most profitable and attractive kind, including the most favorite qualities and species of fish. There was scarcely a homestead, either on the islands or inland near the coast, which did not have its avenue of live oaks, and in many instances these alone remain to tell of the former glory of plantation life and to mark the spot where the "Memorial hall" once stood. The oaks have not lost any of their beauty by the lapse of time, and it would be easy to restore even on a grander scale, one of these homesteads to its original attractiveness and interest.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

AN ADIRONDACK WOLF.—It was reported last Monday that a panther had been seen near the Rome and Floyd town line, and that a number of hunters were in pursuit of the animal. The panther turned out to be a wolf. It was killed about 3 P. M. on Monday in Bentley's swamp, in the town of Floyd and brought to Rome this morning by David Carpenter. It is a large and fierce looking male. The wolf's tracks had been seen by different persons for several days. On Monday morning a party of hunters turned out with shot guns and rifles prepared to do or die. The party was made up of William Kilbourn, H. Parsons, Eugene Cleveland, Thomas Bennett, Welcome Carpenter, W. Hogle, and D. C. Carpenter. The latter has a good fox dog which he put on the scent, but the animal refused to follow it. The hunters ran the wolf about ten miles in the woods and fields. Kilbourn got the first shot at him with a shotgun. Thomas W. Bennett had three or four "cracks" at him with a shotgun and one with a rifle. Then he crossed Hogle's path and was made the target of a shotgun. Then Bennett got head of the animal again and fired three times with a shotgun. Eugene Cleveland next had a chance at him with a rifle. The wolf ran through the door yard of a man named Murphy and he fired a revolver at him. Hogle next tackled the beast with a shotgun. It is not positively known that any of the shots hit the wolf up to this time, for he ran just as though nothing had happened. He became very tired, however, and finally crawled under a bush to rest. W. Bennett found him there and, having no ammunition, called his brother Thomas, who went very close to the wolf and let him have a charge of buckshot in the head, killing him instantly. Thus ended the only wolf hunt that has taken place in these parts in years. It is supposed that the animal strayed away from the North Woods. He had been subsisting on the carcass of a cow that laid in the woods. The dead wolf has been on exhibition in front of Petrie's meat market to day. It weighs fifty pounds. There is a State bounty of \$30 for every wolf scalp.—*Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel*, Feb. 10.

NEW JERSEY QUAIL.—It was only a few years ago that the *FOREST AND STREAM* went to the trouble and expense of making a complete canvass of the State of New Jersey as to how the quail had fared during the winter. Such a canvass had never been made before in this country, and it proved to foreshadow the coming shooting season with wonderful accuracy. Were such an investigation now to be prosecuted the result would show that since the first of the year the destruction of quail has been very great. This was due to the great and sudden fluctuations in temperature, deep snows and their immediate melting, and the intensely cold weather. At the beginning of the last open season in New Jersey there was an abundant crop of quail in both Warren and Sussex counties. The birds had been favored with a fine breeding year, and the crop was an unusually healthy one. In almost every case the birds were full ones and well grown when the shooting began. Taking it as things go nowadays, they were not harassed as much as one would suppose, and when the season drew to a close there still remained a goodly showing of birds on the sunny side of the brush-covered hillsides. Then came the terrible cold weather, and now the sportsman hears on all sides that the birds have perished while being protected from want of protection. The shooting outlook is the most gloomy we have had for years.

RUMSON NECK GAME ASSOCIATION.—A number of prominent business men in New York city, who own property on Rumson Neck, a long stretch of land between Seabright and Red Bank, N. J., have banded themselves into a game protective society, which hereafter will probably be known as the Rumson Neck Game Association. It is their intention to stock Rumson Neck with quail and then protect them as much as possible. To effect this Mr. David Keeler, of Rumson Neck, has at present over 650 quail in his barn, and he has ordered 1,000 more quail from the West. The birds will be liberated when the spring has fairly opened. Prior to their being put out, the farm owners have contracted to brush their fences to afford cover for the birds. They will also, later on, plow a ten-foot-wide furrow along the fences, which will be planted with wheat and buckwheat, and remain uncut throughout the season. This, it is thought, will provide ample food for the birds. Six keepers will be engaged to exterminate hawks, cats, foxes, and to warn off all shooters. In fact, everything that can be will be done to protect Mr. and Mrs. Quail and the Masters and Misses Quailina. It is only by such determined efforts as these that the shooting can be restored in this vicinity.

AMESBURY, Mass., Feb. 9.—Owing to the unusual severity of this winter, the birds are having a hard show to find food to retain life, as the woods are covered with such a coating of ice and snow as was never seen by the oldest inhabitant. While driving to Haverhill Sunday, I saw a flock of eight quail feeding in the road on the droppings of horses; they were as tame as chickens, and only hopped on the wall to get out of the way.—J. O. L.

THE ACCIDENT FLORES of the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn., indemnify the business or professional man for his profits, the wage worker for his wages, lost from accidental injury, and guarantee principal sum in case of death.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CEDAR STREAM.

THE letter of "S. G. G.," in the last *FOREST AND STREAM*, describing his experience in taking suckers with the fly in the Millsfield ponds, has sent my thoughts wandering to the forests of Northern New Hampshire and recalled a day spent the summer before last on an almost unknown stream, whose name furnishes the text for this letter. Seminalized all the past summer by the effects of an attack of malarial fever, caught at the far South the autumn before, I have led a very lazy existence, and after trying unsuccessfully some of the old brooks where I spent many happy hours in my boyhood, finding little water and less fish, I put up my rods, too indolent to pull a boat on the river in the broiling sun for the chances of hooking a capricious bass, and devoted the balance of the summer to what an old friend of mine was wont to call "flower catching."

Many a delightful hour was whiled away in this pastime, gathering in the successive harvests from the gorgeous, candle-bra shaped *Silene canadensis* of the meadows and its more brilliant and solitary cousin, the *Silene philadelphica* of the hills and prairies, the drooping harebell and the glowing cardinal flower, the aster and the golden rod, until the frosts of October finished my botanizing, when they killed the fringed gentians, which were the last of my trophies.

Then I got out my old double-barrel and diligently explored what is left of the old oak and chestnut woods which once crowned all the hills in this vicinity, but in vain. Not a gray squirrel was to be seen. The oaks that had escaped the axe, which has converted almost all the old trees of the region into sleepers for the railway or fuel for the locomotive, bore few or no acorns this fall, and the chestnuts blossomed late and bore a scanty harvest. The woods were voiceless; save the rustle and squeak of an occasional chipmunk, nothing disturbed their stillness. One ruffed grouse, rising a hundred yards in front of me, as I emerged from an old wood road into a sapling pasture, and as instantly disappearing in the bush, was the only living game I saw in several long tramps over the hills, and the only time I pulled trigger was to drop a sassy blue-jay who crossed my path one day, chattering and screaming, as I neared home after a bootless ramble.

So the gun was returned to its case, and put away with the rods for a more auspicious season, and my sporting rambles have been solely spiritual on; for have I not been to the "Walled-In Lakes" with "Yo" and "Appekunny"; have I not listened to the chats of "Wawayunda" with the "Colonel" and the "Captain," and read to the madame who sits by my side the adventures of the one who accompanied the historian of "Camp Flotsam" in his delightfully described excursions? Have I not explored Florida with that master of woodcraft, "Nessmuk," and hoped that the day may come when I may meet him in the body; and has not *FOREST AND STREAM* thus done my angling for me while I have enjoyed it over the winter fire?

Verily it has, and as the old war horse rouses himself at the sound of trumpet, so do my thoughts go back to the days when I loitered by the brookside and watched the play of the sunlight on the ripples as it flickered through the green leaves overhead, or listened to the bobolink as he trolled out his musical tinkle from the top of a "poke stalk," in the adjoining meadow.

The tastes and habits ingrained in boyhood hold through life, and so it is that, although I like to feel the pull of a big fish at the end of a light rod, still "it is not all of fishing to fish;" and the leisurely saunter by the swift rippling waters, the song of the birds, the sunshine and the flowers, have charms which more than compensate for the lesser weight of the basket at the end of the day. I like the free use of my legs, too, and they are too long to be comfortable when cramped up in a small boat, and so, after much preamble, I come to my text again.

I had been fishing for a week at Second Lake, when a message was brought in to me requiring my presence as a witness at court in Concord the next day. Dropping everything, I walked out through the woods to First Lake, got a horse and wagon, and drove down to Colebrook that evening so as to take the stage at four the next morning, catch the first train at North Stratford and reach Concord early in the afternoon.

The case was on trial, and my evidence short, and the next day I returned to Colebrook, and the following one to First Lake, where Mr. Shoppe, the landlord of the Lake House, informed me that my son, who I had left at Tom Chester's camp, had come "out" the night before with a young friend from New York to attend a dance, and that they had gone that day to Cedar Stream with the intention of coming back at night, and going "in" to Tom Chester's in the morning. I therefore decided to wait for them, and just after dark they appeared, with two baskets full of trout, besides a "string" on a willow branch about two feet long, and the report that they had given away another string of seventy-five trout to the man who had taken care of their horse. To be sure the trout were small, from six to eight inches long, but they said that they had gone far up the stream to begin, and by the time they got down to where they had no room for any more; it was almost dark, and my son Bob had changed places with the fish, and been to the bottom of the deepest hole they had found.

The next day was Sunday, and we went leisurely in to Second Lake again, where we staid a few days longer, and when Bob had to return to his business Joe and I came out to the Lake House with him and staid there a few days to try that neighborhood. Joe earnestly advised me to try Cedar Stream, beginning where he had left off, and a young man employed about the hotel said he had been up on Sunday and caught 400.

Of course, I discounted that a trifle, but determined to give the stream a trial, and Joe, who was not very well, said he would drive me down the river road to a point opposite the mouth of it, and call for me again at night, which he did.

The stream rises in the hills south of Connecticut Lake, and after a course of six or seven miles empties into the river about three miles below the lake.

Reaching this point, I crossed the river on a convenient sandbar and struck into the woods to follow up the side of the stream, but soon had to give it up and take to water.

The old spruce forest had been cleared many years ago, and the new hardwood growth of birch, maple, poplar and alder was so dense as to render the bed of the stream preferable. At places I found gravel beaches on alternate sides of the stream, all marked by the tracks of the young man

who had been up on Sunday, and sometimes the shallow stream filled from bank to bank, with scattered stones sticking their heads above the water here and there.

Up the stream I kept, crossing from side to side to take advantage of the beaches, for I was equipped with canvas shoes and long stockings, until I came to a pool perhaps 100 yards long and ten wide, with a beach sloping up from one side and a rocky ledge on the other, with a slight fall at the upper end, where the water came in. Here the foot tracks stopped, but I decided to go on a little further, and soon came to another and higher fall of about twelve or fifteen feet into a deep pool, with steeply sloping rocks on each side. Here I put my rod together, and climbing up on the rock to cast to the foot of the fall, I saw a series of scratches on the rocks leading down to the water, which were the most indubitable marks of Master Bob's boot heels when he made his plunge the week before.

Gaining a seat on the edge of the rock, my first cast was followed by an instant pull, and before leaving my seat I basked sixteen trout of from eight to nine inches long each out of that pool. I then determined to look a little further, and climbing up through the brush around the fall, for the rock was impracticable, I found where two streams came together, the one red from the cedar swamp from which it came, the other beautifully cold and clear. Following up the clear one a short distance and only getting a few small fish, which went back to the water again, I looked at my watch and found it was 1 o'clock.

A fallen birch by the side of the stream furnished a convenient seat, and my lunch was soon disposed of with the aid of a pocket cup and "Kingsfisher's" beverage, and my footsteps turned down again. Floating my bait before me, for there was no room to cast a fly, it suddenly stopped in mid current just in a rift in the rock where the two streams came together, and a gentle twitch resulted in a vigorous pull, which ended in the addition of a half-pounder to the basket.

One or two smaller ones were taken from the larger brook, and I then returned to the large pool, where I got but one small one; it had evidently been pretty well cleaned out on Sunday. Then I struck back toward the river, keeping always in the water, and floating a line the length of my rod ahead of me, with a single No. 2 shot on the upper end of the gut, to keep the hook steady in the swift currents.

I could usually keep in water not over ankle deep, letting my bait down into the deeper currents and around the big stones and under the fallen logs on the bank; and the fun kept me comfortably busy.

I had got short of hooks, and when I went down to court had bought a dozen No. 3 Sproats at a country hardware store, and the three bigger fish I hooked on my way down were lost, hook and all, before they were fairly lifted out of the water, by the tying slipping on the gut. This caused more or less delay, and at 6 o'clock, when I had promised to be back at the river, I had not got half way there.

However, my basket, a ten-pound one, was full, literally "jammed full," so that I had to keep my thumb in the opening to keep the fish from getting out, as I slipped about over the smooth stones, which were also somewhat slimy and slippery at times; and I willingly unjointed my rod and made the best of my way to the river, with a load of trout ranging from two to eight ounces each.

Wading the river again, the wagon was waiting, and I was soon back at the Lake House, and enjoying a trout supper. I do not know whether I tramped two miles or four; I only know that I had a glorious day, caught as good trout as there were in the brook, and enjoyed it far better than I should have done broiling in a boat, with my legs cramped under me, and holding a hand-line with a minnow on the end of it, waiting for a four-pounder to happen my way. For that is the way, to tell the truth about it, in which many of the big trout we hear about are really taken. Enough for this time.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.

CATFISH AS SPORT AND FOOD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in reading of the catfish (bullhead) as a food fish in the report on "Adirondack Fishes" and it suggests a little incident. First, however, I wish to say that I have been greatly interested in that portion of the work relating to the *Salmonidae*. The portion relating to the differences between *Salmo* and *Salvelinus* has been particularly instructive to me, as there had been some confusion in my mind regarding them until I read the description (p. 20) of the difference in shape of the vomer and the arrangement of teeth on that bone.

But to the bullheads. As for their being better for the table than trout surprised me at first, but on reflection I think that I must agree with Mr. Mather. I have every summer become tired of trout, but never had a sufficiency of bullheads; to be sure I never tried to eat as many of them as I have of trout and therefore have never tired of them, and this reminds me of the incident I started to tell.

While making a trip through the Adirondack wilderness in company with a friend and two guides, we stopped at "Ike" Kennels on Raquette Lake for dinner. My guide, "Ike" Stone, and I, were standing on the wharf quite anxious to get away, when a boat came to the landing rowed by a guide while a gentleman was seated in the stern. The latter said to a clergyman standing near: "Come Brother —, get your tackle ready, I've found where we can get some splendid fishing. My guide thinks we can catch some bullheads to-day." My own guide has never gotten over it and speaks of the "splendid fishing" at Raquette Lake every time we meet. That year the trout fishing was not very good, neither was there any black bass taken in that region, and "Ike," who is one of the old timers who dislikes the innovation of cottages in the wilderness, had been cast down all the time I was at Raquette, and the "splendid fishing" capped the climax. He never smiled again.

S. M. N.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.

LARGE PIKE-PERCH.—Randolph, N. Y., Feb. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you by United States Express this day (charges paid), one fish head which please name in your next paper, as there is considerable difference of opinion here as to what kind of a fish it is. The fish was speared in the Conewango Creek; none like it ever caught there before. The stream has yellow bass, pickerel, or muscullonge, and wall-eyed pike. This fish was 31 inches in length, 8 inches wide and 6 inches thick, and weighed 14½ pounds. Yellowish brown, with scales; there were about 8½ pounds spawn about half grown.—C. M. [It was a large pike-perch, *Stizostedion vitreum*, called also wall-eyed pike, and when large, yellow pike.]

THE OUTRAGE AT LITTLE CLEAR POND.—Shortly after the nets of the N. Y. Fish Commission—which were set to capture spawning fish—had been cut, the following notice was posted throughout the Adirondack region: "Pledge of Saranac hotel keepers and guides. Saranac Lake, January 1, 1886. We, the undersigned, hotel proprietors, guides and residents of the Adirondacks, having learned with regret that some vandal has been committing depredations upon the State Hatchery property at Little Clear Pond, do most heartily condemn such a dastardly outrage, and do pledge ourselves to use every lawful means to bring such perpetrators to speedy and condign punishment: Milo B. Miller, proprietor Saranac Lake House; H. H. Miner, taxidermist; L. Evans, boarding house; John Erylefeld; F. G. Hallock, guide; Geo. W. Musson, guide; Aaron Golchmitt; R. E. Woodruff, proprietor the Berkeley; Horace Peck; Stephen Merchant; Wm. A. Walton; Dan McKillip; Geo. E. Johnson, guide; R. M. Banker; Edwin Goodell; Aaron Hays, miller; Philip McManis, guide; John Bergen; Geo. W. Fayzett, guide; Latour & Platto (stage line); F. M. Bull, druggist; A. S. Wright, builder; S. C. Martin; Geo. Neise-reu; Orlando Blood; Ryland Blood; J. P. Blood; Geo. A. Berkley; T. N. Spaulding, merchant; Peter Segun; C. H. Kendall, proprietor Riverside House; James B. Miller, stage line; Andrew J. Baker; Jason Vosburgh; Rant Reynolds; J. A. Morhous; Chas. Manning; Sylvanus Marrou; E. L. Trudeau; B. Woodruff; C. M. Walton; Reuben Reynolds; R. A. Morehous; Joseph B. Lamoy, guide; Edgar Trembley; Thomas Dewey; Z. A. Wilson; John W. Slater, guide; A. W. Dudley, guide; C. F. Wicker; Edwin E. Sumner, guide; Eugene Allen, guide; T. Edmund Krumbholz; Allen Bunnell; John H. Lunt, guide; George Sweeney, guide; F. H. Bassett; Wm. P. Moody, guide; Wm. Fortain; Thomas Parker, guide; Daniel Ames, lumberman; Charles C. McCaffrey, guide; Leonard Nokes; John Benham, guide; James H. Peck; Millard F. Otis, guide; Fayette Moody, guide; Hosea B. Colbath, guide; H. L. Lobdell; E. W. Harrison; Byron P. Ames, guide; Wallace Slater; Dan. Denney; Will Manning; M. J. Norton, proprietor Adirondack Cottages, Saranac Lake, N. Y.; Pat Carey; George Washer; A. Parsons, guide; Wm. H. Hinds; Warren J. Slater, guide; Chas. Hays, guide; Lowell Brown, guide; John King, guide; O. M. Boutwell; Mayne Whitman; Simeon Torrance, guide; Malcolm Smith; J. D. Alexander, proprietor Alexander House, Saranac Lake; George Williams, Jr.; Milton C. Patten; Charles Wilkins; Marshal Brown, guide; Wm. Stearns, guide; Henry Davis, guide; Jesse Corey, proprietor of Rustic Lodge House, Upper Saranac Lake; Orion O. Terry."

LARGE RAINBOW TROUT.—On Monday last we saw a rainbow trout weighing 5 pounds 14 ounces, at Mr. Blackford's in Fulton Market. The fish came from the ponds of the South Side Sportsman's Club of Long Island and was five years old. It had died and was sent for exhibition to show the great growth. The fish was a female and had not yet spawned, but the great mass of eggs which were displayed on a platter looked to be nearly ripe.

NEWPORT FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION.—Newport, R. I., Feb. 13.—At the annual meeting of the above association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. P. Cotton; Vice-President, Rev. F. F. Emerson; Secretary, F. H. Wilks; Treasurer, W. H. Hammett; Directors, Thos. Burlingham, W. P. Sheffield, Jr., E. S. Hammond, S. E. Greene, B. M. Thurston.

THE OTHER DAY a fish peddler's horse balked on the street and refused to budge an inch. The vender began to belabor the beast with a stick, when an old lady thrust her head out of a window and exclaimed: "Have you no mercy?" "No, ma'am," replied the peddler, "nothing but mackerel."

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

WORK IN MAINE.—The hatching station at Grand Lake Stream has a good quantity of eggs of the landlocked salmon. This station, under the charge of Mr. Charles G. Atkins, one of America's best fishculturists, is operated jointly by the State and the United States, each bearing a portion of the expense. The work here is almost entirely with the landlocked salmon, at present there are now in the troughs 50,000 eggs for Moosehead Lake, 25,000 eggs for New York waters, 50,000 for New Hampshire and some for Europe and other parts, as well as 200,000 eggs of the sea salmon, the fry from which will be placed in the St. Croix River. At the hatchery at Orland, the United States has a large number of eggs of the Penobscot salmon which are developing and will be distributed to State waters. Many have been sent to New York and other places. At the State hatchery at Cold Stream, Enfield, there are now 700,000 eggs of the sea-salmon which will be used to stock the Penobscot. The work in this State has borne good fruit in the way of restoring salmon to the exhausted streams, many having been caught during the last season with the fly, while the nets yielded a supply for the markets far in advance of the catch during any season for the past twenty-five years.

A PET BEAR ON A TEAR.—The Ashtabula Record says: Some time ago Councilman Manning, agent of the Lake Shore Company at the Harbor, bought a cub bear and kept it near the Harbor depot. On Friday the bear escaped from its confinement, and going over into the road on the east side of the river proceeded along it until the farm of Albert Fields was reached. Here it turned off, and going to the house, of which the doors were left open, proceeded to take possession. Mrs. Luce, the wife of the tenant of the farm, was alone in the house, and one can imagine her astonishment and feeling at seeing a half grown bear walk in. The dinner table had not been cleared away, and his bearship at once took control of matters, getting upon the table, and after eating everything within his reach demolished most of the dishes. Evidently entering heartily into the spirit of demolition, he next tackled a sewing machine, which was soon in ruins, and then chairs, stands and other furniture went down under his paws, until in a short time the interior of the house looked as though it had been struck by a cyclone. During this time Mrs. Luce was, of course, unable to prevent the doings of Mr. Bruin, and just as she was giving up in despair her husband returned and succeeded in cornering the bear, which, though young and destructively mischievous, was not savage. A visit from a live bear is an extraordinary occurrence for this section, and, judging from this one, is not very desirable.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 22.—Eight annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

March 23, 24 and 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club, Newark, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

March 30 to April 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. S. R. Hemingway, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club. Edward A. Moseley, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

April 13, 14, 15 and 16.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 5, 6 and 7.—Tenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent, P. O. Box 1812, New York.

May 18, 19, 20 and 21.—Third Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club, St. Louis, Mo. Geo. Munson, Manager.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3333.

THE ENGLISH SETTER STANDARD.

WE have carefully read the standard for the English setter submitted by the committee of the American Kennel Club and must say that we are greatly disappointed. We had a higher opinion of the ability and intelligence of the committee men than the result of their labors seems to warrant. A document of this kind, above all else, should be entirely free from ambiguities and couched in language that is perfectly plain to all. Some portions of the standard are lamentably deficient in this vital point. This is not its worst fault, however, as a strict adherence to some of its provisions would result in serious harm to the animal it professes to serve. Take the first paragraph in the description of the head which we quote: "The skull is of a peculiar character, not so heavy as that of the pointer and without their narrow and marked prominence of the occipital bone. It is narrow or of medium width between the ears, and should have a decided brow over the eyes." Stonehenge's standard, from which this is largely quoted, is as follows: "The skull has a character peculiar to itself, somewhat between that of the pointer and cocker spaniel, not so heavy as the former's and larger than the latter's. It is without the prominence of the occipital bone so remarkable in the pointer, is also narrower between the ears, and there is a decided brow over the eyes." It will be observed that Stonehenge says the skull "has a character." The new standard calls for a peculiar skull and we have no doubt that if the requirement called for in the following sentences is adopted by the breeder, that the English setter in a few years will not only have a peculiar skull but that it will be without character. Stonehenge says the skull is narrower between the ears than that of the pointer, the new standard calls for a skull "narrow or of medium width." This means less room for brains and indeed a new departure and a most decided breaking away from the old traditions. If the intelligent breeders of the country will consent to revise the characteristic head of the English setter by following such a pernicious course as this points out, we very much mistake their temper. There is no portion of an animal's anatomy so characteristic of its pure breeding as the head; eliminate this characteristic and you have a mongrel; reduce the brain room and you have an idiot after a certain limit is passed. We have had considerable experience with dogs with narrow heads and almost invariably have found them to be deficient in sense, especially in what is called hunting sense, one of the most necessary attributes of the sportsman's companion. Many of these dogs are possessed of abundant ambition to hunt, good noses, and with the pointing instinct strongly developed, but as a rule they cannot be taught to work to the gun. This of itself is enough to condemn them, to say nothing of their lack of intelligence in other matters. A little further on the new standard says: "The jaws should be exactly equal in length, a snipe nose or pig jaws, as the preceding lower one is called, being greatly against its possessor." Aside from the ambiguity of this sentence it is inconsistent with the demand for a narrow head, as a snipe nose will almost surely be the result of this conformation in the English setter.

In addition to the faults noticed in the description of the head there is a painful lack of every necessary information as to the relative value of the different points described. In fact this fault is conspicuous in nearly every sentence throughout the work, and a most serious one it is. Even were the new standard perfect in other respects, this fault would render it absolutely worthless for practical use, as the collection of words means anything or everything according to the fancy of the reader.

The description of the neck commences with a very singular statement. "The importance of a long lean neck has not been fully realized until quite recently," and then to make the matter doubly sure the statement is repeated by adding, "or at all events, there has not been sufficient stress laid upon the point." This statement very forcibly strikes us as being diametrically opposed to the facts in the case. Our acquaintance among breeders and owners during the past forty years has been extensive, and we fail to call to mind a single individual of them all whose expressed opinion would afford the comical of them all particle of ground upon which to base such an assertion. As to the next statement, "Length of neck tends to high-headedness," we refer the reader to the article of "Antwerp" in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 14, who places the matter in its proper light. He says:

"Inasmuch as the three upper bones of the forelegs, viz., the shoulder blade, the upper and lower arm, are placed at compensating angles to each other, the greater slope of the shoulder naturally resulting from the altered direction of the true ribs also necessitates a less inverse angle at the elbow. The dog stands straighter on his forelegs from point of shoulder to foot and carries no more weight in front of the perpendicular line of his forelegs than is necessary; how much this I am at loss to define, except after seeing an individual dog's balance when in motion. This conformation also increases the apparent length of the neck and facilitates its high carriage. Length of neck alone does not do this, as I can recall many dogs with a very long clean neck, but with a horizontal back, to whose bad field form but little would have been added by cutting it off altogether."

The section devoted to shoulders and chest is so laboriously studied in its ambiguities and inconsistencies that there is absolutely no tangible ground for intelligent criticism. The last sentence, however, has a definite shape and is quite a curiosity in its way. "A longer dog than the present type of

desirable, but with the additional length and weight in the middle there will follow a tendency to sway-back, which is to be met with a slight arch or additional strength in the back." Whatever is meant by "present type" we are at a loss to understand, as the comparatively recent decisions by judges, members of the committee, shows us quite a variety. The New England foxhound is notably one of the most hardy and enduring breeds of dogs known. A continuous run at speed over the roughest of country of more than a hundred miles is of frequent occurrence. For this work the performer must possess staying powers inherent only in perfect organisms. Had the committee consulted the first experienced foxhunter they chanced to meet, they would have learned that comparatively long dogs, although nearly always in the lead for an hour or two in the morning, could never stay out a long race, but were invariably left behind long before night by their better formed brothers; or had they consulted the English Coursing Calendar they would have found spread upon its pages the record of many a brilliant performance, in first heats, by the style of animal they admire, but they would also have found that where long continued, punishing work was the rule, only well formed and comparatively short animals were in at the finish. The committee appear to have been captivated by the brilliant dash and phenomenal speed that lasts but a brief half hour, but it will be a long time before they will succeed in inducing the sportsmen of this country to sacrifice enduring qualities for mere show.

In the section devoted to back and loin the new standard says: "It is very much the custom to treat of a dog's loin as all that constitutes his back." The committee could have made a very instructive contribution to dog literature by informing us where and among what class of men this custom prevails. These portions of the dog's anatomy play a very important part, but the committee give them but six points as a whole. Upon the loin depends the ability to stay, and of course it follows that without a proper conformation at this point the value of the animal is more or less depreciated, yet the committee tell us absolutely nothing that will serve as a guide to determine the proper form to select except that they inform us that "an arched loin is desirable." In the section devoted to quarters and stifles we are told that "the stifles should be moderately well bent, excessive bend, although fashionable for a time, is no longer thought necessary." It is not clear what the word "moderately" implies; if it means straight stifles or even moderately straight, the word is decidedly out of place. In describing the legs, elbows, hocks and feet, we are told that "the feet should be carefully examined, as upon their capability of standing wear and tear depends the utility of the dog." This is most true, but except a very meager mention of good qualities there is nothing in the description to assist in determining whether the feet are good or the reverse. In the section devoted to the stern we are gravely told that "the tail should be carried straight, or with a slight curve upward, either slightly above level of back or down." We are pleased to note that sideways was not added to the list.

Regarding the numerical value of the points as apportioned by the committee, there is, to say the least, a lack of harmony with the text that is very inconsistent. The standard calls for a longer dog; one of the results of increased length will be increased weight, to support which the committee have taken one point from the feet which must carry it. We have briefly criticised some of the most important points of the new standard, and in conclusion will call attention to the omission of a very important point. There is not a word said regarding the disqualification of animals of faulty formation nor a word as to the penalty to be imposed when the fault is of lesser degree. It should be impossible for a dog to successfully compete for bench show honors when his faults, either natural or accidental, are such as would seriously hamper him in his work.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THE report of the Committee on Running Rules, which was unanimously adopted, is as follows:

- Rule 4. Is stricken out entirely.
- Rule 10. To read: Dogs shall be drawn by lot and numbered in the order drawn. Each dog shall run in the first series as a brace with the next available dog in that order, and the winners run in heats again in the order so obtained, except as hereinafter provided. Any dog absent during the first series more than twenty minutes after his number is called, shall be disqualified from further competition.
- Rule 11. If two dogs owned or handled by the same person should come together in the first or any succeeding series, the second dog so owned or handled shall change places with the first dog not so owned or handled in the order of running. If after the first series such separation is found to be impracticable or without benefit, the running together of two such dogs may be permitted.
- Rule 12. If in any series of heats there should be a natural bye, such bye shall run with the winner of the first heat of the previous series as the first brace of the next series.
- Rule 13. Each dog must be brought up in its proper turn without delay; if absent for more than twenty minutes, its opponent shall be entitled to the heat, subject to Rule 10.
- Rule 14. Strike out the sentence: "In Members' Stake a dog must be handled by its owner."

Prefix to Rule 17: "No owner or handler shall be permitted to withdraw his dog or dogs from a stake on the field or at any time during the holding of a trial after such dog or dogs have been allotted a position in any heat or race without the consent of the governing committee on the grounds. Any such owner or handler withdrawing his dog or dogs without the consent of this governing committee may be debarred from any further trials or be penalized at the discretion of the club."

A dog may be withdrawn with the consent of the governing committee on the ground.

Amendments to instruction to judges: "The fifth section was stricken out and the following substituted: "Judges are requested to avoid as far as possible holding a dog so long on a point for the purpose of securing a back or otherwise, as to enable the birds to run."

Dogs should be brought up to back only when opportunity offers, without interfering with the pointing dog. A dog drawing on or pointing game shall be afforded ample opportunity to locate the game, without competition, it being left to the discretion of the judges to direct the opposing dog to be held in check.

THE POINTER STANDARD.

THE committee on the pointer standard recommend that Stonehenge's description of the pointer remain intact, but they advise that the division of points be changed by taking five from the head. Our remarks upon the proposed change of the head of the English setter will apply with equal force to that of the pointer. The committee advise no change in form but merely suggest that less value should be accredited to the head. We do not believe that either of the gentlemen comprising the committee would award a prize to a pointer with bull-terrier lips, pig eyes and spitz ears, no matter were he perfect in all other respects, yet under the standard they propose, such an animal would score ninety-seven out of a possible hundred points, unless the judge saw fit to cut him for symmetry. The improvement of the dog is a most worthy object, anything that tends in the opposite direction is nothing less than a crime. The characteristic head of the pointer is his crowning glory—destroy its character and disastrous results are sure to follow. To take from the value of this most important indicator of pure breeding is certainly a step in the wrong direction.

STANDARD COMMITTEE REPORTS.

BLACK AND TAN SETTER STANDARD.

Skull should not be so heavy as in the Gordons, should be clean cut, with occiput well defined, and good stop. Length of skull from eye to occiput, not less than five and one half inches. Free of top knot.

Muzzle should be straight from eyes to nostrils, without coarseness, should not be less than four inches in length; nostrils should be rather full and black in color; jaws should be exactly equal in length.

Lips should be slightly pendulous.

Eyes should be dark brown in color without the outer yellow circle so often seen in Gordons; should be of good size and mild in expression.

Ears should be set low on the head and lie flat to the cheeks; should be rather longer than the English setter's and well coated with fine silky hair, which should be straight or slightly wavy, extending an inch or two below the flap.

Neck should be of good length, with gradual rise from shoulders to head, and slightly inclined to arch; should not be throaty, but is not expected to be as perfectly free of leather as a pointer's.

Shoulders should be deep, sloping and strong, not so heavy as the Gordon's, and showing great liberty.

Chest should not be wide but deep; ribs well sprung back of the shoulders but not so much as to make the animal appear round in barrel; should extend well back toward the quarters.

Back and Loin should be strong and slightly inclined to arch, a tendency to sway-back being objectionable.

Quarters should be well muscled but not lumbery, muscles extending well down toward the feet.

Legs. Forelegs should be straight, with elbows neither standing out nor under the chest; should be long from point of shoulders to elbows; should be well feathered to the feet. Hind legs should be long from hips to hock joints; stifles fairly well bent. Hock joints neither bending inward nor out, the former being the most objectionable; feather should not be extended below the hocks.

The Feet should be round, hard, arched, and somewhat padded with hair between the toes; should neither point inward nor out, the latter being the most objectionable.

The Stern should be set on in proper place; should be straight and carried on a line with the back, should have a fine, straight, silky flag, any inclination to curl or ropiness being objectionable.

The Coat should be fine and flat.

The Color should be deep plum black, with rich tan markings clearly defined, and without admixture of black, showing on lips front of cheeks, throat, over eyes, on front of chest, on feet and legs, also at vent, but should not extend into the flag more than four inches. Any white is objectionable, but a small spot on the breast should not disqualify an otherwise good dog.

Symmetry and Quality.—The general character and form of the black and tan setter should be very similar to that of the English setter, possibly a shade lighter throughout; very blood-like in appearance, and combining great symmetry and quality.

H. CLAY GLOVER, }
LOWELL T. FIELD, } Committee.
CHAS. S. FITCH. }

VALUE OF POINTS IN THE BLACK AND TAN SETTER.

Skull.....	9	Legs.....	7
Muzzle.....	9	Quarters.....	7
Eyes.....	3	Elbows.....	2
Ears.....	2	Hocks.....	2
Lips.....	1	Feet.....	1
Neck.....	5	Stern.....	5
Shoulders.....	7	Coat.....	5
Chest.....	7	Color and markings.....	7
Back and loins.....	10	Symmetry and quality.....	6
	52		48

IRISH TERRIER STANDARD.

The Irish Terrier Club's scale of points, and description of the true Irish terrier:

POSITIVE POINTS.		NEGATIVE POINTS.	
Head, jaw, teeth and eyes.....	15	White nails, toes, and feet.....	10
Ears.....	5	Much white on chest.....	10
Legs and feet.....	10	Ears cropped.....	5
Neck.....	5	Month undershot or cankered.....	10
Shoulders and chest.....	10	Coat shaggy, curly, or soft	10
Back and loin.....	10	Uneven in color.....	5
Hind quarters and stern.....	10		
Coat.....	15		
Color.....	10		
Size and symmetry.....	10		
	100	Disqualifying Points.—Nose cherry red. Brindle color.	50

DESCRIPTIVE PARTICULARS.

Head.—Long; skull flat, and rather narrow between ears, getting slightly narrower toward the eye; free from wrinkle; stop hardly visible, except in profile. The jaw must be strong and muscular, but not too full in the cheek, and of a good punishing length, but not so fine as a white English terrier's. There should be a slight falling away below the eye, so as not to have a greyhound's appearance. Hair on face of same description as on body, but short (about a quarter of an inch long), in appearance almost smooth and straight; a slight beard is the only long hair (and it is only long in comparison with the rest) that is permissible and that is characteristic.

Teeth.—Should be strong and level.

Lips.—Not so tight as a bull-terrier's, but well-fitting showing through the hair their black lining.

Nose.—Must be black.

Eyes.—A dark hazel color, small, not prominent, and full of life, fire and intelligence.

Ears.—When uncut, small and V-shaped, of moderate thickness, set well upon the head, and dropping forward closely to the cheek. The ear must be free of fringe, and the hair thereon shorter and generally darker in color than the body.

Neck.—Should be of a fair length, and gradually widening toward the shoulders, well carried, and free of throatiness. There is generally a slight sort of frill visible at each side of the neck, running nearly to the corner of the ear, which is looked on as very characteristic.

Shoulders and Chest.—Shoulders must be fine, long, and sloping well into the back; the chest deep and muscular, but neither full nor wide.

Back and Loin.—Body moderately long; back should be strong and straight, with no appearance of slackness behind the shoulders; the loin broad and powerful and slightly arched; ribs fairly sprung, rather deep than round, and well ribbed back.

Hind Quarters.—Well under the dog; should be strong and muscular, the thighs powerful, hocks near the ground, stifles not much bent.

Stern.—Generally docked; should be free of fringe or feather, set on pretty high, carried gaily, but not over the back or curled.

Feet and Legs.—Feet should be strong, tolerably round, and neither turned out nor in; black toenails are preferable and most desirable. Legs moderately long, well set from the shoulders, perfectly straight, with plenty of bone and muscle; the elbows working freely clear of the sides, pasterns short and straight, hardly noticeable. Both fore and hind legs should be moved straight forward when traveling, the stifles not turned outward, the legs free of feather, and covered, like the head, with as hard a texture of coat as body, but not so long.

ered, like the head, with as hard a texture of coat as body, but not so long.

Coat.—Hard and wiry, free of softness or silkiness, not so long as to hide the outlines of the body, particularly in the hind quarters, straight and flat, no shagginess, and free of lock or curl.

Color.—Should be "whole-colored," the most preferable being bright red; next wheaten, yellow and gray, brindle disqualifying. White sometimes appears on chest and feet; it is more objectionable on the latter than on the chest, as a speck of white on chest is frequently to be seen in all self-colored breeds.

Size and Symmetry.—Weight in show condition, from 16lb. to 24lb.—say 16lb. to 22lb. for bitches and 18lb. to 24lb. for dogs. The most desirable weight is 22lb. or under, which is a nice, stylish and useful size. The dog must present an active, lively, lithe and wiry appearance; lots of substance, at the same time free of clumsiness, as speed and endurance, as well as power, are very essential. They must be neither "cloddy" nor "cobby," but should be framed on the "lines of speed," showing a graceful "racing outline."

Temperament.—Dogs that are very game are usually surly or supphish. The Irish terrier, as a breed, is an exception, being remarkably good tempered, notably so with mankind, it being admitted, however, that he is, perhaps, a little too ready to resent interference on the part of other dogs. There is a heedless, reckless pluck about the Irish terrier, which is characteristic, and coupled with the headlong dash, blind to all consequences, with which he rushes at his adversary, has earned for the breed the proud epithet of "The Dare-Devils." When "off duty" they are characterized by a quiet carelessness-inviting appearance, and when one sees them endearingly, timidly pushing their heads into their masters' hands it is difficult to realize that on occasion, at the "set-out," they can prove they have the courage of a lion, and will fight out to the last breath in their bodies. They develop an extraordinary devotion to, and have been known to track their masters almost incredible distances.

POINTER STANDARD.

G. Edw. Osborn, Esq., Secretary A. K. C.

The committee appointed by the A. K. C. on a standard for judging pointers, beg to report that so far as they have been able to learn the opinions and wishes of prominent breeders of pointers, there is no general desire to change, materially, the standard as laid down by "Stonehenge."

In the opinion of your committee, the description of the pointer as given by Mr. Welsh is satisfactory, but they think that in the division of points, too much has been accredited to the head—the division as given by "Stonehenge" being: Skull, 10; nose, 10; ears, eyes and lips, 4; in short, an allowance of one-fourth the full number of points for head alone.

We recommend that five points be taken from the number heretofore allowed for head, and transferred to those parts to which it is thought not a sufficient number of points have been allowed by "Stonehenge."

We recommend that the points of the pointer should be as follows:

Skull.....	8
Nose.....	8
Ears, eyes and lips.....	3
Neck.....	6
Shoulders and chest.....	18
Back, quarters and stifles.....	17
Legs, elbows and hocks.....	12
Feet.....	8
Stern.....	5
Symmetry and quality.....	7
Texture of coat.....	3
Color.....	5

100
ROBERT C. CORNELL,
E. F. STODDARD.

THE MEMBERS' STAKE RULES.

THE adoption by the Eastern Field Trials Club of the rule allowing a dog entered in the Members' Stake to be handled by a member not his owner is certainly a step in the wrong direction. The spirit of this rule is unquestionably opposed to the principal object had in view when this stake was inaugurated. As its title implies, it is exclusively for the members of the club, and its main object is to foster a spirit of generous rivalry among them, while contesting for its honors, for the purpose of improving their skill in handling their dogs in the field. The winning of this stake should carry far more honor than the mere ownership of a winning dog implies. Any one with plenty of money can own a good dog; but hard cash, although a very desirable adjunct, can never of itself constitute the sportsman.

It should be the aim of the club to enhance instead of depreciate the value of honors won at their field trials. The Eastern Field Trials Club was not established for the sole purpose of improving the pointer and setter. There was still another object in view, and that was to increase the interest in legitimate sport with dog and gun. The best manner in which to accomplish these objects is a question that should be carefully considered by the club before deciding upon any matter that may come before it. With earnest, well-directed effort to accomplish these objects the club has grown from year to year to its present high estate, and no record of backward steps should mar the pages of its history.

EXCESSIVE TAXATION.—Cohocton, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I write to ask, if, in your opinion, there is any honorable and legitimate way for any one wishing to establish a breeding kennel to avoid paying the excessive taxes that the laws in most counties of this State impose. The law in this town, for instance, levies a tax of fifty cents on a dog, and three dollars on a bitch; for each additional dog or bitch the amount is doubled, one dollar for the second dog, two dollars for the third and so on; six dollars for the second bitch, twelve for the third, etc. At this rate a kennel containing, for example, six dogs and six bitches, would have to pay an annual tax of \$220.50. Now this is manifestly an unjust law, and I would like to know if you or any of your readers who have been obliged to grapple with the question can suggest any means by which it may be honorably avoided.—STUBBEN. [We should labor with the county supervisors to change the law, which is manifestly harsh and unjust.]

THE NEWARK DOG SHOW.—New York, Feb. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following gentlemen have kindly consented to judge at Newark: Mr. John Davidson, Monro, Mich., pointers and setters; Mr. James Mortimer, Babylon, L. I., fox-terriers, Yorkshire terriers, pugs and toy dogs; Mr. J. A. Stovell, Philadelphia, Pa., beagles, judged by the American English Beagle Club standard. The Philadelphia & Reading Express Company has issued an order to carry dogs boxed from all P. and R. points to the Newark show at regular rates, and will return them to points of shipment free of charge.—A. P. VREDENBURGH, Secretary.

BOUND BOOKS OF KENNEL BLANKS.—We have bound books of kennel blanks, each book consisting of 200 blanks of a given style, and can furnish these (postpaid 30 cents) for the convenience of those who have occasion to use a large number of blanks. In ordering be careful to state what particular series of blanks is desired, i. e., whether Names Claimed, Sales, Bred or Whelps. The arrangement of the blanks is such that a duplicate record of each note sent for publication may be retained for future reference.

THE AMERICAN-ENGLISH BEAGLE CLUB.—The beagle club have sent the following circular to members:—Dear Sir: To more fully carry out the objects for which we are organized, it seems only proper we should work together to accomplish them. It is advised that all our members give their support only to those bench show managers (by exhibiting their dogs) who will or have granted our requests by giving the classes named in our constitution, accepting our standard, and allowing our club to appoint (through the president) a judge of beagles. That our requests are not unreasonable is found in the fact that the Hartford K. C., New Haven K. C., New England K. C., New Jersey Kennel and Field Trial Club have given us the classes asked for, accepted our standard and have allowed our club to name the judge for beagles (from among our members) at their coming shows. By their doing so we have met with success, and what they have done others can do also. In order to secure our just claims we should withhold our support from all bench show managers who will not do the same. We cannot accomplish our object in any other way and we being the ones most directly interested in having proper classes and awards made according to our standard, and by those who are members of the club, we hope you will give us your full support by not entering your dogs at those shows whose managers will not grant our request. In conclusion we advise the club to donate special prizes at all shows whose management are in accord with us, and set forth in this circular. We remain, very truly yours, Dr. C. E. Nichols, Chairman, W. H. Ashburner, F. W. Streeter, A. Winsor, Herman F. Schellhass, Executive Committee.

THE ST. LOUIS DOG SHOW.—St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The St. Louis Gun Club's third annual bench show of dogs will be held in Exposition Hall, May 18, 19, 20 and 21. This will give a rest of nearly two weeks after the New York show. The entrance fee this year will be two dollars, the admission at the door twenty-five cents, and the price of the catalogue ten cents. These are three important changes from last year. The premiums will probably be the same as at the New York show. We are waiting to see the prize lists from all the shows before we arrange ours. It is too early to promise anything definite about specials. We are promised valuable assistance in this line, however, and we believe our list this year will be attractive. No details whatever have been arranged as yet. We only decided yesterday to hold the show. As soon as we have any information to impart we will send it to you. We shall try to procure able judges for all the classes, and we hope owners of dogs will help us out with entries. St. Louis ought to be able to secure a very large number of Western dogs alone, and we expect some Eastern entries—if prizes worth winning will bring them. May is a very pleasant month to visit St. Louis, and Exposition Hall is one of the best in America for a dog show.—Geo. Munson, Manager.

THE PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.—The twelfth annual dog show of the Western Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, to be held at Pittsburgh next month, promises to be a successful one. In addition to the liberal premium list a large number of special prizes will be given; among them are two of \$50 each for the best kennel of mastiffs and the best kennel of St. Bernards, each to consist of three or more. Mr. B. F. Wilson and Major J. M. Taylor will judge all setters, Major Taylor the pointers, foxhounds and beagles, Mr. James Mortimer taking the remaining classes. The entries close March 8. Mr. L. F. Whitman will superintend the show. The secretary's address is Mr. C. B. Elben, Lock box 303, Pittsburgh, Pa.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Judy B. By Fred Bollett, Brooklyn, N. Y., for blue and tan Skye terrier bitch, whelped Jan. 1, 1885, pedigree unknown. This bitch was brought from England to me by a friend.—F. B.

Bang Shot. By A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 30, 1885, by Antie (Prince)—Pebble out of Polly (Duck Laverack)—Clio.

Doris. By E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., for black pointer bitch, whelped Nov. 15, 1885, by Pete, Jr. (Strong's Pete)—J. L. Woodbridge's Nellie out of imported Kate.

Tam O'Shanter. By J. O. Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y., for white, orange ticks, English setter dog, whelped April 20, 1885, by Wagner (A. K. R. 229) out of Iena (A. K. R. 230).

Niagara Falls. By P. M. Buckle, Niagara Falls, Ont., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1885, by Silk (A. K. R. 1397) out of Black Daisy (Bonanza, A. K. R. 64)—Pansy.

Dot S. By T. P. Lyman, Goshen, Mass., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 13, 1885, by imported Kink out of Bessie (Racket)—Fly (A. K. R. 1012).

Fairy. By Jesse D. Welch, New Haven, Conn., for white, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped Feb. 15, 1885, by Mixture (Spice)—Fairy III. out of Nellie (A. K. R. 1704).

Alora. By J. F. Butler, Waverly, Mass., for white, even marked head, fox-terrier bitch, whelped June 1, 1885, by imported Joy out of Young's Venus.

Yum Yum. By Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., for liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June 20, 1885, by Ann (A. K. R. 1107) out of Floss (A. K. R. 1104).

Laura A. By Sarah H. Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., for lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 18, 1885, by Dash (Morford's Don)—Lily out of Dot (Prince)—Flora.

Dandy Jim. By Chas. F. Oat, Belmont Hunt, West Chester, Pa., for black and tan foxhound dog, whelped Nov. 26, 1885, by Dixey Jim (A. K. R. 2215) out of Fly (Hero)—Fanny.

Musie. By Chas. F. Oat, Belmont Hunt, West Chester, Pa., for tan and white foxhound bitch, whelped Nov. 26, 1885, by Dixey Jim (A. K. R. 2215) out of Fly (Hero)—Fanny.

Benny. By J. B. C. Lambert, Glastonbury, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Nov. 19, 1885, by Kiddewink (A. K. R. 937) out of Gretchen (A. K. R. 996).

Virginia. By C. W. Littlejohn, Leesburg, Va., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 15, 1885, by Fritz (A. K. R. 1351) out of Virginia (A. K. R. 1357).

Eva. By N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 6, 1885, by Judge (Rattler)—Rena out of Dot II. (Ringwood, A. K. R. 2303)—Dime I.

Schneider. By W. J. Percival, Stanton, Mich., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Oct. 5, 1885, by Tammany (Tory)—Moonstone out of Erie (Rake II)—Buff Browney.

Empire State Kennels. By Nelson V. Ketchum, Savannah, Ga., for his breeding kennels of bulldogs, Skye terriers and spaniels.

Woodbrook Kennels. By W. E. Stewart, Differdter, Baltimore, Md., for his kennels of English beagles.

BRED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Marquette Blanche—Silk. G. J. Northrop's (Marquette, Mich.) cocker spaniel bitch Marquette Blanche (Brug)—Lady Bath to Hornell Spaniel Club's Silk (A. K. R. 1397).

Bess—Fanny. Dr. E. J. Bealington's (New York) smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch Bess (A. K. R. 1808) to Mill Brook Kennels' Venne (A. K. R. 418), Feb. 10.

Bessie—Jock. F. Morris's (Hornellsville, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Bessie (Jack)—Penwell's Joie to Hornell spaniel Club's Jock (A. K. R. 1877), Jan. 16.

Judy—Silk. C. Clark's (Hornellsville, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Judy (Silk, A. K. R. 1397)—Dinah (A. K. R. 66) to Hornell spaniel Club's Silk (A. K. R. 1397).

Fairy—Baby Tyrant. Jesse D. Welch's (New Haven, Conn.) fox-terrier bitch Fairy (Mixture)—Nettie (A. K. R. 1704) to John H. Thayer's Baby Tyrant (Baillif II.—Peach), Dec. 16.

Peg—Toots. C. F. Lambert's (Glastonbury, Mass.) pointer bitch Peg (Haskell's Ransom—Shaw's Julie) to Julius E. Wilson's Toots (A. K. R. 21), Feb. 1.

Nellie D.—William Tell. J. H. Jewett's (Worcester, Mass.) pointer

bitch Nellie D. (Vandevort's Don—Beckworth's Daisy B.) to C. A. Parker's William Tell (A. K. R. 2610), Feb. 1.

Lady Antrim—Mack B. J. B. Farnsworth's (Pawtucket, R. I.) English set ter bitch Lady Antrim (Lindo—Belle) to Blackstone Kennels' Mack B. (Duck Laverack)—Twilight, Feb. 1.

Rhea—King Coal. F. M. Caldwell's (Philadelphia, Pa.) black cocker spaniel bitch Rhea (McBells's Doctor—Tuppence) to Wm. West's King Coal (A. K. R. 2585), Feb. 11.

Musie—Ringwood. A. E. Bowler's (Boston, Mass.) beagle bitch Musie (Racer)—Beulah to N. Elmore's Ringwood (A. K. R. 2302), Jan. 15.

Mollie Laverack—Prince Napoleon. Henry Sturtevant's (Medina, N. Y.) English setter bitch Mollie Laverack (Perfection)—Lit Laverack to T. H. Adams's Prince Napoleon (A. K. R. 2371), Jan. 30.

Judy B.—Bob. Fred Bollett's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) imported Skye terrier bitch Judy B. to Senator Pierce's imported Bob, Nov. 5.

Fannette—Dashing Monarch. Rancocas Kennels' (Jobstown, N. J.) English setter bitch Fannette (A. K. R. 2333) to their Dashing Monarch (A. K. R. 2348), Feb. 10.

Comassie—Stormy Petrel. Rancocas Kennels' (Jobstown, N. J.) English setter bitch Comassie (A. K. R. 949) to their Stormy Petrel (A. K. R. 2427), Jan. 10.

Twig—Fred. Coughour Medicine Co.'s (Eau Claire, Wis.) pug bitch Twig (A. K. R. 3306) to Miss Lizzie Plankinton's Fred, Jan. 14.

Clara Belle—Glencho. E. F. Weiss's (Cincinnati, O.) Irish setter bitch Clara Belle (A. K. R. 1839) to W. H. Pierce's Glencho (Elcho—Noreen), Jan. 6.

Lucretia Gladstone—King Noble. E. F. Weiss's (Cincinnati, O.) English setter bitch Lucretia Gladstone (A. K. R. 1372) to J. I. Case, Jr.'s, King Noble (Count Noble—Hosatid), Jan. 23.

WHELPS.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Midget. J. C. Vail's (Warwick, N. Y.) pointer bitch Midget (A. K. R. 703), Feb. 5, eleven (six dogs), by A. E. Godeffroy's Croxeth; all liver and white.

Blossom. Wm. B. James's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Blossom (Crisp—Vic), Jan. 28, three dogs, by Wallace's Cyp (Tun—Nagel).

Doris. E. C. Alden's (Dedham, Mass.) black pointer bitch Doris (Pete, Jr.—Kate), Jan. 28, fifteen (ten dogs), by his Crostone (Joe Pape)—Nellie Pape.

Edith. Chas. E. Taylor's (Bath, Me.) cocker spaniel bitch Edith (Brush II.—Olivia), Jan. 30, seven (five dogs), by W. H. Beede's Beau (Ralf)—Belle.

Lucy. Coughour Medicine Co.'s (Eau Claire, Wis.) St. Bernard bitch Lucia (A. K. R. 2491), Feb. 1, four (one dog), by their Otto II. (A. K. R. 2489).

SALES.

Melrose Ilford. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Dec. 19, 1885, by Ilford Caution (A. K. R. 2930) out of Brenda II. (A. K. R. 2219), by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to Chas. M. Gilman, Southport, Conn.

Ilford Samson. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Dec. 19, 1885, by Ilford Caution (A. K. R. 2930) out of Brenda II. (A. K. R. 2219), by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to W. F. Kral, Houston, Tex.

Folley. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped April 6, 1885, by Antie out of Princess Mix, by estate of Prof. H. J. Rice to A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa.

Thoroughbred. Liver and white English setter bitch, whelped May 23, 1885, by Dash III. out of Aloe, by estate of Prof. H. J. Rice to A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa.

Lightfoot and Princess Mix II. Black and blue belton English setter bitches, whelped April 6, 1885, by Antie out of Princess Mix, by estate of Prof. H. J. Rice to A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa.

Polly. Black and blue belton English setter bitch, 4 yrs. old, by Dick Laverack out of Clio, by estate of Prof. H. J. Rice to A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa.

Casina. Black and white English setter bitch, 3 yrs. old, by Jester out of Kathleen, by estate of Prof. H. J. Rice to A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa.

Pebble. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Sept. 14, 1881 (A. K. R. 49), by estate of Prof. H. J. Rice to A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa., and resold by him to Geo. F. Clark, St. George's, Del.

Snowflake and Rainbow. Stone fawn pug bitches, whelped Jan. 4, 1886, by Bessie (A. K. R. 473) out of Patsy (A. K. R. 2348), by Kentucky Pug Kennels, Newport, Ky., to Chas. E. Tutbill, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, O.

Kino—Bessie whelp. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 18, 1885, by J. Scatterthwaite, Jenkintown, Pa., to T. P. Lyman, Goshen, Mass.

Dutch. Jr. (A. K. R. 1887)—Little Nell (A. K. R. 2905) whelps Bull-terrier dogs, whelped July 12, 1885, by T. R. Varick, Manchester, N. H., one to H. W. Holden, New York; one to Percy Weeks, Haverhill, Mass.; and one to Dr. C. B. Hammond, Nashua, N. H.

Frank. Red Irish setter dog, age and pedigree unknown, by W. G. Smith, Maryland, to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Zero. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 14, 1883, by Grafton out of Megs, by W. G. Smith, Maryland, to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dawntress. Black and tan beagle dog, whelped Aug. 18, 1885, by Grand Duke out of Gipsy, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Basso. Black and tan beagle dog, whelped Aug. 18, 1885, by Grand Duke out of Gipsy, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bonanza. Black field spaniel dog, whelped January, 1881, by Watermark out of Nellie, by Geo. W. Schenk, Burlington, Ia., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Leoni. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped September, 1885, by Bross's Prince out of I. O. Lutha, by W. J. Percival, Stanton, Mich., to Ingram Bros., Wahpeton, Dak.

Don. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Aug. 3, 1885, by Dandy out of B-a-u-t-y, by W. J. Percival, Stanton, Mich., to Ingram Bros., Wahpeton, Dak.

Toot. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 28, 1885, by imported Ringwood out of Collette, by W. J. Percival, Stanton, Mich., to M. Hovers out of Gipsy, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Schneider. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Oct. 5, 1885, by Tammany out of Erie, by T. F. Kivers, Bridgeport, Conn., to W. J. Percival, Stanton, Mich.

Bo Peep. Black, with white trim, cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 19, 1885, by Kiddewink (A. K. R. 996) out of Gretchen (A. K. R. 997), by Mignon Kennels, Cortland, N. Y., to J. V. M. Gilchrist, Johnsons, N. Y.

Bolton—Lacy whelp. Black and white Great Dane dog, whelped Nov. 28, 1885, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to F. W. Fonda, St. Augustine, Fla.

Fritz (A. K. R. 1351)—Virginia (A. K. R. 1357) whelps. Lemon and white pointer dogs, whelped Nov. 15, 1885, by C. W. Littlejohn, Leesburg, Va., one to E. J. Marsh and one to J. B. Wickery, Chicago, Ill.

DEATHS.

Pete, Jr. Black pointer dog, whelped June 21, 1877 (Strong's Pete)—J. L. Woodbridge's Nellie, owned by E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., on Jan. 18.

Musie. Black, white and tan beagle bitch (A. K. R. 1411), owned by H. F. Schellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 14; killed by the cars.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

J. H. B. Belmont, N. Y.—We think the outlook for recovery in your dog is bad. Probably the spinal cord is permanently injured from the accident when he was so young. You may try, however, the following applications of electricity to the undeveloped leg and daily applications of calomel to the injured limb.

J. H. B. Belmont, N. Y.—I have a setter dog troubled with mange disease of the perspiring glands. I should judge from symptoms. The skin on back is greatly thickened and the hair keeps coming out. The dog is constantly scratching himself and rolling. Have been treating with arsenic (Kowler's solution), twenty-four drops a day, maximum dose twelve drops morning and night, it has helped him greatly but not cured him yet. As you are giving too much arsenic. Give five drops night and morning in the food. A good wash for the skin is composed of sulphur two drams, camphor two drams, glycerine a half ounce, rose water to make eight ounces. Apply locally with soft sponge night and morning and keep the parts soft with vaseline rubbed gently into the skin. Shake the sulphur mixture before using.

J. H. B. Belmont, N. Y.—Pug dog, two years old, weighs 21 lbs. Do not know how long he has been sick. Does not shiver. Great difficulty in breathing. Bad cough and wheeze. Constipated. Appetite good. Persists in lying on his belly. Does not have flus. Matter runs from eyes very thick. Scratches himself a great deal. Breath smells very offensive. Nose cold and clammy. Skin dry. Ans. Give a dose of castor oil or buckthorn, a dessert spoonful to a tablespoonful, according to effect produced, the object being to secure thorough evacuation of the bowels. The whole trouble seems to be due to his constipation. After purging, give 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice daily in the food. The latter should consist of boiled corn meal with a few bits of lean meat mixed in. The food should be served cold and may be moistened with milk if convenient. Do not feed much meat. The rest of the diet be fluid, milk, soups, gruel, etc. Give plenty of exercise.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 13.—At the regular medal match of our rifle club yesterday, a match was shot with Elgin, Ill., 30yds, off-hand, Hinman target, possible 100:

Brown.....	10	10	8	10	7	5	9	7	7	6	79
Ayres.....	6	9	5	7	9	10	6	5	10	8	75
Watson.....	6	8	10	6	8	10	7	6	6	7	74
Norton.....	6	7	5	7	5	9	6	8	7	7	67
Perry.....	5	8	7	5	6	5	9	9	5	8	67
Hazeltine.....	9	7	5	7	9	8	7	7	5	7	61
Burns.....	6	7	7	5	4	9	6	7	5	6	63
DeLisle.....	6	7	7	7	7	5	10	6	0	62	
Moore.....	6	7	0	4	7	0	9	7	7	7	54
Fenner.....	0	5	7	0	4	5	8	5	8	0	40

Elgin scored 650.—ZERO.

Elgin scored 630.—Zero.

HAVERHILL (MASS.) RIFLE CLUB.—Riverside Range, Feb. 13, 200yds., off-hand, stand off target, C. Goodm count:

H. Tuck	5445	54544	46	C. H. H.	45544445	43
S. E. Johnson	4545	55544	46	C. W. Wright	45544444	42
J. F. Brown	45	45444	44	J. Busch	44554443	41

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB.—Weekly club shoot, Feb. 9, 10 shot, off-hand, distance 1001, possible 130:

D. Miller	110	M. Dorrier	118	M. B. Engel	114	A. Loh	116	C. G. Zetter	115	B. Zetter	110	H. Holges	113	T. C. Noone	109	L. Flack	100	C. W. Karcher	110	M. L. Riges	114	G. W. Blasted	105	W. D. Ward	Sec.
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THE TRAP.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A meeting of the stockholders of the National Gun Association was held at Covington, Ky., Jan. 12, 1886, at 8 P. M., in pursuance of published notice, and sent to individual stockholders. There were present in person or by proxy, the following: J. E. Bloom, Cincinnati, O.; F. C. Etheridge, T. B. Blackshear, J. A. Onlerdonk, J. C. Johnson, R. F. Lawton, N. B. Wheeler, J. C. Jones, M. R. Freeman and J. P. O'Connell, Springfield, O.; The Ligowski Clay Pigeon Company, Cincinnati, O.; G. E. Reading, Flemington, N. J.; Julian H. Gates, Hartford, Conn.; J. N. Frye, Boston, Mass.; H. W. Eager, Worcester, Mass.; E. A. Crawford, Tallahassee, Fla.; F. W. Barrow, Philadelphia, Pa.; C. E. Verges, Lowell, O.; B. R. Putham, Texas; Wm. G. Cooper, Savannah, Ga. These represented a total of 133 shares, which, being more than the quorum required by the constitution, the meeting then proceeded to the election of directors for the ensuing year. The following were unanimously elected: Judge Matt R. Freeman, W. W. Parker and F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga.; E. A. Crawford, Tallahassee, Fla.; Wm. G. Cooper, Savannah, Ga.; L. E. Russell, Springfield, O.; C. M. Stark, Winchester, Mass.; J. Von Lengerke, New York City; W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I. After the reading of an interesting report from General Manager and Treasurer, Judge Matt R. Freeman, the meeting adjourned until the 15th inst.

A meeting of the Board of Directors of the National Gun Association was held at Macon, Ga., Feb. 1, 1886. Present in person or by proxy: Matt R. Freeman, F. C. Etheridge, W. W. Parker, E. A. Crawford, Wm. G. Cooper, S. E. Russell and W. A. Coster. Upon motion it was unanimously resolved that the office of Secretary and Treasurer be made one and the same in place of General Manager and Treasurer as heretofore. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Dr. S. E. Russell, Springfield, O.; General Manager, Matt R. Freeman, Macon, Ga.; Secretary and Treasurer, F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga.; Executive Committee, Matt R. Freeman, F. C. Etheridge, W. W. Parker, Wm. G. Cooper, S. E. Russell and W. A. Coster. Upon motion it was unanimously resolved that the office of Secretary and Treasurer be made one and the same in place of General Manager and Treasurer as heretofore. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Dr. S. E. Russell, Springfield, O.; General Manager, Matt R. Freeman, Macon, Ga.; Secretary and Treasurer, F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga.; Executive Committee, Matt R. Freeman, F. C. Etheridge, W. W. Parker, Wm. G. Cooper, S. E. Russell and W. A. Coster. Upon motion it was unanimously resolved that the office of Secretary and Treasurer be made one and the same in place of General Manager and Treasurer as heretofore. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Dr. S. E. Russell, Springfield, O.; General Manager, Matt R. Freeman, Macon, Ga.; Secretary and Treasurer, F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga.; Executive Committee, Matt R. Freeman, F. C. Etheridge, W. W. Parker, Wm. G. Cooper, S. E. Russell and W. A. Coster. Upon motion it was unanimously resolved that the office of Secretary and Treasurer be made one and the same in place of General Manager and Treasurer as heretofore. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Dr. S. E. Russell, Springfield, O.; General Manager, Matt R. Freeman, Macon, Ga.; Secretary and Treasurer, F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga.; Executive Committee, Matt R. Freeman, F. C. Etheridge, W. W. Parker, Wm. G. Cooper, S. E. Russell and W. A. Coster. Upon motion it was unanimously resolved that the office of Secretary and Treasurer be made one and the same in place of General Manager and Treasurer as heretofore. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Dr. S. E. Russell, Springfield, O.; General Manager, Matt R. Freeman, Macon, Ga.; Secretary and Treasurer, F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga.; Executive Committee, Matt R. Freeman, F. C. Etheridge, W. W. Parker, Wm. G. Cooper, S. E. Russell and W. A. Coster. Upon motion it was unanimously resolved that the office of Secretary and Treasurer be made one and the same in place of General Manager and Treasurer as heretofore. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Dr. S. E. Russell, Springfield, O.; General Manager, Matt R. Freeman, Macon, Ga.; Secretary and Treasurer, F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga.; Executive Committee, Matt R. Freeman, F. C. Etheridge, W. W. Parker, Wm. G. Cooper, S. E. Russell and W. A. Coster. Upon motion it was unanimously resolved that the office of Secretary and Treasurer be made one and the same in place of General Manager and Treasurer as heretofore. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Dr. S. E. Russell, Springfield, O.; General Manager, Matt R. Freeman, Macon, Ga.; Secretary and Treasurer, F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga.; Executive Committee, Matt R. Freeman, F. C. Etheridge, W. W. Parker, Wm. G. Cooper, S. E. Russell and W. A. Coster. Upon motion it was unanimously resolved that the office of Secretary and Treasurer be made one and the same in place of General Manager and Treasurer as heretofore. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Dr. S. E. Russell, Springfield, O.; General Manager, Matt R. Freeman, Macon, Ga.; Secretary and Treasurer, F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga.; Executive Committee, Matt R. Freeman, F. C. Etheridge, W. W. Parker, Wm. G. Cooper, S. E. Russell and W. A. Coster. Upon motion it was unanimously resolved that the office of Secretary and Treasurer be made one and the same in place of General Manager and Treasurer as heretofore. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Dr. S. E. Russell, Springfield, O.; General Manager, Matt R. Freeman, Macon, Ga.; Secretary

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

- June 17—N. Y. Y. C. Regatta.
- June 17—Dorchester Y. C., Nahant, Open.
- June 19—Hull Y. C., Pennant race.
- June 23—Boston Y. C.
- June 26—Corinthian Y. C. Race.
- July 8—Hull Y. C. Race.
- July 4—Boston Y. C., Regatta.
- July 10—Hull Y. C., Novelty Race.
- July 10—Corinthian Y. C. Race.
- July 13—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, First Championship.
- July 17—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
- July 21—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
- July 23—Boston Y. C.
- July 24—Dorchester Y. C.
- July 24—Corinthian Y. C., Ladies' Race.
- July 31—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Second Championship.
- July 31—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
- Aug. 7—Corinthian Y. C., Open Regatta.
- Aug. 14—Hull Y. C., Open Regatta.
- Aug. 14—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Third Championship.
- Aug. 21—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Matches.
- Aug. 23—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Race.
- Aug. 28—Corinthian Y. C. Race.
- Aug. 28—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
- Sept. 2—Boston Y. C.
- Sept. 4—Dorchester Y. C., Fall Race.
- Sept. 4—Corinthian Y. C., Champion Race.
- Sept. 11—Hull Y. C., Champion Sail-off.
- Sept. 11—Corinthian Y. C., Sweepstakes Regatta.
- Sept. 18—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Matches.

THE STEAM YACHT CARMEN.

STEAM yacht designing is a study that has as yet received comparatively little attention in America, but which is becoming each year of increasing importance, as more and more money is invested in steam yachting. Of our already extensive fleet there are few that are not open to criticism as to design in all its details of hull, engines, boilers, living room, etc., and too great a number by far show very plainly how they were built, and the lack of any proper planning or competent superintendence in the design. Thus far steam yacht designing has not been made a specialty at it should be, but when a boat is built it is put together in a haphazard sort of way that is only too visible on a casual inspection. One man is called on to design or whittle, as the case may be, a hull so long; another is called on for an engine, about so many horse power; still a third furnishes a boiler; perhaps the rig is looked after by the man who will command her, and the interior is furnished in about the same style. Each person concerned may be fairly competent, but he does his work with little regard to any other part, and though in itself it may be well done, the result is an utterly incongruous whole, generally an excellent starting point for future alterations of an expensive nature. The problem involved in the design of a modern steam yacht is a very complicated one, owing to the many diverse ends and conflicting requirements. Speed is always a most important requisite, good sea-going powers are absolutely indispensable, accommodation for owner and crew is a most important point on a long voyage, yet at the same time an easy model must be preserved.

The engine and bunker space must be as small as possible, and in them must be condensed a powerful engine, little liable to break down under long and heavy strain; boilers that shall furnish steam freely with sea water and whose coal consumption shall be as low as possible.

Besides this, the model must be such that a fair speed may be attained under sail alone; and the rig must be a good and efficient one, not only for economy on long runs when no steam is used, but in case of accident to the engines in bad weather. As the vessel is a yacht, a certain amount of beauty is also demanded in the model and rig. To insure a fair average of all of these essentials, the design must be the work of one controlling mind, which shall harmonize all these features into a symmetrical whole, in which no part unduly predominates and none is neglected; and to do this is the province of the trained naval architect. Only too frequently we see a hull in which model and speed have been entirely sacrificed to a large saloon and elegant staterooms, or cases where engine and boiler have no relation to each other, resulting in a minimum of speed and a maximum of coal bill. The most important point in all naval design is harmony of details, whether in a sailing or steam vessel, and this can only be attained by the action of one competent mind. With small yachts and launches of comparatively little cost errors are of minor importance; but when we come to the design of large yachts, and aspire to lead the world in size and speed, the question of design, as involving not merely the first but the future outlay and the value and efficiency of the yacht, is one of prime importance.

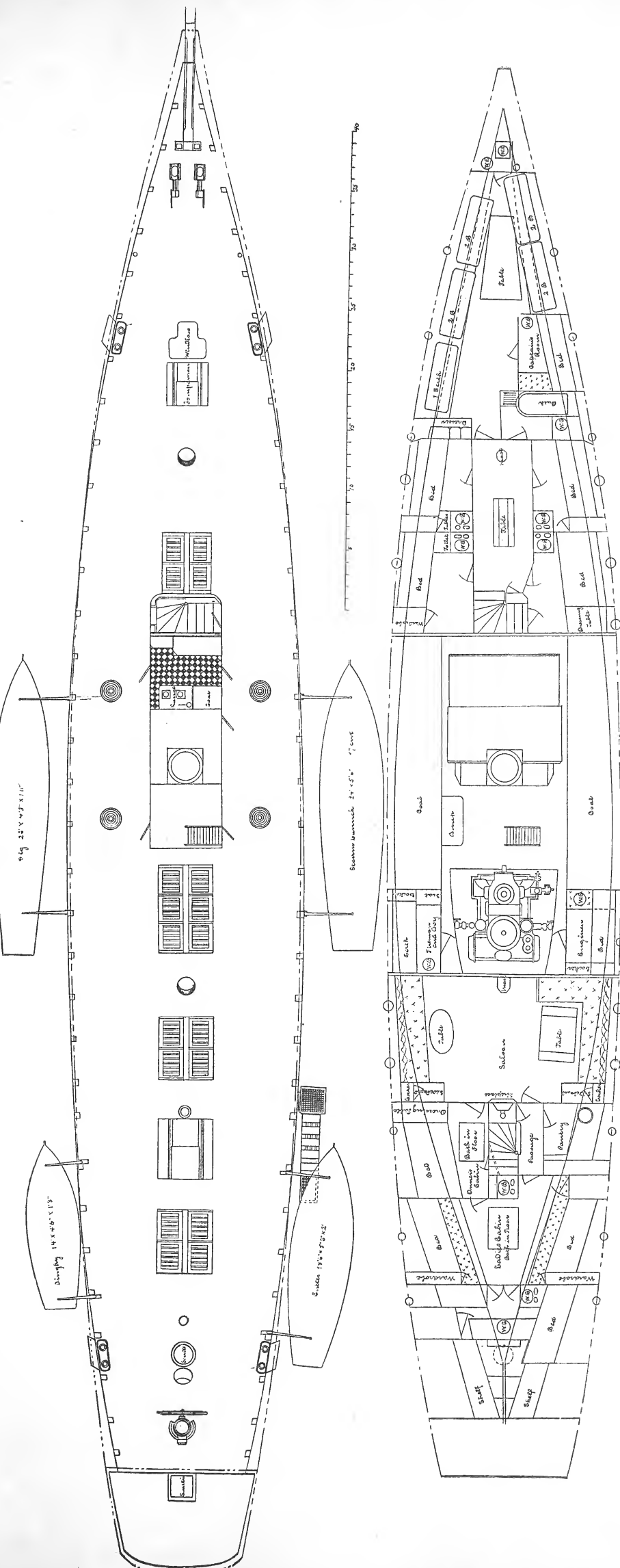
As yet our steam fleet is but poorly represented in one very useful class of yacht, the auxiliary cruiser, capable of long voyages and giving good accommodation with a small fuel consumption. This class, to which the yacht here illustrated belongs, is already a large one in England, and many long cruises have been made by these vessels. The Carmen was designed by Mr. J. Beavor Webb to the order of Sir Thomas Freke, the order being for the most powerful and seaworthy yacht that could be built of 200 tons, a voyage from England to the China seas being contemplated. Besides some 20 tons of stores, furniture and baggage she was to carry a sufficient amount of coal for a long voyage. Carmen was built of iron by Messrs. J. Reid & Co., of Glasgow, her engines being built by Walker, Henderson & Co., of the same place. She is 144ft. over all, 110ft. waterline, 20ft. beam and 11ft. draft. Her displacement is 208 tons, indicated horsepower 193 and working pressure 80 lbs. The engines are compounded 14 and 28 by 31in. The hull is fitted with three iron bulkheads, one at each end of the engine space and one aft.

The interior arrangements are excellent, both for her owners, guests and crew of fifteen. The latter are berthed in hammock beds in the bow, standing in a large fore-cabin, forward of which they have a washroom and w. c., while at its after end is the captain's room, neatly fitted, the space under the bed, both here and in all other parts of the ship having large drawers. Aft the captain's room is a dresser, the galley being above in the deck house. The forward saloon, in which is a dining table, opens into four large staterooms, each fitted with bed, drawers, toilet table, wardrobe and washstand. The boilers and engine occupy no more than their fair share of space, abreast of them being the engine room and fireman's rooms and bunkers for forty-two tons of coal, sufficient for about 2,700 knots steaming. The main saloon aft of the engines is 11ft. x 19, handsomely furnished with a fireplace and mantle, sofas, tables, sideboards and closets, making a pleasant resort in any weather. The owner's cabin is a good-sized room, with bed, toilet table, etc., and with a bathtub below the flooring. The pantry and passage take up the opposite side of the yacht, and further aft is a roomy ladies' cabin, with two berths, two sofas, toilet, etc. Aft of this are closets, store-rooms, and a room for the maids. The deck room is large, and affords a fine promenade in good weather. The Carmen carries four boats, a gig 24ft. x 4ft. 3in., a dinghy 14ft. x 4ft. 6in., a cutter 18ft. 6in. x 5ft. 6in., and a steam launch 24ft. x 5ft. 6in. The galley and coal box on deck are shown in the upper plan.

Carmen was sold by her owner to Sir Richard Bulkeley, who made a long voyage in her last winter. She ran from Plymouth to Gibraltar in 4 days 13h., thence proceeded to Madeira and Santa Cruz, and from the latter place to Barbadoes, making the last run in 18 days 4h. After a cruise in the West Indies she returned home, running from Bermuda to Holyhead in 16 days. On the trip she proved herself a perfect sea boat. The cost of such a yacht in England would be £3,000 or \$10,000. With triple expansion engines, her coal consumption would be reduced, and the 42 tons which she carries would serve for about 3,400 knots steaming.

This class of yacht, combining good accommodations with moderate cost both of building, maintenance and fuel, must become very popular here in time. Each year there are more cruises to the West Indies both by sail and steam, and the latter must always have the choice in these busy days. A comparatively short vacation may be utilized to its fullest extent, and even a coming cold wave like that of last week may be quickly dodged for a fortnight in a pleasant climate.

EASTERN Y. C.—The Eastern Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 9, at which the following officers were elected: Commodore, Henry S. Hovey; Vice-Commodore, J. Malcolm Forbes; Rear-Commodore, Wm. F. Weld; Secretary, Edward Burgess; Treasurer, Patrick T. Jackson, Jr.; Measurer, E. Burgess; Regatta Committee, D. Appleton, E. B. Haven, George A. Goddard, Henry B. Jackson, Frank E. Peabody; Members of the Council at Large, C. O. Foster, George P. Cushman, Jr.; Committee on Admissions, J. Malcolm Forbes, F. Cunningham, O. W. Peabody, W. G. Salomon, B. W. Crowninshield, Percival L. Everett, Alan Tucker, F. L. Hargrison, R. S. Russell, E. V. R. Thayer, H. D. Burnham; House Committee, B. W. Crowninshield, P. L. Everett, Francis V. Parker, J. Henry Sleeper, Edward Burgess. The classification of sloops was so altered as to make the first class 75ft. and over and the second class under 75ft.



STEAM YACHT CARMEN, DESIGNED BY J. BEAVOR WEBB, A. I. N. A.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

XIII.

FOR the following two days no progress could be made. The wind was light and ahead and the tides did not move. It will have been useless to beat down the narrow and winding channel of the river against both, so the time was put in tinkering on various little jobs and a visit to Bordentown for papers and mail. Toward the evening of the second day it fell a flat calm and the temperature went down rapidly, so that two wicks in the stove had to be lit. A threatened cold wave made itself felt during the night. Next morning the river was covered with thin ice. A tow coming up from Philadelphia and the steamer Major Keyhole making landings while plying her regular trips, seemed to keep open a channel broad enough for the Coot to escape had there been a favorable breeze. But not a breath disturbed the scene all day and with misgivings I saw the sun sink in a clear frosty sky, reddening the horizon with a fiery glow of great intensity. The thermometer fell rapidly into the twenties and ice made so fast that an attempt to reach shore in the Orange Blossom for water and oil was frustrated. Although the channel was nearly clear when I shoved off from the yacht, the fresh water of the river solidified with such rapidity that while looking for a suitable spot to land the skiff was surrounded by newly made ice in all directions and pulling through it became a hazardous matter in the light boat. Realizing the impossibility of returning to the yacht after further delay, the expedition had to be abandoned and only after some trouble breaking through the ice, was it possible to force the skiff once more afloat. At the time I did not dream that a severe trial was about to begin, but thought that the morrow might bring a change, as it was still so early in the season.

But the cold wave was in dead earnest and I had no warning of its intensity, having been unable to get late city papers containing the weather forecast. Upon the following morning, the air was frigid, the thermometer showing 21°. The river was closed up entirely and the Coot lay fast in the winter's cold and dismal embrace. This was the fourth day lost and disappointment increased accordingly. In the afternoon the mercury had gone down to 18. All life on the river had long ago ceased. In all the glassy expanse there was not one little black speck, a tortoise looking object with a list of protruding out against the gray background of leafless trees and bushes fringing the low western shore. The tides were very low, and at every ebb the Coot would take the bottom and ease over on her bilge. This was not of any consequence, however, as it did not interfere with life on board. The ice soon became a source of danger. As the water left it there was violent cracking and grinding, great cakes breaking loose from the rest of the ice, and falling with a sound like the surf of the surf, water flowing away under the ice. With the return of the flood these loose cakes would come sailing up the river at top speed, often five and six deep, as they were piled one above the other during their travels back and forth. Locally these piles are known as "shove ice" and this shove ice was the worst enemy I had to encounter. It was impossible to break through these small icebergs, for they rapidly massed till some of them attained a thickness of four or five feet. On the ebb they were not to be dreaded, for most of them stranded.

As the water fell others were content to mass themselves about the Coot's quarters, slowly prying her up by the stern as piece after piece was wedged into the ever growing piles through the enormous pressure of great fields in the rear. This pressure was irresistible, representing tons upon tons, and no vessel can withstand the nip if fast and subjected to the squeeze, least of all such a mite of a thing as the Coot. Fortunately for her, the weather became intensely cold, 8° above zero, and the ice broke up into small pieces, and the ground around the boat for three-fourths of the time. The ice also froze fast beyond the control of the tides wherever it happened to be. This brought peace again while the cold lasted. In the meantime oil and water had given out entirely aboard the yacht. While the ice drove up and down the river and that inside was too much cracked to offer support, all communication with the outer world was cut off. If a thaw set in, matters would remain in *statu quo* for several days. This made my imprisonment anything but reassuring. For ice could not be driven, but there was not a drop of water for the stove. One day and night were passed in misery. Cold provender in cold weather is not calculated to keep up one's courage. Add to this the absence of drink of any kind, no light for the long evening and 18° in the cabin, and the measure is about full. Upon awakening after the coldest night I ever passed between blankets, I was stiff and numb with chill and suffering for warm food and drink. Everything in the cabin was frozen. The sides and top were covered with frost, the interior having the semblance of a vault in the Arctic.

Something had to be done, and that quickly. Anxiously the tide was watched. On the last of the ebb the ice nearly grounded. With rubber boots and clad in all the clothing at command, the skiff was launched off the after deck and headed in shore, with the two-gallon oil can under the thwart. Cautiously at first, and then with more confidence the boat was pushed out ahead and I followed with both hands on the stern, the distorting curves of the ice and the way at the ebb, and off and on I stumbled into holes as the packed ice settled beneath the feet. But without serious mishap the shore was reached by man and sled. Then, almost as a icicle, I trudged across fields hard as rock, clambered clumsily over fences, got torn by wire bars, slipped up on creeks and tripped up by wry vines, until the door of a little hut was approached. It was the dwelling of a ferryman, whose boats were hauled high and dry, and who himself had decamped for more congenial weather, leaving his house in iron clasp and red lock to mock the poor wayfarer for his trouble. With numb feet, very red nose and very blue in mind we tramped along, the can and I, to another building, scarcely discernible through a thick clump of trees. It proved to be a dilapidated shanty, property of a farm hand, with little green bottle-glass panes to the tired looking windows, except where old paper and rags had made up for the absence of glass. Time had evidently been rough on the glass, for the rags and paper stoppers had gone and the shanty was in a sorry state of decay. The front yard—a considerable ditch, prevented the possibility of any yard in the rear—was a ragged, unkempt patch, strewn with bones, ashes, bottles, feathers, and littered with household remnants in general. As I turned into this the prospects for oil vanished at a bound. Such people could not wish to let light in upon the scene any more than compelled to by the diurnal revolution of mother earth. An apology for steps led up to a door, also lined with ice as it hung away from the wall, and I entered. The man at the door, a miserably old fellow, with two or three greasy, sickly, unclean, staring out of inflamed saucer eyes from the middle of the single room which served all the duties of a family establishment. In a whining drawl this dilapidated Venus of the hearth imparted that she had no oil of no kind. "Where was the store?" "Store! Well, let me see." She scratched her head. I backed off a step. "There was a store, she thought, 'hadn't been there in so long couldn't say exactly where; but you went up this road, and then you turned she didn't know where or how far it was."

With these lucid directions and four miles to a hot stove, it looked like freezing stiff, but for the welcome rays of the sun, now passing its zenith. On a slow trot, more dead than alive, I wandered across wide fields, through clumps of trees, from barn and outhouse to barn and outhouse, which stood out like islands all round. Finally I struck a well kept path and signs of civilization which led me up to a small farm house, where the innkeeper, a man of about 40, with a face as red as the doors did, and a red coat, the worthy owner of the soil proceeded to give voluminous directions as to the whereabouts of the store. "Stranger here?" he asked in the middle of a sentence. Yes. Then we entered a great tobacco barn from the cross spalls of which hung the material for thousands of pure Havana cigars, "imported direct by our own house." This barn was in Pennsylvania, but that circumstance could not be expected to affect the flavor of the cigars. From a barrel my rustic filled my can, handing me a tin of "Store" and "always like to oblige a stranger." Of course, we talked tobacco, nothing like "craps" with the farmers, so we parted excellent friends. Now that I had oil, the weather, of course, relented. That same evening there was a sudden change, the wind jumping round to the southeast, and the trouble began. As the ice broke up, each side swept a constantly increasing mass of rubbish up and down stream. The thaw was only partial and the drift ice retained its hardness and sharp edges. For two days it came down upon the Coot four times a day, striking and shattering the ice. The big does twisted round and seemed to be backed right back to the boat, running her a second time midships and then scraping along the sides with such pressure that the Coot rose bodily out of water. One floe, held momentarily in check by the boat or her cables, would cause the following cakes to pile above and beneath, the tide carrying those below swiftly on. Till they punched and scratched and cut the boat in a terrible way. With oar and boathook I was posted on the bow, forward of the mast and sought to part, break up the ice, but I could not.

In such a contest one man's labor went for just naught, and after spending a sleepless night fighting the relentless foe, exhausted and disgusted, I gave up to conditions beyond control. Twenty-five fathoms of cable were veered to each anchor in four feet of water and good holding ground. Yet the Coot was carried half a mile up and half a mile down stream at each tide, the strain on the cables being something enormous. To pass forty-eight hours in momentary expectation of finding the boat on the ice, and the agony of mind intensely aggravated by the knowledge of being powerless to interfere. Canal boats moored to wharves had been cut through and sunk in my sight, then how could the Coot outlive the infliction? She did; but how she did on this and another occasion is a mystery to this day. Perhaps the shape of her body was a protection against

a regular squeeze. She was terribly punished, and in some places the plank was almost chafed through from the constant rubbing of the flinty ice driving by packed several feet deep. Not a vestige of paint was left on the boat's bottom. About the headline she suffered most. In spots she was punched nearly through the plank. A six-inch band of splinters decorated the entrance from the stem to the greatest beam like a bristling beard. My own position was critical. The water was icy. Escape would have been impossible by the skiff or by swimming, and no one on shore could have rendered practical assistance in time. Looking back upon the scene it has lost some of its terrors, though I remember very clearly that at the time the chances for boat and man were so hopeless that I thought nothing short of a miracle could preserve either one or the other. Sicep in the cabin was impossible. The ice sweeping round the bottom made a roar below which was disagreeably suggestive, and every blow the yacht received was like a stab to the soul.

The safest plan when caught in drift ice is to lift or cut the anchors and drive about in the floe. It secures immunity from being cut. But such a proceeding could not be entertained in a narrow river full of bars and projecting points. The boat would have been stranded upon one of these, and the "shove ice" would have become a source of even greater danger, as any one who has seen an ice gorge can well understand. The Coot would have been beached, but the ice, which had been piled up in a fringe and upon which the pack had been heaped, left no loophole for escape. So there was nothing for her to do but to ride it out and abide by the consequences. When finally the river partially cleared, the yacht was at once got out into open water. This the third day after the break up was passed. The worst night of all was the last. The increasing warmth had thawed the ice loose in the Upper Delaware and all this came down stream in a ceaseless procession. It was eight inches thick and very hard. The Coot suffered severely. It looked as though this must prove the last day of the camel's back, and I looked upon the possibility of my fouling the cables, and, owing to its shape and a ridge of fast-frozen shore ice along the upper edge, served for a long time as a fend off to the other ice descending. The rest of the drive was parted by this cake, and most of it sped harmlessly by, several feet clear of the Coot's side. This good fortune probably saved the yacht from destruction.

Four days had been lost. The eighth brought no wind, but tolerably clear water and the ebb at early dawn. A chance to escape down river was at hand at last. Before the lights on shore had flickered their last, sail was made on the boat and her anchors got after much hard pulling and breaking. As the blackness of night faded into gray, the ebb floated the Coot down river for a short distance before the dawn sufficiently revealed a heavy bank of fog rapidly advancing from the southeast. The air suddenly grew damp and disagreeable. In ten minutes more a heavy rain set in, and the mist met from sight. Everything was shrouded in an impenetrable gloom. The fog lay heavy upon the river. As the navigation around and below Newbold's Island is not easy, even to one familiar with the river, it would have been unwise to drift on more or less helplessly through the fog, with the chance of colliding with the tows and steamers about due. So with the long sweep the Coot was sculled close to the island and anchored. Another disappointment, but not the last yet. In an hour the fog lifted, a strong wind from the north-west sending it flying out to sea, whence it originally came. The sun shone out brightly and added his smiling beams to the scene now so propitious for progress down the river. The anchor was quickly got aboard and the boat paid out to the new wind.

There was still plenty of ice knocking about the river. With the ebb more had come down and the old enemy began to show his head once more. For a while everything went well. Then sailing into a private harbor, two large floes, the yacht had to turn and across channel to get through. When ready to come round again there was a slight shock felt through the tiller in my hand. It required only a glance astern to see that the rudder had unshipped, most likely by striking some sunken ice. It could not be turned either way. With a bonnet I was on the counter and sought to ship the pinle in its proper place, but without success. Then into the cockpit again, ease away sheet, spring forward to the halliards and lower away all, and the yacht, in ten minutes more, afloat and under way. I remained in spite of all efforts to drive her from the fine day and a fine breeze lost through an accident which ought never to have happened with a little more foresight from those who were responsible for the Coot as I found her. It was difficult to keep an even temper chafing at such needless delay, heaped upon the days already lost, while the season was advancing and the risk of being frozen up for the winter increasing.

C. P. K.

THE CRUISE OF THE PILGRIM.—VIII.

BY DR. W. H. WINSLOW.

IT was blowing a gale from the north when we turned out and was clear and very cold. We closed reefed the mainsail and jib after breakfast and got underway without trying to land, as there was quite a heavy sea running. It did not take long to get out of the private harbor, to cross the bar, and to get into the open water. We sailed on to recognize Hope Island east of us where my chart left a gap. I had made a rough sketch of islands, ledges, bays, and compass course from Hope Island to Hog Island from the printed sailing directions, which I intended to follow and trust to luck to get to Portland. Luck favored us. Off Sand Island a smart fishing sloop with all sail set passed us bound in. We shook out our reefs and chased her, and she led us through the intricate winding by Great Cheng, or Hope Island, etc. All the way into Portland, where we anchored in our place about 1 o'clock P. M. The afternoon was spent ashore and we went to bed early to be ready for an early start in the morning.

It was very provoking to find that the wind was very light from the southwest when we awoke, but we made sail, towed around the point and got fairly outside by 8 o'clock. The sea was comfortable and the wind variable all the morning. I enjoyed a survey of the shores which had been passed on our outward voyage in storm and darkness. Penikese and Bang's Islands and the shores of the main land were covered with pretty cottages, villas and hotels, for the most part, deserted by their summer occupants. I counted twenty houses along the rough rocky bluffs between Portland Head and Cape Elizabeth. We passed through quite a fleet of dories, each containing one or two weatherbeaten fishermen, dressed in oil-skins, and busy with their lines. We ran close enough to talk to them and they said the fish were running much better than I saw. I counted 100 small, rather round cobbles, than full and sail, I saw many of them in all weathers and seas, though a dory is said to be a fine sea-boat.

We had light and fitful breezes all day and had the spinnaker set most of the time. While we went loafing along rather close in, we had an excellent opportunity of studying the shore and the distinctive land marks at the entrances of harbors, so that I made up my mind to push the fish boat to the right of the point, and to anchor in the harbor if there should ever be any necessity for it. When darkness fell, the red light of Cape Neddick was upon the starboard beam and Boon Island upon the port, and we gave up all hope of spending the night at Portsmouth. The compass and small lantern were brought upon deck, and a course laid out that would take us outside the Sisters and inside York Ledge and the Triangles. This was southwest by south. We were off Portsmouth at 11 o'clock, and decided it would be well to veer for a while, and run in for the night. We had hauler around northeast and freshened and we were just flying to the southwest. The course was changed to S. S. W. till we had passed Isles of Shoals light, then we hauled to south by east for Thatcher's Island.

For two hours I kept the helm and enjoyed the sport. The yacht had the wind free and it was just as much as she could stagger under; the sky was overcast and the northeast full of black ragged clouds; the sea was making a fast, cutting, jerky roll, and the wind was blowing a phosphorescent foam to leeward. We rejoiced at the favoring wind, thought it a little rude, took in the gafftopsail, and looked at the light upon the lee bow in hopes of soon rounding it and heading for Boston. We would see occasionally a lead colored sail, a reckless schooner carrying no lights, would come between us and the near horizon and then disappear. We showed our light many times hastily to prevent them running us down. There ought to be a more stringent law against such reckless sailing, and Williams said he would like to have some of the carpenters at cutters out there to show them what real yachting was. We knew we had passed to windward of the Salvages, but the two lights upon Thatcher's Island were so bright and apparently so near, we feared the Londoner. It is so difficult at night either by view of land or light to determine one's distance from the shore. It seemed as if we were half a mile away, when we were really five miles, as we found later to our cost.

It was now heavy weather for a little craft. The sea was so heavy off the cape that we did not dare to stop and reef, but the whole mainsail was too much for her; she rolled and plunged and jumped about rapidly, turning everything below topsy-turvy and making us hold on for our lives, but she did not ship more than two or three buckets of water at a time the whole night. We rounded the point at last—five miles off shore—and the rain and the tremor of a gale and rather enjoyed it at first. Now it dawned upon us that we were in a bad scrape and in imminent danger.

We could carry the mainsail no longer, and the jib threatened every moment to go out of the boltropes. We lowered the mainsail and passed a gasket around it, came to on the starboard tack, paid off the jib sheet and headed to go up under the land to lessen the

wind and the seas that threatened to engulf us. They came upon the starboard quarter, lifted the cutter high up, rolled her down until the port rail was buried a foot, went under her and she would right and roll to windward, only to go through the same movement again. But scudding under the jib kept the craft ahead of the combers and not a sea boarded us, though a little water would slop up over the quarter, and our little tender would occasionally bang against the stern or shoot the length of her painter as far as the waist.

Mack was shrouded in an enormous pilot coat and held on to the cockpit seat and tiller, keeping a sharp lookout upon the seas, the jib and the distant lights. Williams stood in the gangway devoting his whole attention to the vessels that were all around us, and showing our lights occasionally when it seemed as if some craft with a red and a green eye was sweeping right down upon us. Dozens of fishing vessels were scudding for port to get in out of the gale, and we were certainly in great danger of being run down several times during that dreadful night. I was below watching the chart, the compass and the lanterns, and occasionally passing up the large lanterns to show to some vessel that seemed bearing down upon us. There was nothing for me to do upon deck, and my functions were as important as any. However, I was head and shoulders up the gangway a great many times looking after things and estimating the danger of collisions. Once a schooner swept down upon us, perhaps not seeing our light, and we thought of jumping for her rigging if she struck us, as we knew our little iron loaded craft would be crushed like an egg-shell and go to the bottom instantaneously. We held our breath for a moment, as the great black body and jibboom hung over us, but a little sheer, probably a turn of one spoke in his wheel, sent her across our stern and flashed the great red light in our faces. We braced up with a good drink of whiskey after that. Mack and Williams seemed very comfortable, but I confess that the long day's work, the excitement and the cold, and wet, and the lessened human constitution, had exhausted me, and during the night I threw myself face downward upon the pile of clothing and cushions to leeward and slept with one eye open about ten minutes. I was awakened by Williams asking down the gangway, "Is the light upon Eastern Point red and fixed?"

I was up in a moment and by reference to the Coast Pilot, and a chart, it was bright and cheerful, bearing north, and we had scudded under the jib and under the sea all the way from Thatcher's. The gray daylight was faintly illuminating the land, the sea was a little diminished, and the Bangor steamer was just coming in from the eastward. It had been a terrible night for a little craft and we felt proud of her. She had brought us safely through a heavy gale and fully demonstrated the merit of cutters. All agreed that a light draft, pumpkin seed sloop under the same circumstances would have been fished.

The mainsail was close reefed and hoisted, we kept off for Baker's Island lights, ran rapidly along shore past the Miseries and anchored at 6 o'clock safe in Salem harbor, alongside of a large cutter that had arrived the day before from Portland.

We started under close reefed again after breakfast, passed Marblehead rock, and were soon riding upon the long, heavy seas toward Boston. The seas rolled after us rapidly and the cutter plunged down one slope and up another just fast enough to keep the combers from catching her, but we closed up the gangway for precaution and kept a firm grip upon the cockpit seat. It was a lively run, and we were the only little craft outside. Off Deer Island a handsome schooner yacht swept into the channel, but when she met the heavy sea rolling inward, she turned back to the anchorage. When we had reached Long Island, we shook out the reefs, cleared up the deck, hoisted the ensign, the club and private signals, and headed for City Point. There were hundreds of yachts anchored in the harbor, but the shore seemed deserted. All the merry makers, the yachtsmen, the bands and the scenes of warm weather had vanished by the mandates of King Frost. I thought we would have an ovation of welcome, as we threaded our way along shore, but it was not till we came abreast of Mr. Williams's yard that a little group of our friends swung their hats and cheered us. Then we jibed over, sailed gracefully out to deep water, and hauled down the jib and finished our long voyage.

The daily papers reported that a heavy gale prevailed off the coast and that the harbors of Provincetown, Gloucester and Salem were filled with vessels that had been obliged to seek shelter. This was the same night the Genesta sailed from New York and caught the full force of the blow—the memorable 9th of October.

The little Pilgrim rests upon her cradle in Williams's yard at South Boston, waiting for the next sailing season. Her mast and rigging and parts of a new baby and she and her dog are the topics of conversation among the boys very often this bleak and wintry weather.

BOSTON TO FALL RIVER, SAILING DIRECTIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"W." caught me the correct information by obtaining the coast survey chart of the route mentioned, together with the "Coast Pilot," by Geo. W. Eldridge, and the tide tables, also by him. They are to be found at Negus's navigation depot, New York.

One should not attempt to go through Wood's Hall without some one who knows the way, as the current is very rapid, except at slack tide, and the channel narrow. He should stop at a little harbor just to the westward of the light, if he wishes to go through that way. But if he should continue on up the Sound to the westward some eight miles, he then could enter Buzzard's Bay by way of Quick's Hall, which is a passage-way for the largest vessels. All the other parts of the route are perfectly feasible, if he studies the charts, the Coast Pilot and tide tables, and is, as a matter of course, a good boatman. Any other information that I can give him, or questions he may wish to ask, will command my attention. JOHN HOLMES. VINEYARD HAVEN, MASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I made the passage from Boston to Fall River two years ago, starting on the 10th of April in a keel sloop 24ft. long, draft 4ft. 9in. I do not think the extra 8in. would bother you.

We started on a pleasant day and got as far as Boston Light with a southeaster blowing and rain falling. Decided to put into Hull. Started from there at 12 A. M., good moon, ran out to Boston Light and then laid our course for Provincetown.

I started from there at 8:30 P. M., worked off Race Point about a mile, and from there to Monomoy. I do not think we wanted it. I should have continued on to the rocks. When we were off Chatham Lights we struck some pretty rough water on account of its being shoal, I suppose, but we had plenty of water. The inside passage between the point (Monomoy) and the shoal looks pretty small on the chart, but there is plenty of water and room, and by going through that way I should think it saved very nearly twenty miles. After getting through the passage we laid a straight course for the next lightship and on to the light on the Sound. If the Sound for the near part of the light should not advise any one who is not acquainted to try to go through Wood's Hall, for it is a very bad place to get through for a stranger even with a fair wind and tide, but keep on up the Sound and go through Quick's Hall, which is a good wide passage with only three rocks in it which are well marked.

If you are going to New Bedford or Newport it is not very much further and a great deal safer.

If I should have been ready to do what I did in the month of April, I should have had a keel boat with a big iron shoe on her. I should not be writing this letter now. The one thing that made me tremble was that there is not a harbor after you leave Provincetown until you reach Chatham on the inside of the cape, and it is about as bad to try to get there as it is to run to Vineyard Haven. H. B. C. TAUNTON, MASS.

SOME HINTS ON TOWPATH SEAMANSHIP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Kunhardt's mishaps in the Raritan Canal lead me to give a few points on canal work which I believe will be useful to other yachtsmen who may venture upon these troublesome waters. I made and placed the following hints on the ground of the great importance of this the safety of the yacht mainly depends. If, as is usual, the line is made fast to the bits, it will be found that the vessel's head is constantly drawn toward the bank, and also, the power being applied so near the bow, that the influence of the rudder is seriously interfered with. Another objection to securing the line in this position is that it cannot be cast off quickly in case of danger, and especially in a single-hand craft like the Coot, when it is out of the owner's control, as was the case with the Coot, as pointed out by Mr. Kunhardt's experience.

A plan which I have seen used overcomes these difficulties, and is well worth the attention of all canaling yachtsmen. Enough line is paid out to the driver to allow the craft to be veered freely in the canal, and the inboard part is passed aft, inside of the rigging, and made fast in any way within reach of the helmsman, a few fathoms surplus being retained for emergencies. The throat halliards are then hooked from the mast, and a loose strap is put around the mast and hooked from the lower block of the halliards; the block is now hooked fast to the lower block of the line, and it is hoisted up clear of the deck. The advantages of this arrangement are: 1st, the side pull, or turning force of the line acts at the mast, much nearer the center of lateral resistance than the bits, and the power of the helm is consequently much more effective and quicker of action. 2d, the line can be cast off instantly by the helmsman in cases of necessity, and sliding through the hook of the halliards, it leaves the bows free to follow the shore end of the line if cast off it sinks under the bows and

often seriously interferes with the steering of the craft, and in some instances is liable to get entangled with some passing craft, to the serious injury of our vessel. 3d, the line can be raised high enough to pass over instead of under a passing canal boat or other considerable obstruction, a great convenience which in many cases allows one his choice of waters.

Some arrangements of this kind is indispensable in a single-hander, and even with larger crews is almost essential, as the man at the helm is sure to be on the alert whatever the other hands may be doing, and it gives him full control of the yacht at all times.

In pulling out of locks, Mr. Kuhnardt experienced the usual difficulty on account of the bow of the Coot being drawn in against the bank before the boat acquired steerage way. To obviate this I would suggest an addition to the above plan as follows: Make a light spring fast to the tow line near the bow, and lead it aft outside of the rigging. While the boat lies in the lock haul this spring in sufficiently to take the strain of the line when the team starts. The power now being applied at the stern, the bow can be shot well away from the wall into clear water, when the spring is eased off and the towing goes on as usual.

Mr. Kuhnardt's suggestion of a running fender of boards is most valuable, for ordinary fenders are of little avail, and if there is an unprotected spot it is sure to be found out in a canal. Another good plan is to get an old sealer of the junkman and sling two turns around the yacht and the boat will be between planks and water. This will be found very effective, and at the end of the voyage the rope can be sold again for nearly its cost.

Trusting that my long yarn will prove useful to some of our enterprising cruisers, I will close by hoping that the Coot, whose adventures inspired these lines, will survive her long voyage and turn up smiling in the spring. As for her wide awake skipper, I think we need have no fears for him.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. was held at Delmonico's on Feb. 10, with Com. Munroe in the chair. Eleven new members were elected, Messrs. Harry Flager, DeLaney D. Kane, Henry Adams, Jr., Harold Ford, Cyrus W. Field, Jr., E. K. Biddall, Charles Sweet, W. S. Badger, Henry L. Backus, Franklin Bowker and Geo. D. Leech. The officers elected for 1886 were: Commodore, W. S. Alley, Scherer; Vice-Commodore, Charles Stevenson, Yollande; Rear Commodore, Gerard M. Barrette, Norm; Secretary, W. Harris Rourke; Treasurer, Eugene L. Bushe; Measurer, Frank E. Towle; Trustees, Augustin Monroe, Francis M. Scott, William Murphree. After the reading of the articles relating to the club house and grounds the following amendments to the sailing rules were also passed: To introductory sentence, prefix "From the time of giving the preparatory signal." Under heading Classification Class II, strike out "30" and substitute "33," and in Class III strike out "30" and substitute "33." After Class VII, insert, "Mixed Rigs.—In mixed rig races schooners shall be rated at 85 per cent. and yawls at 93 per cent. of their respective sailing measurements." Under heading Sails, seventh paragraph, insert word "racing" after word "as a." Under heading, Courses, Course No. 2, strike out "the black buoy off Constable's Point," and substitute "the home stakeboat." Second paragraph, after word "Island" insert "nor between the buoys on Hen and Chickens Reef." In Rule VIII, omit the words "may luff as she pleases, to prevent another yacht passing to windward, but," Under heading, Measurement, after "shall be" strike out and substitute "the length of the yacht's hull 2 per cent. of her actual load water line above and parallel to said water line." Under heading Prizes, strike out and substitute "prizes shall be awarded as provided in the By-Laws." To strike out the table of time allowances as it now is and to substitute the table in use by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. It will be seen that the club have dropped their old measurement of length plus 1/4 overhang, in favor of the more equitable rule of the Atlantic Y. C. The treasurer's report showed a balance of \$2,225 cash, besides \$1,798 uncollected, the net assets of the club being \$7,015 88. The membership is now 330, the limit being 400, and the fleet numbers 15 yachts.

YACHTING NOTES.—The 5-tonner Molly, of Hamilton, Ont., will have 3,000 lbs. of lead transferred from inside to the keel. Mr. St. Clare J. Byrne, N. Y., of Liverpool, arrived in New York last week on business connected with Mr. Vanderbilt's new steam yacht. Atlanta arrived at St. Kitts from St. Thomas on Jan. 24 and sailed three days later for Guadalupe. Nokomis was spoken on Feb. 12 in lat. 31° 42', long. 75° west by the steamer Santiago. On Feb. 9 the Carliotta sailed from Brooklyn for the Windward Islands, touching at St. Kitts. Cora has sailed from Key West for Havana. Montauk made the run from New York to Nassau in 7 1/2 days, arriving on Jan. 21.

ANOTHER CRUISER.—Mr. Rushton has partially finished a new model of cruiser, the sleekbutter, carrying on the boat's bow, the sides also being raised several inches. The dimensions are 15x37, and there are two centerboards, the larger forward and the smaller in the deadwood aft. The model affords large space for dry storage with bulkheads and small shelves around the side decks to add the room. The sleeping space, owing to the board being well forward, is quite large.

CLUB FESTIVITIES.—The ball of the Royal Canadian Y. C. at Toronto, was a great success. We have received invitations to the concert of the New Haven Y. C., and the annual ball of the Yorkville Y. C.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A WINTER EVENING'S REVERIE.

(Concluded.)

PERHAPS we do dream that we are canoeing or that the anchor has dropped and that some other calamity has happened. So strong is the illusion that it is almost impossible to put his head out of the tent. All right; it is only the morning tide which has lifted the boat and runs merrily by with a sort of articulate morning greeting as it ripples along the side of the boat and plays with the tightening cable.

Another hour may safely be devoted to Morpheus, and this time it is the mate who wakes, aud, sitting up, exclaims, "Hello, tide's up!" Then, severely, his superior officer, "Get up, or we shall be neaped; tide's going down." "I'm up," says the mate, "I'm up." "Get up," says the superior officer, "I'll make a cup of coffee for you." "Thanks! Make me a cup of coffee and I'll get up." "No. Get up and I'll make one."

It ends by the mate tripping up the tent and letting the cool winds of heaven blow upon the recumbent skipper. It would never do to be shut up in the wretched little creek for a whole summer's day, so we make ready for sea with all convenient speed.

We are not seen at our best, perhaps. Early rising agrees neither with our tempers nor our appearance. Perhaps the mate does use broad Saxon when the skipper drops the muddy anchor on his toes, and if the skipper retaliates in words of similar breadth and antiquity when the mate, in his effort to let go the stern line, trips the skipper up and causes him to sit down with violence upon the belying pin rack, what matters it. We know each other too well to take heed of such trifling displays of early morning temper.

The important thing is to get out of that creek before the tide leaves us high and dry, and so with bed clothes, anchors and gear pretty well mixed up we push off with the sculls, and once in the tide sail is made and order is evoked from chaos.

Tents, blankets, bags and extra coats disappear into their respective bags. Ropes are coiled away, decks swabbed down, some sort of a toilet is made, and in a considerably improved frame of mind the crew are piped to breakfast.

The day promises to be a glorious one. Grimsby Tower is right before us but sheer off toward the Yorkshire coast, past the lighthouse marking the extremity of Sunk Island, once in reality an island but now reclaimed and annexed to the mainland, and so out on to Trinity Bay. At low water it is a waste of sand banks, but now a wide expanse of water, over which we sail merrily toward Spurn Point which forms a natural breakwater to the entrance of the Humber.

How pleasant to sail over the rippling waves of the bay with the warm sun melting the wailets spring again.

The mate, ever active, has set the splasher, an operation involving an acrobatic performance on the "giddy footing of the hatch" or rather on the fore deck, and comes aft to take his turn at the helm while the skipper, making to himself a nest forward with pea jackets and rugs, whiles away the time with pipe and book or lets his memory wander back to other days and other cruises.

He recalls the trip that way in his first canoe, now ten years ago, when he found himself tossing about the broad entrance to the Humber during several weary hours of darkness, trying to make the Spurn. In those days he would set off on such adventures in a sub-line state of ignorance as to local tides and currents. Nowadays we have grown more scientific. We draw pencil lines on the chart, make cross bearings of prominent landmarks, excite ourselves about the whereabouts of this or that buoy, and pride ourselves generally on adhering strictly to ship tracks.

Before approaching Spurn we come to anchor for a bath and dinner, when luxuries of various sorts grace the board (N. B. Tinned curried chicken, most excellent). Then with a view to calm the old friends at the Point, some little fish is made to our toilet in the way

of collars and cuffs. The mate, even on one occasion, produced from his tidy bag a white waistcoat, a set off, no doubt, to the skipper's blue serge coat and bronze buttons, the uniform of the Danish Yacht Club.

By this time we are running under the Spurn Point and can hear the rollers of the North Sea breaking outside.

The anchor is let go with a tripping line attached, which is taken ashore and the launch canoes to swing to her anchor, the stream keeping her off the shore.

We have time before the tide turns to pay a visit to all old friends, for ten years of Humber canoeing has made us intimate with Spurn society, and a warm-hearted, kindly set of people too. They are but a handful. The lifeboat crew, the lighthouse keeper and the landlord of the little inn. The memory of many a happy hour comes across the skipper as he pays his round of visits. Over a pipe enjoyed with the captain of the life boat in his snug little house, he recalls that never-to-be forgotten night when the wrecks were ashore, and the lifeboat, after battling all night with the wild North Sea, brought in the two crews safe and sound.

Then we have time to mount the lighthouse, Smeaton's time-worn old tower, and look down over the far stretching ocean, with many a gallant ship with sunlit sails making for the Humber, and the smart mail steamers with their decks crowded with Swedish emigrants. From this point of observation we note the peculiar conformation of the long, gently curving spit of sand forming Spurn Point, with the sea breaking on the one side and Humber on the other, rolling its saucy waves over the site of the buried city of Ravenspurn.

Afternoon tea with the head light keeper and his amiable family, pleasant reunions, which on one occasion kept us so pleasantly engaged that the tide had turned and covered the shore line, compelling the skipper to swim off—clothes and all, for the eyes of Spurn and its wife were upon him—to the anchored canoe.

Needless to describe the home journey. Perhaps a long thrash to windward showing to perfection what the little 22-lb. rig with her center-board and well balanced sails can do under such circumstances.

We find ourselves once more in the Hull Roads, this time in darkness. But the ordinary perils of the deep are increased by the maze of lights, riding lights, town lights, dock-gate lights, and side lights, looking like some constellation gone wrong, but the "sweet little cherub" extends his protection to us as well as poor Jack, and brings us at length to our desired haven refreshed and invigorated and ready for the week's work.

But my pipe has gone out during this long reverie and as I sit in my arm chair, I pass in review many a pleasant memory, such as has been described, perhaps too discursively, but given a pet subject, restraint is difficult.

Alas! many a month must elapse before the Ezir plunges the waves again, and in the meantime she lies in dark seclusion, shrouded in her cover, a very chrysalis, to burst out, if all goes well, into a brilliant creature as soon as she feels next summer's balmy breath. The long, cold winter, being done up and carried down to rest, perhaps, lie afloat, and her owner, muffled in all his jerseys as all his coats, may be seen buffeting the wintry waves of Humber while the rest of the world is skating.

Verily the boating spirit is not quite dead and our American brothers may rest assured that their canoeing aspirations find an echo in the good wishes of the boating men of old Humber, where, though shorn of the brightness and picturesqueness which characterizes the American canoe, the boating spirit still lives and where its votaries feel that they have some sense sheltered by the old traditions, like the Vikings of old to these very shores to plant their names and memories in the quiet villages of Humberside.

THE BARNEGAT CRUISER IN FLORIDA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from a trial cruise to Fernandina (36 miles by water) and also up St. Mary's River. I am now able to give an opinion of my Petrel. I left J. in half a gale of wind (fair) with a pouring cloudburst from Dr. Neid's and a wave of the handkerchief from three ladies. I had over 400 lbs. of mail and carried down the sail. Wind freshened at Dunne's Point where I made a running jibe to the things. She went down with half her lee rowlock under, and when she flew. Kept all canvas on her, however, until I reached Brown's Creek where I turned in a single reef and hastened on. The river was white as a sheet by this time, and I went to Sister's Creek, 22 miles from J., in a trifle less than 8 hours, part of the way under a single reef. Pitched my tent and cooked a square meal. Wrote up my log and several letters and turned in. Woke up at dawn, raining, hastened on after a cup of coffee and a pan of omelette.

That night at 5 o'clock came to an anchor in the light of the railroad dock at F., and had all I could do to hold her; had to back her big anchor with my Chester, and passed a comfortable but sleepless night. Wind hauled north and blew the biggest kind of guns for two days. Soon saw how it would turn, and clapped her tackle on to the painter and at high tide hauled her high and dry. Lay this gale out snug as a bug in a rug and went on board. After the clear up took a run up Amelia River to Lancelotti Creek; shot a few shore birds and caught some fish. Remained in F. ten days. Aurora spent Sunday with me; good time. Left Fernandina Friday at 11 A. M., last of the flood. Crossed Nassau Sound at 2 P. M., and was lost three hours in Sawpit Creek. Stopped for the night still out of my reckoning. While eating snapper a darky hailed me in plain tones, asking, "Boss, dis chile am lost." Mighty glad of the sight of a canoeing, that linesman swamp. I hastened to invite him aboard. And didn't we have a supper! Better than that which I had had for many a day. Menu: Bacon, fried salt-water trout, scrambled eggs, coffee, pilot bread, good Ohio butter, and a wind-up on canned peaches. Found the darky a fine looking, intelligent negro.

The next morning I took my bearings, and after three hours work in a gale of wind (ahead) and a strong head tide I pulled across Ft. George Inlet, and after mending the darky's mast step so he could use his sail, left the darky and flew on her course, soon leaving my mable but not uncourteous acquaintance. Still pouring and blowing N. E., passed out Sister's Creek at 11:30 A. M., and kept off for St. John's Bluff. Chilled through and wet as a drowned rat. No water in the cruiser though. At 2 P. M. Dr. Neid's hailed me off Wisner's boat house and helped me ashore with a warm grasp of the hand. My boat house friends and companions, Mr. W. H. Wisner and friend who are engaged in boat building and renting boats, soon had me a steaming hot pot of coffee, and Petrel's skipper was himself again. Thus ended the maiden cruise of the Petrel, a fair test of a boat's capacity, being made in a gale of wind and all the while a driving N. E. rain storm. She came through it nobly and I am proud of her.

A CANOE EXPOSITION.

THE coming season promises to be a notable one in the canoe world, with our foreign visitors and two cups to be raced for, and we may expect that canoeing will receive more notice and more favorable consideration than ever before. As a part of the season's attractions the Knickerbocker C. C. propose to hold an exhibition of canoes and all pertaining to canoeing, and have sent out the following invitation:

"Your presence is cordially invited at a preliminary camp fire at Harvard Rooms, 729 Sixth avenue (corner Forty-second street) at 8 P. M., Thursday, Feb. 25. The object of the meeting is to make arrangements for a public canoe exposition, to be held in the near future. A number of prominent canoeists belonging to different clubs are expected to exhibit models, rigs, camp outfits, cooking kits, tents, bags, badges, trophies, photographic cameras and views, etc., and a supply of canoe literature, fittings and material are anticipated from different manufacturers and business houses. It is confidently believed that this exposition will be a source of much pleasure and instruction, not only to canoeists and their friends, but also to the general public. In conjunction with the coming International Challenge Cup races, it will exercise a powerful influence in popularizing the sport and directing to it the attention of many desirable future brethren who at present have very vague or totally mistaken ideas as to its nature. This project will need the concerted action of all interested in canoeing, and the sub-division of different departments and details of preparation under a large number of individuals. We confidently rely upon your encouragement and help in making this success, and trust you will be present to give us the benefit of your personal support and assistance. We remain sincerely and fraternally yours, Edwin Fowler, Com., Henry Stanton, Lafayette W. Seavey, Committee."

Though the prejudice against canoes that at one time existed generally among the yachting men has largely disappeared, there is still prevalent a feeling that the only kind of sail and not to be compared with other varieties of sailing. Nothing could be more correct false impressions and to disseminate correct ideas of canoeing than such a public exhibition as is proposed, and it may be made of sufficient interest to attract all classes of boating men and pleasure sailors. There need be no difficulty in finding material for a very large display that no canoe man need be ashamed to acknowledge, and even in the presence of the Knickerbocker C. C., it is every sense a national affair, and deserves the aid of every canoeist in America. We shall give the full particulars of the meeting.

RONDOUT C. C.—This club now has twenty-seven members and a large fleet of canoes, to which several new boats will be added this season. The club is about to build a new and handsome house, 50x32. They are now looking forward to receiving their neighbors from both ends of the Hudson at Jaspous Island on Decoration Day.

RUSHTON'S ANNUAL CATALOGUE.—No better index can be had of the growth and present standing of canoeing in America than the new catalogue for the current year, issued by Mr. J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y. Half a dozen years since a small folded circular contained all the needed information about the builder's boats and canoes, while now the same information fills a large pamphlet of sixty pages, a third being devoted to canoes and their fittings. Of rowboats, Mr. Rushton is still building the same large variety, with the steady improvement in build and model which has made his widely-spreading reputation. The canoe list this year is a great improvement in every way on the preceding ones, as the boats are better, the sails of greater variety, and the list of fittings has been largely lengthened by special devices and novelties. Perhaps the greatest advance over former years is the discarding of a number of obsolete models and the corresponding simplification of the list to an extent that makes it easily comprehensible to the novice. The great number of various models has in the past been very confusing to beginners, owing to the small points of difference. In the present arrangement, the Springfield, Shadow, St. Lawrence and 14ft. Princess models have been omitted, the list now comprises, he lists the Nessmuk canoes, the Stella Maris, Grayling, Elford, 15x31 1/2 Princess, Tandem Princess and four Mohican canoes. The latter are the most interesting, and promise to become the most popular models. In all four the lines of the famous Snake have been used as the basis for the design, the hollow lines of that boat having been filled out somewhat. The dimensions are: No. 1, 14x30; No. 2, 15x31 1/2; No. 3, 15x32; No. 4, 15x30. The series thus include the original Snake size, a canoe for general cruising, a larger boat built to the full limits, for sailing, and two "average" boats, Class B and Class A, making a quartette from which a good canoe for almost any purpose may be selected. A special feature of the book is the long list of fittings of all kinds and especially brasswork. Mr. Rushton has lately made a specialty of the latter, manufacturing it himself, and he has devised a number of very convenient fittings. At present he has a force of seven men employed in the building of canoes, and at this date is not up to his orders.

BUFFALO C. C.—The annual meeting of the Buffalo C. C. was held on the evening of Jan. 25, at the home of Mr. W. L. French, the purser of the club. A large number of the members were present, and considering the inclement condition of the canoeists' native element, considerable enthusiasm was manifested on all sides. The question of classifying larger canoes in the A. C. A. was discussed pretty thoroughly, the members being about evenly divided in their opinions, with a doubtful balance against the proposed new class. The action taken by the A. C. A., in increasing its annual dues, was criticized very unfavorably, and in view of advice received from other clubs, it is feared that it will not have a tendency to increase the membership of that body. The purser reported the club's financial affairs in a flourishing condition, and several new craft will be added to the fleet in the spring. A new club signal was proposed and adopted, disposing of a subject which the members have been wrestling with all the previous summer. The following officers were elected for the year 1886: Captain, William Lansing; Mate, Edwin L. French; Purser, Henry L. Campbell. The club then adjourned to meet at the home of Mr. Lansing on the last Wednesday in February.—H. L. C.

AN ONTARIO CANOE ABROAD.—"Two in a Tub" is the title of a clever and humorous canoe trip down the Danube, Moldau and Elbe, made by two English canoeists in 1884. The canoe was an open Ontario, 13x37, 6in., fitted with one sail and propelled by single paddles. The cruise lay through a novel country, and the rivers were obstructed with weirs, dams and rapids, giving plenty of variety to the work. The authors, "Bow" and "Stersman," are close observers, and their little book is not only very interesting, but is so exact in details as to make a valuable guide to others in the same waters.

SPRING REPAIRS.—A short time now will bring warm weather, and the haste to get afloat that always comes with it. Is your canoe ready, or is she still stored away to be hauled out and rigged in a hurry? If not, get her ready now, refit, varnish and rig her, and when the time does come be ready to enjoy the actual sailing instead of staying ashore to vanish.

THE A. C. A. TROPHY.—Editor Forest and Stream: I beg to acknowledge this week for the A. C. A. International Cup Fleet as follows: Dr. H. T. Groesbeck, \$1; Dr. A. E. Highway, Jr., \$1; Mr. J. O. Shuras, \$1; all of the Miami C. C., Cincinnati, O. Previously acknowledged, \$109. Total to date, \$112.—WM. WHITLOCK (New York, Feb. 15).

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

W. S. W., Mass. Institution of Technology.—Your question is too indefinite, we do not understand it.

J. N. G., Everett, Mass.—Snail-a-Mor is owned by Mr. Joseph Hays. His address is Box 1800, Boston, Mass.

W. S. L., Niagara.—We cannot furnish the working plans. You can build from the published designs.

J. W. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.—The small engine was built by an amateur in Wales; we know of none for sale.

W. R. M.—We do not know the builders of the boat, but have forwarded your letter to our correspondent.

A. S. COLLINGWOOD.—Use cotton for caulking. Paint the seam well as soon as the caulking is driven home, and putty over it.

A. A. R.—The best place to purchase an old boat would be about Boston. We could not give cost of rigging without more definite information to estimate on.

W. T. H., Long Island City.—A 15x30 canoe will easily carry two persons. If a long cruise is intended 16x30 will be better or 16x31 for a heavy crew with much baggage.

F. W. T., Portland, Me. You will find full description of a sinkboat in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 27, 1881. Several designs of ducking boats are published in "Canoe and Boat Building."

A. H. H., Woodstock, Va.—I send you by mail the head and leg of a bird and in the snow, a long way from the water, although it must, I think, be some kind of a diver. I hope you will tell me what it is through your paper. Ans. The bird is a red-necked grebe (*Podiceps grisegena hollati*).

B. G. S. B., Passaic, N. J.—You will find places about the bay where the boat can be left in charge of a caretaker. She would be safe outside in fair weather. The centerboard is 3ft. long and fits the trunk shown in the drawing. Some sandbags would be useful in heavy winds, but are not needed in cruising.

R. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We have never published the drawings you wish. One inch is thick enough, the plank turning in the wharves, with square joint caulked, not tongued and grooved. The after end of the board should come near the middle of the boat. The board should be about 5ft. long, with bolt at fore end. See "Small Yachts" for lines of other sharpies.

H. H., Greenville, Ala.—1. What book can I get that will teach an amateur about fly-fishing? 2. What kind of tackle and bait are best for fishing for bass, bluegills, crabs and crabs? 3. Describe an outfit suitable for such fishing? 4. Refer me to a book that will teach me of the habits and how to hunt wild turkeys? Ans. There is no such book. Some information on the subject is contained in the works of Norris, Scott, Wells, and others; but the art of fly-casting, to say nothing of fly-fishing, cannot be learned entirely from books. 2. Unless you name the species of fish to be angled for, we cannot answer this. 3. Answered above. 4. Hallock's "Gazetteer;" we can furnish it.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

SALE OF SPORTSMAN'S GOODS.—Mr. Benjamin Starks offers this week, at an assignee's sale, a large assortment of guns, rifles, fishing tackle and other sportsman's equipments. An inspection of the catalogue of this sale shows a large number of weapons, many of them by well-known makers, at prices which appear to be low. It is never safe to buy an article without seeing it, but the list of goods described in this catalogue would certainly seem to include some decided bargains.—Adv.

TAKE CARE OF THE DIMES, AND THE DOLLARS WILL CARE FOR THEMSELVES.—An older and wiser saying can rarely be found. It has made the fortune of more people than can well be numbered. Not that the dollars do not need care, but the habit formed in saving the dimes extends to the dollars, and they are saved without care. The man who makes himself into a habit, the formation of the habitual thought, and manner of the man. Some men become rich by accident, but the real rich are made so by habit. For me the dimes of life are in a thousand things. The waste in cents and dimes extends to smoking, drink, food, clothing and amusement, time and opportunity, health and life itself. The saving in the little is the making of the much, and in the sum of life is the difference between wealth and poverty. Who wastes the little must spend the much to balance it, and so is poor. He who constantly keeps well has no doctors' big bills to pay, and no sickness from sickness to eat him up. This he may do as thousands are doing by using dimes wisely. Homoeopathic Specifics promptly and habitually in the little diseases of life. The bad colds that lead to consumption, the chill that brings pneumonia or pleurisy or rheumatism, the biliousness that brings dyspepsia, and so all through, you cure the little illnesses, and the big ones are cured before they are hatched.—Adv.



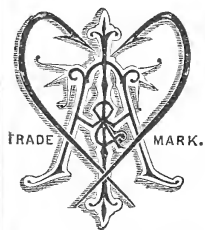
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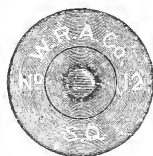
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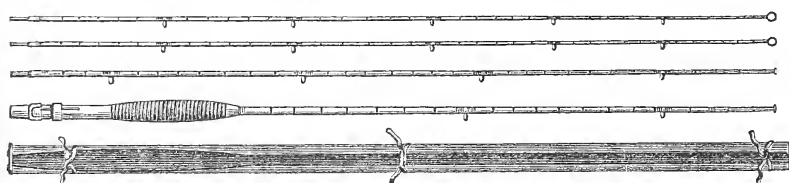


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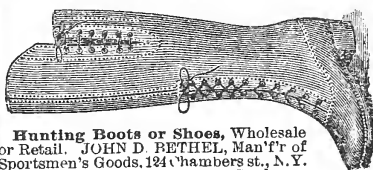


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BOAT

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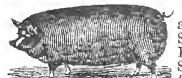
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RAILROADS AND GAME.

THE rapidity which large game is disappearing in the West is so startling as to be almost beyond belief. Old timers, who have been in the East for two or three years, go back to their former hunting grounds, and find that the place of the deer and elk and antelope have been taken by cows, horses and sheep. Nowadays one does not know where to look for large game.

The hunting grounds which have been the least frequented are along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and to this region the sportsman must turn if he hopes to succeed in securing a fair share of the great game which in the old days was so plenty, and is now so scarce in the Rocky Mountain region. But the sportsman after all has little chance of success as compared with those men who make a business of hunting for the meat or the hide market. His outing is at best but a short one, and so bitter and relentless is the pursuit of the game that its feeding grounds change from year to year and the man who starts out from the East to hunt, must seek each season fresh fields in which to look for the objects of his search.

A blindly foolish and short-sighted policy has been pursued by many of the railroads leading into the game countries of the West. They have sought eagerly for the transportation of meat and hides from the regions where they were killed by hunters, forgetting that by thus encouraging the slaughter of this game, they were cutting off one of the greatest attractions to passenger traffic over their lines. Thus for the few present dollars received for freight they have thrown away the certainty of receiving vastly greater sums for the transportation of passengers.

In sharp and striking contrast to this mistaken policy is the far broader one adopted by the Northern Pacific Railroad. For a long time parties in the neighborhood of Lake Pend d'Oreille have been making application to the freight department of this corporation for special rates on wild meat by the car load from the lake to the East. These applications have been turned over to Mr. Chas. S. Fee, the General Passenger Agent of the road, who has given directions that all such applications for special rates shall be denied. In giving his reasons for this course, he recites that to a very considerable portion of the travelling public, the game and

fish of the region traversed by the Northern Pacific constitute its chief attraction. This large and ever increasing class of travelers are well-to-do people, who have money to spend, and are thus desirable patrons of the road. Any course which will decrease the supply of the game which they seek, will tend to reduce the travel over the road by this class, who will go where they believe game to be most abundant. For this reason, if for no other, the Northern Pacific Railroad desires to preserve, by every means in its power, the game which is so great an attraction to a large class of travelers. It will not give special rates on wild meat by the car load, nor by the hundred pounds. It will discourage, so far as it can, the shipping of such wild meat at all. It will, so far as lies in its power, preserve the game.

Looked at simply from a business standpoint, this is a wise course; and yet how few communities, corporations, or individuals have the foresight to recognize this, to see that in no way can the game be made to pay so large a return as by preserving it, so that outsiders, who will pay liberally for the privilege of pursuing it, shall be attracted from afar and pay their dollars to the people who live where the game does. Usually it is a headlong race to see who shall get the most game in the shortest time, and very often the railroads are not far behind in the general scramble for a share in the spoils. It is encouraging, then, to see a great corporation like the Northern Pacific Railroad taking a firm and determined stand for game protection in a region where game protectors are most needed. Its example should not be without its effect on others.

THE DEER HOUNDING BILL.

THE bills for the repeal of the present wise anti-hounding law have been consolidated into one bill which repeals the present law prohibiting the hounding of deer; provides that the hunting season shall open Aug. 15, and permits the hounding of deer from Sept. 1 until Oct. 15. The transportation of venison is prohibited except from Aug. 15 until Nov. 15, during which time two carcasses of venison may be transported, provided, however, the venison is accompanied by the owner of it. Violation of the provisions of the bill is punishable by a fine of \$100. The bill will be voted on to-day.

The purpose of such a law as that contemplated by the bill is to license the outrageous slaughter of deer in the Adirondacks by rich city sportsmen, whose taste for butchery is developed to an abnormal degree. The effect of such a law will be the speedy extermination of Adirondack deer.

The bill provides for hounding in the nursing season, and will legalize the atrocities inseparable from the dogging of does and fawns in summer.

The hounders have given up the clause forbidding jacking. They do not want more protection. They ask only for greater license to destroy. Months ago we foretold that their course in regard to jacking would be just what it is now.

The prohibition of marketing game is a good one, but it can work no possible benefit to compare with the bad results of hounding. Market-hunting has not depleted Adirondack deer; hounding has done it, and if legalized will do it.

To check market-hunting make it unlawful. But to do that it is not necessary at the same time to make hounding lawful.

That to right one wrong it is necessary to sanction another and a greater one, is not the logic on which sensible legislation is founded.

The members of the Legislature have been grossly misled and deceived by false reports of a great slaughter of deer by still-hunters last fall. They are actually asked to sanction hounding on the plea that if the deer are not made shy by hounding the poor things will fall an easy prey to the market still-hunters. The hounders resent any imputation of questionable motive, but it is difficult to contemplate their "shy" argument without a feeling of impatience that they can successfully impose such stuff on the gentlemen whose votes will decide this question. It is a disgrace that the merits of a subject of such grave moment as the perpetuity of the Adirondack deer supply can be covered up and hidden by the misstatements and fallacious reasoning of selfish and greedy deer killers.

In the use of these tactics and the employment of manufactured statistics to carry their case to-day, the advocates of deer hounding studiously ignore the consideration that the effect of game laws is not limited to one single year. The results of present legislation, good or bad, will concern the citizens of the State in future years. Those who come after us will hold responsible the Legislatures of the present. They cannot shirk that responsibility. A law to sanction

the extermination of Adirondack deer by hounding and water-killing may not be fully understood by the public to-day, but in a few years its effect will be patent beyond the possibility of concealment by misleading "shy" arguments. Then, too, the wisdom and motives of the men who to-day are working for or against the present bill will be clearly exposed by the irresistible logic of facts. To that final judgment the supporters of the present anti-hounding law may, with all confidence, appeal.

NEEDS OF THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

IN another column we print an important letter on this subject from Mr. Arnold Hague, of the U. S. Geological Survey, to Senator Manderson.

The letter is important because it is written by a gentleman thoroughly familiar with the National Park and with that region to the south and east of the present boundaries which it is proposed to add to the reservation. He has also traveled long and extensively in the West and is familiar with the various industries of that great and growing country. Understanding mining, acquainted with the needs of the stock grower and the agriculturist, his opinion on the possibilities of the region to be added to the Park is the highest authority we can have on the subject, and should be convincing to every intelligent man.

Mr. Hague points out, as we have done, that the preservation of the forests about the headwaters of Yellowstone, and of Snake River, and the tributaries of both, must be carefully looked after if the arid regions, away from the mountains, which are watered by these streams, are to be of any value to their inhabitants. He gives facts and figures bearing on the rapid destruction of these forests and recites the evils which must follow any extensive timber cutting in the region in question.

The subject is one which will interest every practical man and which has an especial and particular meaning for all those who live on the plains, to the east or to the west of the Continental Divide.

It is to be hoped that the suggestions contained in Mr. Hague's letter may be regarded in the final reporting of the bill, and that this clear exposition of the requirements of the Yellowstone Park may be read and comprehended by every Senator and Congressman.

HE WRITES FEELINGLY.—The subjoined extract is from the Boston *New England Farmer* of Jan. 23. We have heard it hinted that the editor, himself an accomplished sportsman, missed a bevy of quail which he had fondly imagined no "other fellow" knew of; *hinc ille lacrima*:

The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association had its annual dinner in this city a few days ago. After the dinner was over, addresses were made by several gentlemen, lamenting the weakness of the game laws of the Commonwealth. As far as that goes, we entirely agree with the speakers, that more stringent laws for the preservation of birds, their nests and eggs, are imperatively demanded; but we do not by any means agree with the speaker who said opposition to such laws "comes largely from the farmers who own the soil and who argue, not logically, that because they own the land they own the game." We do not consider this a fair statement of the argument of the farmers; they are, so far as we know anything about it, as well convinced of the necessity of protecting the birds as any sportsman can be, but they do want the right to keep outside sportsmen from wandering over their fields and through their woods, and shooting off the game which they themselves, the owners of the soil, have been watching and protecting during the close season. It is precious poor satisfaction for a farmer who has known of the existence of a bunch of quail within half a dozen rods of his door all summer, to find that on the first day of the season, before he has had a chance to shoot the birds, even if he has wanted to; some lazy fellow from the city, with nothing better to do, has turned up with a dog and gun and cleaned out the whole bunch. The sporting gentlemen may rest assured that the farmer is not going to be "educated up" to the point of protecting game birds on his own land for them to have the fun of shooting.

A CONVICTION FOR TRESPASS.—Recently at Patchogue, Long Island, Howell D. Smith, of Sayville, was convicted for the purpose of shooting on the lands of Mr. A. A. Frazer, of the same place. The case was tried before Judge John R. Smith and a jury, and District Attorney Wilmot S. Smith was the prosecutor. The conviction cost the defendant \$20. This is an advance on any previous attempts at game protection by means of the trespass law on Long Island. Usually the jury give the plaintiff six cents; sometimes when very liberal they raise the sum to a quarter of a dollar. The conviction in the present case was largely due to the energy of District Attorney W. S. Smith, who is very much in earnest in his efforts to see the law enforced.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S GRIZZLIES were "at home" to thousands of visitors on Washington's Birthday. They are the favorite quadrupeds of the entire Central Park collection.

TO THE WALLED-IN LAKES.

XII.—GOAT HUNTING AND GRUMBLING.

THERE was little to be done about the camp next morning. There was nothing to eat, and the preparations for breakfast consisted in whittling up a pipeful of tobacco apiece. While smoking, we changed the horses to fresh grass, and then shouldering our rifles started off for Yellowfish's hunting ground of the day before. It was but a short walk to the rocks. At the foot of the talus slope, beneath the vertical cliff north of camp, we saw by the fresh tracks and other sign of goats that these animals had been down into the valley to feed during the night, and we at once began to scramble up over the rough and steep ascent. We had got about half way up the talus, when I heard Yellowfish call out, *Amo! Amo!* (there, there) and looking in the direction in which he pointed, I saw a goat and her kid walk out from behind some brush on a ledge far above us. As fast as I could, I ran up the slope for fifty or a hundred yards, and at length paused, entirely out of breath, and as the animals stopped to look at us, tried to shoot. I was so breathless that I could not hold my gun steady, and the slope was so steep that I could not kneel and rest my rifle on my knee. I threw my sights up to 300 yards, and tried to take sight at the game, but I could not steady the rifle, and when I fired my ball struck a foot or two to the left of the animal at which I had aimed, the female. The distance was well enough estimated, but I failed to hold on. At the sound of the report the two goats disappeared behind the rocks, and began the ascent of the cliff, clambering up an almost vertical and extremely narrow ravine, in which they were always hidden by the rocks and brush. Once or twice we caught a glimpse of them for a moment, but they immediately disappeared again. At length they showed themselves for the last time about seven or eight hundred yards above us, but it was useless to shoot at them at that distance.

We kept on our course, and, half a mile further on, entered a short cañon which led into a basin somewhat similar to that seen the day before, but less regular, being crossed near its head by several very high ridges of red rock covered with snow, and on which grew a little low pine timber. Through the midst of the basin flowed a considerable stream, tumbling down in a series of falls over the successive walls of rock which crossed the valley at right angles to its course. These vertical walls soon barred our progress, and we had to climb them—a task of no little difficulty. Appekunny, who had set out with rubber boots on, was obliged to give it up and turn back. Yellowfish and I kept on and did some of the most difficult mountain climbing that I have ever undertaken. Often one man would stay below on a narrow ledge holding both guns, while the other would climb up six or eight feet, take the guns and hold them until his companion had passed him and got up to a point where he could take the guns and wait for the other to gain a few feet. Often we would have to ascend a vertical rock-face fifteen or twenty feet high, on which the only foot or handhold would be little inequalities in the rock about as large as a hen's egg, barely wide enough to support one side of the foot or one joint of the finger. In some of these places, which were so nearly vertical that it seemed impossible for any four-footed creature without claws to ascend without falling over backward, the little knobs of rock to which we clung were worn round and smooth by the hoofs of the goats.

After we had clambered with the greatest difficulty up the first of these walls, we passed along over a steep half frozen slope of shale where the walking was very laborious, and then followed the stream for some little distance. Pretty soon we came to another wall of rock over which the water tumbled in a forty-foot fall. Then we had to clamber up the shale slope, and again to look for a place to pass up the wall. This time a crevice was found in the rock, just wide enough for a man to work himself up by means of his hands and knees, much as I should fancy a man would climb up a narrow chimney. Now and then there were little steps or projections of rock on which we would rest; the one below passing up the guns to him in front, for here there was no room to pass. The top gained, we went on to the next wall. This was repeated a number of times, so that to recount the sorrows which we underwent would be wearisome. The climbing was exceedingly difficult, and either from this cause or else because I had had nothing to eat that morning, I became very tired.

At length we found ourselves on a little bench, half a mile deep and twice as wide, on which was a beautiful little Alpine lake, surrounded by a great field of snow, dotted here and there with stunted pines. From here we could see that, after surmounting two or three more steps of the series of cliffs, we would be at the foot of a steep, high ridge, which gave a gradual ascent to a high saddle, not much below the summit of the mountain. Yellowfish, who is indefatigable and seems never to tire, pointed this out and suggested that it was a good road, and that we should go home that way. I was about done up, but determined that I would follow where he might lead, as long as I could put one foot before the other, and so, after sitting down and smoking a pipe, I told him to go on. He trotted off and I followed at my best pace, which was, after all, a pretty slow one.

By the time we had reached the level, snow-covered flat, which led up to the foot of the high ridge, I was fairly tired out. It was not—as is usually the case with me when exhausted by climbing—that I could not get my breath, but my legs from the waist down seemed almost incapable of

motion. Even when walking on comparatively level ground I could advance only a few steps at a time without stopping and resting. I began to think that I should not reach the top of the mountain, and seriously to wonder how they would manage to get me down to camp if I should entirely give out. Curiously enough the locomotion which was least difficult for me was the clambering over the rocks, the stepping from one to the next one above it. The gradual ascent was much more difficult than the rougher, more broken part.

Here, on this highest bench of all, we passed over another lake, this one frozen and its clear surface swept bare of snow by the bitter wind which was blowing. Before we had made half the ascent to our present altitude it had begun to snow hard, with a furious wind, and it was bitter cold. My shoes, much dilapidated by contact with the rocks, had gone to pieces during the morning, and when my weight broke through the crust of the snow field over which we were passing the ice cut my feet.

Very slowly and painfully I made the ascent of the last ridge, creeping, not very carefully, over the steeply sloping ice-covered rocks, but as we neared the crest of the mountain I made better progress, for the fact that the top was so near put strength into me.

At last it was accomplished, and we stood on the very crest of the mountains and looked directly down on the valley and the lakes and the stream. We could see none of the lakes below the fourth, but every one above that was in view. Down in the valley the sun was bright and clear, and the stream gleamed and shone like a broad band of polished metal. The descent was so sharp that it seemed almost as if one could pitch a stone from where I stood down into the lakes. For a few moments we sat and rested, while the wind whistled about us, and the hard pellets of sleet and snow rattled on our coats as against a window pane. A great flock of gray-crowned finches were feeding along the ridge, cheery and comfortable looking as they always are, and fluttered and hopped about us in the most confiding way. What they could find to feed on I could not tell, for there was nothing on the ground but snow and ice, with here and there a red rock projecting above the white covering. But the little finches seemed to like it.

The descent was over a steep slope of snow-covered sliding shale, here and there interrupted by vertical ledges, down which the climbing, though sometimes slow and difficult was not dangerous. Going down hill seemed easy work and though my legs were not under very good control, the falls that I got were not serious. On the way down after we had got below the snow, we walked up a couple of blue grouse, one of which flew a few yards and alighted on the bare rocks, and the other went into a little clump of pines. The former Yellowfish killed, the latter we could not discover. The bird was carried down to camp, and long before it was cold, was roasting over the hot fire, and was soon devoured. There being nothing more to eat in camp we packed up our possessions and started for the St. Mary's Lakes. As we rode down the valley in the bright sunlight I turned back for a last view of the stupendous mountains, which we were leaving, but the dark snow clouds hung heavy over them and their rugged magnificence could not be seen. Again, as I crossed the last ridge going down the valley, I looked back, but saw only the black clouds and the whirling snow.

We reached camp about 5 o'clock, and found three or four Blood Indians from Fort McLeod making themselves very much at home there. Villainous looking rascals they were, and the one with the most forbidding countenance of all had been engaged, as I afterward learned, with a half-breed in the murder of a white man, whom they had killed for his money. The half-breed had been duly hung, but this Indian had in some way escaped punishment.

The following day was occupied in fishing for lake trout and lounging about camp. We had a pleasant visit from old Keh-Ko-witz-Keyuela and half a dozen of our Kootenay friends, who appeared, by comparison with the Bloods, like polished gentlemen.

That night, as we sat about the fire in the lodge and talked over our bad luck, Yellowfish said: "My medicine is bad, and we shall have no luck this time. The last time I was here it was not so. Then, plenty of meat was in the lodge. Then, every day we climbed the mountains, plenty of Eh-mah-kee-kinny we found and killed. In one place where we first climbed the mountains, I killed that time seven sheep. Beyond, on the big square [Goat] mountain, we killed Ap-mah-kee-kinny, may be five or six, not more. This time not good. Plenty rain and snow and fog. Can't see good. To-morrow I go back to the Agency. Bad luck is coming."

"What Yellowfish says is true," said Appekunny. "I was here then and we had plenty of meat. A fat sheep was always hanging in the camp. All over the mountains about these lakes, where we have found nothing and no fresh sign, the tracks were very plenty and the place smelt like a sheep corral. Where is the game now? There has been no hunting done here except by these Kootenays, and there has been nothing here on the North Mountains this summer."

"What time of the year was it that you were here?" I asked.

"Summer," said Yellowfish.

"No it wasn't," said Appekunny. "He means only that it was before snow had come. We were here all through November, but the weather was as warm as it is now, and there were only two or three days in the whole month when

we could not go about in our shirt sleeves with comfort. We had no bad weather, only one little storm when an inch or two of snow fell. Mild pleasant days were the rule, but it almost always froze during the night."

"Well," said I, "it seems very clear to me what our trouble has been. The sheep are back in the mountains, and there they will remain until some heavy snowfalls take place to drive them down toward the lakes. Then when the snow becomes deep on that portion of the range where they are now feeding they will draw down toward the valleys and on to the steeply sloping southern hillsides like those of Singleshoot and Goat mountains, where Yellowfish got so many last autumn. If this were November instead of September, we might have done as well as he did then. But we have not come properly prepared for the conditions which we find. To get back to where the game is now we ought to have at least a couple of good pack animals with suitable riggings. Then we could pile on them enough stuff to last us a week or two, and could get back to a hunting ground. If we come back here again, we will know how to go to work to make a successful hunt. The country is a good one for sheep, and we have seen with our own eyes that there are goats here. As for the other game I do not believe it is present in any very great quantities, though there are bears enough to satisfy any one. You can see from the hides in the Kootenay camp that they depend altogether for their meat on sheep, and that a moose or an elk is killed only by accident."

"And to get sheep," said Dick King, "you ought to go and camp right with 'em. Pack your blankets right up to the rocks and sleep there, so as to get at the game early in the morning."

"Right you are," said I, and then turning to the Indian, added, "Before we go to bed, Yellowfish, tell us a story."

"Well," he replied, "one," and sitting up and putting aside his pipe, he said: "That Old Man. Walked around that Old Man. Came to where still dancing those ground squirrels. Dancing about fire all those ground squirrels. Behind sit that ground squirrel big with young. Old Man cry [wept]. Say, 'Let me by that fire, too.' Ground squirrel say: 'Come on, Old Man, sit here, too.' 'When come there, Old Man,' he say, 'Me first by fire sit.' Old Man take ground squirrels, hold back by [close to] fire. When ground squirrel say *sk, sk*, then Old Man take another squirrel, hold by fire. Old Man make same noise, *sk, sk* [mocking them]. Old Man tired, say, 'All be in fire, too many you.' Throw all in fire. That one, big with young, go in hole. Old Man say, 'Let be that way. Make ground squirrels more you.'"

"Rest in fire, went away Old Man [to] make willow basket [to] cook those ground squirrels. Eat some, rest not cooked. Say to nose, 'Sleepy me. [If while] I sleep, there is traveling about something, holla out.' Now sleep, Old Man. Nose holla. Wake Old Man. Many times. Some above bird cry. Old Man say, 'Above bird nothing,' sleep again."

"Come bobcat. Nose snore many times. Make Old Man jump, so high, many times. Not wake up, Old Man. Bobcat eat all ground squirrels. Nose snore. Old Man high jump, fall. Wake up, him mad. Take fire, burn nose. Say, 'You fool, not wake me up.' Look for bobcat. Find tracks. All grease, tracks. See bobcat [on] rock. He sleep. Walk softly Old Man, catch him bobcat. Old Man pound head [nose] on rock, make short face, pull [body] out long, fix hair on face, pull off tail. That's why bobcat, short face, long hair [on it], long body, short tail."

"Now, Old Man nose burn like fire. Think wind good. Hold nose wind. Wind blow [him] far off, pretty near blow in creek. Catch hold blackthroat [birch tree]. Wind blow here there, still hang on Old Man. That's the way survive Old Man. Wind over, mad Old Man. Hit birch many times. That's why birch [bark] now looks like much cut. *Ok!*"

The story told and duly applauded, we turned into our blankets and were soon asleep. Yo.

A FAMOUS FISHING POND.

THE well-known fishing pond of the late Royal Phelps at Babylon has been purchased by Mr. Whitehead, the counsel for the Society for the Protection of Game, and a club has been formed to hold it. The terms of the new corporation as filed in the office of the Secretary of State are given below. We trust it may long maintain the hospitable fame for which "The Reel" has been so celebrated:

"We, Percy R. Pyne, William E. Dodge, Jr., Charles E. Whitehead, Cleveland H. Dodge and Percy R. Pyne, Jr., being all of full age worthy citizens of the State of New York, and of the United States of America, do hereby intending thereby to form a corporation under the name of the Rod and Reel Society.

That the objects of the corporation shall be simple, social, country life, and improvement in the gentle art of fysshynge as practised by the goodly Izak Walton and Dame Juliana Berners, and also maintaining a fysshynge lodge and waters.

The number of the Trustees shall be five, and those for the first year are to be the above named corporations, and the chief place of business (if idleness can be a business) shall be the Fysshynge House in the town of Huntington and County of Suffolk heretofore known as "The Reel."

The shares of this corporation shall be twenty-five, which shares shall be unassignable either by voluntary sale, or process of law, except by the written consent of all the other shareholders, and at the death of any shareholder, his share shall belong to the survivors upon such terms and conditions as may hereafter be provided by the by-laws saving only his widow, if any, may enjoy the same for her life.

The Trustees shall have the power to purchase real estate, woods and waters, fishing and fowling rights, or to lease the same, and to make such bye-laws and rules as shall be meet for the peaceful and quiet enjoyment of a happy fysshynge house.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands, this 18th day of February, 1886. Percy R. Pyne, Percy R. Pyne, Jr., W. E. Dodge, Jr., Charles E. Whitehead, Cleveland H. Dodge.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CAMP FLOTSAM.

XXV.—THE AFTERMATH.

FOR a few days of the last fortnight of the camp, Garden Island was converted into a bower of beauty. An additional tent was set up, and two young daughters of the Colonel with a school girl friend, made glad the lonely camp of the veterans. When at last the light went out with their departure, the Colonel and the Captain lagged superfluous on the stage for a day or two, and then, one rainy morning, struck their tents and were gone.

The remaining days were cold and cheerless, and most of the time a heavy coat was needed while on the water, even at noonday. The Canadian autumn was upon us, and tracings of scarlet and yellow on the wall of forest around, recorded the flight of the summer days. Day and night the camp stove did duty in the tent, making a desirable retreat when the thermometer stood at 50 degrees. But, notwithstanding the chill without and the sharp winds from the northwest, a fair amount of fishing was done. It was almost useless to try the fly so late in the season, and the best of the fishing was with bait. On one of the cold, cheerless mornings which marked these latter days, we took the fly-rod, and with but a single cast, went over the old course, through the narrows at Burnt Point and into the bay beyond Porcupine Island. The distance was something over two miles, and we cast the whole way without the sight of a fin. In sheer desperation we ordered George to turn the boat into the cove at the foot of the bay where, on ground celebrated for pike, we hoped that we might get one strike at least and perhaps save our fish, though the chances were that we would lose our flies. No pike greeted us on our course around the cove, but as we turned the point of a ledge of rocks, a little goggle-eye frisked out with mate and made fast to the tail fly while the other took the dropper. We extracted all the sport possible out of the adventure, gravely landed the fish and returned to the water, and then tried to repeat the performance. We succeeded, and with every cast brought up another *A. rupestris* to the front, until we had passed through a narrow opening between two small islands into the main lake. Here, casting close in to the shore in not more than eighteen inches of water, we had a world of sport with the rock bass. The shore was thickly strewn with fallen small timber, the branches of which formed a network in the water with an occasional small opening between, from which a response came to every cast. Suddenly a strike, fiercer and stronger than the last dozen combined, took the stretcher and turned for a treetop. We snubbed it close, and soon landed a pound and a quarter small-mouth. A half dozen more rock bass followed, and then another small-mouth, which fastened us by the time we had hooked it most securely in one of the ever present treetops. We could not dislodge it until we had dropped the anchor among the branches and raised them above the surface, when we succeeded in recovering the flies without the fish.

Along a single island of less than a quarter of a mile in length, we took eight small-mouths and a countless number of rock bass. With nearly every strike from the former we were fouled in the submerged branches, from which we could free ourselves only by casting the anchor overboard and lifting the mass of treetops. With every strike we expected to lose the cast, but escaped by luck more than by good management. At the end of the island we crossed to the north shore to cast among the sunken branches and logs where one day last summer we lost gang after gang in quick succession. Here we found the rock bass, if possible, thicker than ever and soon had thrown away a dozen before we landed a single small-mouth. We had taken two or three of the latter when we laid the line alongside the trunk of a tree, which, with the butt on shore, extended a dozen feet into the water. Waiting for the flies to sink beneath the surface two or three inches, we drew them toward the boat, then came a strike which threw all the others into the shade. We promptly put the butt of the rod in the fish's face, while George, in two seconds' time, had put the boat where we thought a safe distance from all possible entanglements, when we felt justified in easing up the strain on the rod. With the first let up on the line there was a downward dash for three or four feet, and despite all the precautions we had taken we were stalled. We soon discovered the cause of the embarrassment. The tree extended thirty or forty feet into the lake and we were directly over the topmost branches, and in these the fish had taken refuge. No amount of straight pulls was sufficient to dislodge it, and as a last resort we dropped the little fluke anchor in among the branches with the hope that we might be able to lift some of them and to save the leaders and flies at least. The attempt to raise the tree was a failure, and when we tried to lift the anchor that too was fast. The leader was forgotten in a moment, for the little anchor, forged by hand to our order, was more precious in our sight than all our tackle. After a series of tugs and pulls from every direction it was dislodged and came home, and we felt all the gratitude of the country preacher, who at the end of a barren collection, gave thanks that he had received back his hat from the congregation. Then a strong pull on the line set us free, but the flies, leader and ten feet of enameled taper line, were left behind, lodged somewhere in the treetop. It was the only tackle which we had brought with us, so we started homeward. The day, however, had not been without its sport, and we did not lament, but it was the inglorious end of our fly-fishing for the season.

Tired and disgusted, we determined to fish no more, but in the waning days of the camp the Madame entered, heart and soul, into bait-fishing, and there was no rest for the weary. With the Princess for oarsman and guide, she succeeded in bringing in daily strings of bass, their joint catch, which put us to the blush, and we were nightly taunted with our ill luck and indolence.

One afternoon, during the last week of the camp, while we were loafing, as usual, about the tents, the two set out on their daily quest. They had been gone for an hour when we started on a trip to the outlet. Midway on our course we heard a faint shout from far down to the right, and saw our camp signal hoisted from a boat. We suspected at once that some surprise was in store for us, and we turned the boat in the direction of the white flag. Ten small-mouths, not one of which was under two pounds, were lying in the boat. "See what we have got," cried the Madame, "and here's another," she shouted, as she landed a mate to the rest, "wait and see us catch them." We waited. In a moment each of

the feminine anglers had landed another. Then, as the Indian girl baited afresh and cast out, there was a mighty surge on her line, and she rose to her feet and lifted with main strength. A splendid bass leaped from the water alongside, the pole of the girl broke, but she grasped the line before the fish was fairly out of sight. Dropping the oars, George leaped into their skiff, caught the line from the girl's hands and brought in a small-mouth that weighed just four pounds and two ounces. The Madame hurrahed and clapped her hands, but the Princess neither spoke nor made a sign of exultation. We stayed alongside until they had taken four or five more, and then, after they had put their catch in our boat for distribution at the outlet, we left them. It was the best fishing that we had seen during our outing, and in it we had had no part. Yet it was with no little pride that we showed the string and related to the two or three to whom we gave them, the story of the long fight which we had with that four pounder.

The Madame and her guide never faltered in the fishing but kept it up to the end. We could not understand the reason why, but they brought in nightly scores such as we had never made, and we were soon satisfied that it was neither tackle, bait, skill, nor knowledge of the grounds that gave them the lead. It was all luck. We could understand now why it was that we used to sit the afternoon through, under the big tree by the mill pond, without a bite, while our companion truant from school would land fish after fish; it was pure, simple luck. We philosophized in vain, the Madame had the biggest and we were grasping after the unattained. But our fishing had been done almost entirely with the fly and in casting. In this our success had eclipsed everything in our experience, so far as small-mouths were concerned. As to the big-mouth, the time has come when we feel called upon to answer the demand of the author of the Bigosh papers, made both by letter and in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, that we speak of its readiness to take the fly, as compared with the other variety. Truth compels us to write that we have never found it behind the small-mouth in this respect, and, as a rule, the catch, so far as weight went, has generally been in favor of the big-mouth. We will not dispute our friend's proposition that it excels the small-mouth in this respect, nor do we doubt it.

One day, during the last week in camp, was spent in a supreme effort to rival the Madame's score, and we struggled from Burnt Point to the Narrows, from the Narrows to Griffin Island—and got left. When we displayed our catch with a three-pounder at the head, the Madame had one which weighed close to four pounds to show against it and we surrendered.

Again we made the run to the bridge—this time for a farewell—for the day which we had so long seen like a nightmare hovering in front, was upon us, and August had drifted away. The summer had gone like a dream, the tide of its golden hours had ebbed and we were stranded, discontented and dissatisfied. Never did the lake seem more charming than on the afternoon when, after a cruise far above the bridge, we set out on our return. Every point and cove and bay had its host of glorious memories, and each smiled and waved its farewells as we passed. We rounded headland after headland, until we came to the last where we swept into the bay before the camp. There, before us, was the spot which for four months of the past two years had been our home. Within those white walls, nearly two years of the last ten had been spent, weeks and months of peace and joy. The rain and sun had beaten upon them, from the open door we had looked out upon the storm and wind whirling the waters, and the moonbeams silvering the waves of many a lake. Clustering around them were the memories of royal nights, when the woods rang with the sound of revelry and the midnight air was startled by lofty declamation and soul-stirring song. About them lingered the halo of dear friendships, reaching with their golden chains almost athwart the world, from the golden gate of the Pacific to the long wash of Australasian seas, from regions illumined by the glory of the midnight sun to lands haunted by memories of the Incas; friendships of brave, warm hearts which throbbed with ours beneath that canvas and whose thoughts still go forth and cluster around the lone camper and will so cluster until they die. Two grand volumes are those tents, written over with chapters from many lives. All that the wilderness and lake and stream inspire, are traced on the weather-stained walls, but its meaning can be read by no vulgar eyes, the unhallowed gaze can see but the mildew, or the stains from long lying leaves upon the roof.

And now, the volume of another outing was ready for its "Finis." It was written that night by the wild glare of the camp-fire, which blazed high from the pine logs, lighting up the dark recesses of forest and streaming out in golden shafts on the water. It shone on the dark faces of our Indian friends as they sat in farewell council with us—their hereditary foes—who were bronzed by the long outing to a color which rivaled their own.

The night which followed, saw only a heap of gray ashes and the well worn trail mark the site of the American camp, and by noon of the day after we were in Kingston, with faces set toward the border. But we were not suffered to shake the dust of the Dominion from our feet without a greeting and farewell. The Colonel and Captain were in waiting to receive us and we were right royally entertained. First, we were led to the Tête du Pont Barracks, which were just filled with troops returned from the scene of the Northwest rebellion, where we passed a pleasant hour in the officers' quarters with Major Short of B Battery, the commandant of the Post, who is one of the heroes of the "late unpleasantness" in Manitoba. Upon the wall hung two large portrait engravings, one of Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, the other of the Marquis of Lorne, each with an autograph beneath, which were the gift of the former to the officers at the Post. Near by was another of General Middleton; and sketches of Canadian winter scenes and other pictures adorned the room, mingled with Egyptian blades, muskets, bayonets and sabres, mementoes and souvenirs of incidents and men in times when nations have betaken themselves to the last great argument. In the Battery stables stood two clean-limbed, supple-jointed horses, as trim as thoroughbreds, belonging to the Major, which were captured by him in the field; while in the yard, each chained to a gun carriage, was another of his prizes, a team of immense Indian dogs with wolf-like heads, trained to sledge work and capable of carrying over a hundred pounds of baggage apiece upon their backs. From the Barracks we were carried by the Colonel to his home, where the remnants of the camp fraternized through the afternoon and around the hospitable board viewed the memories of the jovial hours on Loughborough.

By 4 o'clock the spires of Kingston, the fort on the hill,

and the towers along the city front were drifting out of sight as we plowed down the river, and thoughts of the nether shore began to thicken about us. An hour and a half later and Uncle Sam's officials were engaged in examining with much admiration our assortment of well-worn camp truck.

And now we bring to a close the record of another outing. Begun with the Christmas days it has outlived the winter and closes as the spring tide is about to dawn upon the earth, and the heart warms and the pulse beats high in expectancy of a glorious to come. If its recital has brought a moment of relaxation to a brother whose longing for the camp, the lake and the wilderness has gone ungratified, to such an one we say that our pleasure is no less than his. For him we have written, and for him we wish in the coming season an outing which will compensate for all that he has been denied. And to "Jay," "Norman," our old friend of the Bigosh, and the other brothers of the angle, whose appreciation of our Camp Flotsam has been so generously expressed in FOREST AND STREAM, we extend our hands in greeting, to their encouragement is due all that has been written of the Anabasis of 1885.

WAWAYANDA.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

THE encouraging letters which we receive in regard to the establishment of the AUDUBON SOCIETY are most gratifying, and are an earnest of the widespread interest taken in this movement to protect our birds. To make it general, and to enlist the aid of every individual who has a love of nature and admires the beautiful birds, is now our object. There is no one whose influence cannot do something to forward this good work. We desire the co-operation of every reader of the FOREST AND STREAM, and again invite all who are interested in the subject and willing to lend their influence to communicate with us. Circulars of information, with full details of the work contemplated, will be sent to any address, without charge. No expense whatever will attach to membership in the AUDUBON SOCIETY.

It would be impracticable to publish all the letters that we have received on this topic since the plan of the AUDUBON SOCIETY was first outlined in these columns. We may give three or four as indicating the ground occupied by some of the leaders of modern thought:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am heartily in sympathy with your purposes for the protection of birds, and should be glad to contribute any influence that I can to that end.

If there were no purchasers there would be no demand, and no reason for slaughtering these winged gems. But as only women create a demand, it rests upon them to stay this wanton destruction. I am sure that it is only necessary to bring before American women the cruelty of this "slaughter of the innocents" that fashion is carrying on to secure a renunciation of this ornament and the salvation of birds.

On this subject the kind feelings, the taste, and aesthetic sympathy of the whole community are on your side, and if you persevere you will assuredly win. Yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, MASS., 2nd mo., 20, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I heartily approve of the proposed Audubon Society. We are in a way to destroy both our forests and our birds. A society for the preservation of the latter has long been needed, and I hope it is not too late for the accomplishment of its objects.

I could almost wish that the shooters of the birds, the taxidermists who prepare their skins, and the fashionable wearers of their feathers might share the penalty which was visited upon the Ancient Mariner who shot the Albatross.

Thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ANDOVER, MASS., Feb. 21, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am in earnest and indignant sympathy with the motive of any society organized to prevent the murder of birds for decorative purposes. If you will put into my hands all the statistics you can command on this subject, I will try and write something about it—somewhere.

Very truly yours, E. S. PHELPS.

"MURDER MOST FOUL."

A few years since I was driving over a country road in early April. An exceptionally forward spring had stirred all nature from its sleep, and the grass and the leaves, as well as the birds and insects, had begun to make the earth bright and cheerful. In an orchard, hard by, my attention was called to a man who, with a gun in hand and two small boys "at heel," was skulking from tree to tree as if in quest of a goodly "quarry." I drew rein and became a keen on-looker to see what game he was stalking so earnestly, well knowing there was none to stalk. Ere long a few bluebirds and robins took wing and flew to a tree within the range of the would-be shooter. He leveled and discharged his piece, but with no visible result. I could not allow this outrage to go on, and was soon on the ground and over the fence with a challenge of "Hold hard, there!" I bridled my tongue and in quiet tone asked the man if he knew he was liable to a fine of \$10 for every bird he shot. He said no. I told him such was the law, and advised him to amuse his boys by shooting at a mark rather than at the innocent birds. He said he would fire at no more birds, so we parted and I resumed my drive. I cite this instance as one of thoughtless and ignorant transgression, of which there are doubtless many, but the cases of willful murder of the "innocents" are exceeding many.

The killing of birds is an outrage on nature, is reprehensible, is cruel and should be condemned and effectually stopped. The late papers in FOREST AND STREAM are timely and thoroughly commendable, and for one, I endorse them heartily. There are those who would strip this poor earth of every green and pleasant thing for gain, and what with the ruthless and indiscriminate destruction of forest trees and the slaughter of birds for millinery purposes, it is fast becoming a bare and wind-driven and soulless waste in many portions. I often wonder if women ever think of the needless pain that caused the wing or skin of a bird to be displayed in a shop for their approval and purchase? Women

are supposed to be of gentler and more refined natures than men and their sense of injustice and cruelty should be keener than their more brutal (I speak "by the card") brothers and "natural protectors."

The display (outrageous, flaunting and incongruous as it is, void of taste and of beauty as a warrant for its adoption) of heads and wings, and often of entire birds on hats; and of feathers, made up into dress and mantua trimming, would go far to make one doubt their superior and gentler natures. How can these, seemingly so dormant, be aroused? What honest and tender-hearted sportsman will write a pointed tract to convict them of the error of their ways, and make them eschew and forsake such gaudy and tasteless and barbarous adornment, and cease to be abettors of this "most foul, strange and unnatural" murder?

The AUDUBON SOCIETY has a chivalric field before it, and I hope that many will be interested in joining in a crusade against this cruel war upon the birds and the ghastly use of their beautiful skins and feathers. At any rate, let us who love the fields and woods and all that dwell therein, cease not to strive to arouse a public opinion that shall at once and forever damn and consign to utter desuetude a custom more honored in the breach than the observance. O. W. R.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual tinkering of the game laws comes up on March 3. One of the most important things to do is to suppress the slaughter of our birds, but we have to strike fairly or not at all.

Stop the bat bird business or rather stop the skin collector who goes for numbers, whether to sell as ornaments for millinery or for so-called science. It is not he who has the biggest collection of skins that is always the best ornithologist or the closest student of nature. We need our birds more as insect destroyers alive than as food for insects. Give the poor man a show too, perhaps he loves sport as well as his more wealthy neighbor. Love of these things is born in us, you know.

One thing more. It was said, I think, by speaker Brackett at the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association dinner that "taxidermists ought to be primarily" and I infer summarily dealt with. Again I say strike fairly or not at all. I mean discriminate fairly between a legitimate taxidermist and the skin collector. This latter class are like the unlicensed dogs, they bring good ones into bad repute. I refer particularly to the millinery skin hunter and bird destroyer. Deal with this class "primarily" and there will be birds enough for all. I might add and possibly with much force, let us enlist our "sisters, cousins and aunts" in the good work of refusing to wear birds as ornaments, and the battle would be ours. X. Y. Z.

BIRDS AND BONNETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In view of the fact that the destruction of birds for millinery purposes is at present attracting general attention, the appended list of native birds seen on hats worn by ladies in the streets of New York, may be of interest. It is chiefly the result of two late afternoon walks through the uptown shopping districts, and, while very incomplete, still gives an idea of the species destroyed and the relative numbers of each.

Robin, four.
Brown thrush, one.
Bluebird, three.
Blackburnian warbler, one.
Blackpoll warbler, three.
Wilson's black-capped flycatcher, three.
Scarlet tanager, three.
White-bellied swallow, one.
Bohemian waxwing, one.
Waxwing, twenty-three.
Great northern shrike, one.
Pine grosbeak, one.
Snow bunting, fifteen.
Tree sparrow, two.
White-throated sparrow, one.
Bobolink, one.
Meadow lark, two.
Baltimore oriole, nine.
Purple grackle, five.
Blue-jay, five.
Swallow-tailed flycatcher, one.
Kingbird, one.
Kingfisher, one.
Pileated woodpecker, one.
Red-headed woodpecker, two.
Golden-winged woodpecker, twenty-one.
Acadian owl, one.
Carolina dove, one.
Pinnated grouse, one.
Ruffed grouse, two.
Quail, sixteen.
Helmet quail, two.
Sanderling, five.
Big yellowlegs, one.
Green heron, one.
Virginia rail, one.
Laughing gull, one.
Common tern, twenty-one.
Black tern, one.
Grebe, seven.

It is evident that, in proportion to the number of hats seen, the list of birds given is very small; but in most cases mutilation rendered identification impossible.

Thus, while one afternoon 700 hats were counted and on them but 20 birds recognized, 542 were decorated (?) with feathers of some kind. Of the 158 remaining, 72 were worn by young or middle aged ladies and 86 by ladies in mourning or elderly ladies, or—
Percentage of hats with feathers.....77%
Without feathers.....10%
Without feathers, worn by ladies in mourning or elderly ladies.....13%

FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

A SENSIBLE GUNNER.

The following opinion of a professional gunner regarding shooting game birds in the vernal season, and other birds to supply the demands of fashion, is worthy of record as sound common sense.

Eugene A. Jackson, of Atlanticville, L. I., in a recent letter to the subscriber, expressed himself as follows: "There is now a law against spring snipe shooting; I think it is a good thing, as there are hundreds shot here every spring. I have shot as many as eighty-five large snipe in one day.

Those shot while on their way to the breeding grounds of the North, cannot reproduce and return in the summer or fall with their offspring. The result is that the snipe shooting is not as good as it was ten years since. I presume that the subject of bird protection that is now agitating the public will take effect in the shape of a new law. The ladies, poor things, will then have to try and find something else to wear on their hats. It is an astonishing thing how many birds' wings they can get on one hat. I think if it were the fashion they would wear an elephant on their heads. I, for one, like the idea of protecting the poor little birds, that are destroyed by the thousands, just because it is the fashion for women to wear them on their hats. I should think it no harm if they wore wings of game birds that are shot, and would be otherwise thrown away, or of birds that are a nuisance (English sparrows); but when they shoot every song bird or other kind of bird, that does no harm, it is simply wicked."

Regarding spring shooting and bird protection, Mr. Jackson now has sound views. Let us hope he will try to extend them among the fellows of his craft.

WILLIAM DUTCHER,
Of the A. O. U. Com. on Protection of N. A. Birds.

Half a dozen bonnet shooters who left some time ago for Florida to slaughter the birds there and to follow up the bloody work as the migrating army moved north, have returned disconsolate. The late bitter cold weather drove the birds from Florida to the islands and even to the South American coasts, so no butchery could be done.

A BILL FOR BIRD PROTECTION.

The Committee of the American Ornithologists' Union have prepared a pamphlet containing a great amount of information on this subject, which will soon be published. Among other things which this committee have done is the drafting of a general bill for the preservation of birds and their nests and eggs. This bill they recommend for adoption by every State. It is the result of a great deal of earnest thought and hard work by the committee, and certainly will commend itself to all. It is as follows:

AN ACT FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS AND EGGS.
Sec. 1. Any person who shall, within the State of —, kill any wild bird, other than a game bird, or purchase, offer, or expose for sale any such bird, after it has been killed, shall for each offense be subject to a fine of five dollars or imprisonment for ten days, or both, at the discretion of the court. For the purposes of this Act the following only shall be considered game birds: The Anatidae, commonly known as swans, geese, brant, and river and sea ducks; the Gallidae, commonly known as rails, coots, mud hens and gallinules; the Limicolae, commonly known as shore birds, plovers, surf birds, snipe, woodcock, sandpipers, tattlers and curlews; the Gallinae, commonly known as wild turkeys, grouse, prairie chickens, pheasants, partridges and quails.

Sec. 2. Any person who shall, within the State of —, take or needlessly destroy the nest or the eggs of any wild bird, shall be subject for each offense to a fine of five dollars or imprisonment for ten days, or both, at the discretion of the court.

Sec. 3. Sections 1 and 2 of this Act shall not apply to any person holding a certificate giving the right to take birds, and their nests and eggs, for scientific purposes, as provided for in section 4 of this Act.

Sec. 4. Certificates may be granted by (here follow the names of the persons, if any, duly authorized by this Act to grant such certificates) or by any incorporated society of natural history in the State, through such persons or officers as said society may designate, to any properly accredited person of the age of eighteen years or upward, permitting the holder thereof to collect birds, their nests or eggs, for strictly scientific purposes only. In order to obtain such certificate the applicant for the same must present to the person, or persons, having the power to grant said certificate, written testimonials from two well known scientific men, certifying to the good character and fitness of said applicant to be entrusted with such privilege; and must pay to said persons or officers one dollar, to defray the necessary expenses attending the granting of such certificate; and must file with said persons or officers a properly executed bond in the sum of two hundred dollars, signed by two responsible citizens of the State as sureties. This bond shall be forfeited to the State, and the certificate become void, upon proof that the holder of such certificate has killed any bird or taken the nest or eggs of any bird for other than the purposes named in sections 3 and 4 of this Act; and shall be further subject for each such offense to the penalties provided therefor in sections 1 and 2 of this Act.

Sec. 5. The certificate authorized by this Act shall be in force for one year only, from the date of their issue, and shall not be transferable.

Sec. 6. The English or European house sparrow (*Passer domesticus*) is not included among the birds protected by this Act.

Sec. 7. All acts or parts of acts, heretofore passed inconsistent with or contrary to the provisions of this Act, are hereby repealed. This Act shall take effect upon its passage.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

[Inscribed to the Audubon Society, New York.]

Y^{ES}, spare the birds in springtime, when violets paint the ground,
When in the shady hollows the pink anemones abound,
For then they are in sweetest voice, their souls are full of song;
Their softest notes, their lofliest notes they all the day prolong.

Yes, spare the birds, the lovely birds, the birds of light and air,
The little feather'd minstrels, whose chants ring everywhere:
Yes spare as in life's journey thou would'st be spar'd from death,
When helmets are clove and plumes are shorn, and fails the gasping breath!

When new the morn salutes the air with all that's fresh and sweet,
Ah! let the wine that fills the air thy quicken'd senses greet;
Then full of joy the brown thrush sings upon the garden hedge,
The swallows twitter on the eaves of the old barn's mossy edge,
The speckled meadow lark upsprings upon its joyous wings,
And, sweeping the salt meadows, its endless praises sings!

The sweet-voic'd, gay-dress'd emblems of Innocence and love
Are surely sent to bless us by the Creative Hand above!
To charm us with their plumage, delight us with their airs,
And sing away our sorrows, anxieties and cares.

The apple trees are white with bloom, a wreath of rich bouquets,
The peach is pink with color, the lilac blue with sprays,
These are the honied haunts of redbreast and of oriole,
And now they strike their silver harps and pour the liquid soul.

I do not know a sweeter gush than blackbirds' mellow strain,
Whether they skim the daisies or sweep the yellow grain,
But ah! the richness of the notes, the blazon of the plumes,
May naught avail to rescue from the bird-butcher's dooms!

There is a little sprite, the tern, the white gull of the main,
That whistles by, that flitteth by, along the sandy plain.
And yet these little spectres, as spotless as the snow,
Are slaughter'd—to be toss'd in pride o'er snowy breast and brow!

Yet all this cruel slaughter of these children of the air,
Goes on, year after year, and few to say, forbear!
For long as youthful beauty will wear her bird-crown crest
The sordid gill will end the life in every downy breast.

GREENPORT, L. I., Feb. 15.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

MEADOW LARKS.—I noticed meadow larks between Hornellsville and Buffalo, N. Y., last week; no other migratory birds yet.—J. O. F. (Feb. 14).

A PET SQUIRREL.

ONE of the brightest and most interesting pets I have ever seen, is domesticated in the family of a friend in this county. It is a red squirrel which was found when an infant in arms, and unable to see its captors, who were present at the demolition of a woodpile where had been the little fellow's ancestral home. It nearly perished from want of the maternal fount, and until a man of genius hit upon the idea of feeding it with a "medicine-dropper," its case was considered hopeless. Then came to the family tabby an invoice of fresh-laid kittens, and the little squirrel was duly installed as one of the tribe. "Mew!" said the old cat, and the rodent was forthwith recognized as a *Felis domesticus*, with all the rights and privileges to such status appertaining.

The squirrel grew and thrived, and was and is as free from fear as the least timid among its foster brethren. When I saw it, it was several months old, and as it was then a little after 6 P. M. (at which time it always takes a siesta), it was taken from its little bed and laid in my hand, where it lay for some minutes without motion.

"He'll wake up, wont he?" said I. "Oh, yes" was the reply, and sure enough, in three minutes the little fellow had circumnavigated—if I may be permitted the word—the whole room, in all directions. He ran into pockets, and over pictures, and only stopped at a cedar pencil, which he at once proceeded to reduce to fragments, leaving the lead intact.

This squirrel has many playful ways, such as slyly entering the pocket of its master, and in default of nuts, taking therefrom his porte-monnaie. It usually has a store of apples etc., hidden behind some bric-a-brac on a corner bracket. It has endeared itself to its possessors, who would be sorry to lose it, and it has really done but little mischief, but alas! it did bite the baby; why I know not. At the last accounts, it was proposed to obtain for it a very tough cage, its incisors having proved quite equal to the demolition of any tender specimen of that article. What may be its future lot, who can tell? Did I relate that it jumps upon the back of its foster-mother, and merrily rideth thereon, to Tab's disgust? This it does, and many things besides, yet the old cat, is more patient with its antics than would be many a human mamma. Long may the little squirrel wave his tail, and wind his clock. KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Michigan.

MOOSE IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

A PROPOS of a correspondent's plan to stock a tract of land on Long Island with deer, I would like to suggest the idea of bringing back the almost mythical moose to the Adirondacks of New York. If we can keep the non-hounding law upon the books and enforce it, and then do away with jack-hunting, I see no reason why a few moose could not be set free in the more unfrequented portion of the woods, with a fair prospect of their being allowed to multiply. It would be, of course, necessary to enact a special law for their protection. Such a law could be easily brought to pass, and he would be a brute indeed who would violate such a law. I would go a long way even to see a moose. A score of this vanishing race would give an added charm to our grand forest. If such a plan is not feasible now, the plan to make the wilderness a State park is feasible and should be acted upon. With the forest under the control of the State, game now extinct in the region could be introduced with the certainty of its being preserved.

To bring the Adirondacks under State supervision as a great sanitarium and public pleasure resort, ought to be the desire of every lover of sport and of the beauty of the Empire State. NITRAM.

THE MAD DOG LUNACY.—Our well-known correspondent "S. C. C." writes from Marietta, Ga.: I agree with you wholly in your exposure of this senseless panic about mad dogs. There seems to be no proof that the Newark dog or dogs were mad, though it is evident that the people were, and until that is proved, of what worth are the French professor's experiments? I have bred and owned dogs all my life, say for seventy years, and cannot say that I ever saw a mad dog, though I have seen many put to death on that suspicion. There may be such a disease as rabies or hydrophobia, but if so it is extremely rare. Perhaps most of the so-called cases are really caused by fear or alcohol, and Goldsmith's lines are as true to-day as when written:

"The man recovered from the bite,
The dog it was that died."

NORTH CAROLINA.—Progress, Feb. 15.—Woodcock and snipe have begun to come on their way north. Bluejays and robins in great numbers have been here over a week, besides a great many little birds I do not know. The weather is fine. Peeping frogs are at work in all directions. Quail are quite plenty since the last blizzard, but it did look bad for them at one time, as everything was covered with ice and the mercury below zero, which is very severe for this country.—T. M. A.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN HUNTING TROPHIES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I regret to have to inform you that the American exhibition has been postponed until 1887, in deference to the opinion that it would interfere with the Colonial Exhibition. The proposed loan collection of hunting trophies must therefore be adjourned for the present, but we hope to make it still more complete at the time named.—GERALD BUXTON (Knighton, Buckhurst Hill, England).

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me,"
183.

A BOUT twelve or fourteen years ago Colonel D. and Doctor T., both Cleveland gentlemen, were shooting ducks near each other in that "duck heaven" the Sandusky marsh. The blue-winged teal were flying pretty lively, and the Colonel, being a good shot and "to the manor born," was knocking them right and left; but the Doctor, being an expert with the scalpel but not with a gun, was banging away at a great rate without killing a bird, and very much excited of course. Finally he shot at a flying duck, and missing it as usual, to his horror he noticed he had shot almost directly toward the Colonel, about 100 yards distant. He immediately called out, "Halloo, Colonel, did I hit ye?" "Oh, no; no," the Colonel replied. "Well! I can't hit anything!" A true bill. LEVI SROQUEZ.

TRUMBULL COUNTY, O.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE full report of the FOREST AND STREAM's trajectory test of hunting rifles has been issued in pamphlet form, with the illustrations and the tabular summary, making in all 96 pages. For sale at this office, or sent post-paid. Price 50 cents.

HUNTING AT ARMY POSTS.

[Continued from Page 68.]

FROM other of the posts where portions of the army are stationed come additional reports on the prevalence of game, and how the officers and men in blue avail themselves of their surroundings. We quote from letters as follows:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Fort Bowie is situated in a saddle of the Chiricahua Mountains, fourteen miles south of the Southern Pacific Railroad and about twenty-six miles west of the New Mexican line. A few Messina quail are found in the hills about the post, while the foothills and arroyos running into the San Simon Plain abound with the blue scale quail and California. There were plenty of deer within a few miles of the post, but during the summer and fall of '85 so many Government Indian scouts have been camped near Bowie that large numbers have been killed. Within a day's easy ride, however, plenty of deer can be found; the small, whitetail deer being the most numerous, the mule or moose deer being scarcer. The Springfield shotgun does very good work and is much used by the men. E. B. BEAUMONT, U. S. Army.

Fort Bowie, Ariz., Jan. 20.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your note of the 9th, which has been delayed by the snow, I will give you as full an account of the game around Union as a year's experience goes. Of large game the antelope alone is plentiful enough to pay to hunt, and the nearest point some twelve miles from the post. They are yearly becoming scarcer, owing to the cowboys continually shooting at them; there is one small bunch within a mile of the post, but very wild. Blacktail deer can be found some thirty miles from the post, north, but, owing to the number of Mexicans living in the mountains, are scarce. Bear can also be found occasionally in the same locality. Of the small game the mountain grouse (blue) are run into while deer hunting, but not plentiful enough to make them a special object; the meat is very white and delicious; live in the deepest pine forests, feeding in the openings. A few coveys of Massena quail are within a mile of the post, and while they last afford good sport; and blue quail (scaled quail) are found south of post ten miles. They were, a few years ago, very plentiful, but two hard winters killed them off. Swans are very scarce; I killed one last fall. Geese rather plentiful; killed upward of twenty since I have been stationed here. Ducks are very plentiful, from the canvas-back and redhead to the teal. Of course the water being scarce they are obliged to concentrate, and good shooting is the result. With one man I have killed upward of seventy in the afternoon and morning shooting. This was at the Los Alimos Lakes (artificial), about twelve miles from post. Good ducking also at La Quaree Lake, some ten miles off; also geese. English snipe few; no suitable ground. From the 10th of August until the last of same month we have the best upland plover shooting I think in the country, barring Texas and the Indian Territory. During their flight last August I killed 315, only shooting early in the morning and occasionally in the evening. I shoot them by driving up as near as safe in a buckboard, jump out, and as they get up knock them over. It lasts but a short time, but is nice sport for poor shots while it lasts. This I think covers the game question. About the shotguns, two are issued to each company, and are used considerably, but being single loaders not much execution is done. The caliber is .20—too small for ducks but good for smaller game. They carry well, but I think scatter too much. Although there are no game laws enforced, the officers of the army always regard the close season, and do all in their power to preserve the game. R. C. VAN VLIET, Adjutant 10th Infantry.

Fort Union, N. M., Jan. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your favor of the 9th inst I respectfully state that there is a fair supply of all kinds of ducks, and good pickerel and pike fishing, but neither make any particular impression on the "post larder." I give my command every facility and opportunity I can to hunt and fish. The Springfield shotgun issued is not a success. The men use them when they can't do better.

F. MEARS, Major 25th Infantry.
Fort Sisseton, D. T., Jan. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your letter of Jan. 9 to the commanding officer of this post, desiring information about the game, etc., in the vicinity of the post, has been referred to me for reply. As I understand you to want facts and not an elaborate article for publication, I shall devote myself to briefly answering the questions contained in your letter. The large game in this vicinity is such as is found in this entire Rocky Mountain region, and comprises elk, bighorn, mule deer (here called blacktail) and antelope. The first two are mostly found in the Uinta Mountains, forty miles distant, the elk come down in the foothills when the snowfall in the mountains is great. Deer are killed in considerable numbers twenty miles from the post, and in the fall they come down much nearer. A large number of deer are killed and brought here for sale by professionals or rather pot-hunters every season. I am happy to say I have never been reduced to the necessity of buying game. The enlisted men go out to the mountains in hunting parties and generally have fair success. Antelope are to be found in small bands on the prairies, but they are very wild and hard to get at. The principal small game is the sage hen, of which there are great numbers and they afford fine sport for about two months. They lie well to a dog when young, and as a table luxury are unsurpassed. We have a flight of ducks in September and October, but the streams are too cold and too rapid for good duck shooting. The principal varieties are mallard and teal. Now and then a wild goose is killed, but they fly this way rarely, the altitude is too much for them, about 2,000 feet. Occasionally a snipe is killed (so I have been told); I never saw one. There was a genuine woodcock that fed along the

stream that flows through the post all last fall. I saw him several times—always single—and I presume there was but one. He remained till the stream froze up. Jack rabbits are plentiful and there is a small cotton-tail under almost every sage brush, and it is upon these latter and the sage hens that the soldiers use the Springfield shotguns and often make good bags, but not having dogs (I mean good dogs) they hunt for meat alone and most of their birds are killed in their tracks. I have never shot one of these guns and I never will. I don't consider them safe enough for me, but I have heard those who have used them say that they are good strong shooters. There are two furnished to each company and during the shooting season are pretty generally in use. I succeeded in getting the post Council to subscribe for the FOREST AND STREAM, which is now received regularly, and from the manner in which its are worn I judge it is pretty well read.

L. W. CHAMPTON, Ass't Surg., U. S. A.
Fort Bridger, Wyo., Jan. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your letter of 9th ult. to commanding officer, Fort Custer, inquiring in regard to the hunting in this vicinity, and specially in regard to the Springfield shotgun, has been handed to me with a request that I answer it. The only game we have near the post is chickens, and for a short time in spring and fall ducks and a few geese. By going thirty-five or forty miles into the mountains we find deer, bear, etc. Game is an uncertain and almost inappreciable element in the post larder. Individual sportsmen get some game for their own use but none to supply post needs.

I probably go out after game oftener than any other officer here, but as I have never used the Springfield I can give no opinion as to its merits. One officer with whom I have hunted a good deal uses the Springfield, single-barreled, such as is issued to troops for hunting purposes. He complains a good deal of the gun, thinks its range is too short, and it is not a good shooter. As he is not a skilled wing-shot, but a new beginner, I tell him, and believe, the trouble is in the man and not in the gun. Some of the soldiers have used the Springfield to good advantage. A couple of men a few weeks ago got seventy-three chickens in an afternoon, which does not speak badly for the Springfield.

If an opinion on the merits of the Springfield is of importance to you, it might be got by referring a paper to the company commanders who could inquire of the men who use the Springfield. No officer at the post owns one, and they are used only by officers who have no guns of their own.

C. E. PRICE, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.
Fort Custer, Mont., Feb. 2.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to yours of the 9th inst., received yesterday, requesting information concerning the supply of game about the post, I would remark that, so far as big game—such as antelope and deer—is concerned, that is very scarce. Last fall season some hunting parties were sent out, and, after having gone some 75 to 100 miles, they found but few deer. This being a large Indian reservation accounts for the scarcity of such game. In fact, the whole country out this way is filling up so fast with settlers that all game is being driven off in the confines of the mountains.

Prairie chickens, snipe, curlew, wild geese and ducks are found in great numbers in the proper season. Last fall our tables were abundantly supplied with chickens and ducks.

The Springfield shotgun, for a sporting arm, is very much liked and does good work with the proper ammunition. As it is, the ammunition furnished by the Ordnance Department does not give satisfaction only at very short range. The charge of powder is too light, the shot too small, and in no way suitable for good work. The gun itself, being only of one barrel, is somewhat of a drawback in being of much service for a sportsman.

Buffalo have left this entire country. None can be found short of the regions north of Montana over in the British line.

MAJOR JAS. S. CASEY, U. S. A.
Fort Yates, Dak., Jan. 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to your letter of Jan. 9, asking as to the supply of game about this post, etc., I have the honor to state that quail are very abundant. Prairie chickens have made their appearance in considerable numbers during the winter, but may not have come to stay. Turkeys are very scarce. Deer are plentiful, but very shy. Only very skillful hunters get them, as a rule. Some hunt for bears, but not often with success. Hunting is a pastime, and is often very successful in securing game; but is not resorted to to any great extent as a means of furnishing the post larder.

The Springfield shotgun is not very much used and is not much in favor. Private shotguns are used mostly.

C. H. SMITH, Colonel 19th Infantry.
Fort Clark, Tex., Feb. 5.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yours of the 9th came this evening, probably delayed by snow blockade. The Springfield shotgun furnished companies is in constant use by the soldier. There is much small game in this neighborhood. Officers use good double-barreled shotguns. Grouse are plenty. The spruce or Canada, pinated sage hen, ruffed grouse. The ptarmigan (willow grouse) furnishes best of this sport, as they lie to a dog when young in August and September, come out of the willow covers into stubble and grass, and are equally good shooting with the prairie chicken. Of ducks we have the teal (green-wing), spoonbill, wood duck, bluebill, buffhead, butter ball, spirit duck; possibly canvasback (a redhead mixed silvery and black), quite enough in the way of birds.

The Big Horn Mountains contain large game in abundance, though the frontier hunters consider it scarce and have given up hunting for a living. The Indians hunting in large parties have, they consider, killed it off. There is yet fine sport. The time to hunt is in October, last of September. The grizzly can readily be found, elk, deer and mountain sheep. Buffalo were killed three years ago; it is reported small bands are yet running in the mountains. Our people, however, have not seen any, though we arrived here the last of August, and were so occupied until November with military matters no one of the garrison had time to visit the mountains for hunting until November, when I organized a hunting party, taking four or five men from each troop. These men were not all hunters; some teamsters, packers, cooks, etc. The only really excellent hunter with me was Frank Gerrod, scout; at that time the snow had begun to fall heavily. I had one officer in the party, Lieut. Finley, 9th Cavalry, an excellent shot and ardent hunter. The heads

of the many tributaries of Powder River were first visited, when it was apparent the game had been driven out of the high ranges to lower ones. As the object was to supply the garrison with game it was necessary to follow it; continuing to follow it through what was known as the Pine Mountains, crossing the Platte River, we came upon excellent hunting grounds in the Caspar Mountains, stopping a few days to hunt antelope in the Bad Lands. By this time we were one hundred and fifty miles south of our post, meeting everywhere large bands of Crows, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Sioux, Shoshone Indians in hunting parties. The game was, therefore, very wild. The entire month was taken up in hunting, half of it too stormy to leave camp. The result, however, shows conclusively that it is a wonderful game country. More game could have been killed; the wagons of the train had all that they could move. Loading six six-mule wagons, 72 elk, 102 deer, blacktail; 45 antelope, foots up the total.

Hunters who are willing to work hard, will find all the game they wish to kill. Gerrod, the scout, is the best hunter I have ever had. Not that he kills the most game, but his excellent judgment in directing parties and instructing men how to hunt is invaluable.

Should any of your friends be desirous of hunting grizzly—most amateurs are desirous of doing so—I recommend securing Gerrod. He is cool, quick and a dead shot, all necessary qualities for that kind of work. We are always happy to see parties who are fond of sport. The coming year the railroad will reach Fetterman, quite near an excellent hunting region.

Any one fond of hunting, willing to ride, walk and rough it, as the cavalry officer will upon our hunts, can have all the sport he desires. Should any of your people come out, shall be glad to see them.

EDWARD HATCH, Colonel 9th Cavalry.
Fort McKinney, Wyo., Jan. 25.

THE MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Michigan Sportsman's Association met in eleventh annual session at the Recorder's court rooms, Kalamazoo, Feb. 9. After the appointment of a Committee on Credentials and the election of a number of individual members, the meeting adjourned until the following morning.

The next morning the report of the Committee on Credentials showed delegates present from the Battle Creek, Grand Rapids, White Pigeon, Jackson, Kalamazoo and other clubs, and the presence of a considerable number of individual members, among them Dr. J. C. Parker, of the Fish Commission.

The president's annual address was a plea for the better enforcement of the game laws, and as a means to that end he advocated the appointment of a game warden, and urged upon the Association the necessity of directing all its efforts in that direction. Our laws are good enough until the means of enforcing them are provided.

Mr. Nichols, of Battle Creek, in discussing the address differed from the somewhat pessimistic views of the chair in regard to the progress of public opinion in the matter of the game laws, and cited the many good laws passed of late and the successful efforts of the Association in obtaining modifications of old and the passage of new laws embodying the latest and best knowledge upon their respective subjects.

The Committee on Law presented its report, giving a summary of the new laws passed at the session of 1885, and explaining their relation to the old laws. It also urged that the united efforts of all members of the Association be directed toward spreading the idea that a game warden was a necessity, and that that idea be specially impressed on all candidates for the Legislature who were to be voted for this fall.

The Committee on Enforcement made a report, giving, among other things, the following estimates of deer killed in Michigan during the past season, based on facts obtained by the chairman from personal visits to the regions mentioned:

Deer killed in Lower Peninsula.....	4,000
Deer killed in Upper Peninsula.....	4,000
	8,000

And estimating each at an average of 100 pounds, 800,000 pounds represented the venison killed in the State last year, which at 4 cents per pound would amount to \$32,000, 4 cents being the price in the woods. The committee believed its estimates to be much under the real truth. The committee also reported that it found practically no deer law observed by residents of the regions where deer are found, and that the animals are slaughtered at all seasons.

The following subjects were discussed and referred to the Committee on Law:

1. The Game Warden acts.
2. Laws prohibiting—
 - a. Netting fish in the harbors of the Great Lakes.
 - b. Netting wild pigeons.
 - c. Extending the close season for woodcock to Sept. 1.
 - d. Spring shooting.

The Committee on Publication made a report showing publication and circulation of the seventh annual book, 2,500 copies. It was ordered that the next book of the Association be published in the year 1887, after the session of the Legislature, so as to show the amendments to the laws expected to be then had.

Dr. Morris Gibbs then read an essay on August woodcock shooting, advocating close season till Sept. 1. Mr. Chas. F. Holt, a practical fishculturist, presented a very interesting paper on the Spawning of Black Bass, showing the benefit to be derived from the recent law prohibiting spearing of fish from March 1 to Oct. 1—the old law was March, April and May. This paper received high commendation from one of the Fish Commissioners present for the close observation evinced and the author was tendered the thanks of the Association for it.

The next annual meeting was ordered held at Lansing, on the third Tuesday of January, 1887. It was ordered that the president and secretary make application to the National Association for the Protection of Game Birds and Fish, for membership on behalf of this Association.

The following officers were elected:
President, Dr. E. S. Holmes, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Secretary, Mark Morris, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Treasurer, N. A. Osgood, Battle Creek, Mich.
Director for four years, W. C. Colborn, Detroit, Mich.
After thanking the city for the use of the hall for the meeting the Association adjourned to the banquet at the Burdick House. About fifty sat down at the tables and the convention adjourned *sine die* about 8 A. M., Thursday morning, after a very profitable and pleasant meeting, the success of which was very largely due to the Kalamazoo Gun Club, who had the matter in charge.

IN MICHIGAN WILDS.—I.

THE Hoosier Hunting Club consists of a small company of amateur sportsmen, who take annual excursions into the trackless forests of Northern Wisconsin or the peninsula of Michigan to find relief from the exactions of business, to incite new energy by quaffing the pure waters and yet purer air of that exhilarating climate. We hunt deer and cast lines for bass and trout also; but these are but a tithe of the game we take. The genuine sportsman returns from such a tour laden with a wealth that no guns or rod can bring to camp. The forests and streams invite him to the most royal of feasts; they bid him enter their secret halls, feast upon their richest viands and be thrilled by their most tender melodies; all their joyous birds will join the chorus, the winds will deftly touch reolean harps, and myriad leaves will clap their hands in happy welcome. He who is sick will here find a panacea for every ill, and the nervous will be given a tonic from Nature's faultless and exhaustless laboratory, more effective than all the nervines of all the medical schools.

The club of which mention is now made, have caught muscalonge in the lake region of the upper Wisconsin river; black bass from lake Gogebic in Michigan a little to the north; and captured spotted beauties from the silver ribbons of brooks singing their way to the icy bosom of Lake Superior; and meanwhile have still-hunted that varietal of wild animals—the red deer. This particular region is specially the paradise of all lovers of the rod and reel. It surpasses any yet visited in wild, picturesque scenery, and in exhaustless canoe routes. The Eagle River chain of lakes have a shore line too extended for any one season's sport, and their funny riches will not be diminished for a score of years. This country is reached by the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway, and its officials excel in extending courtesies to tourists.

Members of the club have also hunted along a newer line—Mil. & N. & Wis. & Michigan—extending northwest from Green Bay, Wisconsin, to the Menominee River in Michigan, with good success. All the streams are filled with trout and the forests afford as many deer and black bear as can be found elsewhere. More of the latter are taken by resident hunters, judging by shipments, than elsewhere.

The route oftenest taken was via the Northwestern road. A glance at any map in a railway guide will show the reader one of their numerous lines extending from Chicago to Milwaukee and Green Bay to Michigan, where several fingers of this iron arm extend into the immense iron fields. Some of the most successful hunts have been along the numerous tributaries of Menominee River. The old and abandoned lumber camps—"old cuttings" they are called—afford choice pasturage and excellent retreats for deer. All this as a matter of information and in answer to the scores of inquiries that come to the writer from Eastern sportsmen. The FOREST AND STREAM is their medium and these items are given as an introduction to the notes that will follow. The roads mentioned have guides, etc., with full particulars, which will be sent on application.

One of the novel and interesting trips taken by our club was a canoe trip on the Michigan River. The party, five in number, were Maj. G., Lew G., Dolph W., S. and the writer. The mining town of Republic was reached about the middle of September. But the meagerest outfit had been provided, as we expected to make the distance of about a hundred miles in two small boats. One of these was a canvas—quite sufficient in lakes—but a delusion and snare in dangerous rapids. Lew G. and S. were assigned to the canvas and were the first to pull out. They waved their caps as they dashed off and out into a noisy rapid. Just as the wooden boat was about to swing out into the current, a shout from Lew attracted attention. A lively scene was being enacted as the frail boat popped around like a cork, while Lew was making frantic efforts to reach the shore. S. was vainly attempting to close up a hole with his old hat. Lew shouted words of peculiar emphasis, S. got red in the face and thrust his foot in the hole, while the remainder of the party looked on and shouted with laughter. After getting a good wetting the now useless craft was landed, its contents transferred to the other boat, and three of the party, hearing of a boat that could be purchased six miles below, started to walk by a road along the bank, while Lew, a trapper whom we had employed, and myself, commanded the remaining craft. The crisp September air was most refreshing; the dark, serpentine river, between its numerous rapids as smooth as a lake, and the somber evergreens spread their swaying branches toward us in welcome, making that first morning ride a luxury as rare as it was delicious. During this distance we passed a "narrows," where the river is shot through a "chute," which sent our boat along at the speed of a bird's flight. Phew! what a thrill tingled through the veins as that arrow-like flight was taken. Our boating had been upon quiet lakes, and this was a new revelation which, before sunset, was to be more than duplicated.

At the appointed place the "boys" met us, made a purchase of the second boat, and, after lunching under the sighing cedars, we resumed our journey.

The guide was employed to conduct us through the "Big Rapids." This was a succession of rocky cataracts two miles in length. To our eyes, unfamiliar with boating on raging streams, these setting, roaring rushes of maddened waters was anything but inviting. The river was swollen bankful by recent rains and its awful plunge over submerged rocks looked dangerous. A landing was made to steady our nerves and the trapper was placed in our boat, which was to take the advance. The old dolt, instead of taking the paddle in the rear, to steer our course, gave the paddles to two inexperienced men, Lew and myself, while he stood in the bow to yell in broken French, "To the left. No, to the right. O hell, there you're on the rock." And crash, the boat would strike some huge boulder. Then the boat would swing about and dash off beyond all control or threaten us with destruction by capsizing. Several times it seemed impossible to escape the complete destruction of the boat and the loss of all its cargo, and possibly its occupants. The trapper yelled right, when he meant left, and the only thing which he was absolutely sure to do was to cry out, "O hell, you're on the rock!" At one point where the plunging waters were seething with resistless power, an immense rock was struck and we only saved ourselves by leaping out on it and grasping the side of the boat nearest us. Here we would have been hopelessly imprisoned, but the other boat passed safely through, and, landing in an eddy below, by the aid of a rope and laborious poling, succeeded in rescuing us.

For two miles this most exciting and perilous boat ride continued. Its effect was not the least depressing upon our party. The excitement was exhilarating and only incited peals and shouts of laughter as each danger was safely passed. The memory of that day, therefore, is one of pleasure

though not many of the party would care to duplicate the experience. The picture of the terrific conflict of mad waters and resisting rocks as witnessed that day will remain with the actors through life.

While our blood was yet hot with the excitement, and before we had untied our guns from their fastenings—which we did to save them in case of capsizing—the boys called from the boat in front, "What is that?"

They were just rounding a sharp curve, and we in the rear boat could see our comrades frantically jerking at their guns, all too securely tied. "It's a bear!" we heard Major G. call out, and this sent us for our guns; but bruin was just entering the dense underbrush as the first guns gave him a parting welcome. We landed, rushed through the tangled underbrush for a mile or more on his trail, while one boatload went further down the stream, hoping to head him off. The old fox was too smart for us, however, and soon left us far behind.

If the reader has ever had a like experience he will remember what a fund of jokes such an event always provokes. Then, too, every fellow is sure to detail how nearly he came getting a bead on him. "If"—ah! that if saves hundreds of "the biggest bucks in the woods" or "an enormous bear." That bear was the cause of no little merriment after we were safely huddled in our small tent the first night on the Michigan.

The next morning the old trapper was dismissed, and after spending a few hours in prospecting without finding much sign of deer, we loaded boats and were again gliding down the tortuous but swift current. Here was enjoyment that will make glad the heart of every member of that little company while life endures. A soft haze filled the cope of the heavens above with that dreamy light so delicious to lovers of nature; the boats rocked and swayed in a motion as gentle and delicious as the airy flight of circling swallows in the summer sun; the river sang a ceaseless song, sweet as the dream of childhood, while the tall pines and denser cedars gave answer in a chant low and weird. We seemed to be in a land of enchantment or a pleasant dream. Mile after mile not an oar was struck. Only the man in the stern used an oar to guide our course.

We passed what is called by the lumbermen of that river "flood wood." At some time the entire river bed for a mile or more was completely blocked by the densest, most compact drift that could be imagined. With incredible labor this had been cut away by the numerous lumber companies owning pine lands above and along the river. At this point Major G., who is the hunter of the club, anchored his boat and went ashore to look for sign. Our boat passed on down some distance before stopping. The Major found abundant sign, and we attempted to row back, but the current was too swift for our awkward hands, and we were compelled to pass on.

Our camp for the second night was about a mile up a swift stream called Fence River. This stream is crowded with trout. Immense numbers of the largest size have been taken in proper season by the few bold sportsmen who have penetrated these wilds. Although we were not prepared for taking them, we caught some handsome strings.

As deer hunting was our special mission, the next morning found all out with the guns, except the writer, who improvised a line and pole and had some rare sport in having the trout leap at a red flannel lure.

The result of the day's hunt was a spike buck, brought down at full two hundred yards by Lew, and a fawn dropped by Major. Lew also had a splendid shot, at a dead rest, at a doe, with three shots while running, but scored clear misses. He is a crack shot and we twitted him over the blunder.

Venison tenderloin steaks, golden trout and fawn's heart for supper was a feast fit for a prince. What a jolly time was had that night in recounting the mishaps and jokes of the journey. But the editor and reader as well must not be imposed upon further at present, and the remaining experiences must be reserved for a future number. CASEY.

SHOOTING IN CUBA.

WHAT has become of the snipe and teal which have not come down to us in the usual quantities or numbers this winter? Heretofore the Siempre Fiel has been particularly favored by their winter migration, and the sudden suspension of these favors gives us great anxiety lest they have been receiving inspirations from the New York Chamber of Commerce. Oh, dear! oh, dear! has it come to this pass that even the game birds have been infected by the hated political ideas of the Yanks and turn away from us to more congenial feeding grounds in the Central American republics? Well, plenty of "lame ducks" are here strewn along the tracks of the tax gatherers.

But, though we have been slighted this winter by the game, every steamer is now bringing to us large and increasing flocks of the genus *homo*, though these are not quite homogeneous in all respects. The new route by the Florida Southern Railroad, connecting with steamers at Tampa, is open and brings us an inflowing tide twice a week, representing nearly every State east of the Rocky Mountains by individuals and families coming in to us out of the cold.

The population of the United States is the most mobile and docile in the world, and is catching ideas even from the feathered bipeds; that, among others, of when they are cold they go nearer to the source of all light and life, and imbibe the genial, health-giving influence of the sunbeams.

In looking over the hotel registers here is pictured to the eye the U. S. A. in the form of an immense funnel with Florida representing the narrow part to which the winter travel from all parts of the north, east and west is tending toward the attractive force above indicated, and whether it be that the *Herald* exposé has knocked the bottom out of the Florida peninsula or not (it may have been a false bottom), the fact remains that the winter travel is reaching us here in increasing proportions.

Here the sunbeams offer a still more cheering welcome to those seeking their kind protection, flowing in upon the mind and body through all the senses, both directly and indirectly through many of its charming elaborations of varied vegetable forms and verdure, and juicy, luscious fruits. Here, too may be studied by those philosophically inclined, the vestiges of a past civilization and a dawning new one. *Mais, recentons a nos montons.* All acknowledge this to be an incomparable winter climate. From November to March the thermometer ranges between 70 and 80 Fahrenheit, within which period are usually interspersed three to five terms of three days each when a cold wave from the north forces it down to 60. This winter has been the only exception to this rule which I have known in a twenty years' residence here. This winter we had the mercury down to 60 during fifteen

days in December, and during several of them down to 55; but we are always beyond the reach of frosts and snows.

For the information of those who are projecting trips to this island, and are including quail or deer shooting among their expectations, I will state that they will be required to take out a license to carry their gun, which costs \$11 gold, and if they should wish to shoot the quail or deer on sight, they will require a second license for that purpose, costing another \$11; total, \$22 per annum. Thus game protection here, being one of the devices of the tax gatherer, is likely to be persisted in. The shooter furthermore requires a written permit from the owner of the fields he desires to shoot over or to accompany some party who has such permit.

These, however, are trifling drawbacks, as a few greenbacks will rapidly smooth the road before the visitor. Havana, besides its wonderful climatic attractions, has many others usual to large cities, and great novelty to the Anglo-Saxon in almost everything. It is destined to soon become famous as a winter residence for North Americans of the mobile classes. It is perhaps not strange they should, in their mobility, be drawn toward the sources of the most seductive luxuries of their home breakfast tables—luxuries which have now permanently established themselves there as prime necessities.

Besides it is here that the noxious but seductive weed, the most persuasive solace alike of the man of leisure, the banker, the poet, the philosopher, the theologian, the physician and the proletarian is at home with open house to welcome its many worshippers. Well, let us enjoy its solace "while we may, old time is still a flying," and while human nature is what it is many will yield to consoling influences of different kinds, and when Boreas blows his wicked blasts many will also try to get in out of the cold. NEMO.

HAVANA, Feb. 4.

WITH THE QUAIL IN VIRGINIA.

DURING my visit to Virginia last fall I hunted quail in half a dozen of the best counties of that State, with about my usual measure of success. The birds were more plenty than I have seen them for twenty years, but very much harder to get. Every year it is becoming more difficult to make big bags. Not so much owing to scarcity of birds as to circumstances connected with hunting them.

In all localities in Virginia, as in previous years, I found the peculiar fashions of the season much the same among quail. That fashion holds sway among them, who will deny? When we find Bob White not ready to take his breakfast until the sun is an hour or two high; but quietly remains snoozing in his roost in some secure thicket, until all the morning trains are in, and sportsmen have hunted over the most inviting stubble. Or perhaps he devotes his time to reading the FOREST AND STREAM advertisements of sportsmen's resorts, where quail may be killed until March. Improved guns that shoot often enough, without reloading, to kill a whole covey. Men who break ninety-eight out of one hundred clay-pigeons. Englishmen who, with one hand only, propose to beat Dr. Carver and Capt. Bogardus. Field trial dogs, whose pedigree is traced to the pair that Noah took into the ark, with noses that never misfire. That they know all this, and how to meet it is evident. It used to be that a quail would crouch down and lie until flushed, then fly straight in the direction its head was pointed, depending on its rapid flight for safety. Now they run before the dogs and get up clear out of range, or if caught in close quarters, dart between your legs or around a tree or some other object that will shelter them. Cunning maneuver now seems to be the fashion with them.

To be successful in hunting quail in the South, after they are fully grown, one needs first of all to have good dogs, be a quick shot, and instead of looking for them in stubble or other feeding grounds, work every thicket, woods and broom straw; I might almost say turn over every stone and shake up every fence row. When you have found them don't think of marking them to a better place to shoot, but determine to kill while you have them. Don't be afraid of wasting ammunition; Chamberlin cartridges are cheap and easily obtained. Take all chances in brush and in open. If a bird gets up within gunshot and you see him, always fire; you will often kill when least expected. The man who kills every shot or nearly so will rarely ever make as good a bag as one who is a fair shot as to average, and takes all chances. It is not often that birds are found in the open; but should you be so fortunate as to find a covey in the middle of a ten-acre field, don't put faith in the old idea that quail cannot fly far, but be assured they are going to the woods if it is the next county, and when you get there do not get mad at your dogs if they fail to find. Another recent fashion is to take to trees, or to let you see them settle down, then run a little ways and take a second flight. Both of these tricks are very disappointing and discouraging to the dogs, and they should be encouraged instead of punished. Under such circumstances a man of limited experience in the field when he sees birds light, or thinks so, and takes his dogs to the spot, they either strike no scent, or make game, or point where birds have been, he becomes angry and blames the dogs for not finding what is not there. I have always found it a good rule never to use force or punishment until I was perfectly satisfied of a positive fault.

As an illustration of the closeness with which Virginia quail keep to cover: I spied one evening about sundown, from an elevation on which I stood, a piece of the most magnificent stubble I ever saw, extending about two miles and perhaps a quarter of a mile wide. This being in a section of country that I knew was never shot over except by one man, a true lover of such sport can imagine my feelings when I promised myself that my next day's hunt would be there. I took with me three dogs, all in fine hunting trim. When I got to the stubble I found it high and thick, an abundance of grain scattered all over the ground. We hunted every foot closely and all surrounding thickets and woods without finding a bird, and only saw one little foost. On our way home, while passing through a large body of woods, a noted resort of wild turkeys, we suddenly flushed a tremendous covey of quail. We found three coveys in this wood around the edge of a little clearing about a negro cabin, where there had been perhaps an acre of oats and two acres of wheat raised.

The best shooting I had during the season was in this body of woods, where I could start from ten to fifteen coveys in a day, finding them in the neighborhood of branches, where they fed on berries and wild grapes, or about old "plant beds" and negro cabins, where patches of rag weed had been allowed to grow. This, however, was no fit ground for dude sportsmen. None but stout, active legs and lungs with plenty of wind could stand the hills and ivy cliffs.

One word more before I stop. It is very unwise for sportsmen, non-residents, when they make big bags to carry

all their birds in view; it arouses the jealousies of local hunters and sends more sportsmen to the ground, which generally ends by closing it to all. A string of thirty quail is as much as any sportsman, after the fatigues of the day, should carry. Never strain yourself. I would rather be commiserated on having thirty birds in three days' shooting, with the invitation, "Come back, old fellow, and try it again," than to have every one in the place at the depot to see "those men who done killed all the partridges in the country." Don't string your birds so that fifty will look like 157 (that is the regulation lie) and hire two darky boys to carry them on a pole, or you will be sure some time to be obliged to come home on the owl train and sneak around town some back way without a feather.

BEDFORD.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ERRATIC BULLET FLIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my article published by you last week I refer to other cases in my own experience. One occurred a few months before that already published. There was a millpond in the neighborhood upon which I frequently shot wild ducks. There was a deep indentation on one side, bounded by a common zigzag rail fence. The "lay of the land" was such that I could creep into this indentation unperceived by ducks, muskrats and other game, some of which I almost invariably secured, as I was generally accompanied by a very small dog with considerable spaniel blood in his veins, and enough terrier to render him spunky. One day I stealthily crept into my favorite nook, which brought me within rifle range of most of the pond above and below. To my delight I found a few ducks scattered over the pond. A large one and much the nearest of any, happened to be in range of a tannery and dwelling house perhaps 200 yards distant, but was swimming slowly out of range, yet directly into the range of a herd of cattle about 300 yards away in a pasture.

This pond had been constructed but two or three years before, and scattered over the site were several large sycamore trees. I observed that the duck would soon pass just inside one of these, and resting my rifle on a low rail aimed in range of the tree, and as the duck came in range I fired, killing the duck, and at the same time observed the bark fly from the tree just above the water. A few seconds later there was an outcry at the buildings which were at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the line of my fire. My little dog soon retrieved the duck, and taking it I passed around to the buildings to learn the cause of the excitement there. My bullet in passing through the duck and glancing upon the water beyond became deflected to the right several inches, glancing from the side of the tree, passed on to the house, through the weather board of one inch just above the sill, and nearly through the washboard in the kitchen, splitting partly off a large sliver which struck with stinging force the foot of a woman who was standing at a washub with her foot nearly against the board. Hearing the crack of the rifle, the similar sharp crack of the cleaving sliver, which was as large as a man's finger, and feeling the stinging sensation upon her foot, she naturally thought the bullet had penetrated it. Sighting from the bullet hole outside back to the tree from which it had glanced, I found it had barely missed the head of a man in the tan-yard. He was sure it had touched his ear, but I could find no mark.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 6.

MILTON P. PEIRCE.

THE UTICA ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Association Feb. 19, Secretary John D. Collins presented the report of the committee appointed at the meeting held last month to consider needed amendments to the game laws. The report is as follows:

To the Board of Trustees of the Utica Game and Fish Protective Association:

The undersigned committee, appointed at the meeting of said trustees January 21, 1886, to consider and report what, if any amendments, are important and necessary for the better protection of game in the State of New York, hereby respectfully report after much consideration and careful investigation, as follows:

DEER PROTECTION.

With reference to deer: Your committee report that during the past three years there has been a large increase of killing, greatly surpassing the number of deer killed and shipped in former years, the extent of which, if continued, will, in the best judgment of your committee, result in the complete extermination of wild deer in the Adirondack wilderness in the course of a very few years; that moose have become already totally extinct within the period of our own recollection, and deer will probably follow the same fate in the course of the next five years unless more protection is afforded by law.

That this increase of extermination during said last three years has been the result of a great change taking place within that time.

1. There has been an increase of the number of hunters, also a great perfection of the weapons and devices used, with an increase of the market demand for venison, all growing out of fashionable popularity.

These causes are unavoidable, and all contribute to a greater destruction of deer.

2. Other deer-producing states around us are waking up to this danger of extermination; and are taking more active measures for better protection and preservation.

Pennsylvania has very recently found it necessary to pass laws prohibiting all killing for five years.

Maine, which has a wild tract equal to our Adirondack wilderness, has equally found it necessary to put greater restrictions upon the killing and shipping of deer, both as to season and the number to be killed by each person.

Our State having less stringent laws, amounting to loose liberality, has within said time now become the rendezvous and hunting ground of all the market hunters from these other States, who gather here in increasing numbers with the most perfect skill and appliances ready to kill the last doe for the vast market demand. These professionals start at the first opening of the season; penetrate to and overrun the deepest recesses of the wilderness and the most secluded haunts and hiding places of deer, keeping up the extermination till the close of the season; sending their game in most instances to foreign markets. The number of these professionals has greatly increased each year and in the judgment of your committee will continue to increase in numbers and perfection of their appliances with each succeeding year in the future, which, with the natural increase of our domestic sportsmen, must only bring one result: the early extermination of the last buck, doe and fawn, and the protection and preservation of nothing.

Your committee in this connection give due and com-

prehensive notice and consideration to the great diversity of opinion among citizens as to the utility of the law against hounding, now in force. They give all due weight to the arguments for its repeal. The result of their investigation is this, viz., that all the opposition to this law grows out of pure selfish desire on the part of individuals clamoring to accomplish their own personal ends and conveniences, and partakes not at all of any real or honest preservation or protection. No better evidence of this is needed than the very fact that in all their plans for proposed legislation on the subject, protection and preservation are asked for with special privileges, which are not protective, in the very fact of the conceded dangers of total extermination.

Your committee are also mindful of the fact that the greatest liberality of open season should be allowed consistent with due preservation, but the very idea of any game law is to prevent extermination, by limits upon the killing and the modes thereof, in which all interested citizens should unite, concur and observe for the general good. The way to protect is to limit and restrict the killing, and is quite inconsistent with too great destruction.

They further report that up to within the past past three years the laws which have been liberal have been practically ample, but that the recent change of conditions necessitates greater limits of both season and the number to be killed. They recommend the following law to be passed, which, after a reasonable trial, they think will obviate what will otherwise become necessary, viz., the necessity of a law which will prohibit for a term of years all killing in this State.

In respect to game birds: Your committee are of the opinion that the open season should be made uniform and limited to the autumn months of September, October and November, as being most consistent with due regard to protection. We think August woodcock killing quite out of season as well as destructive; of partridges and their broods, both should be killed at the same time.

The month of December killing is very destructive of partridges from the fact that then they mainly are trapped by experts. Under the present laws there will be few, if any left to protect in a very few years hence.

They recommend an amendment as now before the Legislature, introduced in Senate by Mr. Coggeshall, proposed by the secretary.

In respect to song birds of all kinds, your committee are of the opinion that all small birds, other than such as are injurious to husbandry, or such as prey upon or destroy the insectivorous species, such as butcher birds, crows, owls and hawks (other than night hawks), should not be allowed to be destroyed in any manner, or at any time, or for any purpose whatever, within this State and should be prohibited.

Your committee are informed that very large orders are being constantly sent out by jobbing houses for the skins of small birds of various kinds to supply the trade, and fashionable demands for ladies' bonnet trimmings, whereby they are being greatly depleted, to the detriment of husbandry and in derogation of public delight. Such practices should be discountenanced by all good citizens as abhorrent and repulsive in the extreme and totally without sense or palliation.

I. C. MCINTOSH,
JOHN D. COLLINS,
GUSTAVUS DEXTER.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS.

The following bill is recommended by the association, as an amendment to the fish and game laws now in force. The wisdom of its provisions are evident at a glance:

Section 1. No person shall hunt or pursue any wild deer in this State with any dog or bitch. If any dog or bitch shall be found so hunting or pursuing in the State, it shall be *prima facie* evidence of the violation of the foregoing provision of this section by the owners of, or persons having or harboring such dog or bitch. Any person offending against any of the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each and every violation, to be sued for and recovered as provided by chapter five hundred and thirty-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, as amended, for the recovery of the penalties thereby imposed, or as hereinafter provided.

Sec. 2. No person shall hunt, kill, chase, destroy or capture alive, any deer in this State except in lawful manner between the 15th day of August and the 15th day of October in each year. Whoever has in possession at any other time any fresh venison or fresh deer skin or deer carcass shall be deemed to have violated the provisions of this section. Whoever violates the provisions of this section shall forfeit \$50 for each deer killed or had in possession, to be recovered as hereinafter stated. Fresh venison may be had in possession and sold for thirty days after Oct. 15 aforesaid, provided the possessor proves that the same was lawfully killed within the lawful period aforesaid.

Sec. 3. The number of deer which any one person may kill or have in possession during the lawful period of each year as provided in the foregoing section is hereby limited to three deer in each year and no more. Whoever kills more than three as aforesaid shall forfeit \$50 for each deer killed or had in possession in excess of three. Whoever harbors or possesses for another any deer killed in excess of three aforesaid for the purpose of evading the provisions hereof, shall be deemed to have violated this section. Market men who keep a regular market for supplying venison to customers at retail only may have in possession during the lawful season fresh venison carcasses in excess of three in November, provided they do not in any way directly or indirectly aid or employ the killing of deer within this state or countenance the violation of the provisions of this section, and provided also that such carcasses have not been killed in violation of the provisions of this section.

Sec. 4. Whoever kills or captures any deer at any natural or artificial salt licks within this state shall forfeit \$50 for each deer so killed or captured. The placing of any artificial salt lick for capturing deer within this state is hereby forbidden, under a penalty of \$50.

Sec. 5. All penalties imposed by this act may be recovered by action for penalties or by indictment and fine, and all the provisions of chapter 534 of the laws of 1879, in respect thereto and the disposition thereof, shall apply hereto.

Sec. 6. The provisions of sections 1 and 36 of chapter 534 of the laws of 1879 and the acts amendatory thereof, so far as they are in conflict with the provisions of this act, are hereby abrogated. In other respects said act is to be construed in aid hereof.

I. C. McIntosh said that the limitation of three deer to each person was copied from the Maine law.

The report was adopted and a committee of two, D. Collins and I. C. McIntosh, named by the chair to go to Albany and attend to the introduction of the bill and endeavor to secure its passage.

Mr. McIntosh reported that he had ordered for Jock's and South lakes 50,000 salmon trout from Caledonia. Mr. Green writes that he wanted them to be taken Feb. 28. The fish were to be taken from Prospect or possibly Remsen. A. D. Barber, Jr., had been written to, but, though he expressed interest, he said he would be unable to take the fish to Jock's Lake.

Mr. Collins moved that Mr. McIntosh's committee be continued and instructed to attend to getting the fish and getting them into the lake.

There was some informal discussion as to the best method of getting the fish to Jock's Lake at this time of year.

Mr. McIntosh said he thought 75,000 could be secured.

The members present all signed the petition issued by the FOREST AND STREAM, protesting against the repeal of the anti-deer hounding law and the Association adjourned, subject to the call of the president.

THE MAINE DEER LAW.

THE large game of Maine is recognized as one of the valuable natural resources of that State. The laws have been most carefully framed for the proper preservation of the deer supply; and—so great is the importance attached to these laws—special officials are intrusted with the duty of supervising the enforcement of the statute by the game wardens.

The Maine game law forbids absolutely and at all times the use of dogs for hunting deer. The working of this anti-deer law—whether it be for good or evil—is full of instruction for the other States which are now considering the same subject. It is worthy of remark that the enactment of the Maine law was bitterly opposed, as was the law itself at first, on the identical grounds now urged by the opponents of the New York anti-hounding law.

The following official reports of the effect of the law, and the testimony of well known Maine sportsmen are submitted:

[From Commissioner H. O. Stanley.]

COMMISSIONERS. STATE OF MAINE,
E. M. STILWELL, Bangor. COMMISSION OF FISHERIES & GAME,
HENRY O. STANLEY, Bangor. DIXFIELD, Feb. 14, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You ask for my opinion as to the working of the anti-deer hounding law in Maine. I can give it in a very few words. That law in my opinion, is the *very best* one we have on our statute books for the protection of our deer in the Maine forests. If hounding were to be allowed, it is my belief, that in five years from now few deer would be left in our State. To the enforcement of this law I attribute the increase of the game, that has filled our forests with deer as they are to-day. Repeal this law and the track of the deer would disappear from Maine.

H. O. STANLEY, Commissioner.

[From Commissioner E. M. Stilwell.]

COMMISSIONERS. STATE OF MAINE,
E. M. STILWELL, Bangor. COMMISSION OF FISHERIES & GAME,
HENRY O. STANLEY, Bangor. BANGOR, Feb. 16, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You ask me the question of our success with the Maine anti-hounding deer law. My reply is that we could have achieved nothing without it. There is no such thing as deer protection, there is no such thing as deer propagation without that law. The only question is between deer and dogs. You cannot have the one without stringently enforcing the law against the other. There is no such thing as a compromise between the two. Since the passage of the amended dog law in 1883, the deer of our State have more than doubled.

To claim that still-hunting is more destructive than hounding is utter nonsense. Hounding permits no sanctuary, no respite for the deer. They are driven even from their newborn and suckling young into the lakes to be shot. The still-hunter can practice his craft only after the leaves have fallen, after the fawns are weaned, the venison fat and in condition, and fit as food for man.

E. M. STILWELL, Commissioner.

P. S.—I send you also letters from Mr. John Shaw, the well-known shipbuilder; Dr. Samuel B. Hunter and C. B. Donworth, Esq., all of Machias, and Manly Hardy, of Brewer. Messrs. Shaw, Hunter and Donworth are sportsmen of large experience, who have been for many years practically familiar with the Maine game question and interested in the due protection of the great resource of our State. Mr. Hardy is a dealer in furs, has an almost universal acquaintance with the hunters of the State—whites and Indians—is a keen observer, accomplished sportsman and naturalist, from whose opinion on this question there is no appeal. You are at liberty to publish the letters if you see fit.—E. M. S.

[ENCLOSURES.]

MACHIAS, Me., Feb. 15, 1886.

E. M. Stilwell, Com. Fisheries and Game:

DEAR SIR—You ask my opinion about the anti-dogging deer law of this State in relation to its saving the deer. I will say that I think it is the greatest protection to the deer that we have. Yours truly,

JOHN SHAW.

BREWER, Me., Feb. 15, 1886.

Hon. E. M. Stilwell:

DEAR SIR—In answer to your question as to my opinion of deer increasing where hounding is allowed, I have to say that my belief, backed by a long experience, is that they will be exterminated in less than half the time where hounding is allowed that they will where only still-hunting is done. People hound because they can get more deer in that way than by still-hunting. If this were not so no one would care to keep hounds. In the months of September, October and November, when there is no snow, the best still-hunters can kill but few, so those who wish some easier way ask for hounding. I believe deer can be killed fast enough by fair still-hunting without being murdered by hunting with hounds. Very respectfully,

M. HARDY.

MACHIAS, Feb. 13, 1886.

Hon. E. M. Stilwell, Com. Fisheries and Game:

SIR—In answer to your letter of inquiry as to the result of the law prohibiting the use of dogs in hunting deer, I will say from personal knowledge, the increase is perfectly astonishing, especially when the law is well enforced as in Washington county. It has been proved here that the use of hounds by sportsmen cannot be allowed at any season, not only because of its destructiveness, but it so frightens the game that it leaves the hunting grounds. When hounds are used the residents provide themselves with that nondescript class of curs known as deer dogs, and allow them to hunt as they please, take them into their camps, hunt on the crust in the spring while the does are weak and the fawns are young, and in summer while the fawns are yet too young to care for themselves. In order that the law shall be effective it must include all kinds of dogs, for we often find the common cur the equal of the wolf.

Since the close of the war I have lived in this town and have been greatly interested in the protection and in the increase of game. My business keeps me upon the roads the greater part of the time, besides I annually take my fall hunt. I find that since the enforcement of the anti-dog law so apparent is the increase of the deer, that the citizens now watch for the deer dog, which is hated as the farmer hates the sheep-killing cur. The wardens find no difficulty in getting information when any one undertakes to violate this most beneficial law for the preservation of game. For three

years the increase has been more marked in this country, for the law has been quite well enforced.

At the time this law was enacted there were but few deer remaining in the State, the dogs and crust-hunters had nearly exterminated them, but the efforts of our Commissioners of Game, aided by the local protectionists, have restocked our forests so that we now can boast of one of the finest deer parks in the United States.

As a sportsman I do feel thankful that we have this most humane law prohibiting the use of dogs in the hunting of deer. If we kill the deer, let us do it decently, not torture, mangle and frighten to death.

The law prohibiting the use of dogs is now one of the factors of game protection, without it we should be discouraged and feel our foundation was gone. Game in Maine cannot be preserved without it. Yours,

SAM. B. HUNTER.

Office of
C. B. DONWORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

MACHIAS, Me., Feb. 15, 1886.

Hon. E. M. Stilwell:

MY DEAR SIR—As Commissioner of Fisheries and Game you ask my opinion of the results of the anti-deer hounding law in this section; and you are good enough to suggest that my anxiety for the preservation of what I consider to be one of the great sources of wealth of our people, and my experience and observation as a lawyer, fit me to make such a report. Washington county, as you know, affords peculiar opportunities to measure the wisdom and efficacy of the several provisions of the protective system. The time is within vivid remembrance when all the larger species of game had almost wholly disappeared from our forests, owing to the lack of a statutory restraint upon the improvident hunter, but as soon as a wise policy of protection was introduced a marked increase was immediately apparent. The law, however, in its earlier stages was found to be painfully lacking in some of its present most essential features. It was seen that an open season of three months was quite sufficient to greatly retard the desired increase of moose, deer and caribou, if the use of dogs was to be allowed on the chase. The lawmaking power soon became cognizant of the desideratum, and quickly engrafted on the law the provision prohibiting the use of dogs for such purposes. From the passage of that act moose, deer, caribou and all the larger game began to increase with astonishing rapidity, until now our forests are teeming with animal life.

This you may well contemplate with satisfaction, and still more the fact that owing to its great abundance dogs are no longer necessary, nor even desirable, for the capture of this kind of game in reasonable quantities. You may thus readily understand why the opposition to the anti-dog law has been so completely and so effectually silenced.

Yours respectfully,

C. B. DONWORTH.

THE ECONOMIC VIEW OF DEER HOUNDING.

GAME LAWS are not based on sentimentality. They are economic. Their purpose is to maintain the game supply. To accomplish this they must forbid all modes of killing which are destructive to game beyond its natural increase. If experience shows that by the practice of any one mode of capture the number of deer annually killed is greater than the number of deer annually born, that method must be forbidden. Otherwise the stock will diminish and the end will be extermination. On this principle the law forbids crusting and trapping. On the same principle and for the same purpose—because by hounding the annual destruction of deer has been proved by experience to exceed the annual increase—the use of hounds for the pursuit of deer in the Adirondacks is forbidden. On the same economic ground the law against hounds should remain as it is. The conditions have not changed. They remain the same. The law should stand. To repeal it, under any pretext, or with the substitution of any other protective measures, will be to sanction the extermination of the deer from the Adirondack woods.

Without basing any argument upon the unsportsmanship and evident brutality of the practice of deer hounding, we submit the subjoined statement of facts, as bearing on the economic view of the question.

As conducted in the North Woods, hounding consists in driving the deer into a lake, pond or stream, and killing the game while it is helpless in the water. A hunt is usually participated in by several individuals.

One man takes the dogs away from the lake and puts them on a deer track. The rest of the men remain at the lake, two in each boat, at points where, with the aid of a field-glass, the whole lake can be watched. When a deer enters the water to escape from the dogs, it is allowed to swim out, and then the nearest boat is rowed so as to cut the deer off from shore, and as it swims for some landing, the boat is sometimes run so as to force the deer's head under water, and when it comes to the surface, half strangled, a charge of buckshot, bullets from a repeating rifle, or blows from an oar or club, soon finish the work.

Sometimes the pursued deer is killed on land as it runs by a hunter posted on a "runway," but in the North Woods this style of killing is the rare exception. The rule is that the game is killed in the water. That is the kind of deer killing the advocates of the present bill desire. They want it because it is a more successful method than any other and requires less skill and exertion.

HOUNDING IS THE SUREST WAY TO KILL DEER.

1. Because the dog penetrates to the deepest cover and routs out deer which could not be approached by a man. Dense spruce and balsam swamps, fallen timber, dry brush, rocky defiles, thickets or "trip-shin," it is all one to the dog. Where no still-hunter could penetrate he goes with ease, and drives out the game to the water.

2. Because the dog can be successfully used at all times and in all weathers. No matter what the season, no matter where the locality, no matter what the day, whether hot or cold, wet or dry, when the hound is put out the deer must go, and go it will for the nearest body of water, where the sportsman is waiting for his victim.

3. Hounding is the surest method because it is based on the instinct of the game. When a deer is pursued instinct tells her to rush into the water to baffle the hounds. Obedience to instinct brings escape from the dogs on shore, but death at the hand of the man in the boat.

4. To water-kill deer requires absolutely no skill nor experience. The only requisite is money enough to hire a "guide," a boat and the hounds. Most deer are killed at very short range with guns loaded with buckshot, or with magazine rifles. It is a common thing for the "guide" to

hold the struggling creature by the tail while the "sportsman" shoots it or clubs it with oar or bludgeon.

The ease and certainty of hounding invite to indulgence in it numbers of summer tourists, who have no special taste for hunting, are absolutely without any hunting skill, and could kill a deer in no other way. With dog, guide (i. e., oarsman), boat, and rifle, shotgun or club, they are sure of a deer if a deer is in the neighborhood. They kill principally because it is quite the correct thing to tell of having "shot that buck when I was in the Adirondacks." No question of their perfect right to this privilege would be raised, provided they could all kill deer and a proper supply of the game still be left. But they cannot.

HOUNDING EASIER THAN STILL HUNTING.

Any one can kill the poor, tired creature in the water. If he can't shoot well enough, his guide can row him up near enough so he can beat his brains out with an oar. The victim stands no chance whatever for its life. In still-hunting the hunter may break a twig with his foot; a quick motion of the hand or a puff of wind may give the deer its life at the last moment. It is only a few days at most between Nov. 1 and Dec. 1 that the still-hunter can follow a deer with any degree of success, and those days are when the ground is covered with wet leaves, or when the ground is covered with light snow and upon leaves not frozen, and those are the exceptional days. Still-hunters do not kill a large number per man, but from one, two or three, and, in rare instances, five or more deer to each gun or sportsman in camp, during the fall. But, on the other hand, the hounders—say three in a party, with as many dogs—kill two or three deer each day, not being confined to particular days. The hounds will drive a deer on frozen leaves, in dry or hot or wet weather, all the same.

HOUNDING IS EVEN MORE DESTRUCTIVE THAN CRUSTING.

The law forbids crusting. On the same principle it should forbid hounding. Hounding and crusting are very similar. Crusting means killing deer when there is a crust on the snow, through which the deer breaks, but which sustains the man. The crusted deer is killed when, floundering perfectly helpless in the snow, it is easily approached by the man on the snow and clubbed or its throat cut. The hounded deer is killed when, floundering perfectly helpless in the water, it is easily approached by the man in the boat and clubbed or its throat cut. Crusting is destructive, water-killing is more destructive. One is just as bad as the other in principle; in actual practice water-killing would destroy more deer than crusting.

HOUNDING DESTROYS THE DOES.

The proportion of does to bucks killed by hounding is fully 3 to 2. The reason of this is not at all difficult to explain. The doe is weaker than the buck and when hounded will sooner take to the water. Through the season when the voice of the hound is heard in the woods, the does linger in the vicinity of streams, ponds and lakes to be near their water refuge. The guides know this; they put out the dogs in the same vicinity, and the natural result is that more does than bucks are driven into the water. Some hounders profess to discriminate and not to kill does; but the doe that is permitted to go free is the exception. The common practice is that when a deer—male or female—takes to the water it is considered legitimate game. Wet does, heated by a long run, are killed by the sudden chill to their lactal glands, before the sportsmen in the boats reach them; if others are permitted to escape their subsequent agony perhaps renders that escape less merciful than death itself. The bill now before the Legislature provides for the hounding of does in the nursing season.

When it is remembered that the killing of one doe is equal in effect on the future supply to the killing of four bucks*, it will be seen that in this respect hounding is especially ruinous of the game supply.

The proportion of does to bucks killed by hounding is greater than the proportion killed by still-hunting. A record of deer killed by a party of four still-hunters for six seasons (1879-85) shows a total of 55 deer, of which 9 were does, a proportion of does to bucks killed by still-hunting of 1 to 6. (FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 8, 1885.)

Moreover, to the aggregate actually killed must be added the number of does rendered barren by the practice of hounding. In this respect hounding is peculiarly atrocious in its effect upon the natural increase of the game, by preventing conception. Guides and old visitors to the North Woods say that the proportion of barren does to those with fawns is constantly increasing. To-day the relative number is very greatly in excess of what it was ten years ago. This is due to hounding. Hounding is practiced in the breeding season. The does are in a state of constant excitement from fear of the hounds. Under such conditions, according to a principle well-known to all physiologists, and familiar to all stockmen, the does will not conceive. There is no speculation about this. The facts are well established, and are recognized by breeders of horses and cattle. It is beyond cavil that the barren does are increasing, and equally beyond question that the practice of hounding is responsible for it.

HOUNDING DESTROYS THE FAWNS.

To the sportsman in the boat on the lake "the enchanting music of the hounds" is just as pleasing whether the dogs be chasing an "antlered monarch of the glen," a nursing doe or a fawn. Because weaker than the old deer and less able to care for themselves, many fawns are caught by the dogs and killed (often without the knowledge of the hunter). Some are driven into the water and killed by the sportsmen. Some die of exhaustion. Others perish of starvation when the mother does have been hounded to death. [Others may be poisoned by the milk of hounded does which have escaped. This is pure conjecture. We can only base it on the fact that hounded does have been tracked by the bloody milk dripping from their dugs and leaving a trail on the lichens of the rocks over which the creatures staggered.]

Without any allusion to the ethics of "the historic and most sportsmanlike method" of hunting deer, is it not pertinent to inquire, if the does and fawns are to be hounded to death, what is to become of the deer supply?

DOGS KILL DEER IN THE WOODS ALL THE YEAR AROUND.

The fawns killed by the hounds and not recovered by the doggers are only a small proportion of the total number of deer killed in the woods by the dogs without the doggers. Hounds kill deer at all seasons in every county in the Adirondacks. The statements by Mr. Bainbridge Bishop, of New Russia, recently published, described what is going on to-day in Essex county.

In winter it is a common expedient to turn the hounds out to hunt on their own account. Under certain conditions of

the snow dogs can easily catch and kill the deer, which at that time are often weak. The destruction of deer by dogs goes on through the twelve months of the year. If hounding be permitted at all—no matter how short the prescribed season—that will furnish an excuse for keeping packs of hounds. If hounds are kept, they will be used to destroy deer the year around. No legislation will be effective to preserve which does not absolutely prohibit the use of the dogs at all times.

WHAT ARE THE ACTUAL RESULTS OF ANTI-DOGGING LAWS.

New York is not a pioneer in prohibiting the use of dogs in deer hunting. The same law has been successfully enforced elsewhere. Some years ago, when the deer supply of Maine had been depleted by the doggers, that State passed an anti-hounding law, and this was made more stringent in 1883. The results are told elsewhere by the State Game Commissioners.

A similar law obtains in Pennsylvania. In Potter, McKean and Cameron counties deer had in 1878 become practically extinct. The act of June 3, 1878, contained the following provision: "No person shall pursue any elk or wild deer with dogs in any part of this State, or shall kill in the water any elk, wild deer or fawn which has been driven thereto by dogs. Any person offending against any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable to a fine of \$50 for each elk, wild deer or fawn so killed, or pursued, or trapped."

Any dogs pursuing elk, wild deer or fawns may be killed by any person; and any constable or other town official may kill any dog that habitually pursues elk, wild deer or fawns." The result has been a great increase in the game. Deer are still-hunted there two and one-half months, and the supply is reported by old hunters to be as abundant to-day as it was in 1860.

In many portions of the Adirondacks the New York law was not stringently enforced last season. Some of the city sportsmen who are now asking for the law's repeal violated it last fall. But where it was enforced the result was beneficial beyond all question.

PETER B. LEONARD, State Game Protector for St. Lawrence and Franklin counties, says: "In its working there can be no question but the law prohibiting dogging has saved large numbers of deer. Instead of the open and declared preparations and practices, we have now the secret and covert methods pursued by the doggers. With such efforts as the game protectors and game protectionists are able to make, the practice has been much abated. With continued efforts it will be suppressed, except as isolated cases shall occur beyond the reach of vigilance to prevent, and to be classed with other crimes that, to an extent, always have and always will baffle the best police."

JOHN LIBERTY, State Game Protector for Essex and Clinton counties, says there have been many undetected violations in his district, and adds: "Notwithstanding, I think the law has saved a great many deer in my district, and wherever I go the indications are that deer are very plenty. What hounding has been done was away from the settlements, and then very slyly."

JOHN L. BRINKERHOFF, State Game Protector for parts of Lewis and Hamilton counties (himself an advocate of hounding), reported adversely to the working of the law because he could not enforce it. But the Beaver River country, in Brinkerhoff's district, was watched by a special constable paid by the hotel keepers, guides and visitors. Here is a report of the result, written by Mr. Chas. Fenton, of Number Four:

"In the Beaver river country not less than 260 deer were killed in the season of 1884; 200 were killed by driving into the water with hounds and about 60 by still-hunting. Last fall less than 60 were killed on the same territory. Why was this? Simply because the law against hounding was strictly enforced. In other sections where the law has not been enforced many deer have been killed by hounding and credited to still-hunting. A year ago last fall a party from Jefferson county camped on Beaver River and killed about 30 deer; last fall they went on the same ground and killed 4. Another party who the previous fall killed 23, last fall did not kill any. Altogether the deer hounding law has been a success if we take into account the preservation of deer. It is safe to say that at least 1,000 have been saved through the instrumentality of this law. No wanton slaughter has been committed, as pot-hunters dare not market venison killed in this way. The sentiment against hounding deer will doubtless be stronger the next year, and the law be more generally observed during the close season, as almost every one came out of the woods the 1st and 2d of December."

That was in the western part of the woods. The same happy results were seen elsewhere, wherever the law was enforced. Mr. R. M. Shuts reports from the Chateaugay Lake district, in the northeastern part of the woods:

"The majority of the people living in this section of the country are satisfied with the non-hounding law. The hotel owners, club house owners and guides are pleased with the law."

"The men who are not pleased are the ones who have rented a hotel for the year and want to kill the last deer before the year is up; also the outsiders who have to go into the woods in the fall and camp out for a couple of weeks, and with the aid of a dozen hounds kill or drive every deer off the range."

"None of the old-time hounders have indulged in the pastime here this season. I don't think a dozen races were made at this lake the past fall, and we have seen the good effect of it. The deer come to the water late as well as early, and are now yarding within a mile of where I write this at my office desk."

"This season has been the best one for still hunting we have known for a score of years, and yet very few deer were killed—only twenty at Chateaugay Lake, and these by five different hunters; three were killed from this house, two from the Merrill House and fifteen from a hunting camp four miles south of here."

"If there is any legislation this winter in regard to the game of our State, let them provide a game protector for each town where needed, appoint good men and true and pay them for their services. If they serve the State, keep them; if not, discharge them and appoint others. Keep a good man at each game center and game will increase.—R. M. SHUTTS."

*THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, New York, Feb. 15, 1886.—Editor Forest and Stream: In reply to yours of the 13th inst., desiring my opinion of Richard M. Shuts, of Upper Chateaugay Lake, I would say that after many years of experience hunting in the North Woods, and knowing many of the guides in that region, I know of none more efficient and conscientious. He knows the country for miles around. His testimony as to the present law regulating the killing of deer I consider invaluable. If all the guides were as honest as "Dick Shuts," there would be more sport in the North Woods. Very truly yours, SAMUEL C. REED.

*See letter of Dr. Samuel B. Ward, in FOREST AND STREAM Feb. 18, 1886.

The following statistics are also given on Mr. Shutt's authority:

"To get at the exact number killed by those who dog is next to impossible, for they are got through a longer time and by many from a distance, who carry them away, and there is nothing known about them. Not so with market still-hunters; the time is generally short in which they hunt, the weather cool, and they keep the deer they kill until they get through, and then take them to market. There has been as close an estimate made by guides as could be of the number killed by doggers in the vicinity of Meacham Lake, Plumador and Duck ponds, Deer River and that section in 1884, and they make out 169; in the same section in 1885 by still-hunting, with a little dogging, 69. In the section around Wolf Pond and State Dam in 1884, by dogs, 40; in the same section in 1885, still-hunting, 17. It is worthy of note that there has not been so good weather for still-hunters in thirty years as the last fall has been. These are facts that can be proved beyond doubt."

THOSE "MARKET STILL HUNTERS" LAST FALL.

Reports of an excessive slaughter of Adirondack deer by market still-hunters last fall have been industriously circulated. The FOREST AND STREAM has taken pains to investigate these stories and finds them totally without foundation. They are put forward by the advocates of bounding purely for the purpose of misleading and deceiving the Legislature with respect to the results of the anti-bounding law.

Much stress has been laid on the market glut of venison last season. To reason that the Adirondack still-hunters caused that glut is all nonsense, as may be shown by the statements of the bounders themselves in the pamphlet recently sent to the Legislature. The introduction to that pamphlet says, and very truly:

"To prevent the sending of venison to market from this region is a hardship to those only who do not live in the Woods; and it will be very little injury to them since it is estimated that in the large cities of this State not less than ninety per cent. of the venison comes from outside the State."

This leaves one-tenth to come from the Adirondacks. When they allege that the Adirondack venison glutted the market they tax our credulity to the extent of asking us to believe that the markets of this State were glutted by the magnitude of this one-tenth of all the venison in market. They make no account of the other nine-tenths. They ignore the fact that venison from the West is always cheaper than Adirondack venison. They leave out of consideration the 8,000 carcasses of venison shipped in 1885 from the one State of Michigan alone. Another reason why the market could not have been glutted by Adirondack venison last season is that only a small quantity of venison was shipped to market from the North Woods.

To stop market-hunting, forbid marketing game. But to forbid marketing game, and at the same time to permit bounding, would not be a protective measure. The deer killed by hounds would exceed ten times over the number now killed for market.

[From the New York Times, Feb. 21.]

The bill introduced at Albany for the protection of deer is a good bill in so far as it restricts the transportation of venison from the Adirondacks to two carcasses for each sportsman, to be accompanied by the sportsman. It is a bad bill inasmuch as it permits six weeks of bounding deer, and those the six in which more deer are likely to be bounded than in the other ten months and a half. For a considerable term of years, at least, bounding should be prohibited absolutely if the game is to be protected. The protection of the game is the prime consideration, since the Adirondack venison would under any circumstances be but a small portion of the venison that comes to the New York market every winter.

THE UTICA REPORT ON HOUNDING.—The Utica Association's report on the deer hounding law is another evidence of public sentiment on the subject. A member of the Association tells us that the report was made after "a long observation and collection of facts by our Association, which have been carefully and impartially weighed and considered. From all I can hear, it speaks the honest sentiment of people in this section who feel the necessity of restrictive measures, and that personal ends must give way to the public advantage, selfish people to the contrary notwithstanding." The entire report is given elsewhere.

CHOICE OF HUNTING RIFLE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am done with repeaters, and give my reasons. They won't always repeat. Last winter one cold December day I was close on a large flock of caribou, yet went to camp without meat, as the magazine was frozen solid. Practically I had no gun. This season it was one day reduced to a single shooter in consequence of an obstruction, a small spruce spill, in the magazine. No repeater balances as well as a single-shooter. Given the same weight of gun, length of barrel and caliber, and a single-shooter will have a larger per cent. of metal in the barrel, where it will tell in accuracy of holding and power of execution. I have used a rifle over fifty years, having owned a great variety of make, and purchased a late model repeater, mainly to show my brother hunters that I was not "set in my way" in preferring a single-shooter. It is a first-class gun, good as new, of a make that was in the front rank at the trajectory trial, and can be bought low. I go back to my first love. With a single-shooter I can bag as much large game here in the Maine woods as the law allows or a fair-minded hunter desires.—OPEN SIGHT (Camp Cosy, Maine, Feb. 6).

NORTH CAROLINA.—Belvidere, N. C., Feb. 15.—Although the weather has been extremely cold and we have had heavy sleet, still I find the birds have wintered well and are coming out into the fields now in force. In fact I find more birds now than at any time during the season; coveys of from fifteen to twenty-five and even more are now feeding where there were none during December and January. They have learned to protect themselves by retreating to the depths of the thick woods while hunting is at its height, and come up smiling and fat in the latter part of the season and early spring. During a two hours' tramp, a few days since, I found eight large full coveys, numbering in the aggregate not less than 150 birds. One would have thought a month since had he hunted our fields that Bob White had played out, so scarce were the birds. It certainly seems a pity to shoot them so late in the season, but our best shooting after November is in March. The birds are then fat and finely flavored, and strong enough to test the marksmanship of the shooter, as they can then fly at a lightning-like speed. As a rule they do not commence pairing off before the last of April or 1st of May.—A. F. R.

FLORIDA GAME.—Enterprise, Fla., Feb. 15.—The hunting around here is unusually good this year. Mr. Couzens, of New York city, brought forty-three quail in last Friday, and reports large numbers of snipe and turkeys in the Lake Harney region, a few miles from here. Ducks are scarce on Lake Monroe, but a few can be found on the small ponds near here. Mr. Benson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who spends his winters here, is a great fisherman and has splendid success with the rod and line. He seldom comes in at night with less than fifty pounds of fish, and often up to 200 pounds. The weather is delightful, and all sportsmen able to be out are reaping a harvest.—G. G. J.

COLORADO.—Silverton, Col., Feb. 2.—In our immediate vicinity there is little or no game, and although almost every man you meet is armed, there is no shooting done except when some ambitious individual undertakes to paint the town "red." There is then the liveliest kind of shooting. Within seventy-five miles of us, however, almost in any direction large game can be found in abundance. A number of parties have been out from here, going over the range to the headwaters of the Rio Grande River, and all of them have had very fine sport with elk, blacktails and bears, both silver tips and black.—S.

AN UNSAVORY SUBJECT.—Brooklyn, L. I.—In FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 4 is an article signed by "Cocker," who says the "odors from Barren Island were not perceptible by him." The reason was the wind was from the west, and in consequence blowing in opposite direction from the point he was on. If he had been to the east of Barren Island, where I was on the same day, he might have had his full benefit for the balance of the winter.—AMERICAN.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.—At the annual meeting of the Kalamazoo County Game and Fish Protective Association, the following officers were elected: President, Hon. T. S. Cobb; Vice-President, J. F. Cowgill; Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. J. A. Partridge; Executive Committee, George Winans, H. F. Badger, Dr. W. T. Stilwell.

PENNSYLVANIA.—In answer to "R. J. D.," I would advise him to write to some hotel in Hawley, Pike county, Pa., where he will find all he asks for. It is one of the best places for large game so near New Jersey. It is recommended by some of our very best sportsmen.—E. F. K.

GREAT SOUTH BAY OPEN.—The ice has disappeared from the Great South Bay and the ducks are beginning to arrive in considerable numbers. Quite good shooting has been had at a number of points, and a large bag was made a few days since near Sayville.

NEW JERSEY.—Smithburg, Feb. 13.—Game in this section was more plentiful the past season than for several years back, and a great many quail and pheasants were left over. We do not think that the game has suffered much.—W. L. B.

MR. HAGUE ON THE PARK.

THE following letter, recently written to Senator Mander-son, of the Committee on Territories, deserves the careful attention of all who are interested in the Yellowstone National Park. No such clear and convincing statement of the injury which will be done to a vast tract of our country by the destruction of the Rocky Mountain forests has ever been printed:

UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK SURVEY.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 4, 1886.

Hon. Charles F. Manderson, U. S. Senate:

SIR:—A bill for the protection and better regulation of the Yellowstone National Park has recently been introduced by Senator Vest into the U. S. Senate. Knowing your keen appreciation of the value of the Park, I desire to call your attention to one or two points which seem to me of the utmost consequence in carrying out the purposes for which the Park was originally set apart and has since been maintained.

In order to accomplish these purposes the most essential features in the new bill are those which relate to the enlargement of the Park and the sharper definition of its boundaries. In the original bill creating the Park the boundaries are loosely stated. A better acquaintance with the country enables us to say more intelligently where the boundaries should be drawn, while experience shows that, to avoid encroachments on the reservations, they should be more sharply defined by law, and the lines accurately run.

In this respect the present bill meets all the requirements of the Park. For the purposes for which the Park was set aside the present area is far too small.

In my opinion the object of first importance in maintaining the Yellowstone Park is the preservation of the forests. The question of timber preservation is one which is gradually attracting more and attention in all the more settled parts of the country. The necessity for some proper restrictions, rigidly enforced, is now very generally admitted. In the far west, where such immense tracts of country are treeless areas, it is all the more necessary that some carefully considered restrictions should be placed upon the indiscriminate cutting of timber from the public domain. It seems equally necessary that certain areas, favorably situated for the growth of trees, should be set aside forever as forest reservations. In the settled parts of the country, owing to the many conflicting interests, proper protection by legislation is a matter of great difficulty. It is sufficient to call your attention to the struggle going on in New York State in the attempt to preserve, by legislative enactment, the forests of the Adirondacks. There should be some additional restrictions in the cutting of timber has been very generally admitted, but to control the matter with due regard to the rights of all, is no means easy to accomplish. The Yellowstone National Park is most admirably adapted for a forest reservation. It is a broad, undulating plateau, varying in altitude from 7,000 to 8,000 feet above sea level; surrounded on nearly all sides by mountains rising from 2,000 to 4,000 feet above the general level of the country. Across this plateau the continental water shed runs with a very winding course from the southeast to the northwest. Two great rivers, the Yellowstone and the Snake, which ultimately drain into the Missouri and Columbia, have their sources here on the plateau, the former in Yellowstone Lake, and the latter in Shoshone Lake.

Yellowstone Lake covers nearly 125 miles of surface, while Shoshone, with very irregular outlines, measures more than six miles in length. Hundreds of smaller lakes lie scattered over the plateau and mountains, and innumerable springs feed these lakes and rivers. Over 8,000 thermal springs are known within the Park. No region in the world is better favored in its supply of water, the great snowfall being unsurpassed in any area of equal extent. Nearly all precipitation between the middle of September and the first of May falls in the form of snow which lies upon the ground well into the summer. This broad, elevated mountain mass is so situated as to gather the storms which center in the northern Rocky Mountains, and the topographical structure of the region enables it to retain the waters. For the storing up of this water and regulating its flow, the forests of immense value.

It is unnecessary here to enter at length into a discussion of the influence of the forests upon the supply of water. In a few words this great body of snow is largely protected from the direct rays of the sun and sheltered from the dry winds blowing from the westward. In consequence the snow melts gradually and the water percolates through the soil and vegetation, slowly finding its way to the springs and large reservoirs. Remove the forests and the snows would rapidly disappear. Damaging freshets would carry off the water in the early spring, leaving the country arid and parched. Dry westerly

winds would take up the snow, precipitating the moisture further to the eastward or our country already supplied. Without the trees the soil would soon be washed away, leaving the country unfit for occupation. The report of the recent Forestry Commission of the State of New York says "that the summer flow of the Adirondack rivers has decreased within the memory of men now living from thirty to fifty per cent. Many of the small streams, which a quarter of a century ago were abundantly supplied with water during the entire summer, are now dry during many months." In my opinion, owing to the destruction of the atmosphere, the dissipation of the country around the sources of the Missouri and Columbia would cause, relatively, a far greater diminution in the flow of water than that observed near the sources of the Hudson. Every precaution, then, should be taken to preserve the natural reservoirs of these great rivers sending their waters to the Atlantic and Pacific. If in the future the lower Yellowstone Valley is ever settled with any considerable population, they will require all the water stored up in this favorable region. It is not only necessary, then, that the forests within the limits of the Park should be preserved, but that the area of the Park should be enlarged so as to include the immediate country along the sources of all streams draining into Yellowstone Lake, the East Fork of Yellowstone River, and the headwaters of the numerous southern branches of Clark's Fork and the Stinking Water.

The country to the eastward of the present boundary of the Park, which, by the bill now before Congress, it is intended to add to the reservation, is one of the most alpine and rugged regions of the West. It consists mainly of a single mountain range with peaks rising from 11,000 to 12,000 feet above sea level. It is one of the principal ranges of the Rocky Mountain system. Snow lies on the higher summits all the year. It is a country of great natural beauty, but useless for agricultural purposes. Although the east-rail foothills were among the frequented resorts of the earliest trappers and fur hunters, the mountains, owing to their inaccessible nature, remain to-day one of the least visited regions of the Northwest. So far as known the mountains carry no minerals of economic importance, and, judging from the volcanic character of the country, the indications are against any discovery of valuable ore bodies. These mountains are useless for settlement and should be withdrawn from the public lands.

On the other hand, the slopes are densely covered with timber and forest vegetation on the west side, and large volumes of water pour into the Yellowstone through Soda Butte, Caine, Calfee and Miller Creeks and the East Fork. On the east side, Crandall, Sunlight and Dead Indian creeks contribute to Clark's Fork, while the Stinking Water drains a large area of country for the Big Horn, the water ultimately reaching the Lower Yellowstone River. Eucalyptus acorns upon these forests will soon be made if not immediately protected by Congressional legislation.

According to the report of the special agent of the last census upon the forests of the country, nearly 80,000,000 railway ties are annually consumed by the old and new lines of railway. In the far west they are usually dependent upon young trees from ten to twelve inches in diameter. It is estimated that each tree furnishes, on an average, only two ties. In Montana and Wyoming the demand for railway ties is largely supplied by the tamarack or black pine (*Pinus nigra*), the variety most abundant in the country immediately adjoining the Yellowstone Park. In a year of active railway building in the West the destruction of vigorous young trees must be counted by millions. By the same authority it is estimated that the injury to woodlands destroyed by fire during the past century in the Montana amounted to \$1,128,000, and in Wyoming to \$3,355,000. In this connection it is not easy to calculate the permanent injury to the country.

Another source of injury to the forest near mining centers in the West is the enormous consumption of charcoal in smelting furnaces. A country devastated by the charcoal burner is a dreary waste. The number of large smelting furnaces, however, are so scattered over the country that permanent injury, except in a few cases, may not be considered as serious. Cooke City, a small undeveloped mining camp just outside the northeast corner of the Park, is amply supplied with a furnace. If the place should ever develop into a prosperous mining district, the demand for charcoal may become an important industry. The need of forest conservation is so urgent in the Yellowstone Park that every precaution should be taken at once to restrict the cutting of timber within the area proposed to be added to the Park. As there are large tracts of timber to the north and east of Cooke City, this could be done without the slightest detriment to mining development.

Another important object to be gained by the enlargement of the Yellowstone Park is the preservation of wild game. Any one familiar with the disappearance of the game of the Rocky Mountains during the last twenty years must be fully impressed with the necessity of rigidly enforcing the game laws in the Park if we wish to preserve, in a state of nature, those animals which are rapidly becoming extinct. What we want is not an artificial zoological garden, but a natural zoological reservation, sufficiently large to allow all wild animals to run free without molestation. For this purpose the present area is too small. The country around the Hot Springs, the geyser basins, and the plateau between the geyser basins and the Yellowstone Lake affords insufficient grazing ground for any large number of game. This country never was an attractive haunt for game. On the other hand, such grand mountains as Mount Sheridan and Mount Washburn, rising out of the plateau, and the high country surrounding the Park, afford one of the finest game regions in the West. The Abasoka or Shoshone range, just to the east of the present Park boundary, is a favorite resort for deer, elk, beaver and mountain sheep. The latter are rarely seen on the Park plateau, but are abundant upon the high peaks and crags to the eastward. A great deal of shooting has been done here within the last two or three years. Its protection is certainly very desirable.

The country immediately to the south of the present southern boundary abounds in sheep and elk. This past season a thousand or fifteen hundred dogs and sheep were fed there throughout the summer. Buffalo are rapidly disappearing from the northwest country. All trustworthy accounts agree that there still remain a few small straggling herds. There are at present, and have been for several years, two or three herds of buffalo of not more than sixty each, roaming in the Park. They are probably remnants of much larger herds, driven from the plains and valleys below, seeking protection in less frequented resorts. They frequently cross the border, traveling short distances for grazing purposes, always returning to the Park for protection. To protect them the country where they roam should be included within the Park area. A few small bands of moose, although rarely seen, inhabit the marshes on the headwaters of Fall River in the southwest corner of the Park. They can easily be protected if the Park is extended to the forty-fourth parallel of latitude, as contemplated by the new bill. By rigidly enforcing the game laws the Park will, in a few years, become so densely stocked that the surplus hunting will make it necessary to withdraw the limits for its own protection. In this way ample sport will be afforded the hunter shooting under territorial game laws.

One of the objects in creating the Yellowstone Park is stated in the original law in these words: "Dedicated and set apart as a public park and pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." To accomplish these purposes in their fullest extent it is necessary that the Park should be enlarged to include the high mountain country to the south of the present Park area, while including some very grand scenery, and containing all the principal objects of interest to be found in this region, lacks that Alpine character which is so desirable in a mountain country visited by tourists and lovers of nature seeking rest and recreation.

For these reasons it seems to me important that the bill now before the Senate, amending the original act setting apart the National Park, should receive the favorable action of Congress at an early date. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ARNOLD HAGUE, Geologist.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 13, 1886.

Mr. Freund:

DEAR SIR:—The hunting sights came all right. I tried them the other day and find they work all right, and I think I have the best hunting sights that are made. I find the adjustable slide on rear sight a very good one, as you can change it from a light to a dark sight without taking the rifle from the shoulder, and the open space below gives you a splendid opportunity to see game. Your front hunting sight is superior to others for the reason you have a good round bead, with a fine, yet strong support. As you have nearly an inch of metal in length, your island piece of metal is put in much stronger. I think, than other sights. It works to perfection on light objects, and also dark ones, which all hunters will find to be good, especially on a dark day in the woods. The advantages of your sights are too numerous to mention on paper, and I cannot spare them on their rifle to see their many uses. The target bead is very good, and have made some good scores with it on our range. Its contrasting color shows beautifully on a black bullseye, especially toward evening, when a fine black pin head is hardly distinguishable; the sight being a funnel shape, give a fine black center with a circle of white, which shows good on black bullseye. One can hold his head on the bullseye and see it there, where a black bead would be on the bullseye, but you would not know whether the center or on the side. I would not be without your sights for three times the money you ask for them. I showed them to many riflemen and they say they are a first-class sight both in principle and workmanship, and I do not think any one who wants a good hunting sight will regret the money paid for a set of yours. I will try them more at the range and will write you how they like. I am yours truly P. C. BRADLEY, Sec'y and Treas. Lake View Rifle Club.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FLORIDA BASS.

SINCE the *Herald* has vented its wrath against Florida I have been almost afraid to write about the sporting there, but an article in your last issue nerved me up to it. I spent the month of December, 1884, in the Lake Region of Florida shooting and fishing. Being a great lover of the fly rod I carried a rig and my fly-book, but in talking it over with the local fishermen I came to the conclusion they would be of no use and gave myself up to bait-fishing. Bait is very scarce and difficult to obtain, but the bass are not particular and will take anything that has fins. One evening we decided to make the first attempt and the darky cut some pine knots and I made a minnow net about eight inches in diameter and we started for bait. Arriving at the lake the knots soon showed me the dim outlines of a minnow and I made a lunge for him, but he was out of reach before my net touched the water, and I tried one after another until I was almost discouraged, but resolved to try once more, and succeeded in throwing the net squarely over the minnow, which was about five inches long and almost transparent. At the end of two hours I gave it up, having caught only eight, but my back ached as badly as if I had paddled a canoe all day. Livelier pieces of fish flesh I never saw.

We went home and before I retired I took down my flies and looked them over and was more thoroughly disgusted with bait-fishing than ever and longed to try the feathers. The next morning we started out and walked two miles to a clear water lake and, having found a punt, pushed off. I was then a novice in Florida fishing and open for instructions, and as per orders I produced a hook large enough for a striped bass and bent it on. I was amused but said nothing until the darky wanted me to use his old pole, and then my sportsman dignity asserted itself and I drew the line at trees for poles. I joined my fly-rod and used a braided oiled silk which had done service in Mooseshed waters. I hooked on a bait and was about to cast when Sam said, "Look at dat fellah!" (I looked over the side of the boat and at the bottom lay a large bass fanning the sand with his fins.) "Does you spec to ketch dat fellah wid dat whip?" I told him to back the boat a little and I dropped the bait over the fish, and although the water was at least ten feet deep it was so clear I could see his motions when he darted forward and closed on it.

The reel buzzed and my rod bent double, but at last I succeeded in stopping him, and then with a splash he cleared the water, making a clear leap. My nerves were all on edge and I settled to work, but he was not very gamy and soon gave up. He tipped the scales a trifle under six pounds. I was satisfied to let Sam use up the balance of the bait, which he did and caught a fish with every one. While he was fishing a shower came up and the surface of the lake fairly boiled with the splashes of the bass. I quietly put on a leader and a fly made of the breast feathers of the wood duck and commenced casting and caught two or three small ones but was not satisfied. I made Sam row the boat slowly while I trailed the fly about twenty-five yards behind and we had not gone far when I hooked into something and commenced reeling in as Sam backed the boat, but suddenly the line tautened up and the reel commenced to click pretty fast. I thought I had hooked into a gator but the next lunge was too quick for anything but a fish and I knew he was a big one.

Visions of fifteen and twenty pounders, which the natives tell about, flitted across my mind and then I thought of my eleven-ounce rod, light line and small fly and knew I had work before me if I saved him. He made another lunge and broke clean out of the water, shaking his immense gills and dropping with a splash. I gave him the butt, but it was of no use, off he started, and when he had hardly left me a rod of line, I turned him and he came in like a turtle until within twenty feet of the boat and off he started with a tremendous rush. Twice he served me the same trick and he seemed less exhausted than I, but the third time he apparently gave up and I brought him to the boat, only to have Sam miss him with the gaff, and off he started, ran off twenty yards or more and stopped, and no pulling or jerking would make him start; so keeping a steady strain on him, he at last started again as lively as ever and I was obliged to repeat the operations of the previous ten minutes before he gave up and I succeeded in gaffing him. I was tired out but had caught my fish, and only my reader, who has hooked a ten-pound fish on tackle that is only intended for a two-pounder at the outside, can imagine my excitement and pleasure. An hour after, when we reached home, the fish weighed eleven pounds and three ounces, which can be proved by five persons and one of them a notary public. I have caught a great many bass since but never will forget that one. I have caught from twenty to eighty in an afternoon and my fly never failed me, but never caught a big fish by casting. The May fly, or as near like it as possible, about the size of lake trout flies on a double leader, killed more bass for me than anything else, phantom minnow included.

My experience has been gathered during the past four winters, in which time I have spent at least thirteen months among the clear water lakes situated south and east of Lake Eustis, Orange county.

One has to be very careful of Florida stories since the *Herald* crusade, and I suppress a great many adventures which would undoubtedly be set down as "yarns." It is unnecessary for me to tell fishermen who go there that where one person (inexperienced) gets good sport, twenty fail to find it because they do not know how. The following incident will be a good example.

Last winter I started out one Saturday afternoon for some fun with my rod and rifle strapped to my saddle. I had not gone far when I met two gentlemen similarly equipped and hoping for a kindred spirit I spoke to them and in course of the conversation found they were keen anglers and had been fishing two weeks without success. The darky who accompanied them that day had met them at the depot and promised to give them some good fishing, and consequently was hired at \$1.50 a day. They gave him seven dollars to repair an old scow, and at the end of two weeks they had no boat or fish, had paid out \$25, and were thoroughly resolved never to come to Florida fishing again and were making their last attempt at fishing that day. I promised them some sport on the condition that they would send that darky away, for I recognized him as the one who had paid me a similar although not so expensive a trick. At my suggestion they went back and got their fly-rods and book and we started off for a lake I had lately found to be full of fish.

It was stormy and warm and just my favorite time and I boasted a little that I would show them all the fish they wished to catch, and I did. I never saw the fish bite as they did for the next three hours, and they were large ones. One person rowed while two fished and when we counted up at five o'clock we had sixty-five bass that would average two pounds apiece, ranging from one to seven pounds, and this can be proved also. At Sam's request I gave him a fly, and the next day I found him diligently fishing with a float on his line and the fly on for bait; he gave it back to me that night saying he could not catch anything with "dem feders."

I do not like to see a man struck when he is down, and Florida has received a severe blow in the last cold wave, but all its enemies cannot hurt it one iota or keep it from being the delightful winter resort that it is for sportsmen. I speak as a sportsman and not a land speculator.

It is true, one cannot sit on the hotel steps and catch fish as in Bermuda, or kill wild turkey out of the window, but good fishing and shooting can be had even in Florida. And a better place for a cruise in a canoe a canoeist could not wish for than is found in Charlotte Harbor or any other inlet or river south of Tampa, on the Gulf Coast. Ask Nessmuk. F. P. S.

WIND.

MANY books on angling contain explicit directions concerning the proper weather for fishing, and especially which way the wind should blow to secure success. These have been copied one from another, and have become so impressed upon the literature of fishing as to have become part and parcel of the creed of many who seek recreation by lake and stream. These maxims are, almost without exception, taken from old English books, and no doubt had a very remote origin. These older books have been made accessible to the modern angler by the most excellent reprints of Mr. Thomas Satchell, without whose researches and enthusiasm few of us would ever have had the pleasure of beholding their pages; the originals in many cases being confined to two or three copies, which are treasured in public or private libraries and are without price. In days when these weather-wise sayings were recorded, the English angler was, owing to the difficulties that attended travel, mainly confined to the waters of his district which could be reached in a day, either by coach or on foot; and therefore a saying regarding the wind, in which he found some truth, may have been applicable to the eastern coast where the west wind blew down the stream, and therefore must have been somewhat at fault on the opposite side of the island where the same wind blew up the stream.

This subject has been brought to notice by a correspondent in a Western State, who writes, asking if there be any truth in the old legend, which says:

"When the wind is in the north,
The skillful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the east,
It is good for neither man nor beast;
When the wind is in the west,
Then it is at its very best;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth."

I answered him that the last couplet probably contained as much truth as the remainder of the stanza. His query set me to looking up what some of those old authors have said on the subject, and while there has much been written on the weather in general, I will quote only a few things which relate more particularly to the wind. In an old notebook of mine the following occurs, copied years ago from some source now forgotten:

"Whanne ye west wynde it schall blowe
Fort ye fischer he schall goe;
Yet if to eastward it schall change,
Furder ye fischer schall not range;
Whanne from ye nort ye wynde schall come,
Ye wisest fischer stayeth home.
But if to southward it schall veere,
It bryngeth to ye fischer cheer."

The Germans say:

"Bei Ostwind und glühendem Sonnenschein
Beissen die Fische nicht, das präge dir ein;
Doch fragst du, welch' Wind dem Angler am besten.
So sage ich, der von Süden oder Südwesten."

This may be translated:

"When the wind is east and the sun shines bright
Bear this in mind, the fish won't bite.
But if you ask, 'What wind suits best?'
I'll answer, 'From either south or southwest.'"

Dame Juliana Berners [1450] says: "And if it be a cold, westeling wynde and a darke, lowrnyng day, then will the fysche commonly bite all day. * * * Ye shall angle, as I said be for, in dark, lowrnyng wedur when the wynde bloweth softly, and in somer seasen when it is breannyng hot. It is from September unto April and in a fayr sonne day is good to angle in, and if the wynde that seasen leave any part of the oriente northe, the wetur then is good, and wen it is a grate wynde, it snowyt, reynet or haylyth, thonderyt or lightneth or also mynynge [sweltering] hoyt that is not to angle."

Note now how Master Leonard Mascall [1590] bodily steals from the Dame, not troubling himself to change her phraseology, rightly thinking that in those days a book one hundred and forty years old was out of print and unknown to his generation. Collectors of angling books were rare in his day, and Mascall might have thought that he was alone in the desire to preserve such as he could find. Certainly he did gather and unblushingly appropriate their contents and pass them off as original, not dreaming or caring that a Thomas Satchell was to arise who would not only ransack the libraries of the world for old fishing books, but would actually reprint them *verbatim* for anglers nearly three hundred years later, and that the literary angler of that remote period would be able to judge how much of a work was original, or what portion the author had seen fit to—

*Since the above was written I have come across the following in Salter's "Angler's Guide":

"When east wind blows or sun shines bright,
Then don't expect the fish will bite.
If ask'd, 'What wind suits angling best?'
I answer, 'The south, or southwest.'"

Whether Salter took this from some old German saying, or whether some German translated it from him, is beyond my knowledge. In the language of the showman when asked, "Which figures in the painting represented Daniel and which the lions?" I can only say: "Which ever you please my little dears, you pays your money and you takes your choice."

"convey, the wise call it." What he borrows from Dame Juliana on this subject is (note the almost identical language):

"Here ye shall understand in what wether ye shall best angle as aforesaid in the darke loursing day, when the winde bloweth southly from the south or west; in the summer sease when the sunne is very hote, it is then naught to angle, but from September vnto April, it is then good in a faire sunny day, the winde being then good; if it have any part of the Orient or east, it is then naught to angle, for they will not byte, or when it is a great winde, snow, raine, or haile, or in a great tempest of thunder, or lightning, for it feareth them, or els in a swooly hote wether, all these times are not good to angle for to take fish."

Dr. Edward Hamilton tells us: "Recollections of Fly Fishing for Salmon, Trout and Grayling," 1885; in commenting on Walton's "Dark Day and a Right Wind." "A dark day and a right wind no doubt is every fly-fisher's wish when he goes a fishing—but which is a right wind?"

"When the wind is in the south

It blows the bait in the fish's mouth."

"Others are loud in the praises of a westerly wind, but to quote from the 'Compleat Angler' again, Walton hits the mark in the following passage: 'And yet, as Solomon observes, that "he that considers the winds, shall never sow," so he that busies his head too much about them, if the weather be not made extreme cold by an east wind, shall be a little superstitious, for as it is observed by some, there is no good horse of a bad color, so I have observed, that if it be a cloudy day and not extremely cold, let the wind set in what corner it will, and do its worst, I heed it not.'"

John Dennys [1613], who in rhyme tell us the "Secrets of Angling," gives such directions that if one relies upon his minute instructions, he need only consult "Old Probabilities" twenty-four hours in advance, in order to foretell what sized creel he need carry. He warbles:

"But if the weather stedfast be and cleare,
Or overcast with clouds, so it be dry,
And that no signe nor token there appeare,
Of threatening storm through all the empty skie.
But that the ayre is clame and void of feare
Of ruffling windes or raging tempest bie,
Or that with milde and gentle gale they blow.
Then it is good unto the brooke to goe.
* * * * *

When faire Aurora rising early shewes,
Her blushing face beyond the Eastern hills,
And dyes the heavenly vault with purple rewes,
That far abroad the world with brightnes flis,
The meadowes greene are hoare with silver dewes,
That on the earth the sable night distills,
And chanting birds with merry notes bewray,
The neere approaching of the cheerfull day.

Then let him goe to river, brooke or lake,
That loues the sport, where store of fish abound,
And through the pleasant fields his journey make,
Amidst sweet pastures, meadows fresh and sound,
Where he may be best his choice of pastime take
While swift Hyperion runnes his circle round;
And as the place shall to his liking proue,
There still remaine or further else remove.

And finally boils it down to this:

All windes are hurtful if too hard they blow,
The worst of all is that out of the East,
Whose nature makes the Fish to biting slow.
And lets the pastime most of all the rest;
The next that comes from countries clad with Snow,
And Artique pole is not offensive least,
The Southern winde is counted best of all,
Then, that which riseth where the sunne doth fall.

In my own experience and from that of gentlemen with whom I have fished, I incline to relegate all this weather wisdom to the books of nursery rhymes and fairy tales. If it were true that such formulas could be laid down, they would apply only to particular streams. The youthful angler who burdens his mind with these quaint old sayings and allows them to control his judgment in the selection of a day when he may sally forth, "armed and equipped as the law directs," will forego many a good day's fishing.

I remember in particular one morning in the Adirondack region before the month of May had advanced into its teens, when a young friend who had camped with me over night and was filled with the knowledge that comes from such sources as I have mentioned, rose and looked out of the tent and said, "There is a raw east wind and it is not worth while to go on the lake to-day." I decided to go, after arguing the question with him a little while, but he staid in the camp and read during the morning. I had three hours of most excellent fishing; The fish rose to the fly freely and on my return to camp I brought him thirteen as fine trout as the lake produced, averaging nearly a pound each. I have fished with him many times since and to-day it is amusing to hear him scoff at the precepts which he had formerly regarded as being part of the fundamental rules to be observed by an angler.

Without doubt a strong wind blowing directly up or down the stream may at times affect the fishing; it is probable, however, that the temperature of the water in hastening or retarding the development of the insect larva and causing them to rise speedily and take the winged state or to remain at the bottom, has more effect on the appetite of trout than the direction of the wind. Sir Humphrey Davy says: "We cannot judge of the senses of animals that breathe water—that separate air from water by their gills; but it seems probable that, as the quantity of the water is connected with their life and health, they must be exquisitely sensible to changes in water, and must have similar relations to it that an animal with the most delicate nasal organs has to air."

There seems to be more good sense summed up in that sentence than all I have quoted before. I have spoken mainly of trout, and if any of our fishes are affected by slight changes of temperature which affect the motions of their delicate insect food, the trout would seem to be the most susceptible of these influences. I very much doubt whether pike are influenced by the wind at all. It is possible that they, like the trout, are inclined to take the lure more or less freely as the sky may be overcast or clear. But I doubt if many other atmospheric changes have any influence upon them.

My own rule is to fish when I feel like it and to take the weather as it comes; and I have never been able to forecast my catch by a glance at the sky or by the movement of the treetops. I have made good catches on most unlikely days;

I have gone forth on the most promising of mornings and come home empty-handed, and the sum total of my knowledge of the influence of the wind upon a day's catch is that we can't tell anything about it. FRED MATHER.

FISH LAWS OF NEW YORK.

THE bill which was introduced by Speaker Husted for the preservation of fish and game, passed both Houses and has been signed by the Governor. The law provides that no black bass shall be taken from Lake Mahopae, Columbia county; Schroon Lake or Paradox Lake, in Essex and Warren counties, or in Friends Lake, Warren county, between Jan. 1 and July 1, or in Lake George or Brant Lake between Jan. 1 and July 13. The killing of black bass, Oswego bass or muscalonge in any of the waters of the State is prohibited between Jan. 1 and June 1, alive for artificial propagation, or the stocking of other waters; except that bass and muscalonge may be caught in the St. Lawrence, Clyde, Seneca and Oswego rivers, Lake Erie, Lake Ontario, Lake Conesus and Niagara River above Niagara Falls, between May 13 and Jan. 1. It is prohibited to have or sell any black, salt or striped bass of less than one-half pound or less than eight inches in length. No person shall catch or kill any blueheads or other fish in Lake George or any of its inlets between April 1 and July 1. Fishing with set lines in the lake is prohibited. Pickerel shall not be caught in Lake George from Feb. 15 to June 15. No Lake George blueheads shall be exposed for sale between April 1 and July 18, or any pickerel from Lake George between Feb. 15 and June 15. The above violations are deemed misdemeanors. No person is allowed to have upon any of the waters containing salmon, salmon trout, lake trout, black bass, Oswego bass, freshwater striped bass or muscalonge, and they shall not be taken without the permission of the Commissioners of Fisheries, any snares, nets, stake poles, etc.

We think it would have been wise to either make the law for black bass read July 1 all over the State, so as to cover the spawning season, or to open the fishing on May 31, so as to allow fishing on the holiday.

MY FIRST BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The accounts of the first catches of a number of your contributors have been read with great interest, and they took me back to the time when I hooked my first black bass. I was but a youngster then, out with three companions for our first camp, which was on the farm of a friend with whom I had spent the summer previous. O, what delightful days those were! I have since then been upon a great many hunting and camping trips, but I believe those days were the happiest. I remember so well the first two or three nights before we got "the hang o' the thing," our blankets seemed to be no protection against the cold from which we suffered considerably. Well, to come back to the black bass.

One of the farmer boys had told us of a large pond six or eight miles from the house, in which there were great quantities of black bass, and if we wished he would convey us over Friday night and we could spend Saturday in fishing. This plan met with our approval very readily, as we, who had never caught anything more gamy than a pike or perch, were very anxious to see some bass.

At 4 o'clock Friday afternoon we had all our paraphernalia packed and were ready for the start. It was a happy quartet of boys that clambered into the spacious wagon two hours later, and we had a glorious ride. Arriving at the pond at about 9, we immediately began to pitch our tent.

It had begun to sprinkle a little, and we were so desirous of getting our tent up before the ground should become wet, that we had scarcely noticed a large tent which was pitched near us. The racket which we made had undoubtedly disturbed the slumbers of the inmates thereof, for they began to jeer and taunt us about being out in the wet, etc.; but finally one of them sung out "Who are you? Come in and see us; we are all in bed, but don't let that keep you back."

Upon this invitation I dropped my hatchet and started for the tent, and I had no sooner thrust my head within the flap than I was greeted with shouts of surprise and welcome. We had accidentally stumbled upon the camp of ten of our most intimate boy friends from the city.

They immediately turned out in undress costume and assisted us in making our preparations for the night; but after all the news had been exchanged they returned to their cots and we were left to ourselves.

Two of the boys thought it would be fun to sleep in the hay in the wagon, but the rest of us preferred our blankets in the tent. By 12 o'clock the two in the wagon came to the conclusion that their quarters were more romantic than comfortable, and were very glad to accept the hospitality of the tent.

Upon unrolling from my blankets next morning I was surprised to see several other tents which had sprung up like mushrooms in the night. These also belonged to fishing parties who had come to spend a day or so at the pond. After a meagre breakfast we easily obtained boats and tackle, but it took a considerable bargaining before we could buy even a few minnows for the party, but while this bargaining was going on one of the boys, unseen by the owner, had succeeded in emptying part of the contents of the pail into a tin can which was then secreted beneath a seat.

We finally pushed off and by the time we had reached one of the spots to which our friends at "Camp Do-Little," (a very appropriate name, by the way) had directed us, all lines were overboard. Then came suspense. Who was to catch the first fish. I had arranged my bait with particular care and had strong hopes of being the first, but alas for my hopes, Grib was the fortunate one. His line was the last one out and the first one in, but we had little reason to envy his conquest, for it was an exceedingly small one, but—hold on, what have I got on my line? Whew! I never knew a pike or a perch to pull that way. I knew nothing at that time about striking or playing a fish but I did know enough not to yank him right in.

When I felt sure that the hook was secure, I pulled gently, to remind him that I had an engagement with him, but he needed no such reminder, as he was soon tearing around at a fearful rate of speed, while I was so excited that I could scarcely move. Once or twice he leaped clear of the water. My heart ran and fell with his movements. Now he would dart under the boat greatly endangering my line, then the line would fall slack and my heart would sink; I was sure he was gone, and again, as the line would be drawn taut, my heart would rise to the highest pitch of expectation; but there is an end to all things and there was a disastrous one to my struggle with that bass. The other boys had been as interested in the performance as I, but suddenly Ed. was brought to his senses by feeling a strong tug at his line. In

his surprise and excitement he leaped to his feet rocking the boat fearfully. I who was standing up in an inclined position at that moment, lost my balance and pitched headlong into the lake. When I came up I seized one end of my rod and Milt the other and without much trouble I was dragged on board.

Notwithstanding my sudden bath I felt no less anxious to land that fish. I picked up the pole and found that he was still hooked to the other end but was completely exhausted and made no further resistance.

Oh! wasn't he a beauty as he lay there upon a bed of water lilies which had been gathered on the way out? How his dusky scales glistened in the sun. I was so intent upon watching this, my first bass, that I completely forgot my wet garments. He weighed over a pound; not a very large catfish perhaps, but was the first one whose size would warrant any boasting.

Thus ended my first experience with black bass, but that day is one of the never to be forgotten days of my life.

Our luck varied somewhat through the remainder of the day, but nevertheless we had a fine string to carry home with us that night. WATT.

CLEVELAND, O.

BLACK BASS IN LAKE ERIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The laws of Ohio which were passed to protect the black bass are practically obsolete. They say:

"Whoever shall, at any time of the year, in Lake Erie, in the vicinity of the islands thereof and in the bays tributary thereto, upon the shoals and reefs therein, by means of any device whatever, fish for or catch any fish, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be punished, etc. * * * And, provided further, it is hereby made the duty of the Fish Commissioner, on complaint of any person or otherwise, to prosecute all violations of this section."

Last October I saw from fifteen to twenty pound-nets set near the islands, with their fences or leaders extending over the above mentioned shoals and reefs, and one day while fishing near one of the pounds, saw it lifted and over two hundred pounds of black bass, and other fish taken from it. Some of these fish were quite small, not over five inches long, and should have been returned to the water, but they all went to market. That this kind of fishing is illegal everybody knows but no one attempts to stop it, as far as I can learn. A fisherman told me that the small bass were shipped to distant points south and west, and were not sold in Sandusky and Toledo. I went up to the lake for a week's fishing on the old grounds which I used to visit twenty years ago, and with visions of such sport as we formerly had, but returned disappointed. If the people living about the lake do not see that the bass are going because the small meshed nets do not allow them to mature, then they must be blind. It seems criminal to allow a few men to spoil the fishing about the islands, where the bass congregate on the shoals, in order that they may make a few dollars out of the business.

It was hinted to me that the Fish Commissioners authorized, or at least allowed, these nets to be set during a great part of the year because the Commissioners could get the spawn of the whitefish from the nets in the fall, but where their authority comes from for such a bargain I do not see. As they pay the fishermen for the privilege of handling the fish and taking the eggs it would seem to be a stroke of policy for the Commissioners to own nets and set them at such times as the whitefish are spawning and release all other fish. We should have laws to prevent the extermination of our fishes and they should be strictly enforced.

AKRON, O., Feb. 15.

S. R.

A BASS FISHING REMINISCENCE.

WHILE the mercury plays hide and seek in its little glass home and the earth is covered with two feet of the "beautiful," I love to think over the past season and recall some of the many pleasant hours spent with my rod and flies. I have not disturbed my tackle since I laid it away last fall, for I feel it deserves the rest it's having. How many times has that rod flashed backward and forward over our lovely river, and how many times it showed its metal by standing the hard strain until the fish was safely landed.

One eve, in the latter part of July, my companion and I pushed our boat into the stream at a little village fifty miles above our home, for a few days' sport. We carried with us a coffee pot and a few articles of food in addition to our muslin tent and blanket. On the second day out, just after dinner, and while pushing forward for some splendid spots ahead, I suddenly felt a jerk on the line (for we trolled with a 15ft. 18oz. white bamboo rod) as if the spoon had struck a log. As I turned to look back a noble bass sprung from the water fully seventy-five feet behind our boat. In an instant our anchor was overboard and we settled down to business. So did the fish, but at the end of twenty-five minutes we had the pleasure of handling a five-pound small-mouth bass.

The place we had looked forward to as the best on our route brought poor returns for the steady whipping we gave its waters, and as the sun sank below the horizon we stepped for the day almost disgusted. After trading some fine fish for groceries and cigars, we pulled away for pastures new. Darkness overhauled us before we reached a spot we felt would furnish good sport. The next morning we started out in good spirits. After carrying around the first dam, we passed through a busy city whose lovely streets and business houses touched the noble river, and on by old Father Time as he stood guard on his tower over the busy fingers beneath him. After eating our dinner ten miles below where we took breakfast we stretched ourselves on the grass. A little after two we inspected our tackle and started out. We were now on familiar ground and felt we knew just where to go, but we whipped and whipped to the right and to the left for hours with poor success. Fly after fly was exchanged, and still no large fish were taken; finally Pard said he had a big one on out in deep water. Then we change our base. Still no success. I was disgusted, and while he goes down the east side, I get the boat and go down to wait for him.

As I sit in the boat weary and provoked, feelings of shame come over me and I decide not to play the baby act while he is working so faithfully. I jump out and go at it once more. But what is that on the water below me? Is it the fin of a bass feeding on top? Cautiously I wade toward the spot, and as I draw near I give the flies a toss and draw them back for a cast. They light just right. In an instant there is a strike, and as the line takes a header for below I know it's no infant. Pard comes up, and in the gathering darkness we have our sport. Sport fit for a king. Sport that pays for all the hard work. Sport that fills. And as we start back for the boat we carry nearly forty pounds of tiger bass. None under one and a half, some three and a half

pounds, saying nothing of those that took flies and leaders, and I think we lost ten of the former. It's no easy job to handle two large bass at once when they are of different minds. Well do I remember one big fellow who was so surprised to see my companion just ahead of him that he "hit out," and as he passed between my legs and the second fly caught on my pants it gave him the best excuse in the world for going on, and he did, too.

The next week I started for Gogebic, but the memory of that trip was too fresh in my mind to fish for the noble bass with a spoon, and I did not. During the two weeks there I took but one. But the trout. Suffice to say I got there. NIMROD.

THE MUSKRAT AS A GAME FISH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having fished a number of years through the ice for pickerel, and in a number of ponds in New England, both large and small, I wish to be advised relative to a very singular affair that happened to a party of gentlemen on Jan. 16, 1886. We fished upon a pond in Plymouth county, of this State (Massachusetts). The lines were left in over night, and upon visiting them next morning, on one of them that was set in sixteen feet of water and at least twenty rods from the shore, we found a live muskrat. He had taken the bait and was securely hooked through the upper lip. When pulled out upon the ice he was as lively as a cricket, and had to be killed before being unhooked. Will you please inform me if this is not a very unusual occurrence? I have not been able to find a person who ever heard of such a thing. Should like to hear from some of the winter fishermen, who are readers of your valuable paper, if this kind of fishing has ever been duplicated, and if so under what circumstances. This pond is quite a large one, some fourteen miles in circumference, and in it the eels are very plenty, and bite at our bait just the same as in the summer, and I have caught them at midday, and lines left in over night are sure to have some on in the morning. Is this not an unusual matter? Hoping to hear from the fishermen, I remain, CHARLES W. DYER.

NEW JERSEY SEASONS.—Secretary's Office, The New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society, Plainfield, N. J., Feb. 17, 1886.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The trout law for New Jersey has not been changed by the Legislature, nor is there any bill before it at present to do so. The law remains as it has for years—open season from March 1 to Oct. 1 inclusive. The black bass law has been amended so that the open season commences on May 30 (Decoration Day). The Governor has signed the bill. An effort is being made to extend the season to Dec. 1, instead of closing it, as at present, Nov. 1. The law would then conform with New York and Pennsylvania. A number of bills are before the Legislature to alter and amend the game laws, but I don't think they will amount to anything. The laws are good enough as they now stand.—W. F. FORCE.

SOUTH SIDE CLUB.—Election of officers of the South Side Sportsman Club, of Long Island, Feb. 15, 1886: President, Roland Redmond; Vice-President, Charles Banks; Treasurer, John Benjamin; Secretary, Francis O. de Luze; Counsel, John E. Develin; Executive Committee, H. H. Hollister, H. B. Hollins, Francis O. de Luze, J. H. Purdy, Wm. B. Kendall. For honorary membership, James Benard.

TROUTING IN CANADA.—Mr. John G. Manning writes that he knows of a route for cruisers where he has taken trout that averaged 2½ to 3 pounds, and even as high as 5 pounds, and estimates a willingness to impart his knowledge to approved parties.

ANOTHER WAY STILL TO CARRY A LANDING NET.—Hang it on your hat or cap, and let the handle hang down behind you. Bother your "hooks to hang it on, say I.—LEVI STROQUES.

Fishculture.

BREEDING OF BLACK BASS.

[Read before the Michigan Sportsmen's Ass'n. by Mr. Chas. F. Hots.]

DURING the past summer I have had excellent opportunities of studying the habits of the small-mouthed black bass, well-known to all sportsmen as taking a front rank among our Michigan game fish. My house is on the bank of Thornapple River in plain sight of a fine spawning ground of theirs. The first beds made were during the last week in April, and the last during the second week in June.

They commenced operations by working together (a male and a female) to clear off a space of ground about eighteen inches in diameter, removing the sediment and leaving a bed of clean gravel. The female then commenced moving slowly over the bed depositing her eggs, and the male following impregnated them as fast as laid. This occupied from one to two days' time. The female was then left in charge of the bed, which she carefully guarded, driving away all other fish, as well as lizards, crawfish and all other natural enemies. In between three and five days the eggs were all hatched, very few, if any, unimpregnated eggs remaining in the bed, as the impregnation seemed almost perfect. The young fry, when hatched, had the umbilical sac, and in proportion to the size of the body, the sac was larger than that of the brook trout. They were unable to swim or even crawl out of the bed. They remained in this helpless state from six weeks to two months, the time depending on the temperature of the water. I saw numbers of them which at six weeks old could not swim enough to get out of a clam shell when lifted in that from the bottom. But usually at the end of two months all were able to swim, when they were led by the mother fish to shallow water near the shore and left to care for themselves. The mother fish during all this time had guarded her young brood in the same way that she before had guarded her eggs. The number in each bed, as near as I could judge, was from 3,000 to 5,000. I do not believe that anything could be gained by artificial impregnation or hatching as in the case of the brook trout, whitefish, etc., for nature has done for the black bass all that I think could be done.

Sportsmen can thus readily see the great good attained by the extension of the anti-spear law from March, April and May as to cover the months of June, July, August and September, as was done by the Legislature of 1885. To kill the mother fish while she is guarding her eggs or young fry before they can swim would be to destroy the whole brood. And under the old law they were the very ones likely to be taken by persons spearing in June, July and August, as they will not leave their beds unless compelled to do so.

Among the natural enemies of the black bass, the most destructive is, I think, the kingfisher. I hope no member of your association will miss the opportunity of shooting him on sight. I believe that more brook trout, black bass and other valuable fishes are annually killed by the kingfishers than are taken by the hook and line in this State. I have given this subject considerable study, having been engaged in fishculture for the past twelve years and naturally feel more or less interest in everything pertaining to fish.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 22.—Eighth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elbee, Secretary.

March 23, 24 and 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club, Newark, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

March 30 to April 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club, S. K. Hemingway, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, Edward A. Mosley, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

April 13, 14, 15 and 16.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club, A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Tenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent, P. O. Box 1812, New York.

May 18, 19, 20 and 21.—Third Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club, St. Louis, Mo. Geo. Munson, Manager.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3333.

A FOUR-FOOTED ACCOUNT OF IT.

PRESUMING upon your well-known interest in the canine race, of which I am a humble member, I ask the privilege of a modest space in your columns to relate what has been to me a notable experience.

I am a Connecticut dog, at present in North Carolina. I may state in order that what I say may have due weight with my readers, that I have had considerable practice for my three years of life on such game as we find at the North. The experience alluded to began with a tedious journey on the cars. In the baggage car, where I was forced to ride, trunks were piled up to the roof, and as they rocked with the motion of the train, I felt in imminent danger of being crushed to a patent dog cake. I wanted to go to my master, but was left in the charge of ignorant people to whom my master seemed to be constantly giving silver. You will bear me out in calling them ignorant, for one of each new relay of train men would be sure to ask if I was a bird dog. As if the fact was not apparent in every hair of my flat coat. I wanted to tell them that my family had been distinguished in this profession for many years. Was not the litter brother of my grandsire a field trial winner? Was not another ancestor the subject of a bitter controversy in the papers?

After transfers to boats with slippery gang planks and more trains, and a wretched time generally, in constant fear of my life, we arrived at last at our destination and put up at a very comfortable sort of a house. I find it very much to my taste of days, when we are not hunting, lying before the fire in my master's room. There are a number of black fellows around with whisk brooms under their arms. Gordons I should call them, if they were dogs. They all try to make friends with me, but I take no notice of them. The man of the white pasteboard cap and apron, who presides in the kitchen, is, however, a fine fellow. I very quickly followed my nose to his domain shortly after our arrival, and poking my head into his lap to attract his attention, looked up at him in a way that usually brings something. It has brought me steaks and chops three times a day ever since, and I smile to myself when my master complains that I do not come down in flesh quite enough to suit him.

All this is, however, only preparatory to what I wished to tell my Northern friends. What we came for was, of course, the quail shooting—or partridge shooting, as we have to call it here—of North Carolina. We take the cars from the city, just as we do at the North, and then there seems to be at the station expecting us some lank fellow, with a one-eyed dog and a gun, who "reckons that a covey of partridges used on the branch yonder." We walked, myself at heel, through about a mile of pine woods, and then struck out into some broad fields. To my surprise the other dogs, Southerners all of them, ranged off almost out of sight. I would like well enough to do the same thing, but I never can get off any distance without hearing my master call to me in a way that I have learned to respect. However, I will say this for my new dog acquaintances, they are very cautious when approaching a covey and very staunch on birds. Although it is not professional for us to notice other than game birds, I will pause here to say to Northern dogs that I have discovered where all the blackbirds were going that we have so often seen leaving our country in the late fall. They rise from the fields here in clouds that darken the sky. The negroes kill great numbers of them with their old Confederate muskets and serve them up in a pie.

The Virginia redbird is ever darting through the brush, and I always stop to look at him, he is such a beauty. I never tire of hearing his joyous song, "I'm a free nigger," the darkeys call it.

Ah, what's this? Have we found the scent of birds already and not five minutes in the field? As sure as you live, it is the scent I love so well. Here the tracks cross and recross. By the shades of my red Irish ancestors, how many birds do they have in a covey down here? If only I can point the birds first, for I know that my master's eye is upon me, and know that he will be well pleased if I "lay out" these natives. The other dogs have struck the scent, too, and I must get in ahead of them. Now for a stroke of head work. Yonder little clump is such a likely place for birds that I will just run up to it. If they are not there I can get back and steal from some dog the hottest trail. Hurrah, I've nailed them, but if those brutes backing me take a step nearer, I shall have to rush in. Up go the birds, and bang go four barrels behind me, and I see at least two birds falling. What's that, all the dogs rushing in, and to think of their getting the birds before me. Perhaps, too, some bird may be but wingbroke, and may need the little squeeze that I know so well how to administer. I can't stand it, good-bye. I got the bird, but I got besides a sound rating from my master. Well, it is not in the dog nature to be steady when every dog is rushing in. In this same performance, I may add, was repeated every time a gun was discharged, and I add with stinging regret that I as often "broke shot."

Off again, ranging over the fields, but much to my surprise, the birds were not followed into a pine wood. I could have found, no doubt, and I know that at home, when fortunate enough to find a covey early in the day, we do not soon forsake them for the uncertain prospect of finding more birds. What's this trail my nose is on? Zip! Off goes one of those little brown rabbits. Away go the dogs in full chase after him, notwithstanding the yells of their masters, accompanied by stronger expressions than were current in the New England hamlet where I was reared. Soon they give up their chase for fur and go to work again. I will not weary you with a repetition of this experience. We found no stubble fields such as I am used to at the North, but the resorts of the birds appeared to be in large fields where the partridge, pea or rag weed had followed the crop, or in the brown straw or cane brake. One has constantly to be leaping the ditches which cross the fields, and often we find the birds on their edges. What strikes the setter family as a drawback to the shooting here is the pesky sand burrs. How can a dog give his mind to hunting with a burr under each shoulder, and a half dozen at the root of his tail? After nearly biting off said appendage, I gave it up and approached my master to let him try his hand. I will remark, *en passant*, that men are intelligent in comprehending our wishes, if we are only reasonably patient with them. It took my master a half an hour at the end of the day's shooting to rid me of the burrs.

At the close of the day we found that we had started twelve coveys of birds. Our bag to four guns was—but I forbear, lest I cause my Northern brethren to view with dissatisfaction their own achievements in the field. Another reason for my forbearance is that at my time of life it has become apparent to me that such reports are strangely inaccurate. I have been out with parties shooting when, at the end of the day, the bag would grow larger at every inquiry as we drew nearer home. The first time that this occurred I thought that I had made a miscount, but later the sad truth of man's mendacity came home to me. I am, therefore, convinced that my simple statement would seem incredible, and that it would be believed that this human weakness had been initiated by your obedient servant.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Feb. 6.

THE UNPAID SPECIAL AT CHICAGO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has only been within a few days that the full enormity of the above case has been known to me. In common with all your readers, I knew that the Illinois Kennel Club had failed to pay all the premiums won at their recent show, and heard in a general way that a special had followed the fate of regular premiums. I knew also that some exhibitors, men of wealth and influence—one a director in the Pittsburgh club—had promptly received their premiums, while certain needy ones were left in the lurch. All this was very disagreeable, but it is nothing to the full facts of the case. It appears that a gentleman of Chicago (or near by) gave a special of \$15, which money was paid into the treasury of the club. The prize was won by a particular friend of the donor, but was never paid him. If this does not surpass in—well, plain English serves the purpose best, and I will say dishonestly, anything that has ever transpired in connection with dog shows in this country. I challenge the production of its equal.

The non-payment of regular premiums to be paid out of the revenues of the club is bad enough, but after all, I would have sympathy with the directors of a show, who after weeks of hard work and neglect of their own private business, find themselves brought face to face with the disagreeable necessity of putting their hands in their pockets and making up a loss, no fault of theirs, and I think the proper thing for the exhibitor to do in such a case, is to scale down his winnings in proportion to the club's losses. Although I am fully aware that such clubs as New England, New Haven, Westminster, New Jersey, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, would scout such a proposal, preferring to meet their losses like men. You know that Pittsburgh is already famous as the "100 cents on the dollar" show. To take money given them for a special definite purpose and divert it from the plain purpose of the donor, whose trustee the club is, my lawyer friends tell me is "trover and conversion," and to the lay mind it is simple embezzlement, not to call it by the harsher name of robbery.

Gentlemen of the American Kennel Club, you cannot afford to let this matter pass by in silence. The offender is your fellow member, and until you investigate this matter, and—if you find the facts as I have stated—expel the offender, you are partners in this shame and disgrace. From this there is no escape. If the A. K. C. is on its last legs, if even its legs have shriveled to airy nothings, as long as you even call yourselves members of the Association, you are recreant to the first principles of honor and justice if you do not clear yourselves of any connection with such offenders; and if you let them slip by on some such soft-soaped plank as non-payment of an assessment, you are simply whitewashing a burning disgrace.

Will you, gentlemen, tolerate "trovers and conversionists"? W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Feb. 13, 1886.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

THE premium list of the tenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club. Champion prizes of \$25 for dogs and the same for bitches, and in the open class, \$20, \$10 and silver medal for dogs, the same for bitches; and \$10 and medal for dog puppies and the same for bitches, are offered in the following classes: Mastiffs, rough-coated St. Bernards, smooth-coated St. Bernards, pointers over 55 pounds, pointers under 55 pounds, English setters, black and tan setters and Irish setters. Pointers and English setter dogs over 12 and under 18 months, \$10 and medal, bitches the same; Newfoundland, \$10 and medal; bloodhounds, \$20 and \$10; champion greyhounds, \$20; open dogs, \$10 and \$5; bitches the same; puppies, \$10 and medal. Champion deerhounds, \$20; open dogs, \$10 and \$5; bitches the same. Irish water spaniels, \$10 and medal.

Champion clumber spaniels \$10, open dogs, \$10 and \$5, bitches the same. Champion field spaniels \$10, open \$10 and \$5. Champion cocker spaniels \$10, open, liver or black dogs, \$10 and \$5, bitches the same; any other color \$10 and \$5, puppies, dogs \$10 and medal, bitches the same. Foxhounds \$10 and \$5. Champion beagles \$10, open dogs \$10, \$5 and medal bitches the same, puppies, medal. Basset hounds \$10 and medal. Dachshunds the same. Champion fox-terrier dog \$20, bitch the same, open dogs \$15, \$10 and medal, bitches the same, puppies, dogs \$10 and medal, bitches the same. Wire-haired fox-terriers \$10, \$5 and medal. Collies same as fox-terriers. Champion bulldog \$15, bitch the same, open dogs \$10, \$5 and medal, bitches the same, puppies \$10. Champion bull-terrier dog over 25lbs. \$15, bitch the same, open dogs \$10 and \$5, bitches the same, under 25lbs., \$10, \$5 and medal; puppies, medal. Black and tan terriers, over 7lbs. \$10 and medal. Scotch and hard-haired terriers the same; Dandie Dinmonts the same; Irish terriers the same; Bedlington terriers, dogs, the same; bitches the same. Champion Skye terriers, \$10; open, \$10 and medal. Champion pugs, \$15; open dogs, \$10, \$5 and medal; bitches the same; puppies, medal. Yorkshires, dogs, \$10, \$5 and medal; bitches the same. Toy terriers, \$10 and medal; King Charles spaniels the same; Blenheims the same; Japanese the same; toys, rubys and Prince Charles the same; Italian greyhounds

the same. Poodles, black, dogs, the same; bitches the same; other than black, the same. Miscellaneous, over 25lbs., \$10, \$5 and medal; under 25lbs., the same. There are also a large number of special prizes offered.

THE NEW HAVEN DOG SHOW.

THE dog show to be held at New Haven next month by the New Haven Kennel Club, will undoubtedly prove to be the best one that the club has yet held. The well known liberality of the club in providing for the wants of the exhibitors, is sure to meet its reward in an increased entry list, and we shall expect to see the armory crowded with the best representatives of the different breeds. Many valuable special prizes will be given, among them is one of \$25, from Mr. W. Wade of Pittsburg, for the best mastiff. The kennel prizes to be competed for by not less than four dogs from each kennel are \$25 for mastiffs, \$20 for St. Bernards, \$10 for greyhounds, \$25 for pointers, \$25 for English setters, \$15 for Irish setters, \$15 for spaniels, \$15 for beagles, \$15 for fox-terriers, \$15 for collies and \$10 for pugs. The trick dog special always a feature at New Haven, will this year be \$30, with \$20 to first and \$10 to second; other specials are promised and it is expected that every class will receive at least one. We have received several letters of inquiry relative to the classes respectively assigned to the judges. The list was published in FOREST AND STREAM Jan. 21 and is as follows:

English, Irish and black and tan setters and pointers, Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich. Mastiffs, spaniels, greyhounds, deerhounds, Newfoundland, bull-terriers, pugs, Yorkshire and toy terriers, toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds and Mexican hairless, Mr. Chas. H. Mason, Bay Ridge, L. I. Beagles and foxhounds, Mr. L. D. Sloan, Philadelphia, Pa. St. Bernards, collies, bulldogs, poodles, fox-terriers, basset hounds, dachshund, black and tan, Bedlington, Irish, Skye and mixed terriers, Mr. Ronald H. Barlow, Philadelphia, Pa. Miscellaneous, Messrs. Mason and Barlow. The entries close March 13. The Secretary's address is S. R. Hemingway, Box 1235, New Haven, Conn.

THE ALEXANDRIA FIELD TRIALS.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

ON Tuesday, Feb. 16, the first trials for amateurs of the Alexandria Rod and Gun Club began with the Derby. A very fair attendance of spectators were present at the trials and the utmost goodfellowship prevailed. In consequence of the probability of several sportsmen arriving after Monday, the day on which entries closed, the time of closing the entries was postponed until 9 o'clock on Tuesday. The Derby was the first stakes run, and had only three entries, Knight Gladstone, Capt. Craig and Reveille, first, second and third respectively. The winner, Knight Gladstone, is a medium size, compactly built dog of approved field trial type, and showed himself to be a puppy of merit. Capt. Craig is also a fine puppy about the same size and type as Knight Gladstone, both showing a great deal of their sire, old Gladstone's style. Reveille is a large dog, but appeared to be off in his work. The country is finely adapted to a field trial, and a heartier welcome and greater hospitality is not shown anywhere. A very fair degree of skill was shown in the management and handling, considering that trials are a new institution in this section of the country. The judges were Mr. Amory R. Starr of Marshall, Texas; Judge J. M. Thompson, of Covington, La., and Judge John Clegg, LaFayette, La. Mr. Starr had an entry in the stakes, and when he was handling, Mr. J. W. Prescott acted in his place. A start was made at 10:30 to a plantation about one mile from town, where the trials were begun.

THE DERBY.

There were only three entries for the Derby, which were drawn and run as follows:

KNIGHT GLADSTONE AND CAPT. CRAIG.

At 10:30 Mr. John Robinson's (Livingston, Miss.) black and white English setter dog Knight Gladstone, whelped March 17, 1885 (Gladstone—Flossie), handled by owner, and Mr. A. R. Starr's (Marshall, Tex.) black, white and tan English setter dog Captain Craig, whelped Jan. 2, 1885 (Gladstone—Lady May), were cast off in a cotton field and worked down a ravine. They both started off rather slow, but soon warmed up and went at a rattling good pace for such youngsters. Knight Gladstone had some advantage in speed and range. They were very stylish on point and equal in quartering. Drawing a cotton and cornfield blank, we moved to a large weedfield. Knight pointed and Captain backed beautifully. Knight discovered his error and moved on. Going a short distance in the weedfield the spectators flushed a bird. The handlers were ordered to work their dogs back, which they did, the dogs not finding any of the remaining birds. The handlers flushed the bevy within a few feet of where the dogs had both been, and they should have pointed them. The birds were marked down in a dense thicket of bushes and briars, with water in a large portion of it. They were followed, but nothing done except that a few birds were flushed by the spectators. The judges soon saw that it was impossible to see the dogs work in such a thicket, and ordered the dogs up and out to the open cotton field. Working to the hedge row, Knight pointed and was held by his handler until Craig could be brought up to back. Craig refused to back, went around him, and also pointed in the same direction, but both dogs soon moved on. We do not think that Craig should be penalized for not backing, as the judges, reporters, spectators and handlers were so close to him that he apparently did not think the dog was pointing. Going on into a large weedfield, Knight soon made a beautiful point down wind. Craig also pointed only a short distance from him on the back track of birds and then commenced roading. Knight's handler to order flushed, but did not shoot. Knight broke in, but dropped promptly to order. Craig dropped to wing. Following the birds into heavy weeds, Craig flushed one bird and dropped to wing. Moving on, the handlers flushed several. Craig then pinned a bird in good shape. Knight coming up facing him, backed him in fine style. To order, Mr. Starr flushed, shot and killed. Craig dropped to shot and Knight broke in but dropped to order. Craig retrieved beautifully, but as there is nothing given in the rules for retrieving in the Derby, it did not help him in his score, but such a nice piece of work deserved a great deal of credit for such a youngster. Going on up a thicket in the weeds to where the spectators had marked a bevy down, Knight pointed in the path, Craig came up, refused to back, went in and also pointed; birds ran, and both dogs roaded beautifully. Knight establishing a point, but the birds flushed wild. He was steady to wing. Meantime Craig roaded to a bad flush. Moving on Knight soon pointed again in good style. Then both dogs did some beautiful roading, and Knight established his point, the other dog still roading and pointing until Mr. Robinson, to order, flushed Knight's birds, shot and killed. Knight broke shot, but as it was in heavy cover and the judge's attention was called for by the other handler to see his dog on a point, Knight escaped a penalty. Craig dropped to shot. Craig was then allowed to move on to see if he could establish his point. Failing to do so, they were ordered up at 11:35, and Knight was awarded the heat. Down one hour and five minutes.

KNIGHT GLADSTONE AND REVEILLE.

A rest of twenty minutes was allowed. At 12 o'clock Knight Gladstone and Mr. John H. Renaud's (New Orleans, La.) black and white English setter dog Reveille, whelped March 17, 1885 (Gladstone—Flossie), handled by Mr. Henry Fontaine, were cast off in the heavy weedfield where the last brace was taken up, and worked down wind to birds that had been marked down. Reveille started off very slow, and in

fact he hardly left his handler for some time; but after getting to the open cornfield he got some faster and showed a little more merit. Knight was much the fastest, widest ranger, and showed better style in heavy weeds. Reveille flushed single birds and was steady to wing. Moving on to ditch, Knight pointed; moved on, pointed again, then moved across the ditch and located his bird in good style, holding his point several minutes, while his handler was waiting for a horse to cross the ditch. The bird finally flushed wild, and Knight was steady to wing. He deserves a great deal of credit for a good nose on this point, as he certainly smelt it some distance across the water in thick heavy cane. Going on up the thicket in edge of weeds, Knight pointed and Reveille backed. Knight discovered his error and rooded on some distance, not finding anything. Turning back, the dogs were worked in a cornfield, where several birds had been marked down. Reveille made a good staunch point and Knight backed well. Fontaine, to order, flushed a single bird, shot and killed. Both dogs broke in and dropped to order. Crossing the ditch the dogs were worked up the thicket again where Knight pointed a small bird. Going on some distance, drawing cotton, weeds and cornfields blank, Knight made a wide cast across the cornfield to a little ditch, and made a beautiful point with head and tail very high; he held it for some time, until we had time enough to go over one hundred yards to him. His handler, thinking that he was pointing small birds, ordered him on, which order he obeyed very reluctantly, pointing every few yards, finally he drew past the bevy, losing the wind of them, made a short cast and was returning when his handler flushed the bevy directly in front of him where he was first pointing. We think the judges did not give him a point but he was certainly entitled to it, as he was forced away by his handler. Following a single bird that was marked down in a weedfield near by, Knight soon pointed it. Robinson, to order, flushed, shot and killed. Both dogs broke shot, and Reveille made a slow retrieve, and then the dogs were ordered up at 1:50. The heat and first prize given to Knight. Down in all fifty minutes.

REVEILLE AND CAPT. CRAIG.

At 1:40 this brace was cast off in a cornfield and worked on some scattered birds marked during the last heat. Reveille made game on a ditch and Fontaine pressing too closely, the birds flushed on the edge of the ditch down wind. The dogs then worked in a cornfield that was drawn blank, then in some sedge Rey flushed some scattered birds and was steady to wing. Birds being very hard to find not much more work was done. The dogs were ordered up at 2:20 and the heat and second place was awarded to Capt. Craig and Reveille was declared winner of third. Following is the summary:

First Series.

Knight Gladstone beat Capt. Craig.
Reveille a bye.

Second Series.

Knight Gladstone beat Reveille and won first.

Tie for Second Place.

Capt. Craig beat Reveille and won second place, Reveille winning third.

At 3:04 Mr. Arvent, at the request of several prominent sportsmen, gave the celebrated field trial winners, Roderigo and Paul Gladstone, an exhibition run to show their qualities. Paul Gladstone and Mr. Amory R. Starr's black pointer Watt were cast off together. Paul took a great cast and displayed his great pace, range and style. Watt dashed out and behaved magnificently, ranging wide and well, but was eclipsed by the range of Paul. Watt soon found a bevy in a thick growth of weeds. Paul was lost, but had pointed some running birds of the same bevy further ahead and was found on a point. He made several points and displayed his eminent qualities in the best manner. Then Roderigo and Tangipahoa were put down. Roderigo started at his tremendous pace, and covered the largest fields in a few minutes. For fire and dash, wide and fast ranging, it was conceded by all that it surpassed anything in their experience. Tangipahoa showed herself a very fast field performer and would have shown up a formidable competitor in any other company. After Roderigo had made several points on bevy, and scattered birds in his quick, resolute and precise manner, the dogs were taken up and the party started for town to draw the order of running the All-Aged Stake for the next day.

THE ALL-AGED STAKES.

[Special dispatch to Forest and Stream.]

There were twenty entries for the All-Aged Stakes, which were drawn and run as follows:

TRIGG (W. Flower, Alexandria, La.), orange pointer dog (pedigree unknown),

against

MACK (E. Pendleton, Alexandria, La.), black setter dog (—Maggie), withdrawn.

NELLIE B. (W. F. Gray, New Orleans, La.), black and white English setter bitch (Rake—Meg Merrilies),

beat

PATTIE (E. W. Condon, Houma, La.), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Duke Gladstone—Grace Darling).

MINGO (W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont.), black and white English setter dog (Druid—Star),

beat

DOLPH (C. E. Bringham, Alexandria, La.), black, white and tan English setter dog (Cyrus—Belle Gladstone).

MARK TWAIN (Judge J. M. Thompson, Covington, La.), black, white and tan English setter dog (Coleman's London—Tom Laverack),

beat

BARON BLUE (C. A. Schnack, Alexandria, La.), black and white English setter dog (Belton—Bramble).

CRISP (L. W. Murdock, Alexandria, La.) black and tan Gordon setter dog (Nix—Daisy),

beat

LUFRA (J. W. Prescott, Alexandria, La.) black, white and tan English setter bitch (Cyrus—Belle Gladstone).

TANGIPAHOA (Henry Fontaine, New Orleans, La.), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Gladstone—Flossie),

beat

JACK (M. F. Smith, Houma, La.), liver and white pointer dog, pedigree unknown.

PRESCOTT (S. Cullen, Alexandria, La.), black, white and tan English setter dog (Cyrus—Belle Gladstone),

beat

HENRY (J. S. Fish, Alexandria, La.), black and white English setter dog, pedigree unknown.

KINK (W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont.), lemon and white English setter dog (Druid—Star),

against

HURRICANE (H. L. Daigree, Alexandria, La.), orange pointer dog (Pious Jeems—Kate), withdrawn.

Mack and Hurricane were both withdrawn and Kink ran against and beat Trigg.

BOYD (J. K. Renaud, New Orleans, La.), black and white English setter dog (Brussels—Iowa Queen),

beat

RIP (E. F. Hunter, Houma, La.), black, white and tan English setter dog, pedigree unknown.

WATT (A. M. Starr, Marshall, Tex.), black pointer dog (Braucho—Fau II.),

beat

CUSTER (L. B. Reynaud, Alexandria, La.), blue belton English setter dog (Blue Dick—Buckeye Belle).

Second Series.

Nelly B. beat Mingo.
Mark Twain beat Crisp.
Prescott beat Tangipahoa.
Boyd beat Watt.
Kink a bye.

Third Series.

Kink beat Nelly B.
Mark Twain beat Prescott.
Boyd a bye.

Fourth Series.

Boyd beat Kink.

Mark Twain a bye.

Final Tie for First Prize.

Boyd beat Mark Twain and won first prize.

Tie for Second Prize.

Watt beat Mark Twain and won second prize.

Tie for Third Prize.

Mark Twain and Custer divide third prize.

IMPORTANT IMPORTATION OF ST. BERNARDS.—New York, Feb. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have completed the purchase of Mr. Henry Schumacher's kennel of St. Bernard dogs, and I can honestly say I have acquired some of the purest strains of St. Bernard in existence. The president of the St. Bernard Club in London, Mr. Arthur Carter in Turin, also Vice-President Betterton in Woodville, and Mr. J. H. Murchison in London, who know Mr. Schumacher's dogs, consider them the purest and finest specimens of pure-bred St. Bernards in existence, and distinguished for their colossal heads and limbs. There are some eleven in all. Among them are the grand dogs (winners of many prizes in Switzerland) Apollo, 32½ inches at shoulder, a large dog for a smooth-coat, very symmetrical, elegant in carriage, rich in color and markings—the best dog in all Switzerland. Rigi, a young dog, sired by Apollo and out of Bernice, considered by Mr. Schumacher to be the most perfect specimen he has ever seen, except in size. He is 30 inches at shoulder, which I consider a good-sized dog, quality and character weighing much more with me than over-grown, clumsy animals without much of anything else but size. Mount Velan, Sultan and Barry are other fine specimens. In females, Bernice is a beautiful bitch, full of character, the dam of many noted Swiss prize winners. Gemme, Diana and Flora are all handsome ones. Each have their certificate of breeding, etc. Mr. Schumacher turns over the whole lot to me with medals and other prizes won, also his good will; and, in fact, gives up the breeding of St. Bernards, as far as selling to America is concerned. I shall try and exhibit most of the dogs at the prominent shows, and will be glad to correspond with any who are interested in this breed that may wish to learn particulars about them. Only a few of them are for sale, as I have purchased them to breed and to further the interest already shown in this beautiful race of dogs. I will send you photos of some of the most prominent specimens if you would like to see them. I presume my rough-coat friends will think I am too loud in my praise and claim too much for smooth-coated dogs; but I am sure they will all concede that the smooths or short-haired are the true type according to the very best authorities.—W. W. TUCKER.

WAR DOGS.—The German war office, ever ready to adopt any scientific or other device which may by any possibility be of advantage to the troops of the fatherland, is trying some experiments in training dogs to act as sentries. The idea seems to be that dogs would help sentinels by prowling round and seeing if any enemy were creeping up unobserved through the bushes or behind rocks. In course of time they might become so acute that they would guard a sleeping camp by themselves without requiring any human help. At first, however, they would only be assistant sentries, so to speak. In our own recent campaign in the Sudan an incident occurred proving how valuable canine intelligence might be in warning a camp of the approach of hostile spies; and it shows with what care and attention that eventful war was followed at Berlin that the present experiments of the German war office are directly attributed to our Sudan experience. If the German staff finds dogs capable of being trained systematically for sentry duty there can be little doubt, says a London paper, that the innovation will spread to all the armies of Europe. English soldiers would take with particular readiness to this plan of putting animals to real use, because they are well known to have a strong liking for dumb brutes as camp followers. A sentry's duty is exactly that which requires a quick ear and eye, and many good men and true have bit the dust because they happened to be inattentive just when a surprise party of the enemy were about to make a rush. The Arabs round Suakin gave our camp endless trouble in this way, crawling over the sand on their bellies until they got within striking distance of unsuspecting Thomas Atkins. There is every reason why dogs, if they can only be educated into perfect obedience to orders, should have protection duty given to them, seeing that they are much better able to perform it than men, and that their lives are considerably less valuable. It is a wonder that the plan now hit upon in Berlin has not been attempted long ago.—*English Exchange.*

JUDGES AT THE BOSTON DOG SHOW.—The following named gentlemen will judge at the dog show to be held in Boston in April: Mastiffs, St. Bernards and collies, Mr. Jas. Mortimer, Babylon, N. Y. Pointers, Irish and black and tan setters, Mr. John M. Tracy, Greenwich, Conn. English setters, Mr. J. Otto Donner, New York. Bulldogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers, wire-haired and Irish terriers, Yorkshire terriers and pugs, Mr. Ronald H. Barlow, Philadelphia, Pa. Spaniels, Skye, Scotch, Bedlington, Dandie Dinmont and black and tan terriers, foxhounds, bassets and Newfoundlanders, Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Ont. Greyhounds, deerhounds, Italian greyhounds and poodles, Mr. J. R. Pierson, Brooklyn, N. Y. Beagles, Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn. Dr. Geo. Walton, veterinary; John Read, superintendent.

HORNELL JOCK.—Hornellville, N. Y., Feb. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to say through your columns that the dog Hornell Jock exhibited at the Fanciers' show was Jock, Jr. Our kennel man shipped Jock, Jr., and Nance at midnight Saturday, and I did not find out his mistake until Monday afternoon, when it was too late to telegraph. I knew it could do no harm, for Mr. Watson judges the dogs and not their owners, so Jock, Jr., was not noticed. I wish to say also that the Fanciers' is the only show that ever returned our dogs free, although they all have advertised that they would do so.—J. OTIS FELLOWS, Supt. Hornell Spaniel Club.

THE PITTSBURG DOG SHOW.—There is a special prize of a finely finished Winchester sporting rifle, valued at \$45, for the best setter, dog or bitch, in the open class. An entry fee of \$2.50 will be charged for this special, five entries to fill. There will also be prizes for the best kennel each of English, Gordon and Irish setters, pointers and dachshunds. The secretary writes that the entries are coming in finely, and that the prospect is good for the largest show ever held by the society. The committee have added classes for Great Danes, with prizes of gold and silver medals for dogs, bitches the same. A gold medal will be given to the best St. Bernard under one year old.

BOUND BOOKS OF KENNEL BLANKS.—We have bound books of kennel blanks, each book consisting of 200 blanks of a given style, and can furnish these (postpaid 50 cents) for the convenience of those who have occasion to use a large number of blanks. In ordering be careful to state what particular series of blanks is desired, i. e., whether Names Claimed, Sales, Bred or Whelps. The arrangement of the blanks is such that a duplicate record of each note sent for publication may be retained for future reference.

IMPORTANT SALE OF ENGLISH SETTERS.—Mr. C. Fred Crawford, of Pawtucket, R. I., has sold the well-known English setters Foreman, Plantagenet and Mack B. to Mr. Fred E. Lewis, of Tarrytown, N. Y., for a long price, we are not at liberty to state how much. The dogs will, as heretofore, remain in the Blackstone Kennel, under the care of Mr. Tallman.

GOOD FOOD FOR DOGS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have recently learned, much to my surprise, that both my cat and my dog are extremely fond of squash, and as this information may be of service to some among your readers, I venture to send it you for publication, especially as this sort of food seems perfectly to agree with the animals.—KELPIE.

THE HARTFORD PLAN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Let us have the "Hartford plan" rather than the star chamber plan of a few club members getting together, selecting a judge, and then showing under him. Give the single dog exhibitor a fair chance. The most popular judge will always be the one who has made the fewest blunders.—V. M. H.

THE NEWARK DOG SHOW.—The prospect for a good show at Newark is brilliant, entries are coming in much better than is usual at so early a date. The managers assure us that the arrangements made for the transportation of dogs will be carried out. The senseless mad dog scare appears to have died out and probably will not affect the show.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Nat. By W. S. Cobb, Jackson, Mich., for liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1885, by Duke Royal (A.K.R. 2472) out of Lizzie Grace (Beaufort—Grace).

Lon. By Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white, with lemon markings, bull-terrier dog, whelped Dec. 4, 1885, by The Earl (Marquis—Lady) out of Little Nellie (Paddy—).

Prince Rupert. By Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white and lemon bull-terrier dog, whelped Dec. 4, 1885, by The Earl (Marquis—Lady) out of Little Nellie (Paddy—).

Intel. By Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white and lemon bull-terrier bitch, whelped Dec. 4, 1885, by The Earl (Marquis—Lady) out of Little Nellie (Paddy—).

Doyle. By A. E. Shults, Cohocton, N. Y., for liver cocker spaniel dog, whelped Jan. 4, 1886, by Eustace's Mack (Hornell But—Bessie) out of E. A. Higgins's imported female.

Chester. By Wm. Hansen, Cohocton, N. Y., for liver cocker spaniel dog, whelped Jan. 4, 1886, by Eustace's Mack (Hornell But—Bessie) out of E. A. Higgins's imported female.

Gretchen. By E. A. Higgins, Cohocton, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Jan. 4, 1886, by Eustace's Mack (Hornell But—Bessie) out of his imported female.

Katrina. By E. A. Higgins, Cohocton, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Jan. 4, 1886, by Eustace's Mack (Hornell But—Bessie) out of his imported female.

Black Maria. By G. C. Thompson, Hamilton, Can., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Jan. 7, 1886, by Young Obo (A.K.R. 861) out of Black Busy (Raven—Busy).

Devon Bob. By G. C. Thompson, Hamilton, Can., for liver and tan spaniel dog, whelped Dec. 12, 1885, by Lad o' Devon (Toronto Beau—Toronto Jet) out of Maud (Wildair—Josie).

Raven III. By G. C. Thompson, Hamilton, Can., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 1, 1885, by Raven out of Charcoal (Raven—Busy).

Bramble. By G. C. Thompson, Hamilton, Can., for liver cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 30, 1885, by Black Graf (A.K.R. 646) out of Busy (Dawn—Daisy).

Lady Obo. By G. C. Thompson, Hamilton, Can., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Sept. 1, 1885, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Blackie III. (A.K.R. 428).

Little Fiddle. By G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 21, 1885, by Roybel (Rush Gladstone—Countess C.) out of Little Fraud (Druid's boy, A.K.R. 2270—Victoria, A.K.R. 3232).

Lady Druid. By G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., for lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 21, 1885, by Roybel (Rush Gladstone—Countess C.) out of Little Fraud (Druid's boy, A.K.R. 2270—Victoria, A.K.R. 1838).

Roy Gladstone. By G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., for lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Dec. 21, 1885, by Roybel (Rush Gladstone—Countess C.) out of Little Fraud (Druid's boy, A.K.R. 2270—Victoria, A.K.R. 1838).

Oliver Green. By T. R. Varick, Manchester, N. H., for white and black fox-terrier bitch, whelped Dec. 2, 1885, by Mixure (spice—Fairy III.) out of Hazel (Raby Tyrant—Fairy II.).

Hillsboro. By T. R. Varick, Manchester, N. H., for pure white bull-terrier dog, whelped Nov. 12, 1885, by Dutch, Jr. (A.K.R. 1887) out of Little Nell (Little Victor—Daisy).

Walnut Grove Kennels. By C. E. Bailey and R. E. Fenton for their kennels at Jamaica, N. Y.

Warwick Kennels. By J. E. Hair and W. A. Russell, Bridgeport, Conn., for their kennels of sporting and toy dogs.

Black Thorn Kennels. By E. W. Jester and J. V. Vail, St. George's, Del., for their kennels of mastiffs.

BRED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Young Baroness—Count. T. R. Varick's (Manchester, N. H.) bull terrier bitch Young Baroness (Baron—Lurline) to F. F. Dole's Count (Marquis—Kit), Feb. 11.

Young Fenom—Count. Edward Love's (Philadelphia, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Young Fenom (A.K.R. 2703) to Frank F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3175), Feb. 2 and 4.

WHELPS.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Pug Chas. Steinkamp's pug bitch Pug (Punch—Judy), Jan. 22, six (five dogs), by Kentucky Pug Kennels' Treasure (A.K.R. 472).

Black Busy. G. C. Thompson's (Hamilton, Can.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Busy (Raven—Busy), Jan. 7, six (three dogs), by J. P. Wiley's Young Obo (A.K.R. 861).

Bess. C. B. Ludekin's (Port Richmond, S. I.) collie bitch Bess (Rex—Lora), Jan. 10, seven (four dogs), by M. McKee's Eve; all black and tan.

Queen Alice. Howard Hartley's (Pittsburg, Pa.) English setter bitch Queen Alice (A.K.R. 2280), Feb. 17, ten, by his Royal Ranger (A.K.R. 2290).

SALES.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Flippant. White, tan head, fox-terrier dog, whelped June 5, 1881 (A.K.R. 528), by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., to W. B. Bruckner, Cincinnati, O.

Duke. Fawn, black markings, mastiff dog, whelped Jan. 9, 1885, by Max out of Juliette II., by W. C. Russell, Bridgeport, Conn., to E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del.

Diamond. White bull-terrier dog, whelped Nov. 12, 1885, by Dutch, Jr., out of Little Nell, by T. R. Varick, Manchester, N. H., to Dr. C. B. Hammond, Nashua, N. H.

Jacob Faithful. White bull-terrier dog, whelped Nov. 12, 1885, by Dutch, Jr., out of Little Nell, by T. R. Varick, Manchester, N. H., to Perley Weeks, Haverhill, Mass.

Campio. Fawn mastiff bitch (A.K.R. 1498), by Walter D. Peck, New Haven, Conn., to Clayton E. Bailey, Jamestown, N. Y., and resold by him to Walnut Grove Kennels, same place.

Blanche. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped Nov. 8, 1885, by The Earl out of White Rose, by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to C. A. Stevens, Hoboken, N. J.

Prince Rupert. White, with lemon markings, bull terrier dog, whelped Dec. 4, 1885, by The Earl out of Little Nellie, by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to W. R. Sands, New York.

Mabel, White, with lemon markings, bull terrier bitch, whelped Dec. 4, by The Earl out of Little Nellie, by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to C. D. Arthur, Scarborough, N. Y.

Guillermo (A.K.R. 671)—Patti (A.K.R. 3528) whelp. Dark brindle, white streak on breast, bulldog, whelped Oct. 30, 1885, by Thomas W. Mills, Montreal, Can., to Nelson V. Ketchum, Savannah, Ga.

IMPORTATIONS.

Lady Athol. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 13, 1885 (Cadwallader-Cara), by W. W. Tucker for John S. Sheppard, New York, from Messrs. Farmer & Dixon, Torquay, Eng.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

N. V. C. Savannah.—A cocker spaniel bitch is at times troubled with a spasmodic cough with efforts to throw off something, but without success. About a year ago (she is fifteen months old), she had a slight attack of distemper, and I thought this cough might proceed from that, but sometimes she is free from the cough while at others it is very troublesome. If you can suggest a remedy you will oblige me. Give your dog five drops of tincture of nuxvomica, with two drops of dilute hydrocyanic acid in tea-spoonful of sweetened water, two or three times daily. The trouble is a chronic bronchitis, probably the result of the distemper.

H. C. W. Brooklyn.—A pointer has mange. Have used Glover's mange cure with good effect, except upon hip, where there remains raw and inflamed spot about the size of a half dollar, which she continues to bite. Have used plentifully of above lotion without apparent improvement. Have also given two doses compound cathartic pills. What treatment would you advise? Ans. Dust the parts carefully with calomel powder every other morning. On the intervening days apply the balsam of Peru ointment to the raw spot. Keep this treatment up until the spot is healed. You may be obliged to muzzle the dog to keep him from biting himself.

C. P. Paterson, N. J.—Your dog seems to be suffering from some form of chronic myelitis or meningitis, or inflammation of the spinal cord which gradually induces paralysis of the limbs and parts below the seat of the trouble. Other symptoms would be, gradual wasting of the muscles, lack of sensation in the parts below, troubles with urination and the bowels. Has your dog these symptoms? Also upon pressing along the spinal column, do you find any spot where tenderness and pain are manifest? If you find such spot, shave the hair over it and apply a blister which your druggist will make up for you. For internal medicine we would advise bromide of potash in tea grain doses three or four times daily. Keep the dog quiet and in a dry warm place away from noise or excitement. Report in ten days again.

T. C. Williams, Germantown, Pa.—My setter pup, seven months old, had the distemper slightly in the beginning of the fall, but he seemed to have recovered entirely from it. About a month ago he had a slight attack of mange. He is constantly vomiting and has an intense thirst. His bowels are loose, but regular. He is very lively at times, but sometimes will stop in the middle of a romp and shake his head violently. At first I thought it might be canker and treated him with a solution of nitrate of silver and water as given by "Stonehenge." Ans. Be very careful of the diet. Give chiefly fluids, milk with lime-water, soups without fat, etc. Give a little finely chopped raw meat mixed with the white of a raw egg. For medicine give a two grain citrate of iron and strychnine pill three times daily. You can conceal the pill in a small morsel of meat. If the dog has canker drop the following into the ear twice daily: of bromo chloral and laudanum each a dram, of water six drams. Mix.

C. T. Mendon, Mass.—I have a pointer dog eight years old, weighing seventy pounds. Last fall he limped all the fall through. During the last of the season all four of his feet were quite sore, and he wore of the outside toes and then festered. I thought that after he stopped hunting they would get well. I took him out to-day to exercise him, and when he came in his feet looked as bad as ever, this is the third time he has been off the chain since Jan. 1, and then only for a short run. I think he must have a humor. I feed him on corn meal, oatmeal, potatoes and beef scraps. He has good quarters though kept in a barn, and has never been pampered in regard to food. Is now very fat, though during the hunting season runs on in fair working order. Can you tell me what to do for him? Ans. Wash your dog's feet in strong solution of salt water, or in weak ammonia water, night and morning. Do not do this if there are running sores but use balsam of Peru ointment until the sores are healed and then apply the above.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CORSICA, Pa., Feb. 9.—I was using a .38 Winchester and a .22 Winchester. In company with three others we tried the .22-cal. long Winchester at 160 yds., and found that with the Rocky Mountain sights elevated to the full limit (300 yds. elevation for large calibre) our balls carried up to the 8-inch bulleye, penetrating it (heavy cardboard) and heavy such pine boards, striking a snipe bank some 10 paces beyond. Shooting over the snow we found our balls near together at 425 paces from the point of shooting, and penetrating about 12 inches along in the snow crust. One of the balls had cut a briar stalk, yet reached the distance of the other balls. This we supposed to be caused by sighting less finely. Our marksmen here think them remarkable shots for so small a calibre. I deem them remarkable in point of regularity and extent of range.—A. S. SAKMAN.

BOSTON, Feb. 20.—There was a large number of riflemen present at the range at Walnut Hill to-day, but owing to the very bad weather conditions but few scores were completed. During the day a team match was shot between members of the Massachusetts Rifle association, sides being chosen, which resulted in a victory for Capt. Fellows's team. Appended are the records of the day:

Team Match.—Capt. Fellows's Team.									
J. B. Fellows.....	10	9	8	3	7	6	4	5	6
G. B. Yenatchi.....	9	6	6	5	8	5	6	5	10
A. L. Brackett.....	5	8	8	10	5	7	6	2	8
H. Callahan.....	5	8	6	5	7	7	4	5	6
H. Joseph.....	1	2	5	6	10	9	8	4	5
W. H. Hildreth (mil.).....	5	6	5	2	3	8	3	9	4
S. Winchester.....	0	5	3	1	2	4	7	3	4

Capt. Charles's Team.									
W. Charles.....	5	5	8	7	5	6	9	7	5
E. B. South.....	4	9	10	6	4	5	6	9	3
J. B. Thomas.....	5	9	8	3	5	8	6	0	7
F. Carter (mil.).....	5	7	2	2	4	3	7	6	10
D. L. Chase.....	3	4	9	8	9	6	2	4	5
C. E. Berry.....	7	6	6	3	6	3	5	5	5
W. B. Clarke (mil.).....	3	3	4	6	2	1	8	5	0

Decimal Off-hand Match.									
E. B. South.....	10	7	4	7	8	10	5	5	6
J. B. Thomas.....	9	1	6	4	7	8	5	7	7
H. Joseph.....	4	8	7	5	6	5	10	3	6
W. C. Joiner (mil.).....	4	5	4	5	2	5	9	10	3
W. H. Oler (mil.).....	2	6	4	5	8	5	6	5	4
F. Carter (mil.).....	5	7	2	4	3	7	6	10	4

Rest Match.									
A. J. Kempton.....	9	10	10	9	7	9	10	10	8
S. Sylvester.....	10	9	8	10	9	10	8	8	9
D. L. Chase.....	10	10	10	7	9	10	9	8	7
W. H. Oler.....	9	8	8	10	9	8	10	10	8

Practice Match.									
G. B. Yenatchi.....	5	8	8	9	10	5	8	5	8
A. L. Brackett.....	5	8	10	5	7	0	2	8	6
P. H. Hildreth (mil.).....	5	8	7	4	4	8	5	7	4
D. L. Chase.....	2	6	7	5	6	6	8	5	7
H. Joseph.....	4	7	5	5	10	4	2	4	5

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 20.—At the regular meet yesterday at the Pine Grove Range of the Worcester Rifle Association, the Standard American target was used, with the following result:

Leighton.....	8	8	10	6	4	9	10	9	7
Clark.....	6	8	10	6	7	9	8	6	9
White.....	7	9	5	7	7	7	7	7	7
Jones.....	8	10	7	10	6	9	6	7	1
Norman.....	9	7	7	7	7	4	8	5	6
Rice.....	3	5	5	6	6	4	6	5	5
Jay.....	6	8	7	8	10	7	10	7	5
White.....	8	10	6	8	5	7	8	5	9
Jones.....	7	6	7	8	8	6	7	7	7
Norman.....	5	5	5	7	8	7	6	7	10
Rice.....	6	7	9	6	8	7	6	7	10
Clark.....	6	7	9	6	8	7	6	7	10
Leighton.....	6	5	7	5	8	6	5	9	7

Military Score.

White.....	5	8	8	7	9	4	5	8	7
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JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 20.—At the practice shoot yesterday on the Creedmoor-Hinman target, 300 yds., wind heavy from S. E. C., the following scores were made:

	Hin.	Cr.		Hin.	Cr.
Hazeltine.....	74	45	Burns.....	68	45
Brown.....	70	44	Kapple.....	65	42
Moore.....	70	45	Watson.....	52	41
Warner.....	69	44	Fenner.....	50	41

HAVERHILL, MASS., RIFLE CLUB, Feb. 20.—At Riverside Range, 200 yds. off hand, standard target, Creedmoor count, wind very strong from S. E. C. quarter:

W. Worthen.....	5454545455—47	S. E. Johnson.....	44554444—42
C. B. Wright.....	545454544—44	R. Merrill.....	45444544—41
H. Tuck.....	445454544—43	F. Griffin.....	54344354—40
C. Bliss.....	454444445—42		

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Feb. 16.—The weekly shoot of the Rod and Gun Rifle Club was not so well attended as those of the previous two weeks, and the shooting was not as good as usual, on account of the high wind. The American hedge was shot for and is held until the next meeting by T. T. Cartwright with a score of 69 out of a possible 100 points, Hinman standard target. The scores were:

J. Allen.....	8	10	8	9	6	7	6	7	9
G. Brown.....	6	9	7	9	9	7	8	6	7
S. K. Hindley.....	8	9	6	9	5	4	9	7	5
J. Sackett.....	9	6	5	4	8	7	8	6	4
L. H. Mayott.....	8	6	7	7	4	6	8	4	8
H. McDonald.....	7	4	7	8	7	4	10	5	4
C. W. Horr.....	4	3	4	7	7	3	4	7	5

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 17.—At the contest this week with the South End Gun Club Series for five prizes to be contested for at six consecutive meetings, the best score was 19 out of a possible 24, the weather as well as the light being unfavorable. It is the desire to have the exact standing of each man kept a secret as far as possible until the end, but it is generally understood that they stand in about the following order: E. T. Smith and Arber Houghton first, Perry and Wm. L. Davis second, M. O. Whittier and R. Jones third, J. B. Tougas and Cyrus Holden fourth, M. D. Gillman, B. Franklin, Cowen Deane fifth, W. R. Deane, Hudson and C. S. Day sixth, C. H. Parker seventh, McAleer eighth, Morse, Jewett, Goodell and Quinby ninth, H. W. Welch, E. S. Knowles, E. T. Swan tenth.

LEOMINSTER, Mass., Feb. 17.—Two scores have recently been made at the range of the Leominster Rifle Club which are said to be as good, if not better than any previous score on the standard American target. The first was by P. A. Whitney, a total of 93, the required number of witnesses not being present, a score could not be allowed, but E. M. Rockwell has made a score of 91, which can be claimed as a score.

QUEER PRIZES.—The Volunteer Service Gazette has been at pains to make up an account of the novel prizes frequently offered by the British tradesman anxious for the advertisement of the rifle range. Four Lancashire harpers offered as prizes for the winners in a recent military match a "champion for twelve months," while a fifth tonsorialist added, as an incentive to excellence in shooting, a year's haircutting. Another prize, from a farrier, was one service of horse shoeing. The local dentist, not to be outdone in generosity, contributed one half set of artificial teeth for the best marksman. Other instances of recent prizes for British sharpshooters, collected by the same authority, are "a fish supper," from a fishmonger, and a banquet of "tripe and cowheels." A member of another corps won a prize in the shape of a pint of ale daily, to be drunk on the premises. In one of the local volunteer companies of Worcester was a most curious conglomeration of articles—such as a pair of braces and a bed quilt; while potatoes, big loaves, shirts, coal, wall paper, plunk cake, etc., are presented, along with the usual supply of spirits and beer. But to crown all, a corporal in the corps becomes the winner of a frying-pan.

A RIFLE CLUB LEAGUE.—The Boston Herald says: "Riflemen throughout the country are considering a plan for forming a league of rifle clubs, with the object of shooting a series of matches throughout the spring, summer and autumn of the present year. The shooting is to be done upon long ranges, and sufficient number of matches to be shot to determine the amount of skill possessed by the several clubs. The general adoption of the standard target by most of the clubs of the country makes it possible, for the first time, to have comparisons of skill."

A WRONG CONCLUSION.—The riflemen of France and Belgium are indulging in a lively discussion as to the amount of practical knowledge to be gained by long-range military rifle contests. A majority seems to favor confining the matches to those in which the national military arm may be used, claiming that the skill obtained with the regular arm will prove of far more value to the soldier than a knowledge of how to procure fire work with a superior but less practical weapon.

BOSTON POLICE CLUB.—A number of officers of the police force of Boston are excellent rifle shots, and an effort is being made to interest sufficient number to organize an association similar to the one now in existence in San Francisco.

THE BRITISH RIFLEMAN is having a glorious time writing grumbling letters about the change of caliber in the army rifle.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST.

THIS celebrated diamond badge, originally donated by the Ligovsky Clay-Pigeon Company, made by Tiffany & Co., of New York city, was first won at the first international clay-pigeon tournament, Chicago, Ill., May 1884, by C. M. Stark, of Exeter, N. H.; secondly, by Ben. Teipel, of Covington, Ky., at the second international clay-pigeon tournament, New Orleans, La., February, 1885; thirdly, by Mr. Brewer, Philadelphia, at the tournament of the National Gun Association, at Springfield, O., May, 1885. With the view of keeping



same as an annual trophy before the American sportsmen, the Ligovsky Clay-Pigeon Company, of Cincinnati, O., has consented to re-donate the diamond badge, April, 1887, for \$250; that said badge be donated annually as the U. S. championship at clay-pigeons, under such conditions as may be arranged by the general manager; that the badge may be redeemed annually at \$250; or if the badge be not presented for redemption, that a new badge be purchased with this amount, for a similar annual donation; that the management of the shoots be given to the National Gun Association executive committee, if they will accept the same; that a series of 12 telegraphic matches, 1 a month, shall be arranged, beginning May, 1888, according to the rules of the National Gun Association, including the amended rule adopted at the meeting of the Association at Springfield, O., May, 1885, viz.: that all contestants shall be divided into three classes, viz.: Class A, B and C, by the general manager National Gun Association. For this match Class A shall shoot at a handicap of 20 yds. rise for singles, Class B at 15 yds., Class C at 10 yds.; each class shooting at a handicap of 3 yds. less for doubles. Any contestant shooting before a handicap has been assigned to him, shall shoot at 15 for singles and 15 for "doubles." The General Manager may at any time change a contestant from one class to another. Any contestant may shoot in nine matches only if he sees fit, or if he shoots in twelve matches he may select his nine highest scores; that each contestant shoot at 30 singles and 10 pairs of Ligovsky clay-pigeons No. 1; that no entrance fee whatever be charged by the L. C. P. Co.; that the only charges allowed shall be fifty cents yearly, payable to the National Gun Association to cover expenses of printing, etc., to be paid by those who are not members of the Association; that "ties" shall be shot off annually at such dates and places as the National Gun Association may determine. Any contestant may use a nom de plume. That no scores be made public until the end of the contest, though the names of contestants

can be published monthly. That contestants can shoot their scores at any place on the day fixed therefor, monthly. The score must be forwarded by mail to Judge J. R. Freeman, Manager National Gun Association, Macon, Ga. The latter is authorized to change the day of the shoot in any section to such day as may more conveniently suit the shooters in said section, provided that a general tournament shall have been arranged for said place and date. All scores must be witnessed by at least two of the judges and referees present at the shooting, who must certify that the scores were made according to the rules of the National Gun Association. Should other prizes be offered for the contest the shooting shall be "class shooting"—ties to be determined at a general meeting to be held at such place and time as the General Manager of the Association may fix. The contest shall be open to any bona fide resident of the American continent.

Each contestant shall pay for his own clay pigeons; additional sweepstakes purses may be formed between contestants shooting together.

When any one desiring to contest has through lack of information or any other reason abstained from entering the various matches, he may, with the consent of the executive committee, still enter within three months of the close of the contest, when the executive committee shall fix nine distinct days upon which he may make his scores to be transmitted to them.

Every contestant should notify the general manager National Gun Association that he has entered the contest even though he only shoots once; this will enable him subsequently to challenge the winner during the ensuing year.

The executive committee of the National Gun Association shall be the final judge as to whom is the winner of the medal; if, in their estimation, there has been any fraud or unfair conduct, or breach of the rules on the part of the nominal winner, they reserve the right to award the medal to the next highest contestant, who in their estimation, shall be fairly entitled to the same.

When the medal is awarded to the winner, he shall give a bond to the National Gun Association, that he will hold same subject to challenge for one year (or until May 1, following), under the following conditions: That he will accept a challenge from any reputable American sportsman (not barred from the National Gun Association), at such time and place as he, the winner, may name, provided that he must name the time to be within 80 days of the date of the challenge, or within 80 days of his last acceptance; and that at said contest any other challenger shall be allowed to contest, though he need not admit more than ten, and shall not be bound to shoot oftener than once a month; when he fixes the date and place of the contest he must notify each person who has challenged him at once of the same, and also the date of the ensuing contest when fixed.

Each contestant must shoot at 50 singles and 25 pairs double Ligovsky clay pigeons, either Nos. 1 or 2, National Gun Association rules. The challenging contestants must pay for the clay pigeons and expenses incurred by the challenged party in bringing traps to grounds, trapping, etc.

The winner shall send the scores made to the general manager of the Association, as also to such sportsmen's papers (at least one) as he sees fit.

Only those who have entered the championship match can challenge the winner; another entrance fee of \$1.00 must be paid to the National Gun Association by all challengers, who are not members of the Association (though one entrance fee only need be paid for the entire year).

Whoever wins the greatest number of times during said year or less, shall win the medal is open to challenge, shall be entitled to the medal and the title of "American Amateur Champion Winner of the year (1887)"; the original winner need not surrender the medal until April 15, 1888, (and subsequent winners one year thereafter); at this date he must forward the medal for redemption C. O. D. per express, with the privilege of examination, to the Ligovsky Clay Pigeon Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, the original donors, who will redeem it for \$250, to be transmitted to the successful challenger or party who has fairly won it from the original winner, and who will be duly named by the National Gun Association Executive Committee. Should the ultimate winner prefer to keep the medal he can do so, when the Ligovsky Company will at once order a duplicate to be forwarded to the general manager National Gun Association, to be by him forwarded to the new winner of the previous year.

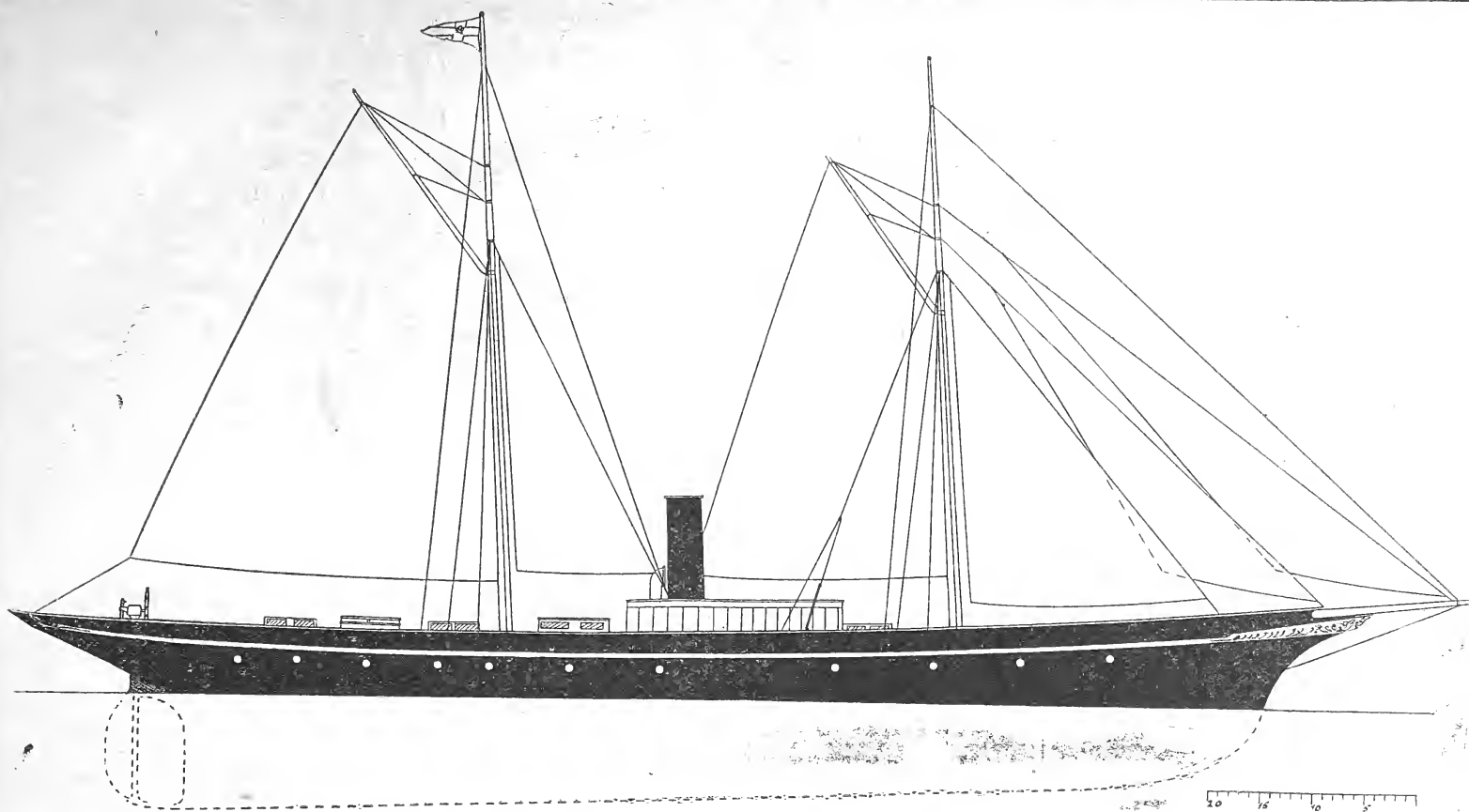
N. B.—Organizers of tournaments are advised to embody this match in their programs yearly, as this will doubtless prove a valuable feature to all shooters.

BERGEN POINT, N. J., Feb. 18.—A series of pigeon-shooting matches were decided this afternoon at the Carteret Gun Club grounds in Bergen Point. The contestants were Messrs. Gladwyn, James and Williams. The pigeons were fast flyers and hard to kill. The setter Ralph gave a fine exhibition of his skill at retrieving. The conditions of the matches were 10 birds each, handicap rise and 50 yds boundary. Gladwyn was successful in the first, fourth and seventh matches, James won the second and Williams the third, fifth, sixth and eighth. The scores follow:

Summerson.....	110111111111—18	Williams.....	110111111111—8
Ayres.....	11111111111111—18	Gladwyn.....	111111111111—9
Berkeley.....	11111111111111010—17	James.....	111111111111—8
Wayman.....	1010111111111111—17	Williams.....	111111111111—10
West.....	111111111111111101—17	Gladwyn.....	111111111111—9
Whittle.....	111111111111111101—17	James.....	111111111111—7
Allen.....	111111111111111101—17	Williams.....	111111111111—8
Bargamin.....	111111111111111101—19	Gladwyn.....	111111111111—8
Cooke.....	0100000110111111—12	James.....	111111111111—9
Nelson.....	1001100111111111110—14	Williams.....	111111111111—8
Ties: Summerson, 111111111111—15; Ayres, 111111111111110—14;		Gladwyn.....	111111111111—8
Whittle won second, —C. McN. WHITTLE.		James.....	111111111111—8

STAUNTON, Va., Feb. 16.—Score of the Staunton Gun Club, Feb. 11, at the Baldwin Augusta Fair Grounds, 30 clay-pigeons, 25 yds. rise:

Summerson.....	110111111011111111—18	Williams.....	11011111111111—18
Ayres.....	111111111111111111—18	Gladwyn.....	111111111111—10
Berkeley.....	111111011111111110—17	James.....	111111111111—10
Wayman.....	101011111111111111—17	Williams.....	111111111111—10
West.....	111111111111111110—17	Gladwyn.....	111111111111—9
Whittle.....	111111111111111101—17	James.....	111111111111—7
Allen.....	111111011111111101—17	Williams.....	111111111111—8
Bargamin.....	111111111111111101—1		
Cooke.....	111111111111111111—13		
Nelson.....	1001100111111111—13		
Summerson, 111111111111—15;	Ayres, 111111111111119—14		
Whittle won second.—C. McN. WHITTLE.			



SAIL PLAN OF STEAM YACHT CARMEN, DESIGNED BY MR. J. BEAVOR WEBB.

THE NEW STEAM YACHTS.

THE present activity in building extends to steam as well as sailing craft, and a number of new boats will be added this season to the steam fleet, besides some like the Polynia and Nooya, that will be practically new. The largest of the new yachts will be built on the Delaware, for Mr. Wm. K. Vanderbilt, from designs by Mr. St. Clara J. Byrne, of Liverpool, designer of the Namouna, Amy, Sunbeam, Ino, Maritana, Lancashire, Withe, Jason, Gitana, Cuhona, Garland, Farnese, Gaviota, Dobhan and other steam yachts. Mr. Byrne arrived in New York lately, and has since visited the larger shipbuilding establishments on the Delaware. He has brought with him the plans of a steam yacht 260ft. long, about 30ft. beam, and 17ft. draft. The motive power will be a triple expansion engine, and she will be square rigged on the foremast like the Sunbeam. The details of construction and arrangement and the builders to whom the work will be entrusted, have not yet been fully decided on. The engines will be built here from English designs.

Another new steam yacht is now building at the foot of East Twelfth street, New York, by Theodore Durand, for Mr. E. M. Brown, N. Y. C., late owner of the old sloop Julia, now the schooner Nirvana. She will be of wood, 106ft. over all, 20ft. beam, and 7ft. draft, with engines 24 and 14x20in. and a tubular boiler. The working pressure will be 125 pounds, and the engines will make about 200 turns. The accommodation is the main object in view, as the boat will be used for summer cruising. The cabins will be aft of the engine space, a main saloon 14x12ft., and two staterooms 9x11ft. The stern, sternpost and rudderpost and keel, of white oak, are sided 7in., the latter moulded 12in. The frames, of hackmatack, are sided 4in., moulded 7 and 4in., and spaced 20in. double. The keelson is of yellow pine, sided 6in. and moulded 10in., the bilge streaks 6x3in., shelf 8x4in., and clamps 10x2in. are of the same material. The oak planksheer is 14x3in., sprung on in long lengths, the white pine deck beams are sided 6in. and moulded 4in., and the deck plank is 2in. square. Garboards and topsides will be of oak, and the rest of the bottom of yellow pine 2in. thick. All the fastenings below water are of copper. The yacht will be schooner-rigged, with only a pilot house on deck.

Still another steam yacht will be built by Marvel & Co., successors to Wood & Stanton, at Newburgh, N. Y. This yacht, for Mr. C. D. Miller, will be of steel, 100ft. over all, 35ft. waterline, 16ft. beam, 8ft. draft, and 934 tons displacement. The angle frames will be 8x24in. and the plating 14in. steel from Pennsylvania. There will be four transverse bulkheads and five compartments. The engine will be 38 and 10 1/2 x 18in., with a tubular boiler, working pressure 120 pounds, 200 turns of screw. The latter will be four-bladed, 6ft. 6in. diameter, 10ft. pitch. The owner's quarters will be aft and the crew's forward. The yacht will be schooner rigged, and will have only a chartroom and steering bridge above her flush deck.

The curious yacht building by Mr. Samuel H. Pine, at Greenpoint, for Mr. Pierre Lorillard, former owner of the Kadha, and launched this week, will soon depart for Florida, where her owner will join her. The boat has been designed with two ends in view, a light draft and the greatest possible room below, and to these all other considerations are subordinate. Looked at from forward as she lies on the ways, no peculiarity is noticeable except a full bluff bow above, which gives plenty of deck space; but from midship aft she differs greatly from the usual form, though the idea is by no means a new one. The extreme length is 111ft., beam 20ft., and draft 4ft. At a point about 40ft. from the bow the bottom is quite flat, with a 7in. keel and a round bilge. From this point aft the keel rises quite rapidly, and the whole bottom forms an arch, the span of which is equal to about one-half the beam. A streak of plank on each side is worked of a gradually increasing thickness until it grows into a bilge keel 7in. square, running horizontally fore and aft. The after body of the vessel is formed of two hulls below water, built on these two keels, and united by the central arch before mentioned, the hull above water being of the usual form with a rather ugly counter. The two screws are fitted one to each of the hulls.

The engines are each compound, 8 and 14 by 12in. and are expected to work up to 350 turns. The steel shaft is 3in. diameter, the four-bladed wheels have 5ft. 8in. pitch with a diameter of 4ft. The boiler is a vertical tubular, with a 9in. iron shell and will carry 150lbs. working pressure. The grate surface is 42ft. and the heating surface 1,230ft. The bunkers will carry 20 tons of coal and the displacement will be 88 tons. The engines and boiler were designed by Mr. W. W. Scott, M. E., of New York. The three keels and three keelsons are each of yellow pine, 7in. square, the frames are of hackmatack, double sided 3 1/2 and 4in. and moulded 5 and 3 1/2in. The bottom is planked with 2 1/2in. yellow pine and the topsides with 2 1/2in. oak. The four bilge streaks are of 8x6 yellow pine, and the shelf 3x14 and 4x9in., the deck beams 5x4in. and the deck of 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 white pine, blind fastened. On deck there will be a pilot house only. A lifeline run through brass stanchions with netting below, will take the place of a bulwark. Below there are three transverse bulkheads of 3-in. plate iron, each bolted fast to frames of oak with tarred cloth in the joint. One bulkhead cuts off the fore peak, another is just forward and the third just abaft the engine space. She will be schooner rigged with topmasts, foremast 55ft. 6in., deck to upper cap; mainmast 57ft. with gafts 30 and 27ft. 6in. long. Both sails will be cut as lugs on the foot with no booms. The total cost, exclusive of cabin furniture, will be about \$40,000.

A smaller yacht is now building by Samuel Ayers, of Corlears Hook and Peck Slip, at the former place, for Mr. Jacob Lorillard. She will be 97ft. overall, 15ft. beam, 8ft. draft, with a wooden hull, a frame of 4in. hackmatack, moulding 5 and 3 1/2in., with a double skin of cedar, the inner one 3/4in. thick and the outer 1 1/2in. with canvas between.

The inner skin runs diagonally and the outer fore and aft. All will be well fastened with copper. Both hull and engines will be as light as practicable.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

XIV.

AFTER being huuz up on the mud for twenty-four hours, the morning's tide permitted us to haul off to an anchor previously taken out astern. The wind was stiff from the northwest and the river pretty clear of ice. Under whole sail we got away and at 9 A. M. were abreast the southern point of Newbolds Island. On the chart this is marked as mud, but I found it well covered with bushes. This flat stretches clear across the river, forming a bar with 7ft. at low water. Beyond it deepens suddenly to 17ft., with the exception of an 8ft. spot just outside the locks at Bordentown. You can carry 12ft. at low water to the bar at Newbolds Island; the river then takes a bend to the W. N. W. and navigation becomes intricate to a stranger. From the point on Newbolds, steer for a brick yard some distance ahead on the southern bank, at the foot of some high bluffs, give the yard a berth and gradually turn up under the bluffs, which the bank may be hugged quite close, the northern shore being a wide flat with some dry spots covered with light growth and grasses. Keep the Jersey shore past Florence Hotel, and nearly up to the pipe works on the point ahead. Nearing these you may take mid-river again and at the point, cross over to the northern or Pennsylvania bank. The next bend down to Burlington Island trends nearly south. The channel is two thirds the width away from the Jersey shore. When the island is approached, keep the Pennsylvania side close aboard, then mid channel past the island, which will bring you out with the city of Burlington over the port bow. From there the general course of the river is W. S. W. to Petty's Island off the upper limits of Philadelphia.

From Burlington to Ferry Point, a prominent point which is easily made out, the channel is wide and deep, averaging four fathoms. At Ferry Point it chokes up to a narrow gut. Clear the landing and slowly edge over to the northern bank which is quite bold and can be kept down to the first buoy met with since leaving Bordentown. It is a black spar, No. 37. Leaving it to starboard you will pass through a 7 to 10ft. channel. But if you hug the Jersey shore you can find 15ft. although a risky venture, because that channel runs along the White Sheet Flats at the mouth of Rancocas Creek, and not being buoyed you are liable to fetch up suddenly if not familiar with the place, as the channel has an elbow half way through it. You next steer for buoys 35 and 33, giving them a good berth. Gradually haul in to the Pennsylvania shore and pass close to Ten Mile Point, following the shore round to Bridesburg. Nearing the bend below the town, there are some flats which require keeping out more in the river. At the bend, called Point No Point, a bar makes across, with 10ft. at low water, after which you suddenly get into 4fms. Along Port Richmond the channel is regularly buoyed with red and black spars, pretty well bunched, but they are taken in the usual manner. Then keep the city side for deep water, or else pass over to Camden, giving the lower point of Petty's Island a berth, and anchor on the flats, keeping outside the pier line, as there is only 5 to 6ft., although 10ft. can be found opposite Windmill Island, which is also below all the ferries. From Bordentown to Burlington, the distance by channel is 11 miles. From Burlington to Bridesburg 13 miles. Thence to Windmill Island, abreast of Chestnut street, Philadelphia, 6 miles, total 30 miles.

The full sweep of the wind was not felt by the Coot till she hauled up for Florence. In this bend the northwester came in violent puffs, which required sharp watching. After several cuts in the boat encountered a blast more severe than the rest. This forced the boat clear over till the water poured into the cockpit, and a capsize was threatened. Luffing in time barely saved the Coot from playing the favorite prank of all shoal boats. There being no room to allow for drifting, the anchor was hove over while two reefs were hauled down. Before reaching Florence the wind moderated and nearly died away. Reefs were shaken out, and with the ebb we got over the ground fast enough, the wind backing to the westward and picking up by degrees. Around Burlington Island it drew out ahead so that the boat had to beat through past the town of Bristol. Seen from the car windows of the railroad train, Bristol had always impressed me as a wretched collection of hovels. From the river front the town presented a very different appearance. The bank rises boldly to a height of thirty feet. Along its crown a short distance back, a line of handsome villas bears evidence of wealth and fashion. Well kept lawns and gardens reach to the foot of the rolling bank, which is neatly faced with stone and cribbing. Boat houses and little pavilions in bright and tasty colors dot the grounds about. Several new dwellings were being erected. The city looked like a young cousin to Newport.

The banks of the Delaware from here to Philadelphia are in many places devoted entirely to dwelling purposes. Notably so in the long cove from Burlington to Ferry Point. Here the residences were even grand in their conception and massive in execution, rivaling anything to be found at Newport in beauty and pretension, while the surrounding grounds were park-like and noble. In summer the neighborhood must be delightful, shady and cool with the pure waters of a wide river coursing almost by the door. Sailing, shooting and fishing are sports with which all are familiar about Beverly, the opportunities for indulgence being of the best.

The Coot just managed to squeeze high enough to clear Ferry Point, after which it was a good full down to Bridesburg with stiffening wind. Off Rancocas Creek on the flats, one of the canal steamers and a barge in tow had grounded and been left dry by the tide. The Upper Delaware is probably the worst buoyed among the principal rivers. It has in fact received no attention at all, though quite recently surveyed. The stranger must trust to his interpretation of the chart altogether, where he is in doubt, it is best to hitch on to the tow leaving Bordentown. A fair wind is required to descend the river, otherwise the risk of grounding is great in the upper

nearly a year and a half have held rifle and glass-ball shoots monthly. The membership of the club steadily increased, and a headquarters was secured at 46 Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J., consisting of a large room (18x40), which has been appropriately furnished for a club room. A well-built rifle range, 70ft. long, has been put up, which is in constant use by the members of the club. It is intended very shortly to improve this range by various additions. The club has recently purchased two Ballard rifles, one for gallery and one for out door shooting. Our monthly dues are very small, and the initiation is only \$2. We believe that a club of this character is of great benefit to young men, as it affords them a place in which to spend their leisure time, as well as various kinds of amusements, thus doing away with all desire to resort to places of a compromising character in order to seek amusement. Believing that this organization will be for the best interest of all, we would therefore invite the aid and co-operation of all gentlemen interested in this movement to unite with us in making it a success. Any further information can be had of the secretary, Mr. Frederick Klein, 39 Warren place, or of any member of the club.

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB, Feb. 17.—The regular shooting under Huntington rules of the Fountain Gun Club, of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, took place this afternoon at the Prospect Park Fair Grounds, and was remarkable for the fine showing made by the members. Out of 84 pigeons shot at only 21 got away, and some of those were hard hit. In Class A, L. T. Duryea killed 6 out of 7 from the 23-yard mark. In Class B, from the 24-yard mark, C. Chappell killed 7 straight, and in Class C, from the 24-yard mark, T. Stewart killed 6 out of 7, and won the club prizes.

JOIN THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—Send 10 cents, for handbook giving all information, to the Secretary MATT R. FREEMAN, General Manager. F. C. ETHERIDGE, Secretary and Treasurer, Macon, Ga. Board of Directors: Dr. L. E. Russell, Springfield, O.; C. M. Stark Winchester, Mass.; J. Von Lengerke, New York city; Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I.; Wm. G. Cooper, Savannah, Ga.; E. A. Crawford, Tallahassee, Fla.; M. R. Freeman, W. W. Parker and F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga.—Adv.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

June 17	N. Y. Y. C. Regatta.
June 17	Dorchester Y. C., Nahant, Open.
June 19	Hull Y. C., Pennant race.
June 23	Boston Y. C.
June 26	Corinthian Y. C. Race.
July 3	Hull Y. C. Race.
July 4	Boston Y. C. Regatta.
July 10	Hull Y. C. Novelty Race.
July 10	Corinthian Y. C. Race.
July 13	Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, First Championship.
July 17	Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
July 21	Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July 22	Boston Y. C.
July 24	Dorchester Y. C.
July 24	Corinthian Y. C., Ladies' Race.
July 31	Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Second Championship.
July 31	Hull Y. C., Cruise.
Aug. 7	Corinthian Y. C., Open Regatta.
Aug. 14	Hull Y. C., Open Regatta.
Aug. 14	Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Third Championship.
Aug. 21	Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Matches.
Aug. 25	Hull Y. C., Ladies' Race.
Aug. 28	Corinthian Y. C. Race.
Aug. 28	Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 2	Boston Y. C.
Sept. 4	Dorchester Y. C., Fall Race.
Sept. 4	Corinthian Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 11	Hull Y. C., Champion Sail-off.
Sept. 11	Corinthian Y. C., Sweepstakes Regatta.
Sept. 18	Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Matches.

"THE YACHTSMAN'S GUIDE."—The New York Navigation School is so widely and favorably known among yachtsmen that they will be pleased to hear that its manager, Captain Howard Patterson, has lately prepared a new book for yachtsmen, covering the same subjects that are included in the course of study of the school. The book is what its title proclaims, a yachtsman's guide, treating clearly all principles of navigation, as well as the details of every day work, with which both owners and masters should be familiar. The first portion of the book deals with the principles of navigation, and the second portion with their application in practice. The third portion, on yacht discipline, contains much valuable information on signals, rules of the road, boat service and similar matters, and will prove of great value to amateurs and novices. A compendious dictionary of nautical terms is added. The book, a very neatly bound octavo volume, is published by the New York Navigation School, No. 26 Burling Slip, N. Y.

WE have received the following letter from Vice-Commodore Wilkin, A. C. A., concerning the prize to be offered next August on the occasion of the visit of the English canoeists to the meet at Grindstone. The wording of the first clause of the resolution was: "In view of the approaching visit of the English canoeists it be resolved that a trophy be offered for competition at the next A. C. A. meet, under A. C. A. rules, open to all A. C. A. men and members of any recognized foreign canoe club, the trophy to be the property of the winner."

Since the visit of the English canoeists has been drawn more closely to the meet, the idea has been expressed by many that a challenge cup would be more appropriate and would conduce more to the interests of canoeing than one prize to be given outright. The presentation of a prize valued at two or three hundred dollars is in direct opposition to the principles laid down and closely followed by the Association and though the special occasion which has led to the suggestion may justify it, there can be no good reason why a challenge cup should not be the answer the proposed end. It is highly probable that the senior class, as proposed by Mr. Gibson, will be created next year, in which case some of the leading sailors will be retired from the programme races of the meet, and as yet no prizes are provided for them. Doubtless some will be forthcoming, but an Association Challenge Cup will offer more sport and ensure a livelier competition among these experts than any minor prize. The same may be made a perpetual challenge trophy to be raced for at the meet each year, if held in this country, or to be raced for abroad if won by a foreigner.

esigner. While this may happen at times it is probable that the cup would be held in America the greater portion of the time, and would prove a valuable feature of the yearly racing. The matter may easily be amended now by the Executive Committee if it is proved desirable to do so, and we invite a full discussion by canoeists in the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would beg to call your attention [and that of the members of the A. C. A. to a resolution passed at the last meeting of the A. C. A. Executive Committee at Oswego, N. Y., regarding the trophy to be raced for at the August meet and which was adopted in view of the arrival in our country of the British gentlemen who are to compete with us. I don't know if any discussion was had over this matter before the committee met, but from observations then made, I judge there was not. The trophy decided upon by the committee was to be a presentation cup or a prize to be raced for once. I think that if the trophy is made to be a challenge prize it will better meet the desires of the visiting canoeists and also of A. C. A. men. I have talked with many of our members in New York and vicinity and from the above opinion from the views expressed by them as well as from several letters from other parts of the country. With the object of getting the matter in proper shape before the Executive Committee, so that the resolutions might be correct, in accordance with the views of what appeared to me to be the majority, I sent to the Commodore a few days since a resolution to amend the above by striking out the words "to become the property of the winner." This will leave the question whether the cup shall be challenge or presentation with the Cup Committee, whose members can safely be left to decide it in accordance with the best interests of the Association, as they, with the Commodore, represent four of the more prominent racing centres. The full vote on my resolution has not as yet been polled, however, and I would suggest that the subject might be discussed in your columns with advantage. Fraternally,

R. J. WILKIN, VICE COMMODORE.

FEB. 19, 1886.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR CANOEISTS.

LOOKING over the new canoes now building, one inquiry comes very forcibly to mind: why are we building double centerboard canoes? How many canoeists can answer the question? The double or rather the centerboard arrangement is no novelty here. It has been in common use in England for nearly a dozen years. It has been used in the United States since 1880, and in Canada a number of canoeists have used it for nearly the same length of time, while it has been frequently described in *FOREST AND STREAM*. American canoeists, however, have declined to have anything to do with it, or even to consider seriously its advantages and defects. Late last season a well known canoeist adopted the system in a new canoe which though she has been very successful, has been sailed only for a short time and has not had the opportunity to make a permanent reputation; and now nearly every important canoe building must have two boards. Will some of the many who have experienced this hasty conversion tell us why they have adopted the double-board system now; why, if it is good they have not adopted it before; whether they think as highly of it this year as they did of another centerboard last year; whether, if one of the leading canoeists was to put in three boards instead of two, all the rest would not at once follow suit; and finally, whether canoeists are not much like a flock of sheep? The moral of this string of questions is very plain, and every canoeist can lay it to heart. Think for yourself, study well your boat, its uses and requirements, and also the many ideas and devices, new and old, that are current among canoeists. When you adopt or discard any feature, do so not because the owner of the Spot has it, or because it was tried and abandoned on the lake, but because it does or does not suit your special purpose. If you are in doubt, wait until you have some data by which to decide, before wasting money in useless gimcracks; or the chances are that you will ultimately join voices with Spike, in complaint about canoe complications. A beautiful example of this was afforded last year in the case of the drop rudder, aggravated by a patent clutch tiller. There are many good points about both, and they are valuable additions to some boats, but canoeists one and all adopted them in a hurry and discarded them at a word of command. They have not applied to many other devices, and especially to the double boards. No man who cannot tell why he wants them should put them in, and if he does it without knowing why, he will in all probability be loud in his denunciations of them next year. When the first and second of the questions have been answered we may have more to say in regard to the merits and demerits of the two boards.

THE RULES OF BOAT RACING.

PADDLING and rowing are so nearly alike as regards racing that the rules of one answer equally well for the other. The A. C. A. paddling rules, in fact, being founded directly on the rules of rowing clubs. The following are the rules as amended by the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen in January last, and submitted to the clubs for approval, and cover the latest rulings. They would apply equally well to canoe racing and we give them in full that canoeists may compare them with the A. C. A. rules for paddling:

STARTING.—1. All boat races shall be started in the following manner: The starter, on being satisfied that the competitors are ready, shall give the start by blowing a whistle, or by any other means, and if he shall at once recall the boats to their stations; and if he shall refuse to start again, shall be disqualified. 3. Any boat not at its post at the time specified, shall be liable to be disqualified by the umpire. 5. Boats shall be started by their sterns, and shall have completed their course when the bows reach the finish. **WATER.**—(Old No. 7.) 6. A boat's own water is its straight course, paralleled with those of the other competing boats, from the station assigned to it at the start to the finish. (Old No. 6.) 7. Every boat shall keep its own water throughout the race, and any boat departing from its own water will do so at its own peril. 8. The umpire shall be sole judge of a boat's own water and proper course during the race. **FOULS.**—(Old No. 10.) 9. It shall be considered a foul when, after the race has commenced, any competitor by his oar, boat or person, comes in contact with the oar, boat or person of another competitor unless, in the opinion of the umpire, such contact is so slight as not to influence the race. (Old No. 9.) 10. No fouling whatever shall be allowed; the boat committing a foul shall be disqualified. The umpire may, during a race, caution any competitor when in danger of committing a foul. 12. The umpire [when appealed to] shall decide all questions as to a foul. 13. A claim of foul must be made to the judge or the umpire by the competitor himself, and, if possible, before getting out of his boat. 14. In case of a foul, the umpire shall have the power—(a) To place the boats, except the boat committing the foul, which is disqualified, in the order in which they come in. (b.) To order the boats engaged in the race, other than the boat committing the foul, to row over again on the same or another day. (c.) To restart the qualified boats from the place where the foul was committed. **ACCIDENTS.**—15. Every boat shall abide by its accidents, provided, that if, during a race, a boat while on its own water shall be interfered with by an outside boat, the umpire may order the race to be rowed over, if, in his opinion, such interference materially affected its chance of winning the race. **ASSISTANCE.**—17. No boat shall be allowed to accompany a competitor for the purpose of directing his course or affording him other assistance. The boat receiving such direction or assistance shall be disqualified at the discretion of the umpire. **UMPIRE.**—17. The jurisdiction of the umpire extends over the race and all matters connected with it, from the time the race is specified to start until its final termination, and his decision in all cases shall be final and without appeal. (A new rule.) 18. The judge at the finish shall report to the umpire the order in which the competing boats cross the finish line, but the decision of the race shall rest with and be declared by the umpire. (Old No. 18.) 19. Any competitor refusing to abide by the decision, or to follow the directions of the umpire, shall be disqualified. (Old No. 19.) 20. The umpire, if he thinks proper, may reserve his decision, provided that in every case such decision be given on the day of the race. (A new rule.) 21. Contestants rowing a dead heat shall compete again after such interval as may be appointed, and the contestant refusing to so row shall be deemed to have lost the race. **TURNING RACES.**—(Old No. 20.) 22. In turning races, each competitor shall have a separate turning stake, and shall turn from port to starboard. Any competitor may turn any stake other than his own, but does so at his peril.

THE NEW CANOES OF THE YEAR.

THE stimulus given to canoeing by the increasing competition of the yearly meets and this season in particular by the coming international races, is already visible in the number of canoes now building for prominent canoeists, and also in the care that has been taken in the designing of the new boats. The matter is no longer left to the builder with an indefinite order to build a canoe like some one else's, or merely so long and so wide; but every detail, lines, dimensions, material, construction, fittings and rig, is a subject of careful study and consideration by the owner, and the question of more or less deadrise, or an eighth of an inch more or less sheer is for the time of far more importance than such trivial matters as business, pleasure, dress or similar vanities. One noticeable point this year is the number of canoeists who have taken up the study of drafting and who have employed their leisure in a study of the lines of their old boats and the planning of new and improved craft. The origin of this new idea may be ascribed to "Canoe and Boat Building," where such elementary instruction as the novice requires is clearly given; and as proved, in a way to interest many. The results we may look for in the future in handsomer, better, and faster boats as each sailor learns to put to a practical use the results of his experience and observation.

First among the new canoes comes the flagship, 15ft. x30in., of Ruggles' build, the details of which are as yet a secret. Another boat from Canada that promises to be a dangerous one in Class B is Mr. Richard's new 15ft. 11in. x30in., built by Saurer, of Brockville, from a design by Mr. W. F. Stephens. With two boards and a good rig she should make a good showing with the 15ft. x30in. boats. Mr. Vaux's canoe, though built and sailed late last year, has never entered an A. C. A. race, and will be practically new this year. She is 15ft. x28in., with a depth of 14in. at gunwale, much deadrise, and two centerboards of sheet brass, about 19lbs. and 6lbs. Her rig, 85ft., will be of the same cut as last year's sails. The Snake will rest this season while her owner tries a new boat built from his own designs by Mr. Rushton, the details of which have not been made known, and Marion B. will be succeeded by a boat of which nearly the same may be said, designed by her owner, built by Rushton, and the dimensions yet unknown. Mr. Bailey has already a new Ruggles canoe, and Mr. Andrews another, while the builder has several more orders. Class A will be recruited by a duplicate of Lissle for Com. Munroe of the N. Y. C. C., while Mr. Burchard will have a sister boat, both by Everson, and from Newburgh will come Mr. Grant Edgar's new one, 15ft. x28in., two boards, hull by MacWhirter, from Mr. Stephens' designs, a deeper and longer Nirvana. The latter gentleman will have a new 15ft. x30in. canoe, also of his own design, and with some peculiar features of boards, hatches and other fittings, and another Class A canoe will be added to the N. Y. C. C. by spring.

Everson is busy with a lot of new work, for the Knickerbockers a new Ideal, 15x30 and 14x24, deep, for Com. Fowler, with a 12 and a 5 pound brass board. Mr. Stanton will have a large plate board of brass in the old Flit, also a new Ideal with two boards for racing, and another Ideal with a Radix board for cruising; a pretty good deal for a beginner.

Mr. Foster will have a new Sunbeam lengthened to 15ft. 6in. x30in., with a Radix board. The model has been altered since last year by a reduction in the quarters, lessening the displacement, especially aft, and fitting the lines of the run. Besides these three boats, now finished, Everson has a new Sunbeam with two boards for Com. Newman, Brooklyn C. C., boards 15 and 6 pounds, an Ideal for Mr. Bunting, boards 12 and 6 pounds, and will begin at once a 16x30 canoe with one large brass board and a 15x28 with two boards, both designed by Mr. John Hyslop, for Vice-Com. Whitlock, who will still keep the Guern. Mr. Carter, of Trenton, has a new Ideal with a Radix board in Everson's shop, and there are also two Sunbeams there in stock. All the builders are full of orders, and yet more are coming in every day as spring approaches.

SOUTH BOSTON C. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A canoe club has been organized here under the name of the South Boston C. C. The club was organized at a meeting held on Jan. 1, and the following officers were elected: Commodore, Joseph A. Frizzell; Vice-Commodore, William J. Martin; Secretary and Treasurer, James Craddock. There are six members, all of whom have been canoeists for some time, but from various causes deferred organizing until this winter. Several short trips were made by members of the club, and the commodore and secretary made a week's cruise on the Charles River last summer. We have two boat houses, one of which is used

for the canoes, and the other is reserved for a club house. The club consists of six members, and we have four sailing and paddling canoes. A new sailing and paddling canoe for the secretary is now under construction, and six light paddling canoes are to be built this spring, in which the club propose to make a two weeks' cruise down the Charles River in July, shipping the canoes to headquarters and cruising down stream. The paddling canoes are to be flat-bottomed, 11½ft. x36in., ¼in. spruce planking for bottom and sides, with canvas decks. We favor this style of cruising canoe for river work, as it promises to be very light, strong and inexpensive, as the cost will not exceed \$5 for each canoe. We are bound to have them light at all events, as the rather trying experience of the commodore and the secretary during their week's cruise on the Charles last summer, in the commodore's double centerboard, lapstreak, Class B canoe, demonstrated to them at least, that a canoe of the weight and dimensions of a Class B is not just the thing for river work where dams are numerous. So it was proposed to build the light canoes for the coming summer, to be used on the Neponset and Charles, and our other canoes reserved for sailing in Boston harbor, which is most excellent for open water cruising. The club also intends to make a two days' trip on the Neponset May 30, and another on the 4th of July—JAMES CRADDOCK, Secretary S. B. C. C.

PRIZES FOR 1886.—The Regatta Committee have sent out the following circular, requesting flags for prizes: In arranging for the prize flags for the Regatta of 1886, the committee venture to hope that it may not be necessary to present any facts or made articles. They believe that many members and friends of the A. C. A. will gladly send flags which will be doubly prized as being at the same time Association trophies and personal favors. The committee, therefore, ask you to fill and return the accompanying blank, promising for yourself or for a friend a contribution to the list. The flags should be of silk, painted or embroidered, of any size from A. C. A. regulation upward. Contributors may of course designate a race for which the flag is offered, and the committee will arrange as far as possible upon such suggestions. The name of the individual maker or designer will add to the value of a flag. Flags not particularly designated will be marked for appropriate races by the committee. The high appreciation of the prizes heretofore given by friends (by ladies especially) lead the committee to expect a ready response to this appeal. The prizes should be sent to any of the committee mentioned below, before the 1st of July. The promise should be given as soon as possible.—J. B. McMURRICH, Oswego, N. Y., Lt. Col. S. G. Fairbrough, Kingston, Ont., Reade W. Bailey, 134 Water St., Pittsburg, Pa., Regatta Committee 1886.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

C. F. R., Southboro, Mass.—Write to D. Eggert, 76 Wall street, N. Y., for maps.

Jager.—Such a boat would be large enough if built with 2 to 3ft. depth below water, and 1ft. freeboard.

E. L. S., Cleveland, O.—Only one halyard is used on the Mohican sail, as shown in the cut. Bamboo is strong enough for yard and boom if all blocks are lashed on. The sail is no easier to reef than a properly fitted lug. A 2½ mast is used for a 75ft. sail.

S. The boat you mention would be well suited for the localities. If well, but plainly built, with sails, gear and iron ballast, she would cost from \$700 upward. Repairs and laying up would cost about \$75 per year. You will find addresses of builders among our advertisers. The Mamie appeared in the issue of Feb. 12, 1885.

S. D. E.—Umatilla, Oregon.—1. How can I distinguish young salmon up to 12 inches long from trout of the same size? 2. What book is good authority on such subjects? Ans. 1. The Chinook salmon, *O. choucha*, has 16 rays in the anal fin, the rainbow trout, *S. irideus*, has 10 rays in that fin. We presume that you refer to these species, as they are the most common. 2. "Synopsis of Fishes of North America," by Jordan and Gilbert. It is published by the U. S. National Museum, No. 16 and was published under direction of the Smithsonian Institution.

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

Two Japanese sailors died from cholera during the short journey from Kobe to Nagasaki. Their dead bodies were thrown overboard. The Japanese authorities immediately forbade fishing along the coast.

The birds and the flowers have always gone together as types of innocent loveliness, and partly on that account have always found congenial friends in women. But of late the birds have found this attachment fatal. The fashion of wearing feathers and whole birds as head-gear has led to such an enormous slaughter of the birds that nature cannot make good the waste. Why will the women be so impatient to assume their wings? As it is, the pretty birds are disappearing so rapidly that their scientific friends are becoming alarmed, and, in the true American way, have formed a committee and issued an address. It is to be hoped that "anti-bird-wearing leagues" will now extend and flourish in the land, and that the woods and meadows may have rest from the relentless emissaries of fashion. The simple and unassisted resources of nature gave out long ago in the attempt to keep pace with women's desire for flowers. And, perhaps, unless the fashions change, we shall have aviaries, as we have conservatories, where birds of striking plumage will be cultivated for market.—*Dubuque (Iowa) Times.*

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COPIES WANTED.—JAN. 4, 11, 18 and 25. FEB. 1, March 8 and Sept. 13, 1883; Feb. 7 and 14, March 6, 1884. We are short of these issues, and would be obliged if any of our readers having one or all of these numbers that they do not want will send to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 39 Park Row, New York City. mar26,tf

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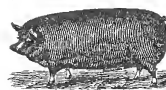
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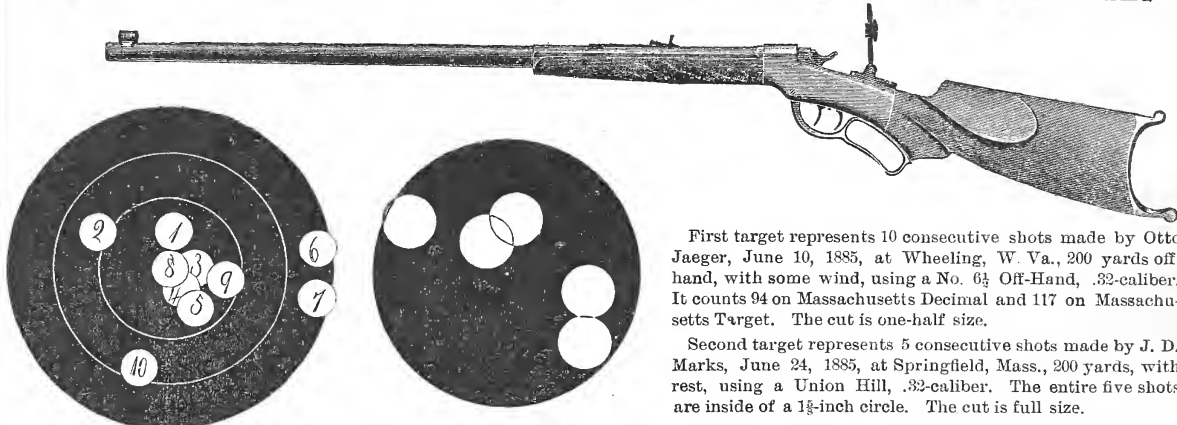
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AUSTIN, Tex., March 31, 1885.

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An increase of nearly two million dollars in income, over three millions in surplus, over seven millions in assets, and of over thirty millions of insurance in force, during 1885.

SUMMARY OF REPORT.

BUSINESS OF 1885.

Received in Premiums.....	\$12,722,173 03
Received in Interest, Rents, etc.....	3,399,469 71
Total Income.....	\$16,121,173 74
Paid Death-claims.....	\$3,999,109 64
" Endowments.....	741,764 47
" Annuities, Dividends, and for Policies Purchased.....	3,940,969 64
Total Paid Policy-Holders.....	\$7,681,873 75
New Policies Issued.....	18,566
New Insurance Written.....	\$68,321,452 00

CONDITION JAN. 1, 1886.

Cash Assets.....	\$66,864,321 32
*Divisible Surplus, Co.'s Standard.....	\$7,064,473 13
†Tontine " " ".....	3,123,742 77
Total Surplus, " " ".....	\$10,188,215 90
-Surplus by State Standard, \$13,225,053 94	
Policies in Force.....	86,418
Insurance in Force.....	259,674,500 00

PROGRESS IN 1885.

Excess of Interest over Death-losses.....	\$399,960 07
Increase in Income.....	3,880,897 35
Increase in Surplus, State Standard.....	3,313,707 43
Increase in Assets.....	7,580,567 75
Increase in Insurance Written.....	7,086,902 00
Increase in Insurance in Force.....	30,291,914 40

*Exclusive of the amount specially reserved as a contingent liability to Tontine Dividend Fund.
†Over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.

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CANOE

THE third edition of "Canoe and Boat Building" is now ready. The additional matter includes description and working drawings and sail plans of the Barnegat Cruiser, Sunbeam and Lassie canoes, and sail and rigging plan of canoe yawl. This makes the book comprehensive up to date. The author is W. P. Stephens, canoeing editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

For writing such a book Mr. Stephens is peculiarly fitted, beginning as an amateur, and having after a long experience of the difficulties attending the building, taken a prominent place among canoe builders, due both to the model and workmanship of his canoes. Realizing fully the difficulty of explaining to a novice an art in itself far from easy,

AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his purpose.

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

A chapter on sails describes all the varieties in use by canoeists, down to the new Mohican settee, with directions for making, rigging and measuring them, while the method of proportioning the sails to the boat is clearly explained, all the calculations

BUILDING

being worked out in detail. The many minor points of a canoe, paddles, steering gears, rudders, aprons, and camp outfit are also described at length, while a chapter is devoted to canvas canoes.

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New Jersey Kennel & Field Trial Club

BENCH SHOW OF DOGS,

Metropolitan Rink, Newark, N. J.

MARCH 23, 24 & 25, 1886.

ENTRIES CLOSE TUESDAY, MARCH 9.

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At Grand Central Skating Rink.

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feb11,4t **C. B. ELBEN**, Secretary.

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Of purest Swiss strains, recently imported. Several fine dogs and bitches and a few puppies are in my hands to be disposed of. I can promise purchasers they are of excellent pedigree, and full of true St. Bernard character.

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SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, MARCH 4, 1886.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Nos. 39 and 40 PARK ROW.

NEW YORK CITY.

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THE NEWARK PANIC.

THE scare is over. After having been nursed along for many weeks by ignorant medical men and fostered by newspapers eager for a sensation, the bottom has finally dropped out, and the senseless, inexcusable folly of the craze stands confessed. The seven dogs bitten by the original Newark mad dog, and since that time kept in confinement, have shown no signs of disease, and are at last to be released from their imprisonment. The veterinary on whose responsibility the original dog was pronounced rabid, and who gravely announced that one of the bitten animals would become mad within twenty-four hours because, forsooth, it would not drink water at his bidding—this veterinary has acknowledged that these dogs are healthy.

During the prevalence of the New Jersey insanity we declined to refer to it further than to deprecate it, and to state that it was merely a panic without any foundation whatever. Now that this panic is over, and that those who originated it have acknowledged it to be without foundation, we speak of it only to condemn those who are responsible for having created it.

The outrageous story of this mad dog scare is well known, but all the harm done by it can never be told. The accounts of streets filled with mad dogs, and of police practicing at them with revolvers, while the bullets were flying through the air were positively terrifying to women and children. The little ones dared not venture out of doors; they were afraid to go to school; their parents endured agonies of anxiety. Nervous women and girls suffered untold tortures from fright.

Of the brutalities enacted under the influence of this insane terror, set on foot by wickedly foolish men for their own base advantage it is needless to speak. The tales of horror that have come to us from Newark and Jersey City within the last two or three months have been enough to excite the indignation of the most cold-hearted of men.

The responsibility for originating this mad dog craze lies with two or three feather-brained medical men of New Jersey, and the New York *Herald* promptly took the matter up and worked the sensation as long as there was anything in it. On these men and on this journal must rest the onus of the great wrong done to the community at large and to the brute creation, a wrong which cannot be too severely condemned.

There is not, nor has there been, during the whole course of the craze, one particle of evidence published to show that any one of the New Jersey dogs was rabid, and yet these doctors and this newspaper, to advertise themselves, to increase their business, to bring to their pockets a few more dollars, to get themselves talked about, did not hesitate to frighten almost out of their wits—perhaps in some cases to frighten literally to death—human beings, and to cause hundreds of dogs to be put to a torture which was wholly without justification.

The Newark dog scare had its origin in the grossest ignorance and in a great journal's avidity for sensationalism, forgetful of its plain duty to the community. Such ignorance and such carelessness are wholly without excuse.

TROUT LAWS OF NEW YORK.

LAST April a law was suddenly passed by the Legislature of New York which closed the season after it had been legally opened on April first. The law for years had permitted trout fishing throughout the State on that day; and while many anglers were on the streams, suddenly and without warning, the new bill passed about April 15 and became a law, forbidding the capture of trout until May 1 in any portion of the State except the counties of Queens and Suffolk. We referred to this in our issues of April 23 and May 7, 1885, and showed the injustice of the measure. The argument that anglers who had gone forth in the belief that they could legally capture trout in April is not applicable now, but the other objections still remain.

The two counties which are excepted form the eastern end of Long Island, are, with the streams of Sullivan and Ulster counties, the favorite resorts of anglers from the city. The trout rise to the fly freely in these waters in April, and have entirely done with the work of depositing their eggs. The fish are ready for the opening season, and the anglers are anxious for it, and only the law keeps them from obeying their instincts and coming together. Yet the city anglers—and most of the men who fish Long Island streams are from the city—members of clubs or not, can go down and capture trout to the extent of their ability, but dare not take a fish across the East River to their homes. To the clause forbidding fishing for trout through the ice there can be no objection from men who capture them fairly in open water, nor should this class of anglers object to that part of the new law which forbids the capture or sale of trout which measure less than six inches in length; but the opening season, as now fixed, is at least one month too late for some parts of the State, especially the southeastern portion.

There is no doubt whatever that the first of May is soon enough to open the trout season in the Adirondack region, where the ice often remains on some of the lakes until the middle of that month; but under these very different conditions of climate it seems absurd to make a law which shall place the whole of the State under a restriction which is only proper to that elevated mountain region where winter reigns supreme until about the first of May or later. We have no doubt that the new law would have covered Long Island also but for the fact that Senator Otis was chairman of the Committee of Fish and Game last year, and tacked on a clause exempting Queens and Suffolk counties from the operations of all bills of a general nature. He did so when the bill forbidding the hounding of deer came up, and a law was passed forbidding the chase of deer by hounds in all parts of the State except on Long Island, where, of all places, the few deer that are left should be rigidly protected.

If the trout law could be amended so as to allow trout fishing on April 1 south of the Mohawk River from Utica east, and from thence south of the New York Central Railroad, or other near boundary, and prohibiting it until May 1 north of that line, it would no doubt cover what the framers of the last law desired, the prevention of all ice fishing and the protection of trout until nature opened the season in the Adirondacks. Or, if it should be thought that this line is too far north, let it be brought down to the forty-second parallel, which would leave the counties of Suffolk, Queens, Richmond, Kings, New York, Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess, Rockland, Orange, Sullivan, and parts of Delaware and Ulster below it, and in which fishing for trout could begin on the first of April. By a glance at the map it will be seen that this line forms the southern boundary of the State west of Delaware county and separates New York from Pennsylvania. Either of these lines would satisfy most of the anglers who live below the last one named, and would not interfere with trout protection in the northern part of the State.

GUIDES.

UNDER this general term may be found grouped a most heterogeneous lot of mankind from the simple boatman on Greenwood Lake, who aspires to the name, to the thorough woodsman who can take a tourist many days' journey through a dense wilderness and bring him safely to his destination. The perfect guide is one who to a perfect acquaintance with his region has a familiarity with all those forest signs, camping, cookery, and the generalities of all that varied knowledge which we sum up in the term "woodcraft." Added to this he is sober, truthful, active, strong and self-reliant. Possessed of these qualities he is naturally quiet, willing, respectful and companionable. Such men are by no means rare, but in the host who style themselves "guides" there are many who fall far short of many of these qualifications; yet they pass themselves off on strangers as first-class men, and demand wages as such. The Adirondack region has plenty of both classes; the first being, as a rule, the "independent" guides, as they call themselves, and the latter are more frequently found attached to some fashionable hotel, their knowledge being mainly confined to one lake and the management of a boat.

Some years ago one of these self-styled guides betrayed his trust and committed a crime which cost him his life, and when the newspapers spoke of him as an Adirondack guide the well-known and respectable guides about Long Lake denied that he had any claim to the title; that he was a saw-mill hand who had gone in and taken up the profession without any special knowledge of the woods, merely knowing how to row a boat and where a few of the carries in his immediate vicinity were to be found. The affair cast discredit on many good men whose reputation is their capital, and such men should protect themselves from the possible recurrence of such a thing in future by having some sort of an organization from which any who are proved to be guilty of dishonorable practices should be expelled. This would tend to their advantage in many ways. We personally know of Adirondack guides to whom a man might leave uncounted gold, his family and all that he values, and trust them to go through the woods for weeks without fear for their safety, and these men owe it to themselves to see that all "scalawags" are kept from classing themselves with them by assuming the name of "guide."

While it is true that the guides are as a rule trustworthy, they are not all expert, first-class woodsmen, and perhaps the average tourist or sportsman does not require this qualification. Nothing is more common than to hear some third-rate guide cracked up by one whom he has served once or twice but who knows nothing of the woods himself. To the green sportsman, the little knowledge of woodcraft which his guide has seems a perfect marvel of wood lore, because it happens to exceed his own stock of forest wisdom, and he not only marvels at it, but his "guide" becomes a hero whose praises he is disposed to sing on every possible occasion, little dreaming that if once off the carry, or the beaten track, his famous "Natty Bumpo" would be lost.

SHORT LOBSTERS.—Mr. F. R. Shattuck, who is the treasurer of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and also a deputy fish commissioner, has been giving his attention to the detecting and punishing of lobster fishermen who deal in "short" lobsters, that is those which are under the size prescribed by law, ten and a half inches exclusive of claws and feelers. Mr. Shattuck's vigilance and activity in the important public work are crowned with success, and he is doing much to correct this great abuse. It is a curious but not at all unusual commentary on the short-sighted spirit of the fishermen that they would, if not checked by the public-spirited intervention of gentlemen like Mr. Shattuck, actually bring to a speedy end their own occupation by marketing baby lobsters and once and for all destroying the stock.

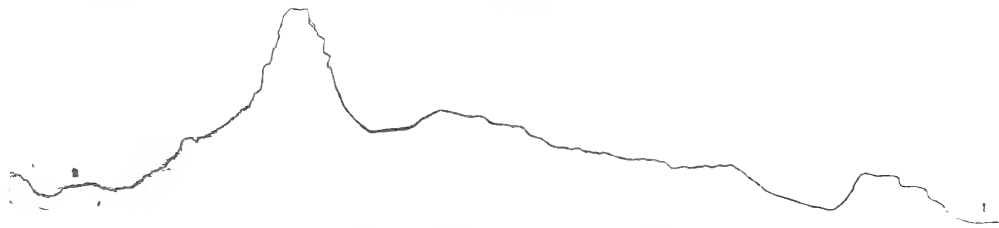
THE DEER HOUNDING BILL.—The Assembly passed the Deer Hounding Bill by a vote of 93 to 23. We hope that for its own credit the Senate may refuse to concur in approving the bill. The Assembly plainly ignored the merits of the question. If the Senate follows suit, we have much mistaken the spirit of its members. Elsewhere we print Mr. Hadley's speech in the Assembly. His whole argument is based on statements which have absolutely no foundation in fact; they are, on the contrary, so absurd that the Assembly might justly have resented being called upon to listen to them at all.

TO THE WALLED-IN LAKES.

XIII.—"PLENTY HORSES STOLEN."

THERE were signs that the party's bad luck would cause its disruption. All the morning Yellowfish, Achilles-like, sulked in his tent, and a little after noon he saddled his horse, forded the river, and disappeared over the bluffs on his way to the agency.

We spent the morning on the water fishing for lake trout, of which we caught fifty or sixty pounds' weight. In the afternoon we rode out north across Swift Current to get a nearer view of Chief Mountain. It is a grand needle of rock, standing far out upon the prairie, away from its fellows. Its connection with the range is by a narrow, knife-edge mountain, which runs back from it to the main chain; but the crest of this ridge is so far below the mountain itself that, at a distance, it seems but little above the prairie. I made a rough sketch of its profile as seen from the southeast at a distance of about ten miles. The mountain at this distance is dwarfed by the extent of country seen to the east and west of it. No picture of Chief Mountain that I have seen shows this view of it, which is far more impressive than one from the north. This rough outline is seen below.



PROFILE SKETCH OF CHIEF MOUNTAIN.

SEEN FROM THE SOUTHEAST ABOUT TEN MILES DISTANT

1. Level of the prairie. 2. Crest of knife-edge mountain running back to the Range.

For an hour or two we sat on the hills admiring the majesty of this Western Matterhorn. Its sides seem vertical—sometimes even overhanging—and utterly impracticable from the south and east. If there be a way to its summit, as the Kootenays say there is, it must be on the northwest. At all events, to give the mountain a trial would require no little time and labor.

On returning to the camp we turned out the horses, and after dinner I did some fishing in the river for trout. I caught a few, and some very good ones, but nothing above two pounds and a half, although they are said to run up to five pounds and over. In dressing these fish later we found that their food consists very largely of meadow mice (*Arvicola*). From one fish we took five of these, and from a trout weighing three and one-half pounds, which became entangled in the whitefish net, we took no less than eight of these mice. The discovery of this diet greatly disgusted Appekunny, who foreswore trout from that time, and spoke of them thereafter in most indignant and contemptuous terms.

This was to be our last night on the lakes, and it was marked by an incident which, for a short time, caused us some little uneasiness. I had been ferried across the river and left there to fish, and before I had been at it very long, some one called across that two of the horses had disappeared and could not be found. I shouted back that they were no doubt feeding somewhere in the brush, and went on with my fishing without giving the matter much thought. As the sun set I went back to a point opposite camp and asked if the horses had been found. Appekunny replied that he and King had hunted everywhere but could not find them, and that they had probably been stolen. Here was a pretty mess. Jerry was in sight, and the missing animals were those of the men who had been looking for them. I called to Appekunny to set me across the river, and when he had done so, I jumped on Jerry and set out to look for the missing beasts myself. By this time it was quite dark, but the great full moon which had just climbed up over the eastern hills, cast over the plains a flood of white light which, while it made objects near at hand distinctly visible, threw over those more distant a curious veil of magic, which made them seem strange, unfamiliar and different from what they were. I first made a circuit of the open plain, where, however, I did not expect to find the animals, as, if they had been there, they would have been discovered by those who had looked for them before it had become dark. Several times, thinking I had found them, I rode up to little clumps of brush, which, in the mysterious moonlight, took strange shapes, and sometimes seemed even to move. Next I passed through the brush on the edge of the hills, and then turning back to camp made a systematic search among the willows where I knew the horses were accustomed to feed. It gives one a curious feeling to ride through the woods or the brush in the moonlight. In the open spots it is so bright, and in the thick places so utterly dark. The straggling moonbeams which penetrate the foliage and lie on the ground before you produce many curious effects, and you imagine that you see bogs and ditches and little streams of water, and all sorts of impediments to your further progress. In riding about, I depended much more on my horse's than on my own senses, and beyond keeping him in the general direction I wished to follow, interfered with him very little. I knew, too, that if we passed near the horses, he would discover them long before I could, and so I watched him for a sign that he saw something. I had got within a couple of hundred yards of camp when I saw Jerry's cars prick and his head turn to the

left, and by closely looking in the same direction, I made out two indistinct dark shapes, close under the shadow of the willows. As I rode toward them, a low whinny told me that I had found the missing horses, and after riding close enough to them to recognize them I left them quietly feeding and went on to camp. I had been gone just twenty minutes.

The next day we said farewell to the Walled-in-Lakes, and leaving Dick King, the sole white inhabitant of the beautiful valley, set out across the river and up the steep bluffs. Light though the wagon was, the pull up the long steep hill was a hard one, and it was afternoon before the last rise had been surmounted, and the team trotted on over the level prairie which forms the divide between the waters flowing into the Arctic Ocean and those which empty into the Gulf of Mexico. Soon after crossing the river, we met three half-breeds driving a pack pony, one of whom stopped to talk with me. He said that he and his comrades were hunting for some horses thought to have been stolen by the Piegiens, and inquired the way to the agency. He said they had avoided the wagon road from St. McLeod, because they were afraid that the police at the boundary might make them

trouble. I did not understand at the time what he meant, but when we reached the agency it was explained to me. It appears that these men were refugees from the half-breed rebellion, and as they did not know how the feeling was on this side of the line, they were traveling quietly and striving to avoid observation.

We jogged along briskly until nearly dark, I riding ahead to select a road and Appekunny following with the team. Twice we stopped, once to collect some wood for the campfire—it will be remembered that there is no wood on Milk River—and again to pull the wagon out of a ditch in which it had become fast, and just before dark made camp on a bluff on the river, about five miles above the red cliff under which we had camped on our outward journey. Late in the afternoon I had killed one of two sharp-tailed grouse that had shown themselves above the grass, and at dusk, while we were unharnessing, three mallards alighted in the pool at our feet, and Appekunny very cleverly brought one of them to bag, so our supper and breakfast were provided.

How the wind blew that night! It was a difficult matter to put the tent up in the face of the gale, and after it was up, I changed the position of one of the corner pins, so that the strain on the ropes might be more evenly distributed. Then came the work of cooking supper and the feeding of the horses. The team horses and Appekunny's riding animal were hobbled and turned loose, but I thought it better to picket Jerry out, for it is often a convenient thing to have at least one horse where you know you can put your hand on him if you want him in a hurry. We were on the road home, and it was quite possible that the animals might take it into their heads during the night to strike out for Cut Bank, or to wander back to the Lakes, or, if they did neither of these things, to stray off into the hills, or up or down the creek, and should any one of these things happen, we would want a horse to ride when looking for them. So, using the end of an old lodge pole for a picket pin, Jerry was staked out not far from the wagon, where the grass was thick and good, and then we went into the tent for supper.

During the night the wind blew furiously, and some time before day a loud crash aroused us from our slumbers. The tent had blown down, and the noise was made by the stove pipe rattling against the stove. Luckily the fire had gone out, and the stove was cold, so we did not bother to raise the tent, but slept under it until gray dawn.

When we turned out, the only horse in sight was old Jerry, who was gazing anxiously down the valley, as if looking after his companions which had gone that way. My heart misgave me a little, for I thought it quite possible that the stock had gone into Cut Bank, and if they had, this meant a long, solitary ride for me to get them and bring them back. Appekunny hinted at horse thieves, but I gave it as my opinion that no well regulated horse thieves would have driven off three horses and left the fourth. While my companion started his preparations for breakfast, I saddled Jerry and rode off to look for the horses. A ride of a mile or two down the valley revealed no fresh tracks, and I rode up to the top of a high hill, from which I could see ten miles down the stream. Nothing was to be seen. Then turning north, I rode through the hills back of camp, and at length, from the top of a bluff far higher than any of its fellows, I espied the truants in a little coulee less than a mile back of the tent. Going down to them I freed them from their hobbles and drove the horses to camp, where they were soon caught and tied up. We started about 7:30, and had a long, quiet, uneventful day. A few miles before reaching Cut Bank we came to a little creek, already mentioned, in which were a

great many ducks. Here Appekunny left his team in my charge, and had some very pretty shooting, killing in a short time a dozen or fifteen teal, shovellers and mallards. On the divide between this stream and Cut Bank I saw three antelope, almost, if not quite, the first that I had observed during the trip. They were very wild, and at once loped off out of sight.

When we reached Cut Bank, we found it for the time quite a busy place. Mr. Kipp, Major Allen, the Doctor, Mr. McGonigle, and two or three others had come out from the agency to have a day's fishing, and were just going back. The latest news from the States was given us, and pretty soon the teams drove off, while we made ourselves comfortable in John's cabin.

The next morning, after fruitlessly fishing for an hour or two, we started for the agency. While still some distance north of Two Medicine Lodge Creek, we noticed several single Indians, riding about over the prairie as if looking for a trail. At length one of them (Many Tail Feathers) rode near enough to us so that Appekunny made to him the sign of interrogation, what is it? or what is the matter? To this the Indian replied by partly extending his arms with the hands opened and the fingers spread and partly curved, then moving his hands and arms down bringing them near together at the end of the motion, and then suddenly raising them nearly to his breast, as if making the motion of scooping up a great deal of something in his hands. This signified "plenty" or "many." Then he held his left hand in front of him, the thumb upward, the outstretched but closed fingers pointing away from him, and placed the first and second finger of his right hand astride the forefinger of the left. This is the sign for "horse" or "horseman." Then he brought both closed hands together in front and a little to the left of his breast, and suddenly drew them apart with a quick motion, moving the left hand but little, but seeming to pull violently with the right. This sign meant "stolen." His reply therefore was "Many horses stolen."

Presently the Indian came up so that we could converse with him, and told us that during the night some Indians had run off 150 to 200 head of horses from the camp. Lone Person, who was a great friend of Appekunny's, and the richest Indian in the tribe, had lost 100 head. All the Piegiens who had any horses left were now out looking for the trail, so as to pursue the thieves. He asked for a piece of tobacco which I gave him, and then rode off. A little later as we were descending the bluffs into the bottom of Two Medicine, we saw about twenty-five Indians, riding in a body on the crest of the ridge on the other side of the valley, and inferred that they had found the trail. Just after crossing Two Medicine, we met Lone Man, who looked very unhappy, and much as if he wanted to cry, as indeed there is no reason to doubt he did, poor fellow. He tried to borrow a rifle for one of his party, but we had none that we could lend him, and he rode off again on his foaming horse.

On reaching the agency, we learned that the thieves had been very bold, coming up to the very gate of the stockade, and taking two horses tied there. Opinions were divided as to the tribe to which the robbers belonged. Some thought they were Assinaboines, and other Gros Ventres, but the majority believed that they were Crows. The opinion was freely expressed that they would not be overtaken. They had twelve hours start and had all the best horses in the camp and a never ending series of remounts. Besides, if the Piegiens should catch them, it was thought very doubtful that they could recapture their property, for the Crows are well armed, while the Blackfeet are not, many of the latter still being without guns. It was thought that the chase would be fruitless, and that if the Piegiens got their horses back at all, it would be by starting off quietly on foot, and stealing them again.

That night we spread our blanket's in the trader's store and enjoyed the kind hospitality of Mr. Joseph Kipp, while with Mr. McGonigle—a friend of many years' standing—I talked over the days and the men of early times. Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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SILVER FIELDS.

AFTER many downfalls of snow by night and day, some fluttering down and silently alighting like immense flocks of fairy birds; others as silently, like the continuous falling of a gray veil, shutting one in from all the world lying further away than his nearest outbuildings, and yet others blown by howling winds in long slants to the earth and whirled and tossed along the fields, blurring their surface in a frozen crust; everything of lesser height and sheer uprightness than buildings and trees is buried in the universal whiteness.

Then comes a day when the wind quills buffeting the snow from this side and that and stands still, debating which way it shall blow next, while the sun burns into the cold blue sky's eastern rim, runs its short course over the dazzling northern fields, and burns its way out behind the glorified western mountains. When the sun is highest the air bites cheeks and noses and fingers with a sharp chill, and one feels its teeth gnawing his toes through his boots if he does not bestir them. At nightfall the smoke of the chimneys leans toward the North Star and by the next morning the wind comes roaring up from the south, armed with swords and spears of cold that no armor of wool or fur can ward off, and from every vantage ground of ridge and drift stream the white banners of snow. Then clouds come drifting across the sky, first a few, then so many that they get into a jam against some star or mountain somewhere to the northward,

and in a few hours all the blue is clogged with a dull gray mass. As the later coming legions of the wind arrive, the temper of their weapons is softened and their keen edge blunted. The snow loses its crispness and takes the imprint of a foot like wax. We have a midwinter thaw, the traditional January thaw a little belated; and presently it begins to rain pellets of lead out of the leaden sky, rain that has none of the pleasant sounds of summer showers. There is no merry patter on the snow-covered roof, no lively clatter on intercepting green leaves nor splash of dimpled pools; only windows and weather-boards resound to its sullen beat. When, after some hours of rainfall, the snow has become softened down to the earth, so that when one walks in it its tracks show a gray, compacted slush at the bottom, the wind lulls and veers to the northward and patches of blue are opened in the world's low, opaque roof, windows through which the sun shines upon some fields and mountain peaks, making them whiter than the whiteness of snow. The air grows colder, coming out of the north; but if the advance of Boreas is slow and cautious, and he sends much before him his light-armed skirmishers, the snow is frozen so gradually that it turns to a crumbly, loose mass, with a thin, treacherous surface, where nothing much heavier than a fox, if not as broadly shod as with snowshoes, may go without vexatious and most tiresome labor. But if the change of temperature is sharp and sudden enough to freeze the water held in the snow before it has time to leech down to the earth, we are given a crust so firm that it is a delight to coasters and all walkers and runners on the snow.

It is now no toil but a pleasure to go across lots. "The longest way round" is not now "the shortest way home." The fields give better footing than the highways. The side of the highways is pleasanter to the feet than the two grooves the horses and sleighs have worn in its center in all their two months' going and coming. There is a silver stile along every rod of every fence, and you may walk anywhere over the buried gray wall or rail fence at your ordinary pace, and sit down to rest on the top of the stakes where last July, when the daisies were blowing, the bobolink sang, higher than you could reach. Can it be that summer ever blossomed here in these frozen fields? How long ago it seems; and yet we are not much older!

Now when the full moon comes pulsing up behind the evergreen-crested hill, with the black silhouette of a pine slowly sliding down its yellow disk, trunk, dry limb and bristling branch clear cut against it, and slowly drawing toward it the long blue shadows, it is no time to bide within doors. In every cold night of the year that gives many such to us Northern folk we may have fireside and lamplight at some price, but not for love nor money many times in a winter such a night as this, such warmth out of snow and frost, such celestial light shed on silver-paved fields. Let us set our faces toward the moon and trail our shadows behind us till we lose them among the shadows of the pines and hemlocks of the hill, the mountain of our neighborhood.

What solid and appetizing food is this firm crust for our feet! How they devour the way with crunching bites, reminding our teeth of the loaf sugar of youthful days when the snowy cones, swathed in the purple paper that our mothers used for the concoction of dyestuff, tempted us to theft. What better wine than this still, sharp air!

The even, smooth surface of the snow has been preserved; it is not pitted, nor in places cut into fleecy texture as the sun and wind of March carves it sometimes. The dark blue shadows of the tree trunks lie clear edged upon it, not jagged and toothed as when they fall on grass ground. Every branch's shadow lies blue-veined upon it, every mesh of twigs is netted more distinctly there than the substance is against the sky, the torn bird's nest and every wind-forgotten leaf are revealed on the white surface.

A winged phantom startles us gliding across the silver field just before us, as swift in its flight but not more noiseless than the great owl it attends. Owl and shadow dissolve in the distant blue and white, and presently, when this spirit of the night has regained his woodland haunt, his hollow, storm-foreboding hoot is heard resounding through the dark aisles of the forest.

All sounds are at one with the hour and season. The snow crust cracks in long but almost imperceptible fissures, the ice settles to the falling level of the brooks and ponds with a sudden resonant crash, the frozen trees snap like the ineffectual primers of an ambushed foe. All are winter's voices, as ancient as hoary winter's self, and that only emphasize the silence out of which they break. The jingle of the sleigh bells along a distant road, the crunching of our footsteps, and their sharp, short echoes, are the only sounds that betoken any human presence in all the wide glittering expanse, with its blotches of woodland and dots of sleeping farmsteads.

But we are not the first explorers here even this winter. A fox has left the record of his wanderings, exaggerated like many another traveler's accounts of himself writ on a more enduring page than this, for if you will believe this fellow's tracks made before the thaw, he was as big as a wolf, and formidable enough to raise a hue and cry in the township against him. The hare might be frightened to see the print of his own pads, now grown as big as the tracks of his enemy, the lynx. A skunk was warmed up into such activity as his short legs could compass and made his mark in the soft snow, unmistakable, though almost big enough for the track of the mephitic monster of the Wabunakee legend; the rows of four footmarks printed diagonally athwart his course when he cantered abroad from his burrow are none but his, whereto is added proof of his sometime presence in a spicy waft of the air. The regular parallel dots of the weasel's track make a great show where he came to the surface above his regular runway along the buried fence. He and the fox, though unseen, are as wide awake this cold night as ever, but they and all later travelers are modest now, and set down naught of their journeys.

Can it be that there were giants here so lately as a month ago when the woodchopper went this way to his work! Here are his monstrous footprints, albeit the stride is short, and there he set his huge axe, before which the trees should have gone down like mullein stalks, and there he set his cauldron of a dinner pail while he lighted his pipe. How could so small a blaze as that little burned out match afforded ever have fired his furnace of a pipe! Yet from these dropped fragments of home-grown tobacco, I conclude that our giant was only an ordinary little Frenchman whose feet caught the trick of his tongue.

The packed snow resisted the thaw more than that which lay as it fell, so that beaten paths that were sunk below the surface are raised causeways now, a narrow slippery footing that no one tries with all this wide pavement to choose from.

Now if we might have the luck to see a fox, how well his

furry form, clad for such weather, so agile, noiseless and wild, would fit the scene, and we ought to see one, for this little basin, rimmed with the rough hills on the east side and on the others with low ridges, is a favorite spot with foxes, a trysting place at this love-making season and a hunting ground in spring, summer and fall, when the tall wild grass harbors many field mice. Moreover, Reynard often gets a free lunch here, for hardly a year goes by that to save the trouble of burial, a dead horse or cow is not hauled to this out-of-the-way spot where foxes, skuks and crows find cheap and speedy sepulture for everything but the bones. It was undoubtedly the bed of a little pond two or three hundred years ago and the home of beavers or in some such way of account to the Indians, for on the southwest bank are to be found plenty of flint chips of the old arrow makers. Only a little brook trickles through it now, complaining with a faint muffled whisper under its concave glare of shell ice, of its diminished strength and babbling in a feeble voice of the days when it browsed bravely over the stones into the pond all the drouthiest summer through and tumbled down the rocks below it with incessant clatter.

But hush! Stand stock still, breathe softly and whisper no louder, for there, just out of the shadows of the hill, sits a fox bolt upright and alert. A stump? Nonsense! No wood nor stone untouched by the hand of the cunningest carver ever had such lifelike form, such expression of alertness. Why you can see, if your eyes are sharp enough, the slight motion of his ears as he pricks them toward us, as his nose points, for he has seen or heard, not smelled, us; for the light breeze sets from him to us, and, I fancy, touches our nostrils with a faint waft of his pungent odor. You can see the curve of his back, his fluffy brush lying along the snow—almost make out the white tip of it. The ruddiness of his coat almost shows, but moonlight is a poor revealer of color; the pines are not green, as we know they are, but black, and everything is black or blue, or gray or white. Now he moves his head a little. He is growing more and more suspicious and presently will vanish like a swift shadow in the shadow of the woods. Shall we send him off with a shout or try how near he will let us come? Then step carefully and slowly. How steadfast he stands, though we have lessened by half the distance that lay between us when we first saw him. He must have an appointment here with the most bewitching vixen in all fox society, and will not budge till he must. How does the wise scamp know that our guns are at home? Or has he not heard or seen us yet, all his looking and listening being for the coming of his mistress? Has love made him blind and deaf to all enemies but the maiden of his heart? Try with a mouse squeak if he cannot be moved by an appeal to his stomach. Stoek still yet! Confound his impudence or his unvolupine stupidity. Salute him with a yell that shall make the moonlit night more hideous to him than the glare of noon with a hundred hounds baying behind him. The shadowy hill and the black pines behind us toss back and forth the echoes of such an infernal uproar as has not stirred them since Indians and the "Indian devil" were here. Our fox is paralyzed with fright, actually frozen with fear. Let us rush upon him and secure him before the blood starts again in his veins. Well, it is a stump after all! But were ever mortals played a worse trick by a real fox?

It is something out of common experience to go into the woods in the night time without stumbling over roots, logs or bushes and groping in constant fear of bringing up against a tree. No danger now of bumping against trees that show as plainly as in a summer day. The undergrowth is bent down and snugly packed under the hard crust and brush heaps are bridged with it and trunks of fallen trees are faintly marked by slight ridges that one walks over almost without knowing it. The partridge could not find his drumming log now if he wanted it, as he will not for six weeks to come. Sad is his fate if he was caught napping under the snow when this crust made, but that, I think seldom happens to him, though often to the poor quail in this region of deep snows. Sixty years ago quail were not uncommon here where now a wild turkey would scarcely be a stranger sight. Such crusts as these have been their more relentless enemy than guns and snares or beasts and birds of prey and have exterminated them. The partridge does not harbor under the snow except in cold dry weather, though he allows himself to be covered by snow falls. One may often see the mold of his plump body where he has lain for hours in his snug bed of down, and rarely—two or three times in his life perhaps—one may have the luck to be startled by his sudden apparition, bursting from the unsuspected, even whiteness of the wood's soft carpet. In mild winter weather he is aloft where his food is or is embroidering the yielding snow with his pretty footprints. Here is some of his work done a week ago, now frayed out at the edges by the thaw, but it has the mark of his own pattern unmistakable, even in this moonlight, so different from the clumsy track of civilized poultry. It runs this way and that, sometimes doubling on itself and disappears in the pillid gloom of an evergreen thicket, where perhaps is his roosting place.

The floor of the woods is barred and netted with an intricate maze of blue shadows, here and there splashed with a great blot of shade where the branches of a hemlock intercept the moonlight.

How still it is; even the harps of the pines are silent, and our ears are hungry for some other sound than our own breathing and the crunch of our footsteps. Imagine them suddenly filled with the scream of a panther, stealthily creeping on our track unsuspected, unseen, unheard, till he splits the silence with his devilish yell. But they tell us now that the panther is voiceless, and the tales that thrilled our childhood with an ecstasy of delightful terror, of our grandfathers being led into the woods by the catamount's cry, like that of a woman in distress, were myths—our good old grandfathers were liars or they were fools, "brought up in the woods to be scared by owls." But the panther may be here, for there are panthers in Vermont yet, or at least there was one, two or three years ago, when on a Thanksgiving Day two little Green Mountain boys, partridge hunting in Barnard, came upon a monster crouching in a thicket of black growth, and a doughty grown-up Green Mountain boy killed him at short range with a well-delivered charge of BB shot. When I was a boy there was always a panther prowling about this mountain in huckleberry time, guarding the berries, I now suspect, for the two or three old women who used to tell us of hearing his fearful cries. He performed his duty well, as far as concerned us youngsters. When the berry season was over he departed and was heard of no more till next summer.

A sheer wall of rock bars our further way up the mountain in this direction. An ice cascade, silent as all its surroundings, not the trickle of the smallest rill of snow water to be heard in its core, veils a portion of the black steep with dull silver, burnished here and there with a moon-glint.

Let us sound a retreat and set our faces toward the gray steep of Split Rock Mount and the piled up blue and white Adirondacks, and get back on to the silver fields, brighter than ever now, as we march abreast of our northward slanting shadows, and the moon, now well up above the world, we fancy that one-half of this northern half of the earth outshines her.

Silver fields is not a good enough name to-night for these shining farms, the creek unmarked now but by the fringe of wooded banks, the broad lake quiet under ice and snow, but never when tossed by autumnal storms so white as now and scarcely brighter in the glare of the summer sun. If you have a newly-minted silver coin in your pocket, cast it before you and see how dull a dot it is on the surface. It would hearten a greenbacker to see how poor a show the precious metal makes to look at, hardly worth picking up out of acres of brighter riches that rust doth not corrupt and that shall be stolen by no meaner thief than the sun, the south wind and the rain. The roofs of gray old homesteads outshine the lights in the windows, and we wonder if any of the inmates are aware how royally their houses are tiled. Doubtless not one of them thinks of it, or if at all, only as protecting the many shingles from the sparks of the rousing winter fires, or as so much filling for the cistern when the next thaw comes; nor, as compared with it, do the interiors, the low, whitewashed ceilings, rag carpets, creaking splint bottomed chairs and deal furniture, seem mean to them or unfitting their fine, perishable covering. For ourselves, we begin to entertain most kindly thoughts of such in-door homeliness and desire the comforts of its harboring, and presently shut ourselves in from the blue sky and shining moonlit outer world, tired and content to smoke a restful pipe by the fire-side.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Natural History.

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THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

IN a supplement to *Science*, recently published, the American Ornithologists' Union's Committee for the Protection of North American Birds have published a great amount of interesting matter on the slaughter of our birds. Papers are contributed by Mr. J. A. Allen, President of the Union, on The Present Wholesale Destruction of Bird Life in the United States; by Mr. William Dutcher on the Destruction of Bird-Life in the Vicinity of New York, and by Mr. G. B. Sennett, chairman of the committee, on the Destruction of the Eggs of Birds for Food. Other articles, unsigned, though furnished by members of the committee, treat of the Destruction of Birds for Millinery Purposes, of The Relation of Birds to Agriculture, and of Bird Laws. There is also contained in this supplement An Appeal to the Women of the Country in Behalf of the Birds, and an account of the A. O. U. Committee on the subject. This paper will be issued separately as Bulletin No. 1 of the Committee, and will contain in its new form a brief account of the plans and purposes of the AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To review, however briefly, the subject matter of this admirable pamphlet is impossible, but it may be well to note one or two points made. It is frequently charged that much of the destruction of our birds is due to the collecting by ornithologists. As to this point Mr. Allen says:

The scientific collector, as already intimated, is charged, in some quarters, with the "lion's share" of the responsibility for the decrease of our song birds; with what justice, or rather injustice, may be easily shown, for the necessary statistics are not difficult to obtain. The catalogue of the Ornithological Department of the National Museum numbers rather less than 110,000 birdskins. The record covers nearly half a century, and the number of specimens is four times greater than that of any other museum in this country; while the aggregate number of all our other public museums would probably not greatly exceed this number. But to make a liberal estimate, with the chance for error on the side of exaggeration, we will allow 300,000 birds for the public museums of North America, one half of which, or nearly one-half, are of foreign origin, or not North American. To revert to the National Museum collection, it should be stated that, while only part of the specimens are North American—say about two thirds—they represent the work of many individuals, extending over a third of a century, and over the whole continent, from Alaska and Hudson Bay to Mexico and Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Furthermore, this number—110,000, more or less—is not the number now in the national collection, which is far less than this, thousands and thousands of specimens having been distributed in past years to other museums in this country and abroad.

So far the public museums; now in relation to private cabinets of bird skins. Of these it is safe to say there are hundreds scattered throughout the country, containing from 300 to 500 or 600 specimens each, with a few easily counted on the fingers of the two hands, if not on a single hand, numbering 5 or 6,000 each, with possibly two approaching 10,000 each. Probably 150,000 would be a liberal estimate for the number of North American bird skins in private cabinets, but again to throw the error on the side of exaggeration, let us say 300,000, not however, taken in a single year, but the result of all the collecting up to the present time, and covering all parts of the continent. Add this number to the number of birds in our public museums, less those of foreign origin, and we have, allowing our exaggerated estimates to be true, less than 500,000 as the number of North American birds thus far sacrificed for science. The few thousand that have been sent to other countries in exchange for foreign birds can safely be included under the above estimate, which is at least a third above the actual number.

We have now passed briefly in review all the agencies and objects affecting the decrease of our birds, save one, and that the most important—many times exceeding all the others together—the most heartless and the least defensible, namely, the sacrifice of birds to fashion, for hat ornamentation and personal decoration. Startling as this assertion may seem, its demonstration is easy.

In this country of 50,000,000 inhabitants, half, or 25,000,000, may be said to belong to what some one has forcibly termed the "dead bird wearing gender," of whom at least 10,000,000 are not only of the bird-wearing age, but—judging from what we see on our streets, in public assemblies and public conveyances—also of bird-wearing proclivities. Different individuals of this class vary greatly in their ideas of style and quantity in the way of what constitutes a proper decoration for that part of the person the Indians delight to ornament with plumes of various kinds of wildfowl. Some are content with a single bird, if a large one, mounted nearly entire; others prefer several small ones—a group of three or four to half a dozen; or the heads and wings of even a greater number. Others still will content themselves with a few wings fancifully

dyed and bespangled, or a wreath of grebe "fur," usually dyed and not unfrequently set off with egret plumes. In the average, however, there must be an incongruous assemblage made up of parts of various birds or several entire birds, representing at least a number of individuals. But let us say that these 10,000,000 bird wearers have but a single bird each, that these birds made over so as to do service for more than a single season; and still what an annual sacrifice of bird life is entailed! Can it be placed at less than 5,000,000?—ten times more than the number of specimens extant in all our scientific collections, private and public together, and probably a thousand times greater than the annual destruction of birds (including also eggs) for scientific purposes.

Fortunately, perhaps, the supply of birdskins for decorative purposes is not all drawn from a single country, the whole world being laid under tribute. The ornithologist recognizes in the heterogeneous groups of birds on women's hats, met with on every hand, a great preponderance of North American species; but with them are many of the common birds of Europe and a far greater variety from South America, and many from Africa, Australia, New Guinea and India. But on the other hand it is well known that our own birds are exported in immense numbers to Europe; and, whether the exportation exceed the importation, it is impossible to determine from lack of proper statistics.

Some of Mr. Sennett's observations on the islands and shores of the Gulf of Mexico reveal a frightful story of destruction of bird life, not to be matched anywhere except perhaps on some of the islands of the North Atlantic coast, which have been despoiled by egg gatherers and by the fishermen, who use young birds for bait. Mr. Sennett says:

In 1877, and also in 1878, while studying the birds about Corpus Christi Bay, Texas, I examined a low grass flat called Pelican Island, so named on account of the numbers of brown pelicans that had for years taken it for their breeding place, to the exclusion of all other species. Here many thousands of these great birds were tending their eggs and young, breeding in such numbers that one could step or jump from nest to nest, over nearly, if not quite, every square yard of the island. Four years after I cruised over the same coast, and noticed that the pelicans had deserted this grassy island entirely, and were scattered, in diminished numbers, on other islands which were not occupied by them when I made my former trips. On inquiring into the cause of this change, I learned from prominent citizens, that two or three enterprising (men had conceived the idea of making their fortunes from pelican oil, and had erected "trying out" shanties on the mainland. They went to the island in question in large boats, and carried off cargoes of young pelicans in all stages of growth, and boiled them up for their oil. The only satisfaction I could get from the history of this experiment was, that the men could not sell the oil, and had nothing but their nefarious labor for their pains.

That a great interest is felt in this subject of bird preservation is shown by the cordially appreciative letters which we are receiving and the applications for membership in the AUDUBON SOCIETY. In several towns branches of the Society have been formed, and there is no doubt that this association is destined to do a great work.

The importance of the subject is appreciated by all thinking people, and pulpit and press will unite in urging it upon the public. Only last Sunday Mr. Beecher preached a sermon in which this subject was treated at length, and the papers of all sections seem at last to see the danger which threatens us. Of the many encouraging letters which we have received we have space only for a few.

140 W. 59th STREET, NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

No one who will take the trouble to give the matter a few moments' serious consideration can be in doubt, I think, as to the wisdom of organizing the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and I am thankful that such a step is contemplated. There is an element of savagery in the use of birds for personal decoration, which is in grotesque contrast with our boasts of civilization. But even the savage stops short, as a rule, with the feathers. It is only Christian people who think it worth while to butcher a whole bird to adorn their head gear. I am sure, however, that this is largely from that unreflecting habit which is a leading vice in people who follow the fashions. But it is a vice; as Hood sang, when he wrote:

For evil is wrought
By want of thought
As well as by want of heart.

If the AUDUBON SOCIETY can teach men, and especially women, to think on this subject, half of the battle will have been won.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY C. POTTER.

WEST PARK, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I scarcely need assure you that your undertaking to form a society for the protection of our wild birds against the ravages of the milliners and the sham scientific collectors has my warmest sympathy and approval. It is a barbarous taste which prompts our women and girls to appear upon the street with their head gear adorned with the scalps of our songsters; and it is mere vanity and affectation which prompts so many persons to make up cabinets of the nests and eggs of the same. The destruction of our birds from their natural enemies is immense, and this craze of the collectors, and folly of the milliners and their customers in addition, threatens their serious diminution.

I hope you may succeed in creating so strong a public sentiment upon the subject that the collectors of skins and eggs for the unworthy purposes of fashion or to indulge the vanity of pseudo-naturalists may suddenly find their occupation gone.

Please add my name to the list of the members of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. Very sincerely,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You have indeed my hearty sympathy in every effort to prevent the slaughter of my innocent little neighbors and friends, the birds. In the destruction of forests and birds the people of this land are inviting very great evils and inflicting wrongs on posterity which scarcely can be measured. The press should render it impossible for women to sin thoughtlessly and ignorantly in demanding little birds for their adornment. The evil should be brought home so fully to the knowledge of all, that the continued wearing of our useful little birds should become the badge and indication of a callous, vulgar nature. When birds and feathers have this significance, milliners will sell but few even in the Bowery. You are doing a humane and patriotic work in exciting

public aversion to one of the most cruel and stupid wrongs of the age. Respectfully yours,

EDWARD P. ROE.

OFFICE NEW YORK TIMES, Feb. 25, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While thanking you for your gracious communication in regard to the AUDUBON SOCIETY, I take the occasion to say on my own behalf how much needed is such an organization. The wholesale slaughter of the small birds of this country is one of the worst features of what is improperly called civilization. To go out and kill for food is a painful necessity of man, but to slaughter for the love of the deed is abhorrent to the well regulated mind.

The uses to which the small birds of the land are put is also, to my mind, doubly evil, the creatures being used largely for millinery decoration. Every time a woman's hat or bonnet is trimmed or decorated with birds or feathers, a working girl is wronged. The manufacture of artificial flowers and fruits being a business suitable for young girls and women, the use of birds depresses the other branch of decoration and decreases the scope of woman's work. Wishing you all possible success in your praiseworthy endeavors, I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

MIDY MORGAN.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION,
MILWAUKEE, WIS., Feb. 23, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am rejoiced to see that your paper is moving for the making of public opinion on the present lamentable destruction of our birds. Fashion is so imperious that it leads the best hearts astray. If the women could only know what they are doing! They don't know, and hence they carry and flaunt, as a decoration, that which is destined before long to mark the commission of a crime against the Nature we all love.

There is such a thing as a crime against the Order of the World, and women are not often irreligious in this sense. Your AUDUBON SOCIETIES, for the protection of our birds, will enroll many thousands of women as ardent bird protectors, who are now, unconsciously, accessories in the wanton, wholesale and most disastrous destruction of the most beautiful denizens of our fields, orchards and woods.

What will the forest and stream be without the birds that carol and peep and nestle and dip and chatter there? So the FOREST AND STREAM must defend its own citizens against the murderous bands of bird butchers that have already decimated the fair country of both plumage and song. For when you rifle the feathers for the milliner, you strangle all that rush of happy song which has made glad the hearts of a thousand generations of men.

Enroll me in the parent AUDUBON SOCIETY.

G. E. GORDON, President A. H. A.

The plan of the AUDUBON SOCIETY is heartily approved by the A. O. U. Committee on Bird Protection, and they have recently appointed one of their number to supervise the formation of AUDUBON SOCIETIES wherever practicable.

BLUEBIRDS AND ROBINS.—Newfoundland, N. J., Feb. 23.—Bluebirds and robins have wintered here this winter. Saw bluebirds to-day and robins have been around the residence of Mr. L. Davenport all winter. This seems very strange, as the thermometer has been as low as 14° below zero.—S. S. W.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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IN BURTON'S WOODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in the account of Burton's Woods, given in your current issue (Feb. 18). Possibly a little story of what has happened there in later years may be a fitting sequel.

It is no wonder that after being shunned for so many years Burton's Woods should have become the paradise for coon-hunters described in your last issue. The country round too was so abundantly supplied with game, and the bays and marshes with wildfowl and snipe, that a few years ago a party of Northern sportsmen bought up a large tract of land in the vicinity on which they erected a club-house. The members were all prominent and distinguished men in the cities in which they reside, and over the whole country for the matter of that. To see them in the Senate chamber at Washington, on the bench and in their offices in Wall street, and in other high and lofty positions, not one person out of a dozen could even imagine that those dignified and sedate-looking personages could even smile, much less unbend. The idea of their going coon hunting on a dark night, in a haunted forest, tumbling over logs and poking pine cones in their eyes, of course, would be too ridiculous for any sane person to suppose, but yet, the Senator, Judge, Mayor, merchants and bankers were known to go out cooning in old man Burton's Woods and have the jolliest time, and this is how it all came about.

An old gray coon, who was supposed to be the great-grandfather of all the coons in Virginia, was known to have his snugery in the haunted woods. Now the stately party I speak of did not care a rap for all the ghosts in the universe. The mighty Judge actually howled with delight when he heard about the old coon, and said it made him feel like a boy again to think of seeing one treed. The Senator said he used to know all about coons, but had lost track of the kind referred to of late. But whether they knew anything about coons or not, every one talked coon scientifically, just as if it was the most wonderful animal in the world. How the coon tribe would have snickered and felt complimented if they had heard them! At last it was all settled that on the first good coon night, when the stars were obscured and a thick sea fog made it impossible to see your hand before your face, the old grandfather coon should be routed from his lair.

The night came at last, and with it half a dozen neighbors, each of whom brought with him "the best coon dog in Virginia."

The start was made and no coon that ever lived was ever

honored with a visit from so many distinguished people. He was found snuntering about near his home and went up an old snag and made them a croaking speech. A big fire was lighted, and the darkies who were along, got to work to cut down the tree. There was a dog in the party; the very one that had treed the coon, that was given to the Judge to hold. He was an intelligent, quick as lightning sort of dog, with short legs, a drawn out body and long curly tail. Because he was jet black in color he was called "Nigger." He took in the proceedings with philosophical calmness, by sitting on his haunches and howling with all his might, while the Judge conversed with him.

Presently the tree began to crack and bend, and the merry party were warned to step back to the hut, where they would be out of harm's way. All the dogs were chained up, and it was agreed that Nigger should be the only one loosed after the snag fell. Half a dozen more powerful chops started the snag falling. Slowly as it began to topple, the venerable coon came walking, with stately scraunchings, down the huge trunk. In the glare of the fire the Judge looked to him like a stump, so with a mighty leap he bounced on his head on the way to the ground. The tree fell with a great crash among the brush-wood, but the sharp-eyed Nigger had watched the coon's discomfited treatment to the Judge. The moment the coon struck the ground he was off like a flash with Nigger after him. There was a scuffle off in the dark, for the old coon dog had overhauled his snarling lordship by the edge of a deep muddy branch with high banks. When the party came shouting up, it was seen by the light wood torches that the dog and coon were having a terrible fight and had fast hold of each other by the throats. Fearing the dog would be seriously hurt, the Judge caught the coon by the tail and began to pull with all his might, while the Senator took a double-grip hold on Nigger's tail. Then the Mayor caught hold of the Judge's coat-tails and a banker got the Senator around the waist; and in less than no time lawyers, merchants and farmers were all strung out in two lines behind the Judge and Senator, as if they were playing Chicken—Chicken—Crane-crow, or having a tug of war. Suddenly the coon let go of the dog and every one fell down like a row of bricks; and the coon and the Judge went rolling down the bank into the creek together, where the coon made his escape. When the Judge, all covered with mud and dripping with water, came scrambling back to join his friends, every one roared with laughter and vowed that never before had there been such a merry coon hunt in Old Virginia; and not one of the party had even thought about the ghosts with which it was said the woods were haunted.

GREENLEAF.

MAINE GROUSE.

THE winter has been an unusually severe one for the grouse in Maine. About the middle of January, there was a fall of light snow; and later, an icy east wind which must have crusted them under. On January 28 came the most severe storm of sleet ever known. It extended over the whole southern portion of the State, and into New Hampshire and portions of Massachusetts. The rain fell in the afternoon and evening, and froze to the limbs and twigs of trees in such quantities as to twist and break them off. The elms suffered the most; many branches of the toughest elms a foot through were snapped off like pipe stems. In passing through the woods, I noticed the limbs of hornbeams twisted and broken off. I weighed some pieces of ice two inches through or more, attached to twigs not over one quarter of an inch in diameter, which would weigh one pound to the linear foot. These trees had in addition to their own weight, tons of ice to hold up. Many fine trees in the cities are completely ruined. The birches bent their heads to the earth, and in places whole acres were laid flat, every twig and bud were covered with ice, and for about ten days it remained so.

The ground was covered deep with snow with an icy crust over it, and the trees were so covered with ice that the grouse could not get at the buds, their regular food in winter. Hundreds of these noble birds must have perished of starvation; I found signs of their presence only in the thickest swamps. One gentleman in Cumberland county found a flock of about twenty visiting his cattle yard, near the house, searching for food. The birds did not run from him until he approached within ten feet. He scattered grain about, and placed several bushels along the edge of the woods that they inhabited.

I notice last fall that grouse were reported scarce in other States, but in the southern portion of this State they were unusually plenty. They fed mostly on white oak acorns, and were found about the oak woods. The law prohibiting their transportation to market is doing well its work, and the birds are increasing. The birds are not molested in this vicinity during the close season, many instances coming to my knowledge where hunters for rabbits pass by grouse without shooting them when they could easily do so.

There is a good healthy sentiment in Sagadahoc county in favor of the laws for the protection of our game during close season, believing they are founded on just and sound principles.

LATH, Me., Feb. 15.

MOCKAMOCK.

A WEST VIRGINIA STEP AHEAD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose a slip from our local paper that explains itself. Sportsmen here will join Mr. Winchester in this work:

"NOTICE.—It is not lawful to kill, or pursue with intent to kill, any deer in this State between the 15th day of January and the 1st day of September; to kill quail or Virginia partridge between the 1st day of January and 15th day of October; or any wild turkey, ruffed grouse, pheasant, pin-tailed grouse, between the 1st day of February and 1st day of September, or any wild duck, wild goose or brant, between the 1st day of April and the 1st day of November. Notice is therefore given that any person violating the above or any other provision of chapter 89, Acts 1883, will be prosecuted.—C. H. SCOTT, Prosecuting Attorney. Reward.—I hereby authorize C. H. Scott and E. D. Talbot to pay a reward of \$50 for evidence or information leading to the conviction of any person for violations of the game law of this State within the bounds of any lands owned by me in Randolph or Pocahontas counties.—A. H. WINCHESTER."

This county and several of the counties adjoining, embrace a large area, the greater portion being primeval forest. Hitherto we have been destitute of any organized society or effort for the protection of game. The greed of the "market-hunter," the "pot hunter" and the "professional," reinforced by all other classes, have set all State game laws at defiance. Deer are becoming extinct, a thing of the past; every species of game is suffering from the unmerciful and unlawful depredations.

tion. The tributaries of Cheat, Elk and Greenbrier, which but a few years ago swarmed with trout, are now almost destitute of that game fish, (except a few meagre fingerlings. Potting, liming, snaring and shooting on the spawning beds have completed the cruel work. It is time to call a halt, or the healthful toil of the sportsman will cease to be a pleasure; a pursuit unrewarded, neglected and forgotten. But a few years and our children will point to it with about as much interest as we now take in "knight errantry." BACKWOODS.

THE DEER HOUNDING BILL.

THE bill to repeal the anti-hounding law was passed by the New York Assembly last Thursday by a vote of 93 to 23. This result was secured by a series of tradings and combinations readily understood by all persons familiar with the workings of legislative bodies. The game question is, unfortunately, one on which the average member of the Assembly has little personal information and in which he is wholly without interest. He considers the subject of no earthly importance; but he has a little bill of his own, and he is quite ready to trade his vote on any game bill that may happen to come up in return for a vote in support of his own bill. That is the way the result in this case came to be a vote of four to one in support of the proposed law to sanction extermination of Adirondack deer by water butchery.

Mr. Floyd J. Hadley, the chairman of the Game Committee, made the principal speech in support of the bill. We give it below in the fullest detail we have been able to secure. It would perhaps be too much of an imputation upon the intelligence and common sense of the Assembly to presume that they voted altogether on the strength of what Mr. Hadley told them in this ridiculous speech. We will do them the credit of believing that many of the members had bargained off their votes beforehand instead of assuming that they were deceived by Mr. Hadley's string of misstatements. Whether the speech had any effect or not, it is worth while printing here and commenting on it as being the ostensible reasons actually advanced by the chairman of the Game Committee of the Assembly of the State of New York for the passage of a bill before the House. The letters in parentheses have been inserted for convenience of reference. Mr. Hadley said:

"The law enacted by the last Legislature was no doubt intended by its friends and advocates to be the most salutary and protective measure for the preservation of deer in the Adirondack forest. When, after grave deliberation, the Governor friendly signed the bill, experienced sportsmen, thoroughly acquainted with the woods of that section of our State, men fully alive to the vital importance of protecting the game in that vast region known as the 'North Woods,' these men, I repeat, confidently predicted that the law would prove a failure, and that it would not accomplish the marvelous result claimed by its friends.

"The experience of a single hunting season has proved their predictions to have been well founded. (a) Never in the annals of Adirondack sporting, has there been such a slaughter of deer as during the past season. In Franklin county alone the number killed aggregate more than 800. During the six or eight years preceding the average number killed has been about 125 per annum. (b) From the single station of Canton, on the Rome & Watertown railroad, in St. Lawrence county, there have been shipped, from the opening of the season up to Nov. 15, 250 carcasses of venison, and 33 lay upon the platform in a single day awaiting transportation. Reports received from Essex, Clinton, Fulton, Hamilton and Lewis counties indicate about the same increased ratio of destruction. (c) Leading market men in New York city tell me that the number of deer received from the Adirondacks during the past season far exceeds the receipts of former years. In the markets of Albany, Troy and the cities of the interior venison has been most plentiful and cheap, while in our local markets north it has been a drug at eight to ten cents per pound, and on the borders of the forest could be bought in any quantity at four cents per pound. (d) A letter recently received from the Saranac region informs me that in the Bay Pond region, back of the Saranac lakes, there are hanging in the woods to-day the carcasses of nearly a hundred deer, serving as food for the birds and wolves, simply because venison was selling so low in the markets that it did not pay to transport it thither. (e) A letter received last week from a gentleman at Moha, Franklin county, tells me that a hunter recently came to Bush-ton with the skins of forty-eight deer, which he had killed during the past season by still-hunting. How long, I ask you, gentlemen, can such slaughter as this continue? and it is my firm conviction and belief that (f) if the present law continues in force for five years it will result in the practical extermination of the Adirondack deer.

"(g) Deer, as you know, are gregarious in their nature, and in certain portions of the Adirondacks it is no uncommon thing to see six, eight or even ten in a single herd. During the month of November the does are rutting and the male deer are then roaming the forest visiting the different herds. (h) The expert still-hunter, thoroughly versed in all the wiles of woodcraft, takes the track of the male deer, knowing that it will lead him directly to a herd of does, and he follows the track of that deer as unerringly and as persistently as the African bloodhound follows the trail of the fugitive negro convict. The result is he strikes and destroys the herd, killing does and fawns alike, takes the track of the buck again, follows it to another herd, repeats the process, and so continues until the deer are practically exterminated in that immediate locality. I am informed that an old hunter in Franklin county this last season, following these tactics, succeeded in killing five does out of a herd in less than three minutes. (i) Deer ordinarily are not alarmed at the discharge of a gun if they do not see the hunter, and will quietly stand while their mates are being shot down about them. Where hunting with hounds is practiced, such a slaughter as this is impossible. The deer are then watchful and alert to every indication of danger, and the cracking twig or the rustling leaf beneath the foot of the still-hunter is enough to send them flying in every direction, seeking some safe covert from the impending danger.

"(j) The Adirondack forest proper, covering several thousand square miles of wooded land, and embracing within its limits more than a thousand beautiful lakes and ponds, with innumerable rivers and streams crossing and inter-crossing it in every direction, is to-day and should be maintained for generations to come, a great health and pleasure resort for the people of the Empire State and nation. As legislators of the State of New York we should endeavor, by wise and judicious laws, to preserve this immense region in all its primeval beauty and with all its varied attractions. Destroy the game in its forests and we rob it of one of its greatest charms. The present law is showing this, not by a slow and gradual pro-

cess, but with mighty and consuming strides. (k) The inhabitants of the mountainous portions of the Adirondack counties are many of them guides, whose only means of livelihood is the income which they receive from the thousands of tourists who annually visit that delightful region for recreation and sport.

"(l) The present law, discriminating as it does, against true sportsmen, has driven many of them to other sections of the country, to Colorado and the Western Territories, or to Canada, where they are permitted to hunt in a sportsmanlike way, untrammelled by senseless and vicious laws. (m) As a direct result of this, hundreds of Adirondack guides, being deprived of their only and long accustomed means of support, have been compelled by the exigencies of the case to hunt and kill deer for the city markets, to keep their wives and children from starvation. This is the secret of the terrible slaughter of deer in the Adirondacks during the past season, and it will continue as long as there is a deer left in the northern forests, if the present law is permitted to go un-repealed. Any law which antagonizes the interests of a large portion of the inhabitants of the Adirondacks, as this law does, must necessarily and inevitably result disastrously to the game. I therefore denounce the present law as destructive to the deer which it is intended to protect, and I urge upon you the imperative necessity of its immediate repeal."

Mr. Hadley may quite possibly have believed the above statements. If so, he has been imposed upon, and will thank us for pointing out to him how absurdly erroneous and how silly his speech was.

(a) There was no unusually large slaughter of deer in the Adirondacks last season. On the contrary, the total number of deer killed was much less than the total number killed the year before. We have already published abundant proof of this; it is briefly alluded to here again. The Adirondacks are embraced in the following counties: Warren, Essex, Clinton, Franklin, St. Lawrence, Hamilton, Herkimer; and on the outskirts are Washington, Saratoga, Fulton and Lewis. From every one of these eleven counties we have printed the statements of reliable individuals (giving the names, as Mr. Hadley does not for his authorities), proving beyond cavil that wherever the anti-hounding law was enforced the total number of deer killed was less than the total of former seasons, viz.:

St. Lawrence and Franklin counties.—Peter B. Leonard, State Game Protector for St. Lawrence and Franklin counties, says: "In its working there can be no question but the law prohibiting dogging has saved large numbers of deer." The reports from Mr. R. M. Smith (U. per Chateaugay Lake), of the Chateaugay and Mechanic lakes, Plumbago and Duck ponds and Deer River section in Franklin county, show a like beneficial result; the total for Mechanic Lake, Plumbago and Duck ponds and Deer river in 1885 was 69, against 169 for the year before; in the Wolf Pond and State Dam section in 1885 by still-hunting 17 against 40 by dogging in 1884.

Essex and Clinton counties.—John Liberty, State Game Protector for Essex and Clinton counties, says there have been many undetected violations in his district and adds: "Notwithstanding, I think the law has saved a great many deer in my district, and wherever I go the indications are that deer are very plenty."

Warren, Washington, Saratoga and part of Hamilton.—Seymour C. Armstrong, State Game Protector for Warren, Washington and Saratoga counties and town of Indian Lake in Hamilton county, reports a less number of deer killed in 1885 than in 1884; see (b) below.

Lewis, Herkimer and part of Hamilton.—State Game Protector Brickerhoff and the Boquet guides report more deer killed in their section than formerly. In Brickerhoff's district, where the law was enforced, it worked well, the Beaver River district (Lewis and Herkimer counties) showing total of 60 killed in 1885 against 260 in 1884. This is on authority of Mr. Chas. Fenion.

Fulton County.—State Game Protector T. C. Bradley in his annual report urges that the anti-hounding law ought to be more stringent than it is.

Not only were the deer killed last season fewer than in the years before, but many of those killed were killed by hounding. For instance, much stress has been put upon the story that a still-hunter from Pennsylvania, one Williams, killed thirty odd deer at Joe's Lake. We have learned from one of Williams's party that they had three dogs in the woods with them. Moreover, most deer marketed by Williams were shot through the head or neck, which proves conclusively that they were killed by hounding and not by still-hunting.

(b) If the 250 carcasses really had been shipped from Canton, in St. Lawrence county, it would only prove (if anything) that under an anti-hounding law deer increase, for an anti-hounding law has been in force in St. Lawrence for more than six years. But according to the records of the express office at Canton, and they ought to show the truth, only 123 carcasses of venison were shipped from that station in 1885:

CANTON, N. Y., March 1, 1886.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your letter in regard to number of deer shipped from Canton in 1885 just received. I have interviewed the express agent (they only ship by express) and he says: "The whole number was 123, about the same as former years." He promised to look up '84 in a day or two, as soon as he could. As soon as he does I will write you.—J. H. RUSHTON.

Express office records at other stations in the Adirondacks will prove the same thing. For instance, the important office at North Creek, which shows a record of 176 in 1884 to 154 in 1885:

WEAVERSTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1886.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is claimed that there has been a greater slaughter of deer the past season than ever before. This is false. There were not as many deer killed in 1885 as there were in 1884, notwithstanding that there were only a very few days of good still-hunting in 1884 and a month or more in 1885. This is shown by the numbers of deer expressed from North Creek during the months of September, October and November 1884 and 1885. The former year there were 176 against 154 this year.—SEYMOUR C. ARMSTRONG, State Game Protector, 5th Dist.

(c) Leading market men in New York city tell us that their receipts of Adirondack venison in 1885 did not exceed those of former years. Here are statements from the three largest firms of game dealers in New York:

We did not receive Adirondack venison in large quantities last season. Very little came from there at all; none to affect the ruling price.—A. & M. ROBBINS (Fulton Market, N. Y., March 1, 1886).

Receipts of venison the past season were moderate, and prices varying from 14 to 25 cents for saddles and 10 to 12 cents for carcasses considered good.—FRENCH & CO. (180 Reade street, N. Y., March 1, 1886).

There was no New York State venison on the market this season to speak of.—KRAFF & VAN NOSTRAND (338 Wall-street, N. Y., March 1, 1886).

The same is true of other markets of the State, as for instance the Utica market:

UTICA, N. Y., March 1, 1886.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There was very little venison sold in the market here.—JOHN D. COLLINS.

(d) Market still hunters do not kill and hang up venison for the fun of it. It would pay to market venison from the Bay Pond region even at four cents per pound. Nearly 100 carcasses would be nearly 10,000 pounds, which, at even four cents per pound, would bring the snug sum of nearly \$400.

(e) If Mr. Hadley knew anything whatever about still-hunting he would not accept the story of the killing of forty-eight deer by one hunter still-hunting last season. If the man killed forty-eight deer he must have killed most of them by hounding or crusting.

(f) An anti-deer hounding law has been in operation in St. Lawrence county for more than six years, and it has not exterminated the game there; witness the shipment of the 123 carcasses from Canton last season.

(g) The does are not rutting in November. They never rut. Nor are they then gathered in herds which the buck visits. On the contrary, the bucks (traveling at a rate beyond the power of any man to keep up with them) pursue the fleeing individual does. These facts are perfectly familiar to all deer hunters and to naturalists. John Dean Catton, LL.D., recognized as the highest authority on the subject, says:

The pursuit of the doe by the buck commences before her season has arrived, and hence for two or three weeks she remains secluded as possible. He follows her in a creak with his nose to the ground, and when started from her bed the race is very spirited. No attempt is made by a buck to herd the does, as is the custom of the elk, and but few of these deer are found associating together during the rutting season.—ANTELOPE AND DEER OF AMERICA, page 307.

(h) The expert still-hunter is not led to the herds, for there are at this time no herds for him to be led to. He does not strike and destroy the herd; there is no herd for him to strike and destroy.

(i) Deer ordinarily and always are alarmed at the discharge of a gun. Before they were exterminated, the elk of the Adirondacks would stand in bewilderment (as Mr. Hadley says the deer do) at the sound of the gun; but the deer—hounds or no hounds—never do so.

(j) It is just because of all these lakes and ponds and "innumerable streams crossing and inter-crossing it in every direction" that the Adirondack region is one where hounding is more sure and more destructive than any other method of deer killing. In these innumerable waters the game—obeying its instinct—takes refuge from the hounds and is killed by the man in the boat—to be made "shy" and "protected from the still-hunter."

(k) Hotel men and "guides" (i. e., boatmen) are not dependent wholly on hounding. Adirondack tourists are not all deer hunters. The thousands go, some for angling, some for health, some for simple out-door camp life, some because it is fashionable—in short for the same various reasons that these same thousands go to the White Mountains, the Catskills and Saratoga. Some of us can remember when deer used to be driven by hounds into Saratoga Lake and killed there, but though deer hounding has long since ceased in that region, we are not aware that Saratoga hotel interests have suffered. The fashionable throngs who every summer fill Mr. Paul Smith's parlors and verandahs will not desert that famous Adirondack house, even though water-butchery of deer cease forever, and no one knows this better than Mr. Smith himself.

(l) The "true sportsmen," driven to Colorado, did not hound deer there, for they don't do it in Colorado, nor in the "Western Territories."

(m) The guides did not achieve a "terrible slaughter of deer" by still-hunting, for (1) they have not the skill to do so, and (2) there was no terrible slaughter. If they were killing deer for their starving families they would not have left the carcasses of "nearly a hundred deer" to the birds and wolves. The starving wives and children belong to Adirondack mythology. Unless Mr. Hadley's statements respecting them are more reliable than his other statements in the speech, it is not worth while seriously to consider them in legislating about game.

HUNTING AT ARMY POSTS.

[Continued from Page 85.]

ANOTHER batch of letters received from the officers stationed at the outlying army posts makes interesting reading. We give several below. There would seem to be abundant game of various sorts in the different sections, and some of the criticisms go to show that it would be an excellent move if the Ordnance Department could be induced to issue something better than the petty .30 caliber Springfield now sent out.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your communication addressed to "The Commandant, Fort Selden, New Mexico," dated Jan. 9 ultimo, requesting information regarding supply of game about the post and as to the action of the Springfield shotgun issued for company use, I have the honor to state that such game as duck, quail and rabbit are abundant.

The Rio Grande River and adjacent ponds are covered with mallard and teal duck from early in the fall until late in the winter, and afford fine sport to the ambitious or hungry hunter. The Springfield shotgun is in constant demand and attains fine results, as I have known of six or eight teal to be killed at one discharge, and five fine, large mallards to be bagged at a single shot. For duck shooting we use No. 4 shot, and the army shotgun kills readily at from 25 to 30 yards.

Our quail are of two varieties—the California or topknot quail, which are found on the prairie and along the bottom lands, and the gray or mountain quail (by some called mountain grouse), which are found in great abundance in the hills and mountains. The mountain quail is much larger than the California variety and appear to travel in much greater numbers to the flock. They live almost entirely among the rocks, and, while they fly but short distances, they are swift runners and rapid climbers, and make tiresome work for the hunter.

The Springfield shotgun shows to good advantage in quail shooting, and has achieved great results in the hands of some of our sportsmen. In two days' hunting (using the army shotgun) two members of K Company, 13th Infantry, killed 135 mountain quail, firing only twenty shots. At a single shot from the army shotgun ten quail have been killed, and it is a common thing to kill from five to eight at one discharge. Quail are easily killed at from 30 to 35 yards, No. 8 shot being used.

The rabbits are the cotton-tail or bush rabbit, and the long-legged, long-eared, swift-running jack rabbit. The army shotgun readily brings them down; and so much interest is evinced in hunting by the men of this command that the table is constantly supplied with luscious and toothsome game.

The army shotgun is 20 gauge, and metallic reloading shells are used. In loading the shells we use from 85 to 90 grains of powder and fill up the vacancy with shot. The powder is rammed hard and closely packed, as this gives both more power and a greater space for shot.

The great objection, and about the only one, is the smallness of the bore and shortness of the barrel of the gun, for if the Springfield shotgun was made 10 or 12 gauge and a few inches longer I imagine that great results could be accomplished, and in a country like this, where game is abundant,

there is no telling the amount that could be daily added to the company larder. Without doubt a most useful and desirable article was given the companies when the Springfield shotgun was issued.

WM. B. LEWIS, Sergeant Major.

FORT SELDEN, N. M., Feb. 12.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In response to your inquiry respecting the game of this vicinity and the use of the Springfield shotguns at this post, I have the honor to make the following reply: The game birds are comprised in the sharp-tailed grouse, the western ruffed grouse, and the shallow-water ducks, such as mallard and teal. The sharp-tailed grouse is found everywhere, *i. e.*, in the Black Hills proper as well as on the prairies outside, while they are in reality in considerable numbers and can be found in packs of as high as fifty birds in the winter time; yet during the proper season for hunting them, they are scattered over such an immense territory that it is seldom that more than one brood can be found in a day's hunt. It has been the experience that these birds in Minnesota and Eastern Dakota disappear gradually before civilization, being replaced by the pinnated grouse of Illinois and Wisconsin.

It will be interesting to watch these birds here, as the country is fast settling up, and indeed, the valleys are about all taken up and farmed now, and the Black Hills are separated from the civilized and farming country of the east by the wide belt of country in the Sioux reservation; there is no evidence at present that they are disappearing. The western ruffed grouse, the fool hen of the old mountain men, is found only along the little streams bordered with hemlock and aspen at the bottom of the deep gulches in the hills proper. The meat is white like that of the ruffed grouse of the East, of which this is said to be a variety, and in my estimation is the most delicious meat found in the West, not excepting that of the mountain sheep or much vaunted beaver tail. When raised they seldom fly more than twenty yards at a time, and perch on a limb of a tree in plain view until passed by or shot; indeed, I have seen the neck of one cut off by a rifle ball when the bird was so close to the gun as to be burnt by the flash of the discharge, and I have also seen them killed with sticks. They are hunted but little, yet they don't seem to be very plenty, as I have not seen more than fifty of them in a residence here of over three years. A few scattering shallow-water ducks, such as mallard and teal, are found here early in the spring and late in the fall for a few days, and a very few breed here; but it is out of the line of their migration, and there is very little water suitable for them. I have never heard of a deep-water duck having been killed near here or even seen. English snipe are almost as scarce. Jack rabbits and cotton-tails are tracked to their forms in the snow and shot, but are seldom seen when snow is off the ground, although they are quite plentiful, though not so numerous as in the sage brush and cactus country further north. There are a number of mule deer and white-tails scattered through the hills, but the country in which they range is very densely timbered and extremely rough, and few care to hunt such a difficult country without dogs, and there are no deer or foxhounds in the Black Hills. Several bear have been seen by wood choppers six or eight miles from the post in the heavy timber, and I followed an old one and her cub for two days last December, but the snow disappeared and I lost their trail without getting sight of them, although I could hear them cracking the brush at one time within seventy-five or one hundred yards. There are no open parks in their country, and if they range abroad in the day time they are seen only when crossing the road by persons who don't care to have anything to do with them. Several hunting parties have left the post this winter and last fall, and hunted on the Sierr reservation and eighty or one hundred miles northwest of here, and have killed each all the way from two to thirty-four deer and antelope; and it is necessary to be away for at least twenty days at a time to enable one to get enough to pay one for the long journey to and from the hunting grounds. From a careful investigation, I find that there has been brought into the post since last summer about 79 deer and antelope, 1,500 ducks and chickens, and 150 rabbits, the troops and companies varying very much as to their proportion of this amount, some having very skillful hunters, and some having no hunters of note. Two troops claim over 300 birds (ducks and chickens) each to their credit, and some as low as fifty or even ten or a dozen. At some seasons the shotguns of one company will be out every day while those of another are out but once a week possibly. The hunting is done by but few men in each company, generally two or three, the rest not caring much for it. The Springfield shotguns themselves they say are good within a short range for other guns, but outside of thirty-five yards do not amount to very much; the shot furnished with them they usually exchange for a larger size or purchase themselves at the trader's store or at Sturgis City. I am of the opinion that a good deal of small game could be procured with these guns while on the march in the wilder portions of the country, and they are very useful as it now is in providing a congenial employment for the leisure hours of a great many men in the service who would possibly otherwise spend this time to a great deal worse advantage.

H. L. SCOTT, First Lieutenant 9th Cavalry.

FORT MEADE, D. T., Jan. 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your letter of Jan. 9 mislaid. Please accept my regrets for not answering before.

The supply of small game is scarce in this locality, prairie chickens and ducks being the only birds hunted with shotguns.

Antelope and deer are reasonably abundant, and during the season we are well supplied with them.

The soldiers hunt with the Springfield shotgun considerably, and while they bring in a few birds each, often none. I should say that the use of it is not attended with great success. In fact, it is not an effective weapon, but seems to serve their purposes well enough.

CHAS. O. WORDEN, 1st Lieut. 7th Infantry.

FORT LARAMIE, W. T., Feb. 5.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I reply to your three inquiries. First—As to supply of game about this post. There is very little game in the immediate vicinity. A few sharp-tailed grouse breed here, and others in winter seek shelter in the brush on the small streams near the post. There is not enough water to attract many waterfowl, though a little very good duck shooting was had last fall on a couple of small ponds two or three miles from here. One must go a long distance to find large game.

Second—Extent to which game is laid under tribute to

uphold the standard of the post larder. To a very limited extent here.

Third—To what extent and with what success are the Springfield shotguns used? There is very little opportunity to use them here.

I shall give the result of my observations at a post where game was more abundant. While stationed for nearly four years in the Indian Territory I observed that the Springfield shotguns (two to each company) were in almost daily use during the game season, with the result that many chickens, ducks, quail and rabbits were brought to the table. The gun is strong and serviceable, and, when properly loaded, makes a good pattern and has good penetration. Some of the men made good wing-shooting with it. But I also observed that the men particularly fond of wing-shooting generally went to the expense of securing double-barreled guns of larger caliber.

J. C. BATES, Major 20th Infantry.

FORT ASSINIBOINE, M. T., Jan. 30.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It affords me pleasure to reply to your note of Jan. 9, which was delayed nearly a month on the road by snow blockades.

The Springfield double-barrel shotgun answers its purpose very well; it shoots strong and close. The soldiers use it hunting the jack rabbit and the cotton-tail, both varieties being numerous here. Grouse come down from the mountains late in the fall and disappear with deep snows; quite a number of them are shot here from day to day during the season, but they are not plentiful by any means.

Deer are more abundant, and soldiers generally prefer hunting with the Springfield rifle, with which arm they have become quite expert owing to the interest taken in target practice of late years. It has not been unusual the past season for small parties to bring in seven or eight deer at a time, keeping the messes well supplied with venison until the snow got so deep that all kinds of game disappeared. In several directions within fifty miles of the post different species of bears are found in sufficient numbers to satisfy the most venturesome of sportsmen, and wild turkeys breed within one or two days' march of us; but it is unlawful to kill turkeys in Colorado at present.

Beautiful clear running streams of cold water from the mountains carry trout, some silvery with black speckles, and others red speckled and gold or salmon-tinged, affording best of sport to the angler, and the rod and line are as much in requisition as the gun.

Fort Lewis is one of these streams which well deserves its name, La Plata, so extremely clear and brilliant as it courses along with a fall of one hundred feet to the mile, that one is struck with its silvery appearance. The aggregate of trout taken from this stream is large, though individual counts are nothing to brag of, owing to the fact that there are so many soldiers and settlers who daily whip the stream during the fishing season.

Better sport can be obtained by driving to camps on other rivers, such as the Dolores, Mancos, Los Pinos, Piedra, etc. The writer, with four others, drove forty miles last August to the junction of the Via Cita with Los Pinos; arriving in camp at 6 P. M., we fished until supper was ready and all next day. Owing to heavy rains in the mountains some of the channels were muddy the first night and following morning, nevertheless the party caught 125 trout. The honor of catching the largest trout ever brought into Durango fell upon Mr. Kephart, of that place, on this occasion. With the smallest of flies he hooked him, bringing his head to a gravel beach, when another of the party came to his assistance, wading behind the fish and lifting him out with both hands. This trout weighed five pounds, was just twenty-four inches long and well tucked away inside of him was found an entire frog the size of the hand of an ordinary full grown boy. This trout was exhibited for an hour or so on the marble slab of the counter in Mr. Ambold's market at Durango, drawing crowds to view it. I have read of single trout from lakes weighing three or four times as much, but this mountain trout I presume may be classed among those of maximum size.

FORT LEWIS, Col., Feb. 8.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your letter of inquiry dated on the 9th ultimo, I would say that there is very little game of any kind in the immediate vicinity of the post—say twenty miles—save quail, of which there is a greater abundance than I have ever witnessed before in any part of the United States. They breed here two or three times in the year, and as the settlements increase and the wolves disappear they appear to be multiplying more than before.

North of us, in the mountains and timbered country between this post and Fort Apache, thirty or forty miles, there are deer and turkeys, and plenty of trout in the mountain streams.

We have also the salmon trout here in the Gila, sometimes weighing thirty pounds.

If the grouse or prairie chicken were introduced here I think it would, like the quail, flourish better than anywhere else in the United States.

As to the Springfield shotguns, my opinion is that they proved a failure generally, the caliber being too small and too difficult to keep up a supply of ammunition, most of the shooting here being done with 10 and 12-bore guns.

Perhaps I am prejudiced against the Springfield, however, as it has long been my opinion that it would have passed out of use even by the conservative army, as it did long ago with everybody else, but for the all-powerful influence of the Ordnance Corps.

FORT THOMAS, ARIZ., Feb. 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Springfield shotgun has been much used by the men of the company in hunting during the last year, and is considered by them a very good gun. The only game about this post are blue and mountain quail, jack and cotton-tail rabbits. A large number of quail have been killed by the men during the past three or four months, and also a large number of the jack rabbits, all of which assisted the company mess.

PHILIP WHEELER,

1st Sergt. Co. H., 10th Infantry.

FORT BLISS, TEX., Jan. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Springfield shotguns in Company D, 10th Infantry, are used constantly by the men of the company with considerable success. Blue and mountain quail and rabbits are secured in fair quantities, enough to feed those using the guns and a few others.

L. H. LEACH, 1st Sergt. Co. D.

GRIZZLY HINTS FROM SHASTA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I may be a little slow about it, but I'm a long way from headquarters and I desire to tender my advice in regard to the disposition of the grizzlies.

I owned a bear for six months. He was a small little bear when I got him, but he grew and grew. Before six months he was quite a big large bear. He did not look so large as he really was. There was as much of him as I wanted.

He was rugged and healthy from infancy, his teeth and toe nails were always in an advanced stage of development, and he evinced great dexterity in the manipulation thereof. He looked like a small young bear, but when you came to feel of him you would be astonished. He felt like a swarm of young bees on a keg of hot nails, or something equally vivid. One trouble with him was his peculiarities. He wouldn't do anything except make trouble around, and when I chained him up he squalled. When he squalled he disturbed the entire population and created excitement. Crowds congregated, horses ran away and small boys yelled "fire!" He squalled as an animal much older and larger than he was ought to squall. But I merely refer to him casually to assure you that I know something of consequence concerning bears. Although my experience was confined to one bear it is sufficiently vast and comprehensive. One bear is as good as a dozen. One bear in the bushes is as good as two on hand, that is, of course, unless you have them in a cage.

If you have two bears, and have them caged, why of course you have got them. If, however, you have two bears and they are not caged, I don't know whether you have got them or not. If you have, I don't want them. Of course bears are bears, especially grizzly bears. The FOREST AND STREAM grizzlies are real, genuine bears beyond question. They are tangible taxable property, and if any one came along and desired to buy them you could sell them if you wanted to. You need not sell them, however, unless some one wanted them, and, of course, no one is expected to buy them unless you desire to sell them. That is, if you wish to sell the bears, and will do so, and some party desires to, and does buy them, the transfer of the property may be made if it or they are caged. But as you have the bears now I would suggest that you keep them until you can dispose of them. If you do not desire to keep them so long you could let them out. Perhaps if you keep them you may get others and then you would have several. After a year or two, if the bears thrive, they will be larger and probably older. The older and larger they become the more will they resemble larger and older bears. Then you could dispose of them either as suggested or as you might then desire, if you had the opportunity.

But really if the bears were mine, and I had them, and they were caged, I would sell them if I could, if I wanted to.

ESAU.

SHASTA, Cal., Feb. 14.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The London Field of the 13th inst. has a very excellent and exhaustive report of your late rifle trials. It embraces also many new things about the London Field trial in 1883. The report is made by "T." and when all things are taken together, as in the article, it becomes a very interesting and instructive one, and indeed nearly as much so as your own very fine report of this trial, which has everywhere among riflemen been read with so much interest. May I therefore ask you to re-publish in full the London Field report. I am sure the article will be read with eagerness if re-published. I have omitted to say that all riflemen and riflemakers should not fail to purchase one of your pamphlet reports of this trial, as it is much more correct and complete than as published in FOREST AND STREAM. It affords me much pleasure to indorse it as a work well executed, and very much wanted at this time to settle matters. Great credit is due to FOREST AND STREAM for this very valuable contribution.—MAJ. H. W. MERRILL. [The report will be given in an early issue.]

A ROSY GAME REPORT.—Pomona, Feb. 20.—The drawing on foreground of this sheet shows the nature of our forest, the large tree shown in back ground being the only one in 90,000 acres. Game in this section is unusually abundant, two cotton-tails having been seen since Jan. 1, and a track, which experts have, after much discussion, decided to be that of a gray fox instead of a cat, having been seen on the "Digits tract," which embraces but 30,000 acres of land. In November 1884, a deer track was seen that had certainly been made during the previous summer; and the man is still living who knows of a swamp in which a bear once was. The most enthusiastic and successful sportsman of this vicinity has hunted regularly for only three years, and yet in this short time saw, he is sure, an animal with fur upon it, and if it was not a fox must at least have been Valater's cat. Wood mice are also plentiful and tomcats remain in abundance notwithstanding the severity of the winter. There will be no scarcity of fish if the carp cultivators are sufficiently successful to raise a bountiful supply.—C. SCULL.

QUAIL IN VIRGINIA.—Frederick's Hall, Va., March 1.—I am gratified to be able to report that the partridges in this region were not hurt by the recent very heavy snow. I have made diligent inquiry as to the counties of Louisa, Goochland and Spotsylvania, and have not heard of a single dead bird, but on the contrary many coveys have been seen alive and strong since the snow. They were more numerous last season than for many years, and the stock left over for next year's breeding is larger than I have ever known. They subsisted during the snow (which was from twenty to twenty-four inches deep) principally on cedar and dogwood berries. This present abundance is in a very great measure due to the fact that the freedman can't kill a partridge on the wing. The game law as to them is very generally respected by the sportsmen.—P.

FOREST CONGRESS REPORT.—We have received advance sheets announcing the Report of the American Forestry Congress of its Boston meeting, to be issued shortly. The statistical parts of the volume and the general demands made for forest preservation, together with papers on utilization of timberman's waste in manufacturing charcoal, and the more novel proposition to use it as a fertilizer, and the discussion of means to diminish losses by fire, demonstrate that economy with present forest resources is first of all to be attained. The encouragement of the aims of the Society in this respect may well be considered a patriotic task. Requests for advance sheets or subscriptions of one dollar for the volume should be sent to B. E. Fernow, Secretary 13 Burling Slip, N. Y.

NEW JERSEY'S NON-RESIDENT LAW.—A decision has just been rendered by Justice Dixon of the Supreme Court, interesting and important to game protective societies of this State. On the 28th of November, 1884, a trial for violation of the State game laws came before Justice V. W. Nash of this city. The complainant was Lewis Wyckoff, who charged William L. Allen, an alleged non-resident, with shooting quail out of season. Jackson W. Coddington appeared for the complainant and Corporation Counsel Craig A. Marsh for the defendant. A law of April 4, 1878, enacts that non-residents of the State of New Jersey must comply with the by-laws of game protective societies of the State before they are allowed to kill game or fish within its limits under a penalty of fifty dollars fine. In the above case the jury rendered a verdict of guilty and a fine of fifty dollars in accordance with the evidence adduced. Defendant's counsel appealed the case on the grounds of unconstitutionality of law, and the matter came before the Supreme Court for argument on Feb. 18 last. Justice Dixon in delivering the opinion held, "that the act of April 4, 1878, for the protection of game and game fish was constitutional and valid in its application to the act of a non-resident of the State killing game on the property of persons who have formed an association under the laws of the State for the protection of game on their own property." The judgment of the lower court was affirmed.—*Plainfield Constitutionalist*.

WORK OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE COMMISSIONERS.—North Conway, N. H., Feb. 23.—Albert Swanton, Richard Eastman, Joel Clay, Mortimer Burnham, J. A. Waterman, Elisha Dinsmore, Malven Dinsmore and Jake Day, all of North Conway and Jackson, Carroll county, were arrested on complaint of Fish and Game Commissioner E. B. Hodge, Feb. 15 and 16, and fined \$25 and costs each. Warrants were taken out for several others, but they got wind of what was going on and left for Maine. There have been 150 deer killed in Carroll county during the last six weeks. Most of the guilty parties are too poor to pay a fine, and if sent to jail their families must go to the poorhouse. While the Commissioner was here he made complaints against several parties in Chatham for catching trout in Mountain and Province Pond during the close season. Complaints were also made against parties in Maine for the same offense, some of whom, from the high position they hold in public and legal affairs, should have known better. It is to be hoped that they will be brought to justice, for there is no reason why a good man should pay a fine out of his hard earnings, while the rich law breakers go free. Both committed the same offense, with this difference—one violated the law to obtain food for his family that they stood in need of; the other, that he might display his trophies to his legal friends in Portland.—*KIERSARGE*.

"UNCLE FORDY."—William F. Barnes, or, as he was better known to all ducking men from Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, "Uncle Fordy," dropped dead on Monday night Feb. 22, at Havre de Grace, Md. He was one of the charter members of Venus Council, No. 44, O. U. A. M., and had taken a very active part in their debates of last evening. He left the council in apparently the best of health. Mr. August Allen, on his way home about eleven o'clock, found him dead on the street nearly in front of Capt. W. E. Moore's residence. He had been stricken down with heart disease. He was in his seventieth year.

WAHOO, Neb. 27.—In coming from Omaha yesterday over the Union Pacific Railroad we noticed large flocks of ducks while crossing the Platte River. These are the first I have seen in this country this season. To-day we have a snow storm, which may delay their flight, but it won't be long now before there will be an abundance of ducks in that neighborhood.—*C. E. F.*

THE IRON-CLAD ANTI-HOUNDING BILL.—At Albany last Tuesday Senator Coggeshall introduced an iron-clad anti-deer hounding bill. It is the one prepared by the Utica Association and was printed in these columns last week. It fixes the open season from August 15 to October 15.

SHINNEDOCK BAY.—Just received advice from Atlanticville that geese have made their appearance on Shinnecock Bay.—*J. WENDELL, JR.*

QUOTATIONS FOR FURS AND SKINS.

THE following prices, supplied by Messrs. J. Macnaughtan's Sons, are for prime skins only, according to size, color and quality, as realized by the New York commission merchants:

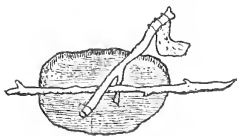
Antelope—North America, raw, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	\$ 25@ 35
Dressed, as to quality, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	75@ 95
Deer—Florida, raw, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	25@ 35
Rocky Mountain, raw, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	25@ 35
Pacific Coast, raw, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	25@ 35
Elk—Pacific Coast hides, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	20@ 25
Western skins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	25@ 30
Dressed, as to quality, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	50@ 60
Mountain Deer—Western, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	15@ 20
Reindeer—American, raw, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	30@ 35
Dressed, as to quality	50@ 60
Beaver—Labrador, large.	8 00@10 00
Lake Superior and Canada, large.	6 00@ 8 00
Upper Missouri, large.	6 00@ 8 00
Southern, large.	4 00@ 6 00
Badger—American, large and full furred, each	1 00@ 1 50
Bear—Hudson's Bay, black, large, each	20 00@30 00
United States, brown, large, each.	7 00@10 00
Southern U. S., black, large, each.	7 00@10 00
Cubs from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of the above.	
Buffalo robes, in bulk	12 00@15 00
Buckskin—Western, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	70@ 75
Pacific Coast, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	1 00@ 1 25
Cat—Wild, each	40@ 60
House, each	10@ 30
Ermine and white weasel	50@ 100
Fisher—Dark cased	9 00@12 00
Pale	7 00@10 00
Reddish	5 00@ 8 00
Fox—Red, United States, each	1 40@ 1 60
Red, Territories	1 60@ 1 80
Cross, ordinary	6 00@10 00
Gray, United States	1 00@ 1 30
Kitt, North America	75@ 1 00
Silver, North America	5 00@ 6 00
Lynx—Canada	5 00@ 6 00
Minnesota	4 00@ 5 00
Marten—Dark	2 00@ 3 00
Pale	1 25@ 1 75
Mink—Pale, Southern U. S.	40@ 50
Pale, Western United States	60@ 70
Dark, Minnesota	75@ 1 00
Dark, New England	1 00@ 1 25
Dark, Quebec and Halifax.	1 25@ 1 75
Musquash—Spring, Canada and Eastern	20@ 25
Spring, Western United States.	14@ 18
Spring, Southern United States.	10@ 12
Fall, Canada and Eastern	10@ 12
Fall, Western United States	8@ 10
Fall, Southern United States.	6@ 8
Opossum—Cased, Ohio	30@ 40
Southern United States and common.	10@ 15

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

TIP-UPS FOR PICKEREL.

THE request for information on the mode of constructing "tip-ups" for signaling to the fisherman on the ice the fact that a pike (pickerel) has taken his bait, which appeared in our issue of Jan. 21, has brought us many notes on the subject. We will say for the benefit of those who are ignorant of this mode of winter fishing, that one man often cuts from ten to fifty holes in the ice at some distance apart, often in different portions of the lake or pond, and baits his lines, usually with a live minnow, and sets his tip-ups to notify him when his presence is needed at some particular hole. Here is the primitive tip-up of our boyhood:



We give below some other, and improved, forms used by our correspondents:

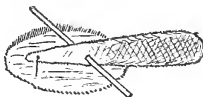
Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to the inquiry of "Pickerel" in a former issue, I would respectfully submit that the most simple, quickly procured, and effective tip-up we have ever seen used were those taken from the tops of saplings. Where three sprouts spring out straight from the top, cut them off about 2 inches below the joint, lop off one branch about 18 or 20 inches above the joint, the other two 9 or 10 inches. The last mentioned will then form the legs or base. The line is tied to the extreme end of the long sprout, and of course a pull will set the crotch straight up in the air on the ends of the short legs



The above illustration will make the idea more clear perhaps to those who may never have seen this form.

Another very simple device is a piece of pine board, say $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch thick and 18 inches long, tapered from 3 inches to 1 inch. A trifle nearer the small end than the middle a $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch hole should be bored, and the large end painted red for about 6 inches of its length, to be seen the more readily. When in use a small sapling is cut and run through the hole with each end resting on the ice. The line is, of course, tied to the small end. We believe these simple tip-ups will give



better satisfaction than any more complicated ones can do, especially on long lines, where an accidental springing of a trigger or any similar contrivance would prove a grievous annoyance if at any distance from the operator and no fish was hooked. AMERICUS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 21, "Pickerel" asks for instructions in making tip-ups. This is the way I make them: For the standard take any good stiff wood $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and 2 feet long, make a slot in one end 6 inches long and $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch wide. One inch from the end bore a small hole to take the wire on which the tip-up swings. For the tip-up take a piece of wood $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick and 11 inches long, and shape it as shown in the accompanying drawing. Have it $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide at the small end. Three and a half inches from this end cut a slot 3 inches long and $\frac{1}{4}$ wide, notch this small end to hold the line, paint the large end and put a pin through the hole in the standard and the slot in the tip-up, and all is ready. Here it is:



Set the standard in the ice at an angle of about 45 degrees, draw back the tip-up to the end of the slot, make a loop on the line and hang it on the notch, bait your hook and drop it through the hole already cut and you are ready for anything that comes along. When a fish takes the bait it pulls the loop from the notch and leaves the tip-up hanging perpendicularly, the line being fastened to the standard. If "Pickerel" does not understand this, let him come up and I will show him how to make them and how to catch the fish. As he does not live very far away, I more than half believe that he is fitting out for a visit to our town, for it is a favorite fishing ground for Springfield fishermen. W. J. C.

BECKETT, MASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The cheapest and best tip-up I ever saw (and about every fisherman has a style of his own) is made out of an oak strip, say 6 feet long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ wide by $\frac{1}{2}$ thick; now bore $\frac{1}{4}$ holes at every 22 inches. The strips will make three traps; saw so as to have half of the hole on the ends of each trap. Next saw off a strip $\frac{1}{4}$ wide two thirds the length of the trap, put in a screw just half the way of the length of the strip, saw off the strip on an angle, so it will turn only one way, saw in a slit at the lower end for the flag and a short slit at the upper for the line. Flag to be fastened on with small tacks, a washer or burr between the strap and the main piece will make it much better. If properly made and set up at an angle of 45° can be seen further than any trap I ever saw.

I have just finished fifty which make me an even hundred now, now will "Pickerel" tell us where to get the fish.

SOUTH SHORE.

SOUTH DUXBURY, MASS.

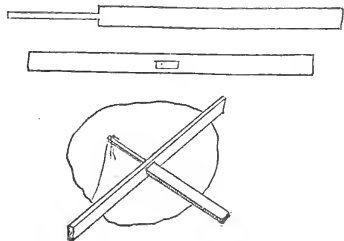
Editor Forest and Stream:

Please say to your Springfield correspondent that the tip ups used up here in fishing on the headwaters of Lake Champlain are made about as follows: Take four pieces of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch spruce or pine, board (spruce is the better as it is stiffer) about 12 inches long; in the center, on one of the edges cut a square notch $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide and deep. Take another piece of the board $\frac{1}{2}$ inch square and 24 inches long and put into the notch so as to form a cross; fasten with a small brad. Have the crosspiece two-thirds of the distance from one end, fasten the line to the short end and place over the hole and when you get a bite it will tip up. The way we like best is to make a common reel 16 inches long out of a piece of board 2 inches wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. After attaching the line place across the hole, leaving some slack loose on the ice. Then get a limber twig about 2 feet long and stick up be-side the hole, make a loop in the line and hang it over the end of the twig in the loop, put a piece of colored cloth (I use red flannel, as it shows well against the ice and snow) and when the fish bites he will pull the signal off the twig, and there being a plenty of slack line he is not likely to get off. NED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

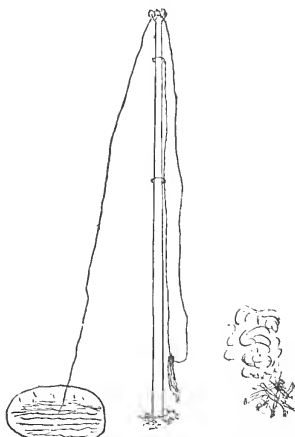
In looking over the paper I observed an article on tip-ups, by which, I suppose, the writer means an arrangement for fishing through the ice.

The simplest and only kind that I ever saw is composed of two pieces of wood, a piece of red cloth and your line. Cut a piece about 1 inch by $\frac{1}{2}$ and 15 inches long, if the hole in the ice is 5 inches across, or make them in that proportion. Now, in the center cut a hole $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch or so; cut another piece about 15 inches long and about 4 or 5 from one end. This piece should be about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch square. Cut this down to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch square for 4 or 5 inches from one end. Have fit tight in the hole. The following shows the two pieces and also the manner of setting them across the hole in the ice.



It will be seen that when the fish bites he will pull the sticks over, and if a red flag is attached it will be more readily seen. YAGER.

RACINE, WIS.



Wanted, a tip-up. Here is mine: A stake, a ribbon, a spool, a line, A bit of tough and sturdy wire, A hole—and near a crackling fire.

JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

[We have more communications on this subject.—Ed.]

EARLY OBSTRUCTIONS IN MAINE RIVERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose a suggestive extract from an address delivered before the Genealogical Society at Portland, Me.:

"In 1739 the Indians were troublesome. Polin, the chief of the Presumpscot tribe (who was killed by one of the ancestors of John P. Anderson and others, at Windham in 1756), went to Boston and complained to the Governor of the State that in consequence of improvements on the Presumpscot River they could not pass down in their canoes with ease to get rum, and his tribe was threatened with starvation because fish could not pass up the river to the lakes."

Think of the antiquarian importance of this recorded fact, that the aboriginal Indian so long ago as A. D. 1739, began the protest against the principle of prohibition right here in Maine and complained to the General Court—"that in consequence of improvements in water ways, they could not pass down with ease to get rum"—and then note the better wisdom of the Indian when he complains that the fish could not pass up the river to the lakes. Is it not a strange combination of circumstances that here close to the home of Neal Dow the idea of prohibiting the poor Indian from passing easily down stream to rum, should have originated nearly a century before Mr. Dow's birth. And is it not stranger still that it is only within a few years that the improved white man has awakened to the wisdom of the savage of 1739, and provided a way for the fish "to pass up the river (Presumpscot) to the lakes."

At this late day there are no Indians on the lakes to come down to Portland for rum, although there is rum in Portland, but the fish can run up to the lakes, and the obstructions of 1739 have been surmounted by various ways. "There is nothing new under the sun." MAC.

WOODFORDS, MAINE.

A TRIP TO THE CANADIAN LAKES.

LAST August my father received an invitation from one of his friends in Montreal, to spend a few days at some lakes about 125 miles from that city. After a ride of ninety miles on the North Shore Railroad we got off at Trois Rivières, a little French town built on the shore of the St. Lawrence. At five o'clock the next morning, we were again on our way, on a buckboard, while the rain tumbled down in torrents. Our driver was a French Canadian, unable to speak English, and from whom but one expression came and that was to his horse, "Marche douc." The drive was long, and over an exceedingly rough road, obliging us at times to get out and walk. When eight o'clock came around, we found ourselves at the half way village called Shewanigan. While breakfast was preparing at the Maison de Pension, we saw quite a number of buckboards outside of the Catholic church across the way, and upon investigating found that a marriage had just been performed and we arrived only in time to see the happy couple drive off. The last twenty miles proved very tedious and it was half past two before we reached the lake near which the cabin was situated. The site was a smooth plateau of perhaps five acres and on this, two cabins and a barn were built. Two short walks from the cabins lead to two boat sheds, each well stocked with Peterborough and birch bark canoes. The lake on which the cabin is situated is nine miles long and one of a long chain, each emptying into the one lower down, thus forming huge steps with beautiful waterfalls. The water eventually forms the Shewanigan River and this in its turn empties into the St. Lawrence. Small portages from one half a mile to two miles in breadth enable one to fish over many miles of water. None of the lakes are very wide, few reaching half a mile and this only where bays have been washed out.

We found the keeper, his wife, two daughters and a son. They were decidedly French Canucks, but like all in that neighborhood, exceedingly kind, and in a short time had a dinner waiting for us. Afterward we secured the son's services and rigging up, started for our first trial at the trout. Many casts but no rises soon made us feel pretty blue, but at last reaching the mouth of a small stream emptying into the lake, we caught our first trout, and he was a beauty. Securing enough trout for tea (there were seven boys besides ourselves) we stopped fishing and returned home.

At half past four the next morning we were on our way to a small stream distant three quarters of a mile. This was soon reached, and pushing the boat up among some lily pads we stopped just on the edge of a mass of white foam. Having our rods already rigged we were soon at work casting little white miller flies upon the foam. The trout seemed to fairly boil after the flies. All around us among the lily pads the fish were jumping, but whenever a cast was made among the leaves a stem was sure to be caught and the cast prove a failure. For some reason unknown, the fish all at once stopped rising and we were obliged to stop fishing. For the few minutes we were there we took twenty-one, averaging perhaps one-half a pound. It may not be amiss to here state that all the fish taken were brook trout, although caught in a lake. Two trials at the same place that day yielded us fifty-three. That night while looking over the journal, I read of one day's fishing there in June in which two gentlemen caught sixteen dozen.

The next day we arranged to take a trip up the lake fishing whenever a suitable opportunity offered. Two canoes were used, a Peterborough and a birch bark. Having never before had a chance, I chose the latter, and in the bow of it I sat all day, with Henri the guide in the stern. The scenery all along the lake was beautiful, and rising right out of the water to a height of one hundred feet was a bluff a mile long, and gradually melting away as we advanced. On our left were hills rising into mountains in the distance. The cries of a bird or the echoes of our voices were the only sounds. We stopped at few places on the way up and when the shore seemed to inclose us on all sides, I thought the time had come to turn round, but pushing aside some tall grass we glided into a small stream. We proceeded along this for about two hundred yards when we were again ushered forth into another lake. There we took lunch and as it was growing late the home journey was with increased speed. The fishing that day had not proved very good and we only had thirty six.

The next morning it was too cold for me, (there was ice on the buckets in the kitchen), so the boatman was my father's only company. He soon found that casting flies with a cold stiff hand was not much fun and only staid long enough to supply all of us with breakfast. That day was our last at the club and making the most of it we each took a different post, both of which were at the mouths of small streams. First I tried a little bay but having no luck started across the lake. On the way over I let my flies drag in the water and when about half way had a terrible jerk on the line; turning round I was just in time to see the whirl of water made by a trout which had jumped after the flies. Thinking this rather queer, for the water was over one hundred feet deep, I again crossed the same place and this time caught the trout. I tried that little game several times and got four. Reaching the other shore at last, I got out and walked out on a log to cast in a little pool. Having taken three I was just beginning to get happy, when a mosquito bit me on the nose; I hit at him and losing my balance fell into the water. Pulling myself out I again tried to fish but the trout had disappeared. The other boat met with better luck and in the few minutes preceding sundown, casts could not be made fast enough, but the minute the sun disappeared so did the trout.

That day the grand total was fifty-five. The next morning after packing one hundred and twenty odd in a box, and bidding farewell to all of our recent companions, we started on our journey homeward. At two o'clock we reached the Pension and desired to stay there over night so that we might go to see the Shewanigan Falls, rivaling, we were told, our Niagara. A drive of six miles took us to the station at the foot of the falls and there we embarked in a large rowboat, with two rowers and a helmsman. A row of a mile brought us to the cliff underneath the falls where a landing was made. We expected to see a large volume of water falling over a ledge of rock, but instead we found a huge rapids. Above the river ran smooth, when suddenly losing its smoothness it was turned into a boiling, surging mass, first tumbling over large boulders and then running like lightning through a small passage twenty yards wide. This river is used as a passageway for logs on their way to sawmills further down the river. About a mile above the falls there is a way built for the logs to go. Nearing the falls this way grows smaller until it again opens into a slide, built of large heavy logs in the shape of a square trough. This trough is built over rocks at an angle of 45°, with

water four inches deep continually running through it. The need of this is evident, for if the logs were allowed to go over the falls they would split and break to pieces. For our amusement a dozen or two were shot through, but the time they took to come down is not worth mentioning. An hour was spent there very pleasantly and it was with reluctance that I departed. The falls and all connected with it belong to the Canadian Government. Our drive back to the inn did not take long and not many hours after tea we were fast asleep. All of the next day was employed in getting to Montreal, which place was reached by midnight. Monday at 10.30 A. M., we stepped on the platform at Highgate Springs, having been gone just seven days and two hours.

G. F. BLANDY.

READ IN A FLY-BOOK.

HOW pleasant it is of a winter evening while the storm dashes against the pane without, by the light of the lamp, fire burning brightly, to get out one's tackle and look it over, a pipe showing in its smoke wreaths pictures of hard won fights on lake and stream. How often has this been repeated in angling literature and yet what a comfort to repeat it again.

But of all these winter pleasures the greatest of all is, I think, that of looking over one's fly-books. To me they are not only a book for keeping flies, but one in which I can read many past adventures, many hopes and fears, some gone, some yet present.

Here, as I turn over the leaves, I see with a smile my first attempt at fly-tying. A bungling monstrosity, in green, red and gold. A pair of wings that would cause a decent fish to go into convulsions. Sadly was it tucked away, never has it been removed. Yet it still remains a landmark from which one can see the length of his journey.

Then here is the first fly on which I ever caught a trout. An alder, with wings bedrabbled and gut all worn and roughened with hard service. Well did that alder serve me, one cloudy July morning, breaking into vivid flashes of sunlight which checked the woods with the delicate tracery of the forest leafage above. How the spotted denizens of the brook leaped to its coy advances and how proudly I placed the first captive in the creel, a victim to my art from trying the fly to the cast. Ah! the angler who never makes any of his own tackle loses half the joy of the gentle art. What hopes and fears are then woven into rod, leader and fly and what a double thrill of joy attends a capture.

And here is a fusty red fly which took the first bass that ever fell a victim to my fly-rod. And as memory recalls that morning I turn over another page of the old book and note with satisfaction the stretcher that went with it. And thinking further I recall what a splendid double these two flies took for me that day. How they fought and leaped, and how the rod again and again nearly yielded to the strain. And what a shout of triumph as the landing net held them up to the admiring gaze of the party of patient still-fishers anchored near.

How aggravating it must have been to have seen these two fish taken from almost under their noses by a stroller coming idly along, when they had waited patiently with little luck.

And here in a corner I find nothing but a gut loop to tell me of that splendid fish who leaped into the air and then disappeared, carrying the fly streaming from his mouth to some dark rocky haunt beneath the wave.

And here I turn to another fly-book, a present from an old angler, one who has seen many famous streams and catches in his day, who has fished with Webster and has seen some of our most famous angling clubs in their faintest infancy.

It is an old English book of many vellum leaves and pockets, all stout and meant for service, no modern clips or springs. It is too bulky for the pocket, and one should have a keeper or gillie to carry it.

And as I turn over its pages, I note with wonder the myriad delicate flies, on gut almost invisible, tied in many and delicate shades. Here are dozens of duns and midges and spinners of varied hue and size.

And now I turn again the pages of another book and note with delight the varied colors, the straight and slender gut held by the clips. And here I see my latest efforts and my hope for the future. Here are a row of coachmen, when I tied them I had glimpses of a tumbling rapid, shaded by the declining sunlight into the dusk of a summer evening. I saw the trout leap as they skimmed the rippling water. And here are a row of sober alders and here another of brown leas. As the feathers turned beneath my fingers I saw the sunlight shining on the stream. The water was quiet, save where some veteran fish rose beneath the bank and sucked in an unsuspecting fly with a gentle dimple of the pool. And here are pages of glowing crimson, yellow gold and shining green, which seem to tell me of sparkling waves along the lake and some brouzed-back bass leaping madly above the water he so guily cleft a moment before.

And thus I go on turning the pages and recalling a thousand incidents by field and flood, many faces of familiar friends and all the old associations that double and endear the pleasure of an angler's reminiscences. PERCYVAL.

CODFISHING IN THE FLOOD.—The late flood in our city was not without its incidents. In addition to those which excite our sympathy for the suffering class were many ludicrous scenes and one at least that showed ingenuity and wit and which may puzzle many good anglers who always spit on their bait. As the incoming train on the B. & P. R. R. slowed up at Chickering station in the flooded district, the passengers saw a young man sitting on a fence near the depot surrounded by four to six feet of water, with his attention riveted on the fishing tackle which he held in his hand, for he was evidently having "a bite." Soon came the strike with a "twist of the wrist," and after "giving him the butt" and playing his fish in good Waltonian style a short time he landed and raised to the view of the wondering spectators an immense codfish that must have weighed eight or nine pounds. He had evidently struck a school, and the passengers failed to account for their being so far inland. Some thought it reasonable that such new feeding grounds as the back yards in the outskirts of the city should entice them, while one elderly gentleman thoughtfully suggested "they couldn't have come overland, they must have come up through the sewer." However, the cold fact stood before them—the boy caught the fish. M. (Noah's Ark, Boston, Feb., 1886.)

MILL, LOG, SAW, BASS.—In a mill at Milton, Pa., on the Susquehanna River, Sawyer-Hasler saw a fish in a hollow, water-soaked log, just as it was being pushed to the saw. Eight large bass were found in and taken from the log.

CANADIAN FISH LAWS.—The *Canadian Sportsman* publishes the following items which may be of interest to our readers. The last one bears upon this question of concurrent legislation between the State of New York and Canada and deserves to be considered: "The Dominion Government has issued an Order in Council amending the fish laws as follows: No person shall fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell, or possess any pickerel between April 15 and May 15, both days inclusive in each year; nor any bass or maskinonge between April 15 and June 15, both days inclusive in each year. Under the previous law the maskinonge and bass fishing season opened on the same day as for pickerel, viz., May 15. We have put ourselves on record many times within the past five years to the effect that a change was desirable, but we do not think it was necessary to prolong the close season for bass and maskinonge up to the 15th of June. In twenty years experience bass and lunge fishing we have, of course, like every other old fisherman, found fish on their spawning beds later in some seasons than others, but we cannot remember a single season when it would not have been proper to fish on the 1st of June. By reference to our Angling Department it will be seen that the Governor of the State of New York has also ordered certain changes in their fishery laws, and in looking over the provisions of the new law, we regret to see that he has made exceptions in connection with fishing in the river St. Lawrence. While the close season holds in all the waters of New York State up to the 1st of June, he has in the St. Lawrence, Clyde, Seneca, and Oswego Rivers, Lakes Erie and Ontario, and Niagara River above Niagara Falls, shortened it to May 15. The trouble now will be, especially along the St. Lawrence, that residents on the American side can start fishing for bass and lunge on the 15th of May while their Canadian brethren on the north shore are tied up for a month later. This is practically giving a month's exclusive privilege to American citizens, inasmuch as it is simply impossible to keep them south of the boundary line. There is also the danger that, owing to the close season in Canadian waters being prolonged so late as the 15th of June, there will be many more attempts to evade the law than if the date had been the first of the month."

STRANGE FISH.—Monakawaye, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A week ago I shot a fish which I mistook for a duck. It was about 250 yards off and its fins were above water. I fired two rifle shots at it and both balls lodged in its back. It is a very peculiar looking fish, and we have never seen one like it. The color is dark brown; light fawn eyes as large as a calf's; mouth 14 inches wide and in shape of a horseshoe; a row of ivory white teeth all around and a row down the middle of the tongue. It is 4 feet 6 inches long, has a small fin of 5 inches on back, and two paws like hands; arms, 4 inches; weight, 96 pounds. What is it?—A. R. KYLE. [The description lacks many important particulars, such as scales, present or absent; character of fins and their position; comparative length of jaws, etc. It may be the "angler" or "fishing frog."]

GOOD FISHING IN MAINE.—Some of the favorite resorts of Maine's summer visitors enjoy two seasons a year. The second one is now at its height. Around the lakes in the center of the State the cottages and hotels are occupied by fishing parties, who find good catches and lots of fun. If anybody is cherishing the delusion that Maine, like Ceres's daughter, is underground half the year or buried under a snowdrift, he ought to take a trip to some of the busy places just now. Maine is not only a summer resort but a resort in winter.—*Leicester (Me.) Journal*, Feb. 25.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

AN OLD CARP.—The following from the *Fischerei Zeitung*, Stettin, tells of a carp which should have been retired on half pay long ago. The account says: "On the evening of Jan. 31, so says a reporter, the brothers Danhaus, fish masters, caught a mighty carp by the Kurtfürsten bridge, Berlin. On the under jaw it carried a ring on which was found an inscription. With difficulty there was deciphered through the rust the statement that this carp was liberated at Hazelhorst in the year 1618 and was consequently 268 years old. The fish weighed 38 pounds, was 102 centimeters (39 inches) long and 78 centimeters (31 inches) in circumference. The fish was living at Lipp's restaurant at the mill dam long enough for all to see it who wished, free of charge. The ring which the carp carried was deposited in the Markischen Museum." We regret having to accuse this reporter who wrote the above account of cheating this aged carp out of two years which rightly belonged to it. According to our figures the fish had lived 268 years after being planted, and as there is no way of telling how old he was when he was deposited in the waters at Hazelhorst we are inclined to be liberal with him and allow him 100 years more, we are not inclined to be ungenerous to a poor old carp in the matter of a century or two.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.—At the last meeting of this society (late the American Fishcultural Association) a committee was appointed to decide upon the time of the next meeting, which was voted to be held in Chicago, and to make such other arrangements as might be necessary. This committee, of which Mr. Frank N. Clark is chairman, have decided to hold the meeting on April 13, 14 and 15, in that city. The United States Fish Commission will have one of their transportation cars there on exhibition to show how whitefish and other fish are moved. The Michigan Commission will have a display of hatching apparatus in the exposition building, where other fishcultural exhibits will be open to the public. An interesting and important meeting is promised.

THE COLORADO COMMISSION.—Interest in fishculture in Colorado is rapidly awakening. Besides the State hatchery there are the following private ones: Land's hatchery at Nathrop, Chaffee county; Grant's, Smelter, and Bogart's, Central Park, besides four that are owned or controlled by Gen. John Pierce, the Commissioner of Fisheries for the State. These hatcheries have in the aggregate 1,000,000 brook trout eggs, and one has a few eggs of the lake trout. Many carp have been introduced by the U. S. Fish Commission and are doing well. The State appropriation is small, but much good work is done by the Lake Archer Fish Company and by individuals.

OVER ELEVEN MILLION DOLLARS has been paid to its policy-holders by the Travelers, of Hartford, U. Conn., since its organization. Present payments are over a million a year.—*Adm.*

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 8—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 22—Eighty annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Cosier, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elbow, Secretary.

March 23, 24 and 25—First Annual Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club, Newark, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, Secretary, Berzen Point, N. J.

March 30 to April 2—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club, S. K. Hemingway, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, Edward A. Fowler, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

April 13, 14, 15 and 16—First Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club, A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 4, 5, 6 and 7—Tenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent, P. O. Box 1812, New York.

May 18, 19, 20 and 21—Third Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club, St. Louis, Mo. Geo. Munson, Manager.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3333.

THE ALEXANDRIA FIELD TRIALS.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

ALEXANDRIA is located on the south side of Red River, in the midst of a fine section of country, which justly might be termed a hunter's paradise.

In the pine woods opposite Alexandria we found an excellent country for field trials, slightly rolling, with sufficient undergrowth to furnish cover for the birds, and yet not so heavy as to interfere with the dogs at work.

The interest in well-bred and fine field dogs has received quite an impetus from this meeting, and grand results may be looked for in the near future at their annual trials.

While this was an amateur meeting, yet it developed an unlooked-for knowledge of dogs and understanding of first-class field work that was surprising, and would reflect credit upon the oldest institutions of this kind. To the judges too much praise cannot be accorded. But one of them had ever attended a regular field trial, yet their decisions were most excellent and satisfactory.

Our week of pleasure was tastily rounded off with a grand banquet on Saturday night, given by the Alexandria Rod and Gun Club at the Exchange Hotel.

The first prize was won by Master Knight Renaud's black and white English setter Boyd. He is a good-sized dog, weighing about 50 pounds, with good speed, range and bottom.

The second prize was won by Mr. A. R. Starr's black pointer dog Watt. He is of medium size, and will compare favorably with any pointer I have seen in field trials.

The third prize was divided between Judge James M. Thompson's black, white and tan English setter Mark Twain and Mr. S. Cullen's black, white and tan dog Prescott. Mark Twain is of medium size and a very handsome dog, with fine style and dash on game. Prescott has good style and action.

The first consolation cup was won by Mr. W. B. Wells's lemon and white setter Kink. He is a large, fine-looking dog, with a splendid nose.

The second consolation cup was won by Mr. L. B. Baynard's blue belton dog Custer. He has good speed and style.

In the heats where Judge Thompson's dog ran Mr. J. M. Avenit judged in the place of Judge Thompson. In the heats where Mr. Starr's dog ran Mr. B. Waters judged in Mr. Starr's place.

The attendance was very large throughout the entire trials.

PATTI AND NELLIE B.

At 9:50 Mr. E. W. Condon's black, white and tan setter bitch Patti (Duke Gladstone—Grace Darling), handled by his owner, and Mr. V. T. Gray's black and white setter bitch Nellie B. (Bake-Meg-Merrillies), handled by Mr. Henry Fontaine, were cast off in a cornfield and worked toward a thicket. In speed, range and quartering Nellie B. had the advantage, but in style Patti was superior. Working the corn and cotton blank to the thicket a bevy was seen to flush and were marked down a short distance beyond in open sedge grass. Nellie was found dropped where the bevy got up; to order Nellie moved on. Patti, coming around only a few yards from where the bevy flushed, pointed several outlying birds, which flushed wild. Fontaine shot but did not kill. Patti broke shot. Nellie B. steady. Following birds marked down in the edge of briars and sedge. Patti drawing too close to a single bird flushed it and was steady to wing. About the same time, just above her, Nellie made a good point on a single bird, which flushed wild, and she dropped to wing. Working on down through the sedge several birds were flushed by the judges and spectators. They were then worked up on level ground, where Nellie pointed and Patti backed. Fontaine to order flushed, shot and killed. Nellie dropped to shot. Patti broke shot and made a fair retrieve. The dogs were then ordered up at 10:40, Nellie being awarded the heat. Down fifty minutes.

MINGO AND DOLPH.

At 10:50 Mr. W. B. Wells's black and white English setter dog Mingo (Druid—Star), handled by his owner, and Mr. C. E. Brughurst's black, white and tan English setter Dolph (Cyrus—Belle Gladstone), handled by his owner, were cast off in an open sedge field. Mingo was much the fastest and widest ranger of the two, but before the heat was ended Dolph got much better and Mingo slowed down somewhat. Mr. Wells just arriving from Canada with his dogs, which were entirely out of condition, not having had any work this season until a few days before the trials, which made them show up quite sore, still they made a game race and proved dangerous competitors. After working about three quarters of a mile through open cornfields down the bayou without finding birds, the brace were taken across the bayou and worked up in open sedge out into the corn where Mingo made game but failed to locate and was sent on by his handler. After drawing a weed-field blank, the dogs were then worked back to the cornfield, where Mingo made game before. Working out in open weeds near by, Mingo, drawing down wind, flushed two birds and dropped to wing, and the remainder of the bevy flushed wild. They were marked down in briars and thicket, which was so dense it was almost impossible for any dog to point scattered birds. Working the dogs in the thicket after them, Dolph made two flushes in rapid succession and chased each one. A little further on two birds flushed, one near each dog. Moving on slowly, Mingo flushed a single bird and was steady to wing. Working back to where the first birds were found, Mingo made a very stylish point on a single bird in very heavy cover. Dolph backed. Wells, to order, flushed, shot and killed, both dogs dropped to shot. Mingo, sent to retrieve, did

so in good style. Going on, Mingo made an excusable flush in briars down wind and was steady to wing. They were then worked out in open again through corn, cotton and sedgefield, toward the bayou, then down the bayou a mile without finding game. The dogs were then ordered up to cross the railroad and bayou, where the dogs were again put down in a cottonfield and worked through burnt weeds and sedgefield to heavy cover in a bottom, which was so dense that it was uncomfortable to ride through much less to work good dogs in. Going on some distance in this thick cover, the judges ordered the brace up until they could get around the thicket and cross the ditch into the road. Just a few minutes after they were ordered up and while Mingo was at heel, Dolph found and pointed a bevy in briars on the roadside; as the dogs were ordered up this point was not allowed. Mingo was ordered down for a back, but as the cover was so dense, it was impossible for him to see the pointing dog, which he passed and located some of the same birds in good style about forty yards further on. The handlers were then ordered to flush birds; both shot and both dogs were steady to shot. One bird was killed and Dolph was sent to retrieve, but failed to find, the bird being winged. Nothing was allowed either dog for this work. The dogs were then put down. Dolph soon made a flush, which was excusable; Mingo found and retrieved the winged bird. The dogs were then worked to where two birds had been marked down in thick weeds and briars, which were as high as our heads on horseback. It was thought impossible for dogs to point in such a place, but Mingo found and pointed a single bird in good shape. Wells flushed but did not shoot; Mingo steady to wing. The dogs were then ordered up at 12:45 and the heat awarded to Mingo. Down two hours.

MARK TWAIN AND BARON BLUE.

At 1:55, after lunch, Judge James M. Thompson's black, white and tan English setter dog Mark Twain (Coleman's London—True Laverack) and Mr. C. A. Schnack's blue belton English setter dog Baron Blue (Belton—Bramble) were cast off in an open cotton field. In speed Mark had a slight advantage, in range and quartering they were about equal. Both were very stylish on points, but Mark had a slight advantage. Mark was a beautiful, quick, easy way of going to his birds, always pointing with head and tail well up, and with a year's more experience and careful handling he will be a dangerous competitor in any stake. Working through cotton to a hedge Baron Blue made game and commenced roading. Mark backed, but quickly moved on and roaded with him, then made a cast to the left, on the other side of the hedge row, and located the birds in fine style. Baron established his point almost immediately, and both dogs were allowed a point. Judge Thompson flushed, shot and killed. Mark broke to shot and dropped to order. Baron dropped to shot. To order Mark Twain retrieved the bird. The birds flew to such a bad thicket it was impossible to work the dogs on them. They were worked around the thicket in cotton to the hedge beyond, where Baron pointed, moved on and commenced roading. Judge Thompson, being an old judge at field trials, showed very plainly that he had caught on to some of the tricks so often played by handlers in trials. He very skillfully threw Mark around to the thicket where Baron was roading, both dogs roading beautifully, but Mark being the quicker, located and pointed the birds in front of Baron, when Baron also pointed, the birds being flushed by the handlers but not shot at; both dogs steady to wing. Again the judges allowed both a point. Baron should have been entitled to more credit than Mark for the last two points, as he was first in both instances to commence roading. The birds were marked down in a bad thicket. Working down the hedgerow toward scattered birds, Baron pointed, moved on and flushed a single bird, after which several more rose wild. A little further on in a thicket Baron pointed, discovered his error and roaded on some distance without finding birds. In the meantime Mark had gone further into the thicket and was lost from his handler. After looking for him some time Baron was ordered up until Mark could be found. After about ten minutes his handler succeeded in getting him to come to whistle. After which the dogs were ordered down and taken back to a weed field where two birds had been marked down. Baron flushed one of them and was steady to wing. Working them through open country and cotton and corn fields, drawing several fields blank, the brace was ordered up for water. After which the dogs were put in wagons and taken to a large corn field near by, where they were again cast off, drawing this blank. After working a long way through several large weed fields the dogs were worked back to where several birds had been flushed by spectators and marked down in a weed field, where Baron made a beautiful point on a single bird, but moved on a step or two and the bird flushed. He scored a point, but it looked very much like a flush. Going on, several birds were flushed by the judges. Mark pointed on the scent, discovered his error and roaded on, when Baron came up in front and both backed each other. The dogs were ordered on by the handlers, and no birds were found. The brace was then ordered up at 3:30 to go south about 2½ miles on better grounds, where birds were found more plentiful. At 2:55 the dogs were again put down in open corn and sedge grass. Working toward a ditch, Mark pointed in fine style on the edge of the ditch in some briars. Baron backed well. Judge Thompson flushed a large bevy. Mark was a little unsteady to wing. Baron perfectly staunch. The birds flew to heavy sedge which was as high as the handler's head, where Mark scored a point. Baron backed, and his handler claimed a point, but failed to flush a bird in front of him. Judge Thompson then flushed Mark's bird, which was shot and killed by Mr. Schnack. Baron was then sent on to retrieve. Picking up the bird Mr. Schnack started to go to him when one of the judges had some doubt about Baron's retrieving from Mr. Schnack's actions, and he asked Mr. Schnack to walk back and let the dog retrieve the bird. Baron dropped the bird and refused to retrieve it. Mr. Schnack then very innocently remarked that Baron did not retrieve. The dogs were then ordered up at 4:08 and the heat given to Mark Twain. Down two hours and thirteen minutes.

CRIST AND LUFRA.

At 4:10 Mr. L. W. Murdoch's black, white and tan Gordon setter dog Crist (Nix—Daisy) and Mr. John W. Prescott's black, white and tan setter bitch Lufra (Cyrus—Belle Gladstone) were cast off in a large open cornfield. Lufra had the advantage in pace, range and style. This was one of the most amusing heats that it was ever our fortune to witness. Both dogs were handled by their respective owners. Mr. Prescott is an old gentleman whose head is as white as snow, nicknamed by his personal friends as Father John. He is by far the youngest member of the club judging by the great activity with which he pushed his competitor in this heat. It was mutually agreed that they should ride and handle their dogs. After the dogs started off through the cornfield the judges gave Father John permission to "go as you please." Knowing the locality of all the bevy on this ground, he soon had his old gray horse in a fast trot, distancing the judges and his opponent. It afforded much amusement to see the old gentleman so much excited that the judges did not stop his gait, but told his competitor to keep up if he could. Failing to find birds in the cornfield, Father John pointed to a thicket about a quarter of a mile off, saying that they would be sure to find a bevy there. He started in that direction across a good cornfield for birds, and soon had his horse in a gallop heading for the bevy, his dog following and leaving his opponent handler about seventy-five yards in the rear, followed by the judges, reporters and spectators at full speed to see what Father John was going to do. Sure enough, when he reached the thicket, Crist going in flushed a large bevy and dropped to wing. The bevy was marked down only a short distance in a rag weed field. Father John dismounted and followed very quickly. Lufra rushing on at rattling pace, wheeled and pointed in

beautiful style. Father John turned to the judges and claimed a point. While his back was turned she sprang at the bird, put it up and had a lively chase. Finding that she could not catch it she came dashing back and jumped on another point in grand style with head and tail well up. Again Father John turned to the judges and claimed a point, when the bitch repeated her former performance. Just then a bird was flushed by one of the judges which flew past Mr. Murdoch, who shot and killed it. Crist to order retrieved well. The report of the gun made Lufra turn back to see what had happened. She again made a beautiful point, Father John being only a few feet from her made her hold her point until he went in front to flush. Then she made a jump, but failed to flush it and wheeled to a point. Father John then flushed the bird, shot and missed it. Lufra broke shot and chased. Working on down the slant in heavy weeds, Crist pointed; Lufra brought around to back, not seeing Crist went in front of him and also pointed. The birds flushed wild and Lufra chased. Crist was a little unsteady to wing, but dropped to order. The dogs were then ordered up at 4:45 and the heat awarded to Crist. Down thirty-five minutes. Father John looked very much disappointed to think his favorite dog would go back on him so completely, and to my great surprise he did not even say a harsh word to her, but at once tried to explain to the judges and reporters that his bitch was not in the habit of behaving so badly. If Father John will break his bitch properly for next year's trials I think he will turn the laugh on some one else.

TANGIPAHOA AND JACK.

At 4:50 Mr. Henry Fontaine's black, white and tan English setter bitch Tangipahoa (Gladstone—Flossie) and Mr. M. F. Smith's liver and white pointer Jack (pedigree unknown) were cast off in an open weedfield, where the last brace were taken up. Tangipahoa had a great advantage in speed, range and style; in fact, she is a very fast bitch. Working around in a large weedfield back to the thicket without finding. The spectators flushed several birds of the last bevy, and the dogs were then ordered up to get out of the thicket. When the dogs were again cast off Jack soon made an uncertain point. His handler, not thinking there was anything there, ordered him on, and he flushed a single bird. He made a little cast and flushed again, and was steady to wing each time. Tangipahoa made a cast across the branch and pointed in the briars. Jack was brought around to back, but refused to do so; went in and flushed the birds; both were steady to wing. They were again cast off in the thicket, Jack making two flushes in rapid succession. The dogs were then ordered up at 5:05 and Tangipahoa awarded the heat. Down eighteen minutes.

HARRY AND PRESCOTT.

At 5:10 Dr. J. S. Fish's black and white English setter dog Harry (pedigree not given) and Mr. S. Cullen's black, white and tan English setter dog Prescott (Cyrus—Belle Gladstone) were cast off in a thicket down the branch where the birds were marked. Prescott had the advantage in speed, range and style. They were about equal in quartering. Working across the road, Harry pointed in sedge grass and Prescott backed. The judges asked Dr. Fish to flush and kill. He flushed the bird, raised his gun, but did not shoot. Both dogs broke in, but dropped to order. The Doctor's excuse for not shooting was that he had rheumatism in his finger and could not pull the trigger. Working on in open sedge grass, Prescott pointed and Harry backed. The handler to order flushed, shot and missed. Prescott broke shot. Harry remaining steady to shot and wing. Working around the hill the handlers flushed several birds. We then went back into the field where several birds had been marked. Prescott made a good point and Harry backed. The handler flushed, shot and missed the bird. Both dogs broke shot. The dogs were then ordered up at 5:45 and Prescott awarded the heat. Down in all thirty-five minutes. This ended the day's sport.

The next brace in the order of running was Boyd and Rip, but the handlers not being up with the dogs, the next brace was called.

WATT AND CUSTER.

At 9:05 Mr. A. R. Starr's black pointer dog Watt (Bronco—Fan) and Mr. L. B. Baynard's blue belton dog Custer (Blue Dick—Buckeye Belle) were cast off in a large open cotton field where both dogs showed good range and speed, Watt having the advantage; they were about equal in style. The handlers worked this brace from horseback, and in this heat will mainly be seen the evil effects of such handling. After drawing several corn and cotton fields blank, we worked toward a hedgerow, where Custer made a point. His handler rode up to him and stopped, and did not seem inclined to flush the birds, whereupon Custer jumped in and flushed but stopped to order. Going on to the single birds marked in some briars, he pointed a single bird, which flushed wild, and he was a little unsteady to wing. At about the same time Watt pointed in the edge of the thicket, and Custer was ordered to back, but refused, went around him several times and finally stopped to order. Watt also flushed a single bird and was steady to wing. Working around in the same place, Custer pointed and Watt backed, and several birds flushed wild. Moving up Custer flushed a single bird and dropped to wing. We then worked across open country about a half a mile without finding birds. Going into a briar thicket a bevy of birds was seen to flush, but the cover was so heavy it was impossible to see the dog. Custer being the only dog in the vicinity, it was natural to suppose that he put them up. These birds were not followed. Going west some distance, Watt pointed on the edge of the ditch. Custer refused to back and went in ahead, flushed and chased, Watt steady to wing. The dogs were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Watt. Down, one hour and ten minutes.

BOYD AND RIP.

At 10:20 Master Knight Renaud's black and white English setter dog Boyd (Brussels—Lowa Queen), and Mr. E. G. Hunter's black, white and tan English setter dog Rip (Cyrus—Belle Gladstone), were cast off in a large rag weed field where they had opportunity to show their speed and range, both being about equal. Boyd had a little advantage in quartering and largely the advantage in style. After a long tramp upward without finding game, we worked toward a heavy thicket, where Rip made a very stylish point. Boyd refused to back, went on and also pointed. The birds were running in the briars and both roaded on some distance before they were flushed. Fontaine shot and missed. Rip broke shot but stopped to order. Boyd steady to shot; both dogs were allowed a point. The birds were marked down only a short distance in the edge of a thicket where Boyd pointed a running bird, which his handler failed to flush. Ordered on, Boyd roaded some distance and located the bird, which flushed wild. Boyd steady to wing. About the same time Rip pointed a single bird in the briars, which flushed wild. Several birds were then flushed by the handlers and judges. Moving on, Rip flushed a single bird and dropped to wing. A little further on Boyd also flushed a single bird and was steady to wing. Out in the open where several scattered birds were marked, Boyd false-pointed in a brush pile. Working on through a cornfield, Boyd made a point on a single bird and Rip backed him. Mr. Fontaine going in to flush Rip broke in and ran around Boyd but stopped to order. Fontaine flushed, shot and killed. Boyd dropped to shot. Rip broke shot and refused to retrieve the bird. Boyd then to order retrieved fairly well. The brace were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Boyd. Down one hour.

KINK AND TRIGG.

At 11:25 Mr. W. B. Wells's lemon and white setter dog Kink (Druid—Star) and W. P. Flower's orange pointer dog Trigg were cast off in the thicket to work on scattered birds. In speed, range and style Kink had the advantage. They were about equal in quartering. Kink flushed a single bird and

dropped to wing. A little further on Trigg also flushed a single bird down wind and moving on scored another flush. Then toward the edge of the thicket both dogs flushed and were steady to wing, after which Kink flushed a single bird. They were then cast out in an open rag weed field where Trigg flushed a single bird and dropped to wing. On some distance further Kink made a wide cast and pointed and Trigg backed him. To order the handler flushed a small bevy, shot and missed, both dogs steady to shot. The birds were not followed. Going on near a hedgerow the handlers flushed several birds which Trigg had passed. The dogs were then cast back there. Trigg passed close to the remaining birds, not showing any nose whatever. Several birds were then flushed by the handlers which were marked down in an open cornfield. Kink pointed a single bird and Trigg backed him. To order Mr. Wells flushed, shot and failed to kill, both dogs steady to shot. Moving on Trigg scored two flushes in rapid succession. The dogs were then ordered up at 11:58 and Kink awarded the heat. Down thirty-five minutes. This ended the first series. This being about dinner time we went back to town. It was decided that the second series should be decided by running on different ground, the pine woods being selected to finish the trials.

Second Series.

After dinner we crossed the river, going north about a mile and a half from town.

NELLIE B. AND MINGO.

At 2:20 Nellie B. and Mingo were cast off on the east side of the road in open pine woods. Nellie had the advantage in speed and range. They were about equal in style and quartering. Working some distance over several hills they both commenced roading. Mingo located the birds just as they flushed wild, both dogs dropped to wing. The birds were marked down across a little creek in open woods on bare ground. Following them, Nellie made a good point. Her handler, Mr. Fontaine, accidentally struck a cypress knee, falling down, hurting himself so badly that it took him several minutes to recover so he could go to his dog. Just before he got to her she moved around in a new place and pointed again. Mingo came up and pointed the birds that Nellie had left and they flushed wild. Nellie's birds also flushed wild; both dogs steady to wing. A number of birds then flushed wild. Going back across a little creek, on hillside covered with sedge grass Nellie made a false point and was backed by Mingo. Going on up the thicket Mingo flushed a single bird and stopped to wing. The dogs were then ordered up for about five minutes until we crossed the creek and got out on the opposite hillside. They were again cast off, when Nellie B. soon pointed at the edge of the road and Mingo backed her. Fontaine flushed the birds to order, but failed to cock his gun and did not shoot. The birds flew across the road and were marked down in a pine thicket with very little grass. Following them, Mingo pointed, moved up and flushed his bird, and dropped to wing. Mingo soon flushed again and was steady to wing. Nellie then false pointed. Mingo failed to back and was stopped to order. After a few moments the dogs were ordered up to get out in open ground again. They were again cast off in open pine woods where they could show their speed and range to a good advantage. After working some distance north Nellie B. flushed a bevy down wind on bare ground. The birds were marked down in an open thicket, Nellie making a cast across the branch flushed several birds and dropped to wing. The judges not being in a position to see her when she flushed, Mr. Fontaine claimed a point, and before she moved on several birds flushed wild in front of her. The judges allowed her a point and did not penalize her with a flush. The dogs were at once ordered up at 4:05 and the heat awarded to Nellie B. Down two hours and five minutes.

MARK TWAIN AND CRIST.

Judge Thompson, one of the judges, owned and handled Mark Twain, and Mr. J. M. Avent judged in his place during that heat. At 4:10 dogs cast off in pine woods. Mark had a decided advantage in speed, range, quartering and style. Working around the hill in sedge grass Mark pointed. Crist was brought up to back, but Mark not being in a good place to be seen, Crist was stopped by his handler. Judge Thompson flushed a large bevy, shot, but did not kill. Mark dropped to shot. Crist broke in but dropped to order. Following the birds, Mark flushed a single on bare ground and was steady to wing. Mark then pointed, discovered his error and moved on. Several birds were flushed by the handlers. They were then worked back across the branch again, when one of the handlers flushed a single bird that flew over Crist, and he broke after it but dropped to order. Immediately after Mark made a flush in open ground and was steady to wing. We then had a long hunt, crossing the road on the east and back before finding. Mark made a beautiful point in sedge grass. Crist refused to back, went in and took the point. Judge Thompson flushed a nice bevy but did not shoot. Mark dropped to wing and Crist was a little unsteady. They were then ordered up at 5:25 and the heat awarded to Mark Twain. Down one hour and fifteen minutes.

TANGIPAHOA AND PRESCOTT.

At 5:25 Tangipahoa and Prescott were cast off. Tangipahoa had a decided advantage in point and range; they were about equal in style and quartering. They were worked down the hillside, where a bevy had been marked down in sedge grass some time before by the spectators. Both dogs did some beautiful roading and both established independent points at about the same time. Birds flushed wild in front of both dogs. They were both steady to wing. The dogs moved on, and Prescott soon made a beautiful point on a single bird that was left. Tangipahoa backed. Mr. Cullen flushed, shot and killed the bird. Prescott broke shot and made a very poor retrieve. Tangipahoa broke in and was dropped by handler. On the hillside in sedge grass Prescott flushed a single bird that flew up in a little tree near by. Prescott broke in and tried to climb the tree after the bird. Tangipahoa then scored a false point. Prescott, swinging around the hill in the sedge grass about 75 or 100 yards above Tangipahoa and made a beautiful point. Mr. Fontaine claimed that it was the bird his bitch was pointing and ordered her on. She made a cast and backed Prescott nicely. Mr. Cullen flushed the bird, shot and killed it. Prescott broke shot. Tangipahoa broke in but stopped to order. The dogs were ordered on over the hill and Tangipahoa made a cast and pointed the dead bird, then moved on and retrieved it well. The dogs were then worked across the ditch; Tangipahoa pointed a sparrow and was backed by Prescott. They were then cast off up the hill. The handlers then separated. Tangipahoa soon made a good point on a single bird that was flushed by Fontaine but not shot at; she dropped to wing. Prescott, in the meantime, had pointed and done some beautiful roading on a lot of larks. The dogs were then ordered up at 6:15, we thought to be put down again next morning, but to our great surprise, the next morning the judges announced the heat in favor of Prescott. We cannot agree with the judges in this decision, and can't see how they could figure it to make Prescott the winner, Tangipahoa having a decided advantage in speed and range; they were about equal in style and quartering. Tangipahoa made two good points, no flushes. One false point, two break ins and a good retrieve, both backed well. Prescott made three points, one flush, one break in, two bad break shots and a very poor retrieve. We think, however, that the dogs should have been run longer before deciding the heat. This is the only decision made in the All-Aged Stake that we do not agree with. We learn that Judge Thompson did not give his decision in this heat on account of having to run his dog with the winner in the next series. This finished the work for the day.

WATT AND BOYD.

Friday was beautiful and clear. The middle of the day it was rather warm. The character of the work throughout the

day was good. The work began across the river about four miles northeast of town. At 10:30 Watt and Boyd were cast off on the east side of the road where Mark Twain and Crist had finished their heat the evening before. This was the best heat during the trials. In speed and style Watt had the advantage. Boyd was a little the widest ranger. They were about equal in quartering. Working east on the hillside Watt made a beautiful point in sedge grass and was held a long time until Boyd could be brought around to back, which he did well. The handlers flushed, shot and killed; both dogs were a little unsteady to shot. To order Watt retrieved fairly well. The birds were marked down in the edge of an oak thicket and sedge grass. Working down the thicket across the branch Watt pointed but soon moved on. After working out the hillside without finding birds we then turned back across the branch, where Watt commenced roading and Boyd passed him and flushed three birds; both were steady to wing. We don't think that the judges saw this work as they were crossing the branch on a log and there was a little thicket between them and the dogs. Working on up the hillside the handlers and judges flushed several birds. Then Boyd made a good point in sedge grass; Watt was called around to back; coming up facing the dog he went between him and the bird twice, and then looked at Boyd as if he did not know what he was doing. Fontaine flushed the bird but did not shoot. This was a good piece of work for Boyd. Moving on to an oak thicket Watt made an excusable flush and was steady to wing. The dogs were then ordered up to get water. They were then cast off and worked a short distance up the branch where Watt made a good point, which Boyd backed. The handler flushed but did not shoot. Both dogs were steady to wing. Quite a large bevy then flushed wild across the branch, and were marked down on the hillside in sedge grass. Boyd then pointed a single bird that had been left. His handler flushed to order but did not shoot. Following the birds Boyd pointed a single which flushed wild; he was steady to wing. Watt then pointed, moved up and flushed the bird, and dropped to wing. Boyd quickly followed suit by a flush and was steady to wing. Quite a number of birds then flushed wild. Moving on a short distance Watt flushed a single and was steady to wing. About the same time Boyd pointed a bird that flushed wild and he was steady to wing. Only a short distance on Watt made a beautiful point; his handler flushed but did not shoot. Watt steady to wing. Working on Watt was going at a rattling pace and wheeled on a beautiful point, held it for a few moments and then made a cast. His handler coming up flushed the bird that he had left. Watt pointed again, the bird flushed wild. He made one jump for it and stopped. Ordered on he made a short cast and jumped on a beautiful point. His handler flushed the bird but did not shoot. Watt was steady to wing. The work on the last bevy was all done in a very few minutes and was of a very high character. Working on up the hill Boyd stopped and Watt backed a long way off. The dogs were then ordered up to go about a half mile back to the road where there were several coveys located. They were then cast off again and Boyd made a good point, Watt not being near to back. To order Fontaine flushed a small bevy but did not shoot. The birds flew down the branch where Boyd pointed, and Watt called around to back, before getting in sight of Boyd also pointed some of the same birds. To order both handlers flushed but did not shoot; both dogs steady to wing. The dogs were then ordered up at about 11:40, and after ten minutes of consultation by judges they were ordered down again, working where the scattered bevy was supposed to be, but they failed to find any of them; Boyd pointed a sparrow, then we made a long search before finding birds. The spectators flushed a bevy behind us that were marked down in sedge grass on a hillside. The dogs were worked back there and Boyd pointed, Watt backing him. Fontaine flushed a bird that flew over Watt, he shot and killed it and Watt broke shot and retrieved it. The dogs were then ordered up at 12:44 and the heat awarded to Boyd. Down in all two hours and twenty minutes. Kink having a bye, this ended the second series.

Third Series.

KINK AND NELLIE B.

At 12:50 Kink and Nellie B. were cast off to work on scattered birds. Failing to find any of them they were worked back toward lunch. Nellie B. had a decided advantage in speed and range. They were about equal in style and quartering. After working some distance Kink made a wide cast and flushed an outlying bird of a bevy and stopped to wing. The remainder of the birds flushed wild, he still remained steady, working where the birds were supposed to be, we failed to find them. The dogs were ordered up at 1:07 for lunch. After lunch, at 1:45, they were cast off on the west side of the road. After working about half a mile through open pine woods we went out into an old sedge field where Nellie flushed a bevy and dropped to wing. The birds flying over another large bevy they also flushed and were marked down in pine woods near the branch. Following the birds, Nellie made a bad flush up wind and dropped to wing. Then quite a number of birds flushed wild. Moving on Nellie pointed. Fontaine to order flushed, shot and killed. Nellie dropped to shot and retrieved well to order. Working on down the branch, Kink flushed a single bird and dropped to wing. Then they worked across the branch, where Kink made a good point. Nellie backed for a short time, then cast off, went around him and was stopped by her handler. Mr. Wells flushed, shot and missed, both dogs steady to shot. After working around some distance in the pine woods without finding, they were worked up the branch toward the road where a bevy had been seen running on the ground. The judges told both handlers they would give them just fifteen minutes longer and then they would decide the heat. They worked around, giving the dogs the benefit of the wind. Nellie flushed the bevy up wind and dropped to wing. Following the birds down the branch, in an oak thicket Nellie made two flushes up wind in rapid succession, dropping to wing each time. Kink pointed, Wells flushed but did not shoot. Kink dropped to wing. The dogs were then ordered up at 2:25 and the heat awarded to Kink. Down in all one hour and seventeen minutes. We were very much surprised at the work of Nellie B. in this heat. She had lost her nose entirely. It was expected by nearly every one that she would be one of the winners.

MARK TWAIN AND PRESCOTT.

At 3 o'clock Mark Twain and Prescott were cast off on the west side of the road in open pine woods, where both had an opportunity to show their speed and range. They were about equal in speed, range and quartering and both were very stylish on point, Mark having a slight advantage in style. Prescott made a good cast and made a beautiful point on a little mound, Mark backed. The handlers flushed a small bevy, but did not shoot. Prescott broke in but stopped to order, Mark remaining steady. The birds were not followed. The dogs were then worked north, across the road. After working them without finding, one hour and twenty minutes, the dogs were apparently getting very tired, the judges ordered them up and asked Mr. Avent to turn Paul Gladstone loose to see if he could find a bevy for them. After about ten minutes' rest Paul was brought up and the three dogs were cast off together in open pine woods. Paul started off at such a rate of speed that it seemed to excite the dogs and put new life in them. He made a very wide cast over a hill and was found pointing. The dogs were ordered around to back. Mark coming around behind him caught the wind of the birds and drew up to a point with Paul. Prescott swung around in front and also pointed. It was a beautiful sight to see, three dogs in such grand style all pointing staunchly at the same time. Avent went in to flush, but the birds were some distance away and he ordered Paul on. As soon as the order was given Paul went on as fast as possible about sixty yards to a log and

pointed again, Mark and Prescott did not move. Avent then flushed, shot, but did not kill. All of the dogs dropped to shot. Nothing was allowed either dog as they were ordered around for a back only. Paul was then put on cham and the dogs were cast off and worked up where birds had been marked down in light sedge grass. Mark pointed, Prescott refused to back, went in and was stopped to order. Judge Thompson flushed the bird, but did not shoot. Prescott broke in and Mark was steady to wing. Moving on a single bird flushed wild between the dogs, Mark then pointed and roaded and pointed again, but the bird flushed wild and he was steady to wing. They were then worked down where two birds had been marked. Prescott pointed a sparrow in a brush pile. Moving on birds were flushed by the handlers. The dogs were then ordered up at 5 and Mark awarded the heat. Down one hour and fifty minutes. This ended the third series, Boyd having a bye.

Fourth Series.

BOYD AND KINK.

At 5:20 Boyd and Kink were cast off on the east side of the road. They were about equal in speed and quartering. Boyd had a little advantage in range, Kink a little in style. Boyd pointed, Kink coming up also pointed. Both then roaded down wind some distance. Kink, crowding the birds too close, they flushed down wind. Both were steady to wing. Following the birds across the branch to edge of a thicket, Boyd flushed a single bird and stopped to wing, then moved up a few feet and pointed. In the same thicket Boyd made two points in rapid succession. The birds then flew across the road to an open pine thicket. Following them, Boyd pointed, Kink refused to back, went in and flushed. Both dogs steady to wing. They were ordered up at 6:03 and Boyd awarded the heat. Down forty-three minutes.

This ended the fourth series, Mark Twain having a bye.

Final Tie for First Prize.

BOYD AND MARK TWAIN.

Mr. J. M. Avent was selected to judge in Judge Thompson's place while he handled his dog.

At 10:02 on Saturday Boyd and Mark Twain were cast off on the east side of the road in open pine woods, and worked down the branch on the hillside in sedge grass. A bevy flushed near both dogs. They were steady to wing. Mark had a great advantage in the start in speed and style, but before the heat was ended he slowed down somewhat. Boyd was the widest ranger and Mark had the advantage in quartering. Following the scattered bevy across the branch up a little drain that was thick with bushes and some few briars, Mark made an excusable flush in the briars down wind, and was steady to wing. Boyd then pointed a rabbit. Mark, coming up on the opposite side, also pointed the same rabbit. They were both steady to fur. Moving on up the branch, the judges and handlers flushed several birds. Then turning northwest on a hillside both dogs did some beautiful roading. We finally discovered that they were after a chicken. After working about one mile northwest to the road through very likely places without finding, the judges then asked Mr. Avent to put down Rodrigo to see if he could find a bevy. The three dogs were cast off on the west side of the road in open pine woods. Rodrigo started off at his best rate of speed, and after going some distance over the hill he made a wide cast in a thicket and went so far he could not be found for some time afterward, when he was put in the wagon. The dogs were worked on in an old sedge field where Boyd made a good point and Mark backed him. A large bevy flushed wild and was marked down in the pine woods near the branch. Following them Mark made a beautiful point; Boyd also made a point at about the same time below Mark on different birds. To order, both handlers flushed, shot and Fontaine killed. Both dogs steady to shot. To order, Boyd retrieved fairly; they were both cast off and each made a flush and were steady to wing. They were then worked up the branch where several birds had been marked down in a thicket. Both dogs made excusable flushes in there and were steady to wing, then they were turned back down the branch out into the open pine woods again. After a long tedious hunt without finding, we returned to where there had been several birds marked down near where we got our last work. Boyd made game, Mark came up and also commenced roading, and established a beautiful point, and Boyd backed him. Judge Thompson flushed, shot, but did not kill. Mark dropped to shot, Boyd broke in but soon stopped. Moving on only a short distance Boyd pointed a single bird, moved up and flushed it and was steady to wing; we then went up the branch east about one mile to the road without finding. In the meantime Paul Gladstone was put down with him and after working some distance across the road in open pine wood, Boyd pointed a bevy and was backed by Mark. Fontaine flushed the birds, shot and killed and Mark retrieved well; the dogs were then ordered up at 11:20 and the heat and first prize awarded to Boyd. Down in all two hours and twenty minutes. We then went to lunch. After lunch we drove east about two miles to open pine woods.

Tie for Second Place.

MARK TWAIN AND WATT.

Watt was selected by the judges to run against Mark Twain for second place, being the best dog beaten by Boyd. At 3:50 they were cast off in open pine woods and worked down the branch. Mark did not show his usual speed and dash in this heat, he appeared to be very sore and had torn two of his toes nails off in his previous heat. Watt had a little advantage in speed and range, Mark had a decided advantage in style and quartering. Working up the hill around an old house and orchard, we crossed the creek and a large bevy flushed near both dogs. We could not see which dog made the flush as it was in a very thick place. Following the birds down the creek Watt flushed a bird down wind and the remainder of the bevy rose wild. Working across the creek in open pine woods the handlers and judges flushed several birds. Then they were worked back across the creek in an old field where Watt made a bad flush on a bevy and broke in. Watt then made a little cast, returned and pointed a bird that was left from the bevy; the bird flushed wild and Watt again broke in and stopped to order. Crossing the little drain toward a bevy that was marked down in the field Watt made a beautiful point on another large bevy on the bare ground. Mark came up, refused to back and drew too close, and the birds flushed; both dogs were steady to wing. We then dismounted and went over into the field after the first bevy where Watt flushed a single bird and was a little unsteady to wing. Moving on down the fence Mark pointed in the briars. Watt coming up the bird flushed wild. Then quite a number of birds flushed wild from the handlers and judges. Moving on up the thicket Mark flushed a single bird and was steady to wing. The dogs were then moved on up the thicket where Mark made a beautiful point on a woodcock. Judge Thompson flushed but did not shoot. Mark dropped to wing. They then got over the fence and worked out into the pine thicket and then back into the field, where both dogs scored a false point. The dogs were then ordered up to get out of the field back to our horses. They were then cast off down the creek in an old field that had been burned off, toward where a bevy had been marked down. Both dogs pointed in the briars and then commenced roading. Mark, being the fastest, roaded to a beautiful point on the creek bank, Watt not being up to back the birds flushed wild. Mark was steady to wing. The dogs were then cast off down the creek, where Mark made a beautiful point on running birds and Watt backed him. Mark commenced roading the back track. Watt made a little cast and located the birds and Mark backed him. The birds flushed wild. Both dogs were steady to wing. The remainder of the bevy flushed wild and flew across the creek. They were then worked back to the road and the dogs ordered up at 4:42, and

the heat and second prize was awarded to Watt. Down fifty two minutes.
Mark Twain and Custer were the only two dogs beaten by Watt, divided third prize.
The handlers and owners mutually agreed that the judges should select the two best dogs for the Consolation Cups. First was given to Kink and the second to Baron Blue.
This ended the All-Aged Stakes with the following result:
Watt won first.
Watt won second.
Mark Twain and Custer divided third.

KENNEL RECORD AND ACCOUNT BOOK.

THE KENNEL RECORD AND ACCOUNT BOOK consists of a series of carefully prepared blank entry forms for the use of the breeder. Pages are devoted to the registration of pedigrees, the record of stud visits, whelps, sales, prize winnings, receipts and expenses, and other memoranda, the great practical utility and permanent value of which are recognized by every experienced breeder. Ample provision is also made for recording other minor transactions, which may at the time appear trivial, but afterward prove of highest importance. There are few breeders, even among those most systematic in preserving records of their kennel transactions, who have not repeatedly felt the need of just such a detailed series of memoranda as that provided for in the Kennel Record. In the preparation of the blank forms, and in the arrangement of the book, special care has been taken to facilitate convenience both in making the entries and in subsequent reference to them. It is hoped that with such a book at their command, breeders may generally adopt a more careful system of record than they have been accustomed to preserve. 200 pages (size 9x11½ in.), price \$3. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

COCKERS AND FIELD SPANIELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If you will allow me to say a few more words on this subject, I shall be obliged.
Just as if to strengthen the position I have taken in this matter, I received from England a few days ago a marked catalogue of the Crystal Palace bench show of the E. K. C., held this month, giving all the entries, winners, etc., and on page 88 I was more than pleased to read: "Class 116. Cockers and other small field spaniels (dogs or bitches) not exceeding 25lbs."
This, to my mind, is proof positive that the English Kennel Club and the spaniel breeders of that country have at last come to the conclusion that a cocker is a small field spaniel and nothing else—just what I have always claimed.
The above-mentioned classification is entirely new, as on referring to the catalogue of the last Crystal Palace bench show held in July last year, page 64, it merely says: "Class 99. Cockers."

In their July show they had no class for either field spaniel or cocker puppies. In their show this month they have "Class 119. Spaniel puppies, any variety."
It would appear from the foregoing that the E. K. C. has discussed the matter most fully, and that they have made the change simply because they had to.

After this I trust we shall hear no more nonsense by self-constituted judges of field spaniels about this or that dog's head being too much like a field spaniel's to be a good "cocker," etc., when, as a matter of fact, they are all small field spaniels and nothing more or less.

While I am on my feet, as it were, may I ask whether it is right for the Pittsburgh people to alter the classification of cockers and field spaniels as regards weight in the rather arbitrary manner they have done?

They have said (through their premium list) that a "cocker" must be under 25 pounds in weight. I would like to know what a cocker that has won prizes at 26 pounds' weight is to do, supposing his owner desires to exhibit him. By entering him in the class above 25 pounds does he there and then acknowledge "he is nothing but a field spaniel anyhow," and forfeit the right to enter in the cocker classes at other shows, all of which place the limit at 28 pounds?

I think it would have been much better that a change regarding such an important matter as to weight should have been initiated by the A. K. C., and then only at the request of the American Spaniel Club. CAVE CANEM.

THE BOSTON DOG SHOW.—Following is the premium list of the dog show of the New England Kennel Club, to be held at Boston, April 6 to 9: Champion prizes of \$10 for dogs and the same for bitches, and in the open \$10 and \$5 for dogs, the same for bitches; and two diplomas for dog puppies and the same for bitches are offered in the following classes: Mastiffs, rough-coated St. Bernards, smooth-coated St. Bernards, Newfoundland, large pointers, small pointers, English setters, Gordon setters, Irish setters, greyhounds, foxhounds, collies, fox-terriers, black and tan terriers, large bulldogs and small bulldogs and pugs. Following classes are the same except that there is only one class for puppies: Irish water spaniels, field spaniels, black or liver cocker spaniels, cocker spaniels, any other color; Skye terriers, Yorkshire terriers over 5 pounds, Yorkshire terriers under 5 pounds, Scotch terriers. The remaining classes are as follows: Great Dane dogs \$10 and \$5, bitches the same; Clumber spaniels, the same; Chesapeake Bay dogs, the same; champion beagle, \$10; open dogs, \$10 and \$5; bitches, the same; beagles under 12 inches, dogs and bitches, the same; puppies, two diplomas. Dachshunde, champion dog, \$10; bitch, the same; open dogs, \$10 and \$5; bitches, the same. Deerhounds, the same. Wire-haired fox-terriers, the same. Dandie Dinmonts, \$10 and \$5. Irish terriers, the same. Bedlington, the same. Toy terriers, the same. Blenheim spaniels, the same. Champion King Charles spaniel dog, \$10; bitch, the same; open dogs, \$10 and \$5; bitches, the same. Italian greyhounds, the same. Poodles, the same. Mexican hairless, \$10 and \$5. Miscellaneous, over 35 pounds, the same; under 25 pounds, the same.

THE NEW HAVEN DOG SHOW.—The New Haven Kennel Club offers a stud dog prize of \$10 each for pointers, English setters, Irish setters, black and tan setters, spaniels, beagles, fox-terriers, mastiffs, collies, bull-terriers and pugs. Following are the conditions: Dog to be entered in the regular class—not necessarily for competition—with not less than four of his get (also entered in regular classes) the produce of one or more bitches. The prize to be awarded for general excellence and uniformity of type in the progeny without regard to the individual merits of the sire. If deemed advisable, other classes will be added. A number of valuable special prizes have been received, and many more are promised. It is rumored that there is quite a feeling of rivalry among the pointer men, and it is expected that the showing of this breed will be especially fine. It has been intimated that some of the owners are afraid to risk defeat and therefore will not exhibit. We do not believe this to be the case, and shall look to see the classes well filled. The entries close on Saturday, March 13. The services of Dr. E. C. Ross have been secured as veterinary for the show.

THE NEWARK DOG SHOW.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. H. Clay Glover has been appointed the veterinary surgeon of our Newark show. Kindly call attention in your paper in reference to certificates issued by us being required by railroad companies if exhibitors wish to carry their dogs free.—A. P. VREDEBURGH, Secretary.

3333 entries in the pedigree registry of the American Kennel Register.

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION.—Editor Forest and Stream: At a meeting of the executive committee of the Western Field Trials Association held at the office of James A. Bolen, 1st Vice-President, Feb. 25, 1886, the following programme for the second annual trials of the association was adopted. The trials will be run on quails at Abilene, Kansas, beginning Nov. 8, 1886, and will comprise the first annual Derby and all-aged stake, the all-aged to be run first. The stakes will be as follows: Derby—Open to all pointers and setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1885. Purse \$500; \$250 to first, \$150 to second and \$100 to third. All-Aged—Open to all pointers and setters not winners of first prize in all-aged stakes of Eastern, National or Western trials of previous years. Purse \$500; \$250 to first, \$150 to second and \$100 to third. Nominations for Derby will close May 1, 1886. Fee for nomination \$5, \$15 additional to start. Nominations for all-aged will close Oct. 9, 1886. Fee for nomination \$10, \$15 additional to start. Blanks for making nominations will be furnished on application to the secretary and treasurer. For all information in regard to the trials, address R. C. VAN HORN, Secretary and Treasurer, Kansas City, Mo.

CHOREA.—Editor Forest and Stream: My liver and white spaniel bitch had distemper very bad last summer (I had six dogs down with it), and she finished up with chorea as bad as could be. She was tumbling about in every direction, every part affected apparently, for weeks and weeks, during which time she was treated for both distemper and chorea, to no effect. Finally Mrs. "C. C." suggested giving her a hot sulphur bath, which was done, and the change in the bitch within one hour after the bath was most remarkable. She seemed a different animal, scampering about to the best of her ability, when for weeks before she had been a miserable looking object, only fit to be shot at, as one of the most noted dog men (a neighbor of mine) said, "I gave her at intervals more sulphur baths, and she quickly got well, and to-day there is not a trace of chorea about her. This may be a 'chestnut,' if so I apologize; but it is a discovery home, and I would like to have it tried on dogs similarly affected and result reported."—CAVE CANEM.

IMPORTATION OF ST. BERNARDS.—Newark, N. J., Feb. 27.—Editor Forest and Stream: As it is now generally known that Mr. Henry Schumacher, of Hollingen, near Berne, Switzerland, the celebrated breeder of St. Bernards, has closed out his kennel of smooth-coated dogs and disposed of them for breeding purposes in this country, I may as well inform you that I have secured from him for my own kennels, two of the handsomest specimens, viz., the dog Hector, 2 years old, and the bitch Tony, about 16 months old. Hector is Apollo's best son and stands 79 centimetres at shoulders to Apollo's 81, being but 4-5 of an inch smaller than his sire. He is a well marked typical dog of the orthodox color. Tony is also by Apollo out of Bernice, same color and markings as Hector. They are on the way now and are expected to arrive in a few days.—K. E. HOPK.

THE PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Pennsylvania Railroad has agreed to take all dogs in kennels accompanied by their owners or care-takers over their roads free to the West Pennsylvania Poultry Society dog show, March 16 to 19, show to close March 19 at 6 P. M. Everything indicates that we shall have a large entry of Eastern dogs. Mr. H. W. Lacy will take charge of any dogs going to Pittsburgh show.—C. B. ELLEN, Secretary. Editor Forest and Stream: Owing to a typographical error in our premium list, the limit of the weight of cocker spaniels reads 25 pounds. It should read 28 pounds. They will be judged under the standard of the American Spaniel Club.—L. F. WHITMAN, Superintendent.

THE NEWARK MAD DOG SCARE.—A Newark doctor who has kept watch over some dogs bitten by the same rabid creature that snapped the children who were sent to Paris to be treated by Pasteur is prepared to swear that the cur was not mad at all. His bitten dogs have grown fat, and have thus far shown no signs of rabies. This is unfortunate for Pasteur, whose theory was supposed to be undergoing a grand test, but we congratulate the children, who had a delightful trip to Paris.—New York World.

BOUND BOOKS OF KENNEL BLANKS.—We have bound books of kennel blanks, each book consisting of 200 blanks of a given style, and can furnish these (postpaid 90 cents) for the convenience of those who have occasion to use a large number of blanks. In ordering be careful to state what particular series of blanks is desired, i. e., whether Names Claimed, Sales, Bred or Whelps. The arrangement of the blanks is such that a duplicate record of each note sent for publication may be retained for future reference.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.—Birmingham, Conn. March 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: There will be a meeting of the executive committee of the American Kennel Club at Newark, N. J., on March 24, the second day of the dog show, at 2 P. M. The committee on credentials have reported favorably on the application of the Hartford Kennel Club for membership. I have received the resignation of the Baltimore Kennel Club as member in the A. K. C.—G. EDW. OSBORN, Secretary.

THE BEAGLE CLUB.—There will be a meeting of the executive committee of the American English Beagle Club, at Newark, N. J., on March 23, the first day of the dog show. The committee extend a cordial invitation to all interested in the beagle, to meet them. Any one desirous of joining the club should communicate with the secretary, Mr. W. H. Ashburner, 27 North Thirty-eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE HARTFORD DOG SHOW.—Editor Forest and Stream: Our premium list will be issued Monday, March 1. Every indication points toward our show being a great success. There has been a great demand for premium lists and entry blanks. The puppy classes in mastiffs, St. Bernards, greyhounds, deerhounds, setters, fox-terriers, collies and pointers will be divided into dog and bitch classes.—A. C. COLLINS, Secretary.

THE SPANIEL JUDGE AT HARTFORD.—Mr. A. C. Wilmerding informs us that it will be impossible for him to act as judge at the Hartford dog show.

3333 entries in the pedigree registry of the American Kennel Register.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Ashmont Bertha. By Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., for tawn, black points, muffed bitch, whelped Nov. 24, 1885, by Hero II. out of Empress (Grip—Britannia).
Pulka. By J. N. Rander, Oakville, Tex., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 3, 1886, by Poet (George) out of Bessie B. (Robt. Seidel's Frank—Dr. Getzwiller's Cora).
Dun. By D. E. Bowers, Cummingsville, Tex., for lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Jan. 3, 1886, by J. N. Rander's Poet (J. N. Bennett's George) out of Bessie B. (Robt. Seidel's Frank—Dr. Getzwiller's Cora).

Gipsy. By J. N. Rander, Oakville, Tex., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 3, 1886, by Poet (Bennett's George) out of Bessie B. (Seidel's Frank—Dr. Getzwiller's Cora).

Ponto. By D. E. Bowers, Cummingsville, Tex., for liver, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Jan. 3, 1886, by J. N. Rander's Poet (Bennett's George) out of Bessie B. (Seidel's Frank—Dr. Getzwiller's Cora).

Bessie B. By D. E. Bowers, Cummingsville, Tex., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 6, 1885, by Seidel's Frank out of Getzwiller's Cora (Laverack Chief—).
Thomas W. Keene. By N. V. Ketchum, Savannah, Ga., for brindle, white streak on breast, bulldog, whelped Oct. 30, 1885, by Guillermo (A. K. R. 671) out of Patti (A. K. R. 2538).

Lady O'Donoghue. By Conghrua Medicine Co., Eau Claire, Wis., for Irish water spaniel bitch, whelped Dec. 11, 1885, by The O'Donoghue out of Water Witch.
Gladys. By Roscroft Kennels, Birmingham, Conn., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1885, by Plantagenet out of Forest Dora.

Belmont. John Kethering, N. Jersey City, N. J., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 21, 1885, by Donald II. (Donald, A. K. R. 2545—Devonshire Lass—) out of Nora (A. K. R. 1785).
Jeg II. By Jas. Rae, Buffalo, N. Y., for pepper and tan Dandie Dimont bitch, whelped Jan. 18, 1885, by Bobbie Burns (A. K. R. 2907) out of Elsa (A. K. R. 2908).

Habbie II. By Jas. Rae, Buffalo, N. Y., for pepper and tan Dandie Dimont dog, whelped June 18, 1885, by Bobbie Burns (A. K. R. 2907) out of Elsa (A. K. R. 2908).
Calico. By E. W. Durkee, New York, for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped June 25, 1885, by Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairly II.) out of Belle of Allendale (Lava Rock—Liddersdale).

Chintz. By E. W. Durkee, New York, for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped June 25, 1885, by Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairly II.) out of Belle of Allendale (Lava Rock—Liddersdale).
Saddbags. By E. W. Durkee, New York, for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped June 25, 1885, by Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairly II.) out of Belle of Allendale (Lava Rock—Liddersdale).

Leaphazard. By E. W. Durkee, New York, for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped June 25, 1885, by Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairly II.) out of Belle of Allendale (Lava Rock—Liddersdale).
Nahmke. By E. W. Durkee, New York, for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 25, 1885, by Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairly II.) out of Belle of Allendale (Lava Rock—Liddersdale).

General Custer. By F. W. Fonda, Jr., Albany, N. Y., for black and white Great Dane dog, whelped Nov. 28, 1885, by Bolivar out of Leah.
Little Sue. By W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 8, 1885, by Marchboy II. (A. K. R. 2919) out of Lizzie (Ringwood—Norah).

Elsie. By W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 8, 1885, by Marchboy II. (A. K. R. 2919) out of Lizzie (Ringwood—Norah).
Jingo. By W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Sept. 8, 1885, by Marchboy II. (A. K. R. 2919) out of Lizzie (Ringwood—Norah).

Dido. By W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Sept. 8, 1885, by Marchboy II. (A. K. R. 2919) out of Lizzie (Ringwood—Norah).
Blue Blood Kennel. By D. A. Goodwin, Jr., for his private kennel at Newburyport, Mass.

Monitor Kennel. By Geo. E. Reading, Flemington, N. J., for his kennel of pointers.
Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of Feb. 18, 1885, you have in Names Claimed, and as having been bred to Senator Pierce's dog Bob, the bitch Judy B. as a Skye terrier. Being a new hand at keeping dogs, I so wrote it, when I should have said Yorkshire terrier. Please correct in your next and oblige.—FRED BOLLETT (Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 19).

BRED

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Cimer—Blue Cap. Hiram Card's (Doon, Ont.) beagle bitch Chimer (A. K. R. 699) to his Blue Cap (Blue Cap—White Belle), Feb. 19.

Pet—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Pet (A. K. R. 2321) to his Bannerman (A. K. R. 1709), Feb. 15.

Bonnie—Bannerman. C. E. White's (Cleveland,) beagle bitch Bonnie (Secher—Maybell) to A. C. Krueger's Bannerman (A. K. R. 1709), Feb. 12.

Krueger's Myrtle—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) imported beagle bitch Krueger's Myrtle (A. K. R. 2917) to his Bannerman (A. K. R. 1709), Feb. 9.

Lofty—Count Waldo. J. V. Vail's (St. George's, Del.) mastiff bitch Lofty (A. K. R. 2819) to E. W. Jester's Count Waldo (A. K. R. 1591), Jan. 21.

Loft—Count Waldo. E. W. Jester and J. V. Vail's (St. George's, Del.) mastiff bitch Loft (A. K. R. 3122) to E. W. Jester's Count Waldo (A. K. R. 1591), Jan. 17.

Gyp—Turk. Philip D. Hart's (Simcoe, Ont.) Gordon setter bitch Gyp (Jack—Gyp) to H. Clay Glover's Turk (Colburn's Dash—Pryor's Belle), Jan. 22 and 23.

Nell—Turk. Chas. S. Fitch's (Fort Washington, New York) imported Gordon setter bitch Nell (Old Rupert—Rhoda) to H. Clay Glover's Turk (Colburn's Dash—Pryor's Belle), Jan. 23 and 30.

Bessie B.—Frank. Dr. Getzwiller's (Goliath, Tex.) English setter bitch Cora (Laverack Chief—) to Robt. Seidel's Frank, Nov. 4.

Bell Mont—Argus. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Bell Mont (Chot—Judy) to his Argus (imported Argus—Zenith), Feb. 17.

Beauty—Dandy. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) pug bitch Beauty (Jim—Beauty) to E. Pratt's Dandy (imported Fort—Dido), Feb. 17.

Heidel—Rudolph II. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Heidel (Cesar—Nun) to their imported Rudolph II. (Cavallader—Myra), Feb. 7.

Passion—Foreman. Roscroft Kennels' (Birmingham, Conn.) English setter bitch Passion (Prince—Pebble) to C. Fred Crawford's Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairly II.), Feb. 7.

Pearl Blue—Gun. Chas. York's (Bang, Me.) Llewellin setter Pearl Blue (Royal Blue—Dryad) to his Gun (Gladstone—May 8), Dec. 14.

Bess—Bramble. C. J. Moffit's (Garnett, N. Y.) Gordon setter bitch Bess (H. G. Scudder's Grant—T. H. Tilden's Nellie) to E. B. Dusenbury's Bramble (Dr. Aten's Glen—E. B. Dusenbury's Gypsy), Feb. 11.

Alice—Chief. J. C. Langran's (Yonkers, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Alice (Glencho—Juno) to Max Wenzel's Chief (A. K. R. 231).

Doe—Chief. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Doe (Buck—Floss) to his Chief (A. K. R. 231).

Huggs—Pilot. E. Holly's (Rhinebeck, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Mugs to Ideal Kennels' Pilot, Feb. 9.

Alice—Dandy Zulu. E. Holly's (Rhinebeck, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Alice to Ideal Kennels' Dandy Zulu, Feb. 11.

Scouty—Pilot. A. L. Raub's (New London, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Scouty to Ideal Kennels' Pilot, Feb. 15.

Darkey—Oba II. P. Cullen's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) black cocker spaniel bitch Darkey (A. K. R. 250) to J. P. Willey's Oba II. (A. K. R. 432), Jan. 18.

Lizzie—Marchboy II. W. F. Streeter's (Lehigh Tannery, Pa.) beagle bitch Lizzie (Ringwood—Norah) to his Marchboy II. (A. K. R. 2919), Feb. 6.

Jane—Bang Bang. Jacob Pentz's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) pointer bitch Jane to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A. K. R. 394), Feb. 6.

Belle—Bang Bang. D. S. Gregory, Jr.'s (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Belle (A. K. R. 298) to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A. K. R. 394), Jan. 19.

Madge—Bang Bang. E. S. Knapp's (Bay Shore, L. I.) pointer bitch Madge to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A. K. R. 394), Jan. 27.

Zanetta—Bang Bang. W. F. Todd's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Zanetta to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A. K. R. 394), Feb. 2.

Modesty—Bang Bang. F. R. Hitchcock's (New York) pointer bitch Modesty (Croxall—Trunket) to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A. K. R. 394), Feb. 2.

Citron—Comet. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Citron (Bang Bang—Rose) to their Comet (Meteor—Trunket), Feb. 20.

Spinaway—Bang Bang. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Spinaway (Garnet—Kewick) to their Bang Bang (A. K. R. 394), Feb. 21.

Folly—Comet. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Folly (A. K. R. 212) to their Comet (Meteor—Trunket), Feb. 22.

WHELPS.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Dashing Belle. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Dashing Belle (A. K. R. 814), Feb. 13, seven (two dogs), by his Glen Rock (A. K. R. 1616).

Nellie. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) Italian greyhound bitch Nellie (Silk Socks—Naughty), Feb. 14, three (two dogs), by imported Duke.

Leah II. S. B. Foard's (Elkton, Md.) English setter bitch Leah II. (Royal Duke—Leah), Feb. 11, ten (seven dogs), by G. F. Clark's Rex Gloucester (2 yrald) and Molly Druid.

Bessie B. D. E. Bowers' (Cummingsville, Tex.) English setter bitch Bessie B. (Frank—Corra), Jan. 3, four (two dogs), by J. N. Rander's Post (George—).

Corra Dr. G. V. Miller's (Goliad, Tex.) Llewellyn setter bitch Corra (Lark Chief—), Jan. 6, nine (five dogs), by Robt Seidel's Frank.

Judy R. Fred Bollette's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) Yorkshire terrier Judy R., Jan. 5, five (three dogs), by Senator Pierce's imported Bob.

Judy C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) pure bitch Judy (imported Sam—Bess), Jan. 30, eight (two dogs), by E. Pratt's Dandy (imported Sam—Did).

Grace C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Grace (Ned Elch—Ruby), Jan. 20, fifteen (ten dogs), by Frank S. Kelly's Dan R. (Glenco—Lulu).

Lady Bright Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) Llewellyn setter bitch Lady Bright (Rink II.—Aida), Feb. 15, four (two dogs), by his Gun (A. K. R. 1558).

Belle of Allendale. E. W. Durkee's (New York) English setter bitch Belle of Allendale (Lava Rock—Liddersdale), Jan. 26, five (one dog), by Blackstone Kennel's Foreman (Dashing Mouch—Fairy II.).

SALES.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Ashmont Bertha. Fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped Nov. 23, 1885, by Hero out of Express, by Ashmont Kennel, Boston, Mass., to Geo. Gilman, West Jefferson, O.

Eliza Cap. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped July 27, 1880, by Blue Cap out of Blue Bell, by W. L. Crittenden, Pine View, Va., to Hiram Card, Doon, Ont.

Castor. Lemon and white pointer dog, 20 months old, by Bang Bang out of Polly, by Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I., to Jas. L. Breeze, New York.

Silver. Fox-terrier bitch, whelped September, 1879, by Badminton out of Rose, by F. C. Wheeler, London, Ont., to C. W. DePaul, New Albany, Ind.

Elze. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 8, 1885, by Marc hot II, out of Lizzie, by W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa., to M. Saunders, Mount Vernon, O.

Little Sue. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 8, 1885, by Marchwhoy II, out of Lizzie, by W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa., to Wm Tufe, Reverse, Pa.

Pudge. Pug bitch, whelped Aug. 8, 1884 (A. K. R. 1565), by Essex Kennel, L. Andover, Mass., to Chester Kennel, Lancaster, Mass.

Lady Snow. White pointer bitch, whelped May 15, 1885, by Mark out of Birdie, by Aug. M. Gra, Milwaukee, Wis., to Floyd Vail, New York.

Vie. Pepper and tan Dandie Dinmont bitch, whelped June 18, 1885, by Robbie Burns out of Elsa, by James Rae, Buffalo, N. Y., to James Ferguson, same place.

Bugle. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Feb. 7, 1885 (A. K. R. 3664), by P. Kaschbach, Wilkesbarre, Pa., to Messrs. John & E. P. Dixon, Philadelphia, Pa., and Wilmington, Del.

Hazel. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped March, 1884 (A. K. R. 2087), by Roscroft Kennels, Birmingham, Conn., to F. E. Lee, Southington, Conn.

Nell Gwynn. Biddle, with white markings, St. Bernard bitch, whelped Sept. 23, 1883, by Trojan out of Eveline, by C. F. Silis, Albany, N. Y., to Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. Y.

Prince Leopold. Black and white pointer bitch, whelped June 20, 1881, by Mount Zion II (E. 11,747) out of Beauty II, by C. F. Silis, Albany, N. Y., to Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. Y.

Asheton's Blue Bell. Black, white and tan and blue ticked beagle bitch, whelped July 27, 1880, by Shadow's Leader out of Sir John Bennett's Singer, by W. L. Crittenden, Pine View, Va., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Millwood. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped December, 1884, by Five out of imported Mastiff, by Dr. J. N. Rander, New London, Conn., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

John A. Logan. Red Irish setter dog, whelped October, 1884, by Sanko out of Betty Plunkett, by C. Hoff, Trenton, N. J., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Kelpie. Pepper Dandie Dinmont bitch, whelped June, 1881 (A. K. R. 1318), by Robert Home, Orange Court House, Va., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bab. Pepper Dandie Dinmont bitch, whelped Sept. 27, 1884, by Badger II (A. K. R. 356) out of Needle (A. K. R. 355), by Robert Home, Orange Court House, Va., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mailborough. Orange tawny, white markings, St. Bernard dog, whelped July 20, 1885, by Hermit out of Daphne II, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Wm. H. McCue, Salem, Mass.

Alaska. Ora ge tawny and white tiler markings, imported St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 25, 1883, by Bayard out of Bernie VII, by Chgo a-set Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to I. C. Bates Smith, Worcester, Mass.

Empire r. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, 6 months and 2 weeks old, by Dash o it o' (Chloe, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to Mrs. C. B. Wilting, Boston, Mass.

Gipsy. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 3, 1886, by Post out of Resie B., by D. E. Bowers, Cummingsville, Tex., to J. N. Rander, Oakville, Tex.

Bessie B. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 6, 1885, by Frank out of Corra, by Dr. Getzweiler, Goliad, Tex., to D. E. Bowers, Cummingsville, Tex.

Pukka. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 3, 1886, by Post out of Bessie B., by D. E. Bowers, Cummingsville, Tex., to J. N. Rander, Oakville, Tex.

Rattler. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped April 7, 1886, by imported Langer out of imported Ruby, by Hiram Card, Doon, Ont., to R. Hamill, St. Catharines, Ont.

Thy. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 30, 1884, by Trump (A. K. R. 1290) out of Crimer (A. K. R. 609), by Hiram Card, Doon, Ont., to Fremont, Crandell, Lindsay, Ont.

Plantagenet—Forest Dora whelps. Black and white English setters, one dog and two bitches, whelped Nov. 17, 1885, by Roscroft Kennels, Birmingham, Conn., to F. E. Lee, Southington, Conn.

Noble Chimney whelp. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped May 27, 1885, by Hiram Card, Doon, Ont., to A. J. Macdonell, Mount Forest, Ont.

Gullemo (A. K. R. 671)—Patti (A. K. R. 2528) whelp. Dark brindle, white streak on breast, bulldog, whelped Oct. 30, 1885, by Thomas W. Mill, Montreal, Can., to Nelson V. Kitchum, Savannah, Ga.

Dash—Chloe whelp. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, 6 weeks old, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to Eugene Hotchkiss, Torrington, Conn.

Gun (A. K. R. 1698)—Morning Star (A. K. R. 1541) whelp. English setter dog, whelped Nov. 1, 1885, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to John W. Hamer, Philadelphia, Pa.

PRESENTATIONS.

Belmont. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 21, 1885, by Donald II (A. K. R. 2545) out of Dora (A. K. R. 1789), by Chas. Feshall, Greenville, N. J., to J. N. Rander, Oakville, Tex.

Ellen Loon. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Dec. 17, 1885, by Roscroft Kennels, Birmingham, Conn., to F. E. Lee, Southington, Conn.

Rebecca K. K. (2182) out of Nellie, by J. Oscar Jones, New Haven, Conn., to Wm. H. Pickett, same place.

3533 entries in the pedigree registry of the American Kennel Register.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

MONARCH, Savannah, Ga.—To get rid of the worms in the puppies feed them plenty of thick sour milk.

J. H. Steelton.—A setter dog about three years old has since last fall had three fits. An. Look for some cause for the fits. Has the dog worms, are his bowels in order, has he recently had the distemper? Give him the grains of the bromide of potash three times daily for three weeks.

YOUNG READER.—Ans. Give the puppy a teaspoonful of castor oil. Feed no more. Feed milk with a teaspoonful of lime water to the puppy, also beef tea with bits of toast in it. Give no fatty food. Use some Prussian blue powder for the fleas, but do not use too much. Watch his stools and convince yourself whether he has worms or not.

E. B. Boston.—In the case of canker in the ears it is advisable to use the canker cap? The dog is a beagle and has had canker some time; began treatment a week ago, using sulphur of zinc and green iodide of mercury every third day. No external ointment. Use Syring with warm water and soap, dry carefully, and drop a few drops of the following into the ear twice daily: Of bromo-chloral and of laudanum, each one drachm; of water, six ounces; mix. Apply warm.

C. A. T. Newmarket, N. H.—I wrote a few weeks ago about my setter dog having distemper and treatment I gave him. The distemper has apparently left him, and for the last week he has appeared nicely and had a ravenous appetite but he now seems unwell again. His symptoms now are constant shaking of the head and scratching of the ear by the use of his hind leg, and he drools continuously. I have an idea that it is canker in the ear, and should like to know

what treatment to now give; and does the Fowler's solution which I have been giving have a tendency to drive any humor which he may have to the face? Shall I continue to use it? Ans. You had better stop the Fowler's solution. Use the following wash for the ears: Of bromo-chloral and laudanum, one drachm each; of distilled water, six ounces. Mix. Drop in the ear twice or three times daily. If you have been giving the arsenic for more than three weeks, it is the cause for the drooling.

3533 entries in the pedigree registry of the American Kennel Register.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NEW YORK ARMORY PRACTICE.

THE new Adjutant General of this State is a great advocate of rifle practice and the various regiments are devoting much attention to indoor work, many an officer having good ranges, some of them very poor and ill adapted to the purpose intended. One of the finest rifle ranges in this country is to be found at the 7th Regiment armory, at Sixty-seventh street and Lexington avenue. The range is 300 feet long and consists of six targets. The arrangements for mark and score are perfected by an admirable set of indicators. Here, six nights out of seven, the various companies of the regiment assemble for drill and rifle practice. On the latter, two hundred thousand rounds of ammunition are expended annually. The number of rounds shot at the night is reached at high a 3,000. The match of the bullets and the filling of the blank cartridges is all done in the building under the direct superintendency of Mr. Edwards, who has invented machines for filling, priming and crimping the shell. This greatly facilitates the work, and at the same time renders the operation, free from all danger. Five tons of lead are in constant circulation from the butts to the smelting room, where the bullets can be turned out at the rate of 1,000 per hour.

During the present winter an increased number of matches and prizes have been arranged by the executive committee, and some changes made in the system of handicapping. The "bullseye" matches at 200 and 500 yards are the new features of the program. At the opening of the season nine series of matches were arranged: Three prize matches, three prizes offered, value \$25; class matches, handicap matches, the bulls-eye match, 200 yards, the bulls-eye only to count, and the greatest number in any string to win; bulls-eye match, 500 yards; then comes the armory match, the match of five matches, open to one team of five men from each company, one from the field staff and non-commissioned staff, and one team from the veterans, the prize to be a "trophy" to be awarded to the team whose aggregate score of the two competitions is the highest. Regimental team matches, open to teams of three from each company, chosen as each captain may select, the badge to be held by the winners from one competition until the next, and at the close of the season awarded to such company whose score during the matches aggregated the highest, and by them held until January 1, 1887, when it will be returned to the commandant of the regiment for further competition. The "special off-hand" matches come next, the prize a trophy, valued at \$5, to be presented to the man making the highest aggregate of any two scores. A prize known as the "picture" prize will be given to that member of the club who, during the present season, make the best score of fourteen shots in any club competition, at 200 and 500 yards, or in a competition for the Abel trophy. A cup or trophy of the value of \$75 will also be given to the man who first makes the highest possible score, namely, 70-70, in any armory rifle club match or competition for the Abel trophy. In case the prize is not awarded this year, it is intended to add \$25 to the fund until the trophy is won. The scores in the team of three matches have been running especially well.

The best score ever made at the armory is 134 out of a possible 150 points. It is this extensive system of prizes, which has created so much interest in rifle practice among the various companies, causing a spirit of healthy competition and more efficient work at Creedmoor each season.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 20.—At the regular meet, yesterday at the Pine Grove Range of the Worcester Rifle Association, there was an unusually large attendance and much interest. The Standard American target was used, with the following result:

Record Match										
White.....	7	8	8	9	7	7	9	8	10	80
Clark.....	10	8	7	6	4	9	8	7	9	8-78
Rice.....	8	8	7	6	4	8	6	6	7	5-05
Jones.....	5	8	7	4	6	6	6	5	1	6-63
Thomas.....	9	6	8	5	3	6	5	8	5	6-61
Fuller.....	6	5	6	5	5	5	5	9	9	9-56
Olmead.....	5	7	3	3	4	5	4	5	4	5-45
Practice Shots										
Fuller.....	10	7	6	8	9	10	7	10	8	8-85
White.....	9	10	7	6	9	8	9	7	8	8-70
Thomas.....	7	8	10	9	9	9	6	7	8	7-77
Rice.....	10	9	3	9	5	7	7	9	6	10-75
Jones.....	8	7	10	8	3	6	8	6	8	8-72
Clark.....	8	7	5	6	7	9	8	5	6	7-71
Olmead.....	8	6	6	6	6	4	7	6	6	6-61
Host Match										
Smith.....	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	9-98
Military Score										
White.....	10	8	10	8	9	6	3	8	8	6-76
Creedmoor Target										
White (mil).....	55555-25	54445-22	54544-22	45454-22	45454-22					

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 27.—At the regular medal shoot of our rifle club the following scores were made, using Hinman target, 200 yds., in friendly competition with Elgin, Ill.; 70 mile wind from 11 o'clock:

Burns.....	8	4	10	7	7	9	8	8	6	7-3
Brown.....	6	8	4	10	9	4	6	9	6	9-6
Ayres.....	4	6	7	7	8	6	6	6	5	6-61
Ropke.....	5	5	7	4	5	9	8	7	4	6-00
Albright.....	4	7	4	5	6	5	6	7	6	6-57
DeLisle.....	4	8	7	4	6	9	6	4	7	5-57
Moore.....	4	9	7	6	4	5	5	7	4	5-51
Haz-line.....	6	6	5	5	6	5	6	9	8	5-51
Watson.....	4	6	9	5	8	4	4	4	6	5-50
Norton.....	4	7	5	5	7	0	0	5	7	30-605
R. H. BURNS.										
(Elgin, 679).										

H AVERHILL, MASS., RIFLE CLUB, at Riverside Range, Feb. 22. Fine weather, condulous, 200 yds. off-hand, standard target, Creedmoor count:

S. W. Cuthbert.....	55455-4455-47	C. Brown.....	54434554-42
S. W. Cuthbert.....	55455-4455-47	F. R. Merrill.....	4544444-31-42
W. Busfield.....	54444-4555-45	J. Forbes.....	4444445-41
R. Griffin.....	45444-4444-42	L. Jackson.....	344454444-40
Feb. 27.—Monthly badge match. Very high wind.			
H. Tuck.....	45454-4444-43	J. F. Brown.....	534413443-39
S. E. Johnson.....	44444-4454-40	O. Bliss.....	34443-44-42
S. Busfield.....	45444-4444-43	F. Merrill.....	4244415234-37

SARATOGA, Feb. 19.—The regular weekly shot of the Saratoga Rifle Club took place at the Glen Mitchell range to-day. The light was good, but the wind was unsteady and at times variable. The conditions included the Massachusetts target, 200 yds., off-hand. The following were the scores:

Irwin Dawson.....	12	12	12	10	12	10	11	11	11	111
W. B. Gage.....	12	12	10	10	11	9	10	11	12	107
William H. Gibbs.....	12	8	11	12	12	9	8	10	11	105
J. N. Crocker, Jr.....	12	11	12	11	12	5	10	11	11	7-105
H. M. Leverston, Jr.....	10	7	12	11	8	11	9	8	9	8-93

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Feb. 24.—The rifle club had their weekly shoot to-day with the following result, the distance being 200 yards, off-hand:

Dexter.....	8	10	5	9	10	10	9	5	10	85
Maudlin.....	8	7	9	9	10	7	9	10	9	86
Marshall.....	10	9	7	9	7	10	7	5	8	73
Cooley.....	8	8	7	8	9	7	8	7	4	74
Morgan, Mil.....	7	7	8	8	5	6	4	7	5	63
Busch.....	7	4	9	7	5	7	6	8	7	68

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Feb. 22.—Bridgeport range, conditions 5 shots at 100 yds., any position without artificial rest being allowed. The following strings were made, each shot being measured from the center of the target:

First match—George Ritter, total string, 3,390 in.; E. A. Leopold, total string, 6,630 in.; B. A. Parker, total string, 9,120 in.

Second match—E. A. Leopold, total string, 5,110 in.; A. B. Parker, total string, 6,630 in.; George Ritter, total string, 2,600 in.

Mr. Ritter used a Winchester repeating rifle of .32 caliber with 24 in. barrel, model of 1873, and his string is the shortest ever made on this range. The previous record was made by E. A. Leopold, on Washington's Birthday, 1884, and measured 8,690 in.

NEVADA VS. CALIFORNIA.—A long anticipated interstate military rifle match between the Car-on team of Nevada and the California Schuetzen Club took place Feb. 21. The former club shot over the range in Carson City and the California team, roused its echoes in Schuetzen Park in Alameda. The conditions of the match were twenty shots, twenty men, 200 yards, military rifles. Colonel Parker of the Carson team was present during the shoot in Alameda and acted as judge for his adversaries. He shot over the same range with them and scored 84 rings. The shoot lasted during the afternoon, but just before its conclusion a dispatch was received from Carson announcing that the team in that city had scored 1,602 rings. This number was less than that already made by the local men and although darkness had set in, the final shots were fired by Kuhls, Jacoby, Johnson and Kuhnle. The club scored 1,709 rings, winning the match by a majority of forty-seven. The twenty men averaged 85.9-20, which is said to be the best on record. The California score is as follows: Strecker 87, Ladd 92, Bachman 83, Rohlfus 81, Kahnyer 77, Lehman 84, Smith 85, Robertson 85, Stanton 85, Dornlie 85, Unscliz 87, B. aver 88, Margels 85, Werthimer 86, Kellogg 91, Carr 89, Kuhnle 85, Jacoby 81, Kuhls 80 and Johnson 85.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Feb. 22.—Rifle teams representing a battalion of the first regiment contested at the range of the City Guards to-day, and the home team came out the victors. Co. F of this city, Co. I of Brockton, Co. M of Fall River and Co. F of Taunton were represented. The shooting was at 200 yds., 20 shots each. Highest individual possible 70.

New Bedford Team—Sergt. Dahill 53, Sergt. Howland 40, Pvt. Barnum 53, Pvt. Gibbs 40, Sgt. Pope 54, Corp. Jennings 44, Pvt. McBay 53, Pvt. Bradley 52; total 389.

Brockton Team—Sergt. Battles 43, Pvt. Foye 52, Pvt. Hall 43, Pvt. Horton 42, Pvt. Wade 50, Pvt. Trilhou 43, Pvt. S. earn 50, Lieut. Blankinside 49; total 387.

Taunton Team—Pvt. Tucker 53, Corp. Davis 24, Pvt. Staples 47, Pvt. Lincoln 29, Pvt. Anthony 54, Corp. Strout 45, Pvt. Gifford 51, Pvt. Fowler 55; total 374.

Fall River Team—Sergt. Fuller 44, Corp. McIntyre 46, Pvt. Hullahan 46, Pvt. Robbins 44, Pvt. Crowley 32, Pvt. Davis 35, Pvt. Scowen 36, Pvt. Negus 28; total 312.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

CHAMBERLIN CARTRIDGE CO.'S RULES FOR TRAP-SHOOTING.

RULE 1. Decision of Judges.—Two judges and a referee shall be appointed to judge all matches. If the judges cannot agree the referee shall decide and his decision shall be final.

Rule 2. Special Duties of Referee.—The referee shall see that the traps are properly set at the beginning of a match and that they are kept in order to the finish.

Rule 3. Flags for Judges.—Each judge shall be provided with a red flag and a white flag. They shall raise the red flag to indicate a "broken" bird, and the white flag to indicate "lost" bird; they shall raise both flags to indicate "no bird" or an imperfect bird, they shall also announce the score in a loud voice.

Rule 4. Keeping the Score.—It shall be optional with the judges and referee to keep the score themselves, or appoint some one for that purpose, and the score thus kept shall be the official score, provided however, that the referee must testify to the correctness of the score or scores made under his supervision if required.

Rule 5. Score with Ink.—All scoring shall be done with ink or indelible pencil, the scoring of a lost bird shall be indicated by an "O" of a dead or broken bird.

Rule 6. Traps.—All matches shall be shot from three traps set level in the segment of a circle five yards apart. The radius of this circle shall be eighteen yards. The traps shall be numbered from No. 1 on the left to No. 3 on the right consecutively. All traps must throw the birds a distance of not less than forty yards.

Each trap must be tested for this standard distance before the shooting begins, and if any trap be found too weak to throw the required distance a new trap or spring must be substituted.

Rule 7. Adjusting Traps.—The lever or projecting arm of the trap shall be adjusted that the elevation of the bird in its flight at a



distance of ten yards from the trap, shall not be more than eight feet nor less than four feet, and the angles of flight shall be as follows: No. 1 trap shall be set to throw a left quartering bird, No. 2 trap shall be set to throw a straight away bird, No. 3 trap shall be set to throw a right quartering bird. After the traps are set for the above angles, if the bird for any reason shall take a different angle, it shall be considered a fair bird, provided the trap has not been changed.

Rule 8. Pulling of Traps.—The trap puller shall stand at least six feet behind the shooter, and when the shooter calls "Pull," the trap shall be instantly sprung. In single bird shooting he should pull the traps indiscriminately and not one, two and three consecutively. He shall pull equally and regularly for all shooters. If the bird is sprung before, or at any noticeable interval after the shooter calls "Pull," he can accept the bird or not, but if he shoots the result shall be scored.

Rule 9. Screens.—No screens shall be used. Back-stops may be provided for trappers, 10 to 15 yards from the end traps, and not to exceed three feet in height.

of hay and laid it in the tent about one foot thick, after which we laid our rubber blankets over this, then our woolen blankets, making our beds complete. In the afternoon the owner of the Maud went home to spend Sunday.

A ROUGH WATER CRUISER.

THE waters about Newport and Narragansett Bay offer a fine cruising ground for the yachtsman, with Long Island Sound on the one hand and Buzzard's Bay on the other. Those who would sail on them in all weathers, however, must have a sturdy little craft under them, as it is no mere summer drifting, but very often a rough and bristling battle with heavy weather and big seas, work for which the ordinary centerboard craft of moderate size is entirely unfitted. The little boat illustrated in the accompanying drawings was designed by Mr. J. Borden, Jr., of the firm of Borden & Wood, of Fall River, Mass., the details being partly the work of Mr. Frank Wood. Mr. Borden describes his design and the objects to be attained in it as follows: "I have planned her especially for family cruising, and think her especially well arranged to accommodate my wife, three children and myself. I have aimed at room, comfort and safety, even at a sacrifice of speed, though I hope that she will be able to get out of the way of some of the slow ones. She will comfortably accommodate six persons without the least crowding, and furthermore, will have plenty of stowage room for all the dunnage required for a cruise of several weeks. Her elements are as follows:

Length over all.....	26.50ft.
Length L. W. L.....	22.00ft.
Beam extreme.....	8.50ft.
Beam L. W. L.....	8.00ft.
Draft extreme.....	5.00ft.
Displacement.....	6.53 tons.
Center of buoyancy (abaft middle of L. W. L.).....	1.25ft.
Center of buoyancy (below L. W. L.).....	1.21ft.
Area load water plane.....	125.03-sq. ft.
Area lateral plane.....	87.18sq. ft.
Area midship section.....	18.06-sq. ft.
Area wetted surface.....	230.02-sq. ft.
Center L. W. plane (abaft middle L. W. L.).....	1.58ft.
Center lateral plane (abaft middle L. W. L.).....	1.65ft.
Center of effort for'd of center of lat. resistance.....	.04ft.
Weight of outside ballast.....	4350lbs.
Least freeboard to top of planksheet.....	22in.

On hoarding her we find: First, a passage along her gunwales of from 18 to 27in. in width, the trunk being about 4ft. wide, thus making her practically a flush-decked boat, so far as deck room is concerned. Secondly, on entering the cockpit, we find a large standing room of 6ft. in length, with a floor 1ft. above the L. W. L. On lifting the covers of the seats, we find immense lockers for cables, extra lines, buckets, and other extras which are always kicking about decks and cabins. There will be no coils of rope in the cockpit, as the whole of the main sheet can be coiled on deck aft, there being 3ft. of deck abaft the cockpit, and the head sheets will be on deck outside the washboards, the turns being taken on cleats on the combing of the latter. The sill to the companionway will be 1ft. above the cockpit floor (as high as the main deck) and the door will be hinged to it, dropping outside against the companion hulkhead. This last arrangement will obviate the trouble of having these doors swinging or taking up valuable room when booked back.

As we enter the cabin we will find five steps by which to descend, the upper one being used as a kind of door to the ice chest and the other as clothes drawers. The water tanks will be made of galvanized iron in the form of a hollow square or box, within which will be placed the ice, which will thus keep the water cool, obviating the necessity of keeping a pitcher of ice water on hand, this latter being always available by drawing it from a faucet forward. The gasoline tank, for fuel for the stove (which latter will be in one of the forward lockers) will also be placed here and supply the stove through a pipe carried forward like the water. Both of these tanks will be filled through openings in the cockpit. We will thus avoid dirt, dampness and smells in the cabin. On each side of the companion way will be very large and roomy clothes lockers in which to hang outside clothing.

On entering the cabin one will be impressed by the amount of light as well as room. The large panels in the trunk sides will be of glass and made so as to open, the object being both light and ventilation. The height under the carlins will be 5ft. 10in., and the distance between lockers 3ft. With four persons on board I do not propose to use the lockers for sleeping, but shall stretch my folding bunks, which will be of heavy canvas and be stretched tight by lanyards drawn through heavy eyebolts at the outside corners, the inner sides being hooked in the bilge behind ornamental curtains. These latter will be raised at night on making the beds, but during the day will be dropped in front of the folded bunks and bedding. When the lockers are in use as beds, these folding bunks will be attached 6in. higher, making two tiers for sleeping. In the cabin hulkhead will be a port-hole instead of a door, the passage being 3ft. wide. By drawing this aside at night I shall obtain as good ventilation as though there were no hulkhead. From the drawings the ample locker and shelf room forward, also two folding bunks, are easily seen.

One thing is omitted in the drawings, namely, the hatch just forward of the mast. This will be ample in size to pass down into the fore-castle large bundles. It will also be used in dipping the spinnaker boom and for ventilation. A hatchway forward near the bowsprit hilt will be filled with a metallic windsail.

The main cabin will be lined in hard woods and the fore-castle in cypress. The rails, deck and trimmings will be finished bright, there being no paint used inside the bulwarks.

I shall use the Haggerty slide rig for the mast and Babbitt brass blocks throughout.

The boat is roomy, safe, comfortable, and cheap withal. She can be built and sold complete for from \$1,000 to \$1,500, according to finish and material used for ballast, and will be really a poor man's boat.

She will be called Mermaid, and we hope to show the prettiest, nicest little mermaid in the whole sea. J. BORDEN, JR.

THE NEW VANDERBILT YACHT.

THE contract for Mr. Vanderbilt's steam yacht has been awarded to the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. of Wilmington, Del., who have agreed to have her completed in seven months. Mr. Byrne has returned home but will send an assistant over to supervise the construction, which will be in accordance with Lloyd's highest class. The dimensions finally adopted are:

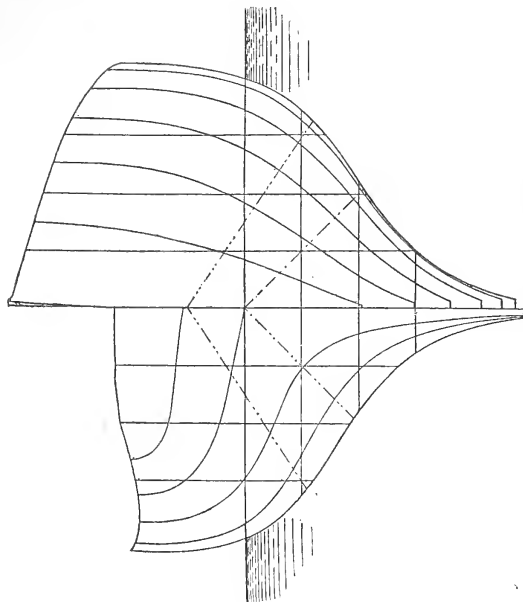
Length over all.....	285ft.
Length from stem to sternpost on deck.....	256ft.
Length loadline.....	252ft.
Beam extreme.....	32ft. 3in.
Depth, moulded.....	21ft. 6in.
Draft.....	17ft.
Tons, O. M.....	1311

The specifications call for mild steel throughout, the keel to be 12x24in.; frames 4x3x3/4 angles with reverse frames 3x3x5/8. The floor plates are 36in. deep and 7-16 thick. The plating will be 5/16 in., diminishing at the ends, flush to three feet below the loadline and laid "in and out" from that point to the keel. There will be several longitudinal bulkheads in addition to six transverse ones. The deck will be of steel plate amidships with diagonal braces of the same at the ends, the white pine planking being scored over the latter. The houses will be of steel plate covered with teak and the latter will be fast for all deck work. The engines will be three cylinder compound, a cylinder 32 in diameter in the middle and one of 45 in diameter on each side of it, the stroke being 42in. The two steel boilers with 5,000ft. of heating surface will carry 1000lbs. working pressure. The screw, 18ft. 6in in diameter, will be cast in one piece out of phosphor bronze. The tanks will carry 30 tons of water and a condenser will furnish 750 gallons more per day. The usual auxiliaries, ice machine, steam windlasses, steering gear, electric lights and bells will be of the latest patterns.

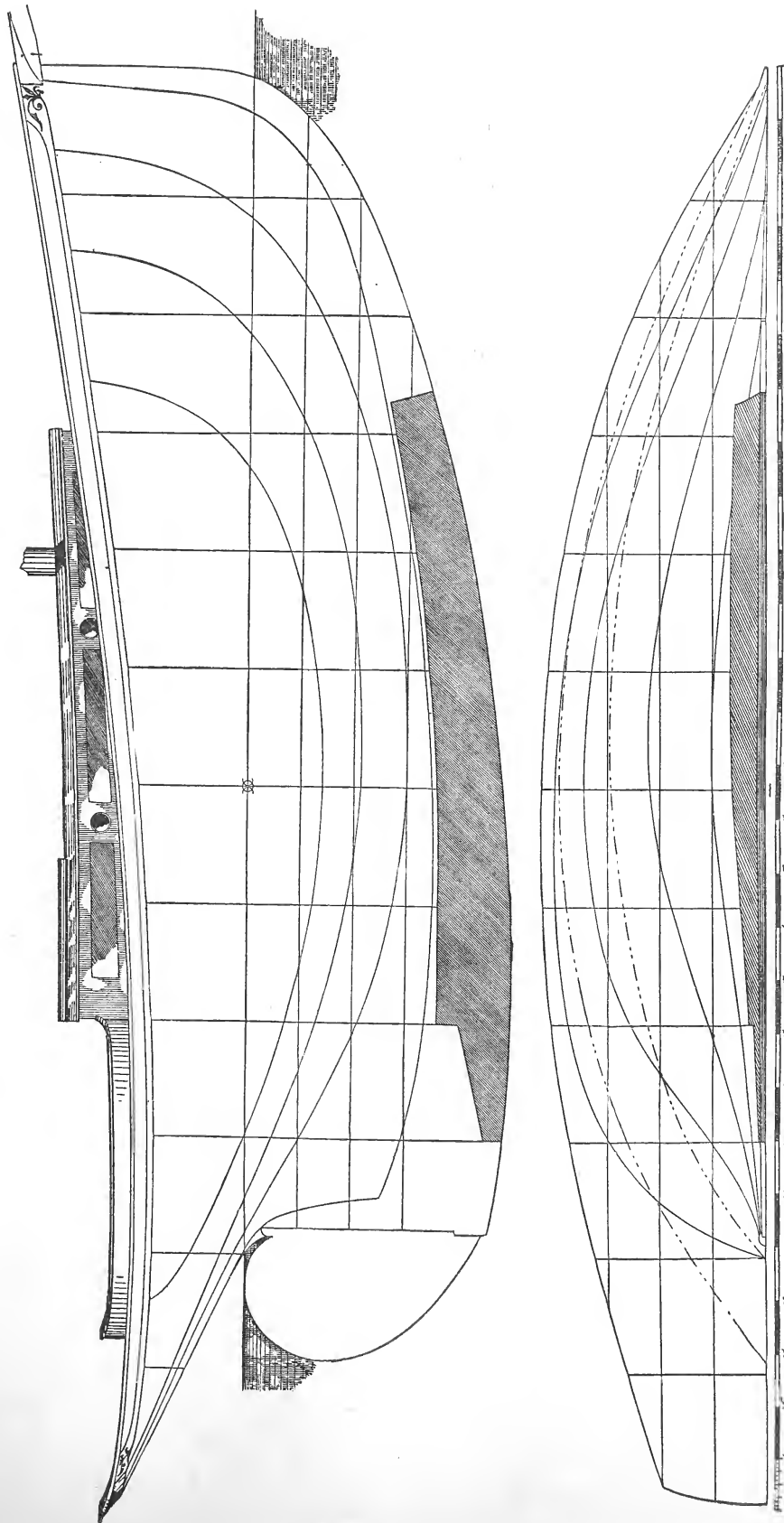
The arrangements below berth the crew forward, then the owner's quarters, engine space, a library, and the officers' quarters. In the fore-castle the crew will have hammocks and iron swing cots, while the officers' mess room and pantry, and the two rooms for petty officers fill up the space forward of the first hulkhead. In the part devoted to the owner is a dining room, 31x18ft., nursery 19x11, and eight large staterooms. The galley is on deck, but the pantry, ice and wine room, etc., are all convenient to the dining hall. Aft of the engine space is a library 17x16ft. connected by a passage on the starboard side with the apartments forward. This passage at one point expands into a recess handsomely furnished, from which a view of the engines can be had. The officers' quarters, including seven staterooms, are abaft the library, and still further aft are the quarters of the oilers and firemen.

In the forward deck house is a saloon 14x11ft. a vestibule and the grand staircase; also a chart room, 7x7ft. and the main galley. The after house will contain a ladies' saloon, 9x7ft., a staircase to the library, and a room for the owner 9x6ft. 6in. There are twelve bathrooms below and a vapor bath in the deckhouse. The bunkers will carry 300 tons of coal and she will have also 75 tons of lead ballast. There will be three masts, all with topmasts, and the fore-mast will be square rigged. The boats will be of Spanish cedar and teak, one being a steam launch 30ft. long. The finish will be elegant and tasteful throughout all the yacht.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Aggie has been coppered and put in order, and is now lying off Benicia. Annie is in Richardson's Bay, where she is being overhauled thoroughly. Lurline is having new sails and is also getting ready for the season.



BODY PLAN OF "MERMAID."



Lines of small cruiser "MERMAID."

YACHT BUILDING IN BOSTON.

ANOTHER VINDICATION.

MAYFLOWER.

Length over all (stem to extreme end at taffrail).....	93.00	99.03	95.01
Length on waterline (stem to stern-post).....	81.01	85.00	82.01
Extreme beam.....	29.07	28.00	23.02
Waterline beam.....	21.08	21.09	22.08
Depth from keel to top of beam.....	11.04	12.03
Depth in hold.....	8.10	10.06
Draft at sternpost.....	9.03	8.07
Draft amidships.....	8.03	8.10
Draft 4 ft. abaft of stem.....	4.00	4.00
Draft with centerboard.....	18.00	20.06
Least freeboard.....	3.04	8.03
Sheer.....	3.03
Height of stem from waterline.....	6.06	7.00
Height of bulwarks amidships.....	1.07	1.13
Overhang forward.....	0.05	0.11
Overhang aft.....	14.07	10.08
Height of mainmast to topsail block.....	102.01	102.01	100.00
Side area (square feet).....	759.00
.....	33.66	18.73

ICE YACHTING

PHILADELPHIA TUCKUPS.—Editor Forest and Stream: Your correspondent is right as to numbers, construction, etc., of "tuck ups" on the Delaware. I have counted 130 sail pass up stream by Cooper's Point in less than 15 minutes, most of them 15ft. flyers. I also participated in a regatta in which over 60 of these tiny craft started from buoys reaching from Philadelphia to the Cove Channel. There is no doubt these boats are the speediest in the world, going over a course in a race of 33 miles in almost the roughest kind of weather. They are man killers all the same.—R. G. W. (Camden, N. J., Feb. 18 1886).

A NEW FISHING SCHOONER.—A new fishing schooner of the following dimensions is now building at Essex, Mass.: 85ft. in length stem to sternpost, length over all 100ft., beam 20ft. 6in. depth 9ft., keel 2ft. 6in., sharp V-shaped bottom with V-shaped quarters and stern, width of stern 12ft., draft aft 11ft. 6in., mainmast 74ft., foremast 72ft., bowsprit 20ft., outside knighthead, foremast is 21ft. from the stem and there will be 28ft. 6in. between the masts, mainboom 65ft. in length.

NEW BEDFORD Y. C.—The officers for 1886, elected on March 2 are: Commodore, Frederick Swift; Vice-Commodore, E. H. Morgan; Rear Commodore, E. B. Hammond; Secretary, John H. Barrows; Treasurer, E. Hanley Wills; Directors: E. S. Brown, George M. Crapo, J. A. Barnes, Willard Nye, Jr., Horace Wood, J. C. Rhodes, R. S. Taber, Frank E. Swain, Nathaniel Hathaway, William Sherman and David L. Parker.

A YACHT CRUISE ABROAD.—Mr. W. A. W. Stewart, of the Magie, and Mr. C. S. Lee, of the Oriva, lately left New York for a long cruise, going to England by steamer, where they will charter a schooner yacht and sail for the Mediterranean, visiting later the West Indies, and probably New York. Captain Porter accompanies them as navigator.

PRISCILLA.—It is reported that the crew of the Priscilla, under Captain Gibson, have been sent to Wilmington to bring her to New York, but what is to be done with her is not yet known.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

H. P. S.—The arm is accurate. It will kill at half a mile range if you can hit anything at that distance.

G. S. S., Chicago, Ill.—Mr. Joseph Bardwell, 676 Thirteenth place, Chicago, can give you full particulars.

A. J. B., Ogdenburg, N. Y.—Can you inform me what preparation is used on inside of aquariums which is waterproof? I have a large one, bottom covered with zinc and stopped with white lead; this I covered with sealing wax varnish, but it does not give satisfaction, as it gets soft and peels off, result, dead fish. If you can inform me what I can put on to stay there and resist action of water I will be greatly obliged. I have a constant stream of water passing in and out, but I keep losing fish, and attribute to poison from zinc and lead, notwithstanding there is nearly three inches depth of sand and gravel on bottom. Ans. We would advise that all the zinc and white lead be taken out and the glass set in aquarium cement. Greenwool's rubber cement was used in the New York Aquarium, with good results, in all the tanks. The frames of these were of iron, slate, or Portland cement. This rubber cement can still be obtained in this city. An artificial stone cement is made of sand, litharge and rosin, wet with linseed oil. This hardens like stone and is difficult to remove when a new glass is to be put in. If the bottom of your tank is of wood try pitch on it.

OUR READERS will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscribers of the FOREST AND STREAM, but who would presumably be interested in the paper.

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

A photograph of a tiger in the act of seizing his prey has, by a lucky accident, been made by an Englishman in Madras. The camera was focussed on a buffalo tied to a stake at a distance of 60 feet, and had just received a dry plate, when a tiger leaped from a jungle and struck down the buffalo with a single blow. The operator kept his presence of mind and released his shutter before taking to his heels. The negative showed the relative attitude of tiger and buffalo fairly well, and confirmed the generally accepted opinion that the tiger, with his knock down blow, endeavored to dislocate the neck of his victim.

A monster elk was sighted in the Ward River Mountains by a hunter, says the Salt Lake Tribune, and the hounds sent after him. A long chase of two hours led to the base of Sable Mountain, one of the loftiest of the range, up which the monarch of the forest darted as his final refuge. The ascent was steep, but the hunter and his dogs followed. Soon the elk was brought to bay. As the foremost of the dogs sprang full at the throat, the branching antlers were suddenly lowered, and keen tines pierced from side to side, and the stanch hound was thrown high in air, and fell far down the steep incline. Nothing daunted, the remaining hound, too, made its fierce spring, and shared the fate of its comrade. The animal then rushed at the hunter, who fired, but the next instant was whirled aloft on the broad antlers. His stout buckskin hunting-shirt turned aside the sharp prongs, but they had become fastened in the garment, and he bade fair to be thrashed to death. As for a second time the elk dashed him to the earth he managed to catch hold of a bush, and kept his grasp long enough to draw his revolver and send a ball crashing through the brain of his gallant foe.



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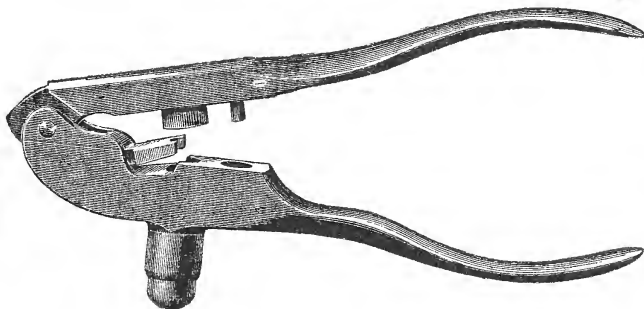
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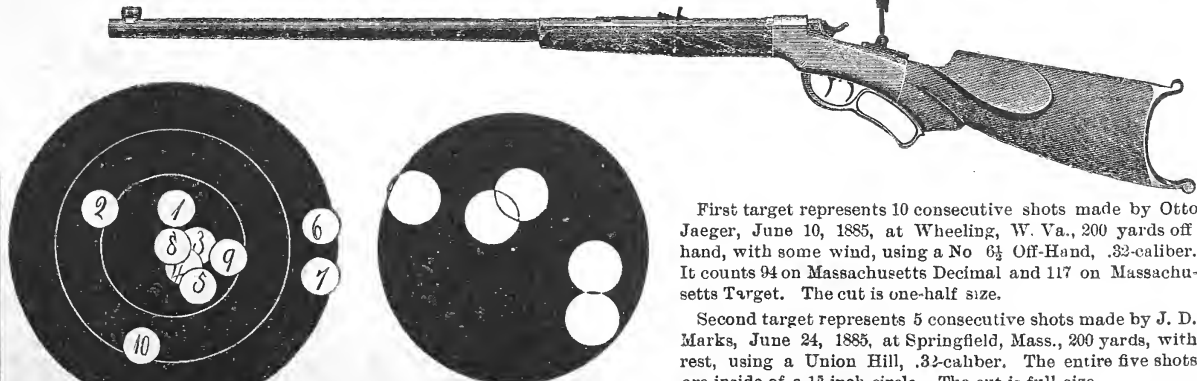
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Second target represents 5 consecutive shots made by J. D. Marks, June 24, 1885, at Springfield, Mass., 200 yards, with rest, using a Union Hill, .32-caliber. The entire five shots are inside of a 1 1/2-inch circle. The cut is full size.

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SHOT CARTRIDGE CASES

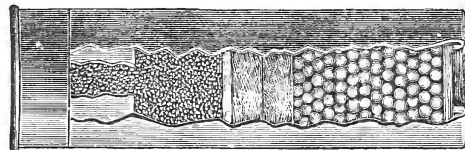
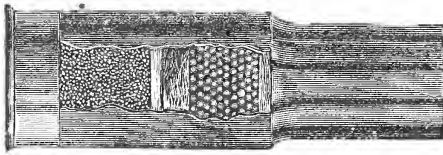
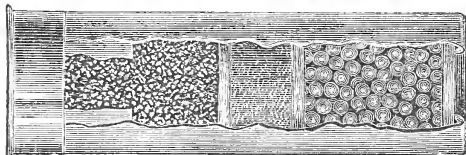
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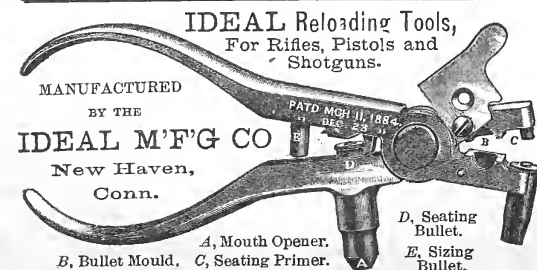
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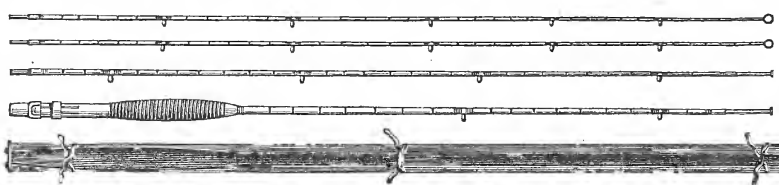
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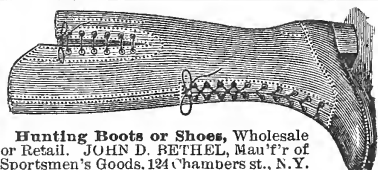
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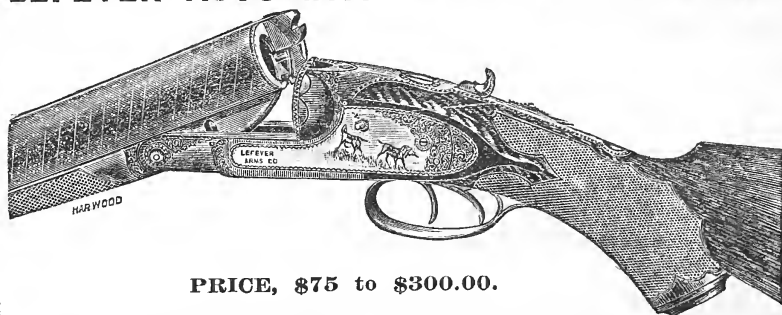


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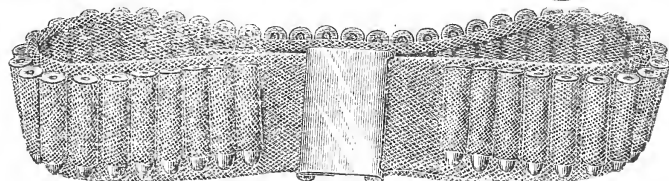
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Setters, pointers, spaniels, foxhounds, beagles, dachshunde, Newfoundlands, German tiger mastiffs, fox-terriers, Scotch terriers, Skye terriers, Yorkshire terriers, bull-terriers, bulldogs, pugs, French poodles, St. Bernards, mastiffs and black and tan terriers. Pups of all the above breeds constantly on hand. Those desiring to purchase will do well to consult me. **WM. W. SILVEY**, 135 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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The Kennel.

Hartford Kennel Club

BENCH SHOW OF DOGS.

Union Armory, April 13, 14, 15 & 16, '86.

Entries close Friday, April 2, 1886.

For premium list address

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Hartford, Conn.

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DOGS,

At Second Regiment Armory,

March 30 and 31, April 1 and 2, 1886.

Entries close Saturday, March 13, 1886.

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Bench Show of Dogs

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\$2 000

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MARCH 23, 24 & 25, 1886.

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For Premium List address
O. B. ELBEN, Secretary.
L. F. WHITMAN, Supt.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1886.

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Nos. 39 and 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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THE DEER HOUNDING BILL.

THE Game Committee of the New York Senate gave a hearing on the bill to repeal the anti-hounding law last Tuesday. A brief report of the meeting is given elsewhere. No new arguments were advanced by the advocates of the repeal. They repeated their stock plea that the deer must be hounded to be made shy, so that the still-hunters cannot get them. The real motive of these men being selfishness, they studiously conceal this by pretending that they want only to protect the game. Notwithstanding that their assertions of pretended facts have been exposed in these columns as preposterous and intentionally misleading statements, they stick to the "shy" argument on the principle that it is "a good enough Morgan until after election." They back up their side by the most grotesque assertions. For instance, last Tuesday one man stood up and actually told the committee that the unarmed still-hunter sometimes went out into the woods, and coming upon a deer, caught it and choked it to death. It is allowable to fight the devil with his own weapons, but with what weapons, pray, can one combat an advocate of deer hounding who talks in that fashion? There is one point which all the hounders who spoke last Tuesday studiously ignored. They told about the poor invalid sitting on a log forgetful of his bodily ailments while listening to the enchanting music of the hounds; but they failed to tell what happened when that music suddenly ceased; they drew the curtain before the final act; they tried hard to concentrate sympathetic attention on the poor invalid on the log, and to divert it from the deer being butchered in the water. They dare not face the facts. They do not and cannot meet the proved fact that the end of a chase by dogs is the death of the deer—driven into the water and shot at close range, clubbed or drowned. They dodge the proved fact that deer are surely killed in this manner, in localities where they could be taken in no other way. They dodge the fact that hotel keepers like Paul Smith advocate hounding at the instance of and for the benefit of rich city guests, who could get venison in no other way. They dodge the fact that the dogs are employed as a sure thing, *i. e.*, sure to get venison. And they rant about making deer "shy." They pose as philanthropists, spending their time and money in chasing Adirondack deer to make them "shy." They purposely confound still-hunting with crusting and killing deer in yards. They

talk about the unlawful butchery of deer by crust-hunters and the unlawful killing of deer in their yards in winter, and attempt to bamboozle the committee into believing that this is still-hunting. They harp on the terrible results of jack-shooting, but studiously avoid the fact that they have expunged the very good anti-jacking clause from their bill, because they hoped thus the more readily to get their hounding clause through, and because they really do not care whether jacking is forbidden or not; but are more than glad to make a bargain with the jack-shooters, whereby the latter may have license to get all the deer they can in the first part of the season, provided the hounders can get what are left. In short, it is by one pretense and another, the hollowness of which is perfectly evident to every fair-minded man who knows anything about the Adirondacks and deer hunting, that the advocates of the anti-hounding law repeal are making their campaign.

Another hearing will be given by the committee in the Senate Chamber Tuesday afternoon, March 16, at 3 o'clock. We take this occasion to warn those who are interested in preserving the deer of the Adirondacks, that unless they take measures to provide incontrovertible evidence to disprove the statements of the repealers, which will be made at that meeting, the deer law will be repealed. The clubs and associations which have taken a stand against the repeal, should send representatives to the hearing with such statistics and facts as they may command.

There is abundant sentiment in favor of the present law to defend it, could that sentiment only be expressed to the Committee and the Senate. The advocates of the repeal are working assiduously because they want to have deer hounding next season; they must be met by a like activity unless the people of this State are content to let the case go by default.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

THE Boston game market is the "dumping ground" for most of the game left on the dealers' hands at the close of the season in other States. The Legislature of the Bay State has for years been under the domination of the market moneyed interests of Boston whenever game legislation has come up. The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association has made repeated attempts to secure more sensible and more just laws, but they have been balked every time by the dealers. So we still have the beautiful spectacle of the market men gathering in great stores of game, trade in which is declared to be illicit by some of the States whence it is shipped; and holding this game at such prices as may suit their fancy. Because of the better laws of neighboring States the Boston men have a monopoly of the trade. They can be extortionate if they choose, for they are not controlled by any competition. They cannot make a pretense that their game supplies benefit anybody except the rich. They can not plead that public good demands the present outrageous law, for the only part of the public now deriving any good from the extended game season is made up of rich gourmets, who willingly pay extravagant prices for grouse and venison.

In the report of a recent meeting of the Association, given elsewhere, it will be seen that the society is persisting in its efforts to secure better laws. The plea that the extraordinary privileges now granted are in direct violations of inter-state comity is worthy of consideration; it is not one that will appeal very strongly to the class of customers who now support the game dealers; but if properly presented to the people of the State at large it ought to have some weight, especially when it is demonstrated to the dwellers in the country that along with the game from the West, sold in the protracted open season, are scores and hundreds of ruffed grouse snared in Massachusetts, and quail from their own fields.

The principle of the Golden Rule is less powerful than that of self-interest. Let the voters of every county in Massachusetts understand that when they make Boston and tributary markets the dumping ground of western game, they put a premium on their own game birds. This is a rule which has been demonstrated over and over again.

FIRE BUGS.—We recently reported the conviction of a Maine incendiary, who had poisoned the cows and fired the barn and house of a game constable. This was his way of taking revenge for prosecution as a deer hounder. State Game Protector Armstrong reports a similar case of revengeful incendiarism by an Adirondack deer hounder. This is the class of North Woods residents who demand permission to hound.

SONGS OR FEATHERS?

IT was a very pretty lady who sat one June day on the porch of an old gray farmhouse. The hop vines were well on their way up the strings of pack-thread to the low eaves, the lilacs brushed the windows with cones of blossom, and the greensward sloping toward the road was dotted with the golden disks of dandelions in full bloom and the misty bubbles of those that bloomed a week before. She was a kindly-looking lady, too, as well as a pretty one, and one might well guess from the soft and tender expression of her eyes that she would not purposely harm one of the humblest of earth's creatures. A city-bred lady, one might be sure, by the unsunned white and damask of her fair cheek, and the fresh, half-surprised pleasure with which she listened to the merry jingle of the rout of bobolinks in the meadow and watched the orioles building their nests in the branches of a great elm, flashing up with long streamers of fibrous bark and shreds of ravelled yarn trailing behind them to weave the coming babies' cradles of. How much a part of the perfect summer day these joyous singers and happy workers seemed! She could no more imagine a June without them than a June without leaves and flowers.

A year from that day she was sitting there again. The same blue sky bent over her, with the fleecy flocks of clouds drifting across it. The hop vines were crawling toward the eaves again. The scent of the lilacs was in the air, the dandelions starring the sward with gold, and the silver balloons ready to sail away on the first breeze. But where were the birds? Only two or three bobolinks scattered their song over the wide acres of the meadow, and one oriole, atilt on the swinging limb where the weather-beaten, tattered nest of last year dangled, sang a heartbroken call over and over again for the mate who never came.

"What can have become of all the birds?" she asked her husband, who came strolling out with his book and cigar.

"The birds? Ah! Well, my dear, I think I saw one of them on your hat last winter, two or three score of them on the hats of your friends, and ten times as many in the milliners' shops. And you miss them? Well, 'you cannot have your cake and eat it.' If you must wear birds' skins in your hats, you will have to do without their singing and their pretty ways, for all that I can see."

And he fell to reading and smoking and she to thinking.

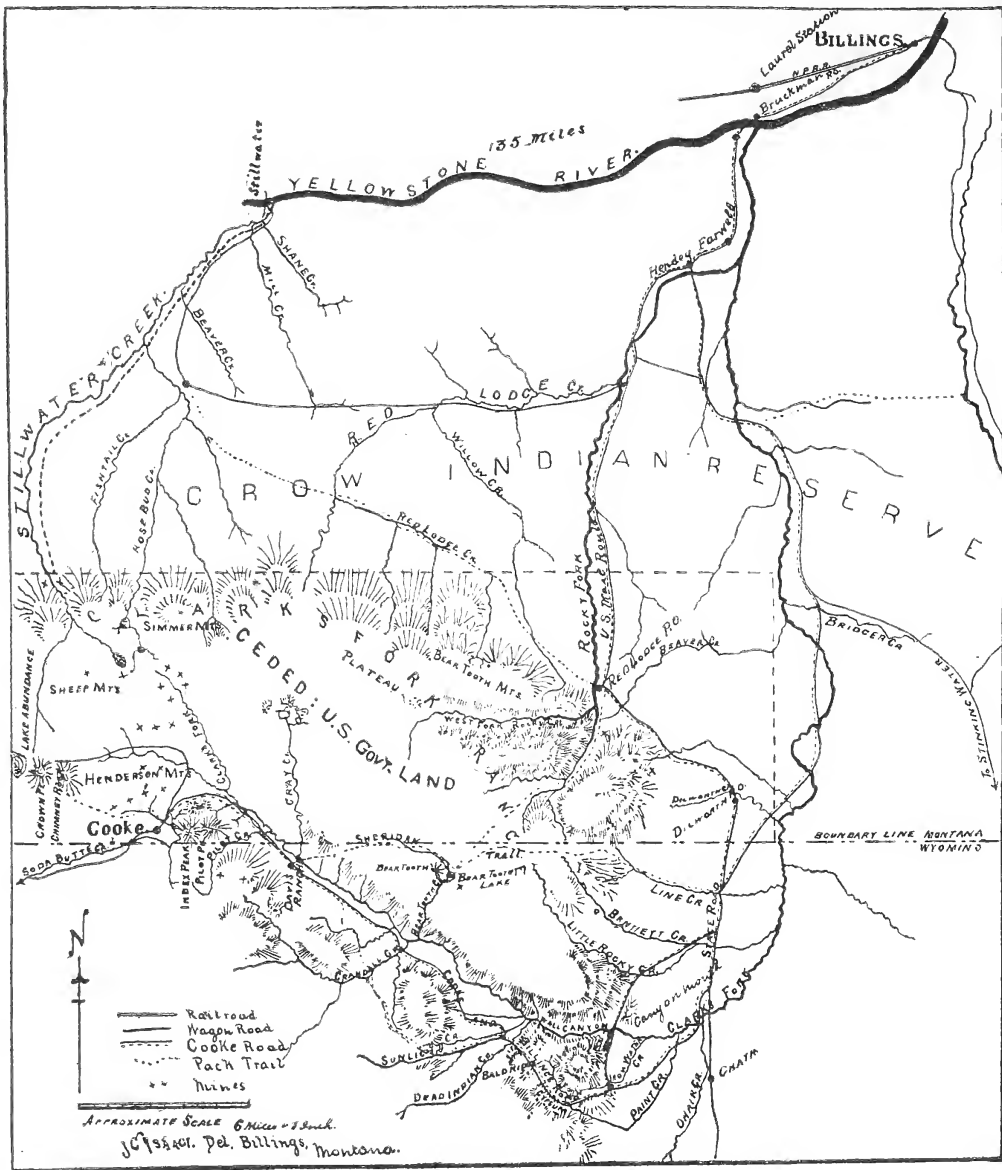
A RAILROAD TO COOKE CITY.

TO permit a railroad to enter the Yellowstone Park is to overthrow all the good work that has been done toward protecting that beautiful region. Its lands have been reserved from settlement by private individuals. Are they now to be thrown open to enrich a corporation? We have pointed out the evil results which are sure to follow the building of a railroad in the Park: Settlements within it, the game driven off, the forests burned, the brooks and springs dried up, and the volume of the rivers diminished.

These are serious, they will be deplorable, calamities. Are we prepared to face them? Certainly not, unless some great public benefit is to be gained in return. There is in the proposed Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad no advantage to the public which is at all commensurate with the inevitable evils which will follow its construction. There are other routes, far easier and better, which will give the mine owners of Cooke City and Henderson Mountain a ready way to the Northern Pacific Railroad.

The route from Cinnabar up the Yellowstone, East Fork and Soda Butte Creek will be a difficult one to build. An enormous amount of rock work will have to be done, for the soft sliding tufa which constitutes a great deal of the cañon walls is treacherous material, and is likely at any time to slip down in vast masses and destroy a great deal of completed work. There are also heavy grades on this line, which can only be overcome at great cost. The road can be built, no doubt. In these days of engineering triumphs almost anything is possible, but it will be a vast undertaking, will be slow and enormously costly.

On the other side of the range there are three practicable routes from the mines to the Northern Pacific R. R. One of these is down Clark's Fork, another down Clark's Fork for part of the way, then crossing over to Rocky Fork, and down that, while the third is down Stillwater. The first two are long as compared with the third, and in one or two places present heavy grades. That down Stillwater, however, presents such striking advantages that there can be no doubt as to its desirability over all others. With the town of Stillwater as its initial point and Henderson Mountain as its terminus, the length of this railroad would be only fifty-six miles. There will be on it no very heavy rockwork, and the



RAILROAD ROUTES FROM BILLINGS TO COOKE CITY.

gradients and curvatures will be light. The average cost per mile should not be more than \$5,000. There is only one point at which there will be any heavy work. This is at the cañon, forty-one miles from the mouth of the river, where there will be a rock cutting of perhaps four thousand cubic yards. From the mouth of the river up to this point there will be only light work, and while, for the remaining fifteen miles, there will be some little rock work, there will be nothing which can fairly be called heavy work.

For the first forty-one miles, that is from Stillwater up to the mouth of the cañon, the grade will not exceed eighty feet to the mile. From the cañon to the Forks, it will not be over one hundred feet to the mile, while from the Forks to Henderson Mountain it will somewhat exceed this. This last grade may be in a measure avoided, however, by lengthening the road a little, and first running up the East Fork a short distance, and then doubling back and running up the West Fork.

An important point in favor of this route is that the topography of the valley is such that at all of the points along the route, where the snow drifts, the road can at very small cost be kept above ground, thus avoiding all danger of snow blockades. There being no divide to cross, the grade will all be one way, and therefore all the road's heavy freight—its carloads of ore—will be hauled down hill—a great saving.

The Clark's Fork route is, as we have remarked, longer, and there are one or two places where the grades are heavy. The route keeps well back from the cañon, however, and except at the point between Dead Indian and Iron Water Creek there appear to be no very serious obstacles to be overcome. We print a sketch map of the region under consideration, in which the three routes named are roughly delineated. The Clark's Fork route follows pretty closely the wagon road; the Rocky Fork route follows the U. S. Mail route to Red Lodge and then follows the dotted pack trail, while the Stillwater route follows up the valley of that river to Henderson Mountain. Some one of these three should be chosen, for no railroad should ever be allowed to penetrate the Yellowstone Park.

The projectors of railroads cannot plead any reasonable necessity of invading the Park, and endangering its forest preserves.

Dr. W. H. WINSLOW, of Pittsburgh, Pa., whose "Cruise of the Pilgrim" has furnished such acceptable reading in our Yachting columns for several weeks past, is the author of a book which is a story of the late war, entitled "Cruising and Blockading." It is a book for "boys both young and old."

TO THE WALLED-IN LAKES.

XIV.—A BEAR PIPE DANCE.

I HAD not forgotten that I had a vow to pay. Once the Sun had been kind to me, and though I bore him but slight good will, I felt that I must give the Bear Pipe a dance, as I had promised.

The morning after our arrival at the Agency, therefore, we sent over to old Red Eagle, the most potent of the medicine men of the Pegunny, to ask him if he would unwrap the Bear Pipe for us. Red Eagle is a relative of Appekunny, and for this reason it was hoped that his reply would be favorable. We were not disappointed. Word came back from the old man that three hours before sunset he would be ready for us. We therefore sent to his lodge some tea, bread and tobacco, together with a large bag of dried service berries, these last being in some way "medicine" and an indispensable accompaniment of this ceremony. Then toward 3 o'clock Mr. Kipp, Appekunny and I drove over to Two Medicine, where Red Eagle's camp was. As we passed down into the bottom and pulled up near the lodges, a pack of about forty dogs of all sizes, colors and ages, dashed out from the brush and the lodges, and with furious barking, snappings and snarlings, rushed upon us like a whirlwind; but their bark was far worse than their bite, if, indeed, they had this last at all, and when they got within a few feet of us, all their clamor changed to welcoming tail wags, and they seemed very glad to see us.

We found that Red Eagle's preparations were not completed, and while waiting we strolled over to the spot near the camp, where in ancient days the Pegunny used to jump the buffalo off the cliff. This is a high sandstone bluff, which was once a vertical cliff rising fifty feet above the valley, but it has now weathered down so that there are two benches, each one about twenty-five feet high with a very steep slope beneath each. The ground at the base of the bluff is liberally sprinkled with minute fragments of the bones and teeth of buffalo, but parts which are still recognizable are rare. Occasionally a badly-decayed vertebra may be seen, or rib, or fragment of a leg bone which had been covered up by the soil and so preserved from the general decay. To the Indians the place is still sacred, and to mark it they have built up and keep in repair a pyramid of buffalo horns. This memorial is about three feet in diameter and a foot or two high. It was once much larger, for the soil about its base seems entirely composed of fragments of decayed horns. All those which now compose the pile are very old and rotten, but the Indians still give the heap attention,

piling it up whenever it is blown down or knocked over by the horses, which like to feed at the base of this cliff, where the grass, nourished by the decay of thousands of buffalo carcasses, is luxuriantly thick and green.

We looked in vain for arrow points or stone implements of any kind. For many years, sand and stones have been washing down from the bluff in the rain and the wind, and any articles that were once lost here have long since been covered up.

Returning to Red Eagle's lodge, we found that the preparations for the ceremony were not yet completed. I sat down on a log near the lodge and began to make friends with the small children, who were nearly as numerous as the dogs. There was one little fellow about two years old who quite won my heart by his genial smile and general air of cordiality. His clothing consisted of several strings of beads, a buckskin thong about the neck to which was attached a medicine stone, and an extremely abbreviated shirt, which came down just to his lower ribs. The rest of his person was covered only by a thick coating of mud. He had evidently been playing in some half dried up puddle. This young savage marched up to me in the most confiding way, and after shaking hands in a matter-of-course fashion, quite as if we had been equals, he clambered up on my knee, and, having inspected my watch and chain and notebook until satisfied, sat there blandly watching the antics of his seniors. It appeared to be a favorite amusement of these children, from five to ten years of age, to surprise the unhappy dogs when asleep by the lodges or playing near them, and beat them with long twigs and pieces of brushwood until the wretched curs took refuge in the brush with most melancholy howlings, while the young Indians screamed with delight. I found that my tiny friend was very much such a child as a white infant of the same age would have been, and was amused at the same things; but he was far better able to take care of himself than a white child of three times his years.

At length Appekunny called me, and with him I entered the lodge, in which were already seated a number of Indians. Red Eagle sat at the back, with the fire between himself and the door, and at his left was a space, where—in the place of honor—we seated ourselves. The lodge was quite full. Several of the women had their babies, either on their backs or between their knees. On the right of the Bear Man was his wife, the Bear Woman.

Red Eagle was a large, fine looking man of majestic presence. His massive face, which had a kindly benignant expression, was framed in his long gray hair which hung down over his broad shoulders. He is one of the oldest men in the tribe, and is now quite blind.

When all were seated there was a little pause, and then the Bear Woman took up a dried willow branch, which had two parallel twigs close together, to answer for a pair of tongs, and lifted from the fire a live coal, which she placed on the ground before the Bear Man. The latter then began to sing a low monotonous chant in a minor key, in which, after a few moments, all the other Indians joined. The song was very plaintive and melancholy. While singing Red Eagle interrupted himself every now and then to exclaim, *Ni-ah*, my shelter or robe, the other Indians continuing to sing. After a few moments he reached his hand under the blanket on which he was sitting, and drew forth a small pouch, which he passed to the Bear Woman. She slowly untied it and took from it a pinch of the dried needles of the sweet pine, which she held over the coal. Then the Bear Man sang four times, and as the music would rise and fall the Bear Woman's hand would rise and fall over the coal. At the end of the fourth song the Man stretched out his hand and made a downward gesture, as if placing on, and the Bear Woman let fall the incense on the coal. Immediately the fragrant perfume of the burning leaves filled the lodge. The singing continued a little longer, but at length there was a pause. Then, both Bear Man and Woman stretched out their hands over the smoke of the burning sweet pine, and rubbed them together. Then they took smoke in their hands and rubbed it over their wrists and forearms, and afterward, taking more, passed it over their heads, shoulders and upper arms. They also took handfuls of the smoke and seemed to eat it, so that they might purify themselves without and within.

Then raising his face toward the Sun, the Bear Man prayed, saying:

"Hear, Above People, hear, Thunder, those animals [*i. e.*, his secret helpers or medicine animals] hear too. *Kim-o-tit, Kim-o-tit, Kim-o-tit*. Pity us, pity us, pity us. Let us live, let us live. Give us full life. Let us [become] old. Listen. Appekunny, let him survive. In his wandering about, let no danger befall him from bad beasts, or dangers that are on the trail. Let his wife and boy that child with hair like the sun, live to be very old, and have plenty of everything. Joe, let him live. Keep him when he is traveling. Protect him from all dangers, from perils from animals, and from all dangers on the trail. Let his wife and child live and have abundance. And their young brother, let him survive. Care for him and keep him safe from danger, everywhere he may be.

"All people let live. Oh, Creator, have pity on the people, so that they may live well, free from danger. Oh [pipe] tell them [*i. e.* all Above People] have pity on us. May all people have full life. Give everybody heavy bodies. Let the young people grow; increase their flesh. Let all men,

women and children have full life. Harden the bodies of the old people so that they may reach great age."

When he ceased all the people uttered a long-drawn *Ah-h-h-h* [Yes].

The earnestness of the petitioner was indescribably touching. This was not a droning, perfunctory prayer, whose object seems to be to convey as much information as possible to the deity. Here was a priest who really desired what he asked for. He threw himself on the mercy of this god and would not let him go. He implored, he urged, he insisted, he would not be denied; and as I saw the great beads of sweat stand out upon the old man's brow, I thought of another struggle of long ago, when, at the ford Jabbok, another patriarch wrestled through the long night with his God and prevailed.

The prayer ended the singing was resumed, Red Eagle starting it, and the others, after a little, joining in a plaintive refrain. Presently the Bear Woman again took from the sack some of the sweet pine needles and sprinkled them on the coal, and as the white smoke curled upward both Man and Woman again took it in their hands and as before, purified themselves by passing it over their arms, heads, shoulders and breasts. After they had done this, they took handfuls of it and held this up under a large package, attached to a beautifully ornamented pack saddle, which was tied to the lodge poles above their heads. This package contained the Bear Pipe. The singing continued, and now the Bear Woman chewed some of the sweet pine, and then spitting it into her hands, spread it over herself as she had done the smoke, and rising to her knees very slowly and reverently untied the package from the saddle and placed it on the blanket between the Bear Man and herself.

The Bear Man now began a new song—one which was more lively—and he and the Woman moved their hands through the smoke, and then holding their hands over the package moved them alternately up and down in time to the music. At first the hands were closed except as to the forefinger, which pointed straight out, and the up and down motions were quick and dainty, to represent the sharp rise and fall of the feet of the antelope when walking. Then at a little change in the air, the fingers were all bent, but the hand not closed, and the up and down motions became deliberate and heavy, to symbolize the slow tread of the walking bear. At another slight change in the air the old man raised his hands partly closed, the forefinger extended, pointing upward and slightly bent inward, to the sides of his head, and moving his face this way and that as if looking about him, called out in a shrill voice, "*Uoo*." The hand sign meant "buffalo" and the head motion "look out." This sign is related to the word *Ni ai*, often used in the song, meaning my shelter=covering=robe=buffalo. Then followed up and down (walking) motions in time to the air, all the fingers being extended forward, symbolizing going to war, and the danger, or lookout, signal, forefingers pointing straight up to and raised to the sides of the head like a pricked ear, with startled expression of countenance and the watchful look.

This song ended, Red Eagle slowly and carefully removed the wrappings from the package at his side, the singing not being interrupted at all, though the air was changed again to the slower, more monotonous chant. The braid string being untied from the double-mouthed red cloth sack, which formed the outer covering of the pipe, he drew forth a long bundle, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs of various colors. One by one he took these off until ten or twelve had been removed, and the Bear Pipe was revealed.

It was a handsome stem, about four feet long, wrapped for a part of its length with large, handsome beads, and profusely ornamented with white weasel tails and feathers, which depended from it in thick bunches. Near the lower or pipe extremity was a spread plume of twelve tail feathers of the war eagle, each one having its extremity wrapped with red or yellow horse hair, which hung down in a long tuft. Below this plume the stem was tied with red, green and yellow ribbons, and again below this was a cluster of brightly burnished hawk's bells. The whole stem was very handsome and heavy.

When the coverings were removed, the old man for a moment bent in silence over the pipe, and then raised it slowly and tenderly to his face, making a cooing, caressing sound, such as a mother might make to her infant. He pressed it to his lips and whispered to it ecstatically, while his sightless eyes looked toward the Sun, as if they could pierce the covering of the lodge and behold some Presence invisible to our grosser vision. After a wrapt silence of a few moments, he again spoke in a low voice to the pipe, and passed it over his arms, shoulders and both sides of the head. Then he sang again, shaking the pipe in time to the music. Then again he prayed loudly and impressively, and said: "Oh, Sun, Old Man and Stars, pity us, pity us. Look down. My dream told me that those Crows [who stole our horses] will not survive if they [the Piegan pursuers] overtake them." Then followed again the substance of the first prayer, and he ended with this petition, "Little Plume, let him survive; Tearing Lodge and Double Rider, let them survive, and bring the heads [i. e., scalps]."

Then turning to the left, he passed the pipe to Appekunny, who spoke a few words to it and handed it to me. I held it to my face and made a short prayer to it, and then passed it to an old blind warrior who sat next to me, and who prayed to it fervently and long, and then handed it to his neighbor.

And so it went round the circle, each one who received it prayed to it most earnestly. I was anxious to hear what the people said in their prayers, but they spoke in low tones, and the only words I could catch were now and then *Kim-o-tit* and *Napi*. It was touching to see the young women who had babies with them, after praying to the pipe, pass it up and down over the bodies and heads of their little ones, and to see upon their faces the expression of love and faith that one sees nowhere save on a woman's countenance.

Meanwhile Red Eagle had taken a medicine rattle made from the dried scrotum of a buffalo bull, in which were a lot of small round stone, and again began to sing, shaking the rattle in time to the music.

At length the pipe had passed round the circle and was handed by the Bear Woman to Red Eagle. He took it and said rapidly twenty or thirty times, "Pity, pity." Then rising to his feet he began a new song, and danced, first toward the east, and then, turning about, toward the west. The people accompanied him with their voices in a new but equally plaintive and musical minor chant. After he had danced he faced about, and sitting down prayed again, repeating what he had said in his first and second prayer, and concluding with these words: "Let the Sun shine upon us and our lives be without shadows." At the end of the prayer all the people said, "Yes, have pity, have pity."

Then he made a sign that the ceremony was over, and we filed out of the lodge. Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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A DRY HUNT.

I WAS much interested in the article of "Wells" in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 14, entitled "A Wild Goose Chase," from having had many such experiences myself which I style dry hunts, but I always managed to keep up some cheerfulness, really getting much dry fun out of a dry hunt, and never allowing the failure to get a good bag of game to deprive me of the other enjoyments rightfully belonging to such a trip, and which, indeed, constitute a very important part of it. And this is a point it will be well for all sportsmen to consider. It is not the great quantity of game, nor the mere killing it, from which is derived all the enjoyable sport of an extended hunting trip; and, as they are the best generals who turn apparent defeat into victory, and the best cooks are they who can produce the most palatable and delicious meal from the least material; so, may we not add, that they are the best sportsmen who can get the most enjoyment from barging the least game.

In view of the rapid decrease in all kinds of game in all sections of our broad country, it would seem advisable to cultivate this faculty of getting all the sport we can when out on a trip, whether we get much or little game; in fact the habit, disposition, faculty or education required to make an outing pass pleasantly, is just as requisite as the ability to handle well the gun and dog. He who starts out on a shooting scout with the solemn visage he would wear to a funeral will be quite likely to reap about the same enlivening reward from the one he gets from the other, and no more. If after getting his traps together for a start and taking his dog from the kennel he does not feel the blood move a little quicker in his veins, and does not experience a premonition that he is about to enter a higher plane of life, a sort of elysium of which the great throng of humanity know not, then he had better put away his tools, chain up his dog, or give them all to some one who can enjoy them, and go back to the hum-drum drudgery of every day life, for he has mistaken his calling. The very preparations for a hunting trip will afford delight to a genuine sportsman, and he will keep that up and add to it till the campaign is ended, game or no game. I once had a friend (and many of your readers would recall him should I give his name) who, with all the patience and perseverance he could muster, could not bag more than one bird in ten shots; still he took as much delight as a veteran in keeping in perfect order and condition a fine gun and outfit and a good dog, and never let a season pass without taking many trips which he would enjoy from the crown of his hat to the sole of his shoe; and it was a very dull party that his genial whole-souled good nature would not enliven. He was brim full of all the qualities of a good sportsman, except he could not kill his birds, but even this did not deprive him of the enjoyment of a pleasure he could find nowhere else. I name this to impress again the fact that real enjoyable pleasure can be obtained in hunting, even though the quantity of game procured is quite limited. I never killed or shot a deer in my life; yet I have spent weeks at a time with parties in pursuit of them, the remembrance of which is still very pleasant to me. I give a few incidents of one of those trips in the mountains of California and this one, as far as deer were concerned, was a dry hunt.

Early one morning we started, five of us, with Old Bob (a little square-built mustang, whose caudal appendage had been very much abbreviated, hence his name) to pack our blankets, camp tools and what few articles of food we took along, mostly condiments and delicacies, with flour, a few potatoes and onions and a side of bacon, intending of course to revel mostly in venison steaks and roasts during our stay. At the close of the first day's tramp (and it was a good one, following the tops of the ridges, when once gained, as long as they led in the direction we wished to go, then striking down the side to the deep cañon below and up the steep sides of the ridge opposite to its top) we found ourselves about twenty miles from our starting point, having increased our altitude about 3,000 feet in that distance. Here we made our camp in a level spot near the head of a cañon, shut in by heavy timber, using spruce boughs for a roof, plentifully covering the ground beneath with the small fine twigs of the same, on which we spread our blankets. These spruce boughs make a nice shelter from everything except rain—for protection from rain they are a decided failure; for, as old Birney said: "It only has to rain for half an hour outside to make it rain all night under your 'bresh' tent." We tried it one evening and know the old man was pretty near right. But what cared we? There was fuel enough all about us from which to make a fire that would soon dry a saturated sponge. Only those who have built a temporary

camp in the woods know the delight in its preparation. The fire is the central sun around which, at a respectful distance, the primitive couches hover. While some are putting the finishing touches on the camp, others are preparing the delicious meal. Delicious? Yes. Delmonico never prepared so inviting a repast, and a tramp on Broadway or Fifth avenue never produced such an enchanting appetite. There was delight in being tired and hungry—delight in the immediate prospect of both being relieved and appeased, which was borne to us by the fragrance of steaming tea and coffee, and the sputtering of bacon and potatoes in the frying pan, and the sight of the round biseuit growing more plump and brown before the fire. Is there not pleasure in such a meal, in such a place? After supper the pipes and the chat and the laying out the morrow's hunt—deciding who shall look after camp and prepare the evening meal—then seeking our fragrant beds, such sleep would come to us as is never found on "flowery beds of ease."

Up the next morning bright and early, and breakfast over, the camp keeper for the day is left to "do up the dishes," while the rest of us take our respective courses and strike out for the day's still-hunting. And when one after another we had all gathered into camp at night to find our host and supper awaiting us, with what zest was that meal enjoyed, and what interest was excited in the recital of each one's experience! One may have seen a deer, but the breaking of a dry stick or some misstep on his part had telegraphed to the sensitive ear of the timid game the danger it was in, when it would quickly place the summit of a ridge between them. He would follow cautiously to the top, expecting to find the deer quietly feeding on the other side, but on peering over would quite likely see it high up on the opposite ridge, a mile away, with a deep cañon between them; then would commence the tramp of two or three miles up around the head of the cañon and down on the opposite side of the ridge on which the deer was feeding, in hopes to head it off and surprise it with a shot; but the chances were his long tramp had taken too much time, and the deer had passed on over the ridge before he arrived at the proper point. I did not even see a deer. But what of that? I did my share of camp duty and tramping; and when noiselessly wandering beneath the green arches of that magnificent forest, saw and felt a thousand delights of which the dwellers amid brick walls and paved streets know not. Added to this was the constant expectancy of seeing one of the mild-eyed and gracefully-formed denizens of the forest—in fact I killed several of them—while lying in the bushes, or feeding on some warm grassy spot, or dashing past them at full speed—yes, killed them in my vivid imagination. Had I in reality seen one, I doubt very much if I had remembered that I had a gun with me; and still I enjoyed it all as though I had been a veritable "Deer Slayer."

We were startled from our slumbers one morning just before dawn by old Bob dashing unceremoniously into camp. We were all up in an instant, just in time to hear an old grizzly crashing through the brush up the opposite side of the mountain. He had called to make a meal of old Bob, who, declining to entertain so early and uncouth a visitor, had broken his fastening where he was picketed a few rods from camp, and called on us for protection. Although it was a little early, our breakfast was soon prepared and over, when I called for volunteers to pursue the ruthless invader of our peace and quiet, or in other words, for a bear hunt. Strange as it may seem, not one of the party had lost any bears, and consequently they respectfully declined to spend any time in looking up other people's property. True, one of our party had made the intimate acquaintance of a grizzly some two years before, the mementoes of which were a broken jaw and cheek bone, but as his old acquaintance had been killed a few days after his interview with him, he seemed decidedly averse to making any new friends in that line. Finally Jerry, an old mountaineer and a good hunter, agreed to go with me if I would promise him one thing, and that was not to shoot at the bear if we came in sight of it; "for," said Jerry, "if we let the bear alone he will let us alone, unless we come on to him of a sudden." I promised faithfully, and we started on the trail of Mr. Bruin, which was quite easy to follow, for his tracks in the soft ground and patches of snow were nearly as large as the top of a coal scuttle. As we came to spots where the soft dirt or snow seemed still almost quivering on the edges of the deep tracks, so recently had it been disturbed, Jerry would remind me of my promise not to shoot, and I would assure him my sole desire was to see the bear—"only this and nothing more." While on our tramp, Jerry told me of the only personal interview he had ever enjoyed with this monarch of the mountains, and pulled his hunting shirt from his shoulders and showed me the affectionate marks of the bear's teeth while in his loving embrace. Jerry said: "It happened this way. I was hunting deer on the side of a mountain, and had come to a place where the branches of the chaparral were so thick and intertwined that I had to get down almost on my knees and creep along. Presently I came to a little open space and rose to my feet, and at the same instant a bear rose up in front of me, and before I had time to bring my rifle to a position to shoot, he hit me with one of his paws and I found myself lying on my back with the bear on top; fortunately my head lay up the hill, and as the bear made for my face, which they always do in attacking a man, I caught him by the fur on each side of his head, and by pressing his head one way and mine the other I could just save my face from being crunched, but he would occasionally give me a nip on the shoulders as you see. Of course I could endure this but a few minutes as my strength would soon give out, and I dared not let go with one hand to get my knife, for an instant's release of his jaws would have enabled him to crush my head like an egg shell. In my desperation I gathered my knees and feet in under him, and with all the power I could command I raised myself up and threw him over flat on his back with head down the hill. When he got on his feet he turned his head and looked at me as though he was astonished at such usage, and giving a grunt started off down the hill." "Did you hit him?" I asked. "No," says Jerry, "I didn't shoot, but grabbed my rifle and run the other way, glad to get out of it so; and should not have got off so easily but this happened to be a young one not weighing more than 400 pounds, but the fellow that is making these tracks would more than double that. So you will not shoot if you see him?" Again I said no, and we tramped on. Occasionally we would come to a thicket into which he had entered, and for fear we might meet him sooner than we desired, we would scout round the outer edge to the opposite side, where we would again find his tracks as he had emerged from the cover. Thus we followed him till past noon, when his foot-prints led down the side of a mountain into a deep rocky cañon thick with bushes, and Jerry would not risk the

Natural History.

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THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

THE strength which the movement in favor of protection for our birds is developing is really surprising. We had supposed that many people were interested in this subject, but until the establishment of the AUDUBON SOCIETY we had no idea how many such there were, nor how deep was their concern.

Editor Forest and Stream:

By a resolution of the A. O. U. Committee for the Protection of Birds, I am authorized to communicate to the AUDUBON SOCIETY our approval of its plan and the sanction of our authority in the work it undertakes. As you are so generously bearing the expenses of organizing the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and are giving so much time and space in your columns to the society's interests, I venture to take the liberty of expressing the wishes of the committee through your paper.

The object of our committee is to present the birds' side of the question. As experts, we feel warranted in giving our time and knowledge freely, and in suggesting means for the protection and preservation of our beautiful and useful birds; but must depend largely upon philanthropists, societies and individuals to circulate all good suggestions and to distribute the facts pertaining to the heedless destruction now taking place.

AN AUDUBON SOCIETY in every township of our land would bring about the three results aimed at, viz.: First—No bird would be used as food that was not strictly a game bird. Second—Nests and eggs would be kept inviolate, and children would no more think of stoning birds and nests than they do now of horses in the streets. Third—Birds would be preferred by all women as live pets rather than as dead ornaments. Such a change in public sentiment would soon be followed by a correspondingly delightful and gratifying change in our parks and gardens.

Our committee will be glad to render the AUDUBON SOCIETY all assistance in our power.

GEORGE B. SENNETT,
Chairman of Com. for the Protection of Birds, Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., City of New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The suggestion of "X. Y. Z." in your last issue, to "enlist our sisters, aunts and cousins in the good work of refusing to wear birds as ornaments" is an excellent one, and truly germane to the subject. Let us try it and even extend the courtesy to the nearest acquaintances whom we choose to see in the "borrowed feathers," which are so suggestive of cruelty and barbaric taste.

The wearers of feathers cannot be reached or enjoined directly by any legal enactment, but many will give heed to kindly speech, and an earnest showing that they are to blame in the matter, and be led to renounce the evil and so stay the red-handed slaughter of the innocents.

Next, or rather at the same time, we have to do with the bonnet shooters and the taxidermists. Moral suasion, I am aware, will be of little use with many of this class, and to aid the cause we must see that just and stringent laws are made to save the birds, and not only insist they be made, but strictly and impartially enforced.

The "Bill for Bird Protection," printed in FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 24, is a good one, and should be made a law in every State. I would suggest that the AUDUBON SOCIETY prepare a circular to be read and permanently posted in every school house in the land, to instruct and warn every boy and girl, every youth and maid, in the interests of bird preservation, and the tipping in the bud of cruelty of every kind. It is while at school that the young idea is taught to shoot very differently than the poet intended, and it is a sad sight to see the boy trying to kill or frighten every living, wild or domestic, thing he dares level gun or missile at.

Whittier truly says, "We are in a way to destroy both our forests and our birds," and to save the remnant and as far as may be to restore both forests and birds is the bounden duty of every lover of nature. Let us be determined and persistent in the work we have chosen. It is high time and the need is a crying one for all to enlist, and every age, sex and class can be efficient allies to "rescue from the bird butcher's dooms" the pretty victims of a cruel, foolish and (for this reason) unfeminine fashion.

O. W. R.

BOSTON, March 3, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I assure you of my hearty sympathy with the members of the AUDUBON SOCIETY in their efforts to prevent the waste of these beautiful, happy, innocent and useful lives, on which we depend for a large share of our natural enjoyment. I am myself more than tolerant of the somewhat intrusive intimaey of the English sparrow. No other birds outside of the barnyard let me come so near them—not even the pigeons. If I may change the lines of Cowper a little:

They are so well acquainted with man,
Their tameness is charming to me.

But still more am I indebted to the gulls and ducks, who during a large part of the year are daily visitors to the estuary of the Charles, on which I look from my library windows. I wish they could be protected by law, and if law cannot, or will not do it, that public opinion, under the lead of your society, would come between them and their murderers. Not less, certainly, do I feel the shame of the wanton destruction of our singing birds to feed the demands of a barbaric vanity. If it would save them from destruction I would say good-by to the woodcock and sigh a long farewell to the canvasback. Yours truly,

O. W. HOLMES.

KEY WEST, Fla., March 3, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am interested in the matter of the AUDUBON SOCIETY, for I have long watched with deep grief and intense indignation the wanton and thoughtless destruction of birds now going on in all parts of our country. My personal knowledge of the matter is limited to what is taking place in Florida; but, through the columns of your most admirable paper, I learn that the same deplorable state of affairs exists everywhere. Although I am cognizant of many scenes of bird slaughter in Florida, and know of the shipment of many thousands of bird skins and plumes from the State, I have not any reliable statistics of the trade for present reference.

I will, however, make it my business to obtain such, and will forward them to you as speedily as possible.

One instance that came under my observation last winter made my blood fairly boil. It seems that the slaughter of birds for millinery purposes has stimulated those brutes, whose debased passions are fed by the sight of blood and suffering, to renewed efforts in the line of butchery to such an extent that nothing living is safe from them. For many years there had been a flourishing pelican rookery on a small island at the lower end of the Indian River. About a year ago two disgraces to humanity, who called themselves "sportsmen from the North," visited this peaceful island one night, and with clubs and knives killed or sorely wounded and mutilated every bird on it; broke all the eggs they could find and destroyed the nests. They afterward boasted of this exploit, and remarked that that den of fish thieves was broken up at any rate, and they proposed to treat every other rookery they could find in the same way. They must have killed over a thousand birds in that one night.

I know of one skin hunter now at work, who, under the name of "naturalist," has destroyed between four and five thousand birds this winter. He is operating on Biscayne Bay, and I will try to ascertain more about him.

Advertisements offering to purchase bird skins appear in many of the Florida papers. Please enroll me as a member of the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and count on my hearty co-operation with you in the noble work of protection to bird life that you have undertaken. I never in my life killed a bird, except when forced by hunger to do so, and I hope I never shall.

KIRK MUNROE.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your earnest and intelligent efforts for the protection of birds is awakening a widespread interest in the cause, and is leading to a serious study of the best means to prevent the barbarous practice of destroying birds for gain.

You have my warmest sympathy in your work, and I am confident that you will have the co-operation of the thinking part of our people.

W. A. CONKLIN.

Chapter D, No. 818, Agassiz Association, of Newark, N. J., will hold its first annual celebration at Library Hall, on March 13, at 3 P. M. At a recent meeting of the Chapter it was decided to join the AUDUBON SOCIETY and try and advance its commendable purpose.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., March 2.—The first purple martins arrived from further south to-day. There were nine in the flock, and one killed proved to be in excellent condition. Several thousand breed in this city every summer in the nooks and corners of the old buildings.—H. A. KLINE.

ALBINO.—In Germany an unusual number of white varieties of animals have been noticed this winter. A white chamois was shot in the Totegebirge, a white fish otter was caught near Luxemburg, white partridges were shot near Brunswick, and a white fox was killed in Hessen.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Three pinquins (*Felis concolor*), one great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), two European waxwings (*Angelia garrulus*), one larger bill nuthatch (*Gracula intermedius*), one raccoon (*Procyon lotor*), one opossum (*Didelphys virginiana*), two Virginia quail (*Ortyx virginianus*), one turkey vulture (*Cathartes aura*), one red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*), two Carolina doves (*Zenaidura macroura*), one barn owl (*Screech owl*), one screech owl (*Scops asio*), two red-winged blackbirds (*Agelaius phoeniceus*), one alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*), born in the garden, two Carolina doves (*Zenaidura macroura*).

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE full report of the FOREST AND STREAM's trajectory test of hunting rifles has been issued in pamphlet form, with the illustrations and the tabular summary, making in all 96 pages. For sale at this office, or sent post-paid. Price 50 cents.

ANTELOPE HUNTING IN DAKOTA.

THE falling snow is being rapidly driven before the fury of the lately arrived blizzard; the mercury is dropping toward the bottom of the thermometer tube, and as I sit before the blazing fire in my library calling to memory incidents and scenes of many a hunting expedition, my eyes fall upon the head of a noble buck antelope which looks down from the opposite wall recalling the day when in far off Dakota he fell before my rifle, and I thought perhaps an account of that hunt might be acceptable to your readers.

It was toward the close of a warm day in the middle of last September, that four men were busily engaged pitching a tent in the Bad Lands of Dakota, but a short distance from the open prairie, about thirty miles north of the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Four horses were picketed a short distance away, and three dogs, a setter and two collies of fine breeding, were lying near by, intently watching the proceedings. The party consisted of two sportsmen not unknown on the Atlantic seaboard, and their guides Jack and Tom McGregor, the first an old buffalo hunter who had done his share in the extermination of the noble bison, and the latter his brother, much younger in years, but a skillful and experienced hunter. It was a weird yet beautiful spot they had chosen to camp, a broad level covered with the short buffalo grass, bounded on one side by a ravine or coulee, through which a clear, cold stream flowed, while the trees which shadowed the water rose high above the walls of the ravine and gave a leafy background to the bright flame and sparks that leaped upward into the air before the door of the tent. The other side of the plateau rose rapidly toward the ghostly buttes that buttressed the outlying prairie beyond them. The party had driven about twenty miles that day through the Bad Lands, and it was plain to see the guns had not been idle on the way by the pile of sharp-tail grouse placed on the ground not far from the tent and which the dogs seemed to consider as under their especial charge. The air was growing chilly, and as the sun sank behind the buttes that stood in myriads of fantastic shapes around, the moon rose and flooded their many colored sides with its silver light, making the rough places smooth. As darkness gathered, and the stillness born of the wilderness seemed to settle upon the landscape, from out the ground about fifty yards away a form seemed to rise, indistinct of shape, but slender with a round head capped by two tapering upright horns as they seemed to be. The

descent; so we took a bee line for camp without getting a glimpse of his bearship. Perhaps it was just as well for the bear, and better for us. After supper we were informed by the camp keeper for the day that our stock of bacon was nearly exhausted, and as no deer had been bagged it looked as though we should soon have to be put on short allowance.

I was up early the next morning and while taking a wash I heard the grunt of a mountain grouse, and, being the only one of the party who used a shotgun, I started immediately to follow up the grouse by the sound. This requires much care and patience. These birds spend very little time on the ground, but will perch high up amid the thick foliage of the pine, hemlock or spruce, call at intervals of four or five minutes with a deep, guttural grunt that can be heard from a long distance. They are very shy and will stop calling at the slightest strange sight or sound, and when quiet it is impossible to locate the tree on which they rest, and even when located, it requires the keenest eye to detect them. I followed up the sound as carefully and rapidly as possible, stopping occasionally and waiting for a repeat to be sure of my course, until I had gone more than half a mile. At last I had him located in a tall pine tree; he had heard or seen me and ceased calling. Now came the difficult task of getting a sight of my game. Creeping slowly around the tree and looking it over from every point, gradually narrowing the circle till I found myself directly under its branches, when looking up almost vertically I saw his head and neck stretched out over a limb, evidently watching me with as much interest as I evinced in looking for him. Knowing that this was my golden opportunity, and that I could get but the one shot, as, should he dart from the tree amid the forest evergreens that surrounded us, I should see him no more, I raised my gun and gave him a broadside of both barrels and he came crashing down through the branches from his 200-foot perch, and fairly bounced when he struck the ground. Gathering my bird I hastened to camp, receiving a vote of thanks from the party for the royal breakfast the grouse made us.

We had decided to move our camp some six miles up the mountain to an old deserted hunter's or miner's cabin which one of the party had discovered in his tramp; but when we began preparing for the move, two of the party having become discouraged from our ill success and the prospect of short rations, decided to desert us and take the back track for home; so the three of us having "enlisted for the war," or rather the week, turned backs on them and started up the mountain for the deserted cabin which we reached before noon, and leaving G. to fit up camp, I and Jerry started out in different directions with an understanding that we should return at 3 o'clock. When we returned Jerry said he had seen deer sign over on the south side of a mountain where they had browsed, and he thought if I went there toward sunset I would at least see a deer. As it was about three miles to the ground I mounted old Bob and started. Reaching the summit of the ridge, which was pretty well covered with snow, I hitched the pony in the best sheltered spot I could find and moved down the side of the mountain, out of the snow and selecting my cover in a clump of chaparral prepared myself for watching and waiting. I watched and waited till the shadows had grown very long and dense, but no deer had presented itself for my observation; so breaking cover I started for old Bob and found him turning and twisting around, shivering with cold and impatience. Leading him to a fallen tree I made a spring for his back, and as he started at the same time I struck just back of the pack saddle, and not having gathered the reins properly, nor could I with my gun in one hand, away went Bob through the brush and under the trees and the tighter I clung my heels to his flanks, the harder he kicked and ran. I could not get into the saddle nor gather the lines so as to guide or stop his wild flight; and several times I came very near being brushed off his back by the low branches of trees. Something had to be done with the utmost dispatch, or old Bob would go into camp riderless, and I knew when I got there the joke would be altogether too one-sided for me to enjoy, so watching for a good snow bank I dashed my gun into it, and having two hands to devote to the old rascal I soon got him under subjection, got into the saddle, rode back and picked my gun from the snow, and when I next attempted to mount I made better calculations with better success. If any one could have seen my first exploit I think he would have agreed with me that it beat a circus clown and trick mule in realistic interest, and have laughed heartily at the ludicrous figure I cut, as I have scores of times since in thinking it over. Arriving at camp I found that one of the party had killed a big jack rabbit or hare, and supper being ready, they were impatiently awaiting my return. Oh, what a supper that was, with appetites to fit it. Search your big towns and cities all over, and you can find nothing to approach either. I reserved the recital of my adventure with old Bob till the supper was away and a rousing fire blazed in the broad fire place, when behind the curling smoke of our pipes we made the old cabin ring with our laughter till the echoes came back from the surrounding forest.

The next day being Saturday, and the limit of our time, we made an ample breakfast from the hare, and packing our blankets and campstools on old Bob, reluctantly turned our backs on the camp and magnificent forests in which we had spent a charming week, although a dry hunt.

A.

THE SPRING FLOWER SHOW.

A FLOWER show will be held at the Metropolitan Opera House, in this city, March 24, 25, 26 and 27, to be open from 11 to 11 o'clock each day.

The show will be managed by Mr. C. F. Klunder, the well-known florist, whose successful engineering of previous shows all who love flowers will remember. This one will be on a larger scale than any previous exhibition, and will far exceed anything of the kind hitherto known in America.

The enormous cost of the exhibition is guaranteed by a number of well-known and wealthy ladies. Some idea of the magnitude of the work involved can be had when it is stated that it will take 150 men four days and nights to place the decorations. Among these will be a miniature *Arc de Triomphe*, formed of flowers, on the stage. Among the interesting exhibits will be a number of orchids growing on an old oak tree trunk as in nature. The roses will be superb.

Mr. Klunder is so well known for his excellent taste and his passion for flowers, that every confidence may be felt that under his charge the management and the arrangements will be all that could be desired. The news of this flower show will interest a great number of people both in city and country, and it is said that parties are already being made up to come from a distance to visit it.

creature sat motionless and gazed at the party about the fire. "Look! get your gun" said Jack, "a jackass-rabbit makes a first-rate stew." A shotgun lying by was seized, and a cartridge hastily inserted, and although the darkness prevented accurate aim, it was evident when the report broke the silence of the night, that the animal was wounded, as it made but a few jumps before it stopped. The dogs, all unconscious of the vicinity of the rabbit, had lain quiet until the report of the gun aroused them, when catching sight of the creature as it bounded into the air, they gave chase and soon compelled pussy to exert herself to the utmost to effect her escape. Round and round the plain they went in ever increasing speed, the rabbit doubling at critical moments and using all her strategy to throw off her pursuers, but the wound prevented the creature from availing itself of its accustomed fleetness, and soon she was overtaken and seized by one of the collies, who, in spite of the plaintive cry which all rabbits utter when in immediate danger, soon dispatched her. She was carried in triumph to the camp by Jack, and prepared for dinner of the following day. The evening meal having been dispatched, and the pipe of peace smoked, the party bade the world good night, as they knew a hard ride was before them on the morrow. The sun was not an hour high the next morning when our party were mounted and on their way to the prairie. At this time of the year the antelope seldom entered the Bad Lands, but staid out on the open prairie, and as it was the rutting season, the bucks were engaged in collecting their harems, and fighting away any other buck that approached too near their little troupe of wives.

Leaving the Bad Lands which generally lie below the prairie, only the summits and hog-backs of the buttes rising above its level, the party commenced a search for sign. Tommy was by mutual consent placed in the lead, as the most skillful of the hunters, but although tracks and beds were frequently seen, the animals who made them did not come into view. We rode for hours over the rolling landscape, expecting at the summit of every rise to certainly see our game. At length, when almost despairing, we caught sight of a small band in the far distance, but almost immediately they saw us, and started off at that swift run that has made these animals famous. We watched them until they disappeared over a roll of the prairie, and then prepared to follow them, hoping that they would stop when out of sight of our party. We had gone but a short distance when Tommy, who was in the lead, suddenly reined in his horse and turned about saying in a low tone, "Goats." Although we had seen nothing we followed his example, and he then explained how there was a small band of antelope lying down around a knoll to our left, but he was afraid he would not get near them. However, we decided to try, and dismounting we left the horses in Jack's care, and prepared to stalk the goats. Flat upon our bellies we crawled to the summit of a knoll, when the animals came in view. They were in a swale, a long way off from any of the ridges of the prairie, the band of about a dozen individuals lying down except two, which were standing on either side on the watch. We saw it was impossible to approach them from the position we were in, and decided to retrace our steps and endeavor to get nearer from the other side. We made a long detour and then crawled to the top of another ridge, and came upon the band in the rear, but we were no closer than before.

"You must shoot from here," said Tommy, "can't get any nearer."

"It will not be of any use," I said, "can't hit them at this distance unless by accident, it's over two hundred yards, but we'll try."

It was agreed that my friend and myself should shoot together at the word. Neither of our guides carried guns, as we were hunting for sport, not for count. The antelope that were lying down did not look larger than rabbits, half hidden as they were in the long grass, but on either side of the band, the two were still standing as sentinels, looking away from us over the prairie. "Ready, one, two, three, fire," said Tommy, and both rifles cracked, the object selected being the two animals on guard. At the report the whole band started like one creature, on the full run. It was marvelous to see how quickly they could rise to their feet and get under full headway. Alas, the individuals shot at also joined the fleeing throng, and all were soon hidden behind a rise in the prairie. Though disappointed we were not surprised, as we did not expect to make a sure shot at the distance under the circumstances.

We rode on throughout the afternoon, but although we saw several bands of antelope they were too wary to permit us to come near them, and we returned to camp as many a hunter had done before, minus our game. My friend decided that the next day he would go after mule deer with Jack, and I determined under Tommy's guidance to try the antelope again. So, soon after sunrise, we were en route for the prairie, but this time decided to go north of the grounds hunted over the day before. We rode on for about two hours without seeing any antelope, although signs were plenty, until suddenly we came in sight of two feeding in a little swale about half a mile in front of us. Instantly dismounting, we made a long detour, leading our horses, until having reached a favorable spot for a stalk, we dropped the reins over the horses' heads and left them, knowing they would not go away from the spot, and crawled to the top of a neighboring ridge overlooking the place where we had seen the antelope. No animal was in sight however, although we searched the ground carefully with a strong glass I carried. We then continued across the low-lying piece of ground, through which the bed of a creek now dry was seen, and ascended a roll of the prairie on the opposite side. Gaining the top we caught sight of several antelope on an opposite ridge, which appeared to see us also, for after gazing a moment they disappeared on the other side.

"Well Tommy, what now," I said, "shall we follow them?"

"Don't think it any use," he replied, "they saw us." "Well, it is not far and I am going over to see if I can find where they went to," I answered, "you go and bring on the horses."

So I started for the other ridge. As I drew near the top, I laid flat upon the ground and pushed myself along, showing my rifle ahead of me. Peeping over the top, I found the ground sloped away for a long distance, giving me an extended view, and about one hundred and fifty yards from me were a band of antelope consisting of thirteen does and one splendid buck. They were scattered about feeding, but the buck seemed very restless, and kept a sharp eye over his wives, and also the surrounding landscape. I crept back under cover of the ridge, and signalled to Tommy, who was coming on with the horses, to leave them and join me, and then returned to my post of observation. Soon I heard a

rustling in the grass, and my guide shoved himself alongside of me. The antelope had fled away from us, and we decided they were too far away to give any chance for a successful shot, so I determined to watch them and see what they would do. The buck had a fine pair of horns and was handsomely marked, the tan colored stripes on his neck showing clearly against the white portion. I determined to have him if I followed him all day, which as the sequel will show I was obliged to do. He kept his does in excellent subjection, never allowing any of them to stray away, but herding them very much as a collie does a band of sheep, or a stallion a number of mares, driving them all the time dead to windward. After awhile, as they kept getting further away from us, Tommy said that he would go a little distance away and try to flag the buck, so he went off and lay down, and tying a red handkerchief to my shotgun which he carried held it aloft. Here we made a mistake, as we found out, for Tommy should have remained with me and done his flagging close by. I lay flat on the ground and consequently could not see the buck, but presently Tommy called out, "Get ready, he is coming." Expecting to see the animal rise above the ridge I held my rifle in position, but instead of coming my way he headed straight for Tommy naturally, and then before reaching the ridge turned off and passed in front of me without coming in sight. He kept on, however, and made a wide circuit around us and returned to the does, without discovering us, as we lay quite motionless while he was on his voyage of observation. He now headed his wives away from us, all feeding as they went. As we watched them another buck appeared over a distant ridge, and was immediately challenged by the one in front of us, who started off on a swift canter toward his would-be rival. The latter watched him approach and then turned and fled over a roll of the prairie followed by our friend. The latter was gone some little time, his does feeding on in the meanwhile as though they understood precisely why their lord was absent. Pretty soon, however, he returned, not alone though, for he drove before him, probably in triumph, (for we could not see what had happened beyond the other ridge), two more does, which he was evidently desirous of adding to his harem. They did not seem particularly anxious to accede to his wishes, for they ran off in every direction sometimes together, sometimes separately. The buck, however, was very swift and very determined, and every time he would head them off and turn them in the direction of his herd. After many and vain attempts to escape, the buck at last succeeded in making them join the other does, and then getting them all close together he drove them to the opposite side of the level prairie.

The band had now gotten at least a mile away from us, and Tommy and I held a council what was best to do. At first he seemed inclined to let them go and look for others, but I was determined to have that buck if it was possible, so we concluded to follow. As they disappeared behind the ridge, we mounted our horses, and rode across the ground our game had just traversed. Dismounting we crawled to the top of the ridge in front and saw the band moving on in a kind of valley between two rolls of the prairie, keeping carefully in the center and upwind, the buck in the rear holding his harem well in hand, so to speak. We dared not follow, for the moment we crossed the ridge, behind which we were concealed, the animals would see us and be off at once. We therefore decided to make a detour to the right, and see if we could not find more favorable ground in front where we could make a successful stalk. After riding about half a mile, being careful not to let the antelope get our wind, we crawled to a spot overlooking the ground the band was traversing and saw that they had selected a spot on the further side and had lain down. We carefully scrutinized the ridge beyond them, but there was no place we could reach near enough for a shot. However, we decided to cross over to that side or get as near as we could. So retracing our steps, we rode back to the plain where I first saw the band, and then passed up the side the antelope were lying, keeping carefully concealed behind the higher ground that lay between us. When we had proceeded as far as we deemed safe with the horses, we left them and advanced toward the spot we thought nearest to our game. Crawling flat on the ground we looked over the rise and saw in front of us, but a very long rifle shot away, the antelope still resting. They all lay with their noses to the leeward, the buck in the rear, gazing intently down the glade through which they had come.

"You will never get nearer," said Tommy, "try the buck." I took aim, but lowered the rifle, and replied, "It would be of no use, I could only hit that buck by the merest scratch shot. He don't look as big as a rabbit over my sight. Try the flag again, but stay close by me." Tommy raised the red handkerchief upon my shotgun, and we watched the effect. None of the animals appeared to see it, but all kept their gaze steadily down the valley. At last one of the does rose and stretched herself. The buck thinking possibly she was about to stray away, also got up and turned, when his eye caught our fluttering signal. Immediately he started for it, galloping up the slope, and increasing his speed every moment. I crouched lower and brought my rifle to bear on the spot where I expected him to come. As he drew near Tommy lowered his flag so it could not be seen so clearly. When the antelope had approached within forty yards he turned to make a circle and get our wind, passing directly in front of me. I had brought my sight to bear on him and as he was going by at full speed, pressed the trigger. I heard the bullet strike with a strong, dull thud, and immediately the animal turned and began to descend the slope toward the does. But he was destined never to reach his band, for the bullet was well placed and he had received his death stroke, for after running about fifty yards he rolled over on his side. The does had huddled together while the above scene was being enacted, but when the buck fell, they started off on a swift run and were in a moment hidden behind a rise of the prairie. I did not want them and let them go, but walked down to where the buck was lying. He was indeed a fine specimen of his race, with wide branching horns, the hooks being of unusual length. The light had not entirely left his eyes, which still shone with the bright hues of life, but as I gazed at him their colors rapidly changed and faded away before the glaze of death. Any regrets that one might naturally experience at the destruction of so beautiful a creature, were mastered by the exultant feeling that the craft of the hunter had overcome the cunning and wariness of the game, and now as the sun was rapidly approaching the horizon, we cleaned the antelope and swung him behind my saddle, entering our camp in triumph a short time afterward. As in life, when he first caught sight of our alluring flag, the head of this noble buck looks down upon me from the wall, a lasting memento of an exciting day's chase.

SAGAMORE.

A HUNTER'S PARADISE.

HAVING had our fill of the mast-fed white meat of the wild turkey, near Desputanta Station, Va., the judicial-minded Miller and J. M. S. concluded we would again test and enjoy the boundless hospitality of Richard D. Sharp, Esq., who lives the life of an elegant and hospitable planter and farmer on his thousand-acre plantation, Laurel Spring Farm, in old Surry county, Virginia. Mr. Sharp's farm takes its name from a clear and gushing water, as clear as Helicon and as cold as the St. Lawrence in mid-winter. The home of our generous and courtly host, who is, in fact, one of Nature's noblemen, is a large, ante-bellum, Virginia mansion, with an ample hall at least fifteen feet wide, with open fire-places in each room, where the blazing logs give out a seductive flame and heat which in the cool November evenings make one forget the existence of such "necessary evils" as lawyers and creditors. Mr. Sharp is a single man, who, with the help of old Uncle Joe, a seventy-five-year-old Seipio Africanus, who for good horse sense and a keen sense of humor lays over the deck and ranks as a domestic institution, dispenses here a truly princely hospitality. Joe is as straight as an arrow, as lithe as a middle-aged Apollo, and loves the sound of a gun and even the sight of a firearm as well as the sleuth hound loves, by sure tracing, to overtake the bounding stag. Old Joe is the happy possessor of an old Queen Anne or Harper's Ferry musket, and there is no finer sight upon an Easter day than to see old Uncle Joe, with his frosty brow white as the driven snow, adorn himself with an antique hunting costume older than Light Horse Harry, shoulder his musket tenderly, and prepare for the slaughter of the innocents. When the Judicial Mind praised the burnished barrel of Joe's gun, the latter smiled a smile like the poor man's feast, from (year to year, and said, "Yes, Judge, when dat ar' old musquit goes off, meat is sure to drop!" Old Joe is a much-married African, and thinks the sacred rites of matrimony not needful to bind him to his dusky and voluminous wives. "Don't bodder like white folds wid preacher," said Joe to Mr. Miller; "don't bodder like odder coons. We done gone and git married just when we wants to."

In the morning we breakfast on delicious coffee (no matutinal cocktail needed), corn bread, roast shoat, broiled venison (killed by ourselves) and currant jelly, the product of our host's garden currants.

As we smoke our "Lone Jack" on Sharp's ample piazza, old black Joe shambles up, deferentially docks his battered tile (hat), and says: "Boss, got no toddy for ole man dis yer mornin'?" "A ducat to the beggarly denier," to the man who could refuse the warm-hearted old African one single nip!

Directly fronting the piazza the gray squirrels frisk around the oak trees within fifty yards, unsuspecting of danger; and Bob White whistles a welcome to the rising sun.

"You can't knock the head off that squirrel," said J. M. S. to the Judicial Mind.

The squirrel was one hundred yards off in the top of a big oak.

"The d—l I can't. You think I am only good for drum-fish," said the festive Miller, as he drew bead with Sharp's rifle on the inoffending rodent. *Eo instanti*, down came the squirrel with its nose shot off, and before the "gray" knew what hurt him, old Joe battered its brains out on the side of the big oak.

Then the huntsman's horn sounded, and the dogs began to caper about the house, snuffing fun and frolic in the westerly wind.

The inevitable Harper's Ferry musket gleamed on the old negro's off shoulder, and the party was made up: Our host, Amos Cole, a jolly good man and a boniface, from Harrington, Del.; Edward L. Rice, Jr., Geo. Ellison, Austin Ellison, Judge R. T. Miller, J. Sharp (our host's brother), a good man and true, Chas. Ellison, Chas. Crafford, of wild turkey fame, and last, your scribe, J. M. S.

We had three dogs: One half bound and half terrier, old Joe's Cap'n, as he called him, Sharp's hound Fox, and Dave Harrison's hound Hike.

One might naturally think himself in South Jersey, between Dennisville and Tuckahoe, Cape May county, for the scrub oak abounds and the roads are so numerous that six men can strike and cover all the deer stands within two miles of the Sharp plantation, and we kill all our deer within this distance of home. We go on the old Petersburg road, leaving the Sharp farm where cotton and "peas" are raised in abundance, for the latter name is given to the fragrant peanut or "goober," as it is called in North Carolina. It was a glorious day, only a little too warm for comfort, and the heat made old Joe puff like a Cape May porpoise in one of Capt. Cook's nets. I asked old Joe if he didn't want a horse to ride to the hunt. He gave me a half indignant look as he said: "Dis yer nigga don't want no hoss. W'at he want hoss for? Deer 'traid of old Joe when he make track trou' dem woods yonder. Joe whoop 'em up, de deer in de bush," and off he ambled ahead of the party, the happiest hunter in the crowd. Joe Sharp, one of the big Injuns of the hunt, who knew every stick of timber within twenty miles of the plantation, rode Charley Crafford's horse called Doc Tanner, because he looked as if he had fasted forty days. But Doc Tanner, albeit he looked like Don Quixote's Rosinante, was more like the Chinaman's idea of "Hell in Harness," a locomotive, which Ling Foo said, "He no pushee, no pullee, but he go like hellee!"

It was about half past nine in the morning when Old Joe's half terrier gave tongue, followed by the other hounds, and no sweeter sound ever greeted the huntsman's ear or gladdened Old Joe's bounding pulses—for the dogs had started a ponderous buck. I stood near the Judicial Mind and we held our breath with our guns in our hands at full cock ready for venison, on foot. Our nerves were strung like steel. The dogs bay louder and louder, and a little to our left Ned Rice, dubbed the "mighty nimrod of Delaware," let go both barrels at once. I outran the Judicial Miller and soon reached Rice, who said: "Hist! I hit him bad; I've got him down. He ran in that thicket, but I heard him bleat."

Old Joe began to laugh, and first removing his hat, deferentially said: "Boss Rice, no meat drapped dat time, for de deer may blate down in Del'war in November, but dey don't do dat, not down yer in Ole Virginny!"

The laugh was on Rice and a solemn conclave met to determine whether in consonance with the old Surry county custom, the luckless missing hunter's shirt tail should be amputated. On account of Rice's extreme youth this usual formality—when a man missed a deer—was omitted, only in this single instance.

Rice looked lugubrious and did not use the word "blate" any more that day.

By order of Generalissimo Joe Sharp, we all sought new

stands. We turned away from the James River, only fourteen miles away, and Rosinante—Doc Tanner—coming up like a war horse, when old Joe blew the cow's horn, with a mouth like the Mammoth Cave or cornet a piston, to call the dogs off and in to change the huntsman's venue.

The writer and the Judicial Mind were posted on a pretty little knoll on the old Petersburg road, and the dogs, at 10 o'clock, began to give tongue like mad and I saw a light come into Miller's eye, like that judicial light which shines there when he gives a verdict for the plaintiff in the district court. "Down on your knees," I said, and down on his marrow bones he went; and breathless we waited for the bounding buck to come our way, for the quick, deep yelping of the hounds told us of the near approach of the venison. Both of us turned our eyes at the same instant, and there was Nimrod Rice down on one knee, shotgun pointed at something in the bushes, and quicker than I can write a line, out came a one hundred and seventy-five-pound buck running like a Camden cyclone, erect and beautiful, with slender nostrils distended, head well up in the air, apparently leaping, at every bound, over the top of the small scrub oaks.

The deer left the dense thicket with the baying dogs close behind in hot pursuit. He reached the middle of the old road, Rice was twenty-five yards away, well concealed from the vigilant but terrified eye of the beautiful animal, so lithe and graceful, with the delicate completeness and incomparable neatness of limb, round, yet slim. Rice's gun was 14 inch gauge, 6½ pounds weight, 28-inch barrel, 4½ drams Dupont's best powder in each barrel, loaded with 12 No. 1 buckshot.

He fired the right barrel, and a two-year-old buck dropped in his tracks about the middle of the road.

Off went the second barrel, when old Joe came bounding out of the brush, and exclaimed:

"Boss Rice, de Nimble Rod (Nimrod) what you shoot dat deer two times for done kill him fust shot." Then the negro began to whoop and yell like a wild Comanche warrior.

"Well," said Rice, "old man, I meant to shoot as long as the deer's ears moved."

"Boss," said old Joe, "You 'deemed (redeemed) you'self dis time. Meat drapped dere, too, as if old Harper Ferry hisself done it."

Crafford's horse Doc Tanner came cavorting like a Kentucky racer down the road, trying to throw his rider, and prancing wildly as soon as he smelled blood. In vain did the gallant rider, Joe Sharp—all in a glow, looking like the ancient Cœur de Lion—endeavor to bring Rosinante-Tanner to the front, so as to saddle the horse with the saddle of venison. Sharp was considerably nonplussed, not being familiar with Doc Tanner's ways, for the horse stood there foaming, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," and refused to budge.

"Get off, Joe," said the smiling Crafford, for all were hilariously joyful, and it was that the great Conkling calls a "halcyon and vociferous occasion," old Joe doing most of the vociferating. Charley Crafford went up to Tanner, trembling in every limb, put the flat of his hand tenderly on his Rosinante's neck, and said soothingly, "Tanner, what ails you? Let me whisper in yer ear! I want no more of this nonsense." The horse, figuratively speaking, melted, became as gentle as a lamb, and the deer was quietly slung across the bow of the saddle. It was nearing 12 o'clock, but Director General Dick Sharp said we must have another deer. I began to think the woods were full of them, and I was nearly right.

Sharp the elder jumped on his old bay mare and was soon scurrying through the bushes, and in fifteen minutes we knew too well by the deep-mouthed baying of the dogs that the deer were running away from our stand. The Judge looked disgusted and all forlorn, as he did the day the 80-pound red drum broke away from his Cuttyhunk line at Anglesea, N. J., when I was one big fish ahead. Sharp had driven three deer from the bushes fifteen minutes after he started, where they were enjoying a matutinal nap, regardless of danger or the dogs.

Sharp's old mare made a good record as to speed across the barrens, and taking a cross cut, he caught sight of a fat fawn at the corner of a "goober" field, got in a first shot which made the fur fly, then gave chase, still on horseback, and at the corner of the negro grave yard gave the fawn her quietus with his left barrel. Here was glory and game enough for one day. And these gentlemen sportsmen, for such they all were, did not desire to depopulate the forests. We had game enough for the table for a week, and some to send to our homes in the Jerseys. Old Joe was wild with joy. If he had brought along his dilapidated fiddle he would surely have stopped along the roadside to play "Leather Stockings," or danced a Virginia breakdown on the amply-shaded piazza at home as he gazed with irrepressible emotion at the glossy hides of the two big bucks and a fawn triumphantly hanging in a row near the kitchen.

It was one o'clock P. M. when we reached the house, tired but happy huntsmen. At sharp two P. M. the cooks gave us a dinner which Lucullus might have envied, and over which, if now alive, Sam Ward, the literary gourmet of the lobby, would have smiled his blandest benison, and as Sam's diletant stomach distended, he would have rendered with a grace all his own, his best Rabelaisian stories. The presence of some of the brightest and wisest of the sex, kept us on our dignity between the wine and the walnuts. The scribe felt that sense of fullness so aptly described by Washington Irving, when Mynheer Van Tassel, having dined voluminously, tumbled over asleep on the greensward, while good digestion waited on appetite. Old Joe was a never ending source of wit in others and of infinite amusement to himself. He explained to us how his wives left him, post-bellum, when, as he tersely expressed, "Massa Linkum freed the nigga' man."

"Nimrod" L. Rice was the hero of the hour, and did not hesitate to declare that he was exceedingly glad that he had killed his first deer and on that particular hunt had earned the right to wear his undiminished "phylactery" or shirt.

Charles Ellison, who mourned because we could not each get one deer on the same day, and who is the crack shot of Surrey, coaxed the Judicial Mind to take a shy at the quail, and when Richard sees a gun or a game bag or a hound dog, it does not require much blandishment to get him out for a shoot. It is a case of the war horse who snuffeth the battle from afar. So, before the November sun had found his "bath beyond the western stars," or black night had dropped her curtain over our joyous but tired party, they bagged and returned with two dozen quail.

It was Keats who told so charmingly how his (or somebody else's) sweetheart slept on the eve of St. Agnes. But she never revelled in blamy sleep with half the joy that gladdened our tired sportsmen, whose dreams were filled with jack rabbits galore and turkeys innumerable, while the deer

roamed the happy hunting grounds of sleep, thick as stars in the Milky Way. What would civilization be without a gun and a dog, and, if you please, lacking the quaint humor of poor old Joe, who deserves in the great hereafter a home where his Harper's Ferry musket will be ever bright. That merry party will not soon forget the days "we went gypsy-ing" through the balmy woods and over the fertile "goober" fields of old Surry, nor will we ever cease to remember how our hearts warmed before the open fires of our generous host, and how glad we were made by the open-handed and large-hearted hospitality on Dick Sharp's plantation in Surry county, old Virginia, in November.

CAMDEN, N. J.

J. M. S.

STATE GAME PROTECTORS' REPORTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Protector Seymour C. Armstrong, of the fifth district, in his annual report says: "A club has been organized at Whitehall for the protection of fish and game. R. H. Cook is president, and W. N. Weeks, secretary. The club is composed of active, intelligent men, from whom I have received much assistance in enforcing the law. The club has already done good work, having secured the passage of an act by the Board of Supervisors prohibiting the netting of fish in the county of Washington at any time. In May last, I destroyed six very large fyke nets in Lake Champlain near Whitehall, and liberated about 600 pounds of bass and a large number of pike and other fish. One net contained fifty-seven bass that would range from one to six pounds in weight. I confess that my heart warmed toward them, but I let them all go free—every one. Several other nets have been destroyed since that time, and I am assured that there has been less illegal taking of fish in that vicinity the past year than ever before. I also arrested five men for illegal fishing and recovered from them fines aggregating \$53.

"I have effected the organization of a protective club at Lake George. Robert Lenox Banks is the president, and W. W. Price, secretary. The club was organized late last season. A strong effort will be made by the members of the club to enforce the law in that locality. I am under official obligations to Hon. Robert Lenox Banks for valuable assistance rendered. I would recommend the organization of protective clubs in every county.

"At the October term of Hamilton County Court two indictments were found. One against Chas. D. Rousseau and the other against Richard Birch. At the June term, Elijah Camp was indicted for having venison in possession, was tried, and escaped conviction by proving that the deer was owned by and in the possession of Norman Shaw. The Grand Jury would not indict Shaw on the testimony of the same witnesses. 'Consistency thou art a jewel,' but such jewels are not found in the courts of Hamilton county. At the October term an action was discontinued on the payment of \$100 by the offender. This was a case for having trout in possession out of season. J. C. Dunn was fined in justice court for taking trout out of season. I made a personal examination of the fish baskets of three young men from Saratoga. They have agreed to pay fines for taking trout less than six inches in length. In August I destroyed a number of set lines in Saratoga Lake.

"I have commenced suit against parties in Washington county for using dynamite in killing fish. I have also begun suits in the Supreme Court against Philander Shaw and Charles D. Rousseau for having deer in possession out of season; against Peter Wilson for spearing fish and against Leander Pasko for hounding deer on two occasions.

"At the September term of the Warren county court I had five cases presented to the Grand Jury, and four indictments were found. One of these was for spearing fish, one for taking trout less than six inches in length, and two for hounding deer. This jury was composed of fair-minded men who seemed to be willing to do their duty. There seems to be a decided improvement in the sentiment of the people in regard to the enforcement of the game laws, save in a few localities.

"There is one case out of which a few interested parties have been trying to make a little capital. In the spring of 1884 I was notified that Judson N. Barton, Warren Duel, and others had fish racks built on the outlet of Brant Lake for the purpose of catching pickerel, and that other parties were spearing and shooting fish. The racks were similar to the one built by Charles H. Faxon, at the outlet of Loon Lake, and which I destroyed as previously reported. On giving Mr. Barton and the other parties notice that it was illegal to catch pickerel save only with hook and line they immediately removed the racks. I found four men in the marsh with guns and spears, but as it was a cloudy day had no fish. I told them it was unlawful to shoot or spear fish and if they were not anxious to be arrested to go home. They went. There was much talk about this matter and there was not a man or boy in the vicinity who did not learn that it was unlawful to take fish in this way. In the spring of 1885 Peter Wilson speared a pickerel in the presence of witnesses. He said he did not care for the law and if he saw Armstrong he would tell him what he thought about fishing. A few days later I advised the man to go before Justice J. N. Barton and confess judgment for the penalty. He wanted a chance to test the matter and I brought suit against him in the Supreme Court, and at the September term he was indicted for a misdemeanor. Parties were at court to 'log roll' with the jury, but the members were true and the indictment was found. Then the man's friends set up a howl in a newspaper about 'prosecuting boys,' that he was 'the son of a soldier' and that I was 'afraid of a man with a gun.' I do not know whether the writer of the article was paid for it or not but he is welcome to all the capital he and his friends can make out of it.

"Pasko, the man indicted for hounding deer, had previously been fined for killing deer out of season. He was afterward indicted for burning a building which was the property of the man who first made the complaint against him. Pasko has told me that I would not make anything out of it. I told him I had my buildings insured when I was first appointed.

"About midnight, May 20, I captured three men on Lake George who were spearing fish. I confiscated the spears and jack and took the men to Sabbath Day Point to have them identified. The only fish found in their possession were suckers. It was a violation under the law passed last winter, but when I found the family of which the men were members were very poor, having recently lost all they had by fire, I was disposed to be merciful. I advised with Monroe Green and others and on their advice told the offenders to go their way and sin no more. I can begin suit against them at any time and will when ordered to do so by your honorable Board, upon whom must rest the responsibility hereafter.

"I have sufficient evidence to warrant the prosecution of quite a large number of persons for hounding deer. I visited Indian and Blue Mountain lakes in December to look up additional evidence. I returned home Dec. 24 and have been confined to my house and bed with pleuro pneumonia much of the time since.

"I have been particularly interested in the case of an Albany gentleman who hired the game constable as one of his guides to put out dogs. They killed several deer between Oct. 9 and 16. I presume he can give the dates, if not I can inform him.

"The suit against Wescott is still pending. Lately I have discovered the witness upon the testimony of whom Wescott was indicted is the very man who killed the deer. Wescott's dog drove the deer and the witness killed it. Wescott and the witness divided the venison.

"Several suits are still pending, though it is through no fault of mine. I have done my best to push them along, but find I cannot hurry the court. The above report contains an account of only a small part of the work performed. I have visited the different localities where offenses were committed, have looked up evidence, chased after witnesses, attended courts and have done all in my power to see that the law was enforced. I have investigated every complaint made to me. Sometimes there is not sufficient evidence to warrant prosecution and sometimes no offense is committed, complaint being made by a party ignorant of the law.

"I suggest that protectors should be allowed to appoint deputies. In some towns they purposely elect game constables who will not qualify. One half of the fines should go to the protector and half to the informer.

"The law should allow the destruction of pickerel in any manner and by any device. They are destroying the trout in the Hudson River and its tributaries.

"The game protectors should be allowed to read the evidence in game cases before the Grand Jury, in order that they may know it is all given. Much time is now spent in collecting evidence never used. Sometimes it is purposely omitted.

"I can assure you that I was much pleased to receive your letter, in which you expressed your approval of the manner in which I have performed the duties of protector since my appointment. I have done my best to merit your approval and that of all who desire to see the law enforced."

Matthew Kennedy, of Hudson, State game protector for the third district, in his annual report states that he was employed 63 days last year and that he traveled 3,604 miles. He prosecuted 22 persons for violating the game laws and all but two were convicted. Fines aggregating \$255 were recovered. He has two suits still pending. Mr. Kennedy says: "I would recommend a change in section 4 of Chapter 534 of the laws of 1879. The provision relates to the shooting of wildfowl, and says, 'any person who shall at any time kill any of said birds between sunset and daylight, or pursue or fire at any of said birds with the aid of any light or lantern, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor,' etc. It is very difficult for me to fasten violators of that part of the section, as the hunters who do night shooting do it without the aid of a lantern. They do the most of their hunting by twilight or moonlight. I had three violators of the section in October, 1884, and the district attorney could not hold them for the reason that the justice held that as the parties did not have an artificial light they were not liable. It is a custom for Troy and Albany parties to come here on afternoon trains and not attempt to do any shooting until after sunset, when they go among the birds on the feeding beds. Shooting is done in the vicinity of Coxsackie and Stockport. If the section read 'to pursue or fire at any of said birds between sunset and daylight,' and the words relating to artificial light were omitted, it would be an easy matter to detect and convict offenders."

PORTSA.

A VIRGINIA GAME SCORE.

SITTING this cold February evening before an old-fashioned Virginia fire place, with dry logs piled up high and the bright blaze leaping and curling around the wood, I naturally fell into a meditative mood. My two red Irish setters Nemo and Uno, and a pointer pup, lemon and white, whose name is Olio, are my only companions, and as I looked from one to the other my thoughts reverted to the shooting season just passed, and the many halcyon days I spent in the fields and woods, of times without any companion save the Irish setters. Partridges were very plentiful the past season, and I think I did fairly well as to the number killed. I kept a diary of each day's shooting, and looking over it this afternoon I find my best score for any one day to be thirty-nine, and the total of the past season to be 760, which does not include doubtful birds, *i. e.*, birds fired at by any other person, for it frequently happens when two or more are shooting together that two men claim the same bird, in which event I never count such a bird in my day's score. My setters are both good retrievers, and I cannot now recall but one single bird that I shot down and they failed to find, but on the contrary can recall many birds retrieved by them which I would never have known I had killed but for the sagacity of my dogs. There is one fact in connection with Nemo's retrieving which I think is worthy of mention, and that is that he rarely ever retrieves a bird any other way except by the head. If the bird is only winged he catches it in any way he can, but once in his mouth he manages to get it by the head, and brings it to me with only the head in his mouth and the body of the bird hanging down. This is not due to any superior training of mine, but is a habit which he has fallen into of his own accord. Then again, when birds are only winged he rarely, if ever, kills one in retrieving it. I mention these two traits, if such I may call them, because while I have owned a great many dogs, it is the first time I have ever seen these two traits in the same dog. In addition to the 760 birds, I also killed the past season one deer and half a dozen wild turkeys, and hares by the quantity. Now that the season for shooting game is passed, I am turning my attention to the destruction of hawks and owls, and such beasts of prey as are destructive to our game. The Board of Supervisors of this county pay a bounty of fifty cents for the scalps of all hawks and owls presented to them at their annual meeting in July of each year, and also a premium for the scalps of red and gray foxes, wildcats, etc., which practically does more for the protection of game than the game laws to be found upon our statutes ever did.

T. E. E.

DELHI SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—At the fourth annual meeting of the Delhi (N. Y.) Sportsmen's Club the following officers were elected: President, R. F. Mitchell; Vice-President, D. L. Wight; Treasurer, G. E. Maxwell; Secretary, E. L. Hitt; Directors, G. M. Harby, F. H. Griffiths and D. A. McNee.—J. L. HITT, Secretary.



HOUNDING AN ADIRONDACK DEER

To Make it "Shy"---so that the Still-Hunters will not get it.

THE SENTIMENT AGAINST HOUNDING.

THE strength of public sentiment against deer hounding in the Adirondacks is becoming daily becoming more manifest. Opposed to the selfish individuals, who by misrepresentation and forged statistics are trying to mislead the Senate into serving their greedy purposes, the great mass of the sportsmen of the State are showing themselves to be on the side of the present law. The Onondaga Sportsmen's Club Syracuse, and the Monroe County Club of Rochester have of sent to Albany resolutions indorsing the anti-hounding bill, and protesting against the passage of the repealing bill.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club held a meeting last night to protest against the repeal of the anti-hounding law. These resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, An effort is now being made in the State Legislature to repeal the act of last session prohibiting the running of deer with hounds or dogs in this State; therefore

Resolved, That it is the sentiment of this meeting that said act and its rigid enforcement are necessary for the protection and preservation of game.

Resolved, That in our opinion said law has already produced beneficial results.

Resolved, That we ask the Legislature of the State to defeat any act repealing or in any way detracting from the force of said act of last session; and

Resolved, That these resolutions be properly engrossed and signed by the officers of this club and delivered to the members of the Legislature from this county, and copies sent to the city press.

Action was also taken relative to the fitting up a club house north of Onondaga Valley.—ONONDAGA.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 5, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Monroe County Sportsmen's Club held last night, the following resolutions were adopted unanimously, and it was resolved to send a copy to the Governor:

Whereas, The Assembly has passed a bill repealing the law of 1885, prohibiting the hounding of deer in the Adirondacks, and

Whereas, The law which it is proposed to repeal is a just one, called for by the dictates of humanity, common sense and the permanent interest of the State; therefore,

Resolved, That we invoke the Governor to veto the repealing law, if it should pass the Legislature.

Resolved, That the game on the public lands of this State should be preserved and perpetuated for the whole people and not be given up to immediate or rapid extermination in the temporary interests of professional hunters, hotel keepers, gourmands or others who will not hunt it fairly.

Resolved, That as laws prohibiting the hounding of deer in other places have resulted in a great increase of game where it was almost extinct, giving abundance of sport where there was none, we ask that the present law be allowed to remain in force long enough to show the honestly skeptical its advantages, when, we are confident, it will stand on its own merits.

EDMOND REDMOND.

NEW YORK FISHERY COMMISSION.—New York, Feb 27. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* Venison has been scarce during the past season, as compared with previous years. A very small percentage of the supply is Adirondack deer. Fully 80 per cent. of the venison consumed in New York comes from Minnesota. There has been a smaller quantity of Adirondack venison in market during the past season than ever before. This is the result of my own observation, and you can confirm it on application to any of the large poultry and game dealers.—E. G. BLACKFORD.

Hounding must be prohibited absolutely and at all times. If the practice be permitted at all, the destruction of deer by dogs will not be confined to the hounding season; it will be continued the year around. This has been abundantly demonstrated. The Adirondack deer dogs are maintained on

game killed out of season. Here is another recent case in point:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last week a neighbor of mine, while visiting his fox traps, came upon the trail of a bleeding deer which had evidently been followed by two dogs. Taking the trail he soon found where the final struggle had occurred. The snow was trod hard within a circle of perhaps thirty feet, and covered with blood and the hair of the deer. Near the center of the circle was the half devoured carcass of a large doe. The work had apparently been done the day before and the dogs had disappeared. The doe was with fawn.

This is one of the evils of keeping and using hounds of which I have before spoken. This deer and her fawns have here been sacrificed. In the next town where dogs are owned, are several more such cases, and so it goes throughout the region where any deer are to be found.

I would like to show to every member of our Legislature the frozen body of this doe, as it lies with its two little fawns disclosed through the gaping wounds, already half way on their road to life. I would willingly rest my case on their mute appeal for protection.

I well know that all writings upon the question are looked upon as coming from a partisan source, and the truth is hard to distinguish. But if a mistake is liable to be made, is it not better to risk it on the side of humanity than otherwise? The truth will eventually be known and the dog will go.

The Albany men, not one of whom would be seen leading a hound on the streets of the city, are working only for their own protection. The welfare of the deer is entirely lost sight of. While these people are in the woods full license must be allowed, and when their sport is ended, turn on the protection. A week or two in the woods at the end of summer teaches them all it is necessary to know, and they are able to discourse knowingly of woodcraft, and especially of still hunting.

A sportsman who is unwilling to give up any part of his pleasure when necessity demands it, is unworthy of the name. The time has come when to prevent extermination, we must all make some concessions. We have asked the Legislature with our petitions to continue the law against hounding, knowing that practice to be the greatest evil. Whatever additional laws are made in the interest of protection, we will cheerfully abide by. The best possible law would prohibit all deer hunting for a number of years. The guides with good reputations would not suffer by it, and the shiftless, worthless vagabonds who are ever to be found where hounding is going on, the people can better afford to support in their jails and county houses, than in the deer yards of the pleasure park of the State.

We have sent the petitions numerous signed (only one man to whom they were presented refusing) to the Senate and Assembly. The case of the deer is a fact as given.

A. C. CLIFTON.

HAGUE, N. Y., March 2, 1886.

The remaining Adirondack deer are not so numerous that the State of New York can afford to maintain hordes of hungry hounds in the North Woods by feeding them on February killed does heavy with young.

A hearing was given by the Game Law Committee of the New York Senate on Tuesday last on the bill to repeal the present non-hounding law. Senators Vedder, McMillan and Wemple were present. The hearing was opened by those who desire the repeal of the present law. Mr. Foster led off, and was followed by Mr. Richardson, of Lewis; Mr. Barnes, of Essex, and Mr. Palmer, of Franklin. The arguments advanced were those that have been heard before, that hounding made the deer shy and so protected them from the still-hunter. The speakers were evidently not practical woodsmen, and all their remarks showed that they were quite ignorant of the habits of deer. They also professed great bitterness against the jack-shooters.

Mr. Van Santvoord opened on the side favoring the pres-

ent law, and made a capital speech, in which he took the ground that if the bill now under consideration was brought forward in good faith the supporters of the measure ought to have in some way limited the killing of the deer rather than to urge the opening of an additional method of killing. He stated that the opponents of the new bill were willing to give up jack-shooting or to give up still-hunting, for they want to protect the deer. As showing the destructiveness of hounding in comparison with other methods, he instanced a county in Florida where ten years ago, although still-hunting and fire-hunting were both practiced, the deer were still plenty until hounds were brought in, when they began to diminish in numbers, until now they are no longer found within the limits of the county.

Mr. Sprague, of New York, followed, showing that hounding deer was the method followed by city sportsmen and dudes, by men in other words who had neither the skill nor the endurance to match their powers with those of the wild animal whose senses are keen and which is ever on the alert.

Mr. Erwin, Senator from St. Lawrence county, made a few remarks in which he stated that he had no intention of going into the merits of the question, but he desired to say that the people of St. Lawrence county felt very strongly on this subject and asked the committee as a favor that whatever action they might take on the bill as a whole, they would not force hounding upon that county, as his constituents by a very large majority were unalterably opposed to it. Several other gentlemen from St. Lawrence expressed similar views.

Mr. Rushton, of that county, made a telling statement of fact in support of the existing law in which he exposed the falsity of many of the statements made by the supporters of the bill under discussion. He showed that whereas it had been stated that 260 deer had been shipped from Canton during the past season, as a matter of fact only 123 had been sent from there, and that the number was to be accounted for by the fact that a new stage line had recently been opened from Canton leading twelve miles back into the woods. These deer had been bought up by the merchants at a number of outlying villages and sent to Canton as a shipping point. He said that the sportsmen and guides of St. Lawrence had had twelve years experience of a non-hounding law and that they knew that under its provisions the deer increased. They were practically unanimous in support of the law as it stands to-day.

General Curtis made some remarks advising the opponents of the present law of the points which would be made against them at a subsequent hearing.

The committee then adjourned to meet in one week in the Senate Chamber at Albany for a final hearing in the matter.

Still-hunting is the most legitimate as it is the most difficult method. * * * Hounds are also employed to drive the deer to runways or to water. It requires no very great degree of skill to shoot a deer as he runs by within thirty or forty yards, and even less to kill one when swimming in the water but a few feet from the boat. The latter method is therefore in high favor with the average summer tourist, who cares nothing as to how his game is secured, provided only he can truthfully boast that he has killed a deer.—*George Bird Grinnell in "Sport with Gun and Rod," p. 152. (New York: The Century Co., 1884.)*

THE OLD TRICK.—J. B. and myself were hunting ducks on Thompson's Lake last fall. One morning, seeing some ducks about 200 yards out in the lake, I began firing at them with a .40-caliber rifle. After three shots we discovered that they were decoy ducks. I left at once for the tent. While I was gone the owner of the decoys came up and asked J. and B. if they were shooting rifles. They told him they were not. "Well," said he, "somebody has shot my decoys all to smithereens with a rifle." While this may speak well for my marksmanship, it speaks badly for my judgment of ducks.—EN AMT.

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

THE regular monthly meeting was held at the Parker House, Boston, March 1. Forty-six members present, and as invited guests Mr. Wm. H. Parker, of the Fish and Game Protective Society of Montreal, and Ned Barber, from Rangeleys. Two members were elected and thirteen propositions for membership presented. The prosecuting attorney of the association, Mr. J. Russell Reid, was elected an honorary member. There was considerable discussion in regard to pushing the work at the State House regarding the game bill prepared by the association, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

PREAMBLE.

The existing game laws of this Commonwealth are in the opinion of the members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association and many others who have given these laws an intelligent, impartial and unselfish study, the weakest and most absurd of any in this country.

In almost every other State in the Union, the close time for the sale of game is the same as the close time for the killing, or in other words the open and close season for field and market are identical.

In every other State in the Union, except New York and Missouri, it is most stringently forbidden by law to buy, sell or have in possession any Virginia partridge (commonly called quail), or pinqued grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, after the first day of January.

In New York, dealers are given the month of January to close out all stock of these birds they may have on hand, but after the first day of February they are forbidden under heavy penalties to have these birds in their possession.

In Massachusetts, game speculators are by our present law allowed until the 1st of May, or three months longer than in any other State, to buy, sell or have these birds in possession.

This absurd provision of law, this association claims, works greatly and directly to the detriment of the people of this Commonwealth; for it authorizes the game speculators to keep at will from the market, and thus from the people, all the supply of these two kind of game birds which come to this State, and permits them to hold for a rise in price greatly in excess of what is just and fair.

The supply from outside the State, both legitimate and illegitimate, must stop early in February, and this being the fact the speculators secure the entire stock, and hold it in freezers for a fourth part of the year; thus keeping from consumers an important and wholesome article of food, doing it out in quantities to suit themselves, and at most extortionate prices. Such a thorough monopoly of any article of food should not, in the opinion of this association, be countenanced by the laws of this Commonwealth.

The existing law also encourages and stimulates fraudulent and surreptitious dealings; for a large proportion of the supply of these two kinds of game birds that comes East is sent here illegally.

The States which furnish about all the quail and grouse brought here are Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, and from a majority of these States all persons, express companies and other transportation companies are forbidden by the law under heavy penalties to transport or carry these birds outside the borders of those States.

All quail and grouse, therefore, that are shipped here from those States are absolutely contraband; they are sent here in defiance and violation of the law. Can Massachusetts longer countenance such a monopoly as the game speculators now enjoy? Is it wise policy to protect and encourage a speculative business whose foundations rest upon a questionable basis?

The association believes it is not, holds that the time should no longer be deferred for the observance of decency and a fair regard also for inter-state comity in our game laws.

The provision by law for the protection of our native song and insect-eating birds is lamentably and miserably weak, and as a result, hundreds of thousands of them are slaughtered annually for millinery purposes. In consequence of this wholesale slaughter, noxious insects, the farmer's worst enemies, are increasing to a most alarming extent, and crops which were formerly protected by these birds are now almost impossible of cultivation.

This is not the only evil, for many of our native songsters, particularly those of bright plumage, those beautiful denizens of our woods and fields, are almost entirely exterminated, and unless a quick remedy in law is found we shall lose completely some of our most valuable birds.

This association has tried, in vain, for several years to secure a better law, and believing that it is its duty to try again, makes still another effort. We again call upon the Legislature for the enactment of a good and strong law which will serve to stop the merciless destruction that is so constantly going on.

RESOLUTIONS.

It is therefore by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association:

Resolved, That the Legislature of this Commonwealth be and is earnestly requested to enact a new and more wise and just code of laws providing for the protection and sale of game birds, and for the preservation of our native song and insect-eating birds.

Resolved, That an appeal be, and is made by this association to the clergy of this Commonwealth, the various "Bands of Mercy" and other bodies formed as bird protectors, the public press, the farmers and horticulturists and all others who love our native birds and wish to protect them, to, without delay and in the most earnest manner, urge the Legislature to enact a better law than that now existing, a law that will give protection and which can be enforced.

CLUB RULES.

THE following are the by-laws of Delhi Sportsmen's Club:

ARTICLE I. *Name*. This club shall be called the Delhi Sportsmen's Club.

ART. II. *Object*. The object shall be to promote gun practice, and the protection of fish and game.

Order of Business. Reading minutes of last meeting. Collection of fines. Reports of committees. Balloting for candidates. New Business. Adjournment.

ART. III. *Officers*. The officers shall consist of a president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary and board of three directors.

ART. IV. *Duties of Officers*. Section 1. The president shall preside at all meeting of the club or board of directors. Sec. 2. The vice-president shall perform the duties of the president during his absence. Sec. 3. The treasurer shall

collect and have charge of the funds of the club, and pay such bills as have been approved by the directors, and at the annual meeting shall make a detailed report of all funds collected and disbursed by him during the year. Sec. 4. The secretary shall keep a record of all meetings of the club and board of directors, and notify each member of all meetings, by mail or otherwise. Sec. 5. The directors, together with the president, vice-president, treasurer and secretary (who shall be directors *ex officio*), shall have charge of the management of the club and club property.

ART. V. *Membership*. Any person wishing to become a member may do so by notifying the secretary and receiving a majority of the votes cast, at any meeting of the club, and the payment of \$1.

ART. VI. *Meetings*. Sec. 1. The annual meeting shall fall on the first Wednesday of March in each year. The regular meetings shall be held on the first Wednesday of each month, and special meetings may be called by the president and board of directors, or upon the written request of five members of the club. Sec. 2. The officers shall be elected at the annual meeting, by ballot, for one year, and should any vacancy occur during said term it shall be filled by the board of directors. Sec. 3. No meeting shall be called except on a previous notice of two days to each member. Sec. 4. Five members shall constitute a quorum.

ART. VII. *Fees*. Sec. 1. Initiation fee shall be \$1. Sec. 2. If, at any time, the funds of the club shall be exhausted, an equal assessment shall be made upon all members of the club, and in no case shall the assessment amount to more than five dollars in one year.

ART. VIII. *Fines*. Section 1. If any member refuses to pay an assessment or fine, he shall be suspended or expelled from the club. Sec. 2. Any member pointing his gun at another member, whether gun is loaded or not, shall be fined \$1 for each offense. Sec. 3. If any member shall be proven guilty of violating the game laws, he shall be fined by the club \$5. Sec. 4. If any member knowing of the violation of the game laws by another member, and fails to report the same to the club, he shall be fined \$2. Sec. 5. It shall be the duty of each and every member to report any violation of the game laws to the club, and the president shall appoint a committee of three to investigate the case, and if they find a just one it shall be the duty of the club to prosecute said parties. Sec. 6. Any member divulging any of the private business of the club shall be fined 50 cents.

ART. IX. *Liquor*. Section 1. No liquor shall be furnished by the club or directors. Sec. 2. Any member using intoxicating liquors before or during any match or practice, shall be debarred from shooting on said day.

ART. X. These by-laws may be amended at any regular meeting, notice of the same being sent to each member of the proposed change.

AMERICAN RIFLE TRAJECTORIES.

[From the London Field, Feb. 13.]

MANY inquiries have been published in *The Field* from time to time with respect to American rifles, and numerous letters have appeared in reply; but, although a good deal of information has thus been given, preciseness as to matters of detail has often been deficient, and occasionally statements have been made which could only be accepted with the proverbial grain of salt. The remarkable flatness of trajectory of some American rifles has been among the subjects of eulogium, although the powder charges ordinarily used seemed quite opposite to the production of any phenomenal results; and it appeared highly probable that the statements made on this point were based merely upon hearsay, or upon the assertions set forth in advertisements; at any rate, it was obvious that the trajectories spoken of could not be considered low when compared with those of rifles using very small charges of powder, and that they were not likely to be low in comparison with the trajectories of English sporting rifles. At length, however, authoritative information has been published on the subject; and it is satisfactory to be put into possession of particulars that can be accepted without fear of bias.

The American journal *FOREST AND STREAM* has for some time past been engaged in carrying out and printing the details of an extensive series of experiments with rifles, conducted with the utmost care and precision. They were commenced in September last, and extended over several weeks, and the publication of the results has recently been brought to completion. In some respects the experiments followed on the lines of *The Field* trial of rifles carried out at Putney about two years ago; but in other respects they differed. The Putney trial was competitive—prizes being awarded for the greatest accuracy in the shooting of the respective weapons, as fired from a machine-rest; and this competitive trial having been decided, a few of the most successful rifles were afterwards put through tests to ascertain their trajectories. The trials carried out by our American contemporary, on the other hand, were experimental only, and not competitive; there was no test for accuracy of shooting, the main point being to settle conclusively a long-existing cause of dispute—viz., the height of the trajectories of the numerous rifles that are produced for American sportsmen. The trials were held on the celebrated rifle ground of Creedmoor, where the weapons were tested at ranges of 100 yards and 200 yards. As at Putney, the rifles were fired from a machine rest, the bullets passing through paper screens, on each of which was marked a horizontal line, on a level with the centre of the bore (the height being carefully ascertained by means of a spirit level), so that the position of the bullet marks could afterwards be accurately measured. There were, however, at Creedmoor, only three screens for each range, whether 100 or 200 yards, whereas at Putney there were six screens in the 150 yards range, which was the only distance in which the trajectories were taken.

Before recording the trajectories themselves, it may be of interest to give a few particulars about the rifles, for comparison with English weapons. One English rifle there was in the Creedmoor trial, viz., a .450 bore express, which also had taken part in the Putney trial two years since; and this was the only double-barrelled rifle used in the Creedmoor experiments, all the rest being single-barrelled rifles of American manufacture. But, as will be seen by the weights given below, although having but a single barrel, the American rifles are usually heavier than English double-barrels of the same bore; and this does not apply merely to those which are magazine rifles, for some that have no repeating apparatus are the heaviest weapons. Generally speaking, the Americans put a much greater mass of metal into their barrels than is done by English makers; and that is especially noticeable in the muzzleloading rifles included below, for, although only of .420-bore, one of them weighs 11lb. 6oz. and the other 14lb. 12oz. In the former, the barrel alone,

28in. long, weighs 8lb. 6oz., and in the latter the barrel, 27in. long, weighs no less than 11lb. In several other instances the barrel alone weighs from 6lb. to 7lb., whereas in the English .450 rifle that took part in these experiments the weight of the pair of barrels is only 5½lb., the full weight of the rifle being 8lb. 13oz.

In the Putney trials there were half a dozen expresses of .577-bore; but the largest size used in the American trials was .500-bore and the smallest .220. The particulars of weight and length of barrel are given in the following list, where the rifles are classified according to bore and the names placed in alphabetical order; and there are also added alongside for the purpose of comparison, particulars of English rifles at the Putney trials. The numbers ".50-115-850," or similar figures after the names of the rifles denote the ammunition used, according to the American mode of notation, this meaning ".50-bore, 115 grains powder, 850 grains bullet." Of course, where the decimal point is visible, it is immaterial whether the diameter of the bore is printed .5, .50 or .500, and I have seen these three ways in different pages of the same book; but in England, where many rifles are made of .577 or other calibers that cannot be lessened in number, it is found more convenient to name other bores likewise by thousandths of an inch; and this, at all events, prevents the misunderstanding that may possibly arise between the 4-bore, 40-bore or other number that means so many spherical balls to the pound, and the .4-bore, .40-bore or other caliber that denotes a fractional part of an inch. Hence I have headed the following divisions in the ordinary English way, although the American notation is followed in respect to the particulars of ammunition:

[We omit the list of rifles entered.—ED. F. AND S.]

The weight of these weapons of diminutive caliber is especially noticeable, seeing that here is a .220-bore, single barrel, having a charge of only 5 grains of powder and 40 grains of lead, and yet it weighs more than the English .450 double-barrelled rifle, used with 110 grains of powder and 310 grains of lead. One may readily believe that very steady shooting at short ranges can be obtained from such ponderous toys.

The English rifle affords a convenient means of comparison between the American rifles shot at Creedmoor and the English weapon tried at Putney. At the latter trials Messrs. Bland's rifle made the best target at 50 yards in the .450 class, but was defeated at 100 yards and 150 yards by Messrs. Holland's rifle, which carried a somewhat heavier projectile, that showed much greater steadiness at the longer distances. The trajectory ranges at Putney and Creedmoor not being the same, an exact comparison cannot be made; but, judging from the 150 yards records, it may be inferred that the rifles of .400, .450 and .500 bores tried at Putney would vary very little from the Bland rifle shot at Creedmoor—some probably having a slight advantage or disadvantage at the longer range, and others at the shorter, according to the weight of the bullets and charge of powder. The proportion of powder in Holland's .400-bore was about 1 to 2.6; in Bland's .450-bore, 1 to 2.7; and in Holland's .450-bore, 1 to 2.9; while in several rifles not tried at the trajectory screens it was 1 to 2.3 or 2.4. The fact that the American rifles (with the exception of the two muzzleloaders) showed, in the majority of cases, much higher trajectories than the English Express, is what might be expected from their comparatively small charges of powder. Except in a single instance, with a very light hollow bullet, not one of the American breechloaders used a larger proportion of powder than 1 to 3; for the most part they varied in the larger bores from about 1 : 3.4 to 1 : 5, and in the smaller bores they extended to 1 : 9 and even 1 : 10. In the muzzleloaders, on the contrary, the proportion of powder was greater than in any of the English rifles mentioned above, being 1 to 3 in Major Merrill's rifle and 1 to 2.2 in Mr. Romer's; and the consequent result was that their trajectories were the flattest in the whole series.

The following are the heights of the trajectories of the respective bullets at distances 50 yards apart in the 200 yards range, and 25 yards apart in the 100 yards range. These heights are the average of five shots each, as a rule, although there are occasional exceptions, hereafter mentioned. The weights of powder and lead are the average of three opened cartridges, and differ occasionally from the nominal weight given above. In one instance there was a remarkable difference between the nominal and actual charge—the cartridges for the Maynard .400-bore being labeled as containing 70 grains of powder, whereas those which were opened varied from 56 to 60 grains. In all cases, except the muzzleloaders, the ammunition was that supplied through the trade, and was not specially loaded for this trial. In the original records the measurements are given to thousandths of an inch; but I think comparison is rendered more easily by having only two decimals, so the results are here given to the nearest hundredth of an inch.

[We omit the tabulated results copied by *The Field*.—ED. F. AND S.]

In the numerous trajectories here given, there are, as may readily be imagined, various irregularities, which depart more or less from theoretical accuracy. If bullets would always spin quite evenly, and the successive cartridges give exactly the same amount of speed, and if the atmospheric conditions were uniform throughout the trials, then one might expect the results to be regular; but, considering the numerous incentives to variation, the wonder is that the records come out so closely as they do for the most part. Instances of irregularity in cases of this kind may often be traced by taking half the height of the trajectory midway in the 200 yards range, and deducting it from the 50 yards height in the same range, when the height at the middle point of 100 yards should be obtained; or, conversely, half the 100 yards height in the long range may be added to the 50 yards height in the short range; and similar methods might be adopted for other distances whenever there is a foundation to work upon. If such a process be applied to the trajectories of the Bullard rifle that appear at the top of the list of .500-bores, it will be found that with the solid bullet there is an appreciable difference between the actual and calculated results, but that with the hollow bullet the figures approach very much closer. This may in great measure be explained by the fact that the atmospheric conditions, while the solid projectiles were being fired in the 200 yards range, varied considerably from those which existed, on a subsequent day, during the corresponding trial at 100 yards. In temperature alone there was a difference of 20 degrees, besides changes in wind and humidity, which altered the resistance of the atmosphere, and thus tended to increase or diminish the normal retardation of the bullet. On the other hand, when the hollow bullets were tried at the long and the short range, the differences of atmospheric condition were so small as to be immaterial. The careful manner in which this trial was carried out enables many apparent anomalies

to be explained. With every separate rifle, and at each range and change of bullet, the temperature of the atmosphere was taken on the dry and wet-bulb thermometers, also the pressure on the barometer, and the direction and velocity of the wind; and the full details having been published in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM there are ample data to work upon by any one disposed to investigate the subject.

Another kind of irregularity, which may be detected on glancing over the above table, is one which was observed at the Putney trials and was remarked upon in the *Field* at the time. Some of the bullets, instead of spitting evenly during their flight, gyrated with a sort of corkscrew-like motion, which carried them sometimes above and sometimes below the true line of trajectory, besides moving now toward the left and then toward the right side of the target. Vagaries of this kind, on the part of one or two bullets, would sadly interfere with the regularity of a series of shots, spoiling the "string" by their divergence from the bullseye, and occasionally disappearing from the target altogether. Occurrences of a similar character were comparatively frequent at Creedmoor with some of the rifles, and, although they are not always noticeable in the above table of trajectories, owing to this being an average of five shots, some of which may tend to counteract the effect of the others, still in certain cases they are quite obvious to the eye. In a trajectory that is regular, the height of the bullet at three-quarters of the full length of the range is always a little greater than it was at the first quarter; and at the half distance it is higher than at either of the other points. But, on referring to the Whitney-Kennedy rifle, under the head of .500-bores, it will be seen that, in the 100-yard range, some of the bullets dipped between the first and second screen, and then rose to the third. The extent of these variations is, of course, more noticeable in the full records giving every shot than it is in the average result.

Space cannot be afforded here for entering into details of the shooting of all the weapons, and I must confine my remarks to the most salient features in the experiments.

Of the .500 bores, the Bullard repeating rifle came out first, as was varranted by its carrying a larger proportion of powder than any rifle in the trial, except the English express and the two American muzzleloaders. With the solid bullet the powder ratio was 1 to 3.1, and with the hollow bullet 1 to 2.6; and, as has been pointed out before in the *Field*, the hollow bullet has the higher trajectory, for the greater speed of the light projectile at the beginning of the range and its rapid loss of velocity toward the end both tend to make the curve higher in the center. The Winchester and the Whitney-Kennedy repeaters used the same ammunition; and, with cartridges taken from the same box, it might reasonably be supposed that they would show very nearly equal results. The Whitney-Kennedy, however, exhibited in a marked degree the corkscrew gyration of bullets alluded to above, as is demonstrated by the following record of the five successive shots at the 100-yard range with the solid bullet. The Winchester was irregular at 75 yards in the last two shots, but there is a great contrast between the general results, as will be seen by comparing the average of the three most regular shots with the average of the whole five.

WHITNEY-KENNEDY.			WINCHESTER.		
Round.	25yds.	50yds.	25yds.	50yds.	75yds.
1.....	1.09in.	1.8in.	1.55in.	1.97in.	1.66in.
2.....	1.80in.	1.84in.	1.90in.	2.50in.	2.12in.
3.....	1.25in.	0.83in.	1.71in.	1.78in.	2.14in.
4.....	2.15in.	2.43in.	3.53in.	1.66in.	1.93in.
5.....	1.10in.	0.23in.	0.01in.	1.86in.	2.38in.
Average.....	1.48in.	1.18in.	1.23in.	1.74in.	2.20in.
Av. (3 rds.) 1 68in.	2.36in.	2.02in.	1.73in.	2.22in.	1.85in.

It will be seen by the minus marks (—) prefixed to two shots of the Whitney-Kennedy, that they dropped so much after 25 yards that a horizontal line drawn from the muzzle of the rifle to the target would actually have been higher than these bullets were at mid-range; but they rose again between 50 and 75 yards, and must have risen still higher before they completed the 100 yards. Casting out the two most irregular shots with both rifles, there is not a vast deal of difference between the averages of the three remaining rounds; but only one of the bullets from the Whitney-Kennedy can be said to have had a fairly even flight. It is not easy to say what could be the cause of this difference in performance with the same ammunition unless it were the difference in the rifling. Both were 6-groove rifles, but the Whitney-Kennedy had one turn in 30 inches, and the Winchester one turn in 60 inches, the rifling with the former being also twice as deep as the latter. It is evident, therefore, that mere rapidity of spin does not secure accuracy of flight. It is rather curious that the hollow bullets shot more steadily than the solid ones in both rifles; but it will be observed that the hollow were only 12 grains less in weight than the solid, and consequently the latter would be rather the shorter of the two, while experience seems to show that these vagaries are of most frequent occurrence with bullets which are very short in comparison with their caliber.

Among the .450-bores, the Marlin magazine rifle performed very erratically, and the report says: "Do what might, with a consumption of over 25 rounds, it was only possible to get one shot through all the screens and on the target. The weapon was several times cleaned, and particular attention paid for any traces of leading in the barrel, but none were detected; yet the arm threw the bullets now high, now low, in every and various directions." There was, strictly speaking, no average with this rifle, for when, a fortnight later, it was tried at a shorter range, only one shot could be got upon the target; so that to one shot in each range the record is confined. The Bullard repeater, with the same weight of powder and bullet as the Marlin, gave very steady shooting. The Marlin rifling had one turn in 20in., and the Bullard one turn in 30in. On the other .450 rifles it is not necessary to dwell, except the Bland double Express, which was the only rifle of this bore that shot both solid and hollow bullets. Owing to a scanty supply of ammunition, this rifle was not tried so fully as it would have been; but four records from each barrel were obtained at the 200 yards range, and the separate average results stood as follows:

	50yds.	100yds.	150yds.
Right barrel average.....	4.94in.	7.47in.	5.83in.
Left barrel average.....	5.14	7.59	5.75
General average.....	5.04	7.53	5.79

This general average is the one entered in the above table for the 200 yards range; and for the shorter range, with both solid and hollow bullets, only the right barrel was used. As at Putney, there was some little irregularity of gyration exhibited by this rifle, two of the bullets being higher at the last screen than they were at the middle; but it was only to a small extent. One curious fact, however, remains to be

stated. Five shots were fired from this rifle at 100 yards, the barrel being wiped out after each round; and five other shots were fired without cleaning. The trajectories were lower in the uncleaned rifle, the average being as follows:

	25yds.	50yds.	75yds.
Cleaned barrel (average).....	1.25in.	1.46in.	1.30in.
Uncleaned barrel (average).....	1.17	1.33	1.28

This result may possibly have been due to the lubrication left in the uncleaned barrel lessening the friction of the bullet, which consequently started on its flight with a higher velocity.

The two muzzleloaders of .420 bore gave remarkable results, but, as previously stated, the proportion of powder was higher than in any of the other rifles, and the trajectories were correspondingly low; but again evidence was given of the corkscrew gyration, as will be seen by the following figures with Major Merrill's rifle:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	1.180in.	1.373in.	1.270in.
2.....	1.339	1.408	1.205
3.....	1.633	1.399	1.419
4.....	1.170	1.051	1.051
5.....	1.031	1.210	1.421
Average.....	1.130	1.306	1.273
Do. (4 shots).....	1.121	1.370	1.236

It will be observed, on examination, that only one of the five bullets flew with strict accuracy, although most of the divergencies are comparatively trifling. In the second round the bullet at the third point is lower than at the first, instead of being higher; in the next the bullet is highest at 75 yards; in the fourth round the bullet is higher at 25 yards than at the two next screens; and in the fifth round it is much lower at 50 than at 75 yards. Omitting this last round makes a marked change in the center and renders the proportion more correct. These statements, however, are only given in illustration of the previous recorded facts, and the observations are not intended to depreciate Major Merrill's rifle, which is an admirable weapon of its kind; and I imagine the defect must have been in the bullets. Shortly before this trajectory trial, Major Merrill, who is a staunch defender of the merits of muzzleloaders, gave in FOREST AND STREAM lengthy details of the shooting powers of this rifle, accompanied by diagrams of the targets made with spherical balls and charges of equal weight of powder and bullet (1 to 1). The accuracy of the shooting was remarkable; and Major Merrill challenged the world to produce any breechloader that would equal this performance when using powder and bullet in the ratio of 1 to 1. The challenge was not accepted, as may be readily supposed. It is easy enough for muzzleloaders to use any proportion of powder whatever; but breechloaders are not so accommodating, and they are not usually chambered for such a ratio as 1 to 1. With a lesser proportion of powder, however, quite as remarkable shooting was made by breechloaders at the Putney trials. Jeffries' .500-bore, with ten successive shots at 100 yards (five from the right and five from the left barrel), made a string average of 1.004in.; while Holland's single rifle of .295-bore, with twenty successive shots, made at 50 yards an average string of .395in., and with the same number of shots at 75 yards made an average of .696in. But, to return to the American muzzleloaders, Mr. Romer's rifle made splendid shooting at the 200 yards range, there not being an irregular shot in the whole series. These two rifles were each tried only at one range; it had been intended to try Major Merrill's at both distances, but, by an accident, a rifle belonging to his friend, Mr. Romer, was brought for the second test.

With respect to the smaller bores, I must leave the records to speak for themselves for the most part. It may be said, however, that they generally shot with greater steadiness than the larger bores—owing, in all probability, to the bullets being longer in proportion to the caliber; and some of the very best results were given by rifles of .400 and under. The Bullard .300-bore was not shot at 100 yards, owing to its action getting out of order. The so called "Hunter's Pet" (.320-bore), was the lightest rifle in the trial, having a skeleton stock and a barrel only 18in. long. It gave a great deal of trouble in testing, as the shots flew so wildly that about a score had to be fired before five could be got through the screens on to the target at 200 yards; at 100 yards there were similar divergencies, though fewer in number. Those bullets that were got on the target showed satisfactory regularity; the trajectory, however, was the highest of the whole series, but, as the proportion of powder was only about one to ten, the result is not very surprising.

In conclusion, I can only congratulate your American contemporary on having brought its self-imposed and most troublesome task to so highly satisfactory an issue. T.

WOOD POWDER.—When the advertisement of the American Wood Powder Company was brought to us by Mr. Elliott Smith, the president of the company, we accepted it upon that gentleman's representations respecting the mode of manufacture and the safety of the product; and, further, with the express stipulation on our part that the advertisement should remain in the FOREST AND STREAM only provided that Prof. Henry Morton, President of Stevens Institute, to whom we would submit samples of the powder, should report upon it corroborating the representations of the manufacturers. We at once sent some of the powder to President Morton for analysis. His report was expected immediately, was delayed, asked for from time to time, and has never been received. Considering the time that has elapsed, we can hardly be expected to hold the matter longer in abeyance, and it can be taken as no injustice to the manufacturers to refuse a further publication of their advertisement until we secure from Prof. Morton a report which would warrant its insertion.

MISSISSIPPI.—Aberdeen, Feb. 27.—The quail season has pretty well closed, although the law in this county allows them to be shot until March 15. The birds have stood the cold well and we have a fair number to carry over to the next season. If the spring proves dry we will have a fine stock for the next shooting season. Some snipe have come in and a few small bags have been made; but our best shooting occurs in March. During the severe weather in January a great many ducks were in the river, principally mallards, and several large bags were made. This was an unusual occurrence for this locality, as ducks have been very scarce for several years past.—WILL.

THE "POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY," a review devoted to history, economics and jurisprudence, will be published by Ginn & Co. of this city, the subscription price being \$3 per year. The magazine will be edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia College,

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

ADIRONDACK FISHES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My note in your issue of Feb. 11 has already brought a valuable contribution to my work on the fishes of the Adirondacks. I could not find a specimen of the little miller's thumb, *Uranidea gracilis*, and inserted a description on the authority of Dr. C. Hart Merriam. A few days ago a pint fruit jar filled with them came to me from Malone, Franklin county, N. Y., and suspected that they came from Mr. A. R. Fuller, of Meacham Lake, to whom I wrote and received the following very valuable contribution regarding their habits:

MEACHAM LAKE, N. Y., March 1.

Friend Mather:

I write to-day because I can write and may not be able to write a word for a week. When I sent "my thumbs" I could not write, but I thought you would know where they came from. I hope the package reached you safely and that you were able to identify the fish. I did not find as large ones as I have seen, but did get larger ones than we generally see in the brooks. I have no doubt they can be found in nearly every pond and stream in the Adirondacks; but they are so very insignificant that nine out of ten persons would never notice them. The little light brown or spotted ones look something like a sculpin; we find them in great numbers in this lake and in all the streams about here. The larger dark ones with red mane and tail I have never seen in any other water but the little brook from which I took the lot. I have seen them there at all seasons of the year. I wish I could sit down with you for an hour or two and go over your report. I find several things which I think I can help you to describe better.

In May, 1871, I met Louis Agassiz at his home in Cambridge and we talked fish for three hours. He asked me about this fish which I called miller's thumb; he had never seen it in America, and he said no one knew much about its habits, how or where they spawned or how long it took the eggs to hatch. I told him I had seen the eggs quite often, and when I got home I took several lots into the hatching troughs and hatched them, and kept the little chaps about ten days. They dig under a stone and fasten the eggs to the under side in a pile bottom side up, or like a conical pile of shot turned over, point down; the cones vary from a quarter to one inch in diameter at the base, and are about the same distance from base to point. I put six or seven of the cones into the boxes, and kept watch of them. It was fifty days from the time I put them in until I saw the first fish, and the little chaps kept their sack of grub three to five days; they were about three-eighths of an inch long. The eggs are about the size of No. 8 shot, the temperature of the water was 45 to 47. I was somewhat surprised that it took so long for the eggs of warm-weather spawners to hatch. You can separate the eggs from the stone and they will still keep the form of the cone; the pile is well stuck together. I once put a large thumb into a pail to take to the house, and also caught a newt like the one I put in the jar. In a few minutes on looking in the pail, I saw the thumb had the newt by the middle, and after a long struggle the newt went down my thumb, and when the head came to the thumb's gill, the newt slid out, and I sat down and laughed. I thought it about the neatest escape I ever heard of, and I expected to see the thumb try it over, but he did not.

A. R. FULLER.

The jar has not yet been opened, but seems to contain fifty or sixty specimens from one and a half to six inches in length. I think it possible that there is but one species in the jar, although there are several found in the northeastern States. Through the glass of the jar they appear to resemble *U. go-bioides* more than *U. gracilis*. Concerning the breeding habits of this fish I knew nothing, and think that Mr. Fuller's experiment is the first that has been made in hatching them.

FRED MATHER.

THE TROUT OF SUNAPEE LAKE.

CONCERNING the notice of the "sun trout," or char, found in Sunapee Lake by Mr. Elliot B. Hodge, Fish Commissioner of New Hampshire, which appeared in our editorial columns of Jan. 14 and was further commented upon by Mr. Samuel Webber in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 11, we are now enabled to lay before our readers the decision regarding its species which has been arrived at by Professor Baird and Dr. Bean. The following correspondence, which we are permitted to publish, explains the matter in full:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you with this Dr. Bean's last report on the Sunapee Lake trout. In some respects I am surprised at the conclusions he comes to. It seems strange to me that he finds no difference between these fish and the blueback trout of Maine, as I believe I can show trout as many pounds in weight as he can show me a Maine blueback in inches in length. Again, the Maine trout seek the streams for the purpose of spawning; the Sunapee trout do not, they are lake spawners. I do not doubt that they belong to the *Oquassa* type, but that they are identical with the blueback trout of Maine I do. I have not time to write you more at present. You will please return me all the papers at an early date.

Yours very truly,

E. B. HODGE.

E. B. Hodge, Esq., Plymouth, N. H.:

DEAR SIR—I beg to inclose herewith a final report from Dr. Bean in regard to the trout from Sunapee Lake, and would suggest your having it published in FOREST AND STREAM. Yours truly,

SPENCER F. BAIRD.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17, 1886.

Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Director U. S. National Museum: Sir—I beg leave to offer herewith a report upon some trout of Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, which were received from Mr. E. B. Hodge, the first and largest on Nov. 3, 1885. It is a male twenty-two inches long and weighed six pounds. It is catalogue No. 37,357. Three additional examples arrived on the 9th of January, 1886. These are catalogue Nos. 37,408, 9 and 10. The first two being females and the last a male. The smaller of the females is about twelve inches long.

I find that these trout are identical with the blue-back trout of Oquassa, the Rangeleys, and other lakes of Maine. The same species also occurs in the township of Desalmonnes,

Province of Quebec, in a lake just below Lac Sac A Comie, which is situated about seventy miles east, and about forty miles north of Montreal. A specimen was caught in this lake by Mr. C. H. Simpson early in the present month and was brought here by Mr. E. G. Blackford on the 10th inst. It is catalogue No. 37,670.

The blue-back trout is described in recent ichthyological works under the name of *Salmo*, or *Salvelinus*, *ogassa*. The same species also occurs in Labrador and in Greenland, in which countries it reaches an immense size. Mr. L. M. Turner sent from Labrador a number of very large examples, much larger than any other specimens of *Salvelinus* to be found in the museum. One of these specimens (from Turner) is twenty-six and one-half inches long, and, in its present condition, weighs seven pounds, after lying in alcohol two years.

The oldest available name at present known to me for this species is *stagnalis*, of Fabricius; and our species should stand as *Salvelinus stagnalis*. I can find no difference of specific importance between Mr. Dresel's Disco Island specimens, Mr. Turner's Labrador examples, Mr. Hodge's Sunapee Lake blue-backs, Mr. Simpson's Quebec specimens and the *ogassa* of Maine.

Among the characters which I take to be of specific value are the following:

Proportions of the various parts of the body, length and number of developed fin rays, size and number of the scales, shape of the caudal fin, number and size of the gill-rakers, shape of the gill-covers, character of the dentition of the hyoid bone, size of the eggs, number of the pyloric caeca and general features of coloration. I find for example that none of the chars, in which the hyoids are specially developed, have mottled fins, such as are always observed in the common brook trout, *S. fontinalis*.

It is highly desirable to obtain from Mr. Hodge a full account of the feeding and breeding habits of this blue-back trout of Sunapee Lake. Our knowledge on this subject is very limited. It is highly desirable also to secure additional specimens of the blue-back from Maine, and these should be as large as possible. There is not now in the Museum a single individual from Maine that will reach twelve inches in length. Very respectfully yours, T. H. BEAN, Curator, Dept. of Fisheries.

It has formerly been supposed that the range of the blue-back trout was confined in the United States to a few lakes in Maine, and that it was a fish of very small size. It will be seen from the above correspondence that its habitat is not as restricted as has been thought, and that its size is sufficient to command it to the notice of anglers. Mr. Hodge says, "he can furnish even larger specimens than those which he sent to Professor Baird. When we saw the small specimen from Canada, at Mr. Blackford's in Filton Market, we said, 'If the fish had come from Maine we should think it could be nothing else but a blue-back trout.' Its graceful shape, forked tail, absence of mottling on fins were sufficient to show that it was neither our native brook trout nor a salmon; yet its coloration did not seem to be so decided a blue as specimens we have seen from Maine."

BLACK BASS vs. PICKEREL.

PICKEREL fishing through the ice on New England waters has been only fairly good this season—not up to what it was a year ago, and far behind several seasons ago. Not nearly as many pickerel have reached the Boston market this year as usual, for the reason, the dealers say, that they have not been taken. From a number of well-known lakes and ponds in Maine comes the report that pickerel are scarce. Curiously enough these reports come from waters which have been stocked with black bass, or into which waters the bass have drifted.

The Cobosseecontee waters, Maranocook Lake, and the other ponds in Winthrop and Readfield, Me., are not yielding the usual quantity of pickerel; all these waters have been stocked with black bass. The same situation is true of the Sebago waters. A gentleman of excellent judgment, reared in the close vicinity of the Sebago lakes and ponds, believes that the black bass in those waters are fast thinning out the pickerel. The gentleman is an enthusiast with the rod, spending all the time he can spare on the trout waters, but he is sick of the black bass. He believes the pickerel to be far ahead of the bass, and regrets exceedingly that the bass is fast becoming the king of the Sebago waters. The increase of the black bass in his section is something wonderful; but the pickerel are disappearing. The bass, from one or two ponds stocked, have crept into all the waters near, and it is evident from their multiplication that they have come to stay, and with the determination of exterminating other fish.

"The black bass furnishes good sport with the rod?"

"Oh, yes."

But a little of it has satisfied all the sportsmen near the waters in Maine best stocked with them. Lovers of the rod who dwell on the banks of the Sebago waters or the Winthrop ponds, drive thirty or forty miles to trout streams and ponds. They take their annual trips to the Androscoggin Lakes. But they do not "tackle up" and fish for the black bass which are often within less than a mile of their doors. The most of them have tried the bass fishing; a few catches was enough. Says one gentleman: "I caught a savage, ugly-looking fish, but his ungainly carcass was destitute of all the lines of beauty which go with the fresh-caught trout or salmon. A pickerel is king to a bass in the way of looks. Then when I had caught my row of ugly, black gudgeons, what was I to do with them? They are no good as a fish to eat. We left our catch of bass to rot, and I learn that every other sportsman, who has tried them cooked, does the same."

Who has ever seen a black bass in market? Perhaps a few might find their way there, but a very few would block the way ever afterward. Not so the pickerel; he is a good market fish. Thousands of pounds find their way into the Boston markets every year. It is too bad to take so much poetry out of what has been written concerning the black bass as a game fish, but to eat his warty, wormy hide is too much. The fact that he is of no earthly use when caught, helps to kill the glamour of catching. In some of our inland, muddy waters the bass may do, but to the sportsman who can reach the clear, sparkling trout waters, he is of no account.

The people upon the bass waters of Maine will probably ask their next Legislature to do no more protecting of black bass, and possibly to make some law against his further encroachments. In several sections of that State the people wished the black bass in their waters, but they now more heartily wish him out and even the pickerel back again. The white perch is a far better fish, and he might have been

propagated in many of the ponds now given up to black bass. But both white and brindled perch are fast disappearing from waters where the black bass reigns. There are a plenty of Maine sportsmen who seriously blame the prime movers in introducing black bass, because they did not look more thoroughly into the habits and value of those fish before putting them into waters where there was any hope of even pickerel.

MAINE.

THE SAME OLD STORY.—One of the chief attractions of Lake Hopatcong as a summer resort is being rapidly destroyed by the waste from the Forcite Powder Works being allowed to run into the lake. A party from this town went on Wednesday to the beautiful inland sea for a day's fishing through the ice, and after fishing for several hours and not catching anything, they moved on up the pond to a place where a party of men, who reside along the borders of this sheet, were fishing, and found empty creels there also. Upon inquiry as to the probable cause of the fish not biting, one of the natives volunteered to show our townsman where the trouble lay, and going to where the ice was clear he told him to look through and in doing so innumerable dead fish were seen floating away under the ice. The gentleman further said that if a live bait were sunk down to within a foot of the bottom of the lake, it would die in a minute, and he believed that the mortality was caused by the discharge of the waste acids into the lake by the powder company. In walking a mile our informant counted over a thousand dead fish of all varieties. The matter should be looked after by the proper authorities, and sportsmen who are interested in preserving the lake as a fishing resort should make an effort to let the authorities know that danger of its entire ruin exists. If the fishing is ruined, the popularity of Lake Hopatcong as a summer resort will be short-lived.—Hackettstown Gazette.

A NUISANCE AT HOPATCONG.—Morristown, N. J., March 6.—Editor Forest and Stream: Lake Hopatcong, lying in the hills of Northern New Jersey, is suffering from the poisonous refuse of a powder factory which is drained into the lake. The lake has been a favorite resort for anglers for some years past and the black bass have been increasing in its waters since they were planted there some ten years ago. This winter thousands of dead fish have been seen through the ice, lying on the bottom of the lake and the natives about the shores claim that they were killed by the acids or other material discharges from the powder works. Cannot something be done to stop this?—G. B.

THE NEW YORK TROUT LAW.—As the law now stands, all fishing through the ice for brook trout is forbidden at any time. Trout may be taken in the counties of Queens and Suffolk from April 1 to Sept. 1, but in the rest of the State the lawful season is from May 1 to Sept. 1. We learn that Senator Traphagen has introduced a bill which provides that trout legally taken on Long Island, in the counties mentioned, may be held, but not sold in other counties. This will permit anglers who fish on the island to bring their fish to their homes in New York or Brooklyn, and will remedy one of the errors which we have pointed out. We think, however, that a bill which opened the season south of one of the lines mentioned in our editorial last week, on April 1, would be more satisfactory all around, as many anglers wish to fish in other waters near the city besides those of Long Island. It was manifestly unjust to allow fishing on Long Island and then forbid the angler, who in nine cases out of ten came from the city, to bring his trout to his own table.

MORE MUSKRAT FISHING.—Manistee, Mich., March 1.—In your issue of Feb. 25 I read with interest Mr. Dyer's account of catching a muskrat through the ice on a pickerel hook. In the winter of 1860, while fishing on Charles River, near West Newton, Mass., with a friend, we had almost the same experience. Running to one of the lines which we down, I pulled out a dead and limp muskrat securely hooked in the side of the head near the month. As the bait was missing, we at once concluded that, while trying to secure the shiner or minnow, the muskrat had hooked himself and immediately drowned. It is singular that the one Mr. D. speaks of was alive when taken out, for when fast or caught under the ice they soon lose their breath and are drowned. So it is probable that the one he refers to had but just been hooked. It is evident that muskrats sometimes feed on fish. I have caught them in traps set for mink and baited with fish.—E. H. B.

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER FISHING.—The Utica Association for the Protection of Fish and Game and the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River have adopted the following resolution: "Resolved, That these associations approve the extension of the close season for bass and muskallonge from May 15 to June 15, as recently made by the department of marine and fisheries at Ottawa, and heartily recommend that the close season in the State of New York, and particularly in the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario, be extended to the same date, as the best means for protecting the fish while on the spawning beds."—PORTS (Utica, March 6, 1886).

THE BASS AND MUSCALONGE SEASON in the St. Lawrence, Clyde, Seneca and Oswego rivers, is from May 20 to Jan. 1. In other words no black bass nor muscalonge can be caught in those rivers, or had in possession, or sold, only from May 20 to Jan. 1, under a penalty of \$10 for each fish so killed or had in possession. This open season is generally understood, and accepted and respected, and it is that there may be no mistake about the time that I send you this note, writes "Old Sport" to the Syracuse Journal.

THE SUSSEX ANGLER'S CLUB has just been organized and has purchased Grant Lake, on Pochuck Mountain, near Deckertown, N. J. The lake covers fifty acres, and is so liberally supplied with bass that it will not need stocking. The officers are: Cyrus C. Force, of Brooklyn, President; Schuyler B. Jackson, of Newark, Vice-President; Howard Little, of Deckertown, Treasurer, and Theodore S. Morrell, of Newark, Secretary. The preserve cost \$5,000.

LARGE TROUT FROM THE YELLOWSTONE.—We have a paper pattern of a five pound trout caught in the Yellowstone on Feb. 24 by Mr. Poole, and which is said to be the largest one yet caught there. The pattern is witnessed by Charles H. Stuart and Elwood Hofer.

HERRING IN THE AIR.—A correspondent of *Nature* gives some instances of herring jumping out of the water when frightened. He says that he has observed whole shoals of this fish, in their anxiety to escape when pursued by whales, piled up above the surface of the sea to a height of from three to six feet. On one occasion the fish formed a mass even with the top of the mast of a fishing boat, viz., about fifteen feet, and had part of this mass fallen into the boat it would doubtless have sunk.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FISHCULTURE AT BLOOMING GROVE PARK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Blooming Grove Park Association now have a hatchery in their extensive grounds in Pike county, Pa. The selection of the site was determined some two years ago through the enterprise of Dr. Spencer M. Nash and others, who obtained the services of Mr. Fred Mather to examine the different springs and streams, and also to plan the hatchery. This winter it is in full operation. Mr. Hardy, one of the directors, has presented the club with over a thousand eggs of the brown trout, obtained in England, and which arrived in good order and are now on the trays. The native spawners did not yield many brook trout eggs; it seemed to be an off year with them, and but a few thousands were obtained. From the U. S. Fish Commission the club received 15,000 brook trout eggs, and 50,000 eggs and 25,000 fry have been purchased from Jas. Annin, Jr., Caledonia, N. Y. All the eggs are looking well, the water is cold and the development goes on slowly, which is understood to be best for the young fish. WHITE MILLER.

BROOKLYN, March 3.

LAND-LOCKED SALMON IN NEW YORK.

AS our readers are aware the land-locked salmon of Maine has been successfully acclimated in that portion of the Adirondacks which has been cared for by the Bisby Club, so far as to live there and to be occasionally captured. We now have an account of their spawning there from the president of the club, Gen. R. U. Sherman, who is also one of the State Commissioners of Fisheries, who, in a letter dated March 3, among some other things, writes:

"A Woodhull and Bisby guide, John Stell, was here yesterday and says that he took at Woodhull dam last fall a male land-locked salmon which tipped the scales at ten pounds. The land-locked salmon gathered on the sloping wall of the dam last fall to spawn. This wall is laid at an angle of forty-five degrees, without mortar. There are open spaces between the stones and I suppose the fish sought to deposit their spawn in these spaces where they would be secure from depredations. Mr. Stell took also several female fish which he stripped and impregnated their spawn and deposited it on a gravelly bottom in the stream below the dam, returning the parent fish to the water in the lake. The fish were in plain sight from the surface and were taken by lowering a hook to their mouths, baited with a worm. The fish took the hook, apparently to keep the bed clear rather than as food. The large salmon was probably from the original plant made in 1879. There have been two plants made since that time, one in 1882 of 10,000 from the hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, and 10,000 in 1883 hatched at the Bisby Club hatchery from spawn furnished from Cold Spring Harbor. This large fish is probably the largest land-locked salmon ever taken in this State."

SHORT LOBSTERS.

SOME persons may think that a short lobster is as good as a long one, but everybody will agree that, in that point of size, the long lobster is ahead. Now this is just where the law steps in. It has been for a long time understood that the lobster fishery on the New England and provincial coasts was dying out, or that the noble crustaceans are becoming extinct from constant and unremitting fishing. In order to give the lobster time to grow, and prevent the taking of a three-quarter pounder when each year's growth would add double to his weight, the Legislatures of Maine and Massachusetts have enacted statutes, with penalties attached, making it a punishable offense to catch or sell, or have in possession, a lobster under 10½ inches in length. This law has never been very cheerfully obeyed in either of these States. Only a short time ago Deputy Fish Commissioner F. R. Shattuck of Boston, who has worked diligently, in conjunction with the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, for the protection of the lobster, became satisfied that short lobsters were being shipped from Portland, Me., to this market, and being sold "on the sly." He also became satisfied that one or two parties, at least, the owners of smacks, were in the practice of sailing down among the islands on Portland harbor, buying the short lobsters off the fishermen, putting them into barrels on the way back, and shipping them to Boston and New York under cover of night. Commissioner E. M. Stilwell of Maine was enlisted, and he took hold of the matter with his usual earnestness. He put B. W. Counce, commissioner of sea and shore fisheries, of Thomaston, on the track. One Warden Johnson also came to Boston, ostensibly with the intention of putting Deputy Shattuck and his detectives on the watch for certain vessels expected with short lobsters. One schooner arrived the other day, and was searched by Mr. Shattuck and his detectives, but no short lobsters were found. Another suspected vessel put into Portland, evidently warned that Boston was getting to be a poor place for short lobsters. But the fight at both the Boston and the Portland ends has been kept up with very satisfactory results. Commissioner Counce, with one of his deputies, on Thursday seized a lot of short lobsters from one William Trefethen, for some time suspected, and later in the day made another haul from the schooner Monterey. But the best move of all was made yesterday, when the commissioners seized in all 3,000 short lobsters, and later in the day about \$200 was paid over by the dealers in fines. Joseph A. Brewer of Chebeague Island, schooner Horizon, has been caught with short lobsters, and fined \$50 and costs. In Maine, the fine for taking or having in possession any lobster under 10½ inches in length from head to tail extended, exclusive of claws and feelers, is \$1. In Massachusetts the fine is \$5. The Massachusetts law reads: "Whoever sells or offers for sale, or has in his possession, a lobster less than 10½ inches in length, measuring from one extreme of the body extended to the other, exclusive of claws or feelers, shall forfeit \$5 for every such lobster; and in all prosecutions under this section the possession of any lobster not of the required length shall be prima facie evidence to convict."—Acts of 1884, chap. 212, sec. 1.

To the lobster trade it may be stated that Commissioner Shattuck is determined to see this law enforced, and he has able detectives on the alert. Also, it may be added that the earnest fish commissioners and wardens of Maine are rendering able assistance by preventing the shipping of short lobsters to this market, as the results mentioned above will show.—Boston Herald.

PORTLAND, ME., March 3. William S. Trefethen was before the court this morning charged with having in his possession 1388 lobsters less than 10½ inches in length. He was found guilty and was fined \$1,388 and costs.

FISHCULTURE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—A large amount of work is being done at the State hatcheries at Livermore Falls and Sunapee Lake. There are now in the hatchery at Livermore Falls 500,000 eggs of the whitefish, 750,000 Penobscot salmon eggs, 90,000 lake trout eggs, 330,000 brook trout eggs. Quite recently 250,000 brook trout eggs have been sent to Massachusetts, and 10,000 rainbow trout eggs from Baird, Cal., and 125,000 landlocked salmon eggs will be received this week from Grand Lake stream. At Sunapee Lake hatchery are 100,000 brook trout.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.—We have before stated that the annual meeting would take place in Chicago on April 13, 14 and 15. We now learn from Mr. F. N. Clark, chairman of the local committee, that the meeting will be held in the club rooms of the Palmer House, which will seat 400 people, and that it is proposed to make an exhibit of fish in aquaria, specimens in alcohol, apparatus, etc., in the Exposition building. The printed invitations are not yet issued.

The Kennel.

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FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 22.—Fifth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

March 23, 24 and 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club, Newark, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

March 30 to April 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club, S. R. Hemmingsway, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, Edward A. Moseley, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

April 13, 14, 15 and 16.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club, A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Tenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent, P. O. Box 1812, New York.

May 13, 14, 15 and 16.—Third Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club, St. Louis, Mo. Geo. Munson, Manager.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3481.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE DOG SHOW.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

THE English Kennel Club held their twenty-sixth show at the Crystal Palace on Feb. 2, 3, 4 and 5. On this occasion their total entries amounted to 1701, which is the largest entry on record, but we consider the amount of entries obtained by the Kennel Club is greatly due to the fact of all the special clubs offering a great many prizes, and together with their produce stakes, which are all for private competition among their own members. So we from a practical point of view look upon the exhibition as a combination of shows held under the Kennel Club. The result is, dogs not fit to win in the regular open classes are enabled to win cups and specials offered by the clubs upon conditions arranged by themselves. On the first night of the show we found a very large gathering of the fancy at the Swan Hotel, where the young bulldog Tom Ball was shown against the well-known Rustic King. Mr. Berrie acted as judge, and took a great deal of pains to arrive at a true decision. He judged by points, and the result was in favor of Rustic King by 17 points to 12. We could not agree with Mr. Berrie on some points; for instance, after measuring with a tape line the skull of each, and finding according to his measurement one skull was the same as the other, he marked both dogs equal. Now, when it is considered that Tom Ball was much larger than Rustic King, except his skull was larger, Rustic King should have had the score in his favor. However, when it is taken into consideration that Rustic King is the smallest dog, is as large in skull, and three inches shorter in back, with a better bulldog color, we think when they meet in an ordinary judging ring the betting will be about a sovereign to a shilling on Rustic King. Although the owner of Tom Ball lost £10 on this occasion, he succeeded in bringing his dog very prominently before the public, and we certainly prefer to see dogs becoming prominent in a more legitimate way; but if Tom Ball succeeds in working to the front in the same way as his opponent, Rustic King, has done, we will certainly be very much surprised.

The judging was carried on in six rings, as follows:
Ring No. 1.—Bloodhounds, otterhounds, deerhounds, Rev. W. J. Mellor; mastiffs, Mr. J. Sidney Turner; Great Danes, Mr. R. Leigh Pemberton; greyhounds, Col. Cowen; foreign dogs, Mr. W. Lort.

Ring No. II.—Newfoundlands, Rev. R. O'Callaghan; St. Bernards, Mr. A. B. Bailey.

Ring No. III.—Pointers, Mr. E. C. Norrish; setters, other than Irish, Mr. T. Webber; retrievers (wavy and curly), Mr. E. G. Farquharson; bulldogs, Rev. W. J. Mellor; bull-terriers, Mr. Harding de F. Cox; basset hounds, Mr. F. W. Blaine; poodles, Mr. W. Lort; Airedale terriers, Dalmatians, Pomeranians, Col. Cowen.

Ring No. IV.—Sheepdogs, Mr. A. N. Radcliffe; Irish setters, Rev. R. O'Callaghan; spaniels, Mr. J. Farrow.

Ring No. V.—Fox-terriers (smooth), Mr. C. E. Longmore; fox-terriers (rough), Mr. J. H. Colmore; Bedlington terriers, hard-haired Scotch terriers, Col. Cowen; Welsh terriers, Mr. W. Dew; Irish terriers, pugs, Mr. Harding de F. Cox.

Ring No. VI.—Smooth-haired terriers, black and tan terriers, Italian greyhounds, smooth-haired toy terriers, Mr. A. C. Jackson; Yorkshire terriers, rough-haired toy terriers, Maltese toy terriers, toy spaniels, Mr. W. Lort; dachshunds, Mr. A. O. Mudie; Dandie Dinmont terriers, Rev. E. S. Tiddeman; Skye terriers, Rev. W. J. Mellor.

The bloodhounds had a real good entry, but nothing particular turned up. The winner in the open class was a very typical animal, with a grand head and ears, but too small in size. We understand his dam was purchased by Mr. Nash at the dog's home.

Mastiffs had a good entry in the challenge class, King Canute winning also the cup for the best in the show. He is a grand dog and well known, yet he is quite lame and we always expect him to be so. Montgomery came second to him, beating Pontiff and Maximilian, who was in form, but behind the others in head. Open dogs saw the Scotch representative first. He was in fair condition, but evidently suffering from skin disease. Two equal seconds went to young dogs rather plain in type. We preferred Bismark, who is rather light in eye but of good type, and has plenty of size. Imperial Chancellor,

although long in face and not the best behind, we think ought to be further up in the company. Prussian Prince is too small in head; he is good in body but lame. The winner in bitches is a good one and was well placed. Vivian is not the best behind the shoulders and her ears are on the large side. Princess Ida, well known, is longer in face and large in ears, and not good enough for a massive body. First in dog puppies is a fine puppy; he was in good condition, but is very throaty and is rather low in front. There were only two bitch puppies; the winner is much the best.

In the challenge class for St. Bernard dogs Plinlimmon won well, with the small, but typical Gaybird second. There was only one entry in the challenge class for bitches and she did not turn up. In open dogs Mr. Smith was to the front with Macgregor, a good sort of dog with plenty of bone and substance and shown in good form; his ears are a trifle too large. Sailor, second, is rather long in face and weak in front of eye, but a good showy upstanding dog. Kastlehorn is another heavy-bodied dog, too large in ear. Scotch Bonivard, a strong large dog, is too long in face. Bitches as a class were smaller than the dogs, but were good, all the winners showing considerable quality. We thought them correctly placed. The feature of the show was the young bitch, first in puppies, which beat her sire Plinlimmon, and although a grand bitch, we certainly consider her long in face and large of ear. However, at the same age her sire possessed the same faults equally as much as she does and it was a great performance beating her sire and we hope she will continue to show up to the same form when more matured.

Newfoundlands were, as a collection, the best we have seen together. Mr. Farquharson showing up in great force with the best team we have seen from one kennel. Lord Nelson we think won correctly in the challenge class. In the challenge class for other than blacks, Trafalgar won well. In the class for black dogs there was a good collection of typical specimens. Hanlan we considered made a good first. Admiral Keppel is of good type, but rather small. We think King Bruce equally as good as the third prize winner. In bitches the winner is a grand specimen; very good in ear and coat, also with a good face, with a rather short tail. Some fancied the second prize, Lady Teazle, equally as much as the winner, owing to her size. In puppies we considered the winner a good way the best and one likely to hold her own in the open classes.

Great Danes as a breed are evidently improving, and the classes contained good specimens; yet, taking them altogether, they did not make as good a collection as we have seen on previous occasions at the Palace.

Deerhounds had only one entry in the challenge class—our old friend Bevis. He is working into years, and was here catalogued at £15, with, so far as we saw, no purchaser. First in dogs went to a very good young dog by Chieftain, Mr. Parkes coming second with a very fine dog, Randolph. Lord of the Isles II., third, is a good dog coarser in type than those placed over him. In bitches the well-known Lady won easily. She is a fine specimen, and possesses both size and substance; at the same time she has plenty of quality. She might be finer in skull.

In the variety class one of the winners turned up in a Persian greyhound, entered as The Shah, 15,798; but claimed by a gentleman as a dog belonging to him which he had lost some months ago, and not The Shah. Further, he had a photo of his dog, which when compared with the animal went far to prove the gentleman had good reason for claiming the dog. However, the committee could do nothing in the matter, and as the dog was claimed at catalogue price he has now passed into a third party's hand. We understand there will be trouble over the matter.

Greyhounds, as usual at the Palace, were not a strong class. In the challenge class for pointer dogs Milton Bang II. won and Belle of Bow won in bitches. We consider her about the best pointer bitch in the show. Nan was absent on this occasion, although entered. In the open class for large dogs the Birmingham winner, Naso of Upton, won well, we think there is still improvement in him, his light eye being about his worst fault. Mr. Anthony came second with Lad of Bow, who seems to carry his tail well up; he is a good way behind the winner in quarters. In fact we preferred the third prize, Lewban, as the best pointer of the two, although he stands full high enough on the leg. We also admired Devon Sancho, who was shown in the very worst condition, and under the circumstances we were not surprised at his having to take a back seat. In large bitches we found Mr. Anthony first with Lass of Bow, and we think him lucky to win in the class; we preferred the second prize, Duchess of Huntroyde, who possesses more bone and substance; Kate VIII. is of a good stamp but shows herself to bad advantage. Naso of Kipping won well in small sized dogs. Second, Milton Dick, is a well-made dog, but not so good before the eye as the winner. Third, Chandos, is rather leggy and a trifle large of ear and light in eye. In small bitches the winner is a very handsome bitch. Second and third are also good ones, with not the best of faces. The third prize winner, like all Mr. Bulled's dogs, was sadly out of condition. Lady Jane is too light in bone.

In the English setter challenge class were five entries, all competing. Sting, looking well, won. He has often been reported upon. Count Howard we fancied next best. He is just on the small side, but one of the most typical of setters. In open dogs, King Ned, well known and brother to champion Sting, won. He is a real good one; his ears set out rather high. Isle Bruce, vhc., is a good lemon and white, rather full in eye, but a large, powerful dog, with plenty of quality. Prince Rupert, the puppy that won first and special at Birmingham, only managed to get he. His ears are large, he is very light in body and weak in pasterns. Sir Gilbert, third, brother to Count Howard, was looking well. He is a good setter, with quality, plenty of coat, and was in good condition; but we think he would be improved by being an inch shorter in back. Lord Toue is a very nice dog, rather light in condition, but with a good, level head and well-knit body, and good feet and legs. The bitches were a good collection and the winner well placed. Some of the vhc.'s were fit to win in any ordinary company. The puppies were nothing special.

In Irish setters, Nellie, rather out of coat, was beaten in the challenge class by champion Count. Old Frisco won first in open class. He is a good, well made dog, but we never admired his color. We certainly would have placed Hector before Frisco. The rest of the class were in some cases very good, while more than the majority were common in head and ears, Mr. Bryden's Grouse XIII. being a well-made dog of good coat and color, with lots of go and style, but a trifle short in head. When coming to this dog, we noticed his chain had got fastened to the nail which supported his he. tablet, and his collar had come over his head, and we found him in the act of doing his best to get it on again. We watched him for some time, and upon one of our friends going forward and holding the collar up, the dog put his head into it. Upon making inquiries we found this dog never had any training, and his keeper was as much surprised to hear of his conduct as were those who saw him in the act of trying to put his collar on instead of taking a gallop round the show as is usual in such cases. The bitches saw Wee Kate once more in the front, second having plenty of coat, but rather fine in face and with her tail carried up. In puppies, the first is good in body, feet and legs. We preferred the second; she is better in eye and ears, her feather was too light in color.

In sheep dogs, challenge class dogs, Dublin Scot, coming into good form, won somewhat easy over Sly Fox. In bitches Peerless, in good form, won well over Peggie II. In rough dogs The Squire just managed to come to the front. We have always liked him, and think him a dog full of quality and of the correct type, but always scarce of coat. However, he is gaining in coat, but there is room yet for improvement. We find Blister, one of the best dogs in the class, unnoticed. He

is good in coat and has good ears, with good feet and legs, but seems short in face and body. The second prize, Motley, is very moderate. Sky Blue is a good collie with a good coat, but he requires more quality in head. Second, Filbert, red in color, is coarse for a young dog, and we certainly think him too thick in skull. Rob Roy McGregor is a good black and white, but just on the coarse side to please some of the club men. King of the Glen, c., bar his tail being gaily carried, we liked as well as any in the class. He is a beautiful rich red tawny dog, with a very handsome head and ears, good in coat and frill, with the best of feet and legs, and is a well-made dog all through. Paramount is a real good sort, too weak in face and light in bone. In bitches first went to Gipsy Queen, a good collie, but small and light in bone. Lady of the Lake, winner of fourth, is just soft enough in expression. Dady, third, is too small in face. Sunbeam, c. only, we think one of the best in the show, but she was just out of coat. Tippet Craig, vhc., is also a nice bitch; she was heavy in whelp. In dog puppies we fancied the third prize, Sydney. He is a good, slashing young dog, with plenty of coat and character. Yankee Jack, vhc., is of very good style, but is too fine in face. The bitches were only moderate. Taken as a whole we think there was a very large percentage of moderate animals.

In the Irish water spaniel challenge class Young Hilda was first. The open classes were moderate, as has been usual lately.

In the challenge class for Clumbers, Psycho won easy. Boss III. has a long face. In open dogs, the winner is coarse in head and the second is looking nearly worn out. The bitches were small, but good in type. In the Sussex and liver-colored challenge class we preferred Guy to the winner, Bachelor III., who is coarse and bad in coat. In open class dogs, Bridford, Dalhousie and Maubert were correctly placed. Tinkle, about the best out, won easily in bitches; one eye is partially blind. Newton Abbot Blossom is another good bitch.

In the champion class for blacks we missed our old friend Solus. Consequently, as was generally expected, Mr. Farrow placed Miss Obo first. In open dogs, Mr. Jacobs won with Newton Abbot Victor, a good type of spaniel, but on the high side; while Newton Abbot Darkie is quite too thick in head, but lower than the winner on the leg. Scamp, brother to Solus, came second, and he might have been first, as there was not much to choose between them. Buxton Beauty, well known, won in the next class. Second to her came Floss V., good in type, but leggy.

In the challenge class for other than blacks, the black and tan Eastern's Bruce won.

In cockers nothing new turned up, the handsome-colored Freda winning easy, and as usual she had a lot of admirers.

In the fox-terrier challenge class for dogs Restus, who is still holding out well, won easy. In the corresponding bitch class Diadem, a good terrier, rather fine in coat, won, closely pressed by Bedlamite. Joyful, third, being fine in bone and plain in face. In open dogs Rhymer, fifth prize, is of a good stamp but wants character in face, he is well put together. Bacchanal, the winner, is a good, well-made, compact dog, he might be smaller in ear and he has a little canker in his mouth. Rollicker, second, is a good dog, but is rather plain and wants quality. Veuil, fourth, is another good dog, but was out of form here. Valet, third, is good in size with a good head and front; he is lemon marked. New Forest, vhc., is too cloddy. In bitches Lyndhurst Vixen, vhc., is too small. Dinah Doe, second, is shelly and fine. Thebas, third, is too fine before the eye. Rachel, the winner, is just after rearing puppies, she is about the best we have seen and won well. Rosemary, the reserve, is also a good one but not up to Rachel's form. Dusky, fifth, is of a similar stamp to Lyndhurst Vixen. Sutton Viola, fourth, is another good terrier with a wall-eye and fine in face. In dog puppies Kernincham Baffler, third, is rather large for his age. Raby Baffler, the winner, is a little leggy, but a good terrier, strong enough in face, but shows to advantage, being full of go and stands well up.

In the challenge class for wire-hairs, we thought Sam Weller quite as good as Cavendish, the winner, who is showing age. In open dogs the winner was correctly placed. Second went to Trick, a good sort, not so well topped as he might be. Fourth went to Bruiser, a very good one, which was objected to as being singed and the objection held good, and consequently he was disqualified. Mr. DeTrafford was well to the front in bitches, with real good ones and well known.

Dandie Dinmonts were a large collection. In challenge classes Border King beat Roderick, and Jennie Dean had a walk over. There was close competition in the open and puppy classes, which also contained a lot of very moderate animals that breeders seemed anxious to dispose of, and we understand a good many changed hands from £5 to £10 each.

Skyles were a poor collection, Mr. Grelton's exhibits about the best shown.

Scotch terriers were also very moderate, and although Irish terriers had a good entry, the quality, taken altogether, was not as good as at Liverpool a few weeks since.

Pugs contained a lot of very good animals, and we understand some of them have been purchased for the United States. Diamond won in the challenge class for dogs, beating Sovereign, who is rather the smallest. The judge had some difficulty in selecting the winner in the next class for bitches. The winner, Darcoy, is old and very fat, but had the best head, while the other was too fine before the eye and too light in body. In open dogs the winner showed age and is getting gray. Secoud went to a good strong dog. Third to a fair dog, breeder and pedigree unknown. Reserve went to King of Diamonds, a nice little dog, possessing a lot of bone for his size, the winner at Birmingham coming next. Mr. Sheffield won in bitches, with Sweetmeat, a very nice one, small in size, Lady Cloudy and Our Jenny getting equal second, Belle of the Ball only getting he. The class throughout was good. There was nothing special in puppies.

There were three fair Maltese shown, but we missed Lady Gifford's kennel this time. Bowtie beat Flossie in the Glen-helm challenge class. We prefer Flossie. In the next class the winner was much the best, but is the largest. Jumbo II. won, Ben d'Or being absent in the challenge class for King Charles. In the open class, first went to old Duchess II. and third to Grand Duke, a little dark in tan and large, but about the best. Crown Princess, second, is also large, and that good bitch Olivetta, out of coat, he. Prince Charles spaniels were moderate, the winner being objected to, but the objection was overruled. In ruby spaniels we considered Dandy III., he., about the best, although rather large. Italian greyhounds were moderate in quality. Toy terriers were a good collection, especially the rough toys, which contained three of the best specimens in England.

MAHARG.
[The awards will be found in the American Kennel Register.]

THE BEN NEVIS SERVICES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following questions having been submitted by the FOREST AND STREAM to the undersigned committee for examination and report: Whether Ben Nevis was competent to line a bitch? What bitches, if any, did he line after July 1, 1885? The committee having been attended by numerous witnesses on both sides, and having heard all the testimony submitted, are of the unanimous opinion that Ben Nevis served the following bitches on the following dates: Beauty III., on July 11, 1885; Meg Merrilies, on July 13 and 14, 1885; Jeanne II., on Sept. 8, 1885; Nelly Grey, on Sept. 10, 1885; Jeanne III., on Sept. 11, 1885; Daisy, on Nov. 13, 1885. Respectfully submitted, EDWARD DUDLEY, WM. H. CHILDS, A. H. MOORE (Philadelphia, March 4, 1886).

THE TOTAL number of entries in the American Kennel Register are 3481. The Register is booming.

NEW HAVEN SHOW SPECIALS.—The following specials have been provided: Chas. H. Mason, a piece of plate, value \$85, for best dog or bitch in classes judged by him. Best kennel mastiffs, \$25. Best mastiff stud dog, \$10. Mr. Wade for best mastiff \$25. "Ashmont's" "Diseases of the Dog" for best bitch in open class, best dog pup and best bitch pup. Best kennel rough St. Bernards, \$20; smooth \$20. Best smooth St. Bernard dog, bitch, dog pup and bitch pup, "Ashmont's" "Diseases of Dog." Best kennel greyhounds, \$10. Best greyhound, clock (New Haven Clock Co.). Best kennel pointers, \$25; pointer stud dog, \$10. Prize, value \$25, for handsomest setter or pointer ever run in public field trials. Spratts Patent, Spratts patent collar and 100lbs. biscuits for best pointer. Best kennel English setters, \$25; English setter stud dog, \$10; pair pure Laveracks, dog and bitch, \$10. Prize, best English setter bitch with field trial record. Spratts Patent offer Spratts patent collar and 100lbs. biscuits, best setter. Best black and tan setter stud dog, \$10; kennel Irish setters, \$15; Irish setter stud dog, \$10. Winchester rifle, best Irish setter. Silver sgar box best Irish setter bitch. Best kennel spaniels, \$15; spaniel stud dog, \$10. "Porcupine" offers \$10 in spaniel classes to be placed. American Spaniel Club, best field spaniel, \$10; cocker spaniel, \$10. Best kennel beagles, \$15; best beagle stud dog, \$10. American English Beagle Club, silver cup for best beagle over 12 inches; silver cup for best beagle under 12 inches. Arm chair, best pair basset hounds. Best kennel fox-terriers, \$10; fox-terrier stud dog, \$10. Best kennel collies, \$15; collie stud dog, \$10. Cassell & Co. offer Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog" for best collie. Best bull-terrier stud dog, \$10; kennel pugs, \$10; pug stud dog, \$10. City View Kennels, prize for best pug pup sired by Bradford Ruby. Specials are in for other classes and will be placed later, and specials will be in for the small breed classes.—S. R. HEMINGWAY.

IMPORTANT SALE OF ENGLISH SETTERS.—Mr. E. J. Martin, of Wilmington, Del., has sold his kennel of English setters, formerly known as the Goodsell Kennel, to Mr. Fred E. Lewis, of Tarrytown, N. Y., proprietor of the Blackstone Kennel. The sale includes the well-known pure Laveracks: Prince, Don Juan, Petrel III, Fairy II, Fairy III, and Daisy Laverack, as well as several puppies of the same breeding. Queen Petrel was included, but had strayed or been stolen and has not yet been found. This purchase will materially add to the strength of the Blackstone Kennel, which, as heretofore, is under the charge of Mr. Wm. Tallman.

AMERICAN-ENGLISH BEAGLE CLUB.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The club will donate two silver cups, one for the best beagle dog or bitch in open classes over 12 and under 12 inches at the following shows: Hartford, New Haven, Boston and Newark. These specials are given to the open classes as most specials have heretofore been awarded to dogs in the champion classes, and by that means one or two dogs have won most all the prizes, which is unfair, as there is honor enough now, as a dog has to win three times before he can enter the champion class.

PUPPY GIVEN TO DR. GARDNER.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: During the winter of 1882 (possibly 1881) a person who imported sporting dogs gave to Dr. Gardner (of Canal street, New York city), in part payment for the latter's services, a black and white English setter bitch puppy. At the time of the transaction the bitch was so sick that it was doubtful whether it would live or not. If any one can give the address of the importer or of any one who knew of the transaction, he will confer a favor by addressing H. J. PIERRE (Winsted, Conn.).

BOUND BOOKS OF KENNEL BLANKS.—We have bound books of kennel blanks, each book consisting of 200 blanks of a given style, and can furnish these (postpaid 30 cents) for the convenience of those who have occasion to use a large number of blanks. In ordering be careful to state what particular series of blanks is desired, i. e., whether Names Claimed, Sales, Bred or Whelps. The arrangement of the blanks is such that a duplicate record of each note sent for publication may be retained for future reference.

HARTFORD DOG SHOW.—The following railroads have offered to carry dogs free for our exhibition: N. Y., N. H. & H., New York and New England, Hartford & Conn. Western, and Hartford & Conn. Valley. The Adams Express Company will charge double merchandise rates both ways, but we have made arrangements with other express companies, and special instruction cards will be sent exhibitors at their request.—A. C. COLLINS, Secretary. (Hartford, Conn., March 5, 1886).

ST. BERNARD IMPORTATIONS.—The Hospice Kennels have imported Mr. Henry Schumacher's smooth-coated dog Hector, whelped Feb. 20, 1884. Color, tawny with white markings; sire, Apollo. He was accompanied by a young bitch for Mr. W. W. Tucker, in whelp to Hector. The bitch Tony, from the same kennel, will leave Bremen on the 10th inst., consigned to the Hospice Kennels.

IRISH SETTER BITCH LOST.—A dark red Irish setter bitch, eight months old, with a little white on breast and a small showing of white on head, and a small scar near right eye, strayed or was stolen on Feb. 20. Any information that will lead to her recovery will be remunerated. Address R. Woodman, Faulkner Station, Malden, Mass.

NEW ENGLAND KENNEL CLUB.—Boston, March 8.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Everything looks very favorably for our coming show. Entries close the 20th inst. In addition to our other deerhound class we have made Class 88A, deerhound puppies, dogs; Class 88B, deerhound puppies, bitches.—E. A. MOSELEY, Secretary.

NEWARK SHOW.—New York, March 5.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Owing to new business connections, Mr. A. C. Wilmerding will be unable to officiate as judge of the spaniel classes at Newark. Mr. J. F. Kirk has kindly consented to act in his stead.—A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

THE TOTAL number of entries in the *American Kennel Register* are 3451. The *Register* is booming.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.
Queen Ann By J. J. Walker, Ann Arbor, Mich., for fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Nov. 28, 1885, by McMahon (A.K.R. 550) out of Lady Neilson (A.K.R. 312).

Duke Ranger C. By S. B. Dilley, Rosendale, Wis., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Jan. 30, 1886, by Ranger Croxteth (A.K.R. 1047) out of Trix Royal (Vandevort's Don, A.K.R. 165—Jean Royal).

Dart Ranger C. By S. B. Dilley, Rosendale, Wis., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 30, 1886, by Ranger Croxteth (A.K.R. 1047) out of Trix Royal (Vandevort's Don, A.K.R. 165—Jean Royal).

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Dash Ranger C. By S. B. Dilley, Rosendale, Wis., for liver and white pointer dogs, whelped Jan. 30, 1886, by Ranger Croxteth (A.K.R. 1047) out of Trix Royal (Vandevort's Don, A.K.R. 165—Jean Royal).

Dundee. By J. A. Long, St. Louis, Mo., for black, tan and white collie dog, whelped Nov. 7, 1885, by Grosvenor (E. 15,076) out of Picture (Harold—Ruby III).

Sparkle. By J. A. Long, St. Louis, Mo., for black, tan and white collie bitch, whelped Nov. 7, 1885, by Grosvenor (E. 15,076) out of Picture (Harold—Ruby III).

Jennie. By Geo. Gardner, Allentown, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 14, 1886, by Bob Burdette out of Newman's Nettie (Dash—Cloe).

Mac Neilson. By H. L. Hollis, Wellsville, N. Y., for fawn mastiff dog, whelped Nov. 28, 1885, by McMahon (A.K.R. 550) out of Lady Neilson (A.K.R. 312).

Lotta Neilson. By H. C. Hollis, Wellsville, N. Y., for fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Nov. 28, 1885, by McMahon (A.K.R. 550) out of Lady Neilson (A.K.R. 312).

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Matchless—Dash III. D. A. Goodwin, Jr., & Co.'s (Newburyport, Mass.) setter bitch Matchless (Roderick II—Jennie) to Howard Kennels' Dash III, Feb. 24.

WHELPS.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Madge Wildfire. J. A. Long's (St. Louis, Mo.) collie bitch Madge Wildfire (A.K.R. 887), March 4, eleven (seven dogs), by his Clifton Hero (E. 18,351).

Flyaway. J. A. Long's (St. Louis, Mo.) collie bitch Flyaway (A.K.R. 887), Feb. 1, eight (two dogs), by his Rob Roy (Champagne)—Nellie (A.K.R. 338).

Nettie. W. H. Cookson's (Hudson, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Nettie (A.K.R. 1704), Feb. 25, five (two dogs), by A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Regent Vox (Tackler—Sandy Vic).

Molly. C. F. Wilson's (Palmyra, O.) pug bitch Molly, Jan. 28, seven (five dogs), by City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny).

Sheila. Hospice Kennels' (Newark, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Sheila (A.K.R. 796), Feb. 13, three, by their Otho (A.K.R. 433); all since dead.

Belline II. Hospice Kennels' (Newark, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Belline II (A.K.R. 3033), Feb. 30, ten (three dogs), by their Otho (A.K.R. 433); three since dead.

Fairy. Jesse D. Welch's (New Haven, Conn.) fox-terrier bitch Fairy (A.K.R. 3305), Feb. 14, two, by John H. Thayer's Raby Tyrant (Baliff II—Peach).

SALES.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Storm King. Black, tan and white collie dog, whelped Nov. 7, 1885, by Grosvenor (E. 15,076) out of Picture, by J. A. Long, St. Louis, Mo., to Dave Hays, same place.

Prince. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped Jan. 9, 1873, by Pride of the Border out of Petrel, by E. J. Martin, Wilmington, Del., to Blackstone Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Dick Petrel. Lemon belton English setter dog, smos. old, by Don Juan out of Petrel III, by E. J. Martin, Wilmington, Del., to Blackstone Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Don Petrel. Black, white and tan English setter dog, smos. old, by Don Juan out of Petrel III, by E. J. Martin, Wilmington, Del., to Blackstone Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Daisy Laverack. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped June 18, 1878, by Thunder out of Pease, by E. J. Martin, Wilmington, Del., to Blackstone Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Fairy II. Lemon belton English setter bitch, 10yrs. old, by Bailly's Victor out of Blue Daisy, by E. J. Martin, Wilmington, Del., to Blackstone Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Petrel III. Lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 9, 1873, by Carlowitz out of Petrel, by E. J. Martin, Wilmington, Del., to Blackstone Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Don Juan. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Aug. 8, 1879, by Tam O'Shanter out of La Reine, by E. J. Martin, Wilmington, Del., to Blackstone Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Fairy III. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped June 27, 1882 (A.K.R. 35), by E. J. Martin, Wilmington, Del., to Blackstone Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Fairy Lass. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped June 27, 1882 (A.K.R. 36), by E. J. Martin, Wilmington, Del., to Blackstone Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Dick Black. Black pointer dog, whelped May 2, 1885, by Peter Black out of Bessie, by D. W. C. Parker, Springfield, Mass., to W. H. Lewis, same place.

Daisy Black. Black pointer bitch, whelped May 2, 1885, by Peter Black out of Bessie, by Ed. Thomas, Springfield, Mass., to D. W. C. Parker, same place.

Peter Black. Black pointer dog, whelped May 1, 1880, by Pete out of Mah, by D. W. C. Parker, Springfield, Mass., to Dr. Jose Clairac, Havana, Cuba.

Man. White and lemon marking bull-terrier dog, whelped Dec. 4, 1885, by The Earl out of Little Nellie, by Frank P. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to Edward Plummer, New York.

Sir Obo. Black cocker spaniel dog, age not given, by Obo II. out of Blackie III, by J. P. Willey, Salmon Falls, N. H., to H. G. Charlesworth, Toronto, Ont.

Nor. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1885, by Duke Royal out of Lizzie Grace, by Elm Grove Kennels, South Norwalk, Conn., to W. S. Cobb, Jackson, Mich.

Star. Silver fawn, white cross on breast, Italian greyhound dog, whelped Jan. 8, 1885, by Fly out of Posey, by Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., to H. F. Greenman, same place.

Flash. Fawn greyhound bitch, whelped Aug. 13, 1885, by Sport out of a Custer bitch, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to G. R. Hair, same place.

Plantagenet, Jr. Black, white and tan setter dog, whelped May 3, 1885, by Plantagenet out of Matchless, by D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., to C. B. Faxon, Dorchester, Mass.

Terror. Apricot fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 5, 1885, by Santa Claus out of Juno, by D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., to Nath'l Greeley, same place.

Nell Kelly. Orange and white setter bitch, age not given, by Coin out of Belfast, by C. B. Faxon, Dorchester, Mass., to D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass.

Gunn (A.K.R. 1538)—Morning Star (A.K.R. 1541) whelp. Black, white and ticked setter bitch, whelped April 25, 1885, by John Deitch, New York, to George Jarvis, same place.

Ted Llewellyn—Trusty Gladstone whelp. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 3, 1885, by George Jarvis, New York, to Walter B. Peet, same place.

N. N. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped July 1, 1885, by Elm Grove Kennels, South Norwalk, Conn., to N. A. Dickinson, Chester, Conn.

IMPORTATIONS.

Pinthen. Rough-coated

THE DOUBLE CENTERBOARD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your article about double centerboard canoes in issue of Feb. 25 applies to me as much as any one, as my new canoe was perhaps the first of this lot to reach completion; yet I should hardly have attempted to answer your string of questions had it not been for the half promise in your concluding sentences to give in return for such answers some information about double boards. Now, though received in January, my new craft has not yet been aloft and I await with much anxiety the opportunity to test practically the two-board problem, and meanwhile am eager to embrace every chance to acquire knowledge on the subject; hence I will try to purchase such by an honest reply to your questions.

To begin with I had too little knowledge of canoes up to the A. C. A. meet of 1884 to form any opinion worth having on the centerboard question. At that time I had had experience only with the Atwood and was well enough satisfied with it. Shortly afterward I was seized with a fancy to buy a canoe then partly complete in a certain builder's shop. She had an iron plate of 35 to 30 lbs. in her and one trial of her filled me up with up with boards of that kind for inland river use, and I sold the canoe on the first offer at a sacrifice of about \$35. So much for experience.

During the season of 1885 I had numerous chances to try canoes of club mates, fitted with Radix boards, and though constantly becoming less and less satisfied with the Atwood, these trials were far from inducing me to change form for the newer form of folding board. In this state I reached the A. C. A. meet of last year.

As the shades of the first evening settled upon Eel Bay, a little lantern was seen dancing over the rough water to the southward, and as it drew in toward the beach a lusty hail announced the arrival of the Rear-Commodore. Those of us who helped haul up his staunch craft were not long in finding out that we had our hands upon something new under the sun, or—at that moment—moon weather, and it was past ten o'clock before the knot of interested examiners broke up to seek rest after a weary day of tent-pitching, pole-raising, trench-digging and the thousand and steen other duties which make the first day in camp so delightful. Well, as I fanned away the blessed mosquitoes and registered a vow never again to leave home without enough netting to make a racing mainsail, I told myself I had found the centerboard. A single blade of brass scarce 1-16th thick, weighing less than 5 lbs., offering the minimum of resistance to the water, making the boat make the canoe balance with manipulated by finger and thumb, its light cord leading to any convenient point out or inside of coaming, thus doing away with the imperative necessity for a shift of your entire person to adjust the board when perhaps you are leg-length out to windward and wishing you had a brick in your hat, or anything else to add a little weight on your side, the "vanishing point" of stability. At last I have found it. But just as I am dropping off to sleep the thought, starting me wide awake again, "but how does he make that canoe balance with the board stuck away forward that way? To be sure that question was asked and answered that the drop rudder balanced her, but somehow that don't satisfy. My canoe, with dandy only quarter the area of main, needs all her rudder down to equalize a board at least two feet further aft than Sofronia's." Well, I presume an after-board would fix it, but then what a bother.

Well, after I reached home once more, and had concluded that my happiness depended on Ruggles' canoe, the question of board was the hardest of all considerations to decide. I could not give up my dream of the charms of a light brass blade, yet feared to risk one far enough forward to leave the cockpit clear, with only the rudder aft to depend on, while I could not bring myself to accept the extra complication of a second board aft, with the sure necessity of hauling it up every time I wanted to come about. Then came the Lassic! I wrote to her skipper for a plan for a dandy one, and was not until he had sent me back answer to my objections that the after-board was ordered, and even then it was with the half acknowledged hope that the test would prove it unnecessary—like Sofronia—and enable me to take it out.

Now, Mr. Editor, you have my statement, and if you find it rather long-winded, please accept it as a punishment for calling me a flock of sheep. And please put me on record as being far from certain that this time next year will find me with a better canoe; also tell the rest of the flock for me to grow until they see how the new "blue" Mohicans turn out with double board in one and single in the other. Now, send along your "more to say," and at same time tell us who it is who has discarded the drop rudder. If he finds any reason for so doing in fresh water he must be more ingenious than

READE W. BAILEY.

THE TROPHY AND A. C. A. DUES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A principle that has been put forward first, last and all the time by the officers of the A. C. A. is that no prizes of money value shall be offered. The rules state that A. C. A. prizes shall be flags. Every effort has been made in the past to prevent "mug hunting." An A. C. A. prize certainly means one that the Association pays for. The Association has not paid for the trophy. Perhaps a hundred members have subscribed, and two hundred more may send in \$1 each. Even then the trophy will be paid for by a minority of the members, and why should those who do not subscribe have any claim on the trophy?

It is proposed to have a valuable prize presented to the Association for a sailing contest. The Association of course can and did appoint a committee to look after the matter, and it has a right to say under what conditions the prize shall be raced for if accepted. It would be foreign to the policy of the Association to decree that this prize shall be awarded to the winner of the first race—or any race or series of races—to become his personal property. By a rule of the Association nominations for prizes are placed in the hands of the regatta committee. Why should any exception be made in the case of the trophy? The regatta committee's actions are all subject to the approval of the Association as represented by its executive committee.

I submit the above for consideration since a member of the executive committee published last week in your valuable paper a letter over his own signature that seems to me to show that there has been a general misunderstanding as to what this trophy is, what it is for, and what the Association has to do with it.

Three gentlemen from England are expected to be at the meet next August. To add an attraction to the programme (an extra race or races in which they can take part), a few members of the A. C. A. proposed that such members as wished to should subscribe for a trophy to be put up as a prize for such a race, leaving to the Association, very properly, the labor of naming the conditions. These are the facts. Why the regular procedure in such cases is not followed? The matter will have to come into the hands of the Regatta Committee finally. If they are instructed what to do they cannot be held responsible for the result. "Too many cooks," etc.

Another A. C. A. matter has come to my notice. Several clubs have taken action at their meetings disapproving of the Association for increasing its dues to \$2 a year. This is simply a matter of business. If the Association cannot pay its bills with a \$1 fee it must either reduce expenses or increase the dues, the members at the last meet chose the latter course. As only a small minority of the members can attend a meet, and as those who were absent last year did not hear the secretary's report, and therefore do not know why it was necessary to raise the dues. To convince them of the necessity of the action then taken, it is but good policy to publish in this year's "Annual Book" a full treasurer's report, and thereby show them that figures cannot lie. Had this been done last year, probably the question never would have been raised, and certainly no member would be entitled to know for what the funds of the Association have been expended. This may give our gallant secretary a little more work, but he certainly will not grudge the time thus occupied, and every member will then be convinced, no doubt, that the increase was necessary and acted accordingly.

C. BOWERY VAUX.

CAMBRIDGE C. C.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Cambridge C. C. (Cambridge, Mass.), organized June 9, 1885, held its fourth quarterly meeting for the election of officers on March 4. The officers for the following term are: Commodore, John B. Jacobs; Vice-Commodore, Clarence F. Glover; Secretary and Treasurer, Rupert M. Gay. The club signals are a white burgee with a blue field, white center and red letter C. We have had our headquarters at the Riverside Boat House during the past season, but are now thinking of building a house of our own. Several of the members intend to make a cruise upon the Charles River this summer. We have all had some experience with heavy canoes on the numerous dams in our vicinity, and agree with the South Boston Club in wanting lighter ones. Three of the members have concluded to build new ones for river work, 10ft. by 26in. and 6in. deep of canvas, and they plan to have the centerboard over 25 pounds heavier. We would like to meet representatives of other clubs in the vicinity to arrange for cruises and holiday trips. All communications should be addressed to R. M. Gay, 107 Washington street, Boston, Secretary C. C. C.

NEW YORK C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.—The secretary of the N. Y. C. C. has received the following letter in regard to the coming races: 72 MARK LANE, E. C., Feb. 17, 1886. DEAR SIR—Your letter of Jan. 19, containing modified conditions of the proposed international canoe race has been duly laid before my committee and approved. It is most probable that three of our members will intend to compete for your Cup in the latter part of August, but I shall not be authorized to send you a formal challenge until after the spring meeting of this club on the 29d inst.—T. G. F. WINNER, Sec'y R. C. C.

THE ROYAL C. C.—The spring meeting took place on Tuesday last at the Caledonian Hotel. Much regret was expressed at the retirement of J. W. Clayton from the mateship, and a vote of thanks was passed for his kindness and liberality to the club during his term of office. Mr. Beal's proposal was unanimously adopted to the vacant post, and the following list of fixtures were made for 1886: April 17, Hendon; sailing race; sail area limited to 75 sq ft. April 24, Hendon; first class sailing. May 1, Hendon; challenge cup. May 19, Kingston; half-mile paddling. May 26, Kingston; one mile paddling. June 5, Kingston; two miles paddling. June 12, Teddington; sailing; any canoes; girth measurement. June 19, Teddington; first class sailing. June 19, Teddington; long paddling race. June 26, Teddington; annual regatta. July 9, Teddington; sailing race; under T. V. S. C. measurement and time allowed. It was resolved that a camp be held in the vicinity of Teddington Reach on the Friday before the regatta, and that a prize be offered for the best set of cruising appliances, with canoe, exhibited on this occasion. On the motion of T. J. Holding, a sub-committee, consisting of F. E. Prothero, W. P. Shadbol, Major Roberts and T. H. Holding, was appointed to collect information for the furtherance of canoe cruising and the perfecting of cruising appliances. It was also decided that a challenge should be at once sent to the New York C. C. race for the handsome international cup offered by that club, and the meeting then closed.—London Field, Feb. 27.

THE WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Western Canoe Association was held last week in Cincinnati, when the arrangements were perfected for the meet at Ballast Island, Lake Erie, beginning July 1 and continuing to July 26. The Lake Erie yachts will rendezvous at the island during the meet and hold their annual regatta under the auspices of the Cleveland Y. C. C., whose commodore, Mr. Geo. Gardner, is also commodore of the W. C. A. The Inter-Lake Yachting Association, which met at Toledo on the 6th inst., with representatives from Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky, Detroit, Chicago and Milwaukee, will probably hold their regatta off Ballast in the middle of July. The Western Amateur Rowing Association will, it is expected, accept the invitation of W. C. A. to have their races at the same time and place, so that the prospects for a brilliant gathering of sails, oars and paddles are very encouraging. The W. C. A. has now on its membership list nearly one hundred names, which will no doubt receive large additions as July approaches. A pamphlet containing the programme of the meet, lists of classes, races, amusements for each day, etc., with full information respecting accommodations and the best means of reaching the island will be published in a few days.

OAKLAND C. C. CRUISE.—While Eastern canoeists were skating and coasting their luckier brothers of the far West were enjoying the opening cruise of 1886, on the waters about San Francisco. The Oakland C. C. started on Feb. 30 at noon, a fleet of ten canoes; Mysie, of the Columbia; the Black Dwarf, White Cap, Zephyr, Volant and Hattie Belle started from the club house on Oakland creek and beat down to its mouth, the latter two boats only going a couple of miles. With a good breeze Goat Island was reached at 4 P. M., camp was made and the night was pleasantly spent. The destination next day was Sheep Island, but a foul tide and head wind made it impossible to reach there, and the fleet headed for Hunter's Point, reaching it at 11 A. M. Embarking at 2 P. M. after a good dinner, the canoes headed again for Sheep Island, but met with rough water in Mission Bay. Again the course was changed and the fleet headed for Goat Island, where a second night was passed. On Monday morning a party of ladies and gentlemen visited the canoeists in the steam launch of the revenue cutter Hassler, and after a day's picnic on the island they towed the canoes home, ending a very pleasant cruise.

BROOKLYN C. C.—The following programme of races has been arranged for 1886: "Challenge Cup" sailing races will be held from May 1 to Sept. 25, probably every two weeks. Sailing races for Classes A, B & C. Class C to include all boats outside A. C. A. sailing regulations (sneakboxes, etc.), will be held on May 15 and Sept. 15, at 3 o'clock, P. M. Paddling races will be held on the following Saturdays: May 1, June 12, July 10, Aug. 7 and Sept. 4, at 3 o'clock, P. M. A. C. A. sailing regulations will govern races. Sailing and paddling races in May and September to be "All around Record" races. Prizes will be given for sailing, paddling, and for record races. Distances: Sailing, about 3 miles. Paddling, about 1/4 mile. If members of other clubs compete, special prizes will be offered.

SMOOTH SKIN CANOES.—Captain Ruggles, of Charlotte, is busy with a number of orders for his carved hull canoes. Com. Rathum's new boat will be 15ft. 8in. by 30in. Sofronia will have an after board added this season. Prof. Mellen will have a new canoe, and Mr. Ruggles is also building one for Mr. D. C. Platt, one for Messrs. Walters and Stewart, and one for Mr. W. A. Borden, besides some open canoes and rowboats.

BUCKTAIL CANOES.—We advertise in another column a duplicate of "Nessmuk's" famous canoe, which he is now using in Florida. The boat is a new one and has never been used.

PEARL.—Mr. Baden-Powell, of the Nautilus, has laid up his 175 ton yawl Pearl at Shoreham for the season as he will visit America with his canoe this year.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

May	31—Sandy Bay Y. C., Cup Race, Rockport
June	31—Toledo Y. C., Pennant Matches.
June	9—Frisbie and Em Eli Eye, City Point, Match Race.
June	12—Sandy Bay Y. C., Cup Race, Gloucester.
June	15—Atlantic Y. C., Regatta.
June	17—N. Y. Y. C., Regatta.
June	17—Dorchester Y. C., Nahant, Open.
June	17—Sandy Bay Y. C., Cup Race, Squam.
June	17—Hull Y. C., Corinthian Pennant Race.
June	19—Hull Y. C., Pennant Race.
June	23—Boston Y. C., Cup Race, City Point.
June	24—Sandy Bay Y. C., Cup Sail-off, Squam.
June	26—Corinthian Y. C., Club Race.
July	3—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July	4—Boston Y. C., Regatta.
July	4—Sandy Bay Y. C., Open Race, Squam.
July	4—Toledo Y. C., Pennant Matches.
July	10—Hull Y. C., Novelty Race.
July	10—Corinthian Y. C. Race.
July	10—Sandy Bay Y. C., Pennant Match, Rockport.
July	13—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, First Championship.
July	17—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
July	17—Sandy Bay Y. C., Corinthian Race.
July	17—Toledo Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July	23—Boston Y. C., Cup Race, City Point.
July	24—Dorchester Y. C., Club Race, Harrison Square.
July	24—Corinthian Y. C., Ladies' Race.
July	31—Sandy Bay Y. C., Pennant Race, Gloucester.
July	31—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Second Championship.
July	31—Hull Y. C., Cruise to eastward.
Aug.	31—Sandy Bay Y. C., Cruise to meet H. Y. C.
Aug.	2—Sandy Bay Y. C., Open Race, Rockport.
Aug.	2—Corinthian Y. C., Open Race, Marblehead.
Aug.	14—Hull Y. C., Open Race, Hull.
Aug.	14—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Third Championship.
Aug.	14—Sandy Bay Y. C., Club Race, Squam.
Aug.	21—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Matches.
Aug.	25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Aug.	26—Corinthian Y. C., Race.
Aug.	26—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Aug.	28—Sandy Bay Y. C., Open Race, Squam.
Sept.	2—Boston Y. C., Cup Race, City Point.
Sept.	4—Dorchester Y. C., Fall Race.
Sept.	4—Corinthian Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept.	4—Sandy Bay Y. C., Pennant Race, Rockport.
Sept.	11—Hull Y. C., Champion Sail-off.
Sept.	11—Corinthian Y. C., Sweepstakes Regatta.
Sept.	11—Sandy Bay Y. C., Sweepstakes, Gloucester.
Sept.	13—Sandy Bay Y. C., Club Race, Rockport.
Sept.	17—Toledo Y. C., Pennant Matches.
Sept.	28—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Matches.

MORE YACHTS FROM BOSTON.—It is time that New York looked to her laurels if she is to retain the place she has so long claimed as a leader in yachting. Hitherto she has had little to fear from Eastern yachts, but last year the Puritan's success gave all the fame of the races to Boston. This year she is launching out for further victories. Besides Puritan and the new Mayflower, another large yacht is now promised, a schooner from Mr. Burgess's designs for a gentleman in Providence. This new boat will resemble the other two in model, being 38ft. over all, 28ft. waterline, 22ft. beam, with lead keel and centerboard. Lawleys will build her, and she will be ready in time for the Newport races. The same firm will also build a third class sloop for Mr. J. S. Fay, of Boston, from Mr. Burgess's designs.

YACHT STOVES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was the originator of "W." who wrote in favor of a gasoline stove. About two weeks ago another "W." criticised this class of stoves. I stand prepared to prove to any one that the gasoline stove will produce four times the heat an oil stove will and that it is less liable to accidents, and that those accidents which do occur are less serious in their results. It is probably not known by most people that if gasoline be spilt on a floor and ignited it will burn up the same as alcohol and not leave a trace of the flame. With the stove I use an accident is impossible, and is a wood-jacketed can is used for storing the gasoline in, no accident can happen there. I am now having made from patterns of my own design for my own use, a gasoline stove perfectly adapted to single-hand craft. The kind before described in these columns was designed for heating irons, not for cooking. Mine is made for cooking only.

I have read with much interest the cruise of the Coof, because it is over water which I have cruised a number of times. The annoyances Mr. Kunhardt has met with are those that always beset one in strange waters. I fear that the effect of reading the cruise will deter others from making the trip, which in the summer time is one of the most beautiful among eastern waters. I wish to say here that the Delaware from Philadelphia to Trenton is from one-half to a mile wide, and that there is a 14ft. channel to Bordentown and 5ft. to Trenton at low water. A boat drawing 8ft. of water needs no chart. There are no shoals of any importance to such a boat, one opposite Florence and the other at the mouth of Lancaster canal, and there is a deep, broad channel opposite each. Moreover, the river is buoyed to Trenton wherever there are turns in the channel, and at night the river is lighted by beacons the same as our western rivers. When I state that canal schooners carrying 300 tons of coal navigate the river at all tides, in all winds, and by day and night, I think that is sufficient to show that little trouble should be met with by a 25ft. boat.

CHAS. L. WORK.

ATLANTIC.

THE extreme cold weather of last week was not favorable for outdoor work in such an exposed place as Bay Ridge, but considerable progress has been made in the new yacht. The two main keel logs have been bolted together, the slot has been cut and the head-edges of the trunk bolted in place; the several pieces forming the forward part of keel have been bolted to the main keel and to each other. The main keel pieces have had a short piece scarfed to them, with a wood chisel, carrying out the shape of the lead keel below, and a heavy oak deadwood or keelson, running from the sternpost nearly to the after end of the trunk above the main keel. The stem, apron and knightheads are bolted together, the horn timbers are in place on the sternpost, the rudder stock is out, a fine stick of locust, and all the frames are bolted together. The casting of the keel began last Saturday. A box was made of 3in. plank, the inside being an exact counterpart of the lead keel. This box was lined with asbestos paper and laid in place upper, or open side upward on blocks placed to receive it. The keel structure was then made ready, the iron tiers being driven through from below, ready for the turnbuckles, the composition screw bolts being also driven, projecting below, and a number of blind bolts, also of composition, being driven from below, with their headed ends left to project into the lead. A wooden cove for the slot was placed in the mould and the keel was then placed in position, the iron chains were passed at intervals around the box and keel and set up by wedges, holding both together. The lower side of the keel thus forming the top of the box. The gates for pouring the lead were about 4x6in. and were cut at intervals of 2 or 3ft. along the upper edge of the keel box. On each side of the keel was an iron cauldron 5ft. in diameter, supported on iron blocks, leaving space below for a wood fire. As the lead melted it was carried in from ladles, holding about three quarts, and poured in the various parts, fresh pig being constantly added to the cauldron. About half the lead was poured on Saturday and the balance on Monday, and when the planks were removed at noon the casting was found to be in excellent shape, smooth and solid. Men were set to work at once with chisels and adzes to cut away the gates and to flush up the surface. The stem, stern and frames are going up rapidly, and all will soon be ready for planking.

THE PHILADELPHIA TUCK-UP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The numerous inquiries I have received about the Philadelphia tuck-up, again show that you have recourse to your columns. It is very evident to my mind that there is a demand for a larger boat for cruising purposes than the canoe, and while I am not prepared to say that the tuck-up is the coming boat, I will say that so far as my experience goes it is the most roomy and comfortable boat yet brought out, and I have merely opened the subject hoping that it would bring out others whose experience had been greater than mine.

As you know, I am not a boat builder, neither am I interested in pushing any manufacturer; therefore, whatever information I may give must not be taken as authoritative, but simply as my individual experience, growing out of the ownership of perhaps a dozen of these boats.

As to cost, the builders of these boats build only for local use, and the boats are usually turned over to the owner in the wood, i. e., not painted. I will mention, however, what I have paid to have the boats completed.

The cost of the hull, specified, no knots or butts in planking; whenever any two pieces of wood are placed together, they to be first painted over; copper riveted and no iron to be used on hull, combing of walnut fastened on with nickel plated screws, \$75. If no stress is laid on these specifications, \$65 will buy the hull.

Painting the hull and polishing combing is worth \$5, the brass work for hull and rigging is worth \$10, if polished, \$15, and if nickel-plated \$30, two pairs of iron finches, \$4.

Spars for 15ft. sail, 30ft. sail, 30ft. sail \$4, shellacing same \$1; sails 15ft. x 10, 30ft. x 10, running rigging and making boat ready for use, \$3; making a total for the finest class of boat, with two sets of sails, of \$133. Of course only one suit is necessary. The 15ft. sail is the regular club racing sail, and is only carried in smooth water and moderate winds. Any one who wants this sail must also get the 30ft., which can be carried anywhere by a crew of two.

In Philadelphia sails are called by the number of yards of 27in. wide canvas contained in them. Allowing for the center bight and seams, corner pieces, etc., a yard of canvas makes 6 sq. ft. of sail surface; so in ordering from a Philadelphia sailmaker you will call for a 15-yard or a 26-yard sail. I doubt if many of them would know what to make if you asked for a 30 or 16ft. sail.

I am aware of no talk to a canoeist of anything larger than the cooie shell he is accustomed to drifting around in will bring down on my poor head a volley that ought to annihilate me; so to let these gentlemen down easy I will mention that there is in quite extensive use on the Delaware River a double-ended, 15ft. boat, having about 4ft. beam, that is in almost all respects a modern canoe broadened to that beam. This boat is known as the "ducker," and was originally designed for pushing over the marshes after reed beds. It is a very curious specimen contains the remains of the nonsinkable, uncapsizable sharpie, Vidette; which we commented on several times last winter (1884-'85). The Vidette will be remembered as a sharpie of the usual built, with a centerboard and also a keel of lead 2ft. deep and weighing four tons. After being in service for a part of the season she was hauled up at Mumm's for two more tons of lead on her keel and the removal of her centerboard. The writer she has been again hauled up, her sides, flaring as in all sharpies, were opened near the bottom, regular frames were inserted and bolted to the bottom, making a round bilge and slightly flaring side, and these were planked over, a new rabbet being cut in the stem. Except her flat bottom, the sharpie had entirely disappeared, and in its place is something that is neither sloop nor cutter in model, an anomaly that it would be very hard to class. By the change her keel was increased beam, and the weight was increased, and no more room below or on deck. The rize will also be changed, a larger mainmast and topmast being substituted. The builder has done his part well, and made a very good job. There are various ways of building a yacht, and this is one of them. Of course the outlay over such haphazard experiments is considerable, and the final results are certain to be unsatisfactory; but if the owner is suited it is no one else's business.

U. L. WORK.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A SHARPIE.—The visitor to Mumm's yard at Bay Ridge will find on the railway a curious craft, whose hull is enough to puzzle even an expert. A schooner-rigged craft of about 60ft. over all and 14ft. beam; she is noticeable for her flat floor, round barrel sides, flat run, and very deep keel of about 3ft. A striking peculiarity in build is also observable, the planking on her flat bottom runs thwartship, while that on her sides runs fore and aft in the usual manner. A look at the name on her stern only increases the mystery, and nothing short of an explanation from some one conversant with the subject will convince the inquirer that this curious specimen contains the remains of the nonsinkable, uncapsizable sharpie, Vidette; which we commented on several times last winter (1884-'85). The Vidette will be remembered as a sharpie of the usual built, with a centerboard and also a keel of lead 2ft. deep and weighing four tons. After being in service for a part of the season she was hauled up at Mumm's for two more tons of lead on her keel and the removal of her centerboard. The writer she has been again hauled up, her sides, flaring as in all sharpies, were opened near the bottom, regular frames were inserted and bolted to the bottom, making a round bilge and slightly flaring side, and these were planked over, a new rabbet being cut in the stem. Except her flat bottom, the sharpie had entirely disappeared, and in its place is something that is neither sloop nor cutter in model, an anomaly that it would be very hard to class. By the change her keel was increased beam, and the weight was increased, and no more room below or on deck. The rize will also be changed, a larger mainmast and topmast being substituted. The builder has done his part well, and made a very good job. There are various ways of building a yacht, and this is one of them. Of course the outlay over such haphazard experiments is considerable, and the final results are certain to be unsatisfactory; but if the owner is suited it is no one else's business.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

XV.

It may be well to mention that the U. S. charts are known by the small numbers engraved above the margin in the upper left hand corner, and not by the large figures in the title, which refer to the copper plate only. The Delaware from head of navigation to Liston's Point, some twelve miles below Delaware City, is plotted to a scale of 1-50,000 on chart No. 128, the stretch from Trenton to the northern limits of Philadelphia occupying a corner by itself. I found it convenient to cut this oil, and the rest was sliced up at Wilmington. A correspondent in FOREST AND STREAM takes me to task for this sub-division on the plea that cross bearings, etc., cannot be taken. But as I cut the charts this objection does not hold, for each section was complete in itself along the course of the river. In the lower Chesapeake the width of the charts became so great that they were cut across and also up and down the middle of the bay, or nearly so. The bay is, however, twenty miles wide, and the eastern shore being low is below the horizon, so that no cross bearings can be taken. The prevailing winds being westerly, the Coot was navigated down the western shore, and had no concern with the eastern portion of the Chesapeake. Had she at any time stood across, the eastern half of each length of chart could have been produced from the cabin and locked in the frame before closing in with the shore sufficiently to require its aid, the water in the middle of the bay being so deep as to put the Coot off soundings while the change was being effected.

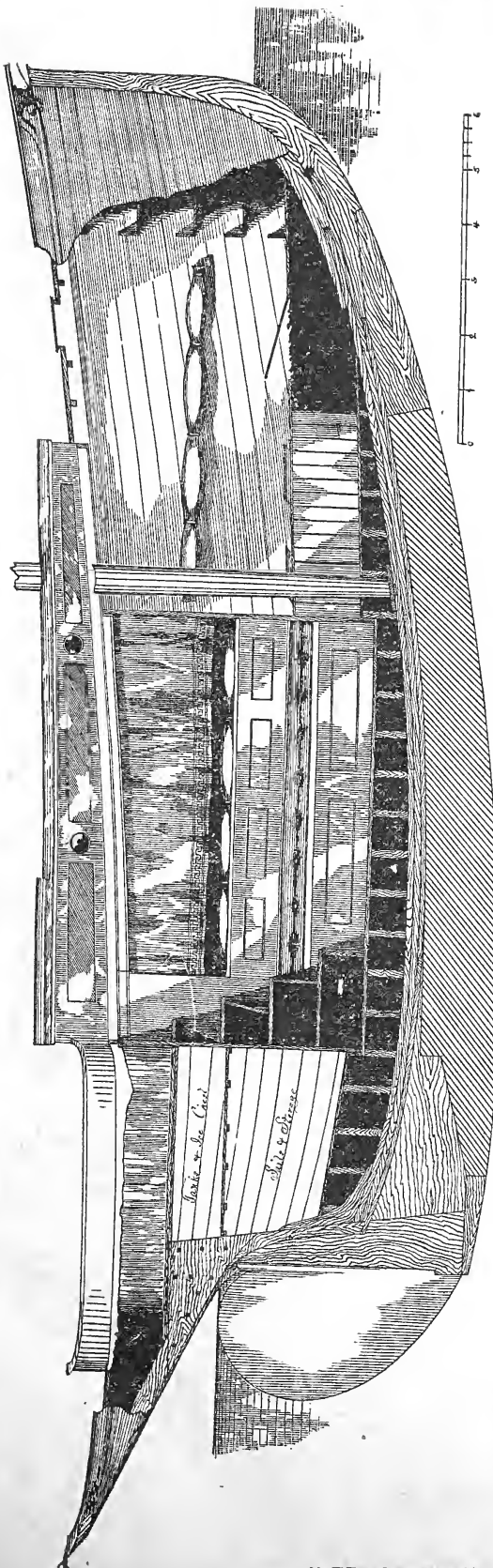
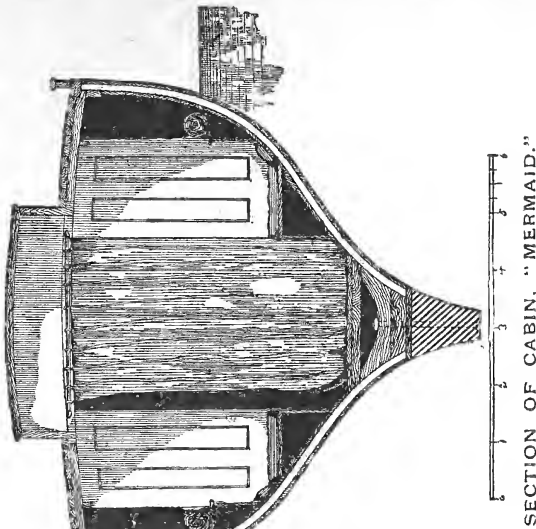
"Piscator," another correspondent, brings up the time-honored and never-to-be-solved problem about stoves. All manner of propositions have appeared to do away with the oil stove, but, so far, none seem to have earned any recognition. The oil stove is in some respects a nuisance, but much depends upon certain small provisions and the skill of the person manipulating them. I have found nothing as yet which is their equal. The chief objection to the oil stove arises from the purchase of affairs devised for use on shore. In the nautical stove the bottom should be of cast iron, cover and bottom should be cast in one, so as to prevent leakage, due to the seam where the cover is screwed on to the base containing the fluid. No matter how the boat may jump about, no oil will slop over in the solid bottom. A second precaution is to seal up the aperture or bung hole in the rear, bore a fresh hole in front and solder a small funnel three inches high into the same. This does away with turning the stove about every time you wish to fill, and the funnel gives notice when full and prevents the oil jumping out. Third, set the stove in a drip tray, having an edge of one or two inches turned up all round. Keep the kerosene in two-gallon cans in the cockpit locker. If provided with brass hoods to the tin spout and a screw cap on top, perfect control is insured. Then only a little care is required to live along weeks without spilling a drop. What trifling smell there may be you soon become used to, and kerosene in any shape is not at all unwholesome. I should strongly advise two small stoves rather than a large one, so that two articles may undergo treatment at the same time. There are several stoves of this description in the market, among them the Dietz hot blast and the Westlake & Richards, of Chicago, whose office is in Fourteenth street, west of Broadway. A single wick will quickly heat up the cabin of a small boat in the coldest weather. A few augur holes and a can of water kept at a simmer preserve fresh and wholesome air. Oil of high proof can be procured at every country store. The expense all told will not average over 7 cents a day in winter and under 5 cents in summer. Not the smallest advantage of the oil stove is its ever-ready state, the absence of trouble in preparing for a neat and the sudden stoppage of all heat by merely turning down the flame, leaving no metal or embers to cool down. The oil is handy in other respects. It will remove grease, paint or red lead from the hands and heal the skin. It is also available for bruises or stiffness. This by way of parenthesis.

Chesapeake Bay is a noble sheet of water, more like an inland sea, offering every variety of experience afloat and scenery along shore, while ducks, fish, oysters, clams and crabs abound and are to be had for the trouble of pursuit. To the great majority of New York yachtsmen the bay is practically unknown except the name, otherwise its beautiful natural attractions, its picturesque harbors, great bell-mouthed rivers and salt-water arms would be visited by squadrons of vessels in spring and in fall. Imagine Long Island Sound doubled in length, carrying its greatest width for two thirds of the distance and the shores indented with scores of lateral branches like Northport, Narragansett, Buzzard's Bay and Gardiner's, but carrying a depth of ten to twenty feet clear up to their heads. Into this great body allow river upon river to flow, some of them measuring seven miles across and deliver to each of these numerous tributaries wider than the Thames at New London, many in turn supplied by a system of ramifying arms like the branches and twigs of a tree, the arms as big as the whole of Northport Harbor. Line all these with bold bluffs, now clad with the verdure of forests, now tilled in broad fields of prosperous farms, now steep and cliff-like in their frowning ascent from the sea. Dot in great cities, towns, villages and settlements, nestled in the hollows at tide line along the beach, and invariably moor a fleet of smart, rakish craft of moderate size under the lee of a sandy hook or in the turn of a sheltering creek with others standing off and on, their dredges towing astern, and keen-hulled canoes with a strong trace of poetry to their bulks and rig bending rail awash to brisk breezes, sundry ocean steamers and large square-riggers and freight schooners innumerable bound out, bound in, an ever-changing panorama of life upon the scene, and you will have something like the attractive picture which greets the eye of the cruiser in the majestic Chesapeake. Imagine Long Island Sound on a much greater scale, more picturesque and nobler even to awe inspiring, such is the greatest bay on our coast, the paradise of yachting. If New Yorkers and Eastern men were familiar with the prospects of their own country instead of being provincials whose limited vision sees no further than the comparatively narrow confines of Long Island waters or Massachusetts Bay, cruising in the Chesapeake would be fraught with benefit to yachts and owners. In the great bay vessels must be seagoing in the harbor and at fittings, for they may have to meet turbulent waters and fresh gales with long distances to sail from shelter to shelter. All the trading vessels of this region are well built, with models, spars, gear and iron work especially adapted to seagoing work. It is refreshing to contemplate the smacks and carriers, bold, high sided, with deep waists and stout seamanlike air aloft. They have an originality about them which is distinctively American. In type and outfit they are to the manor born, unlike the products of the art in New York waters, which are but servile copies of the importations of the old Dutch settlers two centuries ago. While the smack or working boat and even the fishermen of the East are homely to a degree with a Cheap John look to spars and gear, lacking in "blood" or "strain," the craft of the Chesapeake are all of them slightly, well proportioned, and well fitted for any work. Some of them are smart and stylish, with an air of "go" and a cut to their rig which would figure with credit in any fleet of yachts. The Baltimore pungaie, with her beautifully moulded head, pure sheer, clean run and high luck, surmounted by a rig jaunter than that of the famous old America herself, sails equally as flat in their set, is a sight as good as a feast.

The Buckeye, another special creation of the Chesapeake, though scarcely known to Northern men, flourishes herein great numbers. And well she may. A more serviceable, handier, faster, economical type of working boat has never been devised. Her merits are such that she ought long ago to have been well known to every port on the coast. Fast at all times, she excels in ugly weather and a chop sea. Long, narrow and often shoal, with great length of keel, she has the steady behavior of a cutter, and with a load aboard, launches along through the seas in a fashion which would make nine out of ten of our sloop yachts look sheepish. She will point and fetch with the best of them. One man and a boy make up the crew all told of a 60ft. Buckeye, and I know of a 50ft. boat habitually sailed by her owner alone. Besides these, there are all manner of canoes, half-decked and open, slightly in form and with trim and tastefully cut sails. The regular schooner is, of course, well represented, and on an average far ahead of the Northern conception of such craft. In short, the high standard attained in the local practice in shipbuilding is a perfect revelation and a most agreeable surprise to the man whose ideas have been wrapped up in New York as the source of all that is bright and original. A cruise to the Chesapeake strips the eyes of the provincial from the great metropolis, and he learns that the rest of the world has not been asleep, even though it is not huddled into a Babel as big as his own city. The vessels of Baltimore and the South are of such interest that I hope to give further details and plans of a technical character, as soon as the expected "warm weather" puts in an appearance.

Sloops are not in great favor above York River, but are more popular about Norfolk and the James. Catboats are unknown. They have been tried, but were found unhandy and unsafe in the open waters of the bay. On my voyage down, the Coot was the recipient of many sarcastic pleasantries. "Say Cap, what is the matter with your jib." "Left your jib home to be washed, Cap?" "Stick out your jib why don't you, Cap?" Be it known that the population in these latitudes answers to the appellation "Cap." To be a man of any account, you must own a boat of some description. Just as the farmer inland must have his wagon and team, the boat is in the Chesapeake regions an implement of livelihood quite as essential. To be boatless is to be without standing. A large fraction of the population goes through life habitually in oilskins. A sou'wester and rubber boots admit you to good fellowship and full confidence at once, even to the extending of credit in the country stores, for a man so appareled must needs be a "Cap," and that is passport enough for your responsibility.

From Elk Point at the confluence of Elk River and the Susque-



INTERIOR PLANS OF "MERMAID,"

hanna to Cape Henry, the southernmost extremity, Chesapeake Bay measures 160 nautical miles or 190 statute miles. From Elk Point to Bodkin at the mouth of the Patuxent, on which Baltimore is situated, the distance is 23 nautical miles. From Bodkin to Severn River, upon which is located Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, the distance is about 12. From the Severn to mouth of Patuxent 42. Thence to the well known Point Lookout of the Potomac, 20 nautical miles. Thence to the Rappahannock 28. From there to New Point Comfort, known more frequently as New Point, it is 17, and from New Point to Old Point Comfort, Hampton Roads, 24 nautical miles. The bay is 8 nautical miles or 9 1/2 land miles from Bodkin Point to the eastern shore, narrows to 6 miles from the Severn across to Kent Island. Off the Patuxent it is again 8 miles; off Point Lookout 14. Below this the greatest width of 22 nautical miles or 25 land miles, is found. It narrows again to 10 off the Rappahannock and to 13 off New Point. At Old Point it expands once more to 17 across to Cape Charles. The mouth of the bay is 10 nautical miles from cape to cape. These figures hardly give a fair idea of the breadth of the waters, because the mouths of the great rivers contribute so much to an increased reach for the wind and sea that they must be taken into account. In a northeaster, for example, the sweep down the Patapsco, a river over three miles wide at the mouth, and across the bay is actually 20 miles where the bay is but 8. A similar wind has a sweep out of the Potomac and across the bay of over 30 miles. As the Potomac is 7 miles across the mouth, the disturbance out in the bay during a northeaster is something never approached in Long Island Sound unless during an easterly gale in its widest part. From the head of Choptank Bay to Cape Charles there is another clean sweep of 30 miles. If it blows from the northward it is 15 miles from New Point to Back River, the next harbor on that shore, if you are familiar enough to risk its entrance in the high steep sea tumbling over the flats through which the narrow winding channel leads. From north or south, wind and sea are unobstructed for stretches of 75 miles. If the gale is on shore, from east round to S. S. E., the Atlantic rollers pour in the cape and 40 miles up the bay or 35 miles into "the Roads" of Haverhill. From these figures it will be seen what a mighty sheet the Chesapeake may seem to be in ugly and untoward circumstances. I have heard old smackmen here freely say they would sooner ride out a blow in the longer swell of the open Atlantic than in the short and hollow chop of the bay, ostensibly sheltered water.

Navigating such an inland ocean is serious work compared to which the backing and filling about Long Island Sound is trivial indeed. Add to this the distance of 15 to 25 miles between available harbors in the Chesapeake, and the convenience of a hole to run into every 3 to 5 miles in the Sound, and the risks grow to correspond, especially with a small boat, to which 25 miles is a good day's run, and which could never think of bearing to windward half that distance against a high sea, and often not an inch in bad weather. Now attempt to navigate the bay in the dead of the winter, the severest known in thirty years, with ice and cold to battle against besides, and during an unprecedented period of severest gales, and try to do that single handed with nine hours daylight only, and you have the tough job the Coot tackled—and accomplished, without serious accident of any kind, but with much hardship, exposure, and considerable disgust at the lack of windward powers of a small shoal-bodied beamy boat. Likewise, it must be confessed, with immediate fear of a capsize at times, when it was impossible to round to or to get the canvas off.

The Chesapeake is charted in six lengths, beginning just above the entrance of the Delaware Canal into Back River, one of the eastern tributaries of the noble Elk. The charts are numbered 36, 35, 34, 33, 32 and 31 in the titles. The latter takes in the Elizabeth River with the port of Norfolk, Hampton Roads, the Capes, the mouth of the James and Hampton Creek. These charts do not cover the rivers such as the Potomac, Patuxent, York, etc., except their lower reach as they empty into the bay. The scale is 1-80,000, which is of sufficient detail for all practical purposes, though harbor charts can also be had. The price of the charts is fifty cents. The improvements to the "aids to navigation" have been of such recent date that care must be taken to buy only "corrected" charts up to the latest date attainable. Mine were corrected up to end of 1883, but were not perfect. Several lights, notably those of Sandy Point, half way between the Patapsco and Severn and Smith's Point, southern cape of the Potomac, have since been removed to the extremity of the outlying shoals, the old towers still standing on the shore. Some of the minor harbors have also been changed. These making the voyage in small boats should not rely altogether on the charts, but supplement them with information from local luminaries, being careful not to place implicit trust in their counsels. Though well meaning, some of them like to appear wise in your opinion and assent readily to what you wish. The nomenclature of small holes and inlets is also uncertain. Different persons know the same place by different appellations not put down on the chart. Many small creeks, which afford much needed shelter between regular navigable harbors are not marked with soundings or names at all on the charts, being beneath the dignity of the latter. Others which are located by the government survey are now closed up with bars. Around Point Lookout, for instance, two small inlets are shown on the chart, half way between the Point and South Creek, five miles up the river. These I could not find, the beach being unbroken the whole distance. I believe Professor Bixby, while cruising over the same ground in his sloop *North*, went on the same sill-hunt with like results. On the other hand, Little Wicomico, below Smith Point, is not sounded on the chart. Yet a small boat drawing 3 ft. can get in on the ebb without trouble with a leading wind or by poling and sculling. At top of tide even 5 ft. may find water enough. Once inside there is a fine bay, with good anchorage. The lower inlet shown on the chart is closed for anything but canoes. This harbor was called simply Little River by the natives. The nomenclature of the Chesapeake is comparatively simple and amiable. Any number of Back Creeks, Smith and Sandy Points, Little Rivers, South Rivers, Deep Creeks, Plum Islands, etc. are scattered broadcast along the shores. Had some of the Indian nomenclature been retained, confusion would have been less and good taste not so offended. Around New Point Comfort, which affords only a lee from north and east, it is well to know that there are several creeks in which a small boat can find shelter. No soundings being given, I took the risk of a night under the Point and escaped a lee shore in a young hurricane by only a few hours. Since the chart laws this harbor, which can carry 5 ft. in the creeks without trouble. They are in the big cove inside of the Point. Deep Creek, just round the Point, has only 2 ft. of water, though it is marked with prominence on the chart. Governor's Run is said to be another refuge on the long stretch between Herring Harbor and the Patuxent. St. Jerome is the proper harbor for small boats to make when approaching Point Lookout from the north. The channel is staked and inside is the pier and establishment of the Fishery Commission. The chart shows this harbor, the entrance to which is well marked. Horn Harbor, however, similarly located with regard to New Point, has not even soundings, though buckeyes crawling ft. go in and out, I am told. Thus, it will be seen that much can be learned by pumping trustworthy local sources and nights spent in snug anchorage grounds instead of putting up with open roadsteads, if sailing by chart only. Concerning the eastern shore I am unable to speak. It has many large, outlying shoals, and is difficult to approach, with the exception of the principal rivers, notably the Choptank. In its upper windings there are many interesting and pretty towns on the eastern shore, such as Cambridge, Oxford and Easton, well worth a visit, and I hope some day to steer my bark up that coast on a general voyage of discovery. No doubt some readers

of *FOREST AND STREAM* are quite familiar with the lay of the land and caught desired information. In Rothrock's "Vacation Cruises" the shore is extensively described. C. P. K.

MARINE GLUE.—This substance, though little known in America, is in general use abroad, not only about yachts and boats, for which purpose it is specially adapted, but for such purposes as coating galvanic batteries, and for all waterproof joints. It is used exclusively in England for yachts' decks, instead of white lead putty, the advantage being that it is elastic, expanding and contracting with the wood, and thus leaving no openings for the water. The deck seams are usually a little wider than is usual here, to allow a good body of glue. No grease must be used on the caulking iron, but in large work the latter may be dipped in naphtha, water, or coal oil instead of lased oil. The presence of grease on the wood will prevent the glue adhering. The method of melting marine glue is as follows: Cut the glue into small pieces, melt in a pot or cauldron over a moderate fire, keeping it stirred now and then. When the glue is all melted the heat is about 212 degrees Fahr., but rather too thick to run freely, and if used in this state air bubbles may arise, therefore it requires boiling and stirring a few minutes longer, and should be used at a heat of 250 to 300 degrees Fahr., it then becomes perfectly liquid, and should be used as quickly as possible. The glue never boils over into the fire like pitch, but the contact of flame will ignite it, and it will burn entirely away. Should it take fire it will be covered with a carpet of cloth which will smother the flames. Marine glue is also largely used for double skin boats, a layer of muslin being laid in glue between the two thicknesses of planks. The makers are Messrs. Jeffreys & Co., whose address may be found in our advertising columns.

OSWEGO Y. C.—A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Oswego Y. C. was held Feb. 26. Commodore Phelps appointed July 3 as the day for the start on the annual cruise, and Charlotte as the port of destination. The yachts of the Royal Canadian and Toronto Y. C. will be invited to meet the Oswego fleet on the one hundred and tenth anniversary of our independence, and the event will be duly celebrated. The initiation was raised from \$10 to \$15. The Commodore appointed the following committees: Regatta Committee—Chas. N. Worts, chairman; Robert S. Sloan, William Gordon, Fred Coad, Jas. D. Henderson, William E. Lee, Allen Poucher. House Committee—John D. Phelps, chairman; Geo. N. Burt, Nicholas C. Goble. Committee on Admission—Elliot B. Mott, chairman; John F. Tuttle, James F. Herrick. Capt. A. Fitzgerald was appointed Assistant Measurer. A general revision of the club book was submitted to the committee by Chairman Chas. A. Worts, and a committee was appointed, consisting of the Commodore and Messrs. Worts and Donnelly, to attend to the publication of the new book. A club meeting will be held soon at which three delegates will be elected to represent the club at the International Lake Yacht Racing Association meeting, which is to convene at Oswego on May 8, when officers will be elected for the Association for 1886 and the general condition of yachting affairs will be canvassed.

NEWARK Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Newark Y. C. was held on March 1, Commodore Edward M. Groves presiding. The reports for the past year were read, showing the club to be in a flourishing condition financially. The following officers were elected: Commodore, Thomas W. Dawson, schooner *Sea Witch*; Vice-Commodore, Hardy Bush, sloop *Cloud*; Recording Secretary, Charles H. Mayhew; Financial Secretary, Thomas Luff; Treasurer, Stratford J. Cullen, sloop *Winifred*; Measurer, George Hartung, Jr.; Board of Trustees: Charles Cameron, Enmy C.; William B. Adams, Triton, and Lyander Wright, Jr., Duplex. After the election Mr. Charles Cameron presented Edward M. Grover, the retiring Commodore, with a handsome yacht cannon. After all business was concluded the club sat down to a dinner. The Regatta Committee will at once arrange dates for the events of next season: they will be announced as soon as fixed and the committee hope to present such attractions as will draw a full list of entries.

YACHTING NOTES.—Oswego—A new yacht is nearly planked, and bids fair to warm some of the fastest ones which generally have things their own way in the prizes. She will be about 37 ft. long and 11 ft. beam. Major Burke is her designer and builder, a guarantee that she will be a honest boat. The sale of the sloop yacht *Ariadne*, of Cold Spring, which has gone the rounds of the nautical press as being purchased by a party in Oswego, is regarded as a mistake, as no one willing to shoulder the responsibility can be discovered. Webber, of South Boston, is building a keel boat for Mr. S. J. Wood, of Somerville, Mass. She will be 22 ft. 6 in. over all, 19 ft. waterline, 7 ft. beam and 3 ft. draft, with a 15 in. keel and a shoe of 500 pounds. She will be sloop rigged. King Philip, Dr. C. G. Wood, will go to no commission this season. A schooner, schooner, arrived at St. Kitts on March 6. A sloop, Messrs. Converse & Sanford, New Haven, Y. C., has been sold to Messrs. Hope & Copman, Atlantic Y. C.

OPEN BOAT SAILING.—Mr. Tyrrell E. Biddle has added another to his well-known handbooks on yachts and boats, in a little volume entitled, "Amateur Sailing in Open and Half-Decked Boats." Mr. Biddle has had a large experience sailing, and his book contains much useful advice to the young navigator, and the hints and directions are good, especially in their plain speaking as to caution in sailing. As much cannot be said as to the boats and rigs described and the drawings of them, as the former are mostly old-fashioned and clumsy, while the cuts give very poor ideas of the boats and sails. Mr. Biddle condemns the balanced lug, for which he do not blame him if it is rigged as shown in the illustrations; but we cannot, at this time, agree with his high opinion of the sprit. The latter chapters contain useful receipts for painting, etc., and hints on the care of boats, which will be valuable to all young yachtsmen. The book is published by Norrie & Wilson, London.

A RIDING CHECK FOR CATBOATS.—Saugatuck, Conn., Feb. 27. Editor *Forest and Stream*: Many of your readers, myself among the number, are watching Mr. Kunhardt's progress with the Coot with a great deal of interest, and am sure that he carries with him the best wishes of us all for his success and pleasure. The catboats on Long Island Sound are fitted with a short bowsprit, 2 or 3 ft. over the rig, with a bowsprit and forestay. On one side an ordinary riding check is fitted as in most sloops. If Mr. K. would use it on the Coot he would have less trouble in getting up his anchor in rough water, and by leading the painter aft to the cockpit could give his boat way to windward and have the tiller within reach. Besides this advantage he will find that the Coot will ride easily at anchor with this rig. Give the Coot a chance, Mr. K., and she will carry you through in safety.—CAT.

CRUISER.—Mr. Alley is having a small cabin trunk added to the *Cruiser*, so that he may use her for duck shooting in the spring and fall. The trunk will be 1 ft. high forward, 2 ft. aft, with a good crown, and will be about 8 ft. long, making a cozy little cabin for sleeping. The sides and top are of half-inch pine, covered with canvas, and the entire affair is so fitted as to be readily removed by withdrawing a few screws. A washboard bin, high also been added forward, extending about 10 ft. aft. McWhirter, of West Brighton, is doing the work. The *Cruiser* will come out as a cat.

PILGRIM.—Dr. W. H. Winslow wishes to dispose of his cutter *Pilgrim*, the cruise of which was so charmingly described in our columns. The Doctor was so well satisfied with the boat's behavior under trying circumstances, that he has decided to build a larger one of the same kind.

A SMALL AUXILIARY YACHT.—A trial has been made at Dartmouth during the past week with an Itchen Ferry sailing boat fitted as an auxiliary, by Messrs. Simpson & Dennison, with a small set of their Kingdom's patent compound surface condensing machinery. The boat is 20 ft. in length, has a beam of 7 ft. 6 in., and was found to have a speed of about five miles an hour. The machinery consists of a vertical natural draft boiler, with a diameter of 2 ft., and standing 2 ft. 1 in. above the floor boards, the small engine close alongside only occupying a round space of 1 ft. 6 in. by 9 in., from which it will be seen that a very small space is taken up in the well of the boat, and that the whole machinery, cased in, forms in the center a small table about 2 ft. high, without interfering with the accommodation.—*The Field*, Feb. 27.

NEW SHARPIES.—Mr. Clapham is now building four Nonpareil sharpie yachts. Three of them are each 27 1/2 ft. in length by about 7 ft. beam, and will draw 9 in. water with centerboard up. All will have the Roslyn yawl rig. One of these yachts will be owned in Providence, one on Staten Island, and the third goes to Norfolk, Va. Mr. Clapham is just beginning work on a Nonpareil sharpie single-hand keel yacht for a New York gentleman. She will be 24 ft. in length, and will draw 30 in. water. This boat will be similar to the one illustrated on page 233 of "Small Yachts," except that she will have the Roslyn yawl rig, which rig is becoming a decided favorite, when handiness coupled with speed is needed. There is at present a very greatly increased demand for single-hand cruising yachts.

ATLANTIC Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. was held on Monday, in their club rooms, No. 41 Court street, Brooklyn. The following officers were elected: Commodore, H. H. Hognis; Vice-Commodore, F. C. Swan; Rear Commodore, E. C. Sterling; Recording Secretary, R. S. Church; Treasurer, R. C. Field; Measurer, W. C. Laenger; Corresponding Secretary, J. L. Marcellus; Directors, Wm. Peet, S. Lones, N. D. Lawton, J. R. Maxwell, A. H. Farrington and W. H. Thomas. Yacht Committee, J. T. Van Wyck, C. T. Pierce, W. T. Winttingham. Membership Committee, W. W. Richards, T. L. Arnold, Henry Earle. The annual regatta will take place on June 15.

INTER-LAKE YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of the Inter-lake Yachting Association, formed at Ballast Island last July, was held at Toledo, O., on March 6, with Commodore Gardner, of Cleveland, in the chair. It was decided to meet in Detroit on July 5 and 6, and to cruise thence to Put-in-Bay. The officers, chosen at Put-in-Bay last year, are: Commodore, G. W. Gardner, Cleveland; Vice-Commodore, H. C. Hart, Detroit; Rear-Commodore, A. W. Machen, Toledo; Secretary and Treasurer, J. S. Williams, Cleveland.

THREE SCORE YEARS AND HEARTY.—Capt. Coffin, the old-time favorite among the yachting reporters, celebrated his sixtieth birthday on the 8th. He was overwhelmed with congratulation and good wishes from every side, while the way in which he spiced the main brace from the binnacle away up to the eyebolt of the main-yardarm would have turned any sailorman green with envy.

JERSEY CITY Y. C.—At the annual meeting of the Jersey City Y. C. held at their rooms on Tuesday, March 4, 1886, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commodore, H. B. Pierson; Vice-Commodore, C. A. Smith; Secretary, C. C. Pierce; Treasurer, Geo. Hawes; Measurer, G. L. Winn.

ICE YACHTS.—Several races were sailed at Hyde Park on March 3 in a high wind. Com. Rogers sailed the *St. Nicholas* against the *Bessie*, three races, each of seven miles, winning every time.

ST. JOHNS RIVER TO NEW ORLEANS.—A correspondent asks the best route from St. Johns River, Fla., to New Orleans, in a 22 ft. steam launch.

The wonderful growth of athletic sports in this country is well illustrated by the handsome and very complete catalogue of sporting goods just issued by A. G. Spalding & Bros., of Chicago and New York. It is a large size book of 180 pages, and contains over 1,000 separate illustrations of the various articles used by sportsmen, together with a complete description and prices of each article. In addition to its value as a catalogue, it also contains the latest sporting rules governing all kinds of outdoor and indoor sports and pastimes, which is well worth the price asked for the book.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

J. E. N., Greenpoint, N. J.—We can obtain the book for you.

W. J., Jr., Boston.—There is no book that treats of the building of ribless boats.

C. H. H., Lebanon, N. H.—A 13 ft. dory should be about 21 in. wide on the bottom.

J. W. C.—We know of no one who builds a decked canoe for the price you mention.

F. A. M., N. Y.—The Yacht List is published by Neils Olsen, steward of the N. Y. Y. C.

S. D., Mercersburg, Pa.—Write to the Consolidated Fruit Jar Co., 40 Warren street, N. Y.

L. C. D., New York.—We do not know the signal. The canoes probably come from New York or Bayonne.

W. D. A., Jr., Montclair, N. J.—You will find several yacht stoves described in the *FOREST AND STREAM* for last year.

G. H., Jr., Chicago.—Either of the canoes which you name will suit your purpose. They are all good cruisers and sailers.

S. H. H., Concord, Mass.—Waters' illustrated catalogue, published by Waters & Son, of Troy, in 1870, gives many drawings of shells. We know of no other book.

M. H. BENSLOW, Brooklyn.—Use linseed oil with a little turpentine as a dryer. The distance from New Brighton to New Brunswick is nearly 30 miles. See "Canoe and Camp Cookery" for methods of carrying provisions.

G. A. M.—Are California trout and rainbow trout the same fish or are they two distinct species? Ans. They are the same fish. The name is rainbow trout, but as they came from California they were re-christened. This is a bad habit they have at the California hatchery of the New York Fish Commission of renaming fish after the place they come from. They persist in calling the brown trout "German trout," but it is also an English and French trout.

H. H., Rotherfield, Sussex, England.—1. Could an experienced English game keeper obtain a permanent situation in Canada or the States? 2. What would be his wages per week? 3. Would he be likely to meet with murderous assaults from poachers as is often the case here in England? 4. Is pheasant rearing by hand carried out to any extent in America as it is in England? Ans. 1. Clubs are forming from time to time who might employ such a person. 2. Not very high. 3. No. 4. No.

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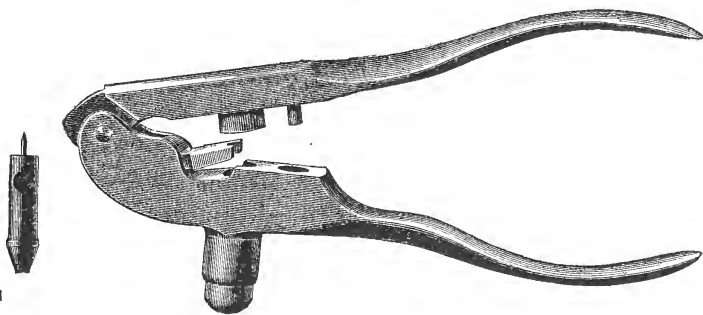
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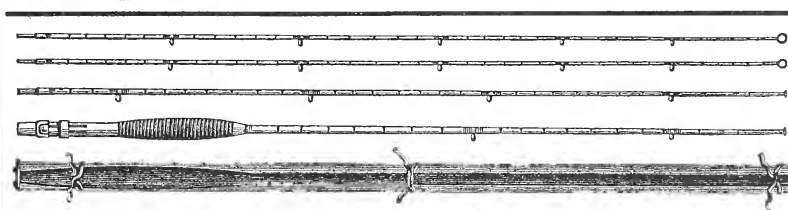
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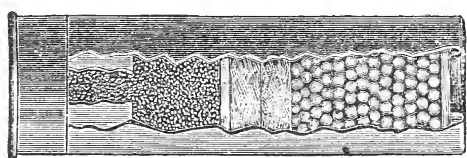
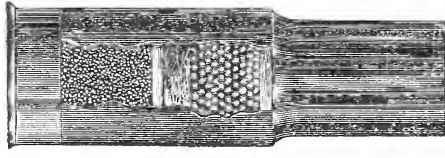
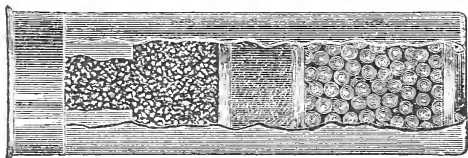
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The Kennel.

Hartford Kennel Club

BENCH SHOW OF DOGS.

Union Armory, April 13, 14, 15 & 16, '86.

Entries close Friday, April 2, 1886.

For premium list address

A. C. COLLINS, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

NEW HAVEN KENNEL CLUB,

THIRD ANNUAL BENCH SHOW OF

DOGS,

At Second Regiment Armory,

March 30 and 31, April 1 and 2, 1886.

Entries close Saturday, March 13, 1886.

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IN THE STUD.

Champion rough-coated St. Bernard Cressar (A.K.R. 23); fee \$25. English pug Sam; fee \$10. Pups for sale. Address with stamp, Portland, Me.

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Of purest Swiss strains, recently imported. Several fine dogs and bitches and a few puppies are in my hands to be disposed of. I can promise purchasers they are of excellent pedigree, and full of true St. Bernard character.

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Will hold their Second Annual

Bench Show of Dogs

APRIL 6, 7, 8, 9,

At Mechanic's Building,

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\$2 000

IN CASH PRIZES AND MEDALS, also numerous valuable special prizes.

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New Jersey Kennel & Field Trial Club

BENCH SHOW OF DOGS,

Metropolitan Rink, Newark, N. J.

MARCH 23, 24 & 25, 1886.

ENTRIES CLOSE TUESDAY, MARCH 9.

Exhibitors desiring to carry dogs by Penn. R. R., Erie R. R., Lehigh Valley R. R., Sus. & W. R. R., Phila. & Reading R. R., or D. L. & W. R. R., can do so free of charge by presenting certificates issued by the club. Apply for same to

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Western Pa. Poultry Society

Will hold their Twelfth Annual

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At Grand Central Skating Rink,

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For Premium List address

feb11,4t

O. B. ELBEN, Secretary.

L. F. WHITMAN, Supt.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, MARCH 18, 1886.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
Nos. 39 and 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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A SUPERINTENDENT OF PROTECTORS.

THE bill recently introduced into the New York Assembly, providing for the appointment of a superintendent of game and fish protectors, is an admirable measure and should be passed without hesitation. The full text of the measure is as follows:

SECTION 1. The Governor is hereby authorized to appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a person to be known as the superintendent of game and fish protectors, who shall receive a salary of ——— dollars per annum, with all necessary and traveling expenses necessarily and actually incurred, not to exceed ——— dollars per year, to be audited and allowed by the Comptroller and paid by the Treasurer out of any moneys not otherwise appropriated.

SEC. 2. For the purpose of the more effectual enforcement of the laws for the protection of fish and game, the game and fish protectors now or who may hereafter be appointed by the Governor shall be subject to the supervision and direction of the superintendent of game and fish protectors, who shall divide the territory of the State into protection districts and shall assign to each protector his district, and shall have authority also to assign for temporary duty in any district a protector from any other district. The said superintendent shall require of each protector at the close of each calendar month a report in writing, and in detail stating the service performed by each protector during the last preceding month, including an account of the suits commenced at his instance, the disposition made of such suits, the result of any brought to trial, and the condition of any undisposed of; and no payment for services performed, or traveling expenses paid by any protector, shall be made until the claimant shall present to the Comptroller, in addition to the usual oath of performance and payment, a certificate from said superintendent that he has made the report required by this act, and has in all other respects faithfully performed his official duty. The superintendent of game and fish protectors shall report to the Governor all cases of dereliction or neglect of duty of any protector which shall come to his knowledge, together with such evidence as he may have touching the case, and the Governor shall have authority to remove from office any protector reported to be delinquent, after giving him an opportunity to be heard in his defense.

SEC. 3. Said superintendent of game and fish protectors, and his successors who shall be appointed by the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall hold office for three years from the date of his appointment, and all vacancies in said office shall be filled by the Governor, subject to a confirmation by the Senate at the next session, for the unexpired portion of the term in which the vacancy occurs.

SEC. 4. The said superintendent is hereby invested with and shall possess all the powers and privileges for the due and proper enforcement

ment of the game and fish laws of this State, now had and possessed by law by the game and fish protectors appointed by the Governor pursuant to the provisions of chapter five hundred and ninety-one of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty, and the acts amendatory of the same or supplementary thereto.

SEC. 5. It shall be the duty of the superintendent of game and fish protectors appointed or who may be appointed under this act to supervise and direct the work of the game and fish protectors, to investigate all complaints concerning their inefficiency or neglect of duty, to assign them to duty wherever required, to see that they in all things enforce the laws for the protection of fish and game, and perform all the duties required of them by law.

SEC. 6. It shall be the duty of the said superintendent of fish and game protectors appointed or who may be appointed under this act to file in the office of the State Comptroller during the month of December in each year, all reports made to him during the preceding year by the fish and game protectors, and an account stating the expenses paid or incurred by him in the discharge of the duties of his office, which account shall be verified by the oath of said superintendent that the same is correct and true in every particular, and shall make and present, in January of each year, a written report to the Legislature of his proceedings and the nature and extent of the services performed by the State game and fish protectors, together with such recommendations of further legislative or official action as he may deem proper.

SEC. 7. Section four of chapter three hundred and seventeen of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty-three is hereby repealed.

SEC. 8. This act shall take effect immediately. This supervision of the game and fish protectors is now a part of the duty of the commissioners of fisheries, and the actual labor falls to the lot of Gen. R. U. Sherman, the secretary of the commission. His position is an unsalaried one, the duties relating to the fish commission proper are all that such an unsalaried official could be expected to perform, and it is quite right that he should be relieved of the supervision of the protectors.

The actual working of the proposed system will depend altogether upon the man who may be selected for the appointment. If the new office is to be made a political sop, the system may very readily be botched. If politicians are disregarded and a superintendent appointed because of his known and proved fitness for the post, the office may prove a most valuable one in perfecting the protective system. We know of no one more fitted to take the office and acceptably fill it than Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls. What Mr. Cheney's politics may be we are not informed, but he has given repeated and signal proofs of his devotion to the cause of game and fish protection, his information on the subject, practical experience, familiarity with the Adirondack region and known ability, are such as should be possessed by the first superintendent to be appointed should the bill become a law.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

THE purpose of the AUDUBON SOCIETY is the protection of American birds not used for food. To accomplish this purpose it will

1. Secure and publish information to show the extent of the present enormous destruction of birds for millinery, decorative and other purposes.
2. Expose the outrageous and indefensible cruelty of such wanton taking of feathered life.
3. Point out the damage to the agricultural interests of the land which must certainly follow the decimation of the insectivores.
4. By thus presenting the subject in its ethical, humane and economic aspects, enlist the sympathy and active personal co-operation of a large membership in the effort to check the evil.

Three forms of pledges have been adopted, viz: 1. To discourage the killing of any bird not used for food. 2. To discourage the robbing of any bird's nest or the destruction of its eggs. 3. To refrain from the use of any wild bird's plumage as an article of dress or adornment.

The AUDUBON SOCIETY certificate of membership will be issued to those who subscribe to one, two or all of the pledges. Membership involves no expense whatever. There are no fees of any kind. The funds necessary to carry on the work are supplied entirely by voluntary subscription, the immediate expense for organization being borne by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish the circulars of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms. The society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

MR. PALMER'S "SHY" DEER.

THE strong plea of the deer hounders is—or was, until they were forced to back down from the position last Tuesday—that the deer is such a stupidly tame and donkey-like creature that it must be chased by dogs and clubbed by men in boats to be made "shy" and "preserved" from the still-hunters. The hounders have drummed up all sorts of witnesses to prove their "shy" argument, and among them Assemblyman George W. Palmer, whom the voters of Clinton county saw fit to send to Albany as their representative. Mr. Palmer is fond of posing before the House as an "old practical hunter," and when he gets up to deliver himself of some choice bit of woodcraft his fellow members give him most deferential hearing. Mr. Palmer made his little speech in favor of deer hounding the other day, and told his little story to show how the deer are made "shy" by the dogs. This is what he said:

<i>Six Days of Hounding.</i> Now let me tell you a little incident that happened to me about twenty-five years ago, on one of those beautiful lakes that grace the Adirondack region. A party of four or five gentlemen went to the upper Chataugee Lake; on a little island in the middle we had camped. We had half a dozen dogs, half a dozen boats, and half a dozen guides. We spent the whole week there with our dogs, every day striking a fresh track for six long days, and not a deer did we get.	<i>How it made them "Shy."</i> The guides said to us, "Put your dogs in the kennels, and to-morrow we will have some sport and you those beautiful lakes that grace the Adirondack region. A party of four or five gentlemen went to the upper Chataugee Lake; on a little island in the middle we had camped. We had half a dozen dogs, half a dozen boats, and half a dozen guides. We spent the whole week there with our dogs, every day striking a fresh track for six long days, and not a deer did we get."
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To have such a relation of actual experience of this sort is doubtless very gratifying to the hounders. Here is a "sportsman" of forty years' experience, who gives definite statistics to prove the "shy" theory. His party, he says, hounded deer six days, and having by this time made them "shy," went out still-hunting on the seventh day, and shot down seven of them. *Hec fabula docet.*

THE HOPATCONG SULPHURIC ACID.

A NOTE in our angling columns last week called attention to the outrageous destruction of the fish of Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, by refuse drained from a powder mill into the lake. It is one of a series of hundreds of like cases, but it happens to be a very aggravated instance. Lake Hopatcong, because near New York, has been for some years past a favorite angling resort. The lake was stocked with black bass and these have been a great attraction for anglers from this city and vicinity. With utter disregard of the rights of others, a powder concern has been draining its waste into the lake, and the result is that the fish are dying off in such numbers that their utter extermination is soon to be wrought. The *Evening Post* reports that a late analysis of the water of the lake, made by Dr. Newton, of Paterson, at the request of the State Board of Health, proved that its waters are highly charged with sulphuric acid, so much so that it is a question of only a short time before all the fish in the lake will be killed. His analysis of water taken from the stream, running through the powder works property into the lake, and also of water taken a mile from the shores of the lake, proves that it contains from forty to fifty grains of sulphuric acid to the gallon. Live fish placed in this water by Dr. Newton died within from six to eleven minutes. So Hopatcong is to be ruined by the stupidity of powder manufacturers who see in that beautiful lake nothing more than a cesspool for the waste from their mill. If "Jersey justice" cannot remedy this outrage the law should be amended to fit such cases.

A CLEAR CASE.—At a pigeon shooting match in New Jersey the other day, an account of which is given elsewhere, the birds were mutilated in a barbarous fashion. Their tail feathers were pulled out, their eyes were gouged out, and they were otherwise maimed, so that their flight might be erratic and puzzle the shooters. This is a case which we hope to see brought to the attention of the authorities. Every cowardly and brutal fellow responsible for the pigeon torture should be indicted and punished. The open air and sunlight are too good for them. Their proper place is in jail. It is perhaps too much to hope that the richly-deserved punishment will follow. There is too much apathy on the part of officials and too much demoralization on the part of the public.

TO THE WALLED-IN LAKES.

XV.—A CHRISTENING.

THAT evening I had some conversation with Major Allen about the management of the agency, and among other things he spoke of the Indian police. Of these there are twenty-three, appointed by the agent, who receive \$8 per month, and wear a uniform and a shield badge. Their duties are to keep order in the camp and to make such arrests as the agent may direct. They are chosen from among the best men in the tribe. When enrolled they are made to understand that every man in the service of the United States is obliged to take an oath to obey the laws. This is the form which these Piegan use: "The Sun is good," as they say this they point to the sun. "The earth is good," pointing to the ground. "I will obey the orders of my chief that I may live long with my family."

Major Allen gave me a detailed narrative of the terrible condition of affairs at the agency when he reached here in March, 1884, some account of which has already been published in *FOREST AND STREAM*. He speaks of the Indians as now doing well. They are willing to work, but sadly need instruction. A number of competent farmers and mechanics, say one to every twenty-five families, should be appointed to teach these people how to work to the best advantage. Their will is good but they are very ignorant.

The next morning as we were sitting in the trader's store old *Nei-su Ki-yu* (Four Bears), the camp orator, came in and began to tell us about the pursuit of the horse thieves by the Pegunny. All through the previous day warriors on broken down horses had been coming into camp, some of them driving before them other animals from the stolen herd which had been unable to keep up and been left behind by the thieves. These, of course, were the least valuable of those stolen.

The last Indians who had come in the night before had reported that when they had turned back the trail was very fresh, and that before they were out of sight the fugitives had fired the prairie, and they heard distant shots as if a fight were taking place. All this Four Bears explained at great length and with such expressive gestures that I caught the sense of what he was saying even though I did not comprehend his word. He is a born orator, has an unending flow of words, a sweetly musical voice, and his gestures are wonderfully graceful and telling. After he had finished telling us about the war party he proceeded to enlarge on the strength of his "medicine" and to explain what wonderful feats of magic he was capable of. He said that if he wanted to he could step out of doors and open his side and have a wagon roll out from between his ribs on to the prairie. "If I go to war," said he, "I cannot be hurt. Even if the bullets hit me they will not go through my skin, they will glance off. I cannot be hurt by them."

"Come," he continued, "I will show you something which is medicine." He spoke to one of the children, who ran into the living room and returned in a moment with a glass of water and a whistle made from the leg bone of a beaver, and gave them to the old man, who led the way out of doors, behind the store. Here he put the water and the whistle on the ground, and facing about, took off his cap and gazed steadfastly at the sun. In a moment or two he began to pray earnestly in a low voice, and presently opening his mouth wide he seemed to breathe in the sunlight and then stretch upward his open hands to grasp the rays of light and pass them over his head and breast and arms. Then he took the whistle in one hand and raising the glass of water to his mouth and immersing the end of the whistle in the water, he blew a few shrill notes. Now putting down the whistle he took a swallow of the water, and then taking a mouthful of it he blew it in fine spray toward the sun. Then he made a motion as if vomiting into his hand, which he at once held out to me, open and palm up. It was wet but there was nothing in it. Again he took a mouthful of the water and went through the same performance, and showed me his hand wet, but empty. A third time this was repeated, and I saw something fall from his mouth into his hand, and when he held it out to me there lay on the palm a spherical body perhaps three-quarters of an inch in diameter, which looked like a polished pebble of clouded whitish quartz. After allowing me to inspect it for nearly a minute, he returned it to his mouth, took a mouthful of water, and apparently swallowed it, choking a little bit in the act as if it was too large to pass down easily. Mr. Kipp examined his mouth, and there was no foreign body in it. Evidently he had swallowed it. We had been watching him closely for an hour, and he had had no opportunity to put this object into his mouth in that time, and it did not seem that he could have had it there during the whole time that he had been talking to us. He did something very similar to this recently in Mr. Kipp's presence; but in this case the objects disgorged were three or four in number and were much smaller, perhaps one-quarter inch in diameter, and looked like hailstones.

I thought the exhibition worth a present, and going into the store got a plug of tobacco, which I put in my pocket. As I came out again Four Bears asked Mr. Kipp who I was, and he replied that I came from the end of the world, from the edge of the salt water. After a little more talk Four Bears said, "Come, I will give him a name. Long ago I named White Bull Calf [Mr. Upham], and now I will name my son, your friend who comes from where the world meets the salt water."

Stepping up to me he took my hand, and leading me out

of the shadow faced me about so that I looked toward the sun. He threw his cap on the ground and I my hat. Then he prayed, saying:

"Oh Sun, oh Old Man, look down. Have pity. Look upon this my son and me. Let us live. Listen. Many years ago, when I was a young man, I went upon the top of the Sweet Grass Buttes, where all the Indians are afraid to go, and stayed there long fasting. And while I slept my medicine [secret helper] said to me, 'Take the name *Pe-nut-u-ye is tsim-o-kan* [Fisher Cap, *i. e.*, a cap made from the skin of a fisher], that is what you shall be called.' For many years I bore this name, but now I am getting old, and before long I must die. I do not longer need this name, and now I give it to this my son. Pity him. Give him long life. Keep him from all dangers of every kind. When he goes into battle let all the bullets miss him, or, if any of them must hit him, let them glance off from his body. Care for him and let live. Make him strong. Let his children live very long and have plenty. Hear, Sun; hear, Old Man; pity, pity."

As he began his prayer he stretched out his right hand and made as if grasping the sunlight, which he spread slowly over my head on either side, and down over my shoulders, arms and breast. Then he said to me, "That is what you are called—*Pe-nut-u-ye is tsim-o-kan*." The prayer was uttered with a fervor and earnestness that quite compelled my respect.

After the ceremony was concluded I gave Four Bears the tobacco, which he accepted very pleasantly, and when, after a little further conversation, he learned that I was going to write down an account of it, he expressed a desire to write his name in my notebook. This he did by making his mark, and I here present the signature as a sort of certificate of baptism from him.

his
NEI-SU X KI-YU.
mark

These were busy days at the agency. The last of the crops were being harvested, and all the white men about the stockade and every Indian who could be pressed into the service were busily engaged either in hauling the grain or tending the threshing machine. The Indians work hard and faithfully, but, as might be imagined, they did not always put forth their exertions to the best advantage. Everywhere there was seen the need of more instructors.

After watching for some time the progress of the work, and spending a pleasant hour or two within the stockade at the hospitable home of Major Allen, three of us drove over to the bluffs and the south side of the valley of Badger Creek to look at some of the many graves which stand there. In old times the Pegunny, like many other plains races of Indians, buried their dead on scaffolds placed among the boughs of trees, or sometimes merely raised on poles, as are the graves of the Sioux. Such burial places are naturally most common along the rivers, because it is along the streams that the trees grow. There are many such burial places along the Marias River, and the Piegan name of the St. Mary's River is *Ah-ki-nus-kwo-nā*. This is often translated the River of the Dead; but a better interpretation of it is Many Chiefs Dead. *Ah-ki* is a contraction of *Ah-ki-wim*—plenty; *nus-kwo*—the scaffold or platform upon which the bodies of the dead are placed, and *nā* is a contraction of the word *nē nah*—a chief; so that the full idea of the name would be the place where many chiefs are on their scaffolds.

Efforts have been made at the agency to induce the Indians to give up their primitive mode of burial, and during the famine winter many of those who perished were buried in coffins in or on top of the ground. Often the hole excavated was barely deep enough to contain the coffin, so that its lid was level with the ground. Over some of these two or three inches of dirt had been piled which had been partly washed away by the rain. Here and there skeletons of two or three horses would be seen lying on the ground by the grave of some more important or wealthy man. As a rule these latter were placed on the higher bluffs bordering the valley, and the coffins were placed on the ground, while on them were piled blankets and robes, and in the case of medicine men, their bear pipes and other magical implements.

After death the spirits of the departed—their shadows the Pegunny call them—go to the sand hills. This is a barren, hilly country near Medicine Hat, and beyond that to the northward. Here too go all the spirits of the animals which die, and upon these the shadows feed.

Our stay at the agency drew to a close, and late one afternoon we bade a cordial farewell to all those who had been so kind to us, and Appekunny and I drove off over the level valley, climbed the long hill, and turning, took our last view of the interesting spot. Then a few days later I bade farewell to Appekunny and started for the East.

I had spent but a short time at the Walled-in-Lakes, and had accomplished but little in the way of shooting and fishing, yet I felt that the long journey had been well worth taking. In an experience of the western country extending over many years, I can recall but two trips that were so pleasant and so profitable as this one had been. Of the marvellously interesting features of the region I have tried to tell, and if I have failed, it is in part because their grandeur is too surpassing to be adequately treated by my pen.

The last nights in camp are to me rather sad, full of memories in which the bitter and sweet are oddly commingled. There is pain at leaving so much that is delight-

ful, melancholy in the reflection that one more year is taken from the sum of one's happiest days. But the recollection of these days and their joys is full of pleasure.

Each year it is harder for me to turn my back on all that is left of the happy free life of the olden time. The return to civilization is like the return to his dungeon of a prisoner who has been shown a glimpse of freedom. The mountain life of to-day is not the life of twenty, nor even of ten years ago, and now there is mingled with the pleasure of my temporary independence an undercurrent of sadness. I regret the changes that have come and others that I see near at hand. It is useless to feel these regrets—still more useless to express them, but old men will still be talking, and you will have but little more of my garrulity to endure just now.

So my camps for another year are at an end. The old rifle has had its final cleaning and is put away, the knife is rusting in its sheath. The story of my summer is at an end, and as I have so often done before, I close the note book and say good-bye.

Yo-

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE HUNTER'S VOW.

WHERE the peaks pierce the home of the storms,

And stretch in their grandeur divine,

Tumultuous, mountainous forms

Along the Canadian line;

'Mid the hills where the waters divide.

Some gulfwards beginning their flow,

Or on the Saskatchewan's side,

Rushing north to the infinite snow,

Where lie, looking up to the skies,

Blue lakes ringed with precipice walls,

Earth's solemn, unchangeable eyes,

Whose curtaining lid never falls;

There, weary of desk and of pen,

I wandered the free hills to tread

And find, among primitive men,

The rest that from cities has fled.

The whirling mist had wrapped the peaks.

A long day's fruitless labor done

Was ended by the angry streaks

That showed where sank the stormy sun.

My mountain Indian's tireless stride,

Had left me panting far behind.

I shouted. Only rocks replied

With echoes drowned by whistling wind.

At length I found our upward track.

And stumbling, falling, wet and chill,

I traced the faint marks slowly back,

Till in tall woods the wind grew still.

Only the boughs, swayed overhead,

Droned out their deep Æolian air,

And startled from his leafy bed,

Rustled away some half-seen hare.

Then, lightening through the deep rich gloom,

Our camp-fire flashed a yellow star,

And homely smells, like rich perfume,

Caught my starved senses from afar.

"What luck?" they cried, as I drew near.

"Where are the spoils that hunters bring?"

At least the saddle of a deer

Should answer for your rifle's ring."

"I've fired no shot this live-long day.

My gun is clean. My stomach's light.

Just pass the venison this way.

The game will suffer most at night."

The man was feeble, and the jest

Was weaker still. They passed it by.

And soon refreshed, I lay at rest

Watching my smoke wreaths float and die.

Stretched out toward the grateful heat,

In broken speech, my half-hreed guide

Tells, beside many a venturesome feat,

Fables by long time sanctified.

And from his wakened memory pour

Grim tales of famine, fight and chase,

And fragments of that mystic lore

Nurse of the youth of every race.

Child stories full of shapeless dream,

Where homely facts of daily life

Flow, mixed with marvel in a stream

Of nightmare-like, chaotic strife.

Good Indians, skilled in magic rites,

Still foil by wonder-working plan

That wicked King of evil sprites.

The strong, malicious, sly "Old Man,"

And through the gloom of caverns dark

And deserts wild, the story flows

To music of the coyotes bark

And rumbling march of buffaloes.

And with a moral end his tales:

"Make offering to the mighty Sun;

The favored buller never fails.

If the All Seer's favor's won."

The next day opened dull and gray,

But scarce our kindling flames arose

When a young, stalwart Kootenay

Rode up and broke my long repose.

Descendant of the Indian horde

That ruled this region of the West,

He came as if the country's lord

Were honoring the country's guest.

And soon, perhaps, to make us feel

The more familiarly at home,

He volunteered to share our meal

With gesture eloquent, though dumb.

His blanket then he backward tossed,

And turning to his offered place

He stopped, and reverently crossed

His brow and whispered earnest grace.

A pagan horn, a pagan hred,

He cherished still the holy sign

Some Jesuit martyr, long since dead,

Had taught his sires as rite divine.

This symbol of forgotten creed

Surviving still, thus testified
To the high hearts whose fearless deed
Told unknown tribes how Christ had died.
Scanty our intercourse at first,
But when he'd breakfasted his fill,
Sated his hunger, slaked his thirst,
In varied tongues he tried our skill.
But most of all his speaking hands,
Portrayed his thought to watchful eyes,
Till silently one understands
Sense the unpracticed ear defies.
Grateful, he offered me his aid.
To lead me over pathways steep,
And zigzag trails through long years made
By clambering hoofs of mountain sheep.
I took the chance and, while I turned
Away a moment to prepare,
Amid the hustle, I discerned
The muttered chant of savage prayer.
My Kootenay, with upturned eyes
And waving hands, began his charm,
That the bright ruler of the skies
Might guide aright and guard from harm.
"Wizard power of rock and forest!
Foil of the hunter's skill!
Thou who unseen always warrest
For the flocks we strive to kill!
Fade before a mightier sovereign,
Friend and prop of human kind,
Overhead the Sun god hovering
Strikes all those who front him blind.
Hear our prayer benigun protector!
Guide our aim to happy chance!
And for our divine director,
Here we vow a sacred dance."

The dismal strains of worship ceased.
We started on our climb, and soon
The chill was chased, the toil increased
By the high sun of golden noon.
We reached our station near the top
Of a long, rugged mountain side,
And here my Indian made me stop
While he should fetch a circuit wide.
I stood alone, yet not alone;
Around me crag and jutting peak,
In every weathering sculptured stone,
Spread stories more than tongue can speak.
Far back in geologic time
I saw, in mind, the mighty chain
Form grain by grain in ocean's slime,
Then slowly rise to light again.
Still deeper pierced my roving thought,
Till (yet unshaped our spinning sphere),
Save whirling chaos there was naught
But infinite space, black, cold and drear.
The north wind stirs upon my cheek.
And wakes my fancy from its dream,
The rocks, before so gray and bleak,
Now catch the sunshine's fitful gleam.
Oh! beautiful the cloud of spray.
That tops the green surf's glassy arch,
And beautiful the sunlit play
Of the long rollers' measured march.
But grander, through the cloud wreaths, loom
The jagged peaks in lofty line;
And sweeter, through the mellow gloom,
The breeze-borne scent of larch and pine.
And far below the river's thread
Through its great dike in silver breaks,
Churning, along its rocky bed,
The waters of the snow-fed lakes.
The glacier torrent's turbid green,
The dark tall cliffs, that towering stood
Somber as death, like death serene,
The snuous ice-field's creeping flood;
All this I saw, all this I felt.
But some great hand the curtain draws,
And veiled in mist, the visions melt
Into the valley's darkening jaws.
Long, long my watch. But hark! that noise!
Down the long glacier rattling fast
Roll stones, forced from their trembling poise
By some great creature moving past.
A moment's pause. Above the ledge
A head with broad, curved horns is raised
On the great slope's extremest edge,
And looks toward me like one amazed.
Out on the stillness rings the shot.
The rocks reverberating 'round,
Send, from long ridge and hollow grot,
A thunder of redoubled sound.
And the struck beast in wild career
Goes plunging down the bouldered steep;
Blind with his death wound, mad with fear,
Spending his life with every leap.
Below I found him stretched out dead,
Yet half reproachful as he lay,
The noble horns and the proud head
Thrown backward on the bloody clay.
Staggering, I homeward bore the spoils.
At last the hunter's wish was won.
And, thankful for my ended toils,
I cried aloud "Strong is the Sun."
And round our fire that autumn night,
While trembling flame spires fell and rose,
I owned that earnest vows had might
On forest game and savage foes.

The dance? Ah! well the dance was done
By worshippers who owned its spell,
Though, recreant when the prize was won,
I scorned the power that earned it well.
But ever in my inmost mind
The dry light science gives is dimmed
When faintly on the northern wind
The Sun god's praise comes rudely hymned.
It echoes over bustling streets,
Or in short hills at parting day,
Its monotone my spirit greets
With memories of the Kootenay.
More in the heart than in the ear
The dreary music stirs again,
Bringing the god of nature near,
By the strong faith of simple men.

H. G. DULOG.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP HUNT.

I HAVE been a hunter for many years, and I suppose there is to some degree a similarity in the experience of sportsmen. At some period of life there is a ruling ambition to accomplish a certain end, to kill some particular animal, or to succeed in some enterprise. Several times in my life some special desire has been the center of my thought and energy, and during the summer of 1881, which I passed at Wagon Wheel Gap, Col., I had the greatest ambition to capture a Rocky Mountain sheep. Years of success had effectually destroyed the pleasing novelty of killing bear, deer, catamount, *et al.* Here was game I had never seen; and if I could, with the seeing, succeed in capturing, it would constitute quite an event in my hunting life—it would be a gay feather in my much-worn cap.

The proprietor of the hotel (a rude structure, by the way) kept a camping outfit for the use of his guests, and when they started out on a hunt the tent was pitched high up on some mountain, convenient to water and some desirable hunting ground. The blankets, rations, cooking utensils, etc., were packed on burros for transportation, and the little, ungainly animals, with packs double their own size, would safely climb rocky steeps, that tried the limbs as well as lungs of the men.

A certain day we all started out on a deer hunt. Kemper McDonald, than whom a better man never lived, and a true sportsman, Jesse C. Toodle and the writer were the hunters, and an Irishman named Charley drove the burros and kept camp. While climbing up a very high mountain, that I might look down and around upon the world, I killed, about timber line, a fine buck, as fat as his hide would hold. When I reached the top I saw, looking north across Bellows Creek, (I had with me a No. 1 field glass) a beautiful hunting country, large parks interspersed with islands of timber, and upon my ear there fell a faint sound, much like the bleating of sheep. "It may be an illusion—it may be the cry of Rocky Mountain sheep," I said to myself. My hopes alternated as that far-away sound continued at intervals for perhaps half an hour.

When we returned to the Gap I gave Mr. Peck, who had been living here for several years, a description of what I had seen, and of course evinced a strong desire to make an effort to get over there. He said nobody lived in that direction, and no white man was ever in the fork of Bellows Creek, but it was a fine country for deer, and he had been told that mountain sheep ranged in that section. That was enough for me. Sampson's green withes and new cords would have been as powerless with me as with himself. Mr. Peck said I could not get there without going up to either Willow or Sunnyside creek, some ten or twelve miles above, and follow either one or the other, and get on the main range and then come back. Where there is a will there is generally a way, and I determined to take a hunt over there. The project was never out of my mind.

A few days afterward I went up Bellows Creek to fish, and found a place where I thought pack animals could climb the mountain. So, early next morning, I gave directions to two of our boys and sent them off on horses. They returned about 9 o'clock that night and reported a very hard climb for three or four miles, but after that it was a fine place for hunting; they said they saw twenty-five deer. We soon started on our hunt, a horse a piece and four burros packed with tents, blankets, etc. After sunset we reached the summit of the mountain, and it was dark before our tent was pitched. Our altitude was about 10,500 feet, and sometimes this elevation affects persons very unpleasantly. It was particularly so with myself at this time. I could not breathe freely, it seemed as though my lungs could not be filled, and I could not sleep. Just at daybreak I called up our crowd to go out hunting and told them to go on and I would try to sleep. About sunrise, as I was beginning to doze, old Charley yelled out: "Kernil, Kernil, get up, here is three of the begiest bucks ye ever see." I told him to shut up and let me sleep. In a few seconds he called again: "Oh, Kernil, jshust come an luke." By that time I was wide awake, and as I crawled out of the tent he said: "Ill luck to ye, they be jshust a goin' into the tember." While eating my breakfast I saw another deer walk across the park about 300 yards away. I had just started on horseback to look around the country when I heard two rifle reports in quick succession. While I was prospecting for the best hunting ground Toodle went to camp, took the burros and Charley, and brought in two very fine bucks, the first he ever killed. A prouder boy could not have been found in these United States, and Charley shared his glory because such exploits always brought him a treat. Mac and Jesse killed nothing, although each shot several times. The next day brought them better luck. Mac killed a fine deer and Jesse brought down a fawn. I asked Jesse where he hit it; he said in the hind shoulder.

The third day I went up the right prong of Bellows Creek toward the place, as well as I could locate it, where I thought I heard the bleating of sheep some days before, and to my great satisfaction I heard the same sound. I returned to camp and told Mac about it. He said he was up in that direction, heard nothing of the kind, but saw where a band of sheep used to feed, about twenty he supposed, and he had determined to capture some before he went down to the Gap. Toodle, a wonderful woodsman, age and experience considered, came in toward evening, and said he had been on a mountain six or eight miles distant, and had seen hundreds of birds, brown and white in color, which we supposed were ptarmigan.

The next morning we all concluded to go to the top of this mountain, but found it impossible to ride near the top. Our horses were picketed, and we made the rest of the way on foot. The top of the mountain, far above timber line, was almost level, and vast numbers of ptarmigan were seen in every direction. We went on for several miles and came to a gulch, which I felt sure led not only back to camp, but to the sheep range. Mac and I agreed to go down this gulch and return to camp on foot, leaving the horses for the boys to take back. Our way into this vast ravine was very steep, and a covering of slide rock rendered it particularly dangerous. A single misstep would have precipitated us to the bottom, over a thousand feet below, but practice and Providence had made us sure-footed, and after going down, down, down, we reached the bottom without harm. Very soon several deer showed themselves, and Mac, true to instinct, raised his gun to fire. "Pray don't shoot," I said; "it would be almost impossible to get your game to camp. Besides we are hunting sheep." "Well," he said, "if it is sheep or nothing, you go up the side of the mountain about timber line, and I will stay in the valley; if I start the sheep they will run up hill, just as they always do."

The timber here had all been burned. It was a hard climb, but as I scrambled up hill I saw the whole side of the

mountain torn up with tracks, some just made. How my heart palpitated! I had been told that the mountain sheep was the wildest animal in the world, and I must be constantly on the lookout. As I rose a little knoll (it was sleeting very hard at the time) I saw indistinctly through the dead timber some animals about 200 yards below, either deer or sheep. As the sleet cleared away, I discovered that they were not deer, and stepping behind a tree I accidentally broke a twig. They all jumped and then I knew they were sheep. I fired twice, but overshot; went to where they had been, and, looking down, saw them all huddled about 250 yards below. I fired two shots in as quick succession as possible, and away they ran again. I went a short distance and saw something scrambling near where they stood when I shot last. My heart seemed in my throat as I quickened my steps. Getting near, I saw two down. "Victory first sight! Tell it everywhere!! Glory enough for one summer!!!"

Getting closer, I thought they looked mightily like tame sheep. How my triumph faded about as I saw the ears marked! Humph, umph, umph. Nevertheless it was a good joke. I hallooed. Mac answered away down below. I hallooed again, lighted my pipe and sat down to smoke. In a little while here came Mac all out of breath. "What have you killed, Colonel?" "I have killed two sheep." "Hurrah for our side! We are the men to kill mountain sheep!" "I killed them, Mac; you had no hand in it," I replied. "But I told you where to go; we killed the sheep. Three cheers for Kemper and Tom!" By that time he was close to them; his countenance fell. "These are Mexican sheep you have killed, Colonel." "We killed them, Mac." "No, I had nothing to do with it." "You told me where to go." After a hearty laugh, Mac asked what I was going to do with them. I said I would find the owner and pay for them. "Let's take them to camp and eat them. I prefer mutton to venison any day," said Mac. "I would not eat one for \$500," I replied. And there we left them.

We went on about a mile and saw the whole mountain side covered with sheep and a Mexican as herdsman. I called and told him I had killed two of his sheep by mistake and would pay him for them. He answered "Kin savvy." I repeated what I had said. Again he answered "Kin savvy." I then pointed to his sheep, held up two fingers, shut my eyes, and took out my purse. He raised both hands, which were bloody, held up one finger to let me know he had killed a deer. We went back to camp, acknowledged the corn, relished the joke, and the conversation was merging into something else when old Charley said: "Kernil, I tell ye what we'll do, let's call this Camp Wool."

The evening of the next day found us all at the Gap. Mr. Peck chanced to know the owner of the sheep. He had lost a band of 2,100 the previous fall in a snowstorm and recovered only 900. The others died or were eaten by bears and mountain lion. All the guests at the Gap and Hot Springs soon heard the joke, and when I went over to Hot Springs, the boys, by way of reminder, were bleating around. Hannibal's familiarity with military tactics was insignificant compared with my knowledge of the ways and proclivities of these western boys and men of like persuasion. "Come boys, step up," was an effectual quietus to all baaing, and I must add, it never lost its charm. ROARY.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

WASHINGTON DOINGS.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

THE present winter may be considered one of unusual severity for Washington. The Potomac was closed for several weeks with heavy ice, the snowstorms were more frequent than usual and of longer duration, and the cold waves were separated from each other by shorter intervals.

About the middle of February, the heavy rains combined with the mild weather which followed, so softened the ice in the Potomac as to enable the tide to separate it into cakes and to carry it off to the sea.

As soon as the ice would permit, the Albatross left her moorings at the Navy Yard and started on the long delayed trip to the Bahamas. Some time will be spent in dredging in the vicinity of the various islands which constitute this group, thus enabling one of the naturalists to make frequent excursions to the adjacent land, for the purpose of collecting natural history specimens.

It is a satisfaction to know that Messrs. J. E. Benedict and C. H. Townsend accompany the expedition in the capacity of naturalists, their former experience giving promise of a valuable collection. Mr. Benedict will devote most of his time to the preservation of specimens procured with the dredge, while Mr. Townsend will search the islands for rare birds as well as other vertebrate forms.

Mr. Townsend returned a few days before leaving on the Albatross from a trip in Alaska, where he devoted considerable time in making valuable observations on the fish and birds, as well as collections. On his return he stopped for a while at Humboldt Bay, Cal., collecting more valuable material for future elaboration.

A number of interesting papers have been read before the various scientific societies this winter. Mr. Geo. E. Curtis lectured before the Philosophical Society on "The Farthest North." He gave a long and detailed account of Lieut. Lockwood's and Sergt. Brainard's sledging journey along the north shore of Greenland. He compared their trip with that of Lieut. Beaumont's, of the Nares expedition of 1875-76, in the same locality, pointing out the reason why, in his opinion, the Americans were enabled to reach a higher latitude than the English. Besides being in much better physical condition, the sleds were lighter and were drawn by dogs, which animals were wanting in Lieut. Beaumont's expedition. Great importance was placed on the value of dogs in Arctic traveling. Although a man can draw a half more than a dog, he consumes so much more food that the extra weight necessary for his subsistence greatly overbalances the gain derived from his superior strength. Another factor pointing to their success was spoken of by Dr. Dall, in the remarks following the lecture, which was that an Eskimo driver accompanied them, who evidently was versed in keeping the sled-runners well iced, by pouring water on them, to reduce the friction to a minimum while they were traveling over snow and ice.

At the same meeting Prof. O. T. Mason read a paper, a portion of which was on the "throwing stick" of the Eskimo, and exhibited many interesting specimens of this valuable accessory to the harpoon. The simplest form comes from the Eskimos near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, whence

passing to the westward it undergoes a variety of modifications in form in the various tribes, until below the peninsula of Alaska near Sitka it becomes an elaborate piece of carving inlaid with shell fragments, and ceases to be of use except as an ornament.

Prof. G. Brown Goode lectured before the Biological Society on "The Beginnings of American Natural History," the occasion being the address of the retiring president. Brief mention was made of the earlier English, French, Dutch and Spanish naturalists who visited the country, or whose writings treated of its natural history. The early Spaniards in the capital of Montezuma found large and well-conducted zoological gardens for the instruction and amusement of the people. How humiliating it is that such an extensive zoological garden should have existed in America in the sixteenth century, at the capital of a half-civilized nation, and that no such thing as yet exists at our national capital.

Thomas Jefferson was spoken of in the highest terms as a naturalist. Had he not been so much absorbed in matters pertaining to the State, he undoubtedly would have been a master of science. It is probable no two men have done so much for science in America as Jefferson and the elder Agassiz, not so much by their direct contributions to knowledge as by the encouragement they gave to science by their advocacy.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam has presented several valuable papers at various meetings of the Biological Society, entitled, "Contributions to North American Mammalogy."

He separates the eastern chipmunk into two races, giving the name of *Tamias striatus lysteri* to the animal which occurs in the Adirondack region of New York, Northern New England and portions of Canada, the habitat of the typical *Tamias striatus* being Southern New York, New Jersey, southward to Georgia. In a following paper he described a new and very marked species of the chipmunk, from the Sierra Nevada Mountains of Central California, ten specimens of which were exhibited. On account of its long striped ears the appropriate name of *Tamias macrorhuddoles* was given it. The most important paper from his pen was the description of a new species of *Shrew* or mountain beaver (*Aplodontia*), from the mountains of California. The species is much larger and heavier than the Washington Territory species (*A. rufa*), and the hair is of a different texture and color. It was named *A. major*. There are a number of good characters which distinguish the skull of *A. major* from that of *A. rufa*.

At the last meeting of the Biological Society Dr. George Vasey read a paper entitled "New and Recent Species of North American Grasses," and Mr. Charles Hallock presented a paper on "Hyper Instinct of Animals." If space permitted a number of other interesting papers on various subjects might be mentioned.

The initial lecture of the course of the "Saturday Lectures" (which are under the auspices of the Anthropological Society and the Biological Society), was delivered in the lecture room of the National Museum on March 6, by Mr. William Hallock, the subject being "The Geysers of the Yellowstone."

The following names and subjects have been announced for future lectures: Prof. Wm. Harkness, "How the Solar System is Measured," Prof. T. C. Mendenhall, "The Nature of Sound," Prof. F. W. Clarke, "The Chemistry of Coal," Dr. C. Hart Merriam, "The Migration of Birds."

The Cosmos Club, a club composed of the scientific men of Washington, recently came into possession of the large and desirable premises on the corner of Lafayette place and H street. The building will undergo many changes, and a large assembly hall or lecture room will be added, which will be used by the various scientific societies as a place of meeting.

Early in the season a fine snowy owl was secured at Arlington Heights, Va., and purchased by the National Museum. Ornithologists hoped this owl was a forerunner, and that others would soon appear, but their expectations were not realized.

The large harpy eagle which had been so long in the eagle cage at Central Park, N. Y., and was so much admired, recently died. It was presented to the Smithsonian Institute, and was mounted by Mr. Marshall the taxidermist.

A considerable number of pileated woodpeckers have been observed in the market stalls during the winter. As many as five or six have been seen at one time, all were reported as coming from Virginia. It is strange that crows which are considered as one of the birds possessing the greatest amount of intelligence, should not profit by this intelligence as well as by bitter experience. In the fall and winter they congregate in immense numbers in this vicinity, roosting in or near the National cemetery, at Arlington. During the colder weather when the ground is covered with snow, the food supply is limited in the area over which they make daily excursions, so that many are unable to procure sufficient food, become enfeebled, and eventually die of starvation. This mortality would be greatly lessened if they should roost in smaller colonies at some distance apart.

Mr. Wm. Hornaday proposes to found in the National Museum a small collection of bird skins, one or two skins to be prepared by each of the more noted ornithologists of this country. Mr. Hornaday mounted a zebra, which has lately been placed on exhibition in the Museum. The general expression of the head and face, together with the position of the animal, seem perfect, and plainly show what can be done.

Dr. Trybom, who was sent by the Swedish Government to this country to examine and study into the practical workings of the U. S. Fish Commission, expresses himself highly pleased with what he has already seen. During the coming season he will study carefully the different steps essential to the hatching and subsequent care of each species of fish with which the commission has to do. He will shortly start on a visit to several of the hatcheries on the Great Lakes, and later will make a trip to California.

THE PASSING OF THE BUFFALO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The positive assurance contained in the letter of Mr. Arnold Hague of the U. S. Geological Survey as to the existence of a few small herds of buffalo in the Yellowstone Park, is exceedingly gratifying to me, and doubtless to thousands of your readers, and you deserve all thanks for your efforts to secure the needed legislative action to secure this noble game from utter extinction. The need of immediate and vigorous action is most urgent. The destruction of the vast herds which so recently roamed over the northwestern prairies has been so sudden that sportsmen and naturalists have hardly yet awakened to it.

The summer before last, during a visit to Winnipeg, I asked the agent of the Hudson's Bay Fur Co. for statistics about the buffalo and was told that the year before he received from the Winnipeg district twelve thousand skins and that year only four! During the same summer I saw in the neighborhood of Lake Minnewakan, Dakota, hundreds of buffalo skeletons bleaching upon the prairie where the animals had been slaughtered only three or four years before, chiefly for their hides as I was told. The pioneer farmers were beginning to gather up the bones and sell them at the railway station for about \$8 per ton, to be shipped to Missouri to be converted into fertilizer—a strange product of the soil and one that will never be gathered again. At Winnipeg I was gratified to learn that there was about twelve miles from the city a gentleman who had about fifty head of buffalo in a large inclosed preserve of some eight hundred acres, but that many individuals of the herd were not of pure blood but the result of crossing with domestic cattle. It would be interesting to know if similar efforts are being made elsewhere for the preservation of the buffalo, and in this connection I should like to ask if any one can inform the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM what has become of the two or three fine specimens which were recently exhibited about the country by William Cody (Buffalo Bill), in his "Wild West" show, and where they were obtained. Could Mr. Cody himself do a more graceful thing than to give to the FOREST AND STREAM what information he can as to the present existence of the race in the destruction of which he gained his peculiar fame, and such suggestions as he can offer as to its preservation from entire extinction?

C. H. AMES.

BOSTON, MASS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish you good speed in the work which you have so ably espoused, of preventing the wanton slaughter of birds. The press of the country generally needs to be awakened to the importance of this subject. Usually questions of this kind are largely discussed only when made popular by energetic writers or popular journals. I am glad to note that it is becoming fashionable for the leading journals to discuss this topic. I will give a few recent thoughts on the bird question:

Fruit growers and farmers do not appreciate the importance of the birds that nest in their fields and orchards, or follow the paths of their plows and harrows.

There is great need of protection for birds, yet the average ruralist is not familiar with the name of one bird in ten that inhabits his fields, thus is not able to distinguish the most delightful songster or the most effective insect destroyer.

Each living creature has its use in the economy of nature, and no species can be annihilated without disturbance of equilibrium. The flies are useful scavengers. Mosquitoes, worms, snakes, toads and all forms of life were designed for a good purpose. One race may do service in keeping the other in check.

The increase of insects is marvelous. One insect may in one year become the progenitor of six billion descendants. Three hundred and twenty-five actual species of insects are known, and it is thought that there are as many more species unknown. If undisturbed, insects would destroy every green thing upon the earth's surface, and men would perish; but nature has provided enemies, and prominent among them are the birds, which keep the insects in check without cost to the horticulturist.

A swallow as it skims through the air on a summer day, will destroy more insects than a farmer in the same length of time swatting over a heavy bucket of Paris green mixture.

As the country became cleared of timber and more thickly inhabited, the birds have been destroyed in large numbers and insects have gained the ascendancy.

There are birds worn by our city belles that alive would accomplish more good work for mankind than the average fashionable belle, although shelved for a century. The eyes and beaks of these dead birds cry out in shame against the cruel fashion that causes their slaughter.

I once heard an intelligent fruit grower exclaim: "Shoot the birds, they are eating my cherries." Why not as well say: "Shoot the horses, they are eating my oats; shoot the cows, they are eating my hay; shoot the chickens, they are eating my corn; shoot the children, they are eating my bread." If the horses, cows, chickens, and children are useful and desirable features of our homes we must not destroy them; neither must we destroy the birds if useful and desirable.

Five thousand miles is not a long distance for birds to migrate. They often breed in one locality and feast in another. But wherever they go, wherever they alight for a mouthful of food, the gun, trap, cat or robbers await them. How long will the race survive such treatment? Is not this a question worthy of consideration? CHARLES A. GREEN,

Chairman Com. on Ornithology W. N. Y. H. Society.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The lady leaders of the AUDUBON movement should not forget that a prime essential of success is the creation of a new channel for the diversion of the current of prevalent fashion. No old fashion in dress is ever discarded until a new rival establishes its claims to popular favor. Ethical, economic and esthetic forces hurl themselves against established fashion in vain. Even the keen shafts of ridicule glance off harmless. Fashion can be successfully assailed by fashion only. The old by the new. Before feathers can be driven out, flowers, or artistically arranged ribbons, or other method of ornamentation must come in. Ethical, economical and esthetic forces are valuable auxiliaries, but the practical business of the campaign is to inaugurate a new fashion which can successfully compete with feathers for popular favor. The AUDUBON SOCIETY must resolve itself into a committee of taste, or take counsel with the milliners.

The feather-decked hats reach their highest development at the great gambling resort of Monte Carlo, where according to the London World, "the ladies' hats are as high as the play." Three girls, presumably sisters, and undoubtedly Americans, not in society, attract an immense attention by reason of their showy garments. They wear very high conical hats, ornamented in front with large green and yellow parrots with glaring glass eyes. Each bird is perched on a little bough, and it is impossible to imagine anything more ludicrous or in worse taste. The girls are incessant talkers, and my correspondent tells me they are known by the nickname of the "Pratting Pollys."

It is proposed to kill off, with poisoned crumbs, the

English sparrows which have bravely weathered the intense cold and deep snows of this unusually bitter winter. Why? Because these pugnacious little scavengers are said to be driving away our native birds. Yesterday an observer counted the remains of over twenty of our most attractive New England birds sewed to the headgear of the women who were riding into town in a horse-car. Five pairs of woodpeckers' wings and their accompanying tails graced, or rather disgraced, the hat of one of these persons. We venture to say that not one among ten thousand pretended friends of our birds ever saw an English sparrow kill or maim a native songster. On the other hand, how many women are there in the State of Massachusetts who can say that they have never worn the plumage of one of the birds they profess to love? If poisoned bread is to be fed to the worst enemies of our birds, milliners and their customers would better live on crackers.—Boston Advertiser.

The humorous writers are poking fun at the feathered hats. "E. R." writes in the Rochester Post-Express:

All the appeals that have been made to the sentimental side of woman's nature, in behalf of the song birds, having failed to induce her to abandon the practice of wearing their dead bodies to deck her garments, I wish to suggest a way that may be more effective toward protecting the feathered tribe from sacrifice on the altar of fashion. The plan is to simply enforce the laws now in existence for the punishment of those who kill, or have in their possession, song or insectivorous birds, except for scientific purposes. The state prisons and penitentiaries are occupied by thousands of prisoners who broke laws that are not at all more binding, in a legal sense, than the law for the protection of birds. Every one of the ten thousand women in Rochester who has a stuffed song bird on her hat is liable to imprisonment for a year or a fine of \$25. Some of them wear more than one bird, and they are subject to a double or triple fine or term in prison, for each one of them is guilty of a misdemeanor by the act of having in her possession "after the same is killed," the bird with which she seeks to increase her own attractions. If any wife, daughter, or sweetheart of a lawyer reads this and has any doubt of its truth, let her consult him, even if she has to pay a fee, and be convinced that I speak words of truth and soberness. When they realize the danger they are in by appearing before witnesses with the proof of their guilt, they may thank me for this warning, and hasten to destroy the poor dumb remains of the beautiful creatures they caused to be killed and resolve not to incur such consequences again. Think seriously of it, ye fair and gentle dames who have broken your country's laws. Picture yourselves under arrest, then indicted, next on trial in the Oyer and Terminer or not less terrible Court of Sessions, where in case of conviction (of which there can be no doubt), you will be solemnly sworn to tell your age, whether you are married or single, did you have religious instruction, can you read and write, and were you ever before convicted. After your answers to these interesting questions have been recorded in black ink, the judge will ask you if you have anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced, and whether you have or not, he will proceed to say that you, Maud, Minnie, or Laura so and so, shall be imprisoned in the—penitentiary for the term of six, eight, ten or twelve months, just as the court feels inclined. Then an officer will place heavy steel hand-cuffs on your beautiful wrists, or at least one of them, and you will be taken in company with other sinners to the prison to which the judgment of the court consigned you. In the house of woe you will have to work hard several hours a day. You will not be allowed to talk to your neighbor, nor read the papers, nor go to concerts, nor do anything except what the keeper of the prison directs. If the satisfaction you derive from wearing a glass-eyed bird perched in an unnatural position on your hat, is equal to the pain you would undergo in the hands of the law, as I have mildly drawn it, then, according to one of the maxims of an ancient philosopher, you may take the risk. In conclusion, I will offer you a word of advice, for really I am not your enemy, it is, that henceforth, on going out with the mummified bird in your bonnet, you make arrangements for the orderly management of affairs at home in case of your prolonged absence. State Game Constable George M. Schwartz is about to prosecute a vigorous spring campaign, and John McDermot has been elected city game constable. This new broom may sweep you off the street and into a cell at the police station any day. Beware!

At a recent meeting of the South Bristol Farmers' Club, the following total abstinence pledge was circulated by Daniel Ricketson, Esq.: "We hereby agree neither to buy nor use, for any purpose whatever, the plumage of birds which have been killed solely for decoration. And we promise to exercise all our influence to further the object of this pledge, which is the preservation of song birds."

SOME QUAIL NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yesterday Mr. Arthur L. Smith, of Toledo, took his departure for his new home in Washington Territory, where he has purchased six hundred acres of very desirable land near Spokane Falls and purposes stock farming. As a part of his family he takes with him a dozen live specimens of our own Bob White (*Ortyx* v.) and expects to turn them down on his new domain. I know they are in fine condition, for I fed them all winter, and Mr. S. believes from a previous knowledge of the climate of that portion of the Territory that the birds can be acclimated there without difficulty, a belief in which some of the rest of us share.

Speaking of acclimation, my pair of Arizona quail sent me in October, 1884, "come up smiling" after their second winter in the open air of Northern Ohio, and have already begun mating, and will probably nest in April. Perhaps Mr. Brown will kindly tell us whether they are ever known to be polygamous in their breeding habits.

This winter I have carried through some fifty head of Virginia quail and other game birds, with a moderate per cent. of loss among the wild stock, and none at all among those previously on hand. Shall turn out birds intended for stocking purposes within the next two weeks if the weather is not unfavorable.

Among the birds on hand at the beginning of the past winter was a male Virginia quail hatched in the summer of 1884, and now some eighteen months old. All the wild quail were placed in the same coop with him, and he appeared from the first to view their restlessness and alarm with a great deal of good-natured contempt. But among the new comers was one large, fine looking hen, and with her he was deeply smitten from the first. It was evidently a case of mutual admiration, since the hen at once placed herself

under his care, follows him about, and is found with him when he stays (as he generally does) at the opposite end of the coop from the rest. That this is one and the same hen is established by the fact that when I first discovered the attraction I marked the hen by tying bits of blue woolen yarn on her legs so that she can always be identified. JAY BEBE.
TOLEDO, Ohio, March 11.

A PET SKUNK.—Mr. S. was left last summer to keep "bachelor's hall" while his wife went North on a visit. A few months after Mrs. S. left home, Mr. S. was quietly sitting by his kitchen fire reading, when he was somewhat surprised to see a skunk come in at a small opening in the door which had been left for the accommodation of the cat. The skunk was jet black, not a white hair on him, as far as Mr. S. could see. He first looked sharply at Mr. S., then commenced to explore the room. After his tour of inspection, seeming to think everything all right, he laid down by the stove and was soon asleep. Mr. S. sat quietly all the time, wishing to see what his visitor would do next. Some time after, the skunk, probably thinking that his visit had been long enough, quietly left the room the way he entered. This programme was kept up for about twenty evenings, not all in succession, however. The coming of the animal got to be so common that Mr. S. took no notice of it after looking up on its entrance, but read until bedtime and then retired. Sometimes he left his visitor in possession of the room. At first the cat did not like the intrusion, but raised her back and sputtered on the skunk's arrival. It gradually got accustomed to the visits and paid no more attention to his skunkship than Mr. S. did. Sometimes the cat would leave part of its supper in a saucer in the corner, when the skunk would finish the balance. After a time the visits ceased altogether, and nothing has since been seen or heard of the sable pet. No unpleasantness resulted from this caller. It shows the harmless nature of the animal when it is not molested. Almost anybody in Mr. S.'s place would have jumped up, threw something at the skunk, and then—been sorry for it for several weeks afterward.—RED WING (Glencoe, Vol. Co., Fla.).

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE full report of the FOREST AND STREAM's trajectory test of hunting rifles has been issued in pamphlet form, with the illustrations and the tabular summary, making in all 96 pages. For sale at this office, or sent post-paid. Price 50 cents.

GROUSE IN THE SNOW.

THE Maine papers have contained numerous items of late concerning the probable destruction of ruffed grouse by the snow crusts, and the FOREST AND STREAM has had one or two communications of that nature. The partridge has a habit of burrowing in the snow at night, and the observers who have been writing for the papers, tell us that the snow crust freezes and the bird is imprisoned, hence becoming the prey of the fox, its worst enemy. "The repeated and severe snow crusts this winter has imprisoned hundreds of them and the grouse shooting must be poor next fall," they say. Well, nature has made a mistake, then. To make the natural bed of the grouse the snow and to leave it liable to be frozen in at every thaw, was a fatal blunder to that bird. Does nature make many such blunders? Does nature leave the breast of the waterfowl to be penetrated by the cold water, or has she covered that part with feathers so thick and oily that "the duck's breast is ever dry." Has she left the legs of the deer, which lies on the snow, bare and liable to be frozen when the mercury goes down to zero, as it does so many nights in the North Woods? Answer—the man who ever saw a deer with frozen legs. No. The deer's body and legs are covered with hair, one of the strongest non-conductors of heat, so thick that not a particle of the heat of the animal's circulation escapes.

But the partridge dives under the snow and the snow does freeze. Granted, but when does the snow freeze so as to form a crust? Immediately after a thaw. It rains all day or for several days. Then the wind turns about into the northwest, and the mercury falls, the crust forms, and the partridges are caught. Well, they would be, if they were under the snow; but, in all candor, it is fair to ask, who ever saw a partridge dive into the wet snow? Is it not always the dry snow of a cold, frosty night, into which the bird dives, to form its bed? If the snow is dry, can a crust form over it? The change of weather mentioned above takes place almost invariably at night in the New England climate. The day has been warm or rainy, the snow is wet, but the partridge goes to bed in the trees. He is just as fond of the wet snow to burrow in as a hen is fond of swimming in a frog pond. He avoids the rain and wet as sedulously as any one of the bird family, and hence escapes the dreadful snow crust. Again, although the bird dives under the dry snow, yet before he turns his attention to sleep his head comes out so near the top that he can both see and hear, and would be very likely to feel any sudden fall of rain and immediately put himself in position to be crushed under rather than over.

The above position is taken after many years' careful noting of the habits of the grouse. Without boasting I have traveled many miles in the woods on snowshoes where the burrowings of the grouse were very plenty, yet never have I seen the place where I supposed the bird came to his end by being crushed beneath the snow. These burrowings are plainly discernible, especially toward spring when the snow has begun to settle, and if the grouse perished there, the feathers at least would be left. I have found where the partridge has come to his end in the winter, but not generally near any burrow. The owl is a deadly enemy of the grouse, and woe betide him if Too Whoop gets his night eye upon him.

Now, in all candor, will the writers in the FOREST AND STREAM note carefully how many birds come under their observation as actually having perished under the snow crust, and give us the number? From such facts we will measure the prospects of our fall shooting; but give us no more of the old whine that the partridge dives under the wet snow and gets crushed over. And, to wind up with, will they please tell us how many hens they ever saw go in swimming?
DRY SNOW.

HUNTING AT ARMY POSTS.

A FEW more replies from outlying army posts adds to the favors we have received from our friends in uniform, and our readers, too, are treated to additional notes from men at the front, close up to the ever-retreating game line in our rapidly filling domain.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A very extended description of this beautiful section of country, with a full account of its resources for sport would be very interesting. But unless one goes some distance from the post, game is scarce—as is usual near military posts whose vicinity is always thoroughly and continuously hunted. Ducks and geese are fairly abundant within six or eight miles. Fish also between ten and twelve, are numerous and large, the sport in the Williamson River—twelve miles distant—being magnificent between May and November. But the "post larder" does not take game of any kind into consideration. The Springfield shotgun is excellent—of its kind—and is much used for want of a better; but it is considered even by those who use it as a *dernier ressort*. As double-barreled breechloading shotguns of good make and caliber are issued in some branches of the service, we see no reason why each company should not be supplied with two such guns. A. R. EGBERT, First Lieutenant, 2d Infantry.

FORT KLAMATH, Ore., Feb. 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your note of inquiry dated Jan. 9, you are respectfully informed that large game is not plentiful in this immediate vicinity, particularly this year on account of drouth. Small game—duck, quail and rabbit—is plentiful; also doves, starlings and blackbirds. Of ducks we have a few canvasback, more redhead, a large proportion of greenhead, and any amount of the more common varieties. Of quail (*Oryz. californicus*) we have the "black plum" and the "white crest," both long-winged and very swift runners; when matured will not lie to a dog. The prevailing drouth has destroyed all the ponds on the Texas bank of the Rio Grande, but just across, in the "Land of God and Liberty," the ponds, lakes and sloughs are never failing. So also the ducks.

On several different occasions, during November and December last, the entire garrison was bountifully supplied with ducks bagged by three guns, twice with two guns and once with one gun, the party leaving camp at 9 o'clock A.M. and returning at retreat, the one-gun party left earlier and returned later. Distance from fort to nearest pool seven miles. The officers and several of the men own and shoot their own or their neighbors' guns.

The Springfield shotguns issued to troops cannot compete alongside the hard and long shooting double guns, and are not used, so far as my observation extends.

The larders were well supplied with duck, quail and rabbit, with now and then a saddle of venison and large channel catfish. S. B. M. YOUNG.

CAMP RICE, Texas, Feb. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The only two species of grouse found in the Puget Sound country are the ruffed and dusky, or blue grouse. The latter are plentiful along the foothills of both the Cascade and Coast range of mountains. Both the Virginia and California quail have been introduced into this part of the Territory, and owing to the mildness of the winters, are increasing rapidly. On some of the islands in the sound a fair day's shooting can be had on this bird alone. The Chinese or Mongolian pheasant, have also been introduced here, but as yet are principally confined to Protection Island, although some have been seen on the mainland. All kinds of waterfowl abound in the waters of Puget Sound. Some of the finest bags of ducks and geese I ever saw were made on Whitty Island, a short distance from Port Townsend.

The country lying between the Straits of Fuca and the Coast Range is, as yet, comparatively unknown. Within the past two years two parties have been sent from this post to reconnoiter this country. Both parties reported as having seen large herds of elk near the base of the range, where the timber and underbrush is not so dense as it is nearer the Straits. When heavy snows fall on the mountains this animal is found nearer the coast. The white and black-tail deer are plentiful all through this part of the Territory, also a great many black bear and cougar; but owing to the heavy growth of timber with thick underbrush and wind-falls, the hunter finds it more of a task than a pleasure in hunting the large game. B.

FORT TOWNSEND, W. T., Feb. 20.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Springfield shotguns (single barrel) are used by the men more or less according to the amount of small game near a post. The guns were issued a few years ago (five, if I remember rightly), two to a company. They are 20-gauge. From this post, parties go out from time to time to kill game for the dinners of the companies on Thanksgiving, Christmas, etc. Deer and wild turkeys are the game most sought after. One of the cavalry troops sent out a few men before last Thanksgiving to the Pecos River (ninety miles) for game. They brought back with them for the troop dinner 75 ducks (mostly mallards) and 122 quail (called here the whitetop quail. It is the so-called partridge or blue quail of Eastern writers (*Callipepla squamata*), and some antelope. More game was killed, but was eaten on the trip. The quail and the ducks were gotten with the shotguns. The charge used on this hunt for these Springfield 20 gauge guns was 95 grains of fine musket powder (about 3½ drams) and 1½ ounces shot. The load of powder I consider entirely too great. Still the end seems to justify the means, for meat was what they went for and meat they got. A much better charge would have been 2½ to 2¾ drams (70 to 77 grains) moderately coarse powder and 1½ ounces of No. 4 shot for the ducks. Fine shot does not do well in these small gauges; it requires too great a charge of powder to give it strength. My experience has been that No. 6 is as small as ought to be used. The shells are made by the government. They are copper and not brass and are 2½ inches long. These guns which properly loaded shoot well and kill as far as the larger gauges, but they, like all small gauges, shoot very close and scatter but little, so they are not liked by poor shots, as there is no trusting to luck and scattering to make up for bad shooting. You have to hold right on the bird. I have known a full grown wildcat (*Lynx rufus*) to be dropped dead by one of these guns at 65 yards. The stocks of the guns are rather short, too short for many persons. I think the barrels are much too short, and should be 32 to 34 inches long. The action is the Springfield, strong, solid and safe.

The gun weighs 6 pounds, the length of barrel proper is 29 inches, including the breech block the length of barrel is 29½ inches. Take it all in all, I consider the guns satisfactory, and they fulfill the purpose for which they were issued. That is, to give the soldier something to kill game with that is too small for shooting with the army rifle.

As to game in the vicinity of post, within fifteen miles there are two kinds of bears, black and cinnamon, two kinds of quail, "whitetops" (*Callipepla squamata*) and fool quail (Massena quail of eastern writers, *Cyrtonyx massena*), wild turkeys, blacktail deer, panther, wildcat, and two kinds of hares, the "cotton-tail" and *Lepus americanus*, var. *Bairdii*. In the spring and fall a few ducks on the mountain streams, mostly mallard, wedgeou and greewing teal, and the cinnamon teal. By going some distance you get plenty of ducks and geese and antelope. The bears are very abundant, more so than anywhere I know of. In a range of mountains but nine miles from the post they are plentiful. They are not hunted. Turkeys are plentiful also. Deer are not so common, as they are killed by the Apaches, but luckily these Indians will not eat wild turkey, so this helps to protect them. The Apaches also will not eat trout, which is another blessing, as otherwise they would be exterminated. Bear meat is another food the Apaches are forbidden by their religion or superstition to eat. F.

FORT STANTON, N. M., Feb. 3.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

All sportsmen and riflemen should certainly tender you their warmest thanks for the great trouble and expense you have incurred in presenting them with the valuable information contained in the results of the famous trajectory test.

As you have invited criticism thereon I would make a few observations.

There are three things which influence the trajectories of projectiles, viz.: The initial muzzle velocity, section and weight of the projectile. The first varies with the charge and nature of the powder contained in the cartridge, the second is the caliber of the rifle, and lastly the weight of the bullet. Therefore, to arrive at the correct trajectory of a rifle, all these must be taken into account, otherwise the test is of little value.

As the ammunition is the important factor, I would draw the sportsman's attention to the great discrepancy that exists between the "actual" weight of the powder and bullet, and the so called "standard" of the trade cartridge. Noticing some difference I took the trouble to tabulate the "cartridge test" as given in your valued paper, and was much surprised at the result.

From the list of weighings I will select those of the ammunition used in the two .50-cal. express rifles, the Winchester and Bullard. When the makers designed these rifles, they, I presume, found after careful experiments, that the best results were obtained with certain weights of powder and bullet, and adopted the following as their "standard charge," viz., Winchester 95 grains powder, 300 grains bullet; Bullard 115 grains powder, 300 grains bullet. Now the "test" shows that we are paying for the "standard," but what do we get? Winchester, 89.8, 89.3, 89.3 grains powder instead of 95, and 305.3, 298.8, 300.8 grains bullet instead of 300. Bullard, 112.1, 111.2, 110.1 grains powder instead of 115, and 303.6, 303.7, 306.8 grains bullet instead of 300. The powder is reported as in good condition but "pressed hard," which proves that the shells will not hold the standard charge. A difference of 4 grains less of powder will give at least 40 feet less initial velocity, and therefore at 200 yards the bullet will strike several inches lower on the target, which means higher trajectory. These rifles would certainly give flatter trajectories than is recorded were the cartridge up to "standard" instead of an increased weight of bullet and decreased weight of powder, as shown in both cases. In going through the whole list of the ammunition test, the only deduction that can be drawn from it is that there is no accuracy in the making of the "trade cartridges," which are used by all sportsmen and riflemen in America.

CARTRIDGE.

VIVA LOS GACHUPINOS!

IF anything had been needed to demonstrate the utter brutality, and the immense humbuggery of the modern bull fight, it surely was afforded by a recent exhibition of that sort near the City of Mexico, during which three bulls—or they may have been disguised cows—were slaughtered secundum artem, with due accompaniment of banderillas, flags, and flapdoodles of various sorts, each and all eminently calculated to terrify, bamboozle, disconcert and paralyze the energies of the aforesaid cows.

The fourth, however, was a hard nut to crack, and was afterward admitted to have been the fiercest bull ever let loose in a Mexican arena. A distinguished matador from Spain, who was at the time starring the country, encountered the beast, but he and his espada were alike set at naught; and volunteers were called for from the crowd. Two men essayed the contest, but the enraged beast defied them both and finally remained master of the arena, a worthy successor of the renowned Harpads of the cancioneros; but alas! the shade of the Alcayde of Algara must have looked on in grim disgust when, mastered at length with the treacherous lasso, the poor beast was thrown to the ground in mid arena, where the courageous attendants coolly cut his throat.

Comment would seem superfluous, but it may be admissible to note the fact that in India, the wild boar who in similar encounters has vanquished his antagonists, has sometimes been given his liberty, and been allowed to trot away unharmed to his haunts among the hills. KELPIE.

UNSEASONABLE GAME IN ONTARIO.—Hamilton, Ont., March 10.—Editor Forest and Stream: I beg to call your attention to the fact that large quantities of quail and mallard ducks are being offered for sale in this city at present purporting to come from different parts of the United States, ostensibly from Tennessee and Southern Missouri. As we are endeavoring here to get a new bill for the better protection of game in the Province, in which one of the clauses specifies that no game of any kind shall be sold or exposed for sale during the protected season here, I think that the attention of all sportsmen in your country should be called to this matter. If they have no thorough system of inspecting for the prevention of export of game in all the States, the matter ought to be thoroughly ventilated through your valuable columns. We claim that if game is allowed to be sold here during the protected season it is very difficult to prove at all times whether the game is all imported or forms parts of our own.—TH. HOOPER, Secretary, Wentworth Fish and Game Protective Association.

A DAY WITH THE CORDELIA CLUB.

"HELLO, Andy, want to go up to the marsh to-morrow night?" I look up and see the jolly faces of Charley and Cap peeping in at the half-opened door. "Why, of course I want to go." "All right; take plenty of shells and the 3:30 P. M. overland train, and I will meet you at Sixteenth street," says Charley. Accordingly, 3:40 P. M. next day found me with gun and heavy valise on board the train, bound for Teal Station. Charley swings himself aboard at Sixteenth street, fresh, smiling, and as neat as though just taken out of the drawer, and with no more apparent luggage than would fill an ordinary vest pocket. How is it that some people always contrive to travel without being encumbered with any luggage, while I always perspire under the weight of so many traps? Two and a half hours of swift riding enlivened with pleasant chat, and evening shades beginning to fall, we find ourselves in a marshy country, with ditches and embankments, and an occasional feeble glimmer of light from some little mud-colored house. Presently, "Here we are," says Charley, and hastily grabbing packages, we jump down from the scarcely stopping train and find ourselves at Teal, represented by a diminutive redwood shanty, a concern which any healthy fifteen-year-old boy could easily carry away. But here comes Cap, and after hearty hand shakes, luggage is again snatched, and we are escorted a few rods along the track, down the embankment, and across a narrow plank to the yacht Lolita, which now more nearly resembles Noah's ark, the deck being housed over from stem to stern, thus transforming the fast little craft into a perfect duck-hunter's home. Down in the cabin we find a beautiful supper awaiting us. Then reclining on the broad cushions, our heads supported by the ample pillows, we rake up recollections of past hunting trips, for you must know that this little yacht is hallowed to us by a thousand recollections. Many an evening have we dragged ourselves home, wet, tired and hungry, to its comfortable shelter, and—"Come, wake up there, fellows and go to bed; you will get your deaths of cold sleeping there." So we take Cap's advice and turn in, and soon, lulled to sleep by the monotonous lapping of water against the yacht's side, but a few inches from our heads, we are hunting the ducks of dreamland—and what a splendid flight there always is—till presently, we see one big fellow coming straight for us, and with outstretched neck, great staring eyes, and wide open mouth, shrieking *burrr-r-r-r-r*.

Great Heavens, who that ever went out to the "early morning's shooting," will forget the diabolical racket raised by that little alarm clock that hangs in the cabin of the Lolita.

"Turn out, boys, half past three o'clock," shouts Cap, tumbling out of his bunk and climbing on deck to see how the weather looks. Charley follows suit, and I make a sleepy attempt to crawl into my clothes, generally getting on a gum boot first and inwardly wishing that something would happen so I could get into my comfortable nest again, and an instant later I thought I was to be so favored, when Cap shouted from on deck, "Boys, it's raining," and so we found it, a cold drizzle, just enough to be disagreeable, but not enough to scare such a couple of old toughs as Cap and Charley. In a few moments breakfast is ready, and after disposing of a liberal allowance of chops, boiled eggs, toast and strong coffee, we envelop ourselves in our oilclothes and rubber boots and are ready for wet weather. "How many shells shall I take along, Cap?" "Take every shell you have, Andy." But I can't believe I shall want a hundred shells, so I take seventy. "Come, on Andy, you are always behind," shouts Charley from the skiff. I take my seat and the bow oar and Cap the other, while Charley with a stern countenance, as much as to say, "you need not ask me to row your old boat," takes the tiller and we are off for an hour's pull to the Sprig Ponds. Soon we come to a ditch and we drag the skiff high and dry on the bank, and each selecting a small duckboat from a number we find in the ditch, we transfer our guns and traps to them, each also taking a large sack of decoys and paddle out, Indian file, going through many little ponds and scaring up clouds of mallards, teal and sprigtails. But we don't stop for them, uo they for us, for that matter they know they are not "our ducks." Presently Cap shouts back, "Andy, you go in here, this is the Judd stand."

I am tired enough to be glad to come to a stand of any kind, so I hurry and put out my decoys, drag my little boat ashore and cover it with the long grass, crawl into the little wet blud, make myself as small as possible, and await the ducks. My fingers are numb with cold, and there is always a rascally decoy that wants to stand on its head. The ground is well littered with empty paper shells, showing that the place has been made good use of before. I haven't got into concealment a moment too soon, for the birds are beginning to come back. I raise my head a little, a pair of teal coming, I miss one but drop the other. Then comes a spoonbill and I lay him low, then a succession of misses, and there comes a rush of wings, and a mighty splash, and peeping out I see, not twenty feet away, half a dozen lordly canvasbacks swimming about among the decoys. I blaze away but only kill one, as they rise I knock down another. Good enough, a pair of "cans." I am satisfied now, if I don't get another duck. Now comes a lull in the flight, and rising to stretch my legs, I discover a pair of mallards that have swam in from another pond. I drop one dead as a mackerel, the other one comes down too, but only winged, for he is making for the shore for dear life. I push out the boat and go for him, but he is too quick, and gets away. I hunt the low bank over and over, but no use, so I paddle back, pick up my five dead birds and get into cover again. Then come more mighty rushes of wings, more splashes, a good many misses, but a good many ducks drop too, and their white bellies begin to make quite a show in the little pond, some are drifting away out of sight, round a point, too, so I push out and gather them in, and am surprised to see what a breastwork of ducks I am getting in front of me. I am also surprised, on taking stock, to see what a small number of shells I have left, and begin to wish I had taken Cap's advice. I haven't heard a great deal of shooting from him and Charley, but an occasional pounding noise, as though somebody was building a boat. That's the Cap pounding his duckboat with an oar, to scare up some ducks that he sees about alighting in another pond. Presently a flock of geese, flying low, came over, and I drop two of them.

It is getting along toward noon now, warm and pleasant, and I begin to feel hungry; but it is curious how the birds come as soon as I begin to eat my lunch. I finish, finally, and resume business, firing carefully now and taking no long shots, till I fire my last shell and with it get a duck. Then I come out of my hole. There is no use for concealment any longer; gather up my decoys, wash out my duck boat, and ship my game and traps aboard. But how the ducks

are coming in now. It really seems as if they were trying to knock my hat off. I paddle back again through the ditch toward the skiff, but how terribly hard this duck boat drags now, and at one abrupt turn in the ditch, Cape Horn, I am nearly stuck. How the ducks jump up in front of me, too, at every few yards' advance. They seem to know I am pumped out. At last I get back to the skiff, empty my duck boat and count my birds: 29 in all; 15 canvasbacks, 2 mallards, 1 sprigtail, 2 teal, 4 blackjacks, 3 spoonbills, 2 white geese. I pile them carefully in the bow of the skiff, not forgetting to give the "cans" the prominence they deserve. Then I wash the black mud from my oil-cloth coat, and spread it over them to keep the sun off, and with it comes a new idea. I start back to meet the boys and help them, for I hear their voices approaching. I meet Cap first, who says they have done pretty well, Charley, he says, has got as many as a dozen ducks. "How many did you get, Andy?" I replied that I have had the hardest kind of luck, couldn't seem to hit the birds at all, "but I got a pair of cans and a few other little ducks." "Why, Andy, is that all, I am so sorry, what a pity you didn't come with us, but I thought you might have got some birds in the Judd, it is the best pond in this marsh, and we put lots of ducks out of there, just now as we came through," and poor Cap goes on wasting sympathy on me, when I am tearing to pieces inside, I want to laugh so. Then I take hold and help Charley, whose duck boat seems to be crowding all the water out of the ditch before it, till at last the end of the ditch and the skiff are reached, and they take out their game for my inspection and astonishment, 30 birds in all; 8 of them canvasbacks, 8 sprigtails, 3 swans (killed with right and left barrel, by Charley), and the balance of small ducks. They do look nice, particularly the swans. We admired them a while and I got an occasional word of sympathy. Then Charley says, "Cap, where will I store all these birds?" "Oh, right in the bow of the skiff," he answers. Charley approaches, grabs my oil coat by the tail, shakes it off, and stands an instant in silence. "Cap, come here." They both take a glance, and make a rush for me, and for the next five minutes I am shaken and pummeled and embraced, and we finish up with a grand war dance on the spot, and a stranger visiting the banks of Frankhorn Slough that afternoon, would have thought that three lunatics had escaped from the insane asylum. Then we find it getting late, and embark for the yacht, amid much hilarity and many assurances from Cap, that he never will show the least sympathy for me again, no matter what may happen to me. We arrive in ample time for dinner, turn in early, with many promises of an early start out again next morning, but our expectations were not to be realized, and our next day's sport was anything but a repetition of my day's sport in the Judd. ANDY.

GAME PROTECTORS' REPORTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The several fish and game agents have filed their monthly reports for February with State Fish Commissioner Sherman, of New Hartford. Brief abstracts of the reports are given below:

Geo. W. Whitaker, protector for the first district, reports having brought suit against George Hutton and Richard Drake, of Suffolk county, for having trapped prairies in their possession. Hutton was acquitted, but Drake was fined \$5. The protector traveled 178 miles during the month, and his expenses were \$10.65.

Joseph H. Godwin, Jr., protector for the second district, in his report says that he has been co-operating with agents of the New York City Sportsmen's Association. But few violations of the game laws have been discovered recently. Sufficient evidence was obtained to warrant the commencement of two suits for violation of the fish laws. His expenses were \$23.50.

Protector Seymour C. Armstrong, of district No. 5, reports having begun action in the Supreme Court of Warren county against John C. Alden and Michael Schrodts for bounding deer. He traveled 405 miles during the month, and his expenses amounted to \$17.93.

John Liberty, protector for the sixth district, writes that he visited Nichols Pond, near Westport, to obtain information against parties accused of bounding deer but found there was no cause for the report. He obtained a judgment of \$50 against Wallace McFarland for hounding deer. The defendant paid the penalty. The protector traveled forty-four miles and paid out \$5.25.

Peter R. Leonard, protector for the seventh district, brought suit in the Supreme Court of St. Lawrence county against W. R. Woodward for hounding deer at Tupper's Lake. The case was settled, defendant paying \$75. Protector Leonard also recovered a penalty of \$50, with \$5 costs, in a suit against Darwin Day and others, for killing deer out of season. He traveled 209 miles and expended \$13.20.

Speaking of the recent action of the Assembly relative to the repeal of the anti-deer hounding law, Protector Leonard says: "If the law is repealed it will make it very hard for the State game agents to protect deer successfully."

Thomas Bradley, protector for the eighth district, reports having begun suits against W. Dirsler, David Mosher and Edward Spencer, in Fulton county, for disturbing trout on their spawning beds. In the case of the last two named, bills were found. He has two suits pending against Mathew Musgrave for having venison in possession in January. Protector Bradley traveled 300 miles and paid out \$24.

N. C. Phelps, of the tenth district, traveled 119 miles and paid out \$22.88. He found no violations of the law.

Protector Wm. N. Steele, of the twelfth district, traveled fifty miles and paid out \$2. He found no evidence on which to base a suit.

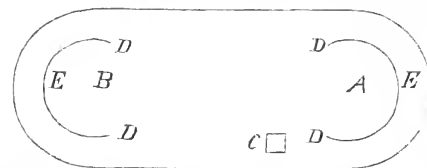
John Sheridan, of Penn Yan, protector for the fourteenth district, destroyed a set line valued at \$5 in Keuka Lake. He traveled 539 miles and expended \$20.83.

Geo. M. Schwartz, of the fifteenth district, brought suit against Wm. Carson, Henry Andrews, F. Ridgeway, Chas. Howard, Daniel Tompkins, Daniel Clump and Robert Scott, in the Wayne county Court of Oyer and Terminer, for illegal fishing in November. During the month he destroyed four fyke nets, valued at \$45, at Long Pond and Irondequoit Bay. The action against the Rochester Paper Mill Company has been settled, the corporation paying \$25 and promising to throw no more refuse in Genesee River. The protector traveled 170 miles during the month and his expenses amounted to \$53.

Protector S. A. Roberts, of the sixteenth district, reports having destroyed a seine valued at \$40, found in Niagara River. Henry and Christopher Miller were fined \$25 each for illegal fishing, and in default thereof were sent to the workhouse for twenty-five days. The protector traveled 298 miles and expended \$13.80.

SADDLE SLING FOR THE PLAINS.

HUNTING a great deal in the saddle I was naturally very much interested in "W. E. B.'s" description of a gun sling, in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 1, and can fully appreciate the difficulties one has in managing a horse and carrying rifle or shotgun in their hands. I send with this a pattern of sling which I use on the plains. It is fitted for a Sharps' .45 70, and a regular "cow-puncher's" saddle.



Its extreme length is 15 inches; width, 6 inches; openings at A and B, 2½ inches; width from D to D, 2½ inches; length from center to E, 7 inches. The square hole marked C is where the rear sight comes when the rifle and sling are fast to the saddle. I do not cut out the openings A and B but leave tongues, the lower one giving a bearing for the rifle against the horn of the saddle and furnishing a smooth surface for rifle to be pressed against when in haste to unfasten it from sling, or, in other words, to "draw it." I do not have to pull the rifle out lengthwise but can simply grasp it near the lever, give it a push forward, and the upper half of the sling releases itself. Can draw a rifle as quickly as the typical bad man from Bitter Creek can draw a pistol.

Have ridden hundreds of miles and never had my rifle offer to jump the sling, and when properly fitted rides smoothly and does not necessitate ones holding on to it even when the horse is running at full speed. MILLARD.

BEAR CREEK, WYOMING.

A TRAMP FOR MOOSE.

HAVING heard that a well-known sportsman of the neighborhood had returned from a week's tramp with one moose, I suggested to my friend S. that we should try our hand after them. Accordingly on Saturday, Jan. 16, we made preparations for an early start on Monday, the 15th. We laid in a supply of biscuits and baked a large pot of beans, and with some fat pork, etc., got together enough supplies for a week in case we met with no luck. We then drove to the Indian village and secured two hunters at one dollar a day each, who were to meet us on Monday at the house of a farmer named Clark, whose house is the last on the road before taking to the woods.

At 7 A. M. on Monday, we were all equipped, and packing our provisions, arms, tabogan, etc., in the pung, we started. The day before had been very wet, and the roads were somewhat broken; but we arrived at Clark's, which is nine miles from Bear River Village, at 11 A. M. The Indians had not yet arrived, so we waited an hour for them. When they came they told us that there would be too much water on the lakes and that we had better wait till next day, but we thought it better to make the attempt, and so started. Our first lake was Lake Jolly, about a mile and a half long. The ice was not very strong, but we managed to get across without mishap, and as it was freezing hard we anticipated no further trouble.

We next passed in succession ninth, eighth, seventh and sixth lakes, and at the foot of the latter we came to our first camp, and were glad enough of the rest. The camp was a poor one, but the night was bright and cold, so that with plenty of fire we managed to survive till morning. On Tuesday we made an early start and crossed the Stillwater River and then the "Turnpike," so called. This is a naturally graded sort of sand bank which runs from the Bay of Fundy right through to the ocean on the other side. It has no trees on it, and looks as if it had been laid out for a railway track. Then we went on through Cranberry Swamp, Cranberry Lake and over to Whitesand Lake, at the head of which we passed an Indian camp, and then we came to Moosehead Lake, at the foot of which we intended to camp. This last lake is two and a half miles long. We arrived at camp rather tired at 2 P. M., and at once started to get dinner ready and our supply of wood cut and everything ready for our hunt on the morrow. We had walked the whole way so far in moosecas, not having had occasion for snowshoes. We had thus far seen no tracks.

Wednesday morning we were all up bright and early, and as a good strong breeze was blowing, our Indians said it would be an excellent day for moose and probably caribou. We thought it wise to divide our forces, so S. took Jerry Barlett (Indian) with him and I started with Molt Pietou, the other Indian, our plan being to make a circuit and meet somewhere about the boundary rock. Molt and I crossed the lake and started over the swamp in the direction of Cow-fang Lake. After walking about two miles we struck moose signs, but we thought them about a week old, so we went on another mile, where my Indian discovered the tracks of two quite fresh. He immediately set about following them out, and within a quarter of a mile we discovered them browsing in a small belt of maples. We erept up to within about 70 yards, when I thought it best to fire. We heard the thud of the bullet, and she at once turned to run out of the maples. I loaded and fired again, but the bullet struck a small maple and glanced off. As I got ready to fire a third shot I saw her fall over and begin to kick. The other one started to run out, and as in the course of the battue my snowshoes came off, I handed my rifle to the Indian to fire and he had two shots at her, but fired high both times. I had by this time got my snowshoes off and taking the rifle, jumped on a rock to see where she was. Curiosity had overcome her prudence and she stopped for a minute full facing me, looking I suppose for the other, when a bullet in the breast dropped her where she stood. The two were four-year old cows, in good condition, and weighed between 1,800 and 1,900 pounds together. Not bad sport this for two hours' hunting we thought. We then dressed them and had just finished when S. and Indian came hurrying up, having tracked these same two about five miles. We then all returned to camp. Next day we all went and finished skinning and cutting up the meat. Of course we could not bring all of it out, so we gave the rest to the Indians. On our return to camp we came on the tracks of four more moose which had crossed the track about half an hour. We had as much meat as we could manage.

On Friday morning we started on the return trip, and as it rained hard all day, we determined to come through without a halt and arrived at Clark's at 7 P. M. very tired and wet, slept there and arrived home on Saturday at noon. So ended one of the best hunts it has been my good luck to

join in. For the benefit of those who perhaps have not had an extensive experience in this sport I would suggest the advisability of carrying a light good rifle, as it becomes very heavy carrying after a long tramp. The one I used was a .42 caliber.

PEREGRINE PICKLE.

THE DEER HOUNDING BILL.

WHEN the bill to repeal the anti-hounding law was under debate in the Assembly, the two principal advocates of its passage were Messrs. Hadley and Palmer. The misstatements contained in Hadley's speech were exposed and commented upon in our issue of March 4. Self-dubbed "old practical hunter" Palmer's speech is the funniest thing we have yet come across in all the deer hounding discussion. Here is the stenographer's report of what Palmer said:

Mr. Palmer spoke as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN: It must be evident to the House that my gallant friend from St. Lawrence (Gen. Curtis) is not a practical deer hunter; that his knowledge upon this subject is derived mainly from a careful perusal of the literature which is placed upon our desks and sent through the mail for the last two or three weeks upon this subject. He has given us a very careful resumé of the objections to this bill contained in this very literature.

Now, gentlemen, will you indulge a few moments an old practical hunter on this subject? For more than forty years I have been accustomed annually to go to the Adirondack forests as a sportsman hunting deer and catching speckled trout. It is my deliberate opinion, from my personal knowledge of this subject, that the most speedy extermination of the deer to those forests that you can possibly devise will be to forbid hunters and sportsmen the use of dogs in the pursuit of deer. We all know that the men who hunt deer for market for pay never use or own a dog. The men who use dogs are the sporting gentlemen who go in there for a week or two of amusement. And I assert here that a party of six gentlemen going into those forests with half a dozen dogs, two or three nights a week on an average, every deer they bring out costs them more than one hundred dollars. Hence it is that the men who make a profit in their business, who kill deer to send to the market, never use dogs. They still hunt and kill the deer by the score and send them into the market.

Now let me tell you a little incident that happened to me about twenty-five years ago, on one of those beautiful lakes that grace the Adirondack region. A party of four or five gentlemen went to the upper Chataugey Lake; on a little island in the middle we camped. We had half a dozen dogs, half a dozen boats, and half a dozen guides. We spent the whole week there with our dogs, every day striking a fresh track—for six long days, and not a deer did we get. The guides said to us, "Put your dogs in the kennels, and tomorrow we will have some sport and you will have some deer." We followed their advice, the dogs we shut up. The next day we went to the shores of that lake still-hunting, and before noon we bagged seven deer.

I know an old hunter who lives in that region, famous all the country through for his success in killing deer. He never owned a dog in his life.

He kills more deer than any other man within ten miles around and he invariably kills them by the still-hunting process. He steals noiselessly on the deer when the first snow falls.

The gentleman (Mr. Curtis) has read to us something from this literature in regard to various objections to this bill. Impracticable, and most of them utterly absurd, as known by all men at all acquainted with the subject. He says the dogs go out of their own accord and hunt deer through the swamps and mountains. Dogs never hunt deer or rarely. Dogs only hunt deer where they are led by the guide and the track is generally found by the guide and the dog forced to follow it. Of course when he goes upon it and gets excited, he sometimes sticks to it if he is a good dog.

It is said that the venison is ruined by pursuit of dogs. Those who are acquainted with this subject know very well that a dog never goes at a speed of more than three or four miles an hour when pursuing deer through the forests. The deer can escape without going one-fourth of the time.

The gentleman from St. Lawrence says the dogs are in the habit of driving the deer into holes and dragging them out. He asks me to read this paper. The most absurd and nonsensical stuff to be found anywhere!

I will read you something from an authority well-known in this State, not an obscure guide, not a man who never owned a hound—Mr. Paul Smith, who was a candidate for Congress last year, a gentleman, a cultivated man of veracity, and he says: "I have lived thirty-five years in the Adirondacks and I know about that region, and I desire to lay before you briefly a few facts." [Reads letter in full to the effect that the deer will disappear if dogging is prohibited.]

[This old sportsman of forty years' experience is not quite decided whether deer are hounded by day or by night, but he is dead sure that after being forced by the guide to follow the trail the dog will sometimes, if he gets excited, stick to it if he is a good dog. If he is a bad dog and does not get excited, the guide has to carry him all the way over the course. In that case the deer don't have to go at all; he just climbs a tree and makes derisive gestures at the man and the dog. They say that Mr. Palmer occasionally gets up in the Assembly to talk on bills relating to the prison system. If penal legislation is based on speeches like the above, God help the convicts.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was somewhat surprised when I learned by your issue of March 4 that the deer hounding bill had passed the Assembly by such an overwhelming vote. I had the patience to read Mr. Hadley's speech. It was a flimsy affair, too thin to hang together, and not worth contesting. But what surprises me the most is that ninety-three members of the Assembly of the great State of New York should vote to let loose the hounds, ostensibly for the preservation of deer. I must say that looks like preserving the deer with a vengeance. Was there ever anything more ridiculous. I mean the flimsy excuse.

The final ending up of the remnant of deer in the south western part of the State was accomplished by hounding several years ago, and the deer in a portion of Pennsylvania shared the same fate. It was hounds from first to last, hounding from beginning to end, that is to the end of the deer, and I am beginning to believe that the same calamity awaits the Adirondack region.

It is only a question of time.

The deer have something of a reasonable chance among still-hunters, also among wolves, but when a pack of wolves

are on one end of the trail and the water butchers, and the inevitable buckshot gun at the other end, the deer must go.

There are some deer hounders scattered over a large portion of Middle Tennessee, and I have conversed with several on that subject, and they are (invariably to a man) honest enough to admit the fact that hounding is the most sure and only way to exterminate the deer. They also claim that they are in favor of a law prohibiting the same. But as it is, they reiterate the same old story, that if they don't hound deer somebody else will.

ANTLER.

GRAND VIEW, TENN., March 13.

A hearing as to the proposed hounding law was had on Tuesday last at Albany before the Game Law Committee of the Senate. The hour set was 3 o'clock and the place the Senate Chamber, but it was after 4:30 before the hearing was opened in one of the committee rooms. Of the committee, Messrs. Vedder and McMillan were present, and for a part of the time Mr. Wemple. The hounders were represented by Dr. Ward, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Cookingham, Paul Smith, and five or six others. Among the anti-hounders present were Hon. Lansing Hotaling, Hon. C. L. Merriam, Hon. H. A. Sprague, Messrs. Collins, Van Santvoord, Sytes, Webb, Purdy, Bird, Grinnell, McChesney, Fenton, Smith, Youngs, Mayer and about fifteen others. All parts of the State were represented, and the greatest interest manifested. The discussion was opened by Mr. Cookingham, of the Bisby Club, who argued that while floating is permitted the use of dogs does protect the deer; that a deer which had been dogged would not be so likely to let the jacker paddle up to it. He did not regard this bill as by any means a perfect one; it had many objectionable features, but he did think it was a fair compromise. He would have deer protected for the sake of recreation and sport. He believed that more deer were killed—in proportion to the number of men engaged in it—by floating than by all other methods, next in order of destructiveness comes still-hunting in proportion to the number of men engaged in it, and last hounding. In other words, more people got sport out of the killing of one deer by hounding than by any other means. Mr. Cookingham said that the only unpleasant part of a hunt by this method was the killing of the deer. He said that most men cannot still-hunt, they do not know how. In his experience a dog could not catch a deer when there was no snow on the ground. Deer when chased by dogs are accustomed to trot along unconcernedly, frequently stopping to bathe in the water, and then get up, shake themselves, rub their heads along the ground, and go up on the bank and lie down and sleep until aroused by the voice of the slowly approaching dog. He stated positively that the use of the dogs had brought back the deer to the grounds of the Bisby Club. Mr. Sprague followed Mr. Cookingham in a speech, which although it did not contain so many startling statements as that of his predecessor had more to do with the subject under consideration. He defined the methods of killing deer and inveighed against water butchering as being essentially the same in principle as crusting. He showed why it is important to protect the deer, basing his appeal on economic and not sentimental grounds. Mr. Grinnell called attention to the fact that the speakers in favor of the bill appeared to misconceive the purpose of game legislation. Such legislation is not to benefit or favor any particular class of people, but to protect the game. He then devoted a few words to the shy nature of the deer, and showed that the Virginia deer is the most shy and timid of all American game animals.

In the course of the questions which followed these remarks, the question was squarely asked of Dr. Ward whether he considered the deer a dull and stupid animal or not, and he replied that his side had never stated that deer were not shy. Their claim was that the chasing with dogs made them more shy.

Mr. Grant, a guide, who said he had had thirty years' experience, next spoke on the side of the hounders, and was followed by Mr. Fenton, who read a paper on the other side. He brought out two interesting cases to show that deer pursued by wolves or hounds became tame, so far as man is concerned. Next came Mr. Barnes, of Essex, known to fame for his touching comparison of a vigorous Adirondack deer to a diseased cat on the back fence, and M. W. Youngs and Charles Smith, old guides, both of whom considered dogging the most destructive method of killing deer in the Beaver River region.

It was now nearly 7 o'clock, and the hearing was finally adjourned, owing to the engagements of the committee. It was a serious disappointment that neither Mr. Hotaling nor Mr. Van Santvoord was heard, owing to lack of time.

MIDDLEFIELD, Conn., March 14, 1886.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting yesterday of the executive committee of the Middlesex County Association for the Protection of Fish and Game the following resolution was taken and put on file among the minutes of the meeting:

Middletown, Conn., March 13. Resolved: That this association is in entire sympathy with the stand the FOREST AND STREAM is taking against that most unsportsmanlike sport, deer hounding, and we hope and believe that we represent the sentiment of all true sportsmen in Connecticut. (Signed) J. C. BROATCH, Secretary.

Our president, Dr. Alsop, and secretary, Mr. Broatch, suggested that I forward this resolution to the FOREST AND STREAM for publication if desired. We are about to put a lot of young trout in a number of streams in the county and hope to catch some of them when they grow up.—MEMBER

The last number of the FOREST AND STREAM contains an admirable cartoon on deer hounding. The artist pictures a doe struggling helplessly in the middle of a lake, with two men in a boat attempting to kill it. One of the hunters is holding the animal by the tail while the other clubs it with an oar. Two other boats are coming down the lake, and on the shore near by are the three hounds which have put the deer to water. The picture illustrates very finely the method advocated by hounders for killing the deer shy so the still-hunters can not get them.—*Utica Herald, March 15.*

The deer hounder who has decency enough left to squirm while looking at the cartoon in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM cannot relieve himself by calling the picture a caricature. It illustrates the alleged purpose of the hounder of our noblest game—"to make it 'shy' so that the still-hunter will not get it"—by depicting an excited hunter in the bow of a skiff, with our uplifted to beat out the brains of a swimming doe which the guide, kneeling in the bottom of the boat, holds by the tail. The picture would be a gross caricature of any possible action of a sportsman, but the North Woods are deplorably infested with mere sporting men. Their method of deer-hunting affords one of the distinctions

between the two classes. If the sportsman put hounds on the track of a deer it would be for the chance of a shot at the bounding game on its "runway." Missing the animal, and seeing it fairly in the water, he would be ashamed to use dog and boat in the same hunt. Not so with the sporting man. If he had not before lost all shame, he would lose his head in the excitement of the occasion, and eagerly butcher the game in the manner the cartoon represents. He would not dare to honestly describe his exploit to decent people. The sportsman need never hesitate. FOREST AND STREAM is on the side of the sportsman every time, and it has made many a keen thrust at the mere killer; but seldom has it punctured a victim's hide more shrewdly than with the pencil of its latest artist.—*Syracuse Standard, March 13.*

Last Wednesday afternoon a hound drove a two-year-old deer through the outskirts of the village and succeeded in catching it near the St. Lawrence Marble Co.'s quarry. A number of the employees of that company thought they would cut its throat and dress it out, which they proceeded to do; on being informed that they would be liable to a fine for having the meat in their possession, they drew off and left the carcass. In a few hours it had disappeared, some one having stolen it.—*Gouverneur (N. Y.) Free Press, March 3, 1886.*

CRYSTAL LAKE CLUB.—Burlington, Iowa, March 10.—I send you by mail to day copy of the rules and regulations of the Crystal Lake and Eagle Grove Club. This club was organized less than a year ago, and already has a membership of about seventy. It is the intention of the members to protect and encourage the propagation of game and fish, and punish law breakers to the full extent of the law. They have purchased about 2,500 acres of land, the best duck-shooting ground in the vicinity. It includes also Crystal Lake, Lone Tree Lake, Sand Lake and several smaller lakes, as good fishing waters as can be found in Illinois. They have also erected on Crystal Lake an elegant club house 30x40 at a cost of \$3,000. It is within about 50 feet of the C. B. & Q. Railroad, which makes it very convenient, the company having made the club house a regular station. Accommodations are furnished the members at the rate of \$1 a day. There has been some spearing and fishing through the ice this winter, but the catch did not amount to much. Your correspondent and a friend in one day speared about 100 dogfish. The ice is just breaking up at this point, and ducks are beginning to come in small flocks. Preparations are already being made for the Sportsman's Tournament to be held here in June. The early part of this week C. H. Wyman, one of our best amateur riders, with a .22-caliber Bullard, broke 471 out of a possible 500 glass balls, at 15 feet.—C. L. E. G.

SWANS IN FLORIDA.—St. Andrews Bay, Washington Co., Fla., March 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On a trip from Pensacola to this port I spent one night at a farm house on the sea coast. In the morning I noticed what I thought was a swan among a flock of geese paddling in and near the water's edge. Mr. B. (mine host) said he supposed that it was a swan, as he had been so informed by a number of persons. It had come there about three months before, had "taken up" with his geese, and was now perfectly tame, as he showed me, by calling it to eat bread from his hand. Getting my host to catch the bird, I found it to be a whistling or American swan. "Hallock's Gazetteer" says that this species is not seen further South than North Carolina, but Mr. B. tells me that for some years past he has seen them around the salt marshes in his neighborhood. He had shot several, and was positive that it was the same bird. The largest flock that he saw contained six birds. The hunting in this vicinity has been quite good this winter, deer, bears and small game being quite abundant. We have a great many ducks and a few geese on the bay this season, but they have been hunted a great deal and now are quite shy and keep well out in deep water. The fishing here during the spring, summer and fall months is excellent, there being any quantity of redfish, trout, sheepshead, Spanish mackerel, and other varieties of food and game fish.—W. A. M.

MAINE LUMBERMEN AND GAME.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* No doubt nine-tenths of the large game are killed by the loggers now in the woods and they rest in assured security. Not a season goes by that the writer does not learn that crews are largely supplied with wild meat. In the fall, before good sliding, the rifles are in constant use. At one camp last fall half a score of caribou and one moose were shot in one day and the supply was so great that one caribou killed two miles only from camp was left to spoil. In the salmon pools dynamite is the agent used to procure a change of diet. These are cold frozen facts, which the Commissioners can easily verify. The works are easily reached by trolleys and once there the evidence is to be found. There is now over five feet of snow in the woods and nothing on legs can escape the pot-hunter. Meat will be plenty in camps not supplied by teams. How long shall this continue?—MATTAWANKEAG (Bangor, March 2).

NEW HAMPSHIRE DEER.—Plymouth, N. H., March 3.—A raid was made last week on the deer crusters in Carroll county by Commissioner E. B. Hodge. He succeeded in convicting eight who were fined \$25 and costs each. Warrants were issued for others but they could not be found. The deer are rapidly increasing in that section of the State and if they could be protected during the deep snows it would soon become one of the best sections for still-hunting in New England, being very easy of access by rail. From Conway or Glen Station, on the P. & O. R., one hour's ride and one hour's walk will land the hunter to the deer resorts. Good guides can be found at Conway or Jackson and the sportsman will have no fancy price to pay for their services.—CARROLL.

WILDCATS IN CONNECTICUT.—Essex, Conn., March 2.—Wildcats have been unusually plenty in this part of Connecticut this winter. In North Guilford recently Nelson Lane, armed with an axe, killed one in his woodhouse after a long and desperate battle. In Salem a hunter killed another with a revolver. A wildcat is robbing Niantic hen roosts, and has been hunted repeatedly without success. In Killingworth three of the animals have been killed this season; in North Guilford one, in Chester one, in Saybrook one, in Niantic and East Lyme three. This is something phenomenal in Connecticut hunting annals.

EARLVILLE, Madison Co., N. Y.—Partridges and woodcock last fall were quite plenty, but our winter shooting is poor. Rabbits are very scarce, and very few foxes have been killed thus far.—G. F. B.

TAUNTON NOTES.—Taunton, Mass., Feb. 20.—The game about here appears to be wintering all right. Many quail and ruffed grouse were left at the close of the season, and if they are not shot and snared during the close season there will be plenty to breed. Game has been very plentiful this fall and winter; in fact, I never have seen as many quail and partridges before. Many very large bags of partridges have been made. Several scores for the season are as high as 125, and one fellow says he has killed 300. He is a market-hunter and went nearly every day. About two-thirds of the game hung up in our markets show no signs of blood or shot and have no doubt been snared. Many large flocks of quail lived through the open season, and we may expect plenty of quail next season. There were no flights of woodcock this fall. Several pairs bred, but were cleaned out in August; only a very few taken in the fall flights. Rabbit shooting has been as good as usual. Quite a number of foxes have been shot. Our markets are filled with prairie chickens, some of which have been kept several months. A partridge was caught alive in a curious way a short time ago. Two boys in the woods were sitting down to eat their dinner, when a partridge flew by and dropped into some bushes. The boys ran and threw themselves into the bushes over the partridge and caught him alive. I saw the partridge in a cage and should say he was a young bird.—CHESTER.

GARDEN CITY, KANSAS, March 1.—Game of some kinds is fairly plentiful in this part of Kansas. Antelope are found in small gangs, though scores of them were "butchered" during the blizzards and deep snows of January, their hunger driving them into the city limits and rendering them bold. I do not hear of the finding of any that were frozen to death, though thousands of cattle and sheep met that fate, their carcasses lining the Santa Fé Railroad in great numbers on the north, where they had drifted against the fences and died. A large flock of geese passed north last week, and some ducks have been coming into the Arkansas river. Wildfowl are said to come in immense numbers 100 to 150 miles east of here, but I think they will give us the "go by" until we begin to raise crops of grain for them to feed upon. This I hope will be the case this season, so we may have good shooting next fall. At present very little grain has been raised.—VETERAN.

NEW JERSEY GAME.—Quail have been quite plentiful around Madison, but very hard to find. The shooters have been comparatively few, I am glad to say. Partridges have increased, owing to the very few who hunt expressly for that game, and also to the very thick cover they have been driven to occupy. In November I was told by a first-class rabbit shooter that there was hardly any of that game to hunt, and he owns the best dog in that section, but could not make half the bag he made last year; but I know that rabbits are quite plenty. The last woodcock season was a very poor one, and it will be a poorer one yet next year. If summer woodcock shooting is not stopped, good-bye to woodcock. Wild ducks do not come to the meadows as usual; for what reason I do not know, as there is plenty of food for them.—16-BORE.

"WOODCRAFT" is a manual of camping out and woods life, written by "Nessmuk," for the guidance and instruction of young men who know little of camp life and older men who do not know so much that they are unwilling to learn more. The little volume is not only instructive, but is remarkably entertaining as well. It will prove a companionable book, whether one be going into camp next season or for home reading. There is a good deal of sound philosophy in "Woodcraft" and a great deal of mother wit. Published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

VIRGINIA BIRDS.—Partridges (*Oryz virginianus*) wintered well. We had two unusually deep snows, accompanied with bitter cold weather, but fortunately they were not of long duration; the first not lasting over ten days, the second not over five. The wild assertions that it was the coldest weather felt in Virginia for thirty years was all bosh. But birds are scarce, and have been for eight or ten years, all north of James River and west of Richmond.—OLD TIMER.

GALVESTON, Texas, Feb. 27.—There has not been very good duck shooting here for some time in consequence of the rainy and windy weather, but I think that after this date there will be good inland shooting and good shooting over decoys. Jacksnipe have been very plentiful for the last few months, and any one who is a good shot can secure a nice bag in two or three hours by tramping around the edges of the marshes outside of the city.—REDBREAST.

INDIANA.—Packerton.—Our Bob Whites are about played out. I wintered about four dozen for the last three years. Shooters are making away with them. Duck and brant were quite plenty on the Kankakee close by this fall. Prairie chicken gone. Plenty of cottontails. Few pheasants as they are called here. Expect good woodcock shooting in spring.—B. H. W.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 9.—In the court of special sessions at Albany to-day Joseph Clark, a prominent merchant, paid a fine of \$20 on conviction of selling quail out of season. George L. Thomas, also a leading dealer, charged with the same offense, demanded a jury trial.

IOWA.—Emmetsburg.—This town is situated on Medium Lake which is about eight miles long by one or two wide and twenty miles from Spirit Lake. We have as fine duck, geese and chicken shooting as any place in the State.—S.

SHINNECOCK BAY.—March 8.—Broadbills, redheads and whistlers are appearing in pretty respectable numbers on Shinnecock Bay.—J. WENDELL JR.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE TRAVELERS' INSURANCE COMPANY (not intended for sale or general distribution by the company), and designed solely for gifts to its helpful friends: a book of art-types containing a series of pictures of the principal streets, noted buildings, picture-galleries, private residences, and a few of the literary celebrities of Hartford. These views are not at all like ordinary photographs. They are dissimilar in beauty, location and original quality to any pictures that have yet been issued. Each artotype is a revelation of beauty. The lights, shadows and outlines of the buildings, the luxuriance and delicacy of the foliage, the fine perspectives of the streets, the exquisite details of the view, and above all the atmosphere in these gems of photography, lift them into the realm of art. The localities of the buildings have been especially studied, and the result shows Hartford under an aspect different from and more correct than any previous publication of the kind in the way of photography.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

AN ICY BATH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I said in my last letter that the Doctor insisted on taking our guns and the dog. Well, after arriving at our destination and getting everything ready, we started up an Indian trail which was parallel to our trout stream, expecting to begin fishing one or two hundred yards above where we had hitched our horses and work down. About one hundred yards from the buggy, as we were marching along, Indian file, a flock of eight or ten mountain grouse rose up from the dusty path and with spread tails, walked leisurely along in front of us, not over five yards in advance. The Doctor requested me to go back and bring a gun and the dog, while he would watch the game. When I returned the Doctor pointed to a cluster of undergrowth close by the roadside, into which the birds had retreated. When I put the dog in, even before he had wined the birds, away they went to the steep mountain side beyond the stream without giving me a chance for a shot.

On our return home, in crossing the Bitter Root River, which at this ford was about from twenty to thirty inches deep and fifty yards wide and a very rapid current, I noticed the dog being driven rapidly down stream. I asked the Doctor if he thought the dog could make it. "Oh, yes," replied the Doctor, "he is all right." Just then the dog struck a drift caused by a pine tree projecting out from the bank, and dipping down into the water and under he went. "There," said I, "your dog is gone sure." This caused the Doctor to rein up, remarking at the same time while his eyes were fastened upon the spot where poor Sport was last seen, "He'll come out all right." After waiting some time—long enough, I thought, to have completely drowned the poor brute, we saw him emerge from the stream some distance below the drift, give himself a few shakes and start on a run to meet us. When he caught up with us he fairly lashed his body with his tail and looked up with an expression as much as to say, "I tell you I made a narrow escape."

These mountain streams are all very treacherous, and one unacquainted with them has no idea of their depth and velocity of current simply by looking at them. In trout fishing in water up to the knees you must use extreme caution in order to keep your feet. I will never forget my first experience. I was told that in order to successfully cast for trout you must keep in the middle of the stream and fish down. This I could not do without rubber boots, because, as I thought a wetting in the ice-cold water would certainly prove serious, especially to one who had been a sufferer from neuralgic rheumatism. As I had left my hip boots out of the kit when packing up for this trip, I was kindly tendered a pair by a friend, which, although new and water tight, were about two numbers too large for me. I could get along very well when exercising caution, and always noticing where I placed my foot so as to avoid the many boulders that literally cover the beds of these streams. On this last fishing bout, however, the trout were so lively and the sport so exhilarating, that I soon forgot myself, and, making a misstep, was submerged, head up stream, in this ice bath. After two or three turns over I succeeded in regaining my feet, literally wet to the skin and about a gallon of water in each boot. At first the cold was intense, but soon a warm glow spread all over me, and especially my feet and legs. The water in the rubber boots did not only get warm, but apparently scalding hot. No inconvenience resulted from the ducking, in fact I became convinced that no better treatment could be suggested than a regular daily bath in this pure cold water, for all forms of simple neuralgia.

OCCIDENT.

CANADIAN TROUT WATERS.

THE new Lake St. John Railway, which runs north from Quebec, gives easy access to a large number of most excellent trout waters. A correspondent of the Quebec *Chronicle* says: "Not only has the road been completed some 80 miles beyond St. Raymond, but that it is rapidly extending, and in a couple of years the whole road to Lake St. John will be an accomplished fact. The line taken over by the company now extends to Riviere a Pierre, 58 miles from Quebec, and where a year ago nothing but a dense forest existed may be heard the busy hum of scores of mechanics engaged in the workshops of the contractor, where everything in the shape of repairs, etc., are performed in a workmanlike manner. From this point to the end of the road at Batiscan River, a distance of thirty miles, the line is operated by the contractor and is already in excellent order. A train leaves Riviere a Pierre daily and reaches the present terminus about midday, where the traveler can be accommodated with first-class fare at the Windsor. Just imagine, where a howling wilderness existed a few months ago almost every luxury can now be obtained, and every attention paid to the traveler who may fortunately be induced to visit these parts on business or pleasure. We talk about the land and scenery on the Saguenay River, but nothing can surpass the beauties all along the route of the Lake St. John railway. Gigantic mountains, nearly equaling in height capes Trinity and Eternity, of the far-famed Saguenay, lovely valleys, meandering streams and magnificent lakes are to be seen in succession as we travel through this interesting country. The railway skirts the borders of the beautiful Batiscan River for some forty miles, which is perfectly enchanting, being a succession of rapids, bays, etc., and studded with islands. An iron bridge is now being thrown across the Batiscan River, and it is expected the road will reach Lake Edward, a distance of 110 miles from Quebec, about the 1st of July next, if financial arrangements are completed. This splendid sheet of water is twenty miles long, about two miles broad, and abounds with the finest trout. From the end of the line to the second crossing on the Batiscan River, a perfect string of magnificent lakes are to be found teeming with fish, offering to the sportsman a chance scarcely known elsewhere, they being within a few hours' ride from the city."

J. U. Gregory, Esq., writes: "The *Chronicle* letter will convey some idea of the splendid fly-fishing for trout we can now enjoy within three or four hours' ride from home. The Lake St. John Railroad runs through an entirely new country, offering facilities to reach magnificent lakes and rivers teeming with beautiful trout. Leaving New York at 4:30 P. M., the next day at 1 P. M. you are in Quebec, and can reach the lakes or river the same day or in little over twenty-four hours after leaving New York. You can be in camp in time

to get that evening's fishing. The scenery is simply grand, the atmosphere cool and balmy, and for pleasure combined with healing qualities of the air no place in America can surpass this new region. As yet man has done nothing to interfere with the laws of nature, and for some years to come it will be a perfect paradise for the lover of the rod and gun. In winter caribou are plentiful and there is also an occasional moose. I most confidently recommend any of your readers desirous of fine trout fishing to try the Laurentine lakes back of Quebec, and shall be happy to assist them all in my power.

THE FISH AND FISHERIES.*

THE work now before us is by far the most thorough and important popular work on fishes ever issued in America. It has been published by the U. S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries, from material gathered under its direction, in conjunction with the tenth census. It comprises two large volumes; the one containing the text covers 850 quarto pages, printed in large, clear type on good paper, while the accompanying volume of plates gives us the finest collection of figures of fishes, mollusks, crustaceans and marine mammals that has ever been presented to the public. While it does not enter into scientific discussions of species, it gives us such information as the average reader will value and best understand.

It opens with the marine mammals, etc.—the seals, sea lions, walrus, the manatees—giving their life history and their commercial uses. In part second, the useful aquatic reptiles and the batrachians of the United States are treated; the species ranging from the great marine turtles down through the small pond tortoises, to the frogs, there being a chapter on the bullfrog, its propagation, mode of capture and economic uses. Part third comprises the larger portion of the volume, and is devoted to the food fishes of the United States. The author says in an introductory note: "In preparing the following chapters upon the food fishes of the United States, the authors have avoided all technical discussions, all descriptions of form, all digressions of the kind in which naturalists, even when writing for the general public, are so prone to indulge. We anticipate the criticism that the book is of no use in identifying the different kinds of fish, by the statement that we expressly desire that it should not be. We have tried to present in concise form the information suited to the needs of the fisherman, the fish purchaser, statistician, and the general reader. Most of our important species can be identified by reference to the plates. If greater accuracy of identification be needed, the inquirer is advised to consult 'Jordan's Synopsis of the Fishes of North America,' which forms the Bulletin No. 16 of the United States National Museum series."

The fishes which are of the greatest interest to the angler are very generously treated in regard to space, and much interesting matter concerning their habits is given in a condensed form. Of the black bass it is very truly said: "The black bass will never become the food of the millions. The New York market receives probably less than ten thousand pounds of them annually, and they are nowhere very numerous. Yet hundreds of bodies of waste water are now stocked with them in sufficient numbers to afford pleasant sport and excellent food."

While much is said upon the habits of the salmon, we note that the question of their biennial spawning, which has been so ably discussed by Mr. Atkins, is not referred to, although reference is made to his statement "that the great run of grise which is so prominent a feature in Canada and Europe is almost entirely absent in the rivers of the United States, the fish not returning until they have become adult." The salmon was formerly plentiful in Lake Ontario, where they used to ascend the Oswego River to its falls, but in the last eighteen years they have gradually decreased till now only an occasional straggler is found there; this decrease has been especially noticeable since the construction of dams.

Prof. D. S. Jordan describes the salmon of the Pacific coast. Of the rainbow trout he mentions that this species is generally known as brook trout, mountain trout, speckled trout, golden trout and other evanescent names, and as far as is known, they do not reach a weight of more than four or five pounds. Its range is throughout California in all mountain streams, and it is said to occur in the northern part of lower California. The southernmost specimens seen by him were from the San Luis Rey River. Prof. Jordan remarks: "It may probably run into the sea from streams in which the lower waters are clear. Specimens referred to this species from the north of Mount Shasta are perhaps the young of *S. gairdneri*. It feeds on worms, larvæ and the like. For a trout it is a fish of little gameness or activity. It is not often brought into the markets of San Francisco, and at present has little economic importance, although, of course, a good table fish." The so-called "red fish of Idaho," whose identity was first determined by our correspondent, Capt. Charles Bendire, United States Army, whose notes upon its appearance and habits have been published in *FOREST AND STREAM* and in the "Proceedings of the National Mus. um," is described.

Mr. Livingston Stone contributes an article on the quinnat salmon. He vividly describes their headlong rush up the streams to the spawning beds, in which great numbers die upon the way. According to Mr. Stone these salmon scoop away the gravel from a selected spot with their noses and sweep it off with their tails, until they have made a clear spot a few feet in diameter, usually circular in shape, and depressed toward the center, not unlike a hen's nest. This question of the use of the nose is one that has been much discussed among fishcultivists on the other side of the water. Concerning the question that was agitated some years ago, whether this species of salmon on the Pacific coast died after spawning or whether a few returned to sea, Mr. Stone speaks in the following words:

"Some uninformed persons, who have never seen these fish in their natural habits, have expressed some incredulity, in regard to their all dying after they have spawned. Under this head, I will only say that it is probably true that those that spawn near the ocean return to the ocean and recover their vitality, but those that pass the United States station on the McCloud River in the summer never do. In order to make sure whether I was mistaken in my views about it, I took the testimony, a year ago, of all the white men who have lived or worked on the river, and all the Indians I could reach. It was the unanimous testimony of all that the

* The Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States. Prepared through the co-operation of the Commissioner of Fisheries and the Superintendent of the tenth census, by George Brown Goode, Assistant Director of the U. S. National Museum, and a staff of associates. Section I. Natural history of useful aquatic animals, with an atlas of two hundred and seventy-seven plates. Washington, Government Printing Office, 1894.

salmon which pass the McCloud hatching station in the summer, on their way up the river to spawn, die in the river and never return to the ocean."

The chapter on the brook trout of the East is a reprint of Mr. Goode's essay on this subject in Scribner's "Game Fishes of the United States," and contains no new matter. We had hoped to see something said upon the so-called "sea trout" of New Brunswick.

Following the fishes come the mollusks, the crustaceans and the sponges. Taking the work as a whole, we regard it as one of the most valuable popular publications that has been issued under the auspices of the U. S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries, which has published so many valuable works. For some reason the number of copies issued to members of Congress has been limited to one, and many persons have been disappointed in being unable to procure them. They can, however, be obtained from the public printer at a moderate cost, and the work should find a place in the library of every angler and naturalist.

THE NEW TROUT OF SUNAPEE LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with great interest the articles you have published on the new trout of Sunapee Lake, and hold myself some original correspondence in regard to their size and origin. Allow me briefly to express my opinion.

In 1874 I carried my boat seventeen miles over the mountains, and launched her on Sunapee. It was a case of love at first sight. I began my addresses in an humble way as a tent-dweller by its crystal waters; to-day I own three cottages embosomed in its pines, and 1½ miles of its shore. During the last twelve years I have industriously prosecuted the gentle art, and frankly admit that I have never hooked or even seen one of these *Oquassa* trout; moreover, among the host of anglers and frequenters of the lake with whom I am acquainted I know not one who has. The trout were seen for the first time last October, spawning on my sand shoals, by Colonel E. B. Hodge, our Fish Commissioner, and Mr. A. H. Powers, ex Commissioner. The problem is easily solved; and my esteemed friend, Colonel Hodge, I fear may not figure as the discoverer of a new species indigenous to the lake—an inhabitant of Sunapee's depths from time immemorial, yet never before noticed by any of the thousands of poachers and anglers who have cast flies, fished with worms and salt pork, or swept seines in the lake for a century! Impossible. The new trout are the giant offspring of Rangeley "blue-backs," introduced a few years since as food for the large brook trout, and furnished in Sunapee with phenomenal conditions, not only for sustenance, but also for enormous growth. All fish except pickerel attain an unusual size in the waters of this lake—yellow perch, two pounds and upward; land-locked salmon, twelve pounds (seven years from the ovum); brook trout, six to nine pounds, and black bass the unprecedented weight of seven and a half pounds (two pounds beyond the limit of the naturalist).

So the little "blue-backs" of Rangeley have found here the food and water to make them grow as large as their congeners of Disco Island and Labrador, and even to exceed in weight those famous native dark-skinned, brilliant-spotted trout, in pursuit of which the aborigines made frequent journeys to "Sunapee's shore of rock," and barrels upon barrels of whose juicy pink flesh have been salted down by the white settlers and their descendants since the time the country was opened.

JOHN D. QUACKENBOS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The letters of Prof. Baird and Dr. Bean, in the last FOREST AND STREAM, seem conclusive as to the point of the new trout discovered by Messrs. Hodge and Powers, in Sunapee Lake, being of the *oquassa* type, and I take it were written before the publication of Mr. Powers's letter, which I sent you, giving the date when the genuine *Salvelinus oquassa* were planted there.

There is another question which I have had in my mind for a year or two, and that is, as to the exact classification of the celebrated Dimond Pond trout.

Had I been able to have visited those ponds this summer, it was my intention to have forwarded some of them to Dr. Goode for examination, but I failed to get there.

Mr. Prime gives a very graphic account of fly-fishing in the upper pond, in "I Go a-Fishing," but I have never been able to take a single fish in that pond in several visits, although I have always taken them, both with fly and bait, in the lower pond.

When there two years since I whipped the upper pond faithfully one evening and the next morning, in company with an expert fly-fisherman, who had been very successful a fortnight previous, without either of us getting a rise; but I saw the outline, on a piece of birch bark, of a 2½-pounder which he took on the former occasion, nalled up against the door post of Mart Noyes's camp.

Now, I have never seen a trout over one-half pound in weight taken from the lower pond. The fish there are very uniform in size, from 9 to 12 inches long, round, slender, and with no mottling of the fins and very little of the back (which is dark and bluish), with the red spots very small and the flesh a very deep red, looking when raw like a beef-steak.

These ponds are on the Androscoggin water shed, which they drain into through Dimond Stream; and the trout of the Upper Mohawk, six miles to the westward on the Connecticut water shed, are white-fleshed, deeper bellied and more distinctly mottled.

The tail of the Dimond Pond trout, too, is inclined to be bifurcated, and, in fact, the first time I ever caught one, I was inclined to doubt its being a trout until I found the red spots. I believe that they also belong to the *oquassa* variety, and should I get up there again shall try and send some to Washington for identification.

SAMUEL WEBBER.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.

THE SOUTH FORK FISHING AND HUNTING CLUB, of Pittsburgh, at their last meeting, decided to erect on their property in Cambria county, a large club house or hotel to be used for the exclusive benefit of members of the club, and a limited number of their friends. Plans of the proposed structure have already been prepared. It will be of unique design, three stories high, and will be large enough to accommodate 150 guests. It will be located on Conemaugh Lake, a body of water two miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, situated two miles back of South Fork, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and about nine miles southeast of Johnstown. The club, which has a membership of about sixty substantial citizens, now owns between 1,700 and 1,800 acres of land in Cambria county.

MASKINONJÉ, MASCALLONGE, MASKINAUGA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I find that I have got into a very serious scrape by writing about the etymology of maskinonje. In a reminiscence in FOREST AND STREAM, of Dec. 31, I made a foot note, in which I called the attention of etymologists to the derivation of the word "mascallonge" and its variations, and drew upon my very limited stock of the Ojibwa tongue, obtained thirty years ago and nearly forgotten. In this I said:

"My spelling of the Ojibwa name of pike, *Kenosha*, is entirely phonetic. I have no idea how it might be spelled. Give the *o* a nasal sound and twist it into 'Kinoje' and it is not a far cry to 'maskinonje,' which most authorities try to twist into a French derivation with 'mask' as a synonym of 'face.' I do not pretend to decide this matter, for I am not learned enough in either French or Ojibwa, and know that the latter tongue has received many additions since the 'Chemokman' came among them. As an instance of this: A poor Indian had begged around camp for some days with more or less success, when one morning he came in and requested 'pungee pegushigan.' To my untrained ear this meant 'pungee' (little) 'pequishigan' (bread), and I told him 'gowin pequishigan' (no bread); he insisted, and taking up a gun showed me that 'pegushigan' meant percussion caps for a gun and not bread—showing that he had made a word, or others had, for something new."

This was followed by one of your correspondents, who opened up a new field to me, and created a desire to go into the matter further. This correspondent, in your issue of Jan. 7, said:

"In the foot note to the article entitled 'A New Year Fishing Trip,' Mr. Mather ventured an etymology of the word 'mascallonge.' He might safely have gone further. It is hardly necessary to remind so accomplished an Ojibwa scholar that *mas* means 'spotted' or 'speckled.' Thus: the Nipigon Indians (Chippewas) call the lake trout (*Salvelinus namaycush*) 'namaycush'; the brook trout 'mas-namaycush,' and they assured me that *mas* had the meaning above given. If the distinct spots of the mascallonge be compared with the broken-line markings of the northern pike, the reason of applying the adjective will be evident. 'Maskinonge' is said by the 'Encyclopædic Dictionary' to be the Algonquin name, and in 'Hawatha' 'kenozha' and 'maskinozha' are used as synonyms. I can have little doubt that 'maskinonge' means simply 'spotted pike.' But like Mr. Mather I have learned the difficulty of expressing Indian sounds in our usual notation.—X."

An editorial note said: "This opens a new mine for etymologists who have always looked to the French and have concluded that the name was derived from 'mask allonge' or long face. It seems more probable that the French twisted the Ojibwa name into their vernacular and made 'maskinoje' into mascallonge, maskanonge, etc. We will be pleased to hear further from our Ojibwa scholars."

"X." gave me credit for a great deal more knowledge than I possess, for it never occurred to me that "mas" meant "spotted or speckled." As he truly says, "it is exceedingly difficult to express Indian sounds in our usual notation," I should have said for red or spotted (?) "mis," thus: "Mis-quah" is red, as I understand their Ojibwa; and "mis-qua-bo," red blood or fluid; "mis qua-walk," red cedar, etc.

It occurred to me then to work this matter up and see what I could make of this variously spelled name of maskinonje or mascallonge and wrote to my old friend, D. H. Fitzhugh, Jr., of Bay City, and asked him to inquire of our guide, the famous Len. Jewel, how nearly correct this might be, as Len spoke the language quite fluently, and when in the woods with him I have attempted to brush up what little knowledge I had obtained of the Indian, by conversation. This and the attempt at a little "patter" in Ojibwa with Jack Shephard, the noted Brown tract guide of the Adirondacks, is all the chance I have had to air the few words in my Ojibwa vocabulary in thirty years. The result was that I had to depend very largely upon my knowledge of English in order to get along at all. Mr. Fitzhugh kindly replied to my letter, but before its receipt I read the obituary notice of Len Jewel in your issue of Jan. 28.

Mr. Fitzhugh said:

BAY CITY, Jan. 11, 1886. My Dear Sir—Your favor received: "In re maskinonge"—Some thirty years ago the question was agitated in *Porter's Spirit*, and the same discussion took place. Genio C. Scott was in correspondence with Mr. W. A. Fitzhugh, a cousin of mine, whose gun and tackle fell to my lot at his demise. They agreed that the proper name was maskinonge, sharp accent on the 'e,' and Genio quoted him as authority for the correct name. Now as to whether the "mas" means "spotted" or not, I can't inform you—I always thought it meant a pike of larger growth, and when I have asked the Indians they always said "Yes," but you know how hard it is to get a correct interpretation from an Indian, as they will always pleasantly agree to any suggestion. It is astonishing how far a little Indian lore, a little money and a little whisky will go to make these noble natives agree to all you may say or do. Len don't know, but thinks it means a large pike. The fearful march of civilization (much to be regretted) has swept away the Indians in this vicinity, also the intelligent traders who might give me some information. When I go to Nipigon next summer, where the purest 'Castilian' is said to exist among the Chippewa tribe, I will try to find out from the Menominees, who are good friends of mine, and report to you. The Chippewa language here is corrupted by mixing with the Ottawas on the east of Canada. In the Northwest, where you picked up your jargon, it was mixed with Menominee, but we had no trouble at Nipigon with Len to interpret. Although but very few of our guides could understand English, more could speak French. I send you by mail an Indian primer, which may guide you in your researches. 'A little book for you to look upon.' Send it back to me, as I value it and cannot replace it. The notations in pencil were made by my cousin, W. A. Fitzhugh, who was an enthusiast on the Ojibwa language. You may find it interesting. Old Len is sick in the city hospital with gravel and inflammation of the bladder. I made him go there for good treatment, and we visit him daily; but I fear he will not be able to go with us into the wilds much more, although he went with us to Nipigon last year after a similar attack, and did good light service. Truly your friend, D. H. FITZHUGH."

It will be seen from this letter how difficult it is for a man who has picked up a little lingo in one portion of a tribe which has not preserved its language in its purity to converse or even to understand what is spoken by members of the tribe residing at a distance. The admixture of French and English words has tended to confuse the tongues of the

different branches of the same tribe. Thus, while I spelled the word for large "kige," I find that Longfellow, in "Hawatha," spells it "gitchee," and in the Ojibwa primer, compiled by Rev. Peter Dougherty, 1844, kindly sent me by Mr. Fitzhugh, he spells it "gechee."

As near as I understand the Ojibwa or Chippewa as it has been Anglicized, they have one general name for fish, "kego." While I understand the pike to be "kenosha" or "kinoje" (Dougherty spells it "kenozha") the trout to be "noo-may-gus" (which has been twisted by ichthyologists into *namaycush*); the black bass to be "oo-she-gun," which I see Prof. Goode makes "achigan" in his "Game Fishes of the United States."

In the following I have given all the various spellings that I have been able to find in American works on fishes, and whenever an author has attempted to give a definition of the name of the fish, or to trace its derivation, I give his language in full. Much of the spelling is evidently corrupted, and some instances are no doubt printers' errors. I have also given the number of syllables that should be sounded in the different names, and will say that in every case the *g* should be soft.

In Report of the Geological Survey of Ohio, Vol. IV., Part I., Zoology, Columbus, 1882, p. 917, Jordan gives: "*Esor nobilitor*, Thompson Muskallonge; Mascallonge, Maskinonge, Great Pike. '*Esor musquithongy*, Mitchell' (quoted, 'Mirror, 1824, 297,' but it is not there; I cannot find the description anywhere)."

Hallock, "Sportsman's Gazetteer," 1878, gives "muskellunge, mascallonge, and maskinonge," and says: "This fish is known in the laws of Canada as the 'maskinongé,' from the Chippewa word maskanongé, meaning long nose; but in the States it is called 'mascallonge,' from the French *masque* and *allonge* (elongated) longface."

I give below, in alphabetical order, such various spellings as I find, and where an author has attempted to trace the derivation, I quote his words:

Roosevelt, "Game Fish of the North," Chap. XIV., "mascallonge, synonyms: *Esor estor*, masquellongé, muskellunge, muscalinga, masquinongy, maskinonge, muscanonga." * * * "The name of this fish is derived from *masque* *allongé*, long snout, which is a translation from the Canadian Indian dialect of *masca-nonga*, words which have the same signification; and from corruptions of these two designations arise our numerous names. I took great pains to ascertain precisely how the Canadian boatmen, who are a cross of the Indian and Frenchman, pronounced this name, although, in their French *patois*, he is ordinarily called *Brochat*, and the best my ears could make of it was *mas* or *mascallonge*, the latter syllable being guttural.* But as the most sonorous, expressive, and appropriate name is mascallonge, it is desirable that all sportsmen should employ it."

MASCALONGE (three syllables).

"Frank Forester" (Henry William Herbert), "Fish and Fishing," no date, pp. 151, 281. As a synonym he gives, "Masquellongé, Canadian French." Perhaps there is a typographical error. Page 152, he says: "The mascallonge owes its name to the formation of the head—*masque* *allongé*, long face or snout, Canadian French—but which has been translated from dialect to dialect, maskinonge, muscalunge, and muscalinga, until every trace of true derivation is lost."

Norris, Thaddeus, "The American Angler's Book," 1865, p. 135.

Sterling, Dr. E., paper read before the Mass. Angler's Ass., no date.

Jordan, D. S., "Geological Survey of Ohio," 1882, Vol. IV., p. 917.

"Kingfisher," FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XVI., p. 72, describes one of 32 pounds.

"Dr. K.," FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XX., p. 308, "Does it leap?"

"B.," *ibid*, p. 348.

"Canuck," in FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XXII., p. 107. Catches a big one.

MASKALONGE (three syllables).

Dr. C. A. Hewers, FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XIX., p. 30, tells of one caught of 33 pounds, with a live gull for bait.

Elihu Phinney, FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XX., p. 231, does it leap?

MASKEENONJAI (four syllables).

Writer in New York *Commercial Advertiser*, Dec. 10, 1824, quoted by Thomas E. Devoe, "The Market Assistant," Orange Judd & Co., no date.

MASKELLONGE (three syllables).

G. M. Skinner, FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XVII., p. 212, tells of one of 10 and one of 18 pounds.

MASKINAUGA.

I have somewhere seen this spelling but cannot find it now, this is doubtless a printer's error for maskinonge.

MASKINONGÉ (four syllables).

Jordan, D. S., Report Ohio Fish Commission, 1877, p. 92. "Antoine," FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XIX., p. 70, one bites a man's foot.

Scott, Genio C., "Fishing in American Waters," 1875, p. 277. "The Ojibwa name of this fish is 'maskanongé,' meaning 'long snout.' When Canada was a French colony the *habitans* named it *masque-longue*, signifying long visage. I submit that the Ojibwa was entitled by priority to the right of naming the fish; but as the Dominion of Canada has named it again, and in all legal enactments there in reference to it the name of the fish is written 'maskinongé,' I willingly accept the modification instead of either the Indian or the French name."

Jordan, D. S., Geological Survey of Ohio, 1882, Vol. IV., p. 917.

Scott, J., FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. III., p. 395. Roof, Clarence M., FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. III., p. 322.

MASKINONJE (four syllables).

FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XIX., p. 369, describes one of 34 pounds.

MASQUALONGUS (four syllables).

Jordan and Gilbert, Report Ohio Fish Commission, 1875-76, p. 82.

MUSCALONGE (three syllables).

FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XI., p. 324: "A Monster Mascallonge.—Bellevue, Ont., Nov. 12 [1878].—This morning (Tuesday, Nov. 11) the largest mascallonge ever captured in the Bay of Quinte, and probably one of the largest ever caught in fresh water, was taken in a seine near Belleville. I personally measured the fish and found its dimensions to be as follows: Length, from tip of nose to end of tail, 5 feet

*Here is the only instance of a hard *g* which I have met in looking up this subject.

4 inches; girth at thickest part (after a five-pound pickerel had been taken from its stomach), 26½ inches; weight, 52 pounds. Besides the pickerel above referred to, the stomach of the monster contained a number of other good-sized fish.

"Stanstead," *FOREST AND STREAM*, Vol. XX., p. 490, it leaps.

Clarke, S. C., *FOREST AND STREAM*, Vol. I., p. 236, editorial: "The largest we have ever heard of is vouched for by our friend S. C. Clarke, who says that in 1840 he saw one at the mouth of the Calumet River, Michigan, which had just been captured in a seine, that was six feet long and weighed eighty pounds. The mouth would have admitted a man's leg; it showed a perfect *chevaux de frise* of teeth, the canines at least an inch long!"

"A.," *FOREST AND STREAM*, Vol. XVII., p. 251, tells of one of 33 pounds.

MUSCHILONGÆ (four syllables).

"Dr. Williams, author of the 'History of Vermont,' informs us that the pike in that State bears the name of 'mushkilongæ.'"—J. V. C. Smith, *Nat. History Fishes of Mass.*, 1833, p. 166.

MUSKALLUNGE (three syllables).

Jordan, "Manual of the Vertebrates," 1876.

—ibid, 1878.

MUSKALLONGE (three syllables).

Kirtland, J. P., *Proc. Cleveland Acad. Nat. Sci.*, 1845 to 1859, pub. 1874.

Klippart, J. H., *Rep. Ohio Fish Commission*, 1875-76, p. 31.

Jordan and Gilbert, *ibid*, p. 82.

Jordan, D. S., *Rept. Ohio Fish Com.*, 1877, p. 92.

—Contributions to American Ichthyology, 1877.

Cope, E. D., *Rept. Pa. Fish Com.*, 1879-80, p. 107.

Rept. Pa. Fish Com., 1881-82, p. 154.

Atwater, W. O., *Rept. U. S. Fish Com.*, 1880, pp. 239, 257.

Jordan, D. S., *Geological Survey of Ohio*, 1882, Vol. IV., p. 917.

Howard Pyle, "Sport with Gun and Rod," pp. 591, 592.

"Rambler," *N. Y. Times*, Aug. 10, 1860.

Jordan and Gilbert, "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," p. 353, spells it "muskallonge," and in a foot-note refers to the generic name given by him in *Rep. Ohio Fish Com'n*, 1877, of *mascelonius*, which he thus defines: "Latin *maska*, mask; *longus*, long." Turning to the report referred to, page 92, we find that in his remarks on the genus *Esox* Prof. Jordan says: "There being but one genus of this family at present known, its characters need not be separated from the family characters given above. It is divisible into three well-marked groups, which may be considered as subgenera. One of these is the typical *Esox*, to another Rafinesque long since applied the name *Piceollus*; the third, or muskallunge type, may be termed *Mascelonius*, in allusion to the long face and in special allusion to the vernacular name muskallunge, which is said to be from the French *Masque allongé*; in Latin *Mascelonius*." Further down, while giving the species, Prof. Jordan follows Thompson and calls it *E. nobilior*.

MUSKELLUNGE (three syllables).

De Kay, James E., "Fishes of New York," 1842, pp. 222, 223, "The muskellunge, or maskinonge [four syllables], for its orthography is not settled, occurs abundantly in Lake Erie." (De Kay had never seen one, and took his name and description at second hand, and got the description wrong.)

Milner, James W., *Rept. U. S. Fish Com'n*, 1872-73, pp. 6, 32, 63.

—ibid, p. 523.

Goode, "Game Fishes of the United States," 1879.

Nelson, E. W., *Rept. U. S. Fish Com'n*, 1875-76, p. 792.

MUSQUEALONGE.

FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. X., p. 280. "In an official Minnesota pamphlet we find the name of this fish spelled *musquealonge*! This is the latest orthography. It is altogether an innovation upon the old-time spelling of muscalonge, maskenonge, masquelonge, muskallunge, *et al*, and cannot be regarded as an improvement."

MUSQUINONGY.

Esox musquinongy, Mitchell, *Mirror*, 1824, p. 297. (This is quoted by Gunther, *Catalogue of Fishes Brit. Mus.*, and by De Kay. Jordan says he cannot find it in the *Mirror*, and I have not access to it).

I have no doubt but the French "masqueallonge" is as near the Ojibwa "maskinonjé" as they could get it, and as the fish has a long face or long snout, they accept that as their name for it. I have as little doubt also, that the Indian word was originally "maskinonje" which, as your correspondent "X." inclines to think, means the "spotted pike," and thinks the "common pike" was simply "kinoje." I do not anywhere find any warrant for the spelling "muskellonge" and its variations. These are probably corruptions, such as we sometimes hear in Canada, where the two first syllables are entirely ignored, and the fish is spoken of as simply "lunge," a term used in Maine for the great lake trout. It is too late to attempt to correct any errors in spelling or in pronunciation which have crept into the name of this fish; and it is no part of my intention in writing this article, to do anything of the kind; the only object being to attract the attention of others who may be interested in the derivation of names to this subject in order that we may know why the fish has been thus called. It seems as if the Indian name should be spelled "maskenozha" and the Rev. Dr. Dougherty gives it as "mushkiuozha." Nowhere in this book of his do I find "mas" for spotted, but do find, as I have said, "mis" for red, as "mis-ko-be-nay-see" for redbird, "mis-quah-muh-gud," it is red, etc., and as the spots on *Esox nobilior* are not red, it certainly could not have been intended to be "mis-que-nonge." But I do not know the Ojibwa word for spotted which your correspondent "X." tells me is "mas," and therefore I have no reason to doubt it, but hope that it is so, for I believe that the Canadian Frenchmen corrupted an Ojibwa word into *masque allonge*, and we have accepted it and still further abused it, as above shown. The fish was here before the Frenchmen and they learned its name from the natives, and from its resemblance to words of theirs they gave it a twist into long snout.

Of the authors quoted above Roosevelt comes the nearest to being correct when he says that "*masque allonge* is a translation from the Canadian Indian dialect of *masca nonga*," but he divides these last words wrong and misses it when he says they "have the same signification." "Kenozha" is Ojibwa for a pike and has no other meaning more than "horse" or "cow" have, and "mas" is an adjective of some kind, for only the great *nobilior* is so called. I do not believe

with Frank Forester that the derivation is lost nor that long face or long snout had anything to do with its original Ojibwa name, even though Scott says the same thing. This is an after thought of the Canadian Frenchmen. There is no authority except that which comes from modern use, for either the letters u or l in the name. It may be maskinozha, maskinonjé, or maskinongé, but all such forms as muscalonge or muskellunge, not to mention the other outlandish names I have quoted, are corruptions.

FRED MATHER.

THE RECORD OF A LINE.

RUMMAGING among my fishing tackle I pick up a thin brown line (sample of which find inclosed) to which is attached the following memorandum:

"July-Aug., '85, taken on this (2d season), 173 perch, 18 rock bass, 32 black bass, 298 trout, 4 pike; total 524."

The remarkable part of this may be in the fact that the line has never parted with a fish upon it. Several hooks have been broken, but no fish lost through fault of the line. It had, however, one pretty severe test. The angler's wife, who is fond of the sport, once hooked a large bass while he was busy with the bait, and womanlike, she proposed to let no fish escape—big or little—if a strong steady pull would effect anything. The light rod was making rapid and very profound salaams to the denizen of the flood, while the line swished to right and left in a way to make the angler's heart jump to his throat as he realized the impending disaster to his tackle; and shouting to his "better half" to "let go the reel," which she was holding with a determination known only to woman on such occasions, he dashed to her relief. For a brief moment it was a trial of endurance between the fish, the lady and the line, but the calamity was averted by a timely release of the reel, and plenty of line wherewith to divert himself, the gallant fish was soon obliged to succumb. He tipped the beam at 5½ pounds.

The record of 1884 has been mislaid, but it included several black bass, one pike of 13 pounds and one 17-inch trout taken at the mouth of Carp River. Twice did the angler have his nose to the gravel and as often did the brave fish fight his way back to his native element against the utmost endeavors of his captor. A third time was he hauled within reaching distance, when throwing down the rod, with the desperation born of a last hope, the angler pounced upon his prize with both hands and the struggle was soon over. The weight of this fish some hours after, was 3 pounds 1 ounce. The hook was an extremely small one and the least slackening would have lost him. The line will be used again this season.

C. J. T.

HAMPTON PONDS.

A SPRINGFIELD paper yesterday morning contained the following item: "A black bass weighing 7½ pounds is on exhibition in an Elm street store window. It was caught at Hampton Ponds, and is the largest fish of this kind ever taken there."

That is a monster, indeed, and no doubt the very one so many of us were fishing for last summer. Hampton Ponds afford about the only bass angling to be found in this immediate vicinity. The fishing there is generally nothing to boast of. Every man professes to believe that the waters are full of bass, and excuses for poor success are never wanting. In fact, I have myself seen them jumping in every direction and have not been able to take more than one in all the afternoon. Large fish are caught occasionally, and the parties who keep boats to rent do not fail to give the matter proper circulation.

The first minnow I ever cast into the pond returned me a bass weighing nearly three pounds. I jumped to the conclusion that this was the place I had been looking for for some time; but I never caught another so large. I have seen one weighing four pounds caught with a frog, while traditions of six-pound fish are current among the employes at the grove, where horses are left and boats obtained.

It is a very pleasant place to spend a day, and Holyoke and Westfield anglers are always well represented when the weather is favorable for sport, while the tents of campers are often seen upon the island. Those who fish the waters frequently meet with occasional good success, and find their scores at the end of the season moderately satisfactory. One Westfield business man stated in August that he had taken fifty up to that time, ranging in weight from four pounds down. It was reported that on one day in the month of May, 1884, a man filled a clothes' basket with bass from this pond. They must, doubtless, have been taken from the spawning beds. This and similar practices amply account for the fact that a person may fish all day in July and catch nothing.

Holyoke, Mass., March 10.

COLOR OF TROUT IN SALT WATER.

IN former numbers of *FOREST AND STREAM* I have occasionally seen notes on the change of color in trout. That the color of trout undergoes some modification in different waters seems to me beyond doubt, and this I suppose to be the prevalent opinion. I will give an example within my own experience.

There is (or was in 1859) a nice little trout brook and pond at Glenwood, L. I. Glenwood is situated on Roslyn or North Hempstead Harbor. I once stocked two small ponds of my own from this brook, and years ago took many fine trout from it. The brook was dammed up a few hundred feet from the harbor. I think it was 1839 that the gate of this dam was broken down by a freshet, and hundreds, if not thousands, of trout soon found themselves in salt water. Five or six weeks afterward I saw some of these trout taken from a fyke on the opposite side of the harbor. They had all this time been living in salt water. The color had nearly all faded out of the spots and the fins, and the whole fish was of a pale silvery hue, and they might very well have been called silver trout. When cooked the flesh was firm and the flavor excellent. This account may have some interest for Mr. Hallock.

I wish to say further that the dam was repaired as speedily as possible. A few days after it was finished I went over to Glenwood to see how things were looking. The water was then coming over the dam again in quite a large volume. I may state that the dam was over six feet high at the gate. While looking at the flow of the water I was surprised to see a trout go up over the dam. My interest was at once aroused. I stepped back a few paces and looked down the brook to the bay, a distance of a few hundred feet. The brook was alive with trout, large and small, and they seemed to have been alarmed at my presence. Drawing back a little further and remaining as motionless as I could, I presently saw the

beginning of one of the grandest sights I ever beheld. First two or three, then a dozen or two, and finally multitudes of trout went dashing up and over the waterfall. For a moment I was spellbound. All, however, did not succeed in going over the fall in the first attempt. Apparently exhausted before reaching the summit, some of them fell back into the stream below, but only to renew the attempt again after a few moments of rest. They were moved by a common instinct to get back to their native haunts, and no obstacle seemed too great to overcome.

For two hours I watched this flight of the trout up and over the sparkling and foaming waterfall, and then reluctantly left for my boat. I had become so fascinated that while rowing away my eyes were kept fixed on that waterfall till it finally faded from sight. I returned the next day, and the trout were still leaping the falls, but in lessened numbers. Many a time since, in half dreamy moods, I have enjoyed this scene over again with little loss of freshness from the years that have passed.

PETRA.

A DEAD SURE THING.—The member for West Algoma tells a good story about a species of sturgeon from 40 to 60 pounds in weight, which is peculiar to Rainy River and Lake. On a visit which he paid last summer to a settlement on the river, he had occasion to visit a young bachelor, who, with true backwoods hospitality, insisted that he should stay for dinner. Mr. Conmee seated himself and watched the preparations of his entertainer. First he set down his home-made bread on the table, with tin mugs for the tea, and then he put a big pot full of water over the fire. When the water came to the boiling point he infused the tea and set it aside. Then he seized a gaff about 6 feet long, stepped outside to the river's edge, which was not over 10 paces distant, and returned in three minutes with a sturgeon kicking on the end of his gaff, part of which was soon cut off and transferred to the pot of boiling water to be cooked for dinner. This is the usual thing up there. They always have the water boiling before they go to catch the fish, and they use only a common gaff.—*Toronto World*.

COIL OF LEAD INSTEAD OF SHOT.—Paterson, N. J.—When fishing in fast running streams split shot is generally used to sink the bait. My objections to using split shot are that when attached it is difficult to remove and in attempting the same the gut becomes frayed. It is difficult to regulate the weight required; sometimes one split shot is too little and two are too much. It also has a tendency to become fastened between stones in the bed of the stream. Another device may be of use to your readers who use split shot. Procure a small piece of sheet lead and hammer it until it becomes the thickness of heavy paper. Cut off a piece the shape of a little worm and coil it around the gut in a spiral shape. The weight of the lead can be altered in an instant without fraying the gut. I carry a little sheet (1x3in.) of this lead in my tackle book and when wanted cut off a suitable piece. The lead that tea chests are lined with will answer the purpose very well.—G. A. M.

JAPANESE TACKLE.—We have recently been shown some flies and artificial baits from Japan, by our correspondent "Petra," whose daughter brought them to this country. The gut to which these flies were attached was two feet five inches long and was composed of five twisted strands and yet the whole of them made a gut length not larger in diameter than we ordinarily use. The flies were delicately made, with long black wings and colored wool bodies in closer imitation of nature than we are accustomed to. The hooks had a sharp bend and a slight beard. A caterpillar was a perfect imitation, even to the feet. "Petra" tells us that his son-in-law has been fly-fishing with Japanese gentlemen and he will try and learn something about their methods.

BLACK BASS IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—That small portion of Lake Champlain which extends northward into Canada and is called Missisquoi Bay has been a fruitful source of trouble to those who wish to make the laws of New York, Vermont and Canada establish a uniform time for fishing in the lake. Vermont anglers have complained that they were protecting black bass merely to have them taken on the spawning beds in Missisquoi Bay, and it is said that black bass have been illegally taken in Vermont waters, sent to Canada, and returned through the Custom House as legally caught Canadian fish. Now that the Dominion has passed a law extending the close season until June 15 all such cause of complaint is ended.

THE LARGEST TROUT.—Red Bank N. J. March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Mr. Charles Hallock in his "Fishing Tourist," says, page 93, that trout (*Salmo fontinalis*), have been taken in the Rangeley waters weighing as high as twelve pounds. From inquiries made last June I found that the heaviest on record was eleven pounds. The additional one pound is not much in a fish yarn, but let us have the true record. Come Stephen Morse, Lawrence Sargent, Marshal Whitney, and all good honest guides, send in your records and oblige your friend, GEO. WILD.

CANADIAN SEASONS.—The fishing regulation of 1879, fixing the close season for pickerel, bass and maskinongé in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, from the 15th of April to the 15th of May in each year, is repealed, and the following regulation adopted in lieu thereof: In the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, no person shall fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell or possess any pickerel between the 15th day of April and the 15th day of May (both days inclusive) in each year, nor any bass or maskinongé between the 15th day of April and the 15th day of June (both days inclusive) in each year.

Fishculture.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

THE following circular has been issued: The American Fisheries Society will hold its annual meeting in the Palmer House club rooms, Chicago, on April 13 and 14 next, and it is desired to have as large an attendance of Western men interested in fishculture as possible. The undersigned, a committee appointed for the purpose of making arrangements for this meeting, hope that your Commission may be well represented, and that you will invite all others interested in these matters that you may meet, to be present on that occasion.

During the time of this meeting there will be a fish exhibit in the Exposition building, where ample space and aquaria have been provided for the display of live fish, hatching apparatus, models of fish ladders, nets, boats, fishing tackle, etc. that dealers or interested parties can be induced to send. W

would like to see the work of your Commission on which you are spending the most brain and money well exhibited, as we desire to give the people as good an idea as possible of the amount of time, labor and cash being spent in the propagation of food fishes, with a few practical results. Mr. S. P. Bartlett, of the Illinois Fish Commission, will have immediate supervision of this display. If you send to Mr. Butler, at Detroit, a list of the live fish and anything connected with the propagation thereof that you may desire to exhibit, we will in a short time send you explicit directions in regard to shipping, etc. Respectfully, WM. A. BUTLER, Sec. Local Ex. Com. Local executive committee: F. N. Clark, U. S. Fish Com., Northville, Mich.; W. V. Cox, Washington, D. C.; W. F. May, Nebraska Fish Com.; Fred Mather, New York Fish Com.; R. O. Sweeney, Minnesota Fish Com.; Wm. A. Butler, Jr., Michigan Fish Com.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 8—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 23—Eighth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

March 23, 24 and 25—First Annual Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club, Newark, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

March 30 to April 2—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club, S. K. Hemingway, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 6, 7 and 8—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, Edward A. Mosely, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

April 13, 14 and 15—First Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club, A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

April 27, 28, 29 and 30—Third Dog Show of the Cleveland Bench Show Association, C. M. Munhall, Secretary, Cleveland, O.

May 4, 5, 6 and 7—Tenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent, P. O. Box 1812, New York.

May 13, 19, 20 and 21—Third Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club, St. Louis, Mo. Geo. Munson, Manager.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3481.

THAT UNPAID CHICAGO SPECIAL AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps you are tired of the above heading, so I will promise not to sing the old song over again; in fact, it is not needed, for all readers of FOREST AND STREAM have arrived at the moral (if of that transaction). But it comes in very handy to preach a sermon on, about the views different people take of their duties and responsibilities, and also illustrates that peculiar diseased condition of mind that produces the rabid "anti-kicker." I have been favored with some correspondence on this subject since I first ventilated it in FOREST AND STREAM. One party writes that he is very much hurt at my letter, that he never knew of the special money being paid into the club, that he has tried and tried again to get the club together to meet these debts, etc., and generally expresses himself as we should expect a gentleman—no, I despise that abused name—as we expect an honorable man to do. For such a man, we all will have sincere commiseration at the unfortunate plight he has been put in.

But others take a different view; one writes to the victim, i. e., the winner of the special who didn't get his money, that "I didn't expect you to kick!" Great snakes! Didn't expect that an exhibitor who had been wronged out of his money should object to the process? Now this is of no great moment as simply the expression of one individual, but it is of importance when we remember that it is the code of a certain set of dog show people. It is something very base for an exhibitor to object to anything that is done him, "keep still or you will hurt somebody," "above all other things, no matter how much you are wronged, don't say anything in the papers, if you do you are a 'kicker'" and the magnificent altitude that nose takes while the lips below enunciate that odious word, would put Chimborazo to shame.

Of course the proposition involved is so utterly preposterous that it needs only to be stated to work its own reputation, but for all that the very fellow that you have sat down on over this will bob up as serenely, with his nose at half cock, the next time he hears the word, as though he had just received a written opinion from Solomon himself that even "Old Nick" would not tolerate so base an animal as a kicker. So, as I have had the honor of champion kicker of America thrust on me I propose to defend the belt against all comers, and will be only too glad when some one wrests the laurels from my brow. The more "kickers" of the kind that will not stand being wronged, the better for us.

Then another intensely funny view of the situation is scolding that "there has been more fuss about that \$15 than about all the remaining \$1,000 that was due." This is ridiculous. As though misappropriation of a man's money was no worse than the simple owing of a debt! A well-known doggy lawyer kindly wrapped me over the knuckles for a misapplication of the legal term "trover and conversion" to this proceeding, but what would "the hard legal mind" apply to the performance? Side by side two enormous evils have grown up, and if dog shows are to prosper, we must learn that the proper means for the suppression of the kicker are the removal of all real wrongs that he kicks about. Let the constitutional "sorehead" growl, nobody cares for him anyhow, and he generally makes an ass of himself without any help.

Then as the companion piece of the "kicker" silliness has grown up a easy, devil-may-care way of going on, passing over wrongdoings because the wrongdoer is a "good fellow" or "we don't want to make a fuss," or "we can't afford to get Tom Collins down on us," etc., etc. I believe it was some such reason as this that kept shut the mouth of a well-known Philadelphia fancier, who went to claim a dog and found it already claimed, and subsequently discovered that the secretary had kindly claimed it for the owner, that he might not have to part with it. And the funny part is, that this piece of business was gravely defended by the secretary as all right. In other words, it was all right to beat an exhibitor out of his rights, which were really a contract between him and the club, simply to save some one from having to stick to his bargain. The wry face with which that fancier looked on when that dog was winning all over the country, was a study, to say the least. The W. K. C. set a very wise example when they abolished the whole business of claiming dogs, but as the actor in this drama kept to the rule it will be curious to see how business under it will turn out. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., March 13.

THE NEWARK DOG SHOW.

THE entries for the Newark dog show number 546. There are 22 mastiffs, 57 St. Bernards, 5 Newfoundlanders, 4 Great Danes, 10 greyhounds, 6 deerhounds, 67 pointers, 56 English setters, 12 black and tan setters, 38 Irish setters, 2 Irish water spaniels, 13 field spaniels, 23 cocker spaniels, 14 spaniel puppies, 3 Clumber spaniels, 7 foxhounds, 56 collies, 21 beagles, 5 basset hounds, 3 dachshunds, 48 fox-terriers, 5 bulldogs, 13 bull-terriers, 3 black and tan terriers, 1 Irish terrier, 2 Dandie Dimonts, 3 Bedlington, 6 Skyes, 11 pugs, 4 Yorkshires, 2 toy terriers, 2 King Charles spaniels, 3 Blenheim, 4 poodles and 6 miscellaneous. Twenty-five entries were returned, having been received too late.

THE HARTFORD DOG SHOW.

THE premium list of the Hartford dog show provides for 127 classes, as follows: Champion dog, \$10; champion bitch, \$10; open dogs, \$10 and \$5; bitches the same; dog puppies, \$5 and \$3; bitches the same, for mastiffs, rough-coated St. Bernards, smooth-coated St. Bernards, deerhounds, greyhounds, large pointers, small pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, fox-terriers and collies. Newfoundlanders have but one champion, one open and one puppy class. Clumber spaniels, one champion and one open; field spaniels, the same; cocker spaniels, any color, one champion; open, liver or black, two classes; other than liver and black, one class; puppies, one class; foxhounds, one champion and one open; beagles, over 12 inches, one champion and two open; under 12 inches, the same; puppies, one class; dachshund, one class; basset hounds, the same; wire-haired fox-terriers, the same; bulldogs, large, two champion and two open; small, the same; bull-terriers, large, one champion and one open; small, the same; prizes the same. Champion black and tan terriers, \$8; open, \$8 and \$4; rough-haired terriers, \$8 and \$4; Dandie Dimonts, the same; Irish terriers, the same; Bedlington, the same; Skyes, the same; Yorkshires, the same; toys, the same. Champion pugs, \$8; open dogs, \$8 and \$4; bitches, the same; puppies, \$5 and \$3. Blenheims, \$8 and \$4; King Charles, the same; Mexican hairless, the same; Italian greyhounds, the same; poodles, the same; miscellaneous, over 25 pounds, the same; under 25 pounds, the same. In addition, there will be a good list of special prizes.

THE ST. LOUIS DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The printer is at work on the premium list and entry blanks of the coming St. Louis Gun Club bench show. I will mail them in a few days, and will be glad if intending exhibitors will write me for copies.

Our catalogue is to be six by ten inches, much larger than heretofore, and we shall have it illustrated with full-page pictures of prominent dogs. If owners of fine animals who have cuts of their dogs will communicate with me promptly, I will be able to ascertain what pictures we shall have and announce it through the press.

We have made the prizes so liberal that we believe the dogs will come here. We have left out a lot of useless classes so common in many of the catalogues, classes that either from their very nature can't fill because there are no dogs eligible, or that won't fill because there are so few dogs of the class. Setters, pointers and collies get \$20 cash champion prizes, and \$20 open prizes with us, and all puppy classes get cash prizes. If we can be assured of some mastiff and St. Bernard entries from the East, we will offer \$50 cash kennel prizes, and we hope to be able to offer very handsome specials for kennels of pointers, setters, collies and fox-terriers.

As there is to be a bench show in Cleveland following ours, and another in Milwaukee later on, we hope some of the prominent Eastern dogs will come out to us.

The collie prizes will be the handsomest ever offered. There is to be a dog raffled every day of the show. Each person entering the show will be given a numbered ticket, a duplicate of which will be put into a wheel and drawn out at 10 o'clock P. M. of each day, and the lucky number takes the prize for that day. The dogs to be raffled will be no doubt a collie, a setter, a Newfoundland and a pug.

ST. LOUIS, March 13.

GEO. MUNSON, Manager.

PITTSBURG DOG SHOW.

THE twelfth exhibition of dogs given by the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, opened at the Grand Central Skating Rink, Pittsburgh, on Tuesday, March 16. The entries, which only closed a week before, were much larger than there was reason to expect, and the disappointed exhibitors who had thought to steal a march on less enterprising owners were found by the dozen long before the judging commenced. The rink was just large enough to accommodate the 400 and odd dogs and allow room for a good sized judging ring in the center. It was not a particularly cheerful building, and except when the sun is shining through the Pittsburgh smoke the light is poor. The morning of Tuesday was dull and cheerless, but before judging commenced there was a pleasant change. The delay was caused by a number of dogs being kept back on the railroads, and it was not until after dinner that Mr. Mortimer stepped into the ring, half of which was roped off for his use, while Major Taylor occupied the other half.

Mr. Mortimer not only began his judging first, but his classes headed the catalogue so that our criticisms will be confined to the work done by him, reserving Major Taylor's awards for next week, as it was impossible to do justice to the dogs or the judging going on in both rings at the same time. It is only proper to state that excellent progress was made, and if the judging had only commenced at the hour announced it would probably have been all completed in one day. The first of Mr. Mortimer's classes was the mastiff dog champions, for which Homer was unopposed. Rosalind was also alone in the bitch class. Open dogs had four entries and Hero III. won easily; he has filled out very much and has good width of skull and plenty of bone, but is coarse in coat and short of wrinkle. Hector is too small and is cut away in muzzle, but is very symmetrical. Bevis is also undersized and weak in muzzle; he has nice ears. Nero is large but sadly lacking in character, and has a ring tail. Hebe easily beat Victoria in the bitch class; both are, however, too small. The puppies were poor and only one prize was awarded.

The champion St. Bernard classes failed to attract any entries. In the class for rough dogs, Randolph II. had a clear win. He is rather on the small side, wants squareness of muzzle, and has a bad tail. Rescue was badly shown, is light in bone and body, and weak before the eye. Tiger got third, but it should have been withheld, as he is not a pure St. Bernard. The newly-imported Lady Athol was decidedly the best of the roughs. Good in skull, coat and body, she could be improved by a more decided stop. Don Juan was given first in the puppy class, but he is over 12 months, and an objection was lodged. Loyal is very good in front, but inherits his sire's faulty hindlegs. Plinthia had been brought straight from the steamer, which arrived in New York on Monday, and was dirty and in poor shape. Jumbo is a greatly overrated puppy, poor in head, short in body, and stiff in his hind legs. Mr. Tucker's new smooth-coated dogs had nothing to beat. Apollo is good in size and bone, but his heavy dewlap pulls his face down, and he shows too much hair. Rigi is small, but typical. Bess was rightly placed over Bernice, who shows age and moves stiffly. The puppies were not very promising, the winner having rather too much coat for a smooth dog.

In the Newfoundland dog class Mr. Mortimer went astray when he gave King Leo first. He is small, has not so much character as either Bruno or Pascha, and has no coat worthy the name. It should have been a clear win for Bruno, whose

coat should, however, be flatter still; there is plenty of it and it is of the right quality. Pascha should have been second. Duke is a weedy little dog, bad all over. The bitch and puppy prizes were properly withheld. The Great Dane judging was well done, Brock being the best of the breed.

Old Fan had a walk-over in the champion greyhound class, but in open dogs we think Stranger in White should have won over Paris. The former is a smart young dog and was well shown, while Paris is bad in shoulders. First in bitches went to a nicely-shown black, but the others were not a grand lot by any means. Deerhounds were drawn blank and then came spaniels. Mr. Olcott won first and second in Irish water spaniels with The O'Donoghue and Mollie, and a fair specimen, Onomoo, was vhe.

The field and cocker spaniel classes were not well filled. In the small other than black class Vic was first, but she was not good enough for such a position as both Hornell Nell and Hornell Nance are lower and better in body and legs. In the large class other than black there was a question as to weight, and the two dogs were sent out of the ring till it was decided. An objection on the same score was also made to Peerless (Gloss Jr.), who was placed over Bonanza. Between Hornell Silk and Keno there was not much to choose, but we differed from the judge, and should have placed Silk at the head of affairs. The small black bitches made up the best class of the breed, and Bene Silk properly won in coat, head and movement. Black Pearl was not quite herself and Gipsy Jane is not right in coat.

Mayor Taylor completed his pointer, Gordon, and Irish setter judging before he stopped, and if an early start be made to-morrow the judging will be completed in good season.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 17.—Special Dispatch to Forest and Stream: Another fine day. The attendance is still limited. The committee held a meeting at noon, and decided to allow none of the protests. Judging by Major Taylor and Mr. B. F. Wilson progressed slowly. Mr. Mortimer nearly finished at 1 o'clock, when a recess was taken. We give awards to that time.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—Dog: Winlaw Kennels' Homer. Bitch: Winlaw Kennels' Rosalind.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, V. M. Haldeman's Hero III.; 2d, Winlaw Kennels' Hector; 3d, F. Ardary's Bevis. High com., G. W. Morris's Nero. Bitches: 1st, Winlaw Kennels' Hope; 2d, W. D. Breyton's Victoria. Puppies: 1st, Winlaw Kennels' Hannah; 2d, withheld.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Chequasset Kennels' Rudolph II.; 2d, C. W. Van Essen's Rescue; 3d, F. George's Tiger. Bitches: 1st, J. S. Shepard's Lady Athol; 2d and 3d, Buena Vista Kennels' Stella and Baronne. Puppies: 1st, J. A. Newell's Don Juan; 2d, Buena Vista Kennels' Loyal. Very high com., R. J. Sawyer's Plinthia, and Mohawk Kennels' Jumbo. SMOOTH-COATED.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, W. W. Tucker's Apollo and Rigi. Bitches: 1st, Dr. E. J. Birmingham's Bess; 2d, W. W. Tucker's Bernice. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Chequasset Kennels' Lionel and Lancelot.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Dogs: 1st, W. C. Meyer's King Leo; 2d, D. O'Shea's Bruno. Very high com., W. Lenchwin's Pascha. High com., F. A. Dean's Duke and W. W. Silvey's Nero. Bitches: Withheld. Puppies: Withheld.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, A. Trinkle's Brock; 2d, Paul Merker's Pluto. Bitches: 1st, Paul Merker's Flora; 2d, H. M. Meyer's Elza. GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION.—H. W. Smith's Fan.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Associated Fanciers' Paris; 2d, H. W. Smith's Stranger in White. Very high com., W. Bagshaw's Nero and J. H. Beddow's Spring. High com., J. V. Scalfie's Major. Bitches: 1st, J. V. Nicholson's Belle; 2d, J. H. Beddow's Bess Braddock. Very high com., H. W. Smith's Sister in Black. High com., W. Bagshaw's Nora.

DEERHOUNDS.—No entries. POINTERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: St. Louis Kennel Club's Robert Le Diable.—OPEN—OVER 55LBS.—Dogs: 1st, Graphic Kennels' Graphic; 2d, C. L. Engel's Young Meteor. High com., L. W. Rutherford's Dana. Bitches: 1st, Graphic Kennels' Jewel III.; 2d, Uxton 55LBS. Dog: 1st, Graphic Kennels' Bracket; 2d, Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang; 3d, D. O'Shea's Don. Very high com., C. L. Dick's Young Sleaford and R. F. Hitchcock's Duke of Bergen. Com., F. Tamblin's Roy. Bitches: 1st, Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Jetsam; 2d, Graphic Kennels' Meally. Very high com., Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Flotsam and F. K. Hitchcock's Modesty. High com., G. A. Seven's Reiss. Com., Surrey Kennels' Bellegarde and G. H. Bailey's Grace. Puppies: Young Meteor; 3d, C. L. Dick's Hamlet S. Very high com., and com., J. M. Hilbert's Duke, Jr. and Prince. Bitches: 1st, F. Vall's Lady Snow; 2d, J. Fawcett's Nell. Com., V. M. Haldeman's Leda.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Royal Ranger. Bitch: R. C. Cornell's Modesta.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, R. B. Morgan's Mandan; 2d, Reserve Kennels' Pendragon; 3d, C. L. Dick's Prince Royalty. Very high com., J. P. Thom's Call and Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Van Dord. High com., Reserve Kennels' Montana, J. O. H. Denny's Bradon, E. J. Steller's J. H. Denny and C. Buchanan's Napoleon. Com., W. McConaway's Royal Blue, Jr. and W. J. Scully's Shot Ranger. Bitches: 1st, J. S. Lewis's Lady Rock; 2d, Mrs. Dr. C. Franklin's Vixen III.; 3d, W. R. Travers's Princess Pearl. Very high com., G. Cartwell's Daisy Darling, R. B. Morgan's Addie M., and Associated Fanciers' Zarinia. High com., Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Bess B. and G. W. White's Daisy W. Com., Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Daisy Queen and Queen Laverack, A. C. Waddell's Daisy Deal, F. Wolfenden's Nelly, Geo. H. Hill's Lucy Dean, and R. B. Morgan's Akron Girl.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: E. Maher's Royal Duke.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, withheld; 3d, G. H. Hill's Max. Bitches: 1st, E. Davis's Jessie II.; 2d, withheld; 3d, F. Ardary, Jr.'s Jessie.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, R. Wehrle's Lang. Bitches: 1st, Ehler's Nellie.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: J. A. J. Sprague's Brush.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, R. C. Van Horn's Star; 2d, L. W. Rutherford's MacCollough; 3d, G. H. Hill's Jack O'Dono. Very high com., C. W. Miller's Colonel. Bitches: 1st, H. E. Chubb's Zella Glenduff; 2d, W. Hoyt's Noreen IV.; 3d, T. J. Farley's Miss Nellie Husted.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, D. L. Carmichael's Mac; 2d, withheld. Bitches: 1st, J. A. J. Sprague's Cora; 2d, W. Hoyt's Noreen IV. Very high com., T. J. Farley's Miss Nellie Husted.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, Excelsior Irish water Spaniel Kennels' The O'Donoghue and Mollie. High com., W. Ekler's Anomoo.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Dogs or bitches: 1st, Cannonsburg Cocker Spaniel Club's Vic; 2d and very high com., Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Nell and Hornell Gem.

BLACK FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, Miss Nellie Hendrick's Peerless Gloss, Jr.; 2d Associated Fanciers' Bonanza.

BLACK COCKER SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, Cannonsburg Cocker Club's Victor; 2d, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Silk.

FOX-TEARERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: L. W. Rutherford's Belgrave Primrose. Bitch: L. W. Rutherford's Diana.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, L. W. Rutherford's Splanger; 2d, R. Gibson's Nick; 3d, W. T. McAlar's General Grant. Very high com., F. Hoey's Stableford Joe and A. Belmont's Regent Vox. High com., Cloverbrook Kennels' Earl Leicester. Com., W. B. Bruckner's Pippant. Bitches: 1st, L. W. Rutherford's Cornwall Dutches; 2d, A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Marguerite; 3d, Cloverbrook Kennels' Delie. Very high com., J. H. Shepherd's Lady Wrentham. High com., L. W. Rutherford's Warren Winsome. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, W. T. McAlar's General Grant. Very high com., F. Hoey's Nutmeg. High com., J. W. Munson's Virus. Bitches: 1st and very high com., F. Huys's Violet V. and Mac II. Very high com., A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Blemton Gingerbread. High com., J. W. Munson's Vice.

DANDIE DIMONTS.—1st and 2d, Mrs. J. H. Naylor's Bennie Briton and Tansy. Very high com., James Rice's Bobbie Burns and Cleg II. and Associated Fanciers' Bob. Com., J. F. Nicholson's Queen Mab.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, D. O'Shea's Nobby; 2d, P. H. Haeke's Patrick II. Very high com., W. W. Silvey's Barney.

SKYES.—Withheld.

BULLDOGS.—PUPP—Dogs: 1st, J. P. Barnard's Brimstone; 2d, withheld.

BULL TERRIERS.—1st, withheld; 2d, Jos. Lewis's Maud Lee.—UNDER 55LBS.—1st, T. K. Varick's Little Nell; 2d, G. Will's Nelly. Puppies: Withheld.

ROUGH-HAIR TERRIERS.—1st, J. H. Naylor's Heather; 2d, D. O'Shea's Major II.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, J. J. Brogan's Pax. Bitches: 1st, E. G. Bird's Three Cheers; 2d, M. & J. Callahan's Gyp. High com., G. Will's Dot.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—Dog: Kentucky Pug Kennels' Treasure. Bitch: Mohawk Kennels' Bo-Peep.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Chequasset Kennels' Young Bob; 2d, J. H. Shepherd's Lady Wrentham; 3d, W. C. Meyer's Tiny. Com., W. W. Silvey's May Queen. Puppies: 1st, Miss Corina Fulton's Trizie; 2d, Geo. Gillivan's Ruby II. Com., Miss L. Cunningham's Taffy.

JUDGES AS COMPETITORS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems to me that one feature of the Alexandria Field Trials, as reported in your issue of March 4, ought not to pass without censure. I refer to the fact that two of the judges owned competing dogs. It seems to have been thought that so long as these gentlemen did not act as judges in the heats in which their dogs ran, there was no objection to the arrangement. All the other competitors may have been quite satisfied with the way the business was done, but then again they may not, and it is not fair to put upon any competitor the necessity of objecting to improprieties on the part of the judges.

The reasons why judges ought not to be competitors are the following: In the first place, so long as a judge's dog is in the race, it is his interest to decide every heat in favor of the worse dog; that is, in favor of the dog that his own would be most likely to beat. Then again, Judge A might easily be tempted to give Judge B's dog every advantage, and indisposed to judge him with severe impartiality, when it will directly be Judge B's turn to pass on Judge A's dog. It is not a sufficient answer to say that any particular judges are high-minded men who would not let themselves be influenced by such considerations. Honorable men ought not to let themselves be placed in positions where their interests conflict with their duty. Every competitor has a right to have judges who not only are fair, but also who have no interest in being otherwise.

S. H.

NEW YORK, MARCH 11.

NEW HAVEN KENNEL CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I want to thank you for the earnest support that you are giving our show this year, as in the past. We feel your influence every year, but never more than this present one, when at least two so-called "sporting papers" do all in their power to injure us, one for no known reason except to keep up its record, and the other, I believe, because we would not accept the judges suggested by the editor. This same paper is also against us because its editor objects to one of our judges; but in a personal letter to me acknowledges him to be one of the best judges in the country, and thinks by another year that he will be acknowledged so by every one, but thinks we would do better to ask Mr. — and Mr. — this year. I think our selection of judges is approved by all true lovers of dogs and men of judgment; at least our entry book proves it to be so to our satisfaction. The classes are filling up rapidly, and especially Messrs. Mason's and Davidson's. We shall have more specials than ever, and we shall try to make "the boys happy." If some persons who are working against us on account of not being friendly with Mr. Mason are not careful, I shall not feel called upon to consider as confidential some letters received by me previous to our selection of judges, and shall give them to the public. We are considering some new ideas as to benching and bedding the dogs, but have decided upon nothing as yet. Again thanking you for your endeavors in our behalf, I remain, as ever,

G. EDW. OSBORN.

Prest. New Haven Kennel Club.

A BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the breeding of thoroughbred dogs has become a source of wealth and has developed into a business of considerable magnitude, I wish, through your paper, to suggest to brother sportsmen of our country a scheme whereby we may establish a large breeding kennel for all classes of dogs, and place ourselves in a position to obtain the very finest specimens of the breed we most prefer, at a moderate figure. Select an island, I have one in view (400 acres), let each participant either furnish — dollars as a share in the company, or a thoroughbred bitch of unquestionable breeding of the kind he desires, to keep and place on said island for breeding purposes, in the hands of a keeper, and if any owner of a thoroughbred dog let him be allowed to place him on the island for the same purpose, though only one dog of a kind to be admitted and to be the stud dog for that breed for the island. Then gentlemen who have taken the trouble and borne the expense to import or purchase good bitches will have a place to send them, save the annoyance of breeding, and disposing of those they may not require. One competent man can be the servant of many owners. Let those who think well of it speak through your paper.—BREEDER.

THE BOSTON DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Arrangements for the transportation of dogs to the coming bench show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, April 6 to 9, have been made with the express and railway companies as follows: American, U. S. and Canada, International, United States, and New York & Boston Dispatch companies have agreed to return to shippers free, all dogs that may be sent to the show (in crates) in their charge, upon which one full rate has been paid. The Boston & Albany, Boston & Lowell, Boston & Maine, Fitchburg, Old Colony and Providence railroads will carry dogs free to and from the show in baggage or smoking cars when accompanied by owner or caretaker paying fare. Railroad companies to be released from all liability from loss or injury. This arrangement to hold from April 3 to 12 inclusive. The above arrangements with the express companies covers nearly all points in the United States, Canada and the British Provinces, while the arrangements with the railroads cover New York city and points in New England. Entries close March 20.

THE CLEVELAND DOG SHOW.—The third dog show of the Cleveland Bench Show Association will be held at the old Tabernacle, Cleveland, O., April 27 to 30. Mr. L. G. Hanna will be the manager and Mr. C. M. Munhall, superintendent. Cleveland has always been popular with exhibitors, and as the management will spare no pains to make this the best show they have ever held, we have no doubt that the benches will be well filled.

MISTAKE IN PEDIGREE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed an advertisement of a red Irish setter bitch with a pedigree as follows: "By Dirk out of Maud II," etc. This is a mistake, for Maud has never been bred to Dirk until within a year, but was bred to Red, the sire of Dirk. I make the correction to save future trouble in tracing the pedigree of the coming generations.—CAL. 45.

NEW HAVEN SPECIALS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In specials sent you last week please change greyhounds to read: Spratts Patent, dog collar and 100 pounds biscuit, we will put the clock elsewhere. Spratts Patent has sent us 300 pounds biscuit and three collars which they place themselves.—S. R. HEMINGWAY, Secretary.

THE GOODSSELL KENNELS.—The dogs constituting the Goodsell Kennels, that were recently purchased by the Blackstone Kennels from E. I. Martin, of Wilmington, Del., have been replevined by Mr. J. H. Goodsell, who holds a chattel mortgage on them from Mr. Martin.

THE NEW HAVEN DOG SHOW.—There are four hundred entries for the New Haven dog show. The display of mastiffs, St. Bernards, spaniels and greyhounds will be the finest ever seen. The fox-terrier classes are also well filled.

THE HARTFORD CLUB has not yet been elected to membership in the A. K. C. This is a matter that should be attended to, for unless the club should be elected, the wins at its show could not be recognized.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.
Ilford Claudia. By E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., for fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped Dec. 19, 1885, by Ilford Cauton (Crown Prince—Ilford Claudia) out of Brenda II. (A. K. R. 2319).

Ilford Rector. By E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., for fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped Dec. 19, 1885, by Ilford Cauton (A. K. R. 2980) out of Brenda II. (A. K. R. 2319).

Forest Belle. By Rosebud Kennels, Southington, Conn., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1885, by Plantagenet (Dashing Monarch—Petrel) out of Forest Dora (A. K. R. 500).

Forest May. By Rosebud Kennels, Southington, Conn., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1885, by Plantagenet (Dashing Monarch—Petrel) out of Forest Dora (A. K. R. 500).

Forest King. By Rosebud Kennels, Southington, Conn., for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Nov. 17, 1885, by Plantagenet (Dashing Monarch—Petrel) out of Forest Dora (A. K. R. 500).

Bell Jarvis. By Freestone Kennels, Middletown, Conn., for dark red, star on breast, Irish setter bitch, whelped Aug. 28, 1885, by Nimrod (Elcho—Lorna) out of Bizarah (A. K. R. 1888).

Brown Betty. By A. W. Day, Danvers, N. J., for liver spaniel bitch, whelped Dec. 17, 1884, by Obo II. (A. K. R. 432) out of Lyp (Salpe—Althia).

Concert. By A. Goetting, New York, for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1885, by Donald II. (imported Donald—Sappho) out of Gayley (Gay—Grace).

Tell. By Emil Marquardt, New York, for liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1885, by Donald II. (imported Donald—Sappho) out of Gayley (Gay—Grace).

Black Bear, Jr. By Jas. Luckwell, Woodstock, Ont., for black field spaniel dog, whelped March 19, 1885, by Ibrahim (Easten's Bob—Clew) out of Woodland Queen (Kelly's Tip—Woodstock Queen).

Beech Grove Queen. By Geo. P. Jones, St. Louis, Mo., for light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Dec. 3, 1885, by imported Beech Grove Duke (Duke—) out of Beech Grove Gabrielle (Bob Ingersoll—Betsey Trotwood).

King Philip and Burgoyne. By Jacob Meyer, Newark, N. J., for brindle and white St. Bernard dogs, whelped Feb. 11, 1886, by First Choice out of Flora II. (A. K. R. 3019).

Carlo Chief and Muro Chief. By Jacob Meyer, Newark, N. J., for tawny and white St. Bernard dogs, whelped Feb. 11, 1886, by First Choice out of Flora II. (A. K. R. 3019).

Doctor Clyde. By Miss Ida F. Warren, Leicester, Mass., for brindle Scotch deerhound dog, whelped March 24, 1885, by Bras (Bruce—Maida) out of Lady Dare (imported Oscar—Ilga).

BRED

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.
Bessie—Ilford Cauton. Sam Allen's (Rockport, Tex.) mastiff bitch Bessie (Turk II.—Druidess) to E. H. Moore's Ilford Cauton (A. K. R. 2980), March 4.

Bess—Ilford Cauton. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Bess (A. K. R. 237) to his Ilford Cauton (A. K. R. 2980), March 7.

Countess—Ilford Cauton. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Countess (A. K. R. 2320) to his Ilford Cauton (A. K. R. 2980), March 1.

Bernie V.—Merchant Prince. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Bernie V. (A. K. R. 3008) to his Merchant Prince (Bayard—Pastime), Feb. 19.

Topsey—Merchant Prince. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Topsey (A. K. R. 3262) to his Merchant Prince (Bayard—Pastime), Feb. 19.

Gypsy Queen—Rem. C. W. Willard's (Westerly, R. I.) beagle bitch Gypsy Queen (A. K. R. 3451) to C. S. Davol's Rem (A. K. R. 2115), March 6.

Twinkle—Rem. C. S. Davol's (Warren, R. I.) beagle bitch Twinkle (A. K. R. 2390) to his Rem (A. K. R. 2115), March 6.

Brown Betty—Black Prince. A. W. Day's (Danvers, N. J.) spaniel bitch Brown Betty (Obo II.—Gyp) to A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince (A. K. R. 62), Feb. 5.

Zona—Black Prince. W. H. Moseley's (New Haven, Conn.) spaniel bitch Zona (A. K. R. 1881) to A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince (A. K. R. 62), Feb. 5.

Fairy—Bradford Ruby. Jesse D. Welch's (New Haven, Conn.) fox-terrier bitch Fairy (A. K. R. 3325) to Walter D. Peck's Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny), Feb. 17.

Belle of Scotland—Rob Roy III. Francis Tiernan's (Fort Scott, Kan.) black and white Belle of Scotland (Help, A. K. R. 2124—Meg Merrilies I, A. K. R. 890) to W. S. Powers's Rob Roy III. (A. K. R. 2011), Feb. 16.

Woodland Queen—Obo II. Jas. Luckwell's (Woodstock, Ont.) black cocker spaniel bitch Woodland Queen (Kelly's Tip—Woodstock Queen) to J. P. Willey's Obo II. (A. K. R. 432), Feb. 6.

Myrtle—Brack. Mill Brook Kennels' (Bergenfield, N. J.) collie bitch Myrtle (Robin Adair—Lassie) to Martin Dennis's Brack (Carlyle—Santol), March 8.

Countess Gladstone. Theodore Potter's (Glendale, O.) English setter bitch Gladstone (A. K. R. 1953) to J. H. Overman's Count Gladstone (Glendale—Lelia), March 6.

Snowball—Verone. Mill Brook Kennels' (Bergenfield, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Snowball (Fido—Dinah) to their Verone (Rex—Alma), March 7.

Bertha—Verone. Mill Brook Kennels' (Bergenfield, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Bertha (Brutus—Elo) to their Verone (Rex—Alma), March 5.

Nellie—Verone. L. Blank's (Philadelphia, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Nellie (Dirk—Alva) to Mill Brook Kennels' Verone (Rex—Alma), March 9.

WHELPS.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.
Betty. W. Stewart Diffenderfer's (Baltimore, Md.) beagle bitch Betty (A. K. R. 2910), March 4, six (three dogs), by his Rattler III. (A. K. R. 2798).

Cricket. Geo. Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Cricket (Dr. Twaddell's Bugle—Dr. Twaddell's Pittsburg), Feb. 2, six (three dogs), by Chas. R. Hoe's imported Rattler (Chancellor—Careless); all since dead.

Woodland Molly. Jas. Luckwell's (Woodstock, Ont.) field spaniel bitch Woodland Molly (Toronto Beau—Kelly's Judy), Jan. 18, four dogs, by his Bob, Jr. (Bob III.—Black Bess).

Thule. Mill Brook Kennels' (Bergenfield, N. J.) collie bitch Thule (imported Garry II.—Lassie of Wyckoff), March 3, six (four dogs), by N. B. Sinclair's Carlo.

Lady Bow. W. Hoyt's (Cleveland, O.) pointer bitch Lady Bow (King Bow—Belle), March 10, eleven, by A. E. Godefroy's Croxteth (Young Bang—Jane).

Titania. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) pug bitch Titania (A. K. R. 471), March 11, six (five dogs), by Forest City Kennels' Sam (Young Toby—Judy).

Sal. G. W. Amory's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Sal (Dick—Ruby), March 7, six (three dogs and one bitch living), by his Bob (Bang—Princess Kate).

Kelp. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Kelp (A. K. R. 110), Feb. 21, twelve (five dogs), by Pride of Dixie; nine since dead.

Victory. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Victory (County Rapien—Reign), Feb. 20, ten (three dogs), by Pride of Dixie; one since dead.

Flora II—First Choice. Jacob Meyer's (Newark, N. J.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Flora II. (A. K. R. 3016), Feb. 11, eight (four dogs), by Burgess's First Choice (H. 14,297).

SALES.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.
Nell. White native setter bitch, age and pedigree unknown, by St. George Kennels, St. George's, Del., to H. C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass.

Countess Irene. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Oct. 1, 1885, by Count Waldo (A. K. R. 1501) out of Lotfy (A. K. R. 2843), by Black Thorn Kennels, St. George's, Del., to John A. Graham, Chester, S. C.

Roxey's Boy's Girl. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped June 4, 1883, by Roxey's Boy out of Gipsy Maid, by St. George Kennels, St. George's, Del., to J. A. Duane, Princeton, Ill.

Fig. Fawn pug bitch, whelped Oct. 13, 1885, by Bunny out of Judy, by St. George Kennels, St. George's, Del., to H. C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass.

Ilford Hercules. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Dec. 19, 1885, by Ilford Cauton out of Brenda II. (A. K. R. 2319), by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to Winlaw Kennels, New York.

Ilford Brenda. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Dec. 19, 1885, by Ilford Cauton out of Brenda II. (A. K. R. 2319), by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to C. M. Gilman, Southport, Conn.

Twinkle. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped July 7, 1884 (A. K. R. 2990), by C. S. Davol, Warren, R. I., to A. H. Wakefield & Co., Providence, R. I.

Rem and Ross. White, black and tan ticked beagle dogs, whelped Dec. 10, 1884 (A. K. R. 2115 and 2116), by C. S. Davol, Warren, R. I., to G. W. Willard, Westerly, R. I.

Nimrod, Jr. Red, small star on breast, Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 28, 1885, by Nimrod out of Flora, by Freestone Kennels, Middletown, Conn., to Chas. Young, same place.

Lady Abbot. Solid black field spaniel bitch, whelped July 11, 1885 (A. K. R. 3312), by A. C. Wilmerding, New York, to E. M. Oldham, same place.

Lola. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, age not given, by Rake out of Fanny, by H. E. Hamilton, Hackensack, N. J., to A. E. Burche, Washington, D. C.

Concert. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1885, by Donald II. out of Gayley, by A. Quick, New York, to A. Goetting, same place.

Tell. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1885, by Donald II. out of Gayley, by A. Quick, New York, to Emil Marquardt, same place.

Dot III. Black, tan and mottled beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 6, 1885, by Judge out of Dot II., by Geo. L. Barnes, Tyringham, Mass., to Foss & Marston, Holyoke, Mass.

Rob Roy III. (A. K. R. 2011)—*Lilly Whelp.* Collies, whelped Jan. 21, 1886, by W. S. Powers, St. Louis, Mo., a black and tan dog each to Cooper S. Stevenson and S. F. Baker and a sable dog to W. M. Chunvener, all of same place.

Bugler—Rye whelps. Beagles, whelped Dec. 14, 1885, by George Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., two black, white and tan bitches to P. P. Lewis, same place, and a white and ticked bitch to J. W. Hedgecock, Hyde Park, N. Y.

Pilot—Gilt whelp. Solid liver cocker spaniel c/g, whelped Dec. 12, 1885, by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to A. G. Wetherell, Cincinnati, O.

Pilot—May Stubbs whelps. Cocker spaniels, whelped Dec. 6, 1885, by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., a solid liver dog each to John C. Dewey, New York, and Eli Laucaster, Providence, R. I.; a solid liver bitch to G. H. King, Denver, Colo., and a liver and white dog to Mrs. H. W. Lacy, Ray Ridge, La.

Count Gladstone—Glen. (A. K. R. 1533) whelps. English setters, whelped Oct. 26, 1885, by Theodore Potter, Glendale, O., a lemon and white bitch to Robt. B. Moore, Louisville, Ky., and a black, white and tan bitch to C. C. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

Beech Grove Queen. Light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Dec. 3, 1885, by imported Beech Grove Duke out of Beech Grove Gabrielle, by Beech Grove Kennels, Beech Grove, Ind., to Geo. P. Jones, St. Louis, Mo.

Bertha. Solid black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 19, 1885, by Kiddlewink (A. K. R. 907) out of Gretchen (A. K. R. 906), by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Geo. H. King, Denver, Colo.

Benjo. Solid black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Nov. 19, 1885, by Kiddlewink (A. K. R. 907) out of Gretchen (A. K. R. 906), by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to J. M. Gove, Rockford, Ill.

Pete. Cream fawn, black points, pug dog, whelped Dec. 1, 1885, by Young Toby out of Tantrums, by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Geo. S. Tucker, Peterboro, N. H.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rob Roy III. (A. K. R. 361)—*Lilly whelp.* Sable and white collie dog, whelped Jan. 21, 1886, by W. S. Powers, St. Louis, Mo., to Miss Daisy E. Kincaid, same place.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CINCINNATI, O., March 8.—There was a fair attendance yesterday at the Four Mile House Range of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Weather addition good, except a 3 o'clock wind, which interfered with the shooting some. Scores, 300 yds. off-hand, American standard target:

Morning Match.												
Gindele (Captain)	9	5	8	7	10	7	8	9	8	5	7	6
Topf	6	7	10	9	5	9	7	7	8	7	7	5
Best	9	6	10	4	6	8	8	8	9	5	7	7
Hopkins	5	6	6	10	9	7	7	6	7	6	7	3
Hopkins	5	7	6	7	9	8	6	8	6	6	6	9
Drube	7	5	5	6	7	10	5	9	9	6	9	9
Stegner	7	8	8	5	10	7	5	7	8	4	6	9
Stickles	4	6	8	6	6	8	9	4	7	6	6	6
H Nieman	6	5	4	8	9	4	5	6	9	6	4	6
Simon	7	7	5	8	6	3	5	6	9	6	3	6
Wienheimer	7	5	8	7	4	1	7	8	6	7	6	3
Seacrist	7	5	8	7	4	1	7	8	6	7	6	3
Gableman	6	6	8	3	7	5	6	7	6	7	6	2
Correll	5	6	2	6	5	7	9	8	5	6	1	6
Louis	5	6	5	5	7	7	5	5	5	5	5	5
Roberts	5	6	8	6	6	6	8	4	7	5	6	6
Orton	4	3	9	5	6	7	7	5	5	5	5	5
Black	5	7	3	3	2	2	4	4	4	4	4	4
Helwig	3	4	7	10	5	5	4	5	4	5	4	5
S Nieman	5	6	4	0	2	2	3	1	4	3	1	3
Meyers	2	8	2	2	2	2	2	3	6	2	3	6
Wagner	2	8	2	2	2	2	2	3	6	2	3	6

Afternoon Match.												
Gindele	9	7	7	7	9	6	9	6	7	7	7	4
Stickles	8	6	5	6	10	8	10	6	5	10	7	4
Best	8	9	8	7	7	6	8	6	6	8	7	3
H Nieman	7	6	7	5	8	7	10	7	7	9	7	6
Hopkins	7	6	7	8	10	7	7	5	8	5	7	6
Roberts	7	8	9	6	7	4	8	7	7	6	7	6
Seacrist	4	8	5	3	10	10	5	10	5	4	6	3
Orton	7	5	6	7	7	7	4	5	7	6	3	6
Rivers	5	7	6	7	6	8	10	5	5	6	6	3
Gableman	4	8	6	6	8	10	5	5	6	6	3	6
Louis	6	5	4	9	5	6	4	7	8	7	6	3
Meyers	5	5	6	5	5	10	4	10	3	7	6	3
Black	7	2	5	8	4	10	3	5	6	8	5	3
Stegner	5	3	5	5	10	6	3	7	4	8	5	6
Topf	5	3	6	7	9	8	5	4	2	7	5	6
Simon	8	4	4	5	3	8	7	5	5	5	5	5
Weinheimer	7	6	3	7	3	4	6	3	4	6	3	4
Wagner	6	1	1	5	5	0	8	5	10	8	4	4
S Nieman	4	5	9	3	0	3	3	4	5	4	4	4
Cole	5	4	8	0	6	7	3	3	3	2	4	4

Valuable prizes will be shot for the coming season, and it is now expected that the association will hold their first prize shoot of the

my estimation, when I found her 20ft. of length close up on the pair. In course of an hour, when clear of Turkey Point, a bold headland surmounted by a fixed white light, the little cat had run the yacht's lee and conversation was begun. Then I learned with pleasure and some surprise that the yacht hailed fifty miles east of New York on the Sound, and was bound for Florida, for better or for worse. She was handsomely fitted out, 27ft. long, 6ft. 6in. beam, and 3ft. 6in. draft, of the well known Long Island sloop boats, but decked fore and aft, with a small cabin in the stern. Amidships she had hatches, her hold being given up to stowage of provisions in bulk, shooting and fishing implements, etc. She was rigged as a sloop, drew 3ft. aft, had a centerboard, and was new, neat and trim throughout. Her siding was of 5/8 in. cedar, and great care had to be exercised lest the ice cut her through. This yacht had passed through the channels a few days in advance of the Coot, and had fortunately escaped the cold weather. I had experienced, or it would have fared badly for her light construction. For strength she had all the wood and fastenings required, having but few beams and no overhang aft. In a general way she might be compared to a ship's "long boat" with more deadrise and sheer. She was a fine sea boat, but loaded too deep with fittings and stores to profit by the great buoyancy upon which the sloop boats depend. Her hatch coverings were low and not watertight, an oversight which her owner realized and proposed rectifying some day. The cabin was 17ft. long with a hatch on each side, but the fore-cabin space was taken up by a galley stove. Aft the cabin house, the stern sheets formed a narrow, dry cockpit, big enough for the man at the helm, and, as I thought, uncomfortably close to the sea, and likely to ship water when the boat heels, as she easily did.

Meanwhile the smack had hauled her wind to await our coming, so we might all make harbor together for the night. The lookout aloft aided materially in discerning the clear leads through the field ice which again packed around us in a threatening manner. The zigzagged through the winding lanes all the afternoon, passing the ice-choked mouth of the Sassafras River, which is three miles and a half across from Grove Point to Howell's Point, a great stream, up which you can carry 13ft. to the town of Frederick ten miles from the capes, and which in places brings up the lead in no less than 2 1/2 fathoms. Ordinary Point and Turner's Creek, on the south shore opposite, about four miles up, afford good shelter. Lovi's Harbor, on the south, ten miles from the mouth, of the Sassafras, is very good at low water, though it may be entered through a very narrow opening with over 4ft. on the bar at high tide, if you do not mind taking the bottom at low water inside.

Below the Sassafras the coast trends southward, forming a big right to the next headland, after which you open the well known and much frequented Still Pond Harbor. This consists of an outer anchorage, an indentation one mile deep and broad, tapering at the head where it splits into two small arms at Kennard's Bluff, one called Still Pond proper, with a very narrow and secluded entrance, the other known as Church Creek. Even the outer bay supplies fair anchorage from all but northwesterly winds. It was for this we were making, as it has the reputation of being clear of ice before other shelters.

The wind had dropped away entirely, while we were still three miles away from our haven. The sky cleared and the weather moderated, so our hopes of getting clear of all ice below Pool's Island rose in proportion as we set to at the sweeps and scull with a will. Night overtook us, however, well jammed fast in the pack just before opening the safe retreat. It looked as though we were in for a desperate situation, squeezed between some big floes which were carrying us down on the ebb and boded evil in the ruthless scrunching of our boat's sides. I felt seriously alarmed for the safety of my light timbered friend, the Long Island sloop boat. After exhausting all means to free ourselves we made the best of matters and tossed anchors out the floes, jacking all three vessels and the sloop boat, the surf boat in the middle. Then we cooked supper and awaited events with resignation. Gradually drifting down abreast of the bay we discovered with concern that it was closed with the ice solid across from shore to shore, but apparently of new formation near the entrance. Hailing in the dark, an answer came from shore with the cheering information that we could not get in. Captain So and So's schooner had been fast for two weeks and could not budge an inch. It would have been madness to drift past the schooner, and had the schooner brought up, so an effort had to be made to cut a way into the fast ice, and so at least avoid the friction of the moving floes. For four hours, nearly up to midnight, we backed and smashed and stove away with oars, poles, hooks and hatches, till the heavy floes were cut through and quitted to go on their voyage down the bay alone. Then our friend of the smack sent his son ahead in a stout yawl boat and by dint of violent rocking from side to side, he succeeded in slowly breaking the channels all into the fast ice, and the schooner, the northernmost bluff of the harbor. We then sculled the boats into his wake and in the light of a bright moon brought up for rest in tolerable security with congratulations upon our success. Tired out, bunks were speedily sought and sleep indulged till well along next day.

The flow of ebb and flood and light easterly airs had by that time, much to our relief, partially cleared the outer waters of the heavy drift and we got under way. No wind sprang an ash breeze had to be called in. Now if there is anything to hate in such artificial style of locomotion. The Coot is a heavy thing to scull along and with the lightest breath ahead, she could scarce be made to answer the most assiduous labor at the ten foot sweep. Of course what win? we were vexed at to come out ahead. There was not room to tack ship through the narrow waterways we were working, so our whole reliance had to be placed upon the wooden implements of torture. The smack got out sweeps and pulled ahead. The surf boat likewise rowed and both dropped the Coot with her single hand plying the scull over the stern with the greatest vigor and disgust. Out of our berth we forced our way tediously enough down the coast to Wharton's Point, the northern headland of a snug harbor by the same name, some three miles from the anchorage of the previous night, and after doubling the same, two miles more stared us in the face to the head before we could fetch into good shelter. Luckily the creek proved quite clear of ice and in due course of time the boat was propelled far enough in and the Coot, with her single hand and split, around which we could easily drop into more perfect shelter should it come at hand from the northwest.

In triumph the skipper of the smack ran a brand new star spangled banner to the masthead and broke out a variegated assortment of brass and wind instruments, a bass drum, kettle drum, triangle and cymbals, upon which he and his son proceeded to regale the neighborhood for miles around with choice melodies, such as "John Brown's Body," "The Star Spangled Banner," "The White and Blue," "winding up with the Rebel Charge," in scolding of possibly rounded feelings of ante-bellum birth. Imagine a quiet, peaceful, farming community invaded on a calm forenoon, without warning, with the most terrible din, the banging of a sonorous bass drum, the rolling of a rattling kettle, the clang of cymbals, brass bugle calls, plaintive strains from a fiddle and piping of flutes, and to top it all, waves of dulcimer harmony from the ever-popular accordion, upon which the great masters were interpreted with a license to correspond with the liberty of the press. Three vessels in a state of pandemonium, bunting flying, smoke issuing from the galley funnels, bedding and clothing littered about in profusion for an airing, and what else could the sudden exhibition produce upon the bucolic mind but the feverish state of excitement anticipatory to the arrival of a circus! The countryside woke up in midwinter. The small boy appeared on the brow of the hills in such numbers as the population could afford, and the housewife and the man of the Manor appeared, dogs likewise, and they assisted the fully with their organs of expression. Cat calls resounded through the woods, and balls, half in earnest, half facetious, rang over the calm waters as our impromptu band from New Jersey rent the air with their devoted to the muse of the lyre. When the festivities had finally ceased as wind and muscle gave out, the old skipper of the smack kept all hands in a state of roaring laughter with humorous reminiscences from his life, and the son now and then chimed in with a choice moral equated to a good.

An explosion of the surf boat unshipped her mast and sawed 26ft. off the keel, after which she sailed with a single reef in mainsail, she being overpowered for winter work. The night was calm till day-break, when the chafing of the Coot against the smack's side announced the advent of a breeze from southwest, the sky becoming overcast with fleecy clouds at the same time. Eight o'clock saw us under sail, our next rendezvous being Anne's Point, eight miles, due south on the eastern shore as a refuge should the wind head us off as it threatened to do. Our plans, however, came to naught, and the Coot was the only one of the three to fetch into Annapolis roadstead, though not until five days later.

A course could just be laid out clear of Wharton's Point, when the wind was found with enough veering to make it a dead beat full, we passed night in the bay in prospect. As the morning was very full, we passed the word to tuck in all hands kept at it and make for Annapolis, below which we were sure to escape being frozen in for the season. After board or two to clear Pool's Island, we opened the main waters of Chesapeake Bay and found ourselves well clear of Suquehanna ice at last. The Coot soon had both her friends under her lee, and in the smooth water and smart breeze was working away from them in good snipe despite her rough splintered bottom.

Suddenly the wind lulled, then shifted into W. and came out with vigor. For a while all hands kept at it until the breeze had a rising sea, when the Coot about like a little shell. The breeze had a sweep of eight miles, coming out of Middle River. It rapidly increased to a mild gale, and while the Coot was hove into the wind's eye to haul down a single reef, it piped out from northwest in a full-

fledged storm, which whistled and shrieked about my head and lashed the waters into furious seas. The balliards were let run and the close-reef cringle hauled out at once. Tying the points was a difficult job, as it was scarce possible to get along decks, the way the boat was tossing and rolling in waves which by this time were almost perpendicular to so small a craft. While thus engaged the smack drove by to the northward under head of her jib, the mainsail having been doused in a hurry. She lost all the southings we had effected, and in half an hour had cut and run out of sight, probably trying for Gunpowder River. The Long Island had freed sheet and headed before the gale in some trouble with his canvas. When next I looked for him no traces were to be seen, though I scanned the sea with my glasses for a long while. Presumably he had lowered away all and his spars were lost to vision, so I could not undertake to lay up in the heavy sea, I thought, and had concluded to run to Jeward and hunt shelter around Love Point on the eastern shore. In this, I trust, he was successful, for it howled tremendously out of the northwest for three days following. Of my two companion vessels I have neither seen nor heard anything since, though inquiry was instituted at the ports touched on my way down.

A COMPARISON OF TYPES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last fall, after reading some numbers of your valuable paper, Mr. Robertson, engine builder, and myself designed two yachts to represent two prevailing types, now attracting the attention of yachtsmen. And this winter having seen in that wonderful store of information, "Small Yachts," illustrations of some designs similar to ours, we concluded to compare elements.

Accordingly, from the drawings of two illustrations, those of the Petrel and Madge, I deduced such of the elements, not already given, as I wished to compare with the corresponding elements of our own design. With regard to our designs of a cutter, as compared with the Madge, there is nothing novel, further than in our giving some elements not furnished in the book, but which may be of interest to some of your readers. And with regard to our sloop as compared with the Petrel, we see how a particular characteristic will cling to a particular type, notwithstanding a great disparity in size.

By observing the distances of the center of buoyancy and the center of gravity in each from their respective water lines, it will be seen that though the sloop may have immense sail-carrying power, at a moderate heel it is utterly helpless when on her beam; as then it is without a righting couple. While with the cutter, the center of gravity being below the center of buoyancy, the righting power is at a maximum when the vessel is on the beam, though it may be "tender" at small angles of heel.

To see, then, in the comparison of the sloops, the wonderful increase in power derived from the increase of volume, due to increase of dimensions, when these vary all alike. Thus, the sloop, though only 50 per cent. greater in its lineal dimensions, has more than four times the sail-carrying power (as seen in their righting moments) and more than two times as much power to the foot of wet surface as the Petrel.

COMPARISON OF DESIGN OF CUTTER WITH MADGE.

	(Pearson's).	Madge.
Length load waterline, ft.....	39.8	39.75
Beam at loadline, ft.....	7.9	7.66
Depth, gunwale to rabbet, ft.....	7.2	7.5
Displacement, gross tons.....	16.81	16.5
Center of gravity of displacement below L.L., ft.....	1.33	2.13
Center of gravity below center buoyancy, ft.....	1.37	1.50
Metacentric point above center buoyancy, ft.....	1.33	1.32
Arm of righting couple for a heel of 15°, ft.....	2.7485	712
Area of plan sail, sq. ft.....	1420.	1290.
Ratio of sail area to square of loadline.....	.90	.82
Arm of sail area above center of lateral plane, ft.....	24.75	23.65
Sail moment=arm x sail area=sq. ft.....	35392.	30065.
Righting moment in foot lbs., for 15° heel.....	37485.	20350.
Righting moment in foot lbs., per sq. ft. wet surface.....	55.76	50.29
Sail area pr. sq. ft. of wet surface, sq. ft.....	82.29	92.40
Coefficient of load water plane area.....	.688	.656
Coefficient of fineness to bottom of keel.....	.38	.33
Waterline, in terms of beam, as unity.....	5.04	5.19
Coefficient of immersed section at midship section.....	.50	.51

COMPARISON OF DESIGN OF SLOOP WITH PETREL.

	Sloop (Robinson).	Petrel.
Length at loadline, ft.....	41.1	23.
Beam at loadline, ft.....	12.	8.
Depth, rabbet to gunwale, ft.....	6.1	4.6
Displacement to loadline, gross tons.....	17.6	7.5
Wet surface, including keel, sq. ft.....	518.	265.
Area immersed cross section at midship section, ft. 2d. 4.....	26.4	12.6
Center of buoyancy to leeward for 15° heel, ft.....	.88	5.
Center of buoyancy to leeward for 20° heel, ft.....	1.30	2.46
Center of gravity below loadline, ft.....	1.50	.94
Center of gravity below loadline, ft.....	1.51	.93
Metacentric, above center buoyancy, ft.....	8.4	1.93
Metacentric, above loadline, ft.....	1.95	.99
Righting moment, for 15° heel, ft. lbs.....	31692.	8400.
Righting moment, for 20° heel, ft. lbs.....	48850.	11200.
Center of effort above center lateral plane, ft.....	24.4	16.7
Righting moment, ft. lbs., per sq. ft. wet surface.....	66.01	61.07
Coefficient of water plane area.....	.60	.67
Coefficient of fineness of displacement.....	.32	.30
Mean obliquity of waterlines.....	12° 40'	14° 30'
Loadline, in terms of beam as unity.....	3.13	3.50
Molded depth, terms of beam as unity.....	.51	.57

GRAND HAVEN, Mich., March 5.

H. C. PEARSONS.

TRIPLE EXPANSION MARINE ENGINES.

THE most remarkable and interesting fact in connection with the recent turns of the tonnage of new ships launched last year is the increase in the proportion of the tonnage of steamships to that of sailing ships. We are compared with preceding years. Taking the returns of the Clyde, we find that the tonnage of screw steamers launched in 1885 was only 67,000 tons, whereas the tonnage of sailing ships amounted to nearly 100,000 tons; but in 1884 the screw steamers stood at 150,000 tons and the sailing ships at 68,000 tons; and in 1883 the figures were, respectively, 316,000 tons and 64,000 tons. From these particulars we see that the tonnage of sailing ships was about five times that of the steamers in 1883, whereas in 1885 the screw ships were only three times the sailing ships; and that in 1885 the balance was turned against the screw tonnage which amounted to but little more than two-thirds of the sailing tonnage. In other words, during the short period to which we have referred, the annual production of sailing tonnage increased 64 per cent., while the production of screw tonnage decreased nearly 80 per cent., though the cost of steamships per ton, excepting, perhaps, a few special vessels, has been so low as to afford the sailing ship and that in 1885 the balance was turned in favor of sailing ships, it is clear from the figures we have given that the reaction is a very decided one, and is of considerable interest to marine engineers, who, if freights continue low, will probably have but little work to do except for ships of war and vessels intended for mail, passenger and other special service. Therefore, any prediction that the sailing ship will continue to flourish is of peculiar interest at the present time.

It is extremely satisfactory that the latest great improvement of the marine engine largely diminishes the consumption of fuel without any drawback in the shape of lessened durability of the engines or boilers. We refer to the extension of the ordinary compound engine known as the Triple Expansion Engine, where steam of high pressure is expanded in three successive stages in three separate cylinders. The ordinary technical expressions we may say that, in the ordinary compound engine, the steam from the boiler is admitted into a cylinder known as the high pressure cylinder, and after a certain amount of expansion is allowed to enter another cylinder, known as the low-pressure cylinder, where expansion again takes place, after which the steam passes to the condenser. In the triple expansion engine the steam, after passing through the high-pressure cylinder, and before entering the intermediate cylinder, where expansion also takes place. In the ordinary compound engine the steam expands in two successive stages, and in the triple compound in three successive stages. In a few instances two intermediate cylinders have been used, and the steam expanded in four stages; these are spoken of as quadruple expansion engines.

Those engineers who have had the largest experience with the triple expansion engine agree in claiming an economy of fuel of 20 per cent. when compared with ordinary compound engines. Cases may be cited where a saving of considerably over 20 per cent. has been obtained, and no doubt others may show somewhat less than this; but 20 per cent. is a saving which ship-owners may, as a rule, safely depend upon as being obtainable by the substitution of triple expansions for the old compound engine. Of course it very much depends upon the particular compound engine taken as the standard

of comparison. Taking a good specimen, that is, an economical specimen, with which the consumption of fuel may be taken as 2 lbs. of coal per indicated horse power per hour, on a sea voyage, and taking the average consumption of a triple expansion engine, where the initial pressure is about 140 lbs. above the atmospheric pressure, at 15 lbs. per indicated horse power per hour, we have a saving of 20 per cent. When an old compound engine with a pressure of 60 lbs., or less has been replaced by a triple expansion engine, the saving in fuel has approached 30 per cent. Assuming a saving of 30 per cent., this large reduction is not only a saving of 20 per cent. in the coal bill which the owners have to pay, but, also, for any given voyage, a reduction of 20 per cent. in the amount of coal to be carried, and to be provided for in the design of ship. The longer the voyage the greater is the absolute saving, and in China and Australian trades the advantage is very considerable. Not only may the capacity of the coal boxes be diminished, but the size or the number of the boilers may be so reduced as to occupy much less space than the boilers necessary to supply steam for a compound engine. The reductions from these two causes are a great advantage, even after allowance has been made for any increase of space which may be necessitated by the engine itself. The triple expansion engine, therefore, offers the ship owner, who is ordering a new steamship or refitting an old ship, the prospect of considerable economies in the cost of the vessel which have not been supplied with this type of engine.

The advantage obtained by the use of steam of about 150 lbs. pressure, expanded till the pressure becomes very low, may theoretically be obtained as fully in the ordinary compound engine as in the new type, but experience has shown that in the former no appreciable gain in economy is derived by increasing the pressure over about 80 lbs. per square inch, and the cause of this appears to be that when a cylinder works through a large range of pressure, and therefore through a large range of temperature the loss of steam by condensation more than balances the gain due to the use of the higher pressure. In the triple expansion engine the steam being expanded in three cylinders in the three successive stages, the range of temperature in any one cylinder is much less than the range would be if the expansion were carried out in two stages. This limitation of the temperature in the triple expansion engine is not only a practical application of any new principle, for the ordinary compound engine derives its advantage over the simple engine from the application of the same principle.

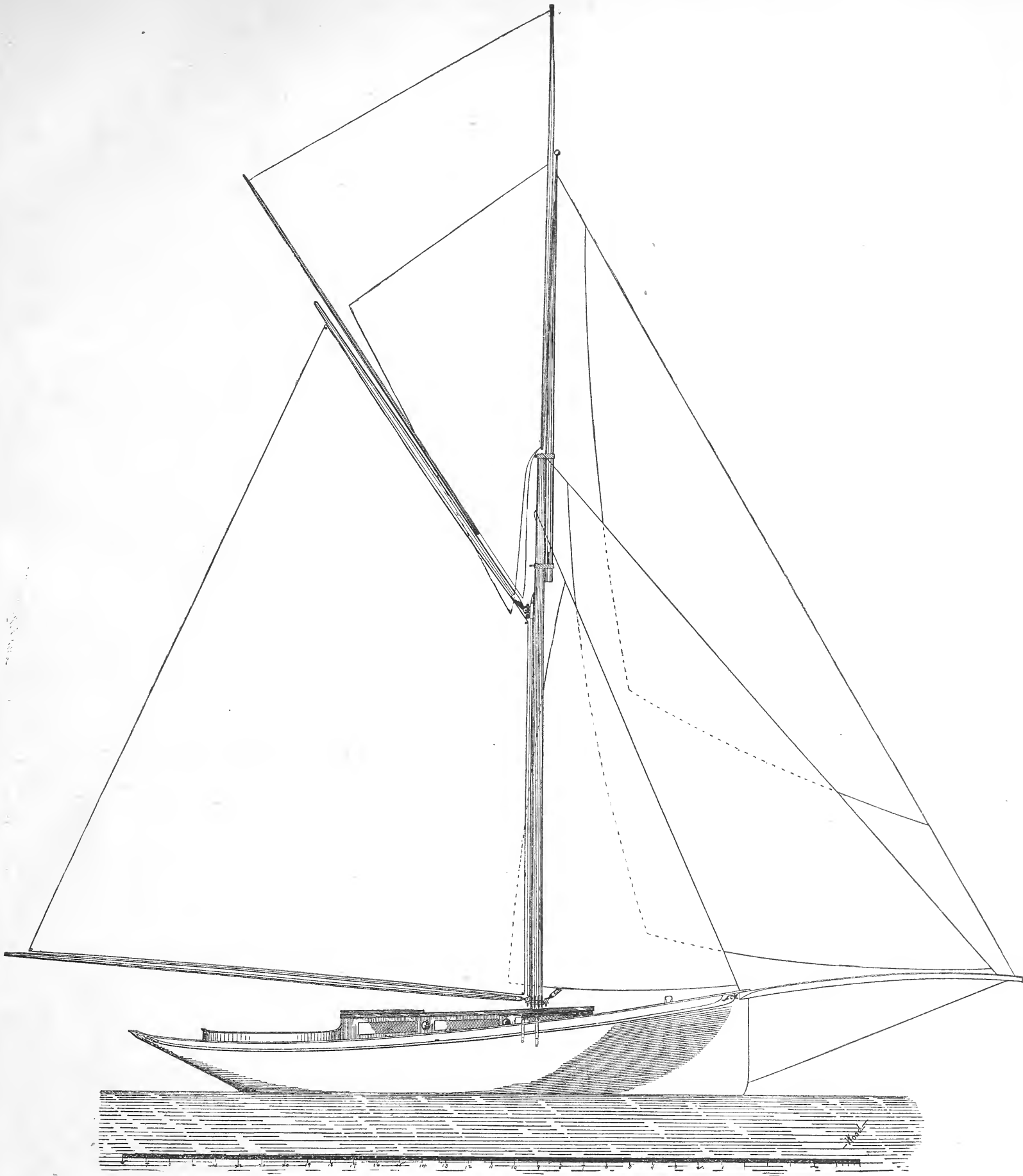
It may be asked, Why, with these advantages of economy of fuel, and compactness of machinery spaces, was not this principle of generating steam of very high pressure and utilizing it by means of triple expansion brought into general use before now? The answer to this reasonable question is that, although the principle was understood, the difficulty of manufacturing suitable marine boilers was insurmountable until the introduction of reliable steel plates capable of withstanding, without impracticable thicknesses, the great strains due to the highest steam pressure. The adoption of this improved type of marine engine is following as a consequence of the improvements made in the manufacture of boiler materials.

The triple expansion engine was first fitted on board the Proprietor, by Mr. C. C. Kirk, in the year 1874. This vessel was supplied with boilers on the water tube principle, capable of standing working pressure of 150 lbs., but after a time they gave considerable trouble and were removed from the ship. The trials proved that the engine was very economical in the use of steam. The water-tube boilers were replaced by ordinary marine boilers to work at 90 lbs. pressure—a high pressure at that time—and we believe the engines are still at work. About four years later, a small set of these engines were tried on the yacht "Isa," and gave most satisfactory results. Since, however, was the first vessel which came into general notice for the economical and satisfactory results attainable on a long sea voyage by means of the triple expansion engine. The Aberdeen—a ship 350ft. long by 44ft. beam by 33ft. deep—was built and engaged by Mr. A. C. Kirk's firm in 1881, for the Australian trade, and the particulars of the early trials were published at the meetings of the Institution of Naval Architects in 1882. The results of these trials gave promise of the most economical and satisfactory performance which was fully realized. When at sea, the necessary data were taken in the most careful manner, and the result was a consumption of fuel about 20 per cent. less than that of the best compound engines of the same power. Although the particulars of this vessel's performance were published so recently, there are now probably about one hundred sets of the new type of engine at work. The firm which turned out the Aberdeen has supplied triple expansion engines to the Royal Navy, and has sometimes been called upon to about 24,000 indicated horse power, and generally considering the short time the engine has been before the shipping world as a practical and economical machine, it has made a remarkable advance in the favor and confidence of shipowners, and, in view of the great advantage its adoption affords, it will not be surprising to see its application become rapidly universal in the mercantile marine. Machinery on the new plan is in course of construction in various parts of the world, and the Royal Navy, and the United States Navy, and the British Navy, all sea-going vessels, from the largest armor clad to the smallest gun vessel, are for the future to be supplied with triple expansion engines in preference to the ordinary compound engines, which till recently were in general favor for war purposes. The designers of war ships consider it an important feature in their arrangements to secure the required horsepower upon as small a weight and space as possible, and the triple expansion engine may be accepted as evidence that it offers a decided advantage in the matter of economy of space and weight. Although in the merchant ship economy of fuel is the most important consideration, and in the great majority of cases is almost the only consideration, still it is sometimes, in vessels of high speed, necessary to give attention to the question of weight and space, especially when the speed is to be obtained with moderate dimensions of hull. In the large passenger fast vessels, such as the Atlantic liners, the restriction placed upon the engineer designer, with the space and weight available for the machinery, is not nearly so stringent as in some smaller vessels, but in any future addition to the fleet of these liners a higher speed may be obtained without any increase of the displacement or of the consumption of fuel, and we may expect to find that the "herring pond" will be crossed in less time than the best recorded performances.

We will now make a few observations in general terms about the mechanical arrangements of the triple expansion engine. Where an old compound engine is to be replaced by the new type of engine, the length of engine room is generally so restricted that one of the three cylinders has to be fitted above the others, and the usual plan is to place the high pressure over the intermediate cylinder, and to place the low pressure beside the intermediate, the high and intermediate cylinders being applied to the same crank, and the low pressure cylinder being frequently used in new engines; but a more satisfactory method is to place each of the cylinders over a separate crank. The two-crank arrangement takes up less length of engine room, and is probably cheaper in the matter of first cost, but the three-crank arrangement gives a better balanced engine, with less wear and tear, and a more uniform motion is transmitted to the propeller, which consequently is more efficient in its action. In the large passenger fast vessels, such as the Atlantic liners, the restriction placed upon the engineer designer, with the space and weight available for the machinery, is not nearly so stringent as in some smaller vessels, but in any future addition to the fleet of these liners a higher speed may be obtained without any increase of the displacement or of the consumption of fuel, and we may expect to find that the "herring pond" will be crossed in less time than the best recorded performances.

Some little difficulty has been experienced with a few marine boilers working at sea under the high pressures now coming into use, and this difficulty has been erroneously ascribed to the engine. The boilers of the Aberdeen and other vessels have been in constant use on the longest sea voyages, and have given practically no trouble. Experience proves that with proper care and attention, and under the conditions which obtain at sea, the boilers may be worked at the highest pressures without giving trouble. It is essential that too great a quantity of oil should not be used in the cylinders, as it passes the condenser and is carried by the feed water into the boilers, where with the ordinary scale it forms a deposit which is such a poor conductor of heat that a thickness of one-sixteenth of an inch will sometimes cause an over-heat. Of course, where over-heating of the plates takes place, the higher the pressure of steam the more likely is the plate to suffer partial collapse or bulging. If attention be given to this point, and care be taken to regulate the feed and the density of the water in the boiler, no difficulty may be anticipated. In short, as we have already said, with proper care the boilers may be worked on the longest sea voyages without the slightest trouble.

It is probable that within a measurable period of time the quadruple expansion engine will receive more attention than has yet been given to it. With quadruple expansion, steam of higher pressure than that generally used for triple expansion is utilized in the manner



SAIL PLAN OF SMALL CRUISER "MERMAID."

we have described, and although the saving in the consumption of fuel over the triple expansion type is not so great as the saving of the triple expansion over the ordinary compound engine, still, as small economies are becoming more and more important, the advantage will probably be sufficient to lead to the use of the quadruple expansion engine, at least in ships intended for long voyages, where economy of fuel is especially of importance.

During the past year as many as eighteen sets of triple expansion engines have been manufactured on the Clyde alone, and many others have been turned out on the east coast. The largest set yet fitted to a merchant ship is of 7,000 indicated horse power, and is on board the North German Lloyd's President Meyer. During last year the old Cunard steamers Parthian and Batavia were refitted with triple expansion engines, and this example is one which the interests of shipowners should prompt them to follow when the machinery of an old ship is in want of renewal.

The following particulars of the performance of the steamship Yeddo are remarkable for the large saving obtained, although the triple expansion was not here at its best. The Yeddo had been working with two cylinder compound engines, the pressure of steam in the boilers being 70lbs. per square inch. There was a large margin of strength in the boilers, and it was decided to increase the working pressure to 100lbs and fit an intermediate cylinder over the low pressure cylinder, thus converting the compound engine into a triple expansion engine. The result of this alteration was the reduction of the average consumption of fuel per day on a sea voyage from 17 to 13½ tons, or a saving of a little more than 20 per cent., the speed of the ship after the alteration being practically the same as before. Here there were the same boiler, the same propeller, the same ship, and a similar quality of coal, and improved performance was entirely due to the improved engine. If the steam pressure had been increased to about 140lbs. on the square inch the saving would have been still more marked.

Steam pressures as high as 180lbs. on the square inch have lately been used with triple expansion or quadruple expansion engines, and this is not likely to be much succeeded for some considerable time, for the marine boiler is not well adapted for working under a higher pressure, owing to the thicknesses of furnace and shell plates required for such a pressure, and the ordinary type of boiler is not likely to be readily or easily superseded by a new type. The marine boiler survives numerous competitors in virtue of its superior fitness for marine work, and as its limit of working pressure has been practically reached there is no reason to apprehend that the type of engine now coming into use will be speedily replaced by a much more economical machine.—*The Shipping World*, March, 1886.

SAIL PLAN OF THE MERMAID.

Mast, deck to hounds	19ft.
Masthead	5ft.
Topmast, fid to sheave	16ft.
Bowsprit (outboard)	12ft.
Bowsprit, rabbet to bee hole	11ft.
Boom	23ft.
Gaff	17ft.
Spinnaker boom	25ft.
No. 1 topsail pole	19ft.
No. 1 topsail cluh	18.50ft.
Mainsail, hoist	16ft.
Room	22ft.
Gaff	16ft.
Angle of peak	55°
Foresail, hoist	18ft.
Foot	10ft.
Leach	17.50ft.

Jib, hoist	28ft.
Foot	15ft.
Leach	20ft.
Working topsail, luff	19.17ft.
Leach	10.67ft.
Foot	15.33ft.
Clubtopsail No. 1, luff	25.63ft.
Leach	14.75ft.
Foot	22.00ft.
Jibtopsail, luff	30.00ft.
Leach	20.00ft.
Foot	14.25ft.
Spinnaker, luff	35.50ft.
Leach	38.50ft.
Foot	26.00ft.
Areas, mainsail	889.40sq. ft.
Foresail	87.50sq. ft.
Jib	142.80sq. ft.
Three lower sails	616.70sq. ft.
Working topsail	80.75sq. ft.
Clubtopsail	169.52sq. ft.
Jibtopsail	124.50sq. ft.
Spinnaker	461.58sq. ft.
Ratio 3 lower sails per sq. ft. wetted surface ..	2.63sq. ft.

Ratio $\sqrt[3]{\text{wetted surface to } \frac{1}{2} \text{ displacement in cubic ft.}}$ 2.47sq. ft.
Ratio 3 lower sails to square of length of L.W.L. 1.27sq. ft.
Mainsail (laced foot) and jib (set flying) and working topsail, 10-ounce duck; foresail of 8 ounce, clubtopsail and jibtopsail of heavy drilling, and spinnaker of muslin, it is not excessive in proportion to the bulk of the boat, and it is so arranged that there will be no difficulty in setting it to suit circumstances.

A WORD FOR THE AMERICAN SLOOP.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Last month while in Boston I had occasion to look at the yacht building for General Pelée. She differs little from the Puritan except that the lead keel is carried further aft than in the latter. Will she outlast the Puritan? I do not see why the controlling factor (that of size) should not work as well in her case as in the other, for in all her victories (except in that of Priscilla and Genesta) over sloops and cutters, in the light of comparison, size and not excellence of model has been the controlling factor. It seems to be the prevailing opinion that nothing can be built that will outlast the Puritan. What has she accomplished for a one-masted centerboard yacht to sustain them in their opinion? She has not equaled the performances of smaller, thoroughbred American centerboard sloops. Take her record for the season. Beginning with her maiden race at Marblehead, where she had nothing to test her but keel schooners and sloops and cutters of inferior size, and any one acquainted with yachtsailing knows that any fair sailing centerboard sloop can outlast a fast keel schooner of proportionately larger tonnage as these schooners were larger than the Puritan. The cutter Redoubt, a yacht vastly inferior in size to the Puritan, defeated the speediest schooner of the lot by longer odds over a shorter course in the same force of wind the preceding season.

The races for the Goelet cup, where the superiority of size showed itself over the small sloops, and the handicap of a faulty rig and not the inferiority of model was the cause of the defeat of the Priscilla. Take the trial races, and the difference even with the handicap of rig is hardly worth mentioning. The designer and sponsors of the Priscilla accepting defeat in preference to victory at the sacrifice of the principles by which we have held the supremacy for thirty years or more. And this coming season, under an improved rig, the American model will yet show its superiority. In the race with Genesta the victory is of so small a magnitude that it passes into insignificance, compared with the victory of Vixen over Maggie. Type against type, as there is no question but that Maggie is the speediest of her class and tonnage in English water, while Genes ranks second or third in her class. I understand that there is a one-masted yacht the size of Puritan building at Bay Ridge and modeled by Ellsworth, the firm upholder of American ideas, which he has so practically demonstrated the superiority of. And now he has departed from the principles that have made him famous, and joined the army of low-weight theorists and cutter rigs. What have we to show for advancement in yacht designs of original conception, when we have to look to the English for ideas? Our models and their faults which should be corrected, but this piling on lead and hanging on lead to balance it, will not remedy the defects. Dismantling the beam is a step in the right direction, but it is not necessary that we should increase the draft to any great extent, as I sincerely believe that an American centerboard sloop yacht can be constructed of the same length of the Puritan, of less beam, less draft and less sail area, with her ballast inside, that can outlast any English thoroughbred cutter or American combination that has been constructed on borrowed ideas. LOYALTY.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C.—On March 9 the above club held its annual meeting. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: Chas. Fryer, Commodore; J. H. Ryley, Vice-Commodore; E. C. Sterling, Rear-Commodore; Ph. J. Krackel, Secretary; Eugene Lambden, Treasurer; Oscar Wheeler, Measurer; N. D. Lawton, F. T. Alder, John W. Rough, Wm. L. Richards, C. Buchanan, Trustees. Appointed by the Commodore on Investigating Committee, Messrs. S. G. Chapin, Kn. B. Acker, Jr., Walter Large. At this meeting 22 new candidates were proposed which will probably bring the membership list up to 130 at the next meeting—a remarkable showing for a club only having organized last July. The initiation fee to this club is \$15 and dues \$10 per year. It has secured Echo Island, off the mouth of the harbor of New Rochelle for a club site. The house on the island at present will be put in first class condition, and additional improvements made on the island. The harbor is perfectly protected against storms from any quarter, making it a very desirable club to join for this reason.

THE INTER-LAKE YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—The first meet will open at Detroit on July 5, with racing, etc. on the 5th and 6th and be continued at Put-In-Bay until the 11th. Both the Michigan and Put-In-Bay clubs have made liberal offers in the way of prizes, and the meet is sure to be a great success and to give yachting a boom. The Western Canoe Association are to have their races at Ballast Island during the same week, so the Western aquatic clubs will have a very interesting as well as pleasant time coming season.

DISBANING OF THE HAVERHILL Y. C.—At a meeting of the Haverhill Y. C., March 8, it was voted to disband and sell the property. The only yachting organization in Haverhill now is the Pentucket Y. C. All matters in regard to yachting should be addressed to Thomas Conley, Secretary Pentucket Y. C., Haverhill, Mass.

BUFFALO Y. C.—Four members were elected at the last meeting. A committee was appointed to amend the rules as to time allowance and another committee to act with the officers of the club in connection with the building of a new club house. A squadron cruise will take place during the season.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CANOISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, trips, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

- May 1—Brooklyn C. C., Challenge Cup and Padding Race.
- May 15—Brooklyn C. C., Sailing Regatta.
- May 22—Knickerbocker C. C., Spring Regatta.
- May 29—Connecticut Meet, Calla Shasta Grove.
- June 12—Connecticut Meet, Padding Race.
- June 19—Connecticut Meet, Padding Race.
- July 10—Connecticut Meet, Padding Race.
- Aug. 7—Connecticut Meet, Padding Race.
- Sept. 4—Connecticut Meet, Padding Race.
- Sept. 18—Connecticut Meet, Sailing Races.
- Sept. 25—Connecticut Meet, Challenge Cup.

THE A. C. A. TROPHY.

Editor Forest and Stream:
In your issue of Feb. 23, you invited a "full discussion" in reference to the "A. C. A. Trophy." In the following issue (March 4) you kindly published a letter containing my views on the subject, in which I criticised club management, generally, for arbitrary acts at variance with the spirit or interests of such clubs.

Among the reasons which I mentioned as tending to the development of this state of things, was "the apathy of a large majority of members," and certainly it would seem that that part of my proposition needs no further proof than is furnished by your own columns. Here is a subject which it appears to me, of vital interest to the A. C. A., and on which you have invited discussion, and the vice-commodore has asked for an expression of opinion to guide him; and yet up to the present time only one member has thought it of sufficient importance to reply to.

In your issue of this week (March 11), Mr. C. B. Vaux undertakes to explain how the matter stands, but he fails to express himself with his usual clearness. His explanation needs an interpretation. As I understand it, he objects to the Cup Committee giving the prize, but thinks that the Executive or Regatta Committee may do so if they choose, notwithstanding it is contrary to the rule which he cites.

He also takes the curious position that because no one is compelled to subscribe and only a minority have or will do so, therefore (I quote), "why should those who do not subscribe have any claims on the trophy?"

Here's a pretty state of things!" The resolution in reference to offering the trophy as published in your issue of Feb. 23, reads: "In view of the approaching visit of the English canoeists be it resolved that a trophy be offered for competition at the A. C. A. meet, under A. C. A. rules, open to all A. C. A. men, and members of any recognized foreign canoe club, the trophy to be the property of the winner."

If Mr. Vaux had read the above before writing his letter I do not see how he could have written his interrogatory, previously quoted. If a certain number of canoeists combine to offer a prize, and to exclude from competition non-subscribers, by what right do they do it in the name of the A. C. A. and under its rules? But of course Mr. Vaux is wrong in the position he assumes.

Any person who has had much club experience knows how much of the "voluntary" there is in club subscriptions, just about as much as there is when the plate is passed at church, after a fervid appeal from the pulpit, and with your best girl watching to see how much you deposit. But if Mr. Vaux is right, the committee do as they please to give the prize in the name of the A. C. A. and to exclude all non-subscribers to the fund, then indeed it is high time to awaken to the danger ahead.

There is still another question I would like to have answered and that is, who are the discoverers that these English visitors are so much superior to our own members, that what is good enough for us is not good enough for them? Who is responsible for the assumption that the honor of winning an A. C. A. flag would not be sufficient incentive for them, unless backed up by a valuable prize with privilege of keeping the same when won? It certainly is the reverse of complimentary to them.

A BOAT CRUISE ON THE SEVERN.

BIRMINGHAM, Saturday, June, 1885.—The writer and two friends left the busy manufacturing city of Birmingham by the evening express for Stratford, with the intention of proceeding from there down the beautiful and rapid river Severn as far as Worcester, about seventy miles. Arriving there we snatched a hasty tea at the railway station (dear and nasty as usual), and having been joined by two friends (natives) we embarked at Ellis's boat house, in our craft, a beamy and comfortable river boat of light draft, and pushed off without delay. The first two miles afforded plenty of excitement in running on shallows and then hauling off to deeper water, and in our main having brought the stream very low, finally a heavier bump than usual caused a leak, which was hastily caulked, and we proceeded without any further mishaps. Having reached Upton, our first stage, we proceeded to the Corbett Arms Hotel, a charming, old-fashioned place, and one of the most comfortable riverside houses in my experience, where a hearty meal was dispatched and the leak, which proved rather a serious one, effectively stopped, after which we all turned in.

Sunday morning, 6 A. M.—"Bright chanticleer proclaims the morn" and we quickly turn out; having walked, or climbed rather, to the top of an eminence called Ormond's Hill, we were rewarded by a magnificent view of the country, with the silvery Severn winding in and out, and flashing in the morning sun. After a substantial breakfast stores were got on board, and the party, now reduced to four, proceeded on their way. A quick passage was made to Preston-Boats Weir, where great care in steering and corresponding exertions from the rowers were required to avert disaster. This rapid being successfully negotiated, a pleasant row through lovely country brought us to Aitcham Bridge, a handsome stone structure of seven arches, built in 1760. Aitcham Hall, the seat of Lord Berwick, and the ancient church "with ivy o'ergrown" were passed and much admired, being beautifully situated among luxuriant foliage, and are no less famous for their picturesque beauty than for their historical associations. The navigation here again demanded prompt attention, several very pretty islands dividing the current, and the crew had plenty of variety in having to wade and haul the craft over the numerous shoals. Close by are the ruins of the ancient city of Uriconium, formerly a Roman station, and just below there is a Roman ford, called by the natives the "Devil's Bridge," while right ahead appears a remarkable hill called the Wrekin. Leighton Bridge was next passed, and Leighton Hall, a fine mansion on the left bank, comes in view, but is soon left behind, and the ubiquitous "Wrekin," which appears now on our left, now on our right, then behind, and in a short time, looms again, right ahead, the river winding about in a most eccentric manner. An hour's steady pulling brought us to Buildwas, where we landed for luncheon, and afterward inspected the ruins of Buildwas Abbey, a fine old edifice erected in the twelfth century by monks of the Cistercian order, and considered a fine example of the architecture of that period. Again embarking, we passed under Telford's fine bridge, built in 1796, with one arch of 130 ft. span, and floating bridge, the river here becomes narrow and rapid, and the navigation again becomes difficult; an island in midstream, with a ridge of rocks just below, forming an awkward rapid, which was, however, safely passed. We were swept along at a fine pace and soon reach Ironbridge, a busy manufacturing town and the birthplace of Captain Webb, who swam across the English Channel and was drowned in the Niagara whirlpool. The river here runs and swirls between high granite banks, with their boulders freely interspersed, and we arrive in an incredibly short time at Coalport. The stream here suddenly swerves to the right, and a low trestle bridge is seen across it. A smash seemed inevitable, when we caught sight of a native on the bridge signaling the coxswain to steer straight on. A small portion of the bridge was raised, the oars were instantly unshipped, and we shot like an arrow through the narrow aperture down a leaping and boiling rapid, shipping a lot of water and narrowly escaping a cascade. Below this trestle bridge, and consequently not so swift, and a steady pull of eight miles through scenes of sylvan beauty brought the crew in sight of Bridgnorth, where we arrived about 7 o'clock. Leaving the boat

in charge of an "ancient mariner," we climbed up a steep path into the town and wended our way to the Crown Hotel, where dinner and beds had been ordered in advance.

It was intended to rise early the next morning and visit the High Rocks, the lion of the place; but the bed pulled too hard, and the courtesies had to be given up. So, after breakfast we relieved the aforesaid ancient mariner of his charge and got about about 9:30 A. M. Below the bridge is an awkward ford, where we had the misfortune to run aground and knock hole No. 2 in the boat's bottom, not, however, a serious one. So proceeding, in due time we reached Kington, where we found a large party encamped and evidently having a high time. Being invited to land, we found several acquaintances among the party. So hauling in the boat, we decided to halt for a time with the two-fold object of toasting our friends and repairing the leak in the craft. Getting under way again, we passed in succession the hamlets of Alvely and Highley, and arrived at the lovely village of Arley at mid-day. The scenery in this neighborhood is enchanting, and so mild is the climate that formerly the vine was cultivated and a wine of such excellent quality was produced as scarcely to be known from the best foreign brands. The river also here abounds in fish of all kinds, and the district is a favorite summer resort of the residents of Birmingham and Worcester. Landing for luncheon and a brief rest, we recognized and greeted several Birmingham friends who had come down to rusticate. Again embarking at 1 P. M., we found great care required to navigate the numerous fords, the most difficult being those at the Round Stone Rocks and the famous Folly Ford. After passing Bewdley, we bade adieu to fords and rapids, and soon reached the town of Stourport and entered the first of a series of locks. From this point (the day being a holiday) the river was gay with craft of all kinds, from a canoe to a steam launch. A pleasant row of three miles brought us to Cany Lock and another three to the city of Worcester, famous for its cathedral and the fine porcelain manufactured there. Here our voyage terminated and the slip was handed over to the tender mercies of the railway company for transit to Shrewsbury, while the crew, well satisfied with their trip, proceeded to a well-known hostelry, where we refreshed our inner man, an additional rest being given to the friends by the presence of our host's charming daughter, who presided in the absence of her father. We were soon whizzed home by the express, and parted with mutual congratulations and a resolve (at some future time) to further explore the course of our beautiful river, under the command of THE SKIPPER.

THE DOCKRATS' ANNUAL MEETING.—Newburgh, N. Y.—**Editor Forest and Stream:** The Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association held their annual meeting at the residence of Commodore Bartlett, on March 3. The reports of officers were satisfactory, showing that the association was doing a good work; that while the successes of the past year were due to many facts, to all the prospects for a bright future were very promising. The association arranged for a series of races—sailing, rowing and paddling—to take place during the coming season for appropriate prizes, and also for a series of outings, short runs to some convenient camp site, of which there are a number in this vicinity, with a hot supper, a la camp, and a return by moonlight; in these we hope to be joined by some of our non member friends. Steps were also taken toward a summer cruise and camp, even more so. The following named officers were re-elected: Commodore Wm. E. Bartlett; Vice-Commodore, James T. Van Ditsen; Captain, Nate S. Smith; Purser, Henry A. Harrison. The above named together with Mr. Harry A. Marvel, forming the executive committee. The strength of the association was increased by the election of seven active, three honorary and four lady honorary members and it begins the season with 31 active members, owning at present 10 canoes, 10 rowing and sailing boats, 1 steam launch, 1 cabin sloop yacht and other new canoes and boats "in sight and a-comin'." Owing to various models and sizes of the different craft, in our fleet, it was felt impossible to bring them together for racing purposes in the ordinary way, so we have adopted a system of time allowance, based on cubic contents and sail area that we hope will do away with all "classes" and still give every boat and canoe owner a fair chance. We felt that life was too short and time too precious to cut our small fleet into pieces and classes if we could do otherwise, and so the association adopted the recommendations of the committee to whom the matter had been given for consideration. We hope to make a prosperous run during the coming season.—PUNSEN.

YONKERS C. C.—**Editor Forest and Stream:** At a meeting held Feb. 17, 1886, there was organized a club under the name of the Yonkers C. C., with J. Reeves, Commodore; L. Sandford, Vice-Commodore; H. Lansing Quirk, Secretary and Treasurer. Six members and five canoes, the latter as follows: Jennie R., 14 ft. x 33 in.; J. Reeves; Rip Rap, 14 ft. 6 in. x 30 in.; L. Sandford; Spy, 13 ft. x 26 in.; H. L. Quirk; Scout, 14 ft. x 30 in.; T. and J. Simpson; Bonita, 14 ft. x 26 in.; E. K. Smeers. The object of the club is the further advancement of canoeing, more especially along the Hudson River and at Yonkers.—H. LANSING QUIRK, Sec. Yonkers C. C.

SANDUSKY C. C.—This club now numbers 22 members, the officers being F. S. Latham, Captain; J. E. Melville, Mate; Benj. Marshall, Purser, and Miles Johnson, Secretary. The club are now building a new house on Sandusky Bay, a fine piece of water for canoe sailing. They have lately joined the W. C. A. as a body, and will attend the meet at Ballast Island.

A. C. A.—Mr. D. B. Pratt, Rochester, N. Y., has been proposed for membership.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. P. L., St. Denis, Md.—Please repeat your questions.
G. W. R., Hartford.—Do deer shed their antlers yearly? Ans. Yes.
F. J. W., Great Barrington, Mass.—Write to Kennedy Smith, Enstis Me. You will probably find ruffed grouse shooting at his Tim Pond district.

A. F. N., Providence, R. I.—Can a man control a pond in such a manner as to prohibit fishing in said pond without claiming all the land around said pond or without having the consent of all land owners whose property has a water front on the said pond? Ans. We think not, as the owners of the land have rights in the pond.

S. A. L.—Is there any way to join two braided silk fly lines together so that the juncture will pass easily through the rod rings? Ans. It is possible that a neat workman might sandpaper them down to flat surfaces and then whip them, with fine silk and varnish them so that some service could be got from them, but too much must not be expected. We do not think they could be imbraded as a rope is spliced.

POINTER, Baltimore, Md.—In selecting a pointer pup is there any way to tell which he will favor, sire or dam? That is, will a pup the color of dam be more apt to take after her than if the color of sire. Or is there any way to select one tending to take after either parent? Ans. There is no infallible rule. In selecting a puppy choose the formation that you think most resembles the one you prefer and trust to luck.

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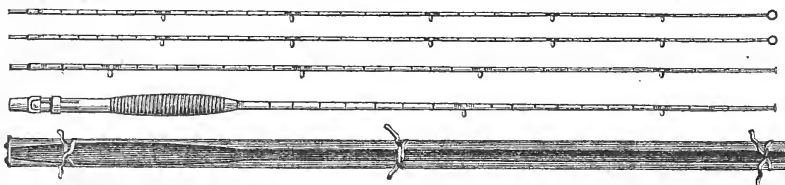
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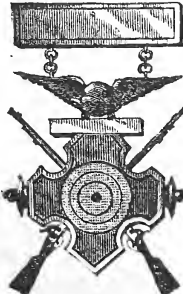
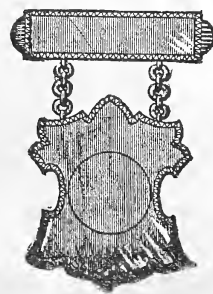
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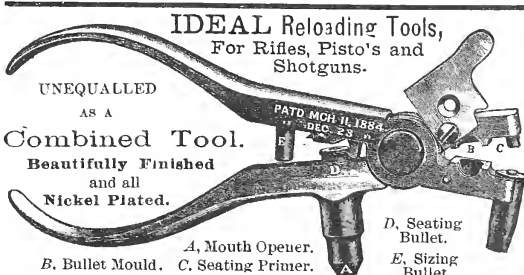
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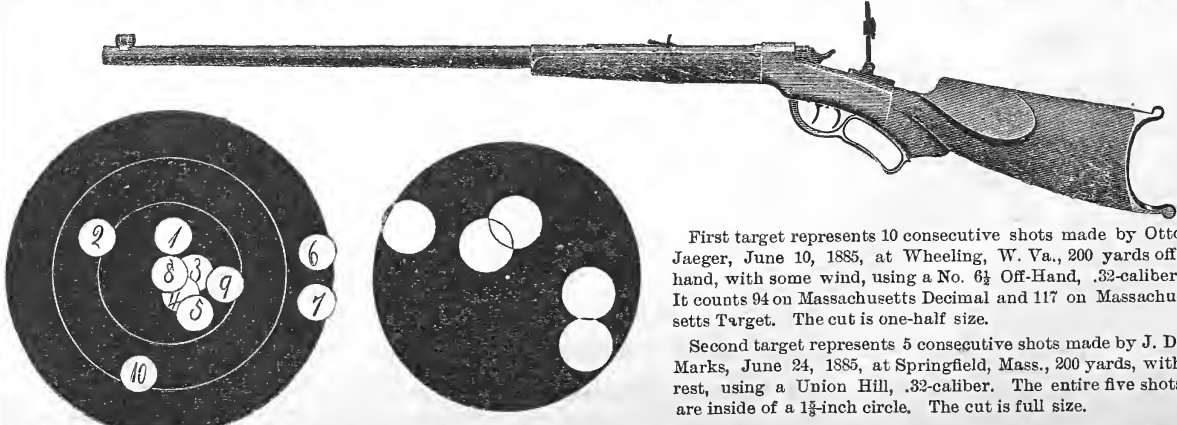


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The Tender Heart.	RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
GAME BAG AND GUN.	Range and Gallery.
The Anti-Hounding Law.	Rest Shooting.
Hunting at Army Posts.	The Trap.
A Railroad in the Park.	CANOEING.
Club Rules.	The A. C. A. Trophy.
A White Quail.	"No Ballast" Canoe Vesper.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.	A Challenge for the Cup.
New England Angling.	A Plea for the Heavy Canoes.
A Large Trout.	YACHTING.
Angler, Guide and Trout.	The Cruise of the Coot.—XVII.
A Gam's Catfish.	Yacht S oves.
Black Bass Angling.	ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE DOCUMENT REPUDIATED.

THE opening paragraph of the misleading document relating to deer hounding sent to the New York Legislature by Dr. Samuel B. Ward, President of the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association, of Albany, was as follows:

At a meeting of the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association, held on Jan. 13, 1886, the President stated that soon after the organization of the Association the attention of the Executive Committee had been called to the present condition of the law in this State concerning the preservation of the deer in the Adirondack region, and that he had been directed to correspond with well known residents of the North Woods and others—those who were most interested in the success of that district of the State, and knew most about it—and ascertain what their views were on this subject. A part of the letters, extracts of letters and documents which follow, were received in reply. It is to be regretted that lack of space prevents the publication of them all in full.

It was further stated—

The Executive Committee having attentively considered all the suggestions made in the various communications received, instructed their counsel to draw up a bill to be introduced into the Legislature at as early a date as practicable, which should embody the views of as many intelligent and interested persons, and antagonize as few as possible.

In our comments on this document (Feb. 11) we said that because of its peculiar character it was not creditable to the society, and we took the liberty to suggest:

If the Eastern New York Association was not organized by active deer hounders for the express purpose of conjuring with its name at Albany to help their cause, the members owe to the public a disclaimer of this pamphlet sent in the society's name to the Legislature.—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 11.

In reply Dr. Ward wrote (Feb. 18) as follows:

The Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association are responsible for the pamphlet to just exactly the extent stated in the opening paragraph. The meeting was regularly called by the secretary and what occurred is distinctly reported.

Commenting on this we said:

We did not question the regularity of the meeting of the Eastern Association, we simply intimated the suspicion, which Dr. Ward's acknowledgment goes to confirm as a fact, that the association was shrewdly organized by active deer hounding advocates to influence the repeal of the present wise law.

This last statement, we have now ascertained, was unjust to the Association, and we take much pleasure in correcting it. The correction is tardy, but until the last part of last week we had no information warranting us in making it.

We cheerfully state that, after a personal explanation by one of the officers of the Association, we believe that the society

was not "shrewdly organized by active deer hounding advocates to influence the repeal of the present wise law." The truth appears to be that the Association has been put forth as champion of a practice which its members condemn, and its name and influence have shrewdly been employed in the attempt to effect something which the members, ten to one, oppose. In other words, the hounding advocates did not shrewdly organize the society for their purpose, but they did shrewdly make use of it after it was organized.

An officer of the Association has declared to us in most unequivocal terms that the Eastern Association is not behind the effort to repeal the law; that it is not responsible for the misleading document which went to the Legislature ostensibly with its sanction; that it has never endorsed the bill (contained in the pamphlet) prepared by its counsel; that it refused to pay for the printing of the pamphlet, and that the originators of the society had no thought that its name would be used to bolster up the cause of the deer hounders.

This statement is sufficiently comprehensive and emphatic. It relieves the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association of a certain degree of mistrust and suspicion on the part of the public, a feeling which it would have been difficult to overcome so long as the responsibility for the pamphlet in question attached to the society.

The disclaimer has been made in another way, equally as effective; although the credit for it belongs not to the Association, but to the efforts of certain gentlemen whose interest in Adirondack game protection induced them to make a careful canvass of the Association's members, to determine by what authority it was represented as a game protective society occupying the extraordinary position of seeking to repeal a game protective statute. Prepared blanks were sent out to the 123 members of the society, requesting their views on deer hounding. Following is the result up to March 19, the total number of replies received at that time being 72:

Have no opinion.....	5
Uncertain.....	1
Decline to vote.....	1
In favor of hounding.....	6
Opposed to hounding.....	58.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

THE good work of protecting our birds from useless slaughter goes bravely on. The readiness and even eagerness with which it is undertaken by people of all classes and all ages is most encouraging, though it is not surprising. We have from the first felt confident that in order to abate the evil it was only necessary to bring the harm which was being done to the people's attention. To do this work effectively, it was necessary that a strong and concerted effort should be made, and that the aid of every one who loves nature should be enlisted. To provide the machinery for this united action the AUDUBON SOCIETY was formed.

During the six weeks that have elapsed since the plan of the Society was announced in FOREST AND STREAM we have received a vast mass of correspondence on the subject, have distributed many thousands of circulars and pledges, and have received strong words of encouragement and sympathy from many of the best people in the country. The movement is confined to no one section of the land. From Maine, from Florida, from Louisiana, from California and from Canada come assurances that our hands will be upheld in the work which we have undertaken. Massachusetts is one of the most earnest States in her attitude for protection. The strong efforts of Mr. Geo. T. Angell cannot fail to have a most excellent effect.

As an example of what may be done by one man, a case may be cited in which twenty-five pledges were sent to a gentleman in New Bedford, and in three days the whole twenty-five were returned, signed. The farmers, as might be imagined, are very earnest in their support of the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and more than one New England farmers' club has placed itself on record as urging the formation of a branch AUDUBON SOCIETY in its locality.

The young ladies at some of our largest female colleges have actively interested themselves in the movement, have formed branch societies, and they are certainly most efficient and useful workers in the cause. They can wield a tremendous influence in checking forever this barbarous fashion, and can thus contribute directly toward the end we have in view. We see every reason to predict for the young society a vigorous and sturdy growth which nothing can check. We hope before long to send out to every member of the AUDUBON SOCIETY a certificate of membership. These have been unavoidably delayed by the difficulty of getting a good

portrait of the great naturalist from whom the Society takes its name, but we believe that they will shortly be ready for distribution.

We hope that others who may be interested in this subject, but with whom this interest has not yet taken active shape, may send in to us their names for information and pledges. There is no reason why the membership of the AUDUBON SOCIETY should not in a short time run up into the hundreds of thousands. The good that can be done by these members is enormous.

IS THERE AN AFRICAN IN THE WOODPILE?

THE Senate Committee on Railroads have submitted their report on the bill granting the right of way to the Cinnabar & Clark's Fork railroad through the Yellowstone National Park to the Clark's Fork Mine. They have thrown out the Senate bill, and favorably reported as a substitute the House bill, which grants a similar right.

The report is a remarkable document, and in its two printed pages shows more superficiality and contains more misinformation than can usually be found in this amount of matter. It opens with the statement that the committee has "given this bill very careful consideration," a statement which, we are sorry to say, is flatly contradicted by most of the succeeding paragraphs. If these gentlemen have "very carefully" considered the bill, how can they tell us that "it appears that the portion of the Park through which the railroad would pass contains no objects of public interest to attract the attention of tourists, and that the preservation of the timber and game of the Park is more hindered and the game more extensively depredated upon by the present and increasing travel upon the wagon road than it would be under the operation of the railroad." Do these intelligent and well informed gentlemen imagine that forests are preserved by cutting them down to make railway ties? or that the game is to be made more secure by introducing settlements of railroad hands into its haunts? or does it take all the United States Senate for idiots?

As a specimen of the "very careful consideration" given the bill by the committee, the following sentence will do very well: "The total length [of the railroad] within the Park would be about twenty five miles." Now, if any of these amiable gentlemen had gone to the trouble of taking any ordinarily good map, and with the dividers or a slip of paper had measured the distance along the Yellowstone, East Fork and Soda Butte Creek, from Cinnabar to Cooke City, he would have found without any very great amount of labor, and even without any "very careful consideration," that the total length of the railroad within the Park, as laid down by this bill, is not very much short of sixty miles. The truth is that the whole line, except two or three miles, the distance from Cinnabar to Gardner, is within the Park.

In support of the absurd statements made in this report the committee quote Lieut. Kingman's report of 1833, in which he states that the present road (i. e., three years ago) is in bad condition. Mr. Teller, a gentleman largely interested in mines and mining, is also quoted as recommending the granting of the right of way. Mr. Gannett, who has explored portions of the Park, also recommends the route, as does General Anderson. Neither of the latter are familiar with the eastern slope of the range.

The committee appear to have taken pains to consult only those who are in favor of the route through the Park, and they have omitted to take the opinion of several gentlemen whose experience in this region is of more value than that of any of those whom they quote. It is quite remarkable that during this "very careful consideration" which they gave this bill they failed to remember that within easy reach of their committee room was Mr. Arnold Hague, whose long experience in the Park and familiarity with the Clark's Fork country and Cooke City should make his opinion weigh more than that of any number of less well-informed men. They probably forgot too, that Mr. W. Hallett Phillips, of Washington, who was sent out last year by the Secretary of the Interior to examine into the condition of affairs in the Park, would have had good opportunities for forming an opinion as to the desirability of a railroad within the Park. There are a number of other well-informed persons who might have been asked to testify on points connected with the bill and who could have given the committee far more reliable information than they seem to have been able to obtain in the course of their investigations.

The fact appears to be that this committee have been grossly misled, and as a consequence, they have made a report which, to any one acquainted with the topography of the Park, is a mere hodge-podge of futilities. We are accustomed to stupid blunderings by Boards of Aldermen and even

by State Legislatures, but we ought to be able to look for better things from a committee of the United States Senate, and when such a committee tell us that they have given a bill "very careful consideration" it ought to mean something.

It is a serious misfortune to the interests of the Park that Senator Vest is sick and at present absent from Washington. His intelligent interest in that region is sorely needed now.

It seems extraordinary that after it has been pointed out, as was recently done by the FOREST AND STREAM, that there are routes from the Northern Pacific Railroad to the mines, which are perfectly practicable, and which do not enter the Park, this committee should have recommended the Cinnabar route. If the Yellowstone Park is to be turned over to enrich a corporation when the poor man cannot build a cabin in it, we think that the people at large will want some better reason for it than is furnished in this curious document.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A VISIT TO TOBIQUE LAKE.

THE Tobique, one of the branches of the river St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, empties into the latter river on its east side about two hundred miles from its mouth, and is one of the prettiest in that Province. Its mouth is reached by the New Brunswick railway, where there is a considerable settlement of Abenaki Indians, who are always ready to carry visitors in their light and graceful canoes to the very source of their beautiful river, distant about ninety miles from where it unites its waters with those of the St. John. Many of these Indians are very expert canoe-men and hunters, good cooks, and very ready-witted and intelligent. Some of the legends received by tradition from their fathers are remarkably interesting, and are common to the whole Algonquin family, as the writer discovered a few years ago when among the Chippewas on the head of Lake Superior in the State of Wisconsin. It may be mentioned as a singular instance of the tenacity with which a primitive people adhere to words once received by them, that these Indians to-day call any king "King James," while Queen Victoria's designation is King Jamesque, the "que" being pronounced exactly in the same manner as it is by the French. Abbé I. A. Maurault was the first to call the attention of the public to the remarkable circumstance of these people, a portion of whom resided on the St. Lawrence, where he was their missionary, retaining the name of that king who ruled England when they first made the acquaintance of the whites, and treating it as that of the designation of all subsequent sovereigns.

For sixty miles from its mouth to the Forks the Tobique is a broad, rapid river, free from falls, its waters are bright and pure, its banks only are settled. At Nictaux, or the Forks, as it is called by the settlers, the Tobique divides into two principal streams, Nictaux or Little Tobique, and the Right-hand Branch or Campbell River, the former being much the better stream for the canoe-man, as he will have to make no portage for a distance of thirty miles, but can pole his canoe all the way from the Forks into Nictaux Lake, where, if he be so disposed, by a portage of two miles he can reach the Nepisiquit Lake and descend the stream which flows from it to Bathurst on the Intercolonial Railway. There is not a solitary settler above the Forks of the Tobique, and nothing but an unbroken forest, where caribou, moose, beaver and other wild animals are yet to be found, more especially on the very headwaters of these branches, where they come near those of the Little Southwest Miramichi.

The Right hand Branch can be ascended to Tobique Lake by means of canoes, but it is a rapid and difficult stream, as it makes a great bend to the south as one ascends, and thus in going to this lake one can sail at least thirty miles of distance by making a straight line from the mouth of the Gulquac a stream which enters into the Tobique about forty miles from its mouth to the Tobique and Long Lakes. As a portage was being cut through the woods last autumn between these two points, the writer determined to revisit by this means these lakes, which abound with trout, and in one of which, Long Lake, the "Tuladi" (*Salmo ferax*) is also taken.

Our first day's journey was along the river bank, and, over a good road, by nightfall we had reached the house of a Mr. B., where one of our party said that we would be well entertained. Another, however, who knew the disposition of Mr. B. better, shook his head at this. When the inquiry was made the consent to remain was given in such a manner that we all concluded that we would go ten miles further, to a Mr. Knowlton's, where we were comfortably entertained.

Early the next morning Mr. Knowlton ferried us across the river in a log canoe, and led us up an old timber road for about two miles, where we struck the new portage which was being cut out to Tobique Lake. Where we first reached this road it ran through a country which fire had destroyed long ago. Although it was now the end of September there was yet great abundance of blue berries to be gathered from the vines or shrubs which were scattered around.

The rock was a red sandstone of the subcarboniferous formation, and laid in a basin which was surrounded by distant hills which here and there showed sharp irregular peaks. The "Blue Mountains," which laid to our left sloped off to the south and east, their summits terminating in irregular peaks, one of which reaches an elevation of nearly 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The forest which had clothed these mountains the first time that I saw them had been destroyed by fire and they were now covered by white birch or poplar trees whose now golden leaves showed off the darker color of the ancient mountains against which they stood out in a pleasing relief. There were but three of us, and our intention was to walk that day about fourteen miles on the portage until we reached the place where the men who were engaged in cutting it out were camping, so that we were not obliged to carry any loads. Two or three miles brought us to the forest; the day was warm and the shelter of the trees was very grateful. Passing a small stream we noticed some choke berries, a fruit of which the common bear is very fond, indeed one of the teamsters had surprised one feeding on those at this very spot. Our road was altogether through hard wood lands, often over long hills, the ascent of which, though gradual, was tedious; every here and there we crossed spring brooks of the clearest water, beside which we sometimes seated our

selves for rest and refreshment. There was but little wind, but each breath filled the air with the golden leaves of autumn, and the faint rustle that they made in falling as they struck the branches of the trees or the ground was the only sound heard in this silent and majestic forest. The squirrel whom one often hears a long way off running among the fallen leaves seemed to be absent, the lumbermen indeed inform me that this little creature is scarcer this season in the forests of New Brunswick than it has been for many years; last winter, which was very cold, may have been too much for him. Wild beasts, like man, are subject to famine and pestilence; it is only a few years since there was a great destruction in New Brunswick among the Canada lynx (*Loup cervier*), many of which were found lying dead in the woods.

About three o'clock in the afternoon when we had walked nearly fourteen miles we heard the sound of axes, and were soon welcomed to their tent by the party of woodsmen, who had been employed to cut this portage for the lumbermen, who are this winter at work on the shores of Tobique Lake. The cook, whose kitchen was covered by the vault of heaven, informed us that he had not many delicacies to offer us, but proceeded at once to pour us out tin dippers full of black tea sweetened by molasses, and handed each of us plates with fried pork upon them. These articles of food, with some light, sweet and excellent bread, such as one gets nowhere else but in the woods, formed our evening repast. This finished and the woodsmen's desire for the news from the settlement having been gratified, we turned in under the blankets with the choppers and were soon fast asleep. After a good night's rest we arose refreshed and invigorated from the fir boughs on which we had passed the night, and so soon as the cook had his tea boiled and pork fried, we sat down on the ground to take our breakfast with the crew. Although cooks in the cities never allow the tea to boil, it is not so with cooks in the forest, and many a time have I heard the weary lumberer, as he walked into the camp and shook off the ice and snow from his clothes before the cheerful fire, call out to the cook, "Cook, give the tea a good boil."

Breakfast over, we started on our journey of six miles through the woods to the lake, as we were now as far as the men had reached with their road. The walking through the trees was very good, there being but little blown down timber on our route; the growth consisted of a mixture of hard and soft woods, the former predominating; fir, a wood but little esteemed, was also abundant. We were not long on our journey before we came in sight of one of the "Twin" mountains, a conical hill wooded to its summit with a mixture of deciduous and evergreen trees. As we neared the lake we saw traces of former Indian occupation in old camping grounds with moose bones scattered around. These lakes, Tobique and Long, the former of which is four, the latter eight or nine miles long, were once the best moose hunting grounds in New Brunswick, and there were numerous lakes and ponds around them to which the Abenakis used to resort within the last twenty years for the purpose of calling these animals in the months of September and October. Moose and caribou, if once given protection here, would soon be as plentiful as ever; this could be easily done, as the whole country across to the Little Southwest Miramichi Lake and far beyond it is utterly unfit for settlement and only valuable for the wood which covers it. This country is either owned by the New Brunswick Railway Company or by the Provincial Government, and if these proprietors would but take joint action in this matter and appoint forest guardians, this neighborhood would soon again abound with game.

I had ascended to these lakes once before in company with Ambrose Bear, a famous Abenaki hunter long since gone to his rest; he was a truthful and worthy man. At that time we had some conversation about the moose, when he mentioned a strange circumstance which had occurred to him a year or two before. He had been moose calling in the month of September, and having been very successful had some moose hides drying about his camp, an open shed. One moonlight night after midnight, when the fire had gone out, he was awakened by the sound of an animal sniffing close to him. Looking up he saw between himself and the moon the head and horns of a huge moose, which was sniffing at one of the hides which were hung up to dry. Cautiously moving his hand he took hold of the gun which he kept constantly at his side, raised it up, took aim and fired, bringing down the noble animal on the spot.

One morning on the same excursion, when Ambrose and the writer had been sleeping in the open air in the woods on the ridge between Long and Tobique lakes, just after daylight the Indian awoke me with a low whisper, "Sheddake, sheddrake," indicating to me that he had heard sheddrakes, a species of duck common about these lakes and streams. Very quietly he arose, and taking his gun from close to where he had lain, and where he had it placed so that he could reach it from where he had been sleeping without having to rise up, he stole off into the woods silently as the night. He had not been more than three minutes from my side when I heard his gun, whose report was echoed and re-echoed from the high hills which lay north of the lake toward the head of the Serpentine River, and in about the same time he was back to where I lay, bringing with him a string of four or five sheddrakes.

But to return to our present trip. The first view that we got of Tobique Lake was from an old Indian bark camp, which consisted of a few sheets of spruce bark placed against a pole supported by two forked stakes driven into the ground on either side. This shelter was open at both sides as well as in the front. On a tree nearby was written "John Laporte, 1884. There was also an old bear house in the vicinity, in which the Indians had been in the habit of placing their provisions to keep them out of the way of these animals, this consisted of a pen built as the woodsmen builds the walls of his camp, with this difference: it was built between two fir trees which were cut off at about five feet from the ground and a tennon made on the top of either, after the bottom, sides and top had been made of round logs deeply notched at the ends. A cross piece in which was a suitable mortise was placed across the top of the house, the mortises fitting over the tennons; this piece of wood was strongly keyed with wedges so that bruin could neither move bottom, top nor end log either with his teeth or claws, both of which he would be sure to bring into use should he happen to be in the vicinity at any time.

A few minutes' walk now brought us to the outlet of the lake, the brook from which seemed almost to lose itself in the bed of low-lying boulders through which it ran at the place where we took our stand. However, there was a considerable pond at the foot of a rapid, and everything looked as if we were going to get some trout; one of our party had taken the trouble to bring his reel and flies. On our way

down the brook he had cut a lithe rod, and soon fastened some brass rings to it for his line to run through, so that in a few moments he had constructed as good a rod for casting flies with as if he had carried one from the city. The other fisherman contented himself with a mackerel line and a hook large enough for cod fishing. I seated myself on the edge of the pool to watch operations.

The first fisherman cast his line well out into the water, and just as he was dragging his fly from beneath the foot of the little rapid, there was a flop and his reel began to spin. Neither fisherman had a landing net, so that the services of Mr. Edward Jenkins, a Tobique hunter, who had joined our party when we reached the road choppers, were called for. He was directed to stand on the shore, and when the sportsman had dragged the tired and half-drowned fish up to him, he was to insert his finger gently into the rapidly-moving gills and thus secure the game. In this he was eminently successful; the trout was one of a pound or more, and in a very short time we had all, even more than we wanted; the average weight was about three-quarters of a pound each.

Some of our party proceeded to the Indian camp with the fish, while the rest went off to explore for timber. Our trout were soon cleaned and prepared for cooking. We had no frying pan but had a tin plate which we made do the same duty by inserting its edge into a split stick, which held it quite firmly, answering all the purposes of a frying pan handle. One of the party preferred to take one of the largest fish, and after cleaning it carefully, put inside of it some pieces of fat pork; then wrapping it up tightly in a piece of paper, thrust it into the ashes. When it was withdrawn it was well and thoroughly cooked and tasted very savory and well. When our companions had returned from timber hunting they found a bright fire blazing up, the tea kettle boiling and the fish ready cooked in the frying pan, to say nothing of the one which had been cooked in the ashes. As the pan was small our hunter suggested that we should drink off our tea at once and boil some more of our trout in the tea kettle, putting in with them a piece of salt pork to season them. We did this, and thus had our trout served up in three different ways. When night closed in we put on a good fire and laid down to rest. We were without any blankets or bed clothes, and thus were not any too warm toward midnight.

EDWARD JACK.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE FEATHER INDUSTRY.

THE trade in fancy feathers is full of fluctuations and illustrates well the vagaries of fashion; its sudden whimsical turns and the fictitious values which it places upon the objects of its demand. It is a trade seemingly without any very definite statistics. A representative of the FOREST AND STREAM spent several days looking into the trade as it exists in this city. There were plenty of estimates, no end of fragmentary guesses, but the very nature of the trade, its manner of conduct and the relations existing between its members, cut off all possible chance of the collections of those tables of the volume of business which are found in every other industry and line of commerce.

There is a sharp distinct line drawn between the ostrich feather trade and that in fancy feathers. The former has for years traveled in clearly defined channels. There is the great depot of supplies at Cape Town, South Africa, thence through the trade sales in London and so on to the world. In this country and especially this city, the trade is in the hands of a few houses conducted by Jews, and just now they are almost entirely without trade since fashion has for the time put its ban upon the feather of the great South African bird.

Fancy feathers include everything outside of the various ways in which the ostrich tips and plumes are worked up. Everything in the feather line comes within the omnivorous maw of the fancy feather worker, and just here is the difficulty of getting any complete data. A feather-working establishment may not be a very large one—a few kettles for dyeing or steaming the feathers, a supply of wire, gum and glass beads, and the manufacturer assisted by a few girls may furnish the local shops with a great variety of this class of millinery. A gunner goes out, bangs away, right and left, brings down anything with wings, outside of bees and barns, and forthwith hies to this local taxidermist or feather dealer. He takes the lot at a few cents each, sorts them over—some hit the popular craze and bring big profits, others are put down in the insect-proof boxes to await the changing dictates of fashion.

In and about New York the most famous of these "feather foundries" is that of A. H. Alexander, in West Hoboken. It is a three storied wooden building, well up on the Heights, and is well worth a visit. Its proprietor has lived and worked for thirty-five years at this place, and during that time millions of bird skins have passed through his hands. He is a naturalist, a lover of birds, played through a feather manufactory while a boy, and now in middle age would feel lost unless surrounded by heaps of plumage. He has studied bird science in books and watched them in their leafy homes; has shouldered his gun and penetrated South American forests in search of the gaudy denizens of those sub-tropical wastes, and while the old Elysian Fields of Hoboken were yet a pleasant suburban sylvan forest, waded in the cove near by and shot wild ducks therein. To visit the manufactory is a privilege, to hear his head talk bird lore a pleasure to any ornithologist. "Yes," he said, "it is a trade of many turns and sudden whims; but I find that it runs in a cycle say of seven years. Now it is this bird, now that. Once we had a run on seafowl, and the sea swallow, as they were called, was on every hat. Then we hunted the seashore. Then, perhaps, humming birds were in demand, and down into South America we went. Just now it is whole birds for hat fronts or set pieces for turbans. What it will be next fall the Lord only knows, I don't. It may take a sudden turn back to ostrich. A feather fancy runs about three years. In the first year the fashion is set by the best people, who pay the best prices. These willow aigrettes are now the fashion, and so the long, slender egret points sell for \$40 an ounce. The man who fancies the fashion and has a supply makes a fortune; the man who is loaded up with stock which is not the style cannot give it away. One season I sent over 50,000 skins to the London market and got over a dollar each for them above expenses. To-day it would not pay to send them to New York.

"Where do they come from? Everywhere. The great bulk

of the feathers here are imported, and pay 25 per cent. duty when they come in the skin and 50 per cent. when made up. The raw skins should be free, for there can be no sense in putting a protective tariff, say on South American birds, under the notion that some day or other we can raise them in the United States. I should say that from 10 to 15 per cent. of the feathers consumed here are of American growth, and of these the great bulk come from the Southern States, Florida, Texas and Louisiana. I have men out now in Texas, and here are two cases of merles sent in by them. The birds have to be taken when in plumage, and this, in some species, is only a few weeks out of the year. There are a very few birds in the North taken, simply because there are few to be taken. Now and then great flocks of the snow bunting come down from the north and are welcome to the gunners who shoot and trap for the trade; herons, too, and some species of duck. The sparrow, that little pest which I saw introduced here and raised my voice in protest at the time, is now brought in and made use of. It is "degraded," as we say. That is, the skin is bleached until it is a neutral tint. This is done in all skins where it is desired to dye the feathers. Common poultry feathers are now entering into the trade. As yet we do not get many from this country, because our people have not yet learned their value; but in Poland and other parts of Europe, the feathers of the poultry killed are just as carefully preserved for sale as the eggs. Our first task is to separate them, for in the feathers of a single bird we make seven grades. The steaming is followed by the dyeing, either black, or yellow, or red, or anything fashion may dictate.

"I would gladly see the indiscriminate killing of birds stopped. We have law enough, I think. What is needed is the enforcement of those laws, and that can be reached by the education of the people; but on the other hand, it is not fair to say that because there are no birds where years ago there were plenty, that therefore they have found their way on to ladies' bonnets. As settlements are made, certain species retire. I have shot foxes on that hill yonder where now you see rows of houses, but the houses killed the foxes, not I."

As the feather maker talked he drew out drawer after drawer, opened tin boxes by the dozen, drew out the wrapped skins, until every section of the earth had contributed its quota. Down below stairs were coops of ring doves, sleek and coy, and genuine white doves, too, not the ordinary white pigeon. Strutting about the yard outside were peacocks in all the glory of full strut, waiting the day when in the height of plumage, a severed vertebra should give them the happy despatch and give their feathers to the adornment of some elaborate screen. Chinese pheasants too were in other coops, and all about were evidences that Mr. Alexander was an ornithologist, and differed from the ordinary feather dealer in knowing his stock in trade; for with a single feather as a text the genial tradesman could preach of family and genera, of habitat and habits, of past and present trade history, and tell, too, of trips into every nook of the world in feather quests.

In the city C. Burton Rouse is the editor of the *Millinery Review*. He confessed that he had no statistics, had never known of any gathered beyond those given in the Custom House returns, and there the various classes of feathers were run under a common heading. About \$10,000,000 per year he thought would represent the feather trade of the country in the finished article, and of this about 40 per cent. represented what the raw article costs; in other words, what the bird killer got. He did not know of any exportation of our American birds, and thought that 10 per cent. would represent our domestic contributions to our domestic consumption. A single week might see a change in fashion, and the birds so eagerly sought to-day might not a fortnight hence be worth the wad in the cartridge burned in their killing.

Thomas Wo d, one of the best known leaders in the wholesale handling of millinery goods, stood in one of his great lofts with open boxes of pretty artificial flowers and made-up feather ornaments about him, and said that it would be impossible to form any very accurate estimate of the business. He called attention to the fact that many of the feathers were from sea fowl and from game birds, the prairie chicken and sandpiper, for instance, hunted for their flesh. Then the foreign birds sold at the regular London auctions of skins in the Feuchurch street rooms of Hall & Son, were of foreign birds coming from portions of the British Empire, where the birds existed in countless numbers. They were not song birds, but such as parrots, tanagers, and others of marked plumage and not of the insectivorous class.

Other dealers were seen. All of them had heard of the movement for the protection of home birds, and in every case they spoke in favor of it; urging that the largest measure of success would come with the cultivation of local effort, that in a particular section or neighborhood the laws enforced would benefit to those who acted as bird protectors, and all agreed that, with the fashion turned from any particular class of bird, there would be very little risk of any one hunting it.

WILD ANIMALS OF MAINE.

CARIBOU—CERVUS TARANDUS.

ONLY the woodland caribou occurs in this State. The barren ground caribou are found further north. Among the cervine tribe of animals of the western continent there are, perhaps, none more interesting than the caribou; comprising delicacy of form, roundness of body, fine tapering limbs, in fact, a compactness of organism calculated for fleetness and endurance, seldom seen in any other animal.

A full grown male will weigh alive about four hundred pounds, and the female adult near one hundred pounds less. The venison is considered by many preferable to the moose or deer.

Their hoofs are very broad, parting like the ox, and sharp, enabling them to travel with as much ease on ice as on land or snow.

When running at full speed they spread their hoofs, squat on their haunches from gambrel to foot, and thus are able to keep top of very light deep snow and at the same time throw themselves ahead with immense force. And when under full blast, a herd of them reminds one of a train of cars under full headway.

The old male sports a very pretty set of horns, which rise high over his head, with two frontals nearly covering his eyes. The frontal branches are peculiar to this animal. These immense antlers are slanted back on to his shoulders by elevating his nose while going through thick woods. The young and females have no horns, as a rule; yet there have been some females killed in this State with good-sized horns. These are exceptions, however, as I have killed and handled a large number and have never yet seen horns on a female. The horns appear on the male the second year, and they cast

them every winter after January, generally in a thaw and generally one horn at a time. They seem to have an itching sensation and rub them against a tree, and so shed them; and like all the deer kind, receive new ones in early spring.

They breed at the age of two years, going with young about nine months, dropping them in May and June.

They are extremely social in their habits, congregating in large herds where they are plentiful, and only singling off when frightened and scattered, or by accident stray away. They live chiefly in swamps and subsist on mosses and lichens, though when hard pressed for food they nip the tender buds of the willow and maple. They eat the moss of trees as well as ground moss, by sitting on their hindlegs, and, putting their forward feet against the tree, stretch up high on the body of the tree. In early morning or late evening they may be found facing the south and working in that direction, and the experienced hunter will take his position and wait their approach in the feeding season. The reason they face the south while feeding is that the moss grows more abundant on the north side of trees.

In the rutting season, which occurs in September or October, the call has the sound of "A" flat, with a tremulous continuation, and in winter a continued grunt ending in a higher key. They may have other sounds but I have not been able to hear them. They are not considered dangerous or vicious, yet if cornered or excited I would as soon be in a safe place.

They migrate from one forest to another in large herds. Thus for many years they have inhabited the Province of Nova Scotia and the adjoining forests, but a few years ago they seemed to leave the Provinces and came over into Maine, and for fifty miles along the range of the Rangeley Lakes, they were very abundant, and more than a hundred were killed in that fall and early winter by hunters of the Umbagog region, and some about Rangeley and Kennebecago. Among those killed were some very fine bucks with large handsome antlers. When the snows are deep and in the coldest weather, they stay mostly in the dense forest, and in early spring they seek the lakes and ponds.

The best way to hunt them is by still-hunting or stalking. It would be impossible to successfully hunt them with dogs. In the spring time when they are on the ice a man can go on to the lake some distance to leeward of the herd or individual as the case may be, and lie down, stick his gun up over his head and by moving it to and fro attract the attention of the caribou, and when the animal discovers it he will make for it, but there is danger of being run over if it be a herd, for when their curiosity is aroused they are very excited. To hunt them in thick woods the hunter spreads a sheet over his head and walks carefully up toward the game, and when observed by the animal, stops still until he is composed, then walks on again until near enough to take his choice of the herd, but if a large herd there is danger of being run over, for after a few shots are fired they get crazed and furious and run in every direction for some time, then make straight off for many miles toward the mountains or swamps.

In the spring of 1862 I went with an Indian of the St. Francis tribe—named Prince Bushola—on a hunting expedition from Canada down by the forks of the Kennebec River and over Moxey township, in the northern part of Somerset county. On the borders of Moxey Pond we discovered a herd of caribou of nearly thirty individuals. With sheets spread over our heads and bodies we slowly advanced toward them on the lee side, so they could not scent us by the wind, and we were favored by a light falling snow. We struck their sleet on the pond and followed up carefully within sight of them. I was highly excited. The woods seemed alive with them. Some were reared high up against the trees feeding on the moss; others digging away the snow for evergreens on the ground; others were walking about making a low moaning noise in short grunts; others were lying down, and others still fawning each other in the most affectionate manner. Presently I heard Bushy fire (I called my Indian guide Bushy for short), and very soon after heard him shout, and at the same time the very woods seemed alive with caribou—the roaring sound of a large herd on the travel, and the sonorous grunts of the old males, together with the lively shouts of Bushy, who was an eighth of a mile to the north of me, made the woods ring with exciting interest. I started toward the Indian, but it was with the greatest difficulty I could reach the spot from which the shout arose, and on my way shot, right and left, an old buck and a year old doe.

The whole herd were now fairly aroused and on a lively scare, running hither and thither. Bushy had shot a large doe, and several old males were after him, and he had jumped into a beech top and had dropped his ammunition. On my approach they scattered, and Bushy, being relieved, soon reloaded and let drive at the nearest.

As one came near in their circuit, we would shoot until we had killed seven, when the whole herd made off to the northward at a tremendous pace, and we with tumplines and fir boughs dragged our game together on the shore of the pond and then enjoyed the realization of our successful hunt over a pot of hot tea and roast venison.

We camped on the shore of Moxey Pond that night and the next day we made some moose sleds and loaded on each a whole animal and slowly made our way out of the woods to the military road, made more than a hundred years ago by Arnold, while on his disastrous expedition into Canada, six miles distant, thence back to camp and so on until we hauled them all out. Bushy then returned to Moxey, where he trapped a few weeks for fishers and sable. I took the caribou to Boston, whole, hired a room at the foot of Cambridge street on Charles street, where, after due notice in the daily papers, I was visited by Prof. Agassiz and gentlemen from the Boston Society of Natural History and agents from Yale College, and others who examined my stock in trade with much interest, and made purchases—some for skeletons, others for mounting, and others for both—and the most of the same caribou can now be seen, prepared and preserved, in the above museums.

Thus a relic of that herd of caribou of twenty five years ago is being handed down to future posterity—possibly in the future years when the original animal shall be extinct.

J. G. R.

BETHEL, Maine.

IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER.—On March 7 I was so fortunate as to procure a specimen of the above-named rare species. It was pecking on a large cypress tree in a swamp near the St. Mark's River, about twenty miles from this place. I observed a pair of these birds near the same place a few weeks previous, but was unable to shoot them, as they are very shy. March 8 I killed two pileated woodpeckers at the same place. They are abundant all along the river and in the cypress swamps throughout the States.—HORACE A. KLINE (Tallahassee, Fla.).

HAWKS AND OWLS.

BENEFICIAL OR INJURIOUS?

AT a meeting of the West Chester (Pa.) Microscopical Society, held March 4, some interesting matter on the subject of the good and bad qualities of our rapacious birds was brought out.

This subject had been investigated, under the circumstances explained below, by a committee, of which Dr. B. Harry Warren was chairman.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE.

The committee appointed at the last meeting of the Microscopical Society to take into consideration the Act of Assembly passed the 23d day of June, A. D., 1885, entitled "An act for the destruction of wolves, wildcats, foxes, minks, hawks, weasels and owls, in this commonwealth," and which reads as follows: "That for the benefit of agriculture and for the protection of game within this commonwealth, there is hereby established the following premiums for the destruction of certain noxious animals and birds, to be paid by the respective counties in which the same are slain, namely: For every wildcat \$2, for every red or gray fox \$1, for every mink 50 cents, for every weasel 50 cents, for every hawk 50 cents, and for every owl (except the Acadian screech or barn owl, which is hereby exempted from the provisions of this act) 50 cents," beg leave to report that the chairman of the committee, Dr. B. Harry Warren, Ornithologist of Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture, has devoted several years of his life to the collection, dissection and examination of birds, and that all of the committee from observation and experience, have believed that all of the birds denounced in the law above quoted, with rare exceptions, have been found to be the best friends of the farmer. Lest, however, any of the committee might be mistaken, they have corresponded with the best ornithologists in the country, men who have made ornithology a study and are connected with that department in the Smithsonian Institution, asking their opinion as to the benefits or injury likely to arise from the execution of the law against the birds therein named.

They have received answers from Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Ornithologist of the United States Department of Agriculture; Robert Ridgway, Curator of Department of Birds United States National Museum; Dr. Leonard Stejneger, Assistant Curator of the same department; H. W. Henshaw, of the Bureau of Ethnology, also a collector of birds for the Smithsonian Institution and connected with the late Wheeler Survey of the Territories, and Lucien M. Turner, a collector of birds, etc., for the Smithsonian Institution for the last twelve years. These answers, which are annexed to this report, all bear testimony that the hawks and owls are of great benefit to the farmer, and render him far greater service than injury, and that it is unwise to select any of them for destruction.

The committee regrets that there have been ninety odd hawks and a dozen or more owls killed since the law was passed, June 23, 1885, at a cost to this county of about \$75, and that the slaughter is still going on.

Believing, therefore, that the killing of these birds is detrimental to the interest of the agriculturists, they believe that instead of being destroyed they should be protected, and they, therefore, recommend the passage of the following resolution:

Resolved, by the Microscopical Society of West Chester, that in the opinion of the society, the act of June 23, 1885, offering a premium for the destruction of hawks and owls is unwise and pre-judicial to the interests of agriculture, and so far as those birds are concerned, ought to be repealed.

Resolved, That the president and secretary of the society be instructed to forward a copy of the above resolution to our members of the Legislature at its next session and request their aid toward the repeal of the act so far as is above stated.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

B. HARRY WARREN,
W. TOWNSEND,
THOS. D. DUNN,
JAMES C. SELLERS. } Committee.

MARCH 4, 1888.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 2, 1888.

Dr. B. Harry Warren, Ornithologist of the Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture:

DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 1st inst. has just come to hand. I have read with surprise and indignation the copy sent of Section 1 page 141 of the laws of Pennsylvania for 1885, in which a bounty is offered for the destruction of weasels, hawks and owls. The clause purports to have been enacted "for the benefit of agriculture," etc.

The possibility of the passage of such an act by any legislative body is a melancholy comment on the widespread ignorance that prevails even among intelligent persons, concerning the food of our common birds and mammals, and is an evidence of the urgent need of just such systematic and comprehensive investigations as this department is now making on the subject of the relation of food habits to agriculture.

There are two kinds of weasels in the Eastern States. The smaller kind feeds chiefly on mice and insects and is not known to kill poultry. The larger preys also mainly on mice and rats, but in addition sometimes kills rabbits and poultry. Both species are friends of the farmer, for the occasional loss of a few chickens is of trifling consequence compared with the good that these animals are constantly doing in checking the increase of mice.

You ask my opinion in regard to the beneficial and injurious qualities of the hawks and owls which inhabit Pennsylvania. This question seems almost superfluous in view of the fact that your own investigations, more than those of any other one person, have led to a better knowledge of the food habits of these birds, and what you have done in the East, Prof. Aughey, of Nebraska, has done in the West. Many others have added their "mites," till at the present time a sufficient array of facts have been accumulated to enable us to state, without fear of contradiction, that our hawks and owls must be ranked among the best friends of the farmer. With very few exceptions their food consists of mice and insects, meadow-mice and grasshoppers predominating. The exceptions are the fierce goshawk from the North and two smaller resident hawks, Cooper's and sharp-shinned, which really destroy many wild birds and some poultry. These three hawks have long tails and short wings, which serve, among other characters, to distinguish them from the beneficial kind.

Strange as it may appear to the average farmer, the largest hawks are the ones that do the most good. Foremost among these are the rough-legged and marsh hawks, which

do not meddle with poultry and rarely prey upon wild birds. Of hawks and owls collectively, it may safely be said that, except in rare instances, the loss they occasion by the destruction of poultry is insignificant in comparison with the benefits derived by the farmer and fruit grower from their constant vigilance; for when unmolested the one guards his crop by day and the other by night.

It is earnestly to be hoped that you will succeed not only in causing the repeal of the ill-advised act which provides a bounty for the killing of hawks and owls, but that you will go further, and secure the enactment of a law which will impose a fine for the slaughter of these useful birds.

Yours very truly,

C. HART MERRIAM,
Ornithologist of the Department of Agriculture.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM,
UNDER DIRECTION OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
WASHINGTON, March 3, 1886.

Dr. B. H. Warren, West Chester, Pa.:

DEAR DR. WARREN—I am just in receipt of your letter of the 1st inst., and therefore fear that my reply cannot reach you in time for use at the meeting to-morrow evening. It affords me much pleasure, however, to comply with your request for my views concerning the food habits of hawks and owls, and their relation to man.

Of all the species which you name there are only two which, according to my best judgment, are at all seriously destructive to game or poultry, these being Cooper's hawk and the great-horned owl. The rest, with the possible exception of the sharp-shinned hawk, which certainly is destructive to the smaller birds, my experience leads me to regard as very decidedly beneficial to man, their food consisting very largely, if not chieflly, of the smaller rodents, field mice especially. The red-shouldered and red-tailed hawks occasionally pick up a young chicken or rabbit, but I feel quite sure that their service to man far outweighs the injury which they thus do. The little sparrow hawk and other smaller species destroy large numbers of grasshoppers, locusts, and other large insects.

Very truly yours,

ROBERT RIDGWAY, Curator, Dept. Birds.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 3, 1886

Dr. B. H. Warren, West Chester, Pa.:

DEAR SIR—In reply to your letter of the 3d inst., asking for my opinion in regard to the food etc., of certain hawks and owls specified, I would state that I have read Mr. Robert Ridgway's answer to a similar request from you, and that I agree with him in every particular. The idea of persecuting the majority of hawks and owls systematically is simply preposterous, and any law which has for its object their indiscriminate destruction should be immediately repealed, since most of the birds alluded to are among the very best friends of the farmer. In regard to a few species it is well worth while to suspend judgment until a thorough investigation as to their habits and food in your State can be carried out, for, as you are well aware, a species which in some parts of the country and at some seasons may be injurious, in other regions and under altered circumstances may be chiefly beneficial. I remain, yours sincerely,

LEONARD STEJNEGER,
Assist. Curator Dept. Birds, U. S. Nat. Mus.

WASHINGTON, March 3, 1886.

B. H. Warren, M. D., West Chester, Pa.:

DEAR SIR—In reply to your favor of the 1st inst. asking for my opinion with regard to the economic utility of the birds of prey, I take pleasure in responding as follows: To the ornithologist, whose business it is to study the habits of birds, the widespread ignorance of the habits of the hawk and owl tribe and the mistaken idea as to the amount of injury they do are almost inconceivable.

So common, however, are these erroneous ideas respecting the birds of prey and their relations to the farmer and agriculturist that it is not at all surprising that laws similar to the one now in force in Pennsylvania should be enacted.

Your own investigations into the nature of the food of the birds of prey of your country might be cited in support of the statement that such enactments are based upon erroneous conceptions. I may add that wherever such investigations have been systematically conducted they have resulted in a verdict favorable to the birds of prey. In almost every portion of this country I have found the opinions of all field ornithologists to be in favor of the preservation of the hawk and owl tribe on account of the good they do. I believe the time will come when the farmers as a class will carefully protect the hawks and owls on the ground of their beneficent services.

Following is the list of species most numerous in your State:

1. Marsh hawk (*Circus cyaneus hudsonius*).
2. Sparrow hawk (*Falco sparverius*).
3. Red-shouldered hawk (*Buteo lineatus*).
4. Red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*).
5. Cooper's hawk (*Accipiter cooperi*).
6. Sharp-shinned hawk (*Accipiter fuscus*).
7. Broad-winged hawk (*Buteo pennsylvanicus*).
8. Rough-legged hawk (*Archibuteo lagopus sancti-johannis*).
9. Short-eared owl (*Asio accipitrinus*).
10. Screech owl (*Scops asio*).
11. Long-eared owl (*Asio wilsonianus*).
12. Barred owl (*Strix nebulosa*).
13. Horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*).

Of this list, the marsh hawk, red-shouldered hawk, red-tailed hawk, broad-winged hawk, rough-legged hawk, short and long eared owls, screech owl, barred owl and horned owl are of very great value to the agriculturist because of the immense numbers of meadow mice and other small rodents they annually destroy. The mice when unchecked increase with amazing rapidity, and the hawks and owls above named are among the chief natural means for their destruction, mice and other rodents forming a large percentage of their food. The harm the hawks do in the destruction of small birds is inconsiderable compared with the benefits derived by the farmers from the destruction of the four-footed pests. The owls particularly work by night, and hence the benefits they confer are easily overlooked.

The sparrow hawk is one of the most harmless of birds and one of the most beneficial to man. He lives almost exclusively on grasshoppers and crickets, and the number of the former destroyed by these birds is incalculable.

I mention the Cooper's and sharp-shinned hawks last because they unquestionably kill many small birds and they also commit depredations upon the poultry yard. I believe, however, that they can safely be left to be dealt with by the

class they injure, chiefly poultrymen. To place all the hawks and owls under ban, and to attempt their extermination simply because one or two species are injurious, is certainly not good policy.

After more than twenty years' study of birds, I am decidedly of the opinion that the hawks and owls as a class are of great economic value, and that no State in which agriculture is pursued to any extent can afford to dispense with their services. They not only ought not to be exterminated, but they should be placed upon the list of birds protected by law. I am, very truly yours,

H. W. HENSHAW.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 3, 1886.

B. H. Warren, M. D., Ornithologist Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture, West Chester, Pa.:

DEAR SIR—Your letter of recent date requesting my opinion of the act (No. 109) of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania relative to the premiums paid for the destruction of certain species of birds and mammals, alleged to be injurious and classed as noxious within the meaning of that act, is at hand.

I must confess a surprise at the truly lamentable ignorance of the framers of that act in regard to the supposed noxious character of the hawks and owls, upon whose lives a premium has been set for their destruction.

It is well known that no more beneficial bird exists than the owl, whose nocturnal habits render it specially fitted to pursue the smaller rodents, such as the mice, whose ravages upon the field, grain, root and orchard are so well known that all farmers have from time immemorial exclaimed against the destructiveness of those quadrupeds whose annual devastation causes the money value of the losses sustained through their ravages to swell into countless thousands of dollars.

The tender growths of the orchard are decorticated by the mice and rabbits, which are in turn devoured by the owls sought to be destroyed simply because some one desires to become notorious as a lawmaker, and through utter ignorance of the subject endeavors to deprive the farmer of his best nocturnal friends, which guard the growing crop with zealous care while the owner sleeps to regain a strength to enable him to continue the daily toil of protecting his crops from the devastation of his sleek-furred enemies, most insidious at night. There is not a species of owl but that amply repays for the few incursions made at irregular periods upon isolated hen roosts. Where a single fowl is thus lost, a thousand mice pay the penalty of their lives to the same owl.

The nocturnal habits of the owls render their services far more beneficial than may be accurately ascertained.

In regard to the hawks, their reputation is much exaggerated so far as their injurious propensity is concerned, yet, when truthful evidence is placed in the scales, the beneficial services of the hawks will preponderate in a most satisfactory manner.

Certain species of the diurnal birds of prey are well-known to feed almost exclusively upon small rodents, and in fact, differing but little from the owls in regard to their food. Two or three species of hawks (those belonging to the genus *Archibuteo*) are notoriously the best diurnal mouse catchers of all birds. Their habits to soar over the level tracts devoted to grasses and search for their food are so well-known that further consideration of them is but repetition of established facts. The bolder species of hawks so rarely commit depredations upon the farmyard fowls that these instances are, without doubt, the result of an individual predilection for which the entire family should not be branded. The number of rabbits and mice which the hawks annually destroy is simply incredible, as any really observant person will admit.

In my own opinion the destruction of the hawks and owls within the State of Pennsylvania will, ere many years, result in an incalculable injury to the farmer, who will be overrun with hordes of mice, which he will be powerless to limit, as their reproductiveness, when undisturbed, progresses with astonishing rapidity.

It would, in my opinion, be a wise measure to have the act relating to the alleged noxious birds totally repealed. Very truly yours,

LUCIEN M. TURNER.

FOOD EXAMINATIONS.

From a report entitled "Diurnal Rapacious Birds" (with special reference to Chester county, Pa.), prepared by B. Harry Warren and published in the annual report for 1883 of the Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture, is taken the following reference to the stomach examinations of the species of hawks most commonly found in Pennsylvania:

The Red-tailed Hawk (*Buteo borealis*).—My examination of one hundred and two birds of this species, revealed in eighty-one chiefly mice and small quadrupeds, also some few small birds; nine, chickens; three, quail; two, rabbit; one, ham-skin; one, part of a skunk; one, a red squirrel; one, a gray squirrel; three, snakes.

The Red-shouldered Hawk (*Buteo lineatus*).—Of thirty-six examinations which I have made of this species, twenty-three showed mice and small quadrupeds, grasshoppers and coleopterous insects; nine revealed frogs and some few insects, in two, snakes and portions of frogs were present, and from the remaining two small birds, particles of hair and a few orthopterous insects were taken.

Broad-winged Hawk (*Buteo pennsylvanicus*).—In twelve specimens examined by myself, four revealed mice; three, small birds; four, frogs; one, killed the 22d of May this present year, 1882 was gorged with crayfish, with which were traces of coleopterous insects.

The Sparrow Hawk (*Falco sparverius*).—The stomach contents of twenty-nine of this species, which I have dissected, showed, in fifteen, principally mice, with frequent traces of various insects; six, grasshoppers; two, coleoptera and grasshoppers; two, meadow larks; four, small birds—sparrows.

Cooper's Hawk (*Accipiter cooperi*).—Of twenty-seven birds which I have examined, fourteen showed the food taken to have been chickens; five revealed small birds—sparrows and warblers.—*Dendroica*—two, quail; one, bullfrogs; three, mice and insects; two, hair and other remains of small quadrupeds.

Sharp-shinned Hawk (*Accipiter fuscus*).—I have dissected fifteen of these falcons. Six of this number showed small birds; three, quail; one, mice; four, remains of young chickens; one, grasshoppers and beetles.

The Rough-legged Falcon (*Archibuteo lagopus sancti-johannis*).—Nine birds all showed their food to be exclusively field mice.

The Marsh Hawk (*Circus cyaneus hudsonius*).—Of eleven birds examined, five revealed mice; two, small birds—*Dendroica*;—three, frogs; one, a large number of grasshoppers

with a small quantity of hair, evidently that of a young rabbit.

Rev. Dr. Clemson spoke deprecatingly of the merciless slaughter sanctioned and rewarded by law of these harmless animals, as he called them, particularly those beautiful creatures, easily domesticated, habitants of the woods and meadows.

THE TENDER HEART.

SHE gazed upon the burnished brace
Of plump ruffed grouse he showed with pride;
Angelic grief was in her face;
"How could you do it, dear?" she sighed.
"The poor, pathetic, moveless wings!
The songs all hushed—oh, cruel shame!"
Said he, "The partridge never sings."
Said she, "The sla is quite the same."

"You men are savage through and through.
A boy is always bringing in
Some string of bird's eggs, white and blue,
Or butterfly upon a pin.
The angle worm in anguish dies,
Impaled, the pretty trout to tease—"
"My own, we fish for trout with flies."
"Don't wander from the question, please!"

She quoted Burns's "Wounded Hare."
And certain burning lines of Blake's,
And Ruskin on the fowls of air.
And Col-ridge on the water snakes.
At Emerson's "Forbearance" he
Began to feel his wit benumbed;
At Browning's "Donald" utterly
His soul surrendered and succumbed.

"Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls,"
He thought, "beneath the blessed sun!"
He saw her lashes hung with pearls
And swore to avenge away his gun.
She smiled to find her point was gained
And went, with happy parting words
(He subsequently ascertained),
To trim her hat with humming birds.

—Helen Gray Cone, in the Century.

MASSACHUSETTS BIRDS.—Salem, March 18.—Bluebirds, redwings, cow buntings, song sparrows are with us again. A coot (*F. americana*) was recently shot near Boston. I saw the bird. Gulls occasionally seen in flocks on Lynn marshes. —X. Y. Z.

A RAILROAD IN THE PARK.

THE Senate bill granting to the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad Company a right of way through the Yellowstone National Park has been favorably reported by the Committee on Railroads of that body. The action is lamented by every one interested in the region. Mr. W. Hallett Phillips, who under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, devoted two months last summer to an investigation of the Park, has written to the chairman of the Senate Committee on Railroads the following letter:

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 18, 1886.

Hon. Philletus Sawyer, Chairman Senate Committee on Railroads:

SIR—I observe that there has been a favorable report from your committee on a bill granting to the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad Company the right of way through the Yellowstone National Park.

Thinking perhaps that the attention of the committee has not been sufficiently drawn to the importance of the measure as affecting the Park, I take the liberty of presenting to you some reasons why, in my estimation, the bill should not be enacted into a law.

Last summer I was instructed by the Secretary of the Interior, under an appointment from him, to proceed to the Yellowstone Park with a view of placing before him for executive action and recommendation such information as I might acquire in reference to the protection, improvement and preservation of the Park. My report to the Secretary was communicated by him to the Senate under a call made by that body, and is printed as S. Ex. Doc. 51, present Congress.

In that report I remark: "Interested parties have for some years brought to bear a constant pressure upon Congress and the Department to induce action in favor of a railroad through the Park. The railroad is sought ostensibly for the purpose of bringing to market the ore from Cooke City, a mining camp adjacent to the northeast boundary line of the Park. If there is one object which should be kept in view more than any other, it is that of preserving the Park as much as possible in a state of nature. A railroad through it would go far to destroy its beauty, and besides, it is not demanded by the public. The roads are being improved yearly, and soon will make every portion of the Park easily accessible. The distance between the points of interest is not great, and transportation is good and plentiful. Apart from the consideration that a railroad is not needed in the Park and that it would deface its beauty, is the further consideration that the two objects of Congress in creating the Park, to wit, the preservation of the game and the forests, would be unattainable should a railroad be allowed within its limits. I think the Department should strenuously oppose the project. If the parties interested in the mines really are desirous of a railroad, I am satisfied from diligent inquiry that a route from Billings, Montana, to Cooke, is practicable. Such a route would be entirely outside the boundaries of the Park."

By the bill reported by the committee a railroad is authorized to run its line through one of the most interesting portions of the Park. I refer particularly to that part of the route along the Yellowstone River to its junction with the East Fork of said river. To my mind the whole charm of this beautiful and interesting region will have departed when once a railroad is established through it, and "station houses, depots, machine shops" are placed along the route. It is needless to say that the game will be driven off, and the damage to the timber by the increase of forest fires would be incalculable.

By the organic act establishing the Park the land embraced within its boundaries was reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy or sale, and set apart as a public Park or pleasure ground "for the benefit and enjoyment of the people."

The proposed bill, should it become a law, would go far to nullify this provision by allowing an occupancy by a private railroad corporation for the benefit of private interests, while the pleasure and enjoyment of the Park by the whole people would be seriously interfered with.

It is needless to say that the introduction of a railroad would bring with it a settlement along the line of the road, and so practically the whole benefit of the original dedication would be greatly diminished if not extinguished. In my opinion the passage of the bill in question would be a most serious blow to the interests of the Park, and I may state that this opinion is shared by the officers of the Government whose duties are connected with the Park. I refer particularly to Mr. Wear, the Superintendent of the Park; Mr. Arnold Hague, in charge of the geological survey in the Park, and Lieut. Daniel Kingman, of the Engineer Corps, the officer in charge of the trails in the Park.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the bill will not be enacted into a law.

Very respectfully,

W. HALLETT PHILLIPS.

Game Bag and Gun.

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THE ANTI-HOUNDING LAW.

THE following brief of the argument in support of the anti-hounding law of New York was submitted to the Senate committee Tuesday evening. The paper was accompanied with numerous letters and sworn statements as exhibits. To committee will report this week. To the Honorable Committee on Game Laws of the State of New York:

The State of New York possesses in the wild game of the Adirondacks a natural resource of recognized value. The intent of legislation is to conserve that game as a permanent possession. If a statute accomplishes this intent it is a wise law and should be retained.

In purpose the anti-hounding deer law is thus wholly economic; in practice it accomplishes its purpose, and it should be retained.

The law of 1879, which permitted jacking, hounding and still-hunting, was inadequate. Under its provisions, the annual destruction of deer between 1879 and 1885 was so great as to insure, if continued, the speedy extinction of the species.

Of the three modes of killing, hounding was the most destructive. To check the excessive slaughter, the Legislature of 1885 enacted the anti-hounding law.

The statute has proved a wise and beneficial protective measure. Where enforced it has already accomplished much and promises more. It is sustained by the overwhelming sentiment of sportsmen. The retention of the law is essential to the maintenance of the game interests of the State. Its repeal would result disastrously.

In support of these economic considerations for retaining the law, the following presentation of evidence is submitted:

THE EVIDENCE.

THE DEER HAD DECREASED PRIOR TO 1885.

While the numbers of hunters (of different classes) engaged in its pursuit had multiplied, the deer had been destroyed at a rate and to an extent viewed with gravest alarm by all intelligent persons cognizant of the actual condition of affairs and concerned for the perpetuity of the supply.

Statement of Professor E. L. Richards, of New Haven, Conn.: "I have been in the woods off and on for almost twenty-five years. I can see that the deer are decreasing yearly. This decrease is especially noticeable in those parts of the wilderness where the running of dogs has most prevailed." (Letter of March 6, 1886.) [Exhibit 1.]

Statement of Dr. M. McV. Tobey, late of Jay, Essex county, N. Y.: "Fifteen years ago I could find good hunting in North Elba and St. Armand, and I was satisfied with it, but as deer became scarcer I tried other sections, therefore following the deer from one quarter to another, until my last hunt was had about 60 miles beyond Martin's, in the depths of the wilderness. * * * North Elba and St. Armand, where deer used to be plenty, are almost destitute of them." (Letter of Feb. 22, 1886.) [Ex. 2.]

Statement of Chas. H. Smith, of Petrie's Corners, Lewis county, N. Y.: "I guided at the Saranac House, then kept by William F. Martin, in '95, '97 and '98. I have followed guiding ever since. Deer have decreased very fast from '79 until '85. I think the main cause was driving with dogs, as there were more killed in that way than in all others." (Letter of Feb. 27, 1886.) [Ex. 6.]

Statement of W. R. Smith, Petrie's Corners, Lewis county, fifteen years a guide: "There is not over one-quarter the deer in this county there was in '82, and if they had drove less fall I don't think there would have been scarcely a deer left in the whole Adirondacks." (Letter of March 19, 1886.) [Ex. 4.]

THE DECREASE WAS DUE TO DOGGING.

Among the several modes of taking deer, hounding was recognized as most disastrous, and the certain result of its continued practice was clearly foreseen to be the impending ruin of the North Woods as a game region.

Statement of Richard M. Shotts, Chateaugay Lake, Franklin county (northeast part of Adirondacks): "For thirty years I have hunted around Chateaugay Lake, and have watched decrease of deer. * * * Have hunted them by jacking, trapping, hounding, crusting and still hunting. * * * If the dogs are allowed to be used, you may protect them in every possible way and our deer are doomed." (Letter, Jan. 5, 1886.) [Ex. 15.]

Statement of M. W. Young (thirty-five years experience), of Watson, Lewis county, N. Y.: "As to hounding * * * I know that it is utter destruction to the deer. * * * I believe two or three years more like 1884 would have utterly destroyed the deer in this portion of the wilderness." (Letter of Feb. 27, 1886.) [Ex. 32.]

Statement of F. A. Young, (twenty years experience) of Watson, Lewis county, N. Y.: "Two years more of hounding would have been utter extermination of deer in this section, as there were nearly 300 deer killed by hounding in the Beaver River section in the year of 1884. This number does not include the deer killed by floating. On the game ground there were less than 60 killed last fall, 1885." (Letter of March 1, 1886.) [Ex. 33.]

Statement of H. Wetmore (an old hunter), of Petrie's Corners, Lewis county, N. Y.: "I have in former years driven deer with dogs and think that it is by far the most destructive to the deer of any kind of hunting, and have given it up." (Letter of March 8, 1886.) [Ex. 34.]

Statement of Robert Griffith, Jr., of Watson, Lewis county, N. Y.: "Thirty years experience has learned me that if we want to preserve the deer we must keep out the dogs. A few more years like the fall of 1884 will make the deer in this part very scarce. I have no hesitation in saying that in those two falls in October that there were more deer killed with dogs than in any ten years by still-hunting since I have known the woods." (Letter of March 6, 1886.) [Ex. 31.]

Statement of A. J. Muncy, Little Rapids, Herkimer county: "In Smith and Albany lakes in the fall of '81 there were about 25 deer got with dogs; in the fall of '82, 40; in the fall of '83, 45 to 60, in the fall of '84, 30; the parties and dogs were more numerous, but the deer were not there to get it; double the 30 than the 45 to 60. (Letter of March 7, 1886.) [Ex. 3.]

Statement of Wm. R. Smith, Petrie's Corners, fifteen years a guide: "There are but few killed by floating or still hunting in season, but * * * of all evils the hound is the worst and the only thing that will exterminate the deer." (Letter of March 19, 1886.) [Ex. 4.]

Statement of Chas. H. Smith (forty-five years experience), Petrie's Corners, Lewis county, N. Y.: "Deer have decreased very fast from '79 until '85. I think the main cause was driving with dogs, as there were more killed in that way than in all others." (Letter of Feb. 27, 1886.) [Ex. 6.]

DOGS AND NO DEER, OR DEER AND NO DOGS.

The Legislature of 1885, then, was petitioned to enact an anti-hounding law. This was not asked for as a piece of odious class legislation, working to the deprivation of one particular class of hunters for the benefit of another class. It was not to stop the sport of the hounder that the still-hunter might have the privilege of killing more game, but that the stock might be rescued from extinction, and that there might be deer left to hunt at all. It was in New York as it had been in Maine and Pennsylvania, an alternative between deer dogs and no deer, or deer and no deer dogs.

Statement of Gen. R. U. Sherman, Secretary N. Y. State Fish Com-

mission: "I am quite certain that if the hounding had gone on to the scale it did in the fall of 1883 and 1884, the Adirondack deer would soon have been practically exterminated." (Letter of Jan. 19, 1886.) [Ex. 11.]

Statement of A. C. Clifton, Hague, Warren county (east side of the Woods), for many years a guide: "The act was passed barely in season to prevent extermination in several of the border counties of the deer range." (Letter of Dec. 28, 1885, in Glens Falls Republican.) [Ex. 9.]

SIMILAR LAW IN MAINE.—Statement of E. M. Stillwell, Com. Fisheries and Game, Bangor, Me.: "We could have achieved nothing without it. * * * The only question is between deer and dogs. You cannot have the one without stringently enforcing the law against the other. There is no such thing as a compromise between the two. Since the passage of the amended dog law in 1883, the deer of our State have more than doubled." (Letter to FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 16, 1886.) Statement of H. O. Stanley, Com. Fisheries and Game, Oxford, Me.: "The law, in my opinion, is the very best one we have on our statute books for the protection of our deer in the Maine forests. * * * To the enforcement of this law I attribute the increase of the game, that has filled our forests with deer as they are to-day." (Letter of Feb. 14, 1886.) [Ex. 38.]

THE LAW HAS PROVED A WISE ONE.

The law has been in force one season. It was not everywhere strictly observed. Some of the petitioners for its repeal defied and violated it. But where obeyed it diminished the number of deer killed in 1885. Its effect was beyond all cavil protective. In the Adirondacks, as in Maine, it saved the deer.

St. Lawrence and Franklin counties.—Peter B. Leonard, Protector for St. Lawrence and Franklin counties, says: "In its working there can be no question but the law prohibiting dogging has saved large numbers of deer." The reports from Mr. R. M. Shotts (Upper Chateaugay Lake), of the Chateaugay and Meacham lakes, Plummer and Duck ponds and Deer River section, in Franklin county, show a like beneficial result; the total for Meacham Lake, Plummer and Duck ponds and Deer River in 1885 was 69, against 169 for the year before; in the Wolf Pond and State Dam section in 1885 by still-hunting 17 against 40 by dogging in 1884.

Essex and Clinton counties.—John Liberty, Protector for Essex and Clinton counties, says: "I think the law has saved a great many deer in my district."

Warren, Washington, Saratoga and part of Hamilton counties.—Seymour C. Armstrong, Protector for Warren, Washington and Saratoga counties and town of Indian Lake in Hamilton county, says: "There were not as many deer killed in 1885 as there were in 1884, notwithstanding that there were only a very few days of good still-hunting in 1884 and a month or more in 1885. This is shown by the numbers of deer expressed from North Creek during the months of September, October and November, 1884 and 1885. The former year there were 176 against 154 this year."

Lewis, Herkimer and part of Hamilton counties.—"Where the law was enforced, it worked well, the Beaver River district (Lewis and Herkimer counties) showing total of 60 killed in 1885 against 260 in 1884." (Mr. Chas. Fenton.)

Fulton County.—Protector T. C. Bradley in his annual report urges that the anti-hounding law ought to be more stringent than it is.

Statement of O. F. Hulser, supervisor of the town of Forestport, Oneida county: "From a record that I have kept it shows that two years ago last fall there were brought out of the woods in this vicinity 47 carcasses of venison, one year ago last fall 35, and this last fall 15 only." (Letter of Feb. 12, 1886.) [Ex. 22.]

In St. Lawrence county an anti-hounding law has been in force since 1879. The result is that the deer have increased there in that time.

Statement of A. Ames Howlett, of Syracuse: "In St. Lawrence county, the increase of deer (between 1879 and 1885) has been very marked. Indeed, for, by comparison, in 1880 I saw there about fifteen deer in a six weeks' trip, while in 1884 I saw about forty deer in an eighteen days' trip, and in 1885, in a ten days' trip, I saw more deer than ever before." (Letter of March 22, 1886.) [Ex. 41.]

See Stoddard's Guide, p. 15. [Ex. 37.]

It is significant that in this county sentiment supports the anti-hounding law. Its repeal is asked for only by those who are in districts where the few remaining deer can be gotten in no other way.

GENERAL SENTIMENT SUSTAINS THE LAW.

The law is sustained by the overwhelming sentiment of sportsmen in all parts of the State, and nowhere more earnestly than in many districts in the North Woods.

Statement of R. M. Shotts, Chateaugay Lake, Franklin county: "Eight men out of ten of those here whose interests are affected, are in favor of retaining the present law." (Letter of Feb. 24, 1886.) [Ex. 15.]

Statement of F. A. Young, thirty years a guide: "I think it [present law] is good. In proof, I owned two hounds, when the present law was passed, they were as good as any in the North Woods. I shot both of them. I know every guide in this section, and there is not one in favor of hounding deer." (Letter of March 1, 1886.) [Ex. 33.]

Statement of O. F. Hulser, supervisor, town of Forestport, Oneida county: "The non-hounding law I believe to be the best that has ever been enacted, and so do nine out of every ten people say who live hereabout on the borders of the woods." (Letter of Feb. 12, 1886.) [Ex. 22.]

Statement of John D. Collins, Esq., Utica, N. Y.: "I am wonderfully surprised at the earnest and unanimous sentiment with which people sign the petition [to retain the law] here. They are very decided." (Letter of Feb. 24, 1886.) [Ex. 23.]

Statement of Mark Smith [March 1]: "I think if we can prohibit hounding of deer for three years I think they will increase. All our sportsmen are not in favor of hounding, for one reason—extermination and unwholesomeness of the meat." [Ex. 38.]

THE LAW IS ESSENTIAL TO THE FUTURE WELFARE OF THE ADIRONDACKS.

The conditions which, on economic grounds, demanded the enactment of the law in 1885, have not changed—save in so far as the law itself in this brief time and with imperfect execution has worked advantageously; and these conditions call for the law's retention.

Statement of T. Q. Frost, storekeeper and postmaster at Belfort, N. Y.: "The way to make the deer last the longest is to simply keep the dogs out of the woods. We have paid to exterminate the wolf and panther, and feel keenly the injustice of turning the dogs in the woods. I am a hunter of forty years standing." [Ex. 39.]

Statement of O. A. Batcheller, Commander U. S. Navy: "I have no doubt deer would be much more plenty if there were no dogs." (Letter.) [Ex. 16.]

From Edward H. Litchfield, New York: "I disapprove most decidedly of hounding in a country where the deer must take to water and there be butchered by having their brains beaten out with a paddle or in some similar unsportsmanlike manner. * * * The legislation that we do need, if any, is to compel a more vigorous enforcement of the law as it stands." (Letter of Feb. 15, 1886.) [Ex. 24.]

Sworn statement of Elijah Simonds: "As long as they allow hounding and keep dogs in the woods, they won't have any deer. If you want to keep the deer, you must cut the dogs' heads off or get rid of them." [Ex. 21.]

Statement of Mark Smith, of Number Four, Lewis county, N. Y.: "I think if we can prohibit hounding for say three years longer and prevent killing until the 1st of August, and give them a chance to increase, I think it will be best for us all." (Letter of March 1, 1886.) [Ex. 38.]

Statement of John Hitchcock, Petrie's Corners: "If the present hounding and crusting law is enforced there is no mistake about the increase of deer, as the guides and hunters will assist in protecting game and will assist the game constables in their duties." (Letter, March 8, 1886.) [Ex. 40.]

Statement of Sam Dunning, Essex county [March 12]: "Deer will increase, in spite of the still-hunters, in the rougher parts of the Adirondacks, but the dogs can drive them out of these places easily." [Ex. 2.]

THE LAW'S REPEAL WOULD BE DISASTROUS.

Its repeal would be the license of a mode of hunting so destructive in character and so disastrous in effect as to practically nullify the purpose of game legislation. After a short scramble for the game while it lasted, the end would be ex-

tingtion; the Adirondack deer would follow the Adirondack elk and the Adirondack moose.

Statement of P. R. Leonard, Game Protector, Seventh District: "If it is repealed it will make it very hard for the State Game Protectors to protect the deer successfully." (Monthly report (Feb.) to Com. R. U. Sherman.) [Ex. 36.]

Statement of E. R. Wallace, author "Wallace's Guide to the Adirondacks": "If the bill became a law it would sound the death knell and mean the total extinction of the deer. * * * If hounding is again legalized the entire extinction of deer will be a matter of only a few years." [Ex. 20.]

Statement of D. W. Cross, author of "Fifty Years with the Gun and Rod": "Hounding can only be advocated as the shortest and easiest method of exterminating and finally exterminating this noble game." (Letter of Feb. 1885.) [Ex. 10.]

Statement of John Hitchcock, Petrie's Corners: "The State could not exterminate the deer quicker if they offer a bounty for each deer of \$5 than they will by hounding again, for all the hunters will take their last chance, as I have heard many of them say." (Letter, March 6.) [Ex. 40.]

Statement of Prof. E. L. Richards, of New Haven, Conn.: "If killing deer by the aid of dogs is to be allowed to any extent the deer are bound to go." (Letter, March 6.) [Ex. 1.]

Statement of David Baird, of Croghan, N. Y.: "To pass a law for dogging deer for two months I consider an outrage, and will be the means of exterminating the deer in five years. I am a hunter and will do all I can to protect deer from slaughter." (Letter, March 6.) [Ex. 18.]

THE DESTRUCTIVENESS OF HOUNDING.

It is more destructive than other methods, because by the use of dogs the game is more surely found. The dogs penetrate to the deepest coverts and drive out the game which would be perfectly safe from the efforts of man unaided by the bound. It is the only method of hunting that is successfully practiced at all times, in all kinds of weather, wet or dry, warm or cold, whether the day be noisy or still, on leaves, on bare ground, on snow. Other methods require peculiar conditions and are restricted by unfavorable circumstances.

Sworn statement of Samuel Dunning, of New Russia, Essex county, N. Y.: "Deer will increase in spite of the still-hunters in the rougher parts of the Adirondacks, but the dogs can drive them out of these places easily. * * * There are five killed by hounding where there is one killed by still-hunting." [Ex. 2.]

Statement of William Halkett, of Petrie's Corners, Lewis county: "Have been a hunter and trapper for 40 years. I think there are more deer killed and destroyed by dogs than by floating and still-hunting." (Letter of March 4.) [Ex. 30.]

Statement of Robt. Griffith, Sr., of Petrie's Corners, Lewis county, N. Y.: "I have hunted in Lewis, Herkimer and Hamilton counties for forty years. * * * In regard to the most destructive way of killing deer, it is by the use of dogs." (Letter, March 6, 1886.) [Ex. 19.]

Hounding is more sure in results, because its success depends on the certainty of the deer's obedience to the instinct which prompts it, when pursued, to take refuge in the water. Once in the water its capture is easy. Water-killing is the mode of hunting asked for by the advocates of the law's repeal. (Oral testimony of Dr. Samuel B. Ward, in reply to question by the chairman of your Committee, hearing of March 16.)

Statement of Wm. R. Smith, fifteen years a guide [supra]: "I don't think there is one in twenty that gets away after the hound once gets the track." (Letter of March 19.) [Ex. 4.]

Hounding is destructive because the deer is given no chance of escape, through any lack of skill on the part of the hunter. Water-killing calls for very little or no skill. It is practiced with equal success by the professional hunter and by the inexperienced tourist.

Statement of E. R. Wallace, Syracuse, author of "Wallace's Guide to the Adirondacks": "For twenty-five years that * * * region has been * * * my careful study and exploration. I have witnessed the killing of deer by every mode practiced, and have observed that none is so effectual as that of hounding." (Letter of March 13, 1886.) [Ex. 30.]

Statement of Wm. R. Smith, fifteen years a guide [supra]: "I know of men killing five and six a day with dogs, when the same men could not kill one a year in any other way." (Letter of March 19.) [Ex. 1.]

Statement of Sam Dunning, Essex county [supra]: "There are five killed by hounding where there is one killed by still-hunting. There are very few men that are good still-hunters. Any one that has a hound can get one now and then, when deer have been run hard." [Ex. 2.]

Statement of E. R. Wallace, of Syracuse, N. Y., author of "Wallace's Guide to the Adirondacks": "If hounding is again legalized the entire extermination of deer will be a matter of only a few years. Have hunted twenty-five years and observed that no way was so effective as hounding." (Letter, March 13.) [Ex. 30.]

In its effect upon the deer supply the killing of one doe is estimated to be equal to the killing of four bucks. (Dr. S. B. Ward, in letter in FOREST AND STREAM Feb. 18, 1886.) Hounding is indirectly more disastrous than other methods because of the deer killed by it a large proportion are does and fawns. This is consequent upon the nature of the method, which consists in tiring out the game so that it shall plunge into the water; the does and fawns being sooner exhausted, sooner seek refuge in the water. The bill now before you contemplates the hounding of does when burdened with the cares of maternity, and the starvation of suckling fawns deprived of their mothers.

Statement of Sam Dunning, Essex county [supra]: "Dogs will follow a doe at any time as well as they will any deer. My dog started a deer that was with her fawn. It was too young to run, and I picked it up and carried it home. There are more does killed in August than any other month." [Ex. 2.]

Sworn statement of Sam Dunning [supra]: "My dogs have driven very young fawns into the water. I have got them that would not weigh over twenty pounds alive and sold them. Most any dog can catch a deer when he gets tired from a long race. * * * When the deer was tired I have known deer driven into the water by dogs that could not stand up when they got ashore." [Ex. 2.]

Hounding is now more destructive than formerly (i. e., in proportion of game killed to game supply) because of the confined range of the game. By the extension of railroad and steamboat lines, growth of settlements, multiplication of hotels, felling of forests, clearing of woodland coverts, denudation of some feeding grounds by fires and freshets, and desolation of others by "back waters" of dams and reservoirs, the range of the game had become year by year more narrow.

For removal of forests and extension of denuded and water killed areas see Report of Forestry Commission [Ex. 25.]

Statement of Prof. E. L. Richards, Yale College, 25 years a visitor to the Adirondacks: "If, as was the case before the woods were so much frequented as they are now, an occasional pond only was watched when the dogs were out, there might be some reason in allowing a few days to be taken in this way. But now every pond is watched, and if the deer escapes one enemy he is certain to fall before one of the many others who are lying in wait for him. * * * If the New York Legislature allow the deer to be killed by dogs in obedience to the senseless clamor of a few dog-keeping guides and hotel keepers, they may enable said guides and hotel proprietors to take in a little money for a few years. But after a very few years the woods will be deserted by sportsmen because there will be no deer to kill." (Letter of March, 1885.) [Ex. 1.]

Sworn statement of Elijah Simonds [supra]: "It is the practice of some hotel keepers to get up a big hunt, take thirty or forty dogs and ten or fifteen guides, watch all the ponds and lakes, scatter the dogs through the woods and scoop in deer by the wholesale." [Ex. 21.]

Hounding is more destructive than other methods because the system entails the slaughter of game all the year around by the hounds, unassisted by human agency. The hounds

when put out for sport often overtake and destroy game without the hunter's knowledge; and in the close season they hunt and kill deer on their own account. This destruction is inseparable from the maintenance of herds of ill-fed deer dogs in a deer country.

Statement of Gen. R. U. Sherman: "A strong effort will be made at the present session of the Legislature to open a season for hounding, a season not as long as the old law provided, but yet one that will warrant guides and camp keepers in keeping hounds; and while hounds are kept it is not to be expected that very close adhesion will be made to seasons." (Letter of Jan. 19, 1886.) [Ex. 11.]

Statement of O. A. Batcheller, Commander U. S. Navy: "The owners of hounds * * * as a rule make no attempt to keep their dogs confined during the closed season. * * * Any one who knows anything of the hound knows that they will hunt by themselves. The reason is too obvious to need explanation. I have seen many of them. (Letter of Jan. 29, 1885.) [Ex. 16.]

Statement of R. M. Shuts, of Franklin county: "Hounds are allowed to run the year round. There is not a month in which you cannot hear the hounds baying; if not with a hunter, they are on their own hunt." (Letter.) [Ex. 15.]

Statement of R. M. Shuts, of Franklin county [supra]: "To-day (Jan. 15) I was shown the carcasses of two deer that were frozen in the ice near Ralph's Hotel. * * * They had been driven in by the hounds. * * * Three years ago I saw an immense buck driven into the lake three times in one day * * * in May. The last time he was led ashore by Col. Nichols, of Plattsburgh, ran through the hotel yard at Ralph's and into the marsh where I could not get to drive him to dry land. He died in less than an hour."—(Letter as above.) [Ex. 15.]

Statement of Elijah Simonds, near New Russia, Essex county; has hunted deer 40 years; has kept hounds and used them. "In traveling one-half mile on Cold Brook, I counted nine deer killed by hounds in March. Another time my dog got away from me, and in two days killed seventeen deer; this was in March. In my trapping excursions I have seen hundreds of hounds after deer in the winter and spring. These hounds were mostly hunting on their own hook. * * * As a general rule, after the lakes are frozen over the dogs catch and kill most of the deer that are shot. Owners of hounds that tie up their dogs have to let them loose once in a while for exercise. As soon as they get out they generally start for the woods and look for deer. Some men make no pretense of tying up their dogs in winter or spring. I have found dead deer killed by dogs in North Hudson, Elizabethtown, Blue Mountain Lake, Raquetteville, North Elba, Trapper's Lake, Long Lake, Saranac, Boreas River." (Sworn to before A. R. Dudley, N. P., March 13, 1886.) [Ex. 21.]

Sworn statement of Sam Dunning, New Russia, Essex county: "I have been in the woods guiding and hunting since 1850; have owned a good many hounds. I once got a hound that caught and killed five deer with my help. I followed on and got every one of them, there being about one inch of snow on the ground at the time. Before I got him he had a habit of staying in the woods and hunting on his own hook. * * * I have owned several different hounds that would very often catch their deer before they got to water, even in September. * * * That night the dog came back. In the morning I took a back track and found the deer dead on a mountain. The dog had eaten what he wanted from the hindquarters. Some dogs will eat a mile from the head of a live deer. I have caught them at it in the spring." (Sworn to before Stephen B. Pitkin, Justice of the Peace, March 12, 1886.) [Ex. 2.]

Extract from Gouverneur Free Press, March 3: "Last Wednesday afternoon a hound drove a two-year-old deer through the outskirts of the village and succeeded in catching it near the St. Lawrence Marble Co.'s quarry." (Vouched for by Prof. M. R. Sacke.) [Ex. 42.]

Statement of Bainbridge Bishop, Essex county [supra]: "I found three carcasses of deer that were driven into a small stream in March and April. I have seen deer after deer at all times in the spring and winter. Most of the people who keep hounds in the north of the Adirondacks make a practice of letting them run loose in the winter and spring." (Letter, March 12.) [Ex. 3.]

Statement of A. C. Clifton, of Warren county [supra]: "Last week (in Feb.) a neighbor of mine, while visiting his fox traps, came upon the trail of a bleeding deer which had evidently been followed by two dogs. Taking the trail he soon found where the final struggle had occurred. * * * Near the center of the circle was the half devoured carcass of a large doe. * * * I would like to show to every member of our Legislature the frozen body of this doe, as it lies with its two little fawns, and show through the gaping wounds, already large, the way on their road to life. I would willingly rest my case on their mute appeal for protection." (Letter of March 2.) [Ex. 3.]

Sworn statement of Sam Dunning, Essex county [supra]: "There is a set of irresponsible persons, both own hounds, and some of them expect them to get most of their own living in the winter, and let them run loose for this purpose." [Ex. 2.]

Statement of Squire Wilcox, an old resident of Indian River, Lewis county: "Have lived in border of wilderness for over 40 years, and while traveling through the woods in different parts, we have found numerous carcasses of deer that have been killed in this way of hunting with dogs. * * * My sons * * * come across two dogs with a deer in the road; the dogs had eaten the deer's hams nearly all out and the deer was still alive. I shot the deer and we found a large, noble buck. * * * that was killed by dogs, lay rotting." (Letter of Dec. 29, 1885, in Lowville Republican, vouched for by Ed. Rep.) [Ex. 17.]

Statement of J. H. Rushton, Canton: "The still-hunter kills deer, the jack-hunter kills deer, the boulder kills deer, but neither jack nor gun will go hunting on its own account, at any and all seasons of the year, if not securely chained. Only the dog does that; only the dog eats his victim alive." (Letter of March 1, 1886.) [Ex. 5.]

The numerous deer thus sacrificed to feed starving hounds are not the only ones that are wantonly wasted. Scores of carcasses of "run" (i. e., hounded) venison are necessarily thrown away as unfit for food because of the diseased and poisonous character of the meat.

Sworn statement of Samuel Dunning, of New Russia, Essex county, New York: "When deer have been run hard, the venison won't keep." [Ex. 2.]

Statement of Mark Smith, of Number Four, Lewis county, New York: "I have witnessed large parties in the woods who were taken down from eating hounded venison, and one man from Syracuse said he would give \$500 if he could be at home where he could see his friends once more and physician." (Letter of March 1, 1886.) [Ex. 38.]

Statement of William Hulbert, of Petrie's Corners, Lewis county, N. Y.: "Deers drove by dogs and hit, the meat is dark colored and is not so good as still-hunted venison." (Letter of March 4, 1886.) [Ex. 30.]

From a report by Dr. H. M. Detmers, member of the American Society of Microscopists, read before the society, August, 1885, reporting on beef, the eating of which had proved fatal. Extract: "Cases of frezzy occur quite often after cattle driven from the stock yards to Archer avenue, but the health officers seem to pay no attention to frezzy cattle, although they ought to know that the meat of a frezzy animal is sometimes—not always—exceedingly poisonous. So, for instance, there are many cases on record in which venison from a deer chased to death by dogs has proved to be poisonous." (Proceedings of the American Society of Microscopists, eighth annual meeting, Cleveland, O., Aug. 18-21, 1885, pp. 37-39.)

THE ARGUMENTS ADVANCED FOR THE LAW'S REPEAL.

The arguments advanced to justify the repeal of the anti-hounding law are here alluded to for the purpose of submitting such considerations as, we suggest, afford a sufficient answer to each.

The "Sportsmanship" Argument.

a. Advocates of hounding urge that it is "the historic and most sportsmanlike method of hunting deer."

Diver hounding, as conducted in the North Woods, is not historic; and the general sentiment of American sportsmen condemns it as unsportsmanlike and indefensible. A discussion of this point is out of place here. The economic phase of the subject is of graver importance than its ethical side. The law does not concern itself with a consideration of the sportsmanship or unsportsmanship of any mode of capture; it does concern itself with the preservation of an unimpaired deer supply, of which the citizens of the State, now and in the future, may enjoy the usufruct. It wisely provides that there shall be deer to hunt in such methods as may be compatible with the preservation of the parent stock.

The "Pot-Hunter" Argument.

b. It was alleged that the general sentiment of sportsmen

was in favor of hounding and that it was objected to only by those pot-hunters and still-hunters who desire to kill the most deer in the shortest possible time, for the few paltry dollars that their flesh and hides may bring. (Dr. Samuel B. Ward, in pamphlet sent to the Legislature, p. 5.)

Those who at first advanced this argument have since found ample reason for its withdrawal. If any doubt as to the character of the opposition to hounding still exists it may be removed by reference to the subjoined list of individuals and societies who hold the conviction that the repeal of the anti-hounding law will insure the early extirpation of the deer of the Adirondacks. [Exhibit 44.]

A canvass of the members of the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association of Albany has shown that the members of that society regard hounding as follows:

Have no opinion	6
Uncertain	1
Decline to vote	1
In favor of hounding	6
Opposed to Hounding	58

Total number of replies received, 72; total number of members, 123. For mode of conducting canvass and for the returns, see Exhibit 27.

The "Shy" Argument.

c. That hounding was necessary to make the deer shy so that they might not fall into the hands of market still-hunters.

This position also has been abandoned. The facts are that the deer is naturally shy, that the use of dogs makes it not more, but less, shy of man; that in a country where deer are hounded, still-hunting can be practiced more successfully than in a district where dogs are not employed; and that professional market-hunters hound in the hounding season and then still-hunt on the same ground in the still-hunting season.

Statement of M. L. Fenton of Jamestown, N. Y.: "My camp [in the Adirondacks] was surrounded last November by men that hounded all summer long and had taken out of the woods several loads of deer driven to water by their dogs and killed. But they all stayed and still-hunted through the month just the same for all that. * * * They were good still-hunters and bagged as many deer as the best of hunters. That is just the mode adopted by the hounding fraternity years ago by those that followed it years ago in the State of Pennsylvania. They always hounded through the summer and fall months, claiming that it was the only way to get a deer, but they also came in for their share of the balance left upon snow, and usually succeeded in obtaining it. (Letter in FOREST AND STREAM.) [Ex. 36.]

John Dean Canton, L. L. D.: "The great characteristic of the Virginia deer is its natural wildness. 'Antelope and Deer of America,' p. 303, and C. Hart Merriam: 'A deer is always on the alert; his eye is good, his hearing acute, and his sense of smell developed to an unusual degree.' 'Mammals of the Adirondacks,' p. 112, J. J. Audubon: 'The timidity of the deer is such that it hurries away even from the sight of a child.' 'Vivaparous Quadrupeds of North America,' p. 222. Charles Halle: 'Deer stalking is simply man vs. brute, and requires all the strength, craft and coolness of the man before he can lay low the deer, who is possessed of a much keener sense of smell, immense speed, excessive nervous organization, and is ever on the alert to circumvent its human foe.' ('Sportsman's Gazetteer,' p. 86.)

Sworn statement of Elijah Simonds [supra]: "I don't think that hunting deer with dogs makes a deer shyer or more difficult of approach by the still-hunter." [Ex. 21.]

Statement of Hon. Geo. W. Palmer: "Now let me tell you a little incident that happened to me. * * * A party of four or five gentlemen went to the upper Chateaugay Lake; on a little island in the middle we camped. We had half a dozen dogs, half a dozen boats, and half a dozen guides. We spent the whole week there with our dogs, every day striking a fresh track—for six long days, and not a deer did we get. The guides said to us, 'Put your dogs in the kennels, and to-morrow we will have some sport and you will have some deer.' We followed their advice, the dogs we shut up. The next day we went to the shores of that lake still-hunting, and before noon we bagged seven deer." (Speech before the Assembly.) [Ex. 25.]

Statement of John D. Collins, Esq., Utica, N. Y.: "I found two persons who think dogs are good for deer preservation. * * * They both seem to think that deer merely trot along in front of the dog, quite unconcerned. * * * Such is not the case here, where a cross of the bloodhound is used. In such cases it is only a question of the life of the deer, or the dog, whether there be a hunter along or not." (Letter of Feb. 24, 1886.) [Ex. 23.]

Statement of Chas. H. Smith, Petrie's Corners: "I hear they claim deer are made shy by hounding. Once when I was driving the dogs drove a fawn into the water. The dog swam after the fawn. I rowed up to it and caught the fawn and put it in the boat, and I drove them off and [went] to shore with fawn. I let the fawn on the shore and kept back the dogs. The fawn instead of running away followed me to camp. The dogs were put away, and after a while the fawn left." (Letter of March 13, 1886.) [Ex. 6.]

Statement of Bainbridge Bishop, New Russia, Essex county: "I have spent most time still-hunting, but I killed double the number before dogs that I did still-hunting. There is not more than one year in three in which still-hunters can work to advantage, and only a few days in that year at the most." (Letter of March 12, 1886.) [Ex. 3.]

Sworn statement of Sam Dunning, Essex county, guide and hunter since 1840 [supra]: "I do not think that dogging makes deer shyer or more difficult to be killed by the still-hunters. * * * It is a good time to still-hunt when the hound is in the woods, because the deer are watching for the dog and do not notice the man." [Ex. 2.]

The "Market of 1885" Argument.

d. To support the "shy" argument it was alleged that an unusual number of deer were sent to market last season, so that the markets were glutted and the price was lower than usual.

This argument also has been perforce abandoned. The carefully ascertained facts are that the supply of Adirondack venison in market last season was less than usual.

UTICA.—The Slesding dealers received 59 saddles in 1885 against 82 of 1884. [Ex. 26.]
SYRACUSE.—Andrews Bros., contract price Adirondack venison in 1884, 10c. per lb.; in 1885, 12½c. Those Whitbread & Co. report "no material difference in prices" for 1884, 1885. W. J. Fage paid in 1885, 16c. [Ex. 12.]

NEW YORK.—D. Keary, Washington Market (largest dealer in venison in city), not more than 1/4 the amount received in former years. Drohan & Powell, 214 Washington street, received in former years Adirondack venison in lots of 25 to 50 saddles; received at no one time in 1885 so many as 5; total receipts very small. The firm would gladly see a law passed forbidding absolutely the transportation to market and sale of any venison killed in New York State at any time. French & Co., 180 Reade street, received no Adirondack venison at all in 1885. Knapp & Van Nostrand, 208 Washington street, report "none on the market this season to speak of, and we never want to see any; we would like to see the law forbid the killing and sale of New York meat." E. G. Blackford (State Fish Commissioner), Fulton Market, reports as his observation, less in market than ever before. [Ex. 13.]

Weekly venison quotations, New York market, as given by the *Producer's Price Current*, for month of December, 1883-'81-'85; prices are those paid by dealers to commission merchants; venison described as Western meat, or in some cases, is unidentified:

	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Average.
Saddles.	Week.	Week.	Week.	Week.	
1883.	12½@14c.	12½@13c.	12½@14c.	12½@14c.	12½@13½c.
1884.	12½@14c.	14½@15c.	14½@15c.	14½@15c.	13½@15c.
1885.	12½@13c.	12½@14c.	14½@16c.	12½@14c.	12½@14½c.
Whole.	First	Second	Third	Fourth	
	Week.	Week.	Week.	Week.	Average.
1883.	8½@9c.	8½@9c.	8½@9c.	8½@9c.	8½@9c.
1884.	8½@9c.	8½@9c.	8½@9c.	8½@9c.	8½@9c.
1885.	8½@9c.	8½@9c.	8½@9c.	8½@9c.	8½@9c.
Saddles in 1885 lower than in 1884, higher than in 1883. Whole deer in 1885 higher than in 1884 and 1883. The only quotations of "State" (or Adirondack) meat, given by the <i>Price Current</i> , for 1883-'84-'85 are as follows:					
	First	Second	Third	Fourth	
December, 1884.	Week.	Week.	Week.	Week.	
October, 1885.	13½@14c.	13½@14c.	13½@14c.	13½@14c.	
For verification of above and for quotations of venison for whole					

season—August-January, 1883-'84-'85—see file of *Producer's Price Current*, herewith. [Exhibit 14.]

The "Crusting, Jacking and Still-Hunting" Argument.

e. Much stress has been laid upon the alleged great destruction by crusting, jacking and still-hunting.

Crusting is now forbidden by law; its illicit practice will not be detected and punished by restoring hounding. Jacking will not be stopped by restoring hounding; neither will the dogs diminish the killing by still-hunting, save by the number of deer first killed by hounding.

The way to check destruction by jacking and still-hunting is to stop those two practices, not to add a third.

Your attention is invited to the significant fact that the bill now under consideration provides for greater license to destroy, but it makes no such compensating restriction. It does not contemplate the abolition of jack-shooting nor of still-hunting. Whether the bill does or does not become a law, the jacking and the still-hunting will continue. The numbers killed by these modes will not be decreased. To the deer, then, certain to be killed by jacking and still-hunting in 1886, the repeal would add those killed by hounding, i. e., it would double the destruction.

The "Guide, Hotel and Invalid" Argument.

f. That hounding is necessary for the support of Adirondack guides, in the interest of hotel keepers, for the diversion of invalids who sit on logs and listen to the dogs.

In no part of the North Woods are the guides dependent upon the revenue to be derived from hounding. They can find employment in other ways. The profit to them of hounding would at the best be temporary, for hounding would not last. The only reason why dogging parties now engage more guides and dogs than formerly is because the deer are so scarce that the doggers have to scour over more country to find them.

Hounding is not essential to the interest of the hotel proprietors; the tourists who frequent the North Woods, exclusively for hounding, are few in comparison with the total number of visitors. The only hotel keepers who ask for hounding are those in districts where the deer are so scarce that they can be secured in no other way. The use of hounds would enable these men to secure for their few rich city guests (who are at the bottom of this movement for a repeal) the last deer in their region.

Deer drives are not organized as medicine for invalids. Few invalids take part in dogging. Were deer dogging any essential element of the merits of the Adirondacks as a resort for invalids, not even then would it be wise economy to license hounding. After a few years of hounding there would still remain consumptives to be cured, logs for them to sit on, guns for them to hold, but no dogs to hear because no deer to drive.

Nor can we reasonably overlook the fact that other invalids and overworked professional men—lawyers, physicians, clergymen, teachers, business men and others—annually repair to the North Woods, attracted thither partly to find recreation, recuperation, and renewed health in the pursuit of deer by modes other than hounding. There will always be such visitors, so long as the game remains. Their claims for consideration—not less in future years than in the immediate present—outweigh the demands of those who ask extraordinary and temporary privileges, speedily ruinous in their operation.

The "Number of Participants" Argument.

g. It is alleged that more persons may participate in the hounding of deer than in the capture by any other method.

This is true in some cases; in others it is not true. For it should be remembered that the practice of deer hounding is not confined to any one class of hunters. It is followed by professional hunters, and in many instances the number of deer killed is very large in proportion to the numbers engaged in it.

Sworn statement of Sam Dunning, New Russia, Essex county [supra]: "Stephen Martin and I killed 32 deer at Clear Pond in one week with two dogs. They drove the deer into the water and we killed them there. In this joint hunt we divided over 80 deer skins that we got with dogs." [Ex. 2.]

Sworn statement of Elijah Simonds [supra]: "I have hunted deer for market. I and another man and three hounds killed ninety-six deer in one fall's hunt. We killed them by dogging near Scott's at North Elba. Two of us with two dogs killed forty deer at Schroon River in one month." [Ex. 21.]

In the summer it is true that, when the woods are full of tourists, it is the custom, upon hearing the hounds, to man all the waters in the vicinity with hunters armed with such weapons as may be provided. In this way many individuals do take part in the dogging. But under such conditions the capture of the game is assured; no water is unwatched; and it is manifest that just in proportion to the numbers engaged must be the speed with which the ultimate ruin will be accomplished.

At the very highest estimate, those who would be benefited by hounding, for the short time that the scramble for the game lasted, would be few compared to the hosts who will now and in future years be benefited by the permanent maintenance of the game supply.

Statement of E. L. Richards, of Yale College: "The men who generally kill the most deer with dogs are the men who live near the woods and who bring very little money into the woods and do very little there but to destroy deer and drink whiskey. That is the result of my observation of the men hunting deer with dogs. * * * Let the law against hounding continue and a man can go into the woods if he is anything of a sportsman, and kill what he wants to eat and have enough trouble to do it if he does it legitimately and not out of season, and the meat will be good. The men who bring money into the woods will come and the whiskey drinkers and the slaughterers who spend as little as they can and get all the deer they can without regard to their real wants, will stay away and New York State will be better off." (Letter of March 6.) [Ex. 1.]

The greatest good to the greatest number demands that the destruction of game be restricted within a bound commensurate with its power to recuperate. To that end hounding must be forbidden. If other modes must be stopped too, prohibit them as well, and stop all hunting for a term of years. That is the position held by the defenders of the anti-hounding law.

From the Utica Herald, March 13.

It is not easy to make a sportsman accept the arguments of the pot-hunters who are trying to create a sentiment against the anti-hounding law. There is not even plausibility to the theory that the use of hounds would be more preservative of game than still-hunting. Any one knows that more birds can be shot with a good bird dog to start them out or tree them. Any one should know that a deer can be started and secured with a dog when he could not be reached without one. It is not the intention of the law to make the hunting of deer impossible, but to make a wise restriction so as to guard against extermination, which the selfish sportsmen and pot-hunters disregard. The cut, which represents the very unsportsmanlike taking of the game with the aid of boats and hounds, is really no exaggeration. It is

only what a pot-hunter would do, and what a real sportsman would disdain to do. There is necessity for protective legislation, if we intended to protect the game and make the pursuit of it possible in our game preserves for years to come.

There is a spirit among real sportsmen which looks beyond the present, and that is highly creditable to them. It is hoped that this sensible view of the subject will serve as a foil against the attacks of the hungry crowd who wish to secure to themselves the butchery of game at the expense of true sport. If the Adirondacks are to be regarded as mere cattle yards for the keeping and slaughtering of venison, then let the scheme of pot-hunters go through. But even then a little common sense would suggest that some means be restored to keep up the supply, instead of using the chief means of extermination. The *FOREST AND STREAM*, a paper always found on the side of the sportsman's true interests, eloquently defends the present law, and sounds a note of warning which it will be well to heed. It is not without significance that the oldest and wisest guides of the North Woods are so strongly opposed to the efforts which would result in depopulating the forests of their most graceful as well as their most valuable game. The cut on our sixth page handsomely illustrates the situation which the deer hounders would bring about, and to which the opponents of the repeal of the present wise law are opposed. They are against slaughter of the deer, as such, in every form. There is a difference between hunting and slaughtering.

HUNTING AT ARMY POSTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having had a longer experience with the game in this vicinity than any other officer at this cantonment I have been requested to reply to your inquiries.

No large game can be said to be abundant within less than fifty miles of this place, except during October, when hundreds of mule deer are crossing the Uncompahgre Valley within a mile of the post on their migration from the high mountain ranges forming the continental divide east and south of us to the Dolores and other lower valleys west and north of us. They are driven from the higher country by the first snow storms in October, and cross this valley by regular trails which date back to the time that this country was occupied by the Ute Indians. As proof of this, several Indian "platforms" are still to be seen in piñon trees overhanging these deer trails in the foothills on both sides of the valley. Most of the deer cross the open valley at night, consequently not very many are shot while crossing. A few small bands of deer remain in the wooded foothills within five miles of the post during the whole year, and some fifteen or twenty are killed every year within these limits by officers and enlisted men from the post.

The Springfield and other .45 calibre rifles are used for deer hunting. Deerhounds are not used. Stalking is the only method in use here. The mule deer's senses are very keen—especially his sense of hearing, and few men can hunt with sufficient care not to startle him by some unusual noise before getting within range. Consequently among our numerous excellent target shots who hunt deer very few are successful.

There are no whitetail deer in this vicinity. Judging from old antlers found in the foothills, elk were once common here. They are now extinct in all the country nearer than that hunter's paradise, the Grand Mesa, fifty miles north of us.

A few grizzly bears, called here "silver tip," have been killed within fifteen miles of this post, but they are rare. I have not heard of any of them exhibiting any special ferocity.

Two "mountain lions," that is the high sounding title given to the common American panther in this land of exaggeration, have been killed within fifteen miles of here in the past eighteen months. They seem, from the tracks seen, more numerous than the bears.

Mountain sheep, now protected by law, are found in the mountains thirty miles south of us. They are said to be quite abundant.

Antelope are said to be found about Grand Junction, seventy miles northwest of us; I have heard of none nearer.

Of small game only cotton-tail rabbits are abundant. The Springfield 20-gauge shotgun (.61-caliber and not .20-caliber as some of your articles have made it appear) is well adapted for rabbit shooting, and many rabbits fall victims to it almost daily, from July, when the young rabbits are old enough to eat, until April, when they begin to breed. These rabbits, with an occasional deer, constitute the only noteworthy addition to the food supply of the command that is contributed by the game of the vicinity.

Jack-rabbits are much less numerous than the cotton-tail. The jack-rabbit of Colorado seems to be the same as the great northern hare. It is gray in summer and white in winter, a very different animal from the jack-rabbit of California that remains brown at all seasons. Unless one can appreciate a strong wild flavor he had better not attempt to eat a jack-rabbit.

Ducks, mallard, teal and a brown duck of undetermined species, pass over in autumn, and a few small flocks stop on the river near the post. Some are killed, but no large bags are made. The Springfield shotgun is a poor gun for ducks. The more successful duck hunters use 10 and 12 gauge double guns. Sandhill crane and a few English snipe are sometimes seen here.

The only other game birds are grouse. These are more remarkable for variety than numbers. They are rapidly decreasing. Sage grouse have been shot occasionally within a few hundred yards of the post, but they have become very scarce.

Ruffed grouse, also called pheasant grouse, are occasionally found in pairs in the piñon and cedar woods on the foot hills near the post.

Willow grouse are more abundant. They are found on the higher grass-covered slopes from ten to fifteen miles from the post. Blue grouse, called also spruce grouse, spruce partridge, Canada grouse and, in Utah, foal hens, are found on the same slopes in summer and early autumn and higher up in the spruce timber in winter.

This is decidedly the finest table bird of the grouse family, but it should be drawn instantly on being shot, otherwise it acquires a disagreeable flavor from the spruce needles in its crop and gizzard. The sage flavor of the much underrated sage hen can be almost entirely prevented by the same precaution. This bird, by the way, has no crop, but its large gizzard will be found stuffed full of sage leaves so-called, the "sage bush" is really a wormwood.

Ptarmigan, called here mountain quail, are shot in the high mountains around Ouray thirty miles south of us. A

very few upland plover are shot here in the spring. This about completes the list of our game birds.

I have not heard of any wild turkeys being seen nearer than Fort Lewis, ninety miles north of us; nor of any quail in Colorado except where they have been introduced in the eastern part of the State. There are no prairie chickens in Western Colorado.

Brook trout of fair size, one half to two pounds, are caught in the Uncompahgre River and its tributaries. They are not abundant. A dozen fish is here considered an unusually good basket for a day's fishing.

J. C. WORTHINGTON, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.

CANTONMENT ON THE UNCOMPAHGRE RIVER, Colorado, March 11, 1886.

CLUB RULES.

FOLLOWING is the organization of the Beaver Dam Ducking Club:

Its purposes are to afford opportunity to its members for healthful recreation and occasional relaxation from business care and pursuit, and to cultivate gentlemanly intercourse and pleasant social relations.

I. The domicile of the club shall be in the city of Memphis, Shelby county, State of Tennessee; its club house or shooting lodge on Beaver Dam Lake, Tunica county, State of Mississippi.

II. Its membership shall be limited to thirty-eight active and five honorary members.

III. The officers of the organization shall be a President, Vice-President and a Secretary, who shall act and discharge the duties of Treasurer.

IV. There shall be an Executive Committee, consisting of the officers and two members, elected at the annual meeting of the club.

V. The President shall preside at all meetings of the club, call special meetings at the request of three members, or when, in his judgment, the interests of the club require it; and he shall also exercise a general supervision over the affairs of the club.

VI. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to discharge the duties of the President in his absence or at his request.

VII. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of all meetings and transactions of the club; collect dues and assessments; keep and have possession of all papers, funds and property of the club. He shall pay all bills, when approved by the President, conduct all correspondence, and as the agent of the Executive Committee employ, control and discharge all employees of the club.

VIII. The Executive Committee shall alone authorize the expenditure of the funds of the club (except the ordinary current expenses), employ and discharge the assistants at the club house; and make such club house rules as may be necessary, which shall be posted in a conspicuous place in the club house.

IX. It is the duty of members to attend all meetings of the club, and to observe all rules while at the club house and shooting grounds; report derelictions on the part of employees to the officers; pay promptly the club house charges, and manifest due consideration for the pleasure of the less experienced members.

X. Honorary membership shall be conferred on those only who have become distinguished in field sports, or have made liberal donations to the club, and they shall be elected by a unanimous ballot.

XI. The privileges of the club may be extended to persons who have placed the club under obligations for favors, courtesies, etc., and to ministers in charge of congregations.

XII. The election of officers shall take place, by ballot, at the annual meeting, on the first Monday in September.

XIII. The Executive Committee shall prepare and submit to the club an estimate of the annual expenses, each and every year, at the annual meeting in September, and no other assessments shall be made during the fiscal year for which the estimate is made, unless authorized by a majority vote of the active members of the club.

XIV. No member shall have any right to or ownership of the property of the club; and on termination of membership, all his rights, privileges, etc., shall cease.

XV. All applications for membership shall be indorsed by two members of the club, and presented at a regular meeting, or at a special meeting called for the purpose, after ten days' notice given by the Secretary to each member; and it shall require a unanimous ballot to elect.

XVI. The initiation fee shall be \$100.

XVII. Failure to pay dues or assessments, after thirty days' notice by the Secretary, shall forfeit membership, without further action of the club.

XVIII. The privileges of the club can be extended only to non-residents of Shelby county, State of Tennessee, except as hereinbefore provided. No member shall be permitted to invite more than one guest at any one time.

XIX. All club house rules promulgated by the Executive Committee shall have the same force and effect as if ordered by the club, until rescinded by resolution of the club.

XX. For any violation of the rules of the club or of the Executive Committee, or for any conduct unbecoming a gentleman and sportsman, a fine of twenty-five dollars shall be imposed for the first offense; and for a second violation of any of the rules after said, the member shall be expelled, and forfeit all rights, privileges and interest in the club.

XXI. The Executive Committee shall employ a manager, who shall reside at the club house, whose duty it shall be to keep the same clean and in order and the boats secure and in good condition; prepare meals; secure paddlers for members and their guests, and care for and exercise a general supervision over the property of the club at the lake, and report promptly the flights of game.

XXII. The charges for meals at the club house, and hire for the paddlers, shall be fixed by the Executive Committee.

XXIII. It shall require ten members to constitute a quorum for business. A majority vote of the entire membership of the club shall be necessary for the expulsion of a member.

XXIV. Members of the club shall be held responsible for the conduct and expenses of their guests while at the club house.

XXV. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to prefer charges against any member for a violation of the rules of the club.

XXVI. A register shall be kept in an exposed place at the club house, in which all members and guests shall register their names, date of arrival and departure.

XXVII. The election of persons to membership in the club, or for the expulsion of a member, shall be by secret ballot.

XXVIII. No member shall claim or have exclusive use of

any convenience or fixture on or about the lake; except, that he may provide his own boat.

XXIX. ORDER OF BUSINESS. 1. Roll call. 2. Reading minutes of previous meeting. 3. Reports of committees. 4. Miscellaneous business. 5. Election of officers. 6. Adjournment.

XXX. These articles may be altered or amended at any meeting of the club by a three-fourths' majority of those present.

HABITS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.—Brookfield, N. Y.—Before market hunting became profitable and the sportsman, so called, became the "pot-hunter," grouse were of the more stay at home kind, inhabiting the same thicket year after year; or you could always flush him down near the swamp where the young cedars and hemlocks are the thickest. I have crept up quickly and cautiously, parting the branches noiselessly, have seen the grouse in its home just in front of me on the south side of an old rotten hemlock log, half buried in the soft, rich brown decayed bark and wood, basking in the mellow summer morning's sunshine. I have watched the mother grouse with her covey of thirteen, unconscious of the picture she formed. For three consecutive seasons an old ruffed grouse reared her brood in the same place. Could I be mistaken in the identity? I think not, so many times have I flushed her, always within a few yards of the decayed hemlock, just thirty-six paces from the spring-hole. You may ask if my gun ever came into position—but fingers that were trained to unloose those hammers became motionless. Hunting one day in the vicinity I came around to that charmed spot. Down near the spring-hole in the soft ground were the foot prints of man and dog. Too well I knew the story.—A. C. M.

SWANS IN THE NIAGARA RIVER.—Ten large wild swan were discovered swimming in Niagara River, just below the falls, at an early hour yesterday morning, some of them apparently in a wounded condition. Mr. Frank Nasoiy, Jr., of this village, succeeded in capturing one of the beauties.—C. E. LEWIS (Suspension Bridge, N. Y., March 21).

A WHITE QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Immediately after my arrival here early in January, I was informed that a covey of quail habituated in a certain locality, which among their members contained three pure white birds. A sportsman of the neighborhood who knew the country well, very kindly consented to escort me to the ground so soon as I had got my puppies sufficiently under control to be of much service in the field, neither of them—five in number—having ever seen a game bird before reaching this place. After giving them a little work and having them under fair command we started over to the neighborhood the birds were said to inhabit, and after a thorough search were disappointed in not finding them, although seeing a number of coveys and making a nice bag. As time wore on my anxiety to at least see those birds increased, as I could still hear of a white quail being seen by the negroes; the three being now reduced to one. After repeated trials first with one brace of dogs, then with another, and always finding fair shooting and no white birds, I concluded that either there were no white birds at all or I was on the wrong grounds. Meeting with a sporting doctor of the place he stated to me that he knew exactly where they were raised and proposed that we should go over and have a day's shooting and include this field in our beat. Soon afterward, on a beautiful clear morning we were on the ground and cast the dogs off in a field of cotton stalks and patches of sedge grass in a different locality from that in which I had formerly looked for them. He was hunting a dropper, an excellent dog, while I used Maceod, a young setter by Knight of Snowdon out of Ailsa. His dog had the advantage on coveys while Mac was the superior on single or scattered birds. Nearing the close of a fine day's shooting it again looked as if we were doomed to disappointment even with the negro for our guide who said he had frequently seen the white partridge, when, being some distance from the others and divided from them by a small strip of woods, I heard both barrels go off in rapid succession and then a loud hallo for me to come over there. On going over I learned the doctor had really got up a small covey, and among them the white bird, and the last they had seen of it, it was going over the top of a tall tree away off in the woods. A fruitless search among the dry leaves failed to discover it, and being late we started for home, mortified on my part that I had failed to see the curiosity, but thinking earnestly of to-morrow and what dog or dogs I would take in pursuit of it. My pet Shela was a little sick and off his feed. Mac had had a hard day of it and would be a little stiff in the morning, but there was Prime, a noble and worthy son of the illustrious Druid, and Ben, litter brother to Shela and Mac, both fine rangers, staunch before or behind as anything can be, with excellent noses, and level heads.

The next morning looked threatening for a storm, but off I went, and after a brisk ride of three and a half miles, when nearing the place where the white bird had been sprung the previous evening, I cast off the dogs. Prime was to the left and going with a long, raking, easy stride, with head finely carried when he suddenly wheeled into the wind, crouched, then advanced a few steps and was rigid. Ben, off to the right, saw him instantly and was firm as a statue. Without speaking to the dogs and riding my horse some distance into the field and tying it to a bush and inserting shells into my gun I returned and walked past Prime when up sprung a half dozen quail and among them the white bird; a brown one dropped to the first barrel and the white to the second, a real little beauty. After bagging sixteen more birds and two hares for the negro into whose stable I had put my horse, I got back home just as the rain began to sprinkle, delighted with my prize.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

MARSHALL COUNTY, Miss., Feb. 24, 1884.

A MODEST WOLF STORY.—Lawrence, Kas., March 8—Recently a farmer living in the southern part of this county came into the city with the report that he had discovered a cave on his farm that was inhabited by prairie wolves, and from what he could find out they amounted to about 300. He had killed a few, but they would not come out, and he was afraid to enter the cave. Preparations were at once made to raid the den. A large party arrived at the place yesterday morning and turning the dogs loose, one or two of them rushed into the cave and were at once torn to pieces. A force of men then began operations and in a short time had a hole into the cave, back of the wolves. Two men entered, and all the dogs that could be found, and advanced on the rear of the mass of animals, who had by this time assembled in the front part of the cavern. The dogs became frightened and beat a retreat, and the men, after firing a few shots also got out. After an all-day's skirmish, the hunters decided to make a dash and drive out their prey and kill as many as possible. All drew back from the front and kept quiet, and two men again entered in the rear. This time they succeeded in causing a stampede, and in a short time the cave was empty. The shooters did some good work, and by the time they were through about 100 dead wolves strewed the ground. The others escaped, and the party returned minus four dogs. A grand hunt is proposed. It is supposed the animals wintered in the cave.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NEW ENGLAND ANGLING.

APRIL 1 the trout season will open in Massachusetts. In this State prospects are not flattering for the early catch, since the streams, in the northern towns at least, are likely to be locked in ice. But trout will be in market lawfully, and that will be satisfactory to the marketman and the gourmand. By the way, how curious it is that the fish markets all have trout on their stands on the morning of April 1, when the law says plainly that there shall be no having in possession previous to that date. Some trout must be caught very early in the morning, to say the least.

"But," remarked the owner of a fish market on that day last year, when asked how he came by trout which had been dead a week, "the law isn't designed to prevent our having trout for sale April 1, but to prevent early fishing and protect the fish." Very good. The fish must be taken unlawfully, else they cannot be for sale the moment the law is off. But it is the marketman who must be favored under all fish and game protective laws, and it is the marketman who is fast driving the last shadow of the best fish and game out of existence. When will the public come to understand this?

In Maine there is a vast body of snow—greater than usual at this season. The last storm—rain on the seaboard—added to the already heavy quantity of snow in the interior. The chances are that the opening of the trout season in that State, May 1, will find the ground partly covered and the streams full of ice and snow water. In the Androscoggin Lake region, it is not easy to indicate prospects thus early, but there are great trout expectations. A number of Boston sportsmen will be "on the wing" the day the telegraph says "The ice has gone out." A party of three or four Boston merchants propose to make a novel trip "to the fishing grounds" this week. They will go by sleigh, not to fish, but just for the novelty of riding down Ogunassack to the camps, on the ice.

By the way, the rebuilt Upper Dam puts the flowage of Mooselucmagantic Lake some four feet higher, and some of the camps are being moved back. The most of the camps on that lake, however, will be "high and dry." What the new flowage will do for the fishing is a question. At Trout Cove it will doubtless be better, since it has always required moderately high water to bring success at that well-known point. When Richardson Lake—the lake below the Upper Dam—was raised eight feet by the rebuilding of the Middle Dam six years ago, it was followed the second and third years by remarkably good fishing. It is concluded that flowage creates new feeding grounds for trout, but breaks up spawning beds. At the Upper Dam itself there has been no fishing for two seasons. The repairing, begun one year ago, caused the drawing off of the water and the shutting of it off by coffer dam at Trout Cove, so that visitors there last season found the bottom dry where the rushing pool used to be, and a lot of logs, dry enough to burn, at the very spot where the celebrated eleven-pound trout, the largest true *Salmo fontinalis* on record, was taken six years ago.

A recent letter from the superintendent says that the repairs at the Upper Dam will be about completed, and the water, unobstructed, turned on by the beginning of the fishing season. What the long-continued holding back of the water at this point has done for the fishing remains to be told. One experienced sportsman suggests that since "trout always go up stream in the fall and down stream in the spring," there will be no fishing below the new dam, but it will be as good as ever above it. Another theory is that the trout will follow the minnows up from Richardson Lake below the same as usual, but that there will be no fishing above the dam. Probably the true position is that the trout have been driven away and much disturbed by the long absence of water, and it would be singular if they got back in as great numbers as usual in season to be caught this spring.

The popularity of steam launches on the Androscoggin lakes is great. Capt. Fred Barker adds a new steamer to the Mooselucmagantic fleet this year. Messrs. Betton & McKane have put a nice little steamer on Richardson Lake. This makes five steamboats in all on that lake—three private boats and two public. Alas! for the march of improvement. It builds dams and cuts down the forests. Row boats are too slow, and the camp must give way to the hotel and the summer cottage. This march of improvement is like the coming of old age. Both are determined to end our sporting days, and it is sometimes a question which will first succeed.

SPECIAL.

A LARGE TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Green, of the city of New York, caught at Sault Ste. Mary, on the 20th day of June, 1845, a speckled trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) that weighed on a pair of balances, used in a store, just twelve pounds. It caused considerable excitement at the time. Old resident fishermen of the Sault declared that it weighed a little over two pounds more than the largest that ever before was caught to their knowledge. This was the only fish Green caught that day. He started back to New York with his monster. I was with him when he caught the trout. It was taken near the Canada shore just at the foot of the falls, in a whirlpool caused by the obstruction of a large rock.

As this all happened over forty years ago, I cannot at this day give you Mr. Green's initials or address. I did not know him very well; we were guests in a tavern kept by a Mr. Fowler and there was no register kept at his house. At Mr. Green's request, I accompanied him in an Indian bark canoe. We paddled as near the falls as possible, where he made numerous casts which were unsuccessful. We then landed on the Canada side; he opened his book of flies, which I viewed with pleasure, as it was the first fly-book I had ever seen. He selected a fly of medium grade, I think he called it a "drake," and took his position on a projecting rock which stood at a point where the water was boiling and whirling over a sunken rock, which slightly projected above the angry falls. I had left him and gone a short distance into the woods in search of flowers when I heard him shouting for me to come and assist him, as he had hooked a whale. When I came in sight of him his rod was bent into an irregular ellipse, the line, about twenty feet long, was stretched out to its full extent. Of course, I gave him much unasked advice, how to keep away from the rocks, how to work his fish as far down stream as possible, etc. Finally I got into the canoe and went to his assistance. After

keeping up a steady strain on the line, the fish began to show signs of weariness from its great efforts. I had a landing net ready, and as soon as the fish approached the boat, I slipped it under him, and came near going into the water instead of taking the fish out. The battle occupied fully fifteen minutes at least, although it seemed to be much longer, and Mr. Greene was in a violent perspiration. After the capture he took the evening boat for Buffalo, which in those days occupied much time on the trip, and as there was no ice at the Sault, I had fears that the trout would not reach New York in good condition.

If Mr. Greene is still living, I am in hopes he may see this article. P. R. HOV, M.D.

RACINE, WISCONSIN.

ANGLER, GUIDE AND TROUT.

A NEW YORK man went with his guide to Brandy Point in 1885 to catch trout. After much laborious sitting still the guide managed to hook on the end of a hand line with a struggling worm for bait, an enormous trout which weighed ten pounds and a quarter. When the fish had been safely landed and incontinentally knocked in the head with a club, the unsuccessful but ingenious angler looped a gaudy "toddle bug" fly upon the end of his line, and fastening the hook in the mouth of the gasping fish, he bent his rod double by the strain he put upon it. Upon reaching the Mooselucmagantic house where he lodged for the time, the angler told how the big trout had been caught upon the toddle bug fly and had bent double the plant rod, but he did not remember the guide nor the headline nor the worm. When, however, the New York angler had returned to his home and had put the big trout and the toddle-bug fly in a glass case, the guide remembered the rest of the story and made merry over it.

This fable teaches us how New York can give points to the rest of the country in capturing big Rangeley trout, but it also teaches us that the angler should first set it up with the guide before extolling the gaudy fly at the expense of the humble but industrious red-worm. A. MORCE.

A GAME CATFISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just been reading the "Adirondack Fishes" and the work has interested me very much. I must differ from Mr. Mather concerning the edible qualities of the black bass, as I am fond of them, but no two persons agree upon tastes and relative value of foods, yet I appreciate with him the common catfish of the East, *Ameiurus catfish*.

There is one of the cats, however, which is very much better; this is the Southern channel cat, *Ictalurus punctatus*, of the South, west of the Blue Ridge—not to be confounded with the catfish, also called "channel" found in Pennsylvania, Virginia, etc., *I. albidus*. The *punctatus* loves clear running streams and likes a bottom of stone or gravel. It is an excellent table fish, and I think is one of our most valuable fishes. It is very gamy and rises splendidly to the fly, and shows, I think, as much and even more fight than some trout. Many, I may say most, people in the Eastern States do not know that this is a first-class game fish, and by first class I mean one that takes the fly finely and fights well. Though mostly fished for with bait, these cats rise splendidly to the fly and are full of game. I have heard of many being caught in Texas with the brown hackle, but I have never been successful with it and have always found a gaudy, bright black bass fly was better. The best fly for these cats is made with a white body. A fly which I have never been able to find in tackle stores, or in dealers' lists, but which is used in the South as a home-made article, is one of the best flies for this fish. It has red wings, white body, white hackles (deer tail hairs) and a black head, like the heads on some of the salmon flies.

The cat in question I believe grows to the weight of thirty pounds—Jordan says twenty to twenty-five pounds—I have never seen them of over eighteen pounds. I cannot help ranking this fish far above the mascalonge and the lake trout, for the deep trolling, spoon trolling and bait fishing these two fish require seems like inferior sport, and any fish that has to be taken in these ways is much below a fish that takes the fly as does this cat.

Unfortunately many good anglers are but poor naturalists, and are not accurate observers of the differences of fishes. This has caused many people in the East to confound and mix up all the catfishes. In their minds a catfish is a mud-loving beast, and the common horn-pout represents to them the whole tribe. I have been surprised at the ignorance existing on this point in the East. I have found skillful anglers and intelligent men who thought that the horn-pout, the great Mississippi cat and one or two others comprised the whole family. They tarred all with the same stick, and thought all the cats had the same habits, tastes, etc., the fundamental axiom being that they all loved mud, were coarse fish, exclusively bottom feeders, and not game. Now all this is very wrong, of course. According to the latest list of North American fishes—published last year, 1885—there are thirty-one species of catfish, divided into seven genera, north of the Mexican line. They differ much in their habits. For instance, the two members of the genus *Ictalurus*, to which the channel cat belongs, love clear water and stone or gravel bottoms, while the *Ameiurus*, certain members of which are the most known to Eastern people, love muddy streams and sluggish water. It is this genus, *Ameiurus*, that has thrown odium on the whole family.

Let me quote from Prof. Jordan, the great ichthyologist, whose opinion on a fish is certainly entitled to consideration: "The flesh of the channel cat when fresh is very superior; it is white, crisp and juicy, of excellent flavor and not tough. When well cooked I consider it superior to that of the black bass, the wall-eye, the yellow perch, or any other of our percid fish. Among our fresh-water fish it is inferior only to the whitefish, the trout, and other *Salmonidae*. The channel cat abounds in all flowing streams from Western New York westward to Montana and southward to Texas. It is perhaps most common in Tennessee, Arkansas and Missouri. It seems to prefer running waters, and both young and old are most abundant in gravelly shoals and riffles. * * * I have occasionally taken channel cats in ponds and bayous, but such localities are apparently not their preference. They rarely enter small brooks, unless these are clear and gravelly. Whether they will thrive in artificial ponds we can only know from experiment."

The channel cat is, as I have said, a southern and western fish, and is found from Montana to Mexico, and to Georgia. On the east it seems to be limited by the Blue Ridge Mountains. Prof. Cope, in his "Fishes of North Carolina," says that the channel cat is only found west of the Blue

Ridge, that is, in the streams flowing into the Tennessee, and so eventually into the Gulf. East of the Blue Ridge another genus of cats—the *Ameiurus*—takes its place. This genus is very different, however, in its habits, haunts and value, either for food or game.

Like many other fishes the channel cat is generally fished for with bait, by those who know of no other way, but it is a first-class fish for the fly-fisherman. CYRTOXYX.

BLACK BASS ANGLING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "F. W. O.'s" inquiry as to the advantage of using two hooks for bass, and Mr. Leopold's reply in last week's issue have been noticed. My own experience in fishing for black bass (small-mouth) has been confined to still-fishing in the lakes of New England, and principally in New Hampshire, and during a period of several years I have caught a great many. I have used two hooks and sometimes three, but have finally come to the conclusion, based upon my experience, that more fish and larger ones can be caught with a single hook than if more are used. Perhaps in running waters the multiplication of hooks would be an advantage, and the greater display of tackle be a less serious matter than I believe it to be in still lake fishing. I have tested the matter until I am convinced that there is a disadvantage in using several hooks in still-fishing, even though different kinds of bait be used on each hook. I have often used two rods, one having a single hook and the other two or more, and while the fish would freely bite at the single hook, they passed the other assortment of hooks and baits, although one of their number might be baited with the same kind of bait as the single hook. I do not mean to say that they would never bite at the gang of hooks, but my success with a single hook has always far exceeded that when more were used. This in still-fishing from a boat. In running water or in rapids, where the water is constantly in motion, the extra hooks may be of advantage, as the extra display would be less likely to be noticed by the fish than when used in lake fishing, for bass are often very capricious, and although many are caught with coarse tackle, heavy lines without any leader, yet so far as my observation has extended, through several successful seasons, the finer the tackle used and the less display in the water made by the tackle, the more successful has been the result.

Using but a single hook does not by any means prevent the use of a variety of bait, a half dozen kinds can be tried until the right kind is found, if necessary, and if the bass are in a biting mood it will take but a very short time to meet their requirements in way of bait, if it is at hand, "but if they won't bite they won't, you may depend on it." Days there are when, no matter how varied or enticing the display of bait, the prince of game fishes will not be persuaded, days, too, that seem to the fisherman most perfect for the sport. Many a time have I watched them in the clear waters of the lake—big fellows that fairly drove one wild in his desire to hook them—lazily swimming about, and occasionally approaching the baited hook and, stopping within an inch or two of the tempting morsel, suddenly whisk their tail and slowly turn away. Days like those, of course, when the surface of the water is calm, are not the best for bass fishing.

If "F. W. O." fishes in still water, let him try the experiment next season of fishing with two rods, the one having a single hook, the other more, using same kind of leaders and hooks on both, and I think he will become convinced that the rod with a single hook will kill more pounds of fish than the other in the same day.

The note from "B. O. B.," Kalamazoo, Mich., in FOREST AND STREAM Jan. 21, in which he says bass are being caught through the ice there this winter, reminds me of a big one (small-mouth) I caught a year ago the present month in Rockingham county, N. H.

I was fishing for pickerel through ice eighteen inches thick. It was early in the morning, having set my lines the day before, I was that morning rebaiting the hooks. It was exceedingly cold, and nearly three inches of ice had formed in the holes during the night. I had set one line about a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet from shore in water some thirty-five feet deep, where I frequently caught a big perch. I had just put a good-sized live minnow on the hook and before it had sunk many feet something seized it and started in a hurry toward the north pole, and in less time than it takes me to write it had taken out some fifty or sixty feet of line, and I thought it about time to have a hand in the business. I struck—what I could not tell—but something that made things lively for a time. I pulled in the fish, and to my surprise landed a black bass that weighed nearly four pounds (3lbs. 14oz., ten hours later). It was a female, in good condition, and contained good sized roes. I know that several large bass have been caught from the same lake through the ice in mid-winter.

I also notice in a New Hampshire paper received to-day the following: "A black bass weighing seven and a half pounds was caught through the ice in Sunapee Lake a few days since."

If the bass do hibernate, as claimed by Dr. Henshall and others, there are many exceptions to the rule. NOIXOE.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., February, 1886

THE "ICEFISH" OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—Editor Forest and Stream: I send you to day some specimens of the so-called "icefish" from Lake Champlain, and should like to know what you determine them to be. If an *Osmerus*, as you suggested in conversation a while ago, what species? I send them as I received them, without examination.—PETERA. [The fish were smelts, *Osmerus mordax* (Mitch.). Gill. They were too far gone in decomposition to determine whether they might be either of the two varieties from Maine lakes, recorded by Jordan and Gilbert—"Synopsis of the Fishes of North America"—or not. Had they been packed in ice, this point might have been determined.]

BASS FLIES FOR MINNESOTA.—Casselton, D. T., March 15. —Will some of the "brothers of the rod," who have tried the fly for bass in Minnesota waters, be kind enough to give me some hints as to what they found to be the most taking "bugs" for those waters? I tried, in a casual way one day last summer, a gang composed of the oriole, Cheney and Seth Green, but found no takers.—H. P. UFFORD.

NORTHERN WISCONSIN.—Eagle River.—This part of northern Wisconsin, on the Wisconsin and Eagle rivers, is a prime fishing country. Muskelonge, lake trout and other fish are caught in profusion. Deer are found and trapping is done near here.—T.

THE CATFISH AS GAME.—We have on several occasions printed letters from correspondents which stated that a catfish had taken an artificial fly. This was regarded as a sort of accident, or in the light of unusual conduct on the part of the catfish, who instincts seldom incline him to such trivial things as flies, but rather incite him to search for both the early and the late worm upon the bottom. Now comes our valued correspondent "Cyrtonyx," who tells us, in another column, of a genus of catfishes which rises like a trout to the lure and fights like a black bass. We know that the writer of the article is an accomplished fly-fisher, who seldom or never uses bait, and is possessed of more ichthyological lore than most anglers dream is known to any man, for the average angler is content to angle and to know a trout from a bass by its general appearance, without burdening his head with such trifles as which has spinous fins or teeth like bristles. Therefore, we commend the observations of "Cyrtonyx" and endorse him as one who knows of what he speaks. By a happy coincidence, Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., dropped into the office while we were reading the letter referred to, and began relating what a beautiful, gamy-looking catfish he saw in Spring River, south of Kansas, in the Indian Territory, while down there working his dogs recently. He said that he saw many caught by boys with bait in clear, rocky streams, and that the fish was as shapely as a mackerel and looked as gamy as a trout. His description of the spotted sides agreed with that of *I. punctatus*. Here is a chance for fishculturists.

LARGEST RANGELEY TROUT.—Boston, March 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of March 18, George Wild calls upon "Stephen Morse, Lawrence Sargeant, Marshall Whitney, and all good honest guides" of the Rangeley Lake region to send in their records as to the largest trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) ever taken in Rangeley waters. In this connection I would like to say that one of the Rangeley guides, Capt. Barker, well-known in Boston for his annual visits and his addresses before the boys of the Chauncey Hall school, gave an address one evening in the winter or spring of 1885, before the Appalachian Mountain Club. At that meeting, in answer to a question from me as to the very largest square-tailed or speckled trout ever taken in Rangeley waters, he stated that the very largest of which there was undoubted record weighed thirteen pounds and some ounces. The exact ounces I do not remember, but am positive that the weight was over thirteen pounds. Will not Capt. Barker repeat his statement to **FOREST AND STREAM** for the benefit of Mr. Wild and all interested?—C. H. AMES.

THE NIAGARA COUNTY ANGLER'S CLUB has been organized at Lockport, N. Y. The officers are: President, David Millar; Secretary, Wash. H. Cross; Treasurer, J. E. Emerson.

Fishculture.

SHORT LOBSTERS.—Recent developments show that the catchers of short lobsters along the Maine and Massachusetts coast have really got themselves into deeper trouble than at first appeared. A recent letter to Deputy Commissioner Shattuck shows that the fines imposed upon one man in Portland amount to over \$1,000. That number of lobsters under 10½ inches in length were found in his possession, and the statute of that State imposes a fine of \$1 each. This man swore that a car containing about half these lobsters were the property of the man who had loaned it to him, and that he had no knowledge of the lobsters in it. But the commissioners say that they shall have no difficulty in proving that the key to the car was in the possession of the man under arrest. They have other cases against him, and they say he will have to give up the short lobster business. At this end of the line a good deal of work is being done. A private detective is employed, and as the appropriation by the State is insufficient, the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association is paying the bills. Its members are determined that the most valuable crustacean on our coast shall be protected to the extent of the statute at least. But the waste from canning is the worst feature. In Maine it is lawful to take lobsters down to nine inches in length during April, May and June for canning. This special privilege, Commissioner Counce writes, will be seriously opposed at the next session of the Legislature of that State. The lobsters are canned for the foreign trade chiefly, since canned lobsters are not popular, even in the West. An earnest endeavor will also be made for lobster protective laws in Rhode Island and Connecticut, since Long Island Sound, one of the best lobster grounds in the country, has been almost depleted by wasteful and indiscriminate fishery. Here the lobster fishermen are coming to Commissioner Shattuck with congratulations at his success in stopping the short lobster business. They say that if it is kept up for only a few years longer the lobster is done forever. They appear to be in favor of protection—the great majority of them—and they would be willing to furnish evidence to convict the few who persist in retaining lobsters forbidden by law, but for the fact that their entire property and living is their lobster pots, and they dare not offend the law-breakers.—*Boston Herald*, March 19.

FISHCULTURE AT BLOOMING GROVE PARK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The club here has about twenty miles of good trout streams, such as Shohola, Blooming Grove and Taylor's creeks, and some others. Leaving the railway station we drive up the mountain seven miles to the club house, along the Blooming Grove Creek most of the way from Millville. All along here are found spring tributaries suitable to deposit trout fry in. Ample provision has been made to protect these streams as well as the lakes belonging to the association, by the employment of guardians who also look after the hunting grounds. These men are invested with power to arrest trespassers by the charter of the association given by the State of Pennsylvania. In a former letter, published in your issue of March 11, I gave an account of the hatchery and the fish now in the troughs. Lakes Laura and Giles abound in black bass, but for some reason they will not take any lure in the latter although it has been repeatedly tried. The fry in the hatchery are doing well and will be planted in the streams next month.—WHITE MILLER.

A FISHERMAN'S ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of fishermen and citizens of Duluth, Minn., was held on March 13, and an association was formed. An address on fishculture was made by our correspondent, W. D. Tomlin, Esq., in which he showed how the fishermen should work with the fishculturists for common good. He referred to the millions of whitefish fry being turned out yearly by Mr. Frank N. Clark at the U. S. hatcheries at Northville and Alpena, Mich., as showing what can be done at little expense and advocated the establishment of a hatchery at Duluth. Mr. Tomlin quoted a fishculturist as saying that spawn taken from fish found dead in the nets can be hatched. This is an error; the eggs die shortly after the fish dies, perhaps in a few minutes. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution to be submitted at a future meeting, and the following officers were elected: Martyn Wheeler, Chairman; W. D. Tomlin, Secretary; Capt. E. Smith, Treasurer.

SUNAPEE TROUT.—This fish, which has attracted so much attention lately, notices of which have appeared in our last two issues, has yielded its eggs to Mr. Hodge, Commissioner of Fisheries of New Hampshire. It is no doubt a form of the *Salvelinus ogassaw*, or blue-backed trout of Maine, which grows to a larger size. Mr. Hodge has presented to Mr. Fred Mather, Superintendent of the New York State Hatchery on Long Island, 1,000 eggs of this fish and some hybrid eggs. One lot of the latter are Sunapee eggs impregnated by brook trout, and the remainder are brook trout eggs impregnated by the salbling, *Salvelinus selvelinus*, a fish imported from Germany some years ago.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES. DOG SHOWS.

March 30 to April 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club, S. R. Hemingway, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.
April 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, Edward A. Moseley, Secretary, Boston, Mass.
April 13, 14, 15 and 16.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club, A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.
April 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Third Dog Show of the Cleveland Bench Show Association, C. M. Munhall, Secretary, Cleveland, O.
May 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Tenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent, P. O. Box 1812, New York.
May 18, 19, 20 and 21.—Third Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club, St. Louis, Mo. Geo. Munson, Manager.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2332, New York. Number of entries already printed 3481.

THE UNPAID SPECIAL AT CHICAGO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your paper a short time ago appeared an article entitled "Unpaid Special at Chicago," and that the same was paid by the donor into the treasury of the Illinois Kennel Club; also that said amount (\$15) was never paid to the gentleman who won the special. I therefore offer this explanation, and am willing at any time to substantiate the same by oath: That I do not know Mr. Waters; I never asked him for a special; he never paid me any amount of money, nor was the same paid into the treasury of the Illinois Kennel Club by Mr. Waters or any other person; that I never had anything to do with Mr. Waters' special or any other special connected with the Illinois Kennel Club bench show, nor did I know anything of such special until my attention was called to the matter, and by referring to the catalogue I found a special offered by Mr. Waters for the best pair of American standard black cockers. I write this in order to place myself properly, and innocent of having anything to do with this or any other special at the Illinois Kennel Club show. As the letter by Mr. Wade may be taken and understood as reflecting on me, or that I had some hand in the matter, I hope you will insert this at your earliest convenience; and other proof that may be required by the public I will gladly submit in order to clear my character from any stain. JOHN H. NAYLOR, Sec.-Treas. Illinois Kennel Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 13.

CANINE LORE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The New Jersey Kennel Club have offered one hundred dollars reward for a living dog with the rabies. About every dog that is now taken sick, the cry is raised (not only by the urchin in the street, but in the many sensational newspapers now published), mad dog; and as the members of this club know that the disease now raging among the dogs is a malignant form of distemper and not rabies, the club has taken this method to counteract and allay the public excitement over this mad dog scare. I do not believe there is any such disease as rabies. Dogs, like all other animals, must pay the debt of nature and die from disease. A dog's brain may become affected from a disease, and when so affected the animal may even bite his own master, but if the wound is properly treated by a physician, no bad effect will follow. History teaches us that for thousands of years the dog has been domesticated and has become the almost constant companion of man. That man has made the most extensive use of this animal in every way, and I now think it is time we should begin to give the dog his dues, and do justice to him and his race.

I find that David was among the first to show his aversion to the dog. "For dogs have compassed me, the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me. They pierced my hands and my feet." Psalm 22nd, 16th.

Now, evidently, in the days of David they had dogs and dogs would then bite. Yet we will find upon examination of the traditions and writings of the ancients that the disease rabies or hydrophobia is never mentioned. Yet we do find that in the case of persons afflicted with sores it was a very common habit to have the sores licked by a dog, as it tended to heal and soothe the angry flesh, and even to this day in country places where the mad dog craze has not penetrated, you will find the same custom. Whenever a dog has a sore or wound on his body he will lick it, and it is a very common saying "the lick of the dog is good for the bite."

No, the disease called rabies is a modern disease created by superstition and kept alive through the influence of sensational newspapers.

The first authentic case of rabies I find is recorded by Plutarch in his tract on superstition, in which he says that "Aristodemus, the King of the Messenians, was in the war which he maintained against the Lacedaemonians so alarmed at the dismal denunciations of the prophets when the dogs howled like wolves, and a wild herb had grown near the hearth of his house that he laid violent hands upon himself in a paroxysm of despair." Evidently in the days of the ancients the only rabies they dreaded was created out of the "howl" and not from the bite; and those were the days when superstition ruled the world and governed the actions of men.

In Stebelius's rabbinical literature on the traditions of the Jews contained in their Talmuds, and other mythical writings, we are told the two following passages give a very curious rabbinical account of the different behavior of dogs in a town, sometimes grumbling and howling, at other times gamesome and full of play.

In Bechai's exposition of the five books of Moses there is the following passage:

"Our rabbins of blessed memory have said when the dogs howl then cometh the angel of death into the city, but when the dogs are at play then cometh Elias into the city;" and in rabbi Menechem Von Re Ranats's exposition on the same books it is said, "Our rabbins of blessed memory have said when the angel of death enters into a city the dogs do howl," and I have seen it written by one of the disciples of rabbi Jehuda the Just, that upon a time a dog did howl and clapped his tail between his legs and went aside for fear of the angel of death, and somebody coming and kicking the dog to the place from which he had fled the dog presently died."

Le Bruyn says dogs seem to have been looked upon among the Jews in a disagreeable light; yet they had them in considerable numbers in their cities. They were not shut up in their

houses or courts, but seem to have been forced to seek their food where they could find it.

Bunbequius says that the Turks reckon a dog an unclean and filthy creature, and therefore drive him from their houses; that these animals are there in common, not belonging to any particular owner, and guard rather the streets and districts than particular houses, and live off the offal which is thrown out.

In Morocco, says "Host's Travels," there are dogs in abundance, and as the greater part of the Moors have scarcely enough to live on for themselves, much less to feed dogs, they suffer them to be about the streets so starved that they can hardly hang together, and almost devoured by fleas and vermin.

Poiret, in his "Travels in Barbary," says the dog loses in Barbary, as in the East in general, a part of those social qualities which make him the friend of man. He is no longer the domestic, mild, insinuating animal, faithfully attached to his master and ever ready to defend him, even at the expense of his life. Among the Arabs he is cruel, bloodthirsty, always hungry and never satisfied.

The Moors grant him a corner of their tent, but this is all. They never caress him, never throw him anything to eat. To this treatment, in my opinion, must the indifference of the dogs toward their master be ascribed. Very often they have not even a master. They choose a tent as a place of refuge, they are suffered to remain there, and no further notice is taken of them. Refuse, carrion, filth, everything is good enough for them if they can but appease their hunger, and they are lean, emaciated, and have scarcely any belly."

Now, in these Eastern countries we can see the dogs under the most unfavorable circumstances. Dog pounds do not exist. There is no general killing of dogs. They go on from year to year fighting for life, and usually die from starvation. Yet, in these countries the cry "Mad dog" is never raised, and they have never had a case of the rabies. Now, does it not seem strange that it is only in the civilized countries we find the existence of the dreaded disease, and does it not seem that it is only where the dogs are well housed and fed that we find it?

An urchin in the street sees a dog attacked with a fit (produced by worms or distemper), the boy shouts "Mad dog," some enterprising reporter gets hold of the item, which is produced and reproduced by the many sensational papers now published. Is not this the true story of the mad dog scare?

Once upon a time a man confined in a lunatic asylum made the following statement: "We that are locked up here are only called mad, because our madness does not happen to agree with that of the rest of the world. Everybody thinks his neighbor mad if his pursuits happen to be opposite to his own. His neighbor thinks the same of him; but then these two kinds of madness do not interfere with each other. Now and then there comes an eccentric man who, taking a just view of things, thinks them all mad. Him they catch and lock up. That's my case."

Now, don't you think if the boy was whipped and the reporter taken for the eccentric man that you would soon hear the last of the mad dog craze? These enterprising reporters like to see the issues of their paper filled with flaming accounts of canine outrages. The poor dog has become in their eyes the great Cycloplan problem of the age. Consequently my diagnosis of the rabies is this: One part boy, one part dog, ninety-eight parts reporter. These combined will usually produce a very modern mad dog. And if your imagination cannot create a mad dog out of this, read the following copied from the *Jersey City Journal*:

"My name was Kopp; everybody knows me. I live at 144 Bloomfield street," said a bony-looking German, as he led a white, shaggy dog into the Hoboken station house. "I dinks me dot dog is crazy," he continued, as he pointed toward the dog, which frisked about apparently happy. Officer Peter Meehan volunteered to act as executioner. Kopp led the dog to the lumber yard opposite Police Headquarters, and Meehan drew a revolver and cocked it. Kopp wanted to get out of range, but the dog insisted on following him running around his feet. "Look out," shouted Kopp, as Meehan pointed the revolver. Bang! went the pistol, and Kopp from actual observation, leaped three feet into the air. When he landed he started to run, but the dog was constantly making a circle around his master's feet. Five shots were fired at the dog, and every time the revolver was discharged Kopp leaped into the air. Finally, Meehan retreated for ammunition, and Kopp was told to keep the dog in the lumber yard. Blood was trickling down the animal's body from wounds in the head and neck. Kopp tried to escape, but the faithful dog, whining pitifully, followed in his footsteps. The spectators were touched by the sight and cried "shame!" The footmarks of the dog, on the snow-covered street, could be traced by blood. In front of the station house the dog looked appealingly into the face of his master. After the lapse of fifteen minutes, Roundsman Marnell appeared with another revolver. He gave it to ex-Policeman Wright who emptied the contents into the dog, who whined mournfully. Thirty voices were heard to mutter, "Oh! what a shame! what an outrage! If that ain't cruelty to animals, what is? The man is more crazy than the dog." The animal limped toward his master and looked up at him with his dimmed eyes, as though appealing for mercy. The man screamed and jumped every time the animal approached him. Twelve shots were fired at the animal, the majority hitting him, yet he was alive and hobbled around moaning. He was docile as a kitten, and there was not the first symptoms of madness about him. After some minutes the police retreated and officer Meehan appeared with a long night club. When he got within about ten feet of the dog he threw the club to policeman Wright, who clubbed the poor dog to death.

Now think of these, our guardians of the law, murdering that poor dog. I would very much sooner have that poor dog, if alive, guard me and mine than to have the brutes that murdered him.

We find in Grecian mythology that Cerberus, the three-headed dog, was placed to guard the entrance into the infernal regions. I do not think any of these policemen will have any trouble passing should they go that way.

Speaking of the Grecians, they did not always do justice to the dog. As is well known by the learned that there was a temple upon Mount Aetna dedicated to Vulcan, which was guarded by dogs of so exquisite a smell that they could discern whether the persons who came thither were chaste or otherwise. They used to meet and fawn upon such as were chaste, caressing them as the friends of their master, Vulcan; but flew at those who were polluted, and never ceased barking at them till they had driven them from the temple. After they had lived here in great repute for several years, it so happened that as one of the priests, who had been making a charitable visit to a widow who lived on the promontory of Lilybeum, returned home pretty late in the evening. The dogs flew at him with so much fury that they would have worried him if his brethren had not come quickly to his assistance. Upon which the dogs were all doomed to death and hanged, because they had lost their original instinct.

In those days priests and ministers were not tried, and consequently the poor dog had to suffer.

In Africa we find the dog freely associating with the natives; constant companions. The natives go about dressed in their birthday suits, consequently there is no clothing to interfere with the teeth of the dog. Yet here we do not find the dreaded disease.

Pasteur says he can create, produce and reproduce the rabies by injecting some kind of virus into the brains of a dog or rabbit. I think if the French Government would inject some of the same virus within this Prof. Pasteur's skull, mankind would be greatly benefited. C. J. FISHELL.

G. Brown's Topsey; 8d, G. W. DeWolfe's Maud. Very high com., C. W. Tuttle's Cremore. High com., A. H. Aldrich's Heather Lass. Puppies: 1st, O. H. Day's Don.

IRISH SETTERS—CHAMPION—Dogs: 1st, Max Wenzel's Chief. Bitches: 1st, T. G. Budington's Fawn. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. W. Clark, Jr.'s Blarney; 2d, I. H. Roberts's Bruce; 3d, Max Wenzel's Tim. Very high com., R. C. Van Horn's Patsy, L. B. Wright's Glencho's Boy, and R. A. Spilling's Garry. High com., C. W. Roedenburg's Chief, H. R. Goodrich's Chief II, and J. Grosvenor's Banker. Com., T. S. Dumont's Patsy. Bitches: 1st, W. Dunphy's Molly Bawn; 2d, Max Wenzel's Youtie; 3d, I. H. Roberts's Jessie. Very high com., J. Grosvenor's Zingara. Thos. J. Farrell's Miss Nellie Mustard, and I. H. Roberts's Rebe. High com., I. H. Roberts's Creole and Max Wenzel's Dora. Com., F. G. L. Roy's Lill and H. T. Henshaw's Bessie Glencho. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Pierce's Micky. Bitches: 1st, C. W. Roedenburg's Nanon; 2d, C. W. Roedenburg's Lady Vic. Very high com., B. Lurch's Queen L. High com., G. Langram's Vic.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—No entries.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, withheld; 2d, W. Ehler's Onomoo. Com., P. J. Olliger's Prince.

FIELD SPANIELS—CHAMPION—ANY COLOR, OVER 28 LBS.—1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince. OPEN—1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot Lady; 2d, J. Luckwell's Black Beau, Jr.; 3d, J. W. Kelly's Lad of Devon. Very high com., J. A. Roche's Fain II. High com., W. O. Partridge's Critic, A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot, Com., G. H. Whitehead's Pluto, J. L. Woolston's Carlotta Patti, E. M. Oldham's Dash, Associated Fanciers, Bonanza.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—ANY COLOR, UNDER 28 LBS.—1st, A. E. Rendle's Compton Brahmin. OPEN—LIVER OR BLACK—Dogs: 1st, J. P. Willey's Black Pete; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Obo, Jr.; 3d, J. P. Willey's Young Obo. High com., S. R. Hemmingsway's Dunrobin, Com., A. E. Rendle's Compton Bedouin. Bitches: 1st, J. P. Willey's Shiraz; 2d, J. W. Kelly's Woodstock Norah; 3d, A. E. Rendle's Compton Gladys. Very high com., J. Grosvenor's Black Pearl, W. H. Tuck's Alice Obo, High com., B. J. Rae's Young Belle, S. R. Hemmingsway's Miss Nance, A. Laidlaw's Laidlaw's Belle, C. Van Vorst Sewell's Helene, J. P. Willey's Beauty W. J. W. Kelly's Woodstock Ruby. ANY OTHER COLOR THAN LIVER OR BLACK, UNDER 28 LBS.—1st, J. W. Kelly's Little Red Rover; 2d, A. C. Wilmerding's Marion; 3d, A. Laidlaw's Don. High com., E. F. Thomas's Wanda T. Puppies: Very high com., E. M. Oldham's Lady Abbot. High com., A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot. Com., A. E. Rendle's Compton Bedouin, W. West's Queen Obo, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Neil, L. R. Hemmingsway's Dunrobin.

CUMBER SPANIELS.—1st, M. Richardson's Newcastle; 2d, M. Richardson's Type.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—1st, Essex County Hunt's Vinegar. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Essex County Hunt's Truman; 2d, Dan O'Shea's Ranger. Bitches: 1st, J. H. Taylor's Lady Stewart. Puppies: 1st, J. H. Taylor's Lady Stewart.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—1st, Sans Souci Farm's Kennels' Ben Nevis. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. Shotwell's Glenelg; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Royboy; 3d, T. Lindsay's Bonnie Scotland. Very high com., J. Watson's Heather. High com., J. Watson's Clipper and J. Van Schaick's Sabiton. Com., J. G. Speed's Liddle. Bitches: 1st, J. D. Shotwell's Lady of the Lake; 2d, J. Watson's —; 3d, Hempstead Farm Co.'s Lass of Lowrie. Very high com., G. H. Whitehead's Lark and M. Harrison's Gem. High com., Associated Fanciers' Beatrice and J. Van Schaick's Olivia. Com., William G. Martin's Jean. Puppies: Dogs: 1st, J. D. Shotwell's Glenelg; 2d, T. Lindsay's Bonnie Scotland. Very high com., J. Watson's Heather. High com., J. D. Shotwell's Glenelg and Argyle Kennels' Toby. Bitches: 1st, J. D. Shotwell's Lady of the Lake; 2d, J. Watson's Lintie. Very high com., J. D. Shotwell's Lady Elita. High com., J. D. Shotwell's Mabel. The Hempstead Farm Co.'s Bonnie and Heather Belle, H. B. McKnight's Annie Laurie, C. K. Buckle's Jessie Dean and Houghton Farm's Phyllis.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Equal 1st, F. M. Brasher's Dalmation Vixen; Argyle Kennels' retriever Black Fess and G. O. Zeller's Leonberg Barry. Very high com., Argyle Kennels' Prince Charles spaniel Charley.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—1st, A. C. Krueger's imported Bannerman. Very high com., Dan O'Shea's Rattler. High com., A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Bush. OPEN—OVER 15 INCHES—1st, A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Little Duke; 2d, W. S. Diffenderfer's Rattler III. Very high com., W. A. Ashburner and O. H. McClure's Blue Cap. Com., A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Trina. Bitches: 1st, A. C. Krueger's Pet; 2d, A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Twinkle. Very high com., O. Green's Mollie V. High com., A. C. Krueger's Victress II; A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Chase. Com., H. Schellhaas's Trinket. UNDER 12 INCHES—1st, W. F. Streeter's Maud. For 1st, 2d, W. F. Streeter's Magnet. Very high com., Dan O'Shea's F. Friend.

BASSSET HOUNDS.—1st, C. B. Gilbert's Bertrand; 2d, Brooklyn Kennels' Jacquis. Very high com., U. B. Gilbert's Canace.

DACHSHUNDS.—1st, Invincible Kennels' Dina; 2d, W. B. Vogel's Kang's Fretzel. Very high com., Associated Fanciers' Judy and C. B. Ludetkin's Foxball. High com., W. B. Vogel's Gretchen. Com., W. B. Vogel's Dina.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: 1st, L. W. Rutherford's Belgrave Priouose. Bitch: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, L. W. Rutherford's Splander; 2d, J. W. Clark's Rustic Flash; 3d, W. T. McAless's General Grant. Very high com., R. Lyon's Richmond Jockey, Cloverbrook Kennels' Scarsdale, A. Boote's Orange Pippin. High com., John E. Thayer's Baby Jack, Cloverbrook Kennels' Earl Leicester. Bitches: 1st, L. W. Rutherford's Cornwall Duchess; 2d, John E. Thayer's Nina; 3d, J. H. Shepherd's Lady Winnie. Very high com., L. W. Rutherford's Warren Winsome, David S. Collins's Geraldine. High com., J. W. Clark's Phantasy, W. B. James's Blossom. Com., Cloverbrook Kennels' Clover Fidget and Clover Bell. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Stevens's Cocaine. Very high com., and reserve, W. T. McAless's General Grant. Very high com., F. Hoy's Nutmeg III. Com., J. W. Clark's Marmon. Bitches: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Flirt. Very high com., and reserve, J. E. Thayer's Polly. High com., F. Hoy's Violet V. White-haired—1st, B. McGregor's Trophy.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—1st, J. E. Thayer's Bellissima. OPEN—Dog: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Romus; 2d, J. P. Barnard's Brinstone. Bitches: 1st, R. W. Livingston's Theophan; 2d, R. W. Livingston's Bellona.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—R. W. Livingston's Grand Duke. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, F. Dole's Count; 2d, T. Blackburn's Judas. Very high com., J. R. Snydam's Jack. Bitches: 1st, T. R. Varick's Little Nell. Puppies: C. A. Stevens's Anthony. Com., Argyle Kennels' Nell. Very high com., H. W. Holmes's Alice.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Over 7 LBS.—Withheld.

IRISH AND ROUGH-HAIRIED TERRIERS.—1st, Dan O'Shea's Nera.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Binnie; 2d, G. G. Cleather's Mog.

BEDFORD TERRIERS.—1st, W. S. Jackson's Sentinel; 2d, D. O'Shea's Wasp. High com., D. O'Shea's Sting.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. L. E. Blauzer's Touzie.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—1st, C. V. Kennels' Bradford Ruby. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Cheq asset Kennels' Young Toby; 2d, Argyle Kennels' Dick. Bitches: 1st, A. H. Moore's Miss Kitty; 2d, Cheq asset Kennels' Lady Flossie. Very high com., City View Kennels' Beauty. Puppies: Withheld.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—OVER 5 LBS.—1st, Argyle Kennels' Ben; 2d, Argyle Kennels' Lillie. UNDER 5 LBS.—1st, Argyle Kennels' Charley; 2d, Argyle Kennels' Sidie.

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE, UNDER 7 LBS.—1st, Miss E. E. Brown's Tamey.

KIN'S CHARLES-PANIELS.—1st, J. B. Reddie's Nellie; 2d, J. B. Reddie's Phou. Very high com., Associated Fanciers' Duke of Edinburgh.

PUENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, W. Phillips's King Victor; 2d, Miss M. Phillips's King Pippin.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—No entries.

POODLES.—BLACK—1st, J. W. Clark's Sabot; 2d, J. W. Clark's Jet II. Com., Miss Graham's Puffey. OTHER THAN BLACK—Withheld.

SPECIALS.

Best kennel mastiffs, Winlaw Kennel. Best kennel rough-coated St. Bernards, Hospice Kennels. Best kennel smooth-coated St. Bernards, W. W. Tucker. Best rough-coated St. Bernard, E. R. Hearn's Duke of Leeds; best smooth-coated, W. W. Tucker's Apollo. Best rough-coated St. Bernard, open class, J. W. Burgess's First Choice. Best St. Bernard under best control, Miss Lulu Balabog's Cesar. Best St. Bernard puppy under 5 mos., E. T. Sprague's Strathmore. Best mastiff under 7 mos., W. S. Johnson's Dread, Jr. Best Newfoundland, D. O'Shea's Bruno. Largest St. Bernard, E. R. Hearn's Duke of Leeds.

PROPOSED DOG SHOW AT BUFFALO.—The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of Buffalo, N. Y., proposes to hold a dog show in that city April 13 to 16. Mr. John Davidson will judge. The show will be managed by Mr. Edward H. Rounds, No. 75 White Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

WORMS IN PUPPIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the benefit of fellow sportsmen and lovers of the dog, I wish to give a little of my experience in doctoring for worms. These pests have been the bane of my most cherished hopes and ambition in breeding fine setters; my choice pups, evenly marked and best of form, were sure to fall victims of these fell destroyers. I have used most every worm remedy with little success, except one, this remedy in most cases proving as fatal as the disease, my pups often dying after the worms were discharged, and on a postmortem I found a high state of inflammation with effusion of blood throughout stomach and intestines. The remedy referred to is Dr. C. McLane's vermifuge, which I think the great panacea for worms, and with which I have had grand success. I am satisfied many pups could be saved by treatment such as here related. Two of a last litter in my kennel, while in fine form and condition, were suddenly taken with spasms, the fits following in quick succession until they were perfectly prostrate and lay apparently unconscious, my hope of saving them was so slight that I ordered my man to chop off their heads to end their suffering. He begged to be excused the unpleasant task, and I confessed I hadn't the courage to do it myself. I had, however, given each a small spoonful of McLane's vermifuge, and as I left for my office I remarked, "Well, let them live, they will be dead before night any way." On my return I found them living, the spasms had ceased, no worms had been ejected and they seemed nearly dead. I poured a little milk punch down each and gave them an injection of warm water, and the result was like magic, a great number of dead and living worms were at once ejected. In less than forty-eight hours they were on their feet, and are living to-day, fine, healthy dogs. I believe if the above remedy was given in small doses when pups are but two weeks old, before these pests get such headway, very few pups would die with worms.

All druggists keep this old standard medicine, and I hope your readers will try it and report results. If you can't get the vermifuge of your druggist, send to Fleming Bros., Wood street, this city, and I will warrant it genuine. I R. S. PITTSBURGH, Pa.

DEATH OF CHAMPION TURK—Editor Forest and Stream: It is with extreme regret that I announce the death of champion Turk. He died quietly in my office on Tuesday last, of heart disease, without a struggle or premonitory symptom. Turk was a thoroughly good field dog on all game, and his many champion honors are evidence of his bench show form. His disposition was amiability itself. The death of Turk will be greatly felt by breeders of black and tan setters, as he was a remarkably good sire and largely bred to. I have not retained any of the progeny of Turk in my possession, but fortunately lately secured the old imported Gordon setter bitch Nell, who is now in whelp to him. Nell has not made any reputation on the bench in this country, but is the dam of Royal Duke, a young dog that has been very successful on the bench for the number of times shown.—H. CLAY GLOVER (March 20).

THE CALIFORNIA KENNEL CLUB.—At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the California Kennel Club on Feb. 4, it was decided to report to the club a recommendation that a bench show be held in this city in May next. A resolution was adopted that any member losing a dog shall advertise same in a daily paper for three days, after which the Executive Committee will take the matter in hand and offer a reward of \$50 for the arrest and conviction of any person stealing a dog, and \$100 for the arrest and conviction of any person who has poisoned any.—San Francisco Call.

THE HEMPSTEAD FARM COMPANY.—New York, March 18.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Hempstead Farm Company, Limited, of Hempstead, L. I., of which I am president, and A. D. Lewis, Esq., of this city, secretary and treasurer, has purchased my entire kennel of collies. It is a company incorporated under the laws of this State, its business being the raising and sale of the higher class of farm products, and the breeding of thoroughbred live stock.—THOS. H. TERRY.

NEW ENGLAND KENNEL CLUB.—Boston, March 24.—Editor Forest and Stream: The entries to the coming show of the New England Kennel Club closed with 625. Many returned coming after the 20th. Everything promises a successful show. The quality of those entered is of the highest standard, and Mechanics Hall a magnificent building with every convenience.—JOHN READ, Supt.

CLEVELAND BENCH SHOW.—The judges are: English setters—B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa. Irish and black and tan setters—Maj. J. M. Taylor, Cleveland O. Pointers—Judge to be announced. Mastiffs. St. Bernards, collies, hounds, fox-terriers, spaniels, and all other non-sporting dogs—John H. Naylor, Chicago, Ill. The entries close April 17.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Mignon. By Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for orange tawny, with white markings, smooth coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 6, 1885, by Hermit (A.K.R. 23) out of Alma (A.K.R. 27).

Laird Duncan. By Stone House Kennels, Woonsocket, R. I., for black, tan and white collie dog, whelped Nov. 16, 1885, by Bonnie MacGregor (imported Rex—imported Dansey) out of Fannie.

King Duncan. By Stone House Kennels, Woonsocket, R. I., for sable and white collie dog, whelped Feb. 6, 1886, by Macbeth (A.K.R. 2718) out of Jumper (A.K.R. 2713).

Leah. By Stone House Kennels, Woonsocket, R. I., for sable and white collie bitch, whelped Feb. 6, 1886, by Macbeth (A.K.R. 2718) out of Jumper (A.K.R. 2713).

Rea Scotia. By Stone House Kennels, Woonsocket, R. I., for black, tan and white collie dog, whelped Feb. 6, 1886, by Macbeth (A.K.R. 2718) out of Jumper (A.K.R. 2713).

McLinton. By Stone House Kennels, Woonsocket, R. I., for sable and white collie dog, whelped Feb. 6, 1886, by Macbeth (A.K.R. 2718) out of Jumper (A.K.R. 2713).

McMahon. By Stone House Kennels, Woonsocket, R. I., for golden sable and white collie dog, whelped Feb. 6, 1886, by Macbeth (A.K.R. 2718) out of Jumper (A.K.R. 2713).

Finny. By Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa., for white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Nov. 28, 1884, by Baunerman (Marchboy—Dew Drop out of Katie (Rattler—Fannie).

Doctor Clyde. By Miss Ida F. Warren, Leicester, Mass., for brindle Scotch deer and dog, whelped Dec. 24, 1885, by Bras (Bruce—Maida) out of Lady Dare (imported Oscar—Ilga).

Stone House Kennels. By Lewis C. Bass, Woonsocket, R. I.

Lawrence Barrett. By Jacob Meyer, Newark, N. J., for brindle and white rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Feb. 11, 1886, by First Choice (E. 14,297) out of Flora II. (A.K.R. 3016).

John McCullough. By Jacob Meyer, Newark, N. J., for tawny and white rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Feb. 11, 1886, by First Choice (E. 14,297) out of Flora II. (A.K.R. 3016).

Clara Morris. By Jacob Meyer, Newark, N. J., for tawny and white rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Feb. 11, 1886, by First Choice (E. 14,297) out of Flora II. (A.K.R. 3016).

Tulip. By Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for stone fawn, black points, pug dog, whelped Dec. 1, 1885, by Young Toby (A.K.R. 473) out of Tantrums (A.K.R. 220).

Montagne. By Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for orange tawny, with white markings, rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Nov. 20, 1885, by Hermit (A.K.R. 23) out of Theon (A.K.R. 94).

Queen Anne. By Jacob Meyer, Newark, N. J., for tawny and white rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Feb. 11, 1886, by First Choice (E. 14,297) out of Flora II. (A.K.R. 3016).

Con. By Walter E. Tooker, Mr. Vernon, N. Y., for orange, white on chest and fore feet, rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Feb. 11, 1886, by First Choice (E. 14,297) out of Flora II. (A.K.R. 3016).

Constance. By Jacob Meyer, Newark, N. J., for tawny and white rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Feb. 11, 1886, by First Choice (E. 14,297) out of Flora II. (A.K.R. 3016).

Louise. By I. H. Roberts, Moorestown, N. J., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Dec. 19, 1885, by Blarney (Bruce—Luray) out of Lady Clara (Elcho—Noreen).

Glenaire. By S. L. Burgess, Meriden, Conn., for red Irish setter dog, whelped June 3, 1885, by Glencho (Elcho—Noreen) out of Red Sue (Joe—Pansy).

Sibyl. By I. H. Roberts, Moorestown, N. J., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Aug. 6, 1885, by Bruce (Elcho—Noreen) out of Creole (Grafton—Meeg).

Pocahontas. Queen Victoria, Queen Elizabeth and Mrs. Langtry. By Jacob Meyer, Newark, N. J., for tawny and white St. Bernard bitches, whelped Feb. 11, 1886, by First Choice out of Flora II. (A.K.R. 3016).

Faddy O'Donoghue. By Robt. Somerville, Chicago, Ill., for Irish water spaniel dog, whelped Dec. 23, 1885, by The O'Donoghue out of Mollie.

Monmouth Chief. By Jacob Meyer, Newark, N. J., for tawny and white rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Feb. 11, 1886, by First Choice (E. 14,297) out of Flora II. (A.K.R. 3016).

BRED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Ashmont Nora—Ninrod. Dwight Holbrook's (Clinton, Conn.) red Irish setter bitch Ashmont Nora (A.K.R. 2875) to W. D. Ferrin's Ninrod, March 5.

Devonshire Queen—Nick of Nuso. Floyd Vail's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Devonshire Queen (A.K.R. 3142) to C. J. Peshall's imported Nick of Nuso (Naso II, E. 13,238—Pittmore, E. 13,175), March 12.

Grace B—Plantagenet. Fred Crawford's (Newark, N. J.) English setter bitch Grace B. (London—Dawn) to Blackstone Kennels' Plantagenet (Dashing Monarch—Crawford), March 3.

Nellie II—Foreman. C. Fred Crawford's (Pawtucket, R. I.) English setter bitch Nellie II. (Count Noble—Rosaling) to Blackstone Kennels' Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairly II), March 3.

Pet Berwyn—Prince. W. Taltman's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) English setter bitch Pet Berwyn (Dashing Berwyn—May Drum) to Blackstone Kennels' Prince (Lord of the Border—Pearl), March 3.

Vall—Bradford. H. Aldrich's (Melrose, Mass.) pointer bitch Nell (A.K.R. 1834) to Dr. H. Kane's Bradford (Bow—Beulah), Feb. 26.

Rosa—Buckley. W. C. Kennerly's (White Post, Va.) English setter bitch Rosa (Dashing Monarch—Leila) to W. A. Coster's Buckley (A.K.R. 30), March 4.

Flora II—Czar. Wm. J. Ehrlich's (New York) smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch Flora II. (Leon—Belline) to Chas. Bassini's Czar (Leon—Jura), Feb. 20.

Ruth—Vera. Wm. J. Ehrlich's (New York) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Ruth (Barry—Bella) to his Nero (Apollo—Diana), March 1.

Rosa—Buckley. W. C. Kennerly's (White Post, Va.) English setter bitch Rosa to W. A. Coster's Buckley (A.K.R. 30), March 4.

Lucy—Blue Boy. Jas. Flare's (St. David's, Pa.) beagle bitch Lucy to W. H. Ashburner & O. H. McClure's Blue Boy (Regent—May), Feb. 26.

Miticide—Blue Boy. Dr. L. H. Twaddell's (West Philadelphia, Pa.) beagle bitch Miticide to W. H. Ashburner & O. H. McClure's Blue Boy (Regent—May), March 1.

Topsey—Treasure. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pug bitch Topsey to Treasure, Feb. 27.

May—Treasure. Geo. Shaffner's (Detroit, Mich.) pug bitch May to Treasure, Feb. 25.

Miss Doonie—Count. E. L. Bailey's (Pittsfield, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Miss Doonie (Doonie—Nancy) to Frank F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3178), March 1 and 11.

Little Nell—Rose. I. H. Roberts's (Moorestown, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Little Nell (Elcho—Rose) to his Bruce (Elcho—Noreen), Feb. 11.

WHELPS.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Nellie. George W. Dixon's (Worcester, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Nellie (A.K.R. 3191), March 14, two (one dog), by R. H. Dudgeon's Dutch, Jr. (A.K.R. 1887).

Flora T. Eugene Taylor's (Lynch's V.) English setter bitch Flora T. (Rebel Wind—Fleeta), March 12, six (three dogs), by W. Henry Colquhoun's Comedy (A.K.R. 2559).

Glossy. N. V. Ketchum's (Savannah, Ga.) spaniel bitch Glossy (A.K.R. 1871), March 14, six (two dogs), by Geo. Noble's Ponto II. (Ponto—Silken Floss), three bitches born dead.

Dorcas. Jos. S. Barber's (Central Falls, R. I.) red Irish setter bitch Dorcas (Glencho—Syren II), Feb. 24, five (two dogs), by Geo. Pinkham's Gold Stone (Adriatic—imported Flora).

Lady F. Dr. W. F. Fontaine's (Milbury, Mass.) pointer bitch Lady F. (A.K.R. 2744), March 1, five (one dog), by Currier's Prince (Waters's Max—Currier's Belle I. I.).

Baby. C. J. Peshall's (Jersey City, N. J.) bull-terrier bitch Baby, March 13, five (four dogs), by Frank F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3178).

Nan. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Nan (A.K.R. 24), March 8, ten (eight dogs), by their Hermit (A.K.R. 23).

Juniper. Stone House Kennels' (Woonsocket, R. I.) collie bitch Juniper (A.K.R. 2715), Feb. 6, eight (four dogs), by their Macbeth (A.K.R. 2718).

SALES.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Bessie Noble—Buckley. Oscar D. Thees's (New York) English setter bitch Bessie Noble (Count Noble—Lady May) to W. A. Coster's Buckley (A.K.R. 30), March 1.

Trinket. White, black and tan beagle bitch, age not given, by Flute out of Queen (A.K.R. 1726), by J. W. Morrow, Southington, Conn., to H. F. Seuffels, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bonnie. Black, tan and white collie bitch, whelped July 11, 1885 (A.K.R. 3109), by Jas. Bulger, Barton-on-Soud, N. Y., to J. D. Shotwell, Babylon, N. Y.

Fudge. Sable fawn, black points, pug bitch, whelped August, 1884, by Young Toby out of Titania, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Chas. A. Leouhard, Newport, Ky.

Montagne. Orange tawny, with white markings, rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Nov. 25, 1885, by Hermit (A.K.R. 23) out of Theon (A.K.R. 94), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Winthrop Jordan, Portland, Me.

Tip. Sable fawn, black points, pug dog, whelped Dec. 1, 1885, by Young Toby out of Titania, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass.

Fidget. White, black and tan ticked beagle bitch, whelped June 9, 1885, by Trump out of Bess, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to C. C. Pyfer, Foreston, Ill.

Trailer (A.K.R. 3235)—Music (A.K.R. 1411) whelps Beagles, whelped Nov. 20, 1885, by H. F. Seuffels, Brooklyn, N. Y., a black, white and tan dog to Mr. Middleton, Jamaica, N. Y., and a black, white, tan and blue pointed bitch to W. A. Staaf, Baltimore, Md.

Bob. White and lemon markings bull-terrier dog, whelped Dec. 4, 1885, by The Earl out of Little Nellie, by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to J. Krupp, Clarksville, Tenn.

General. White and lemon markings bull-terrier dog, whelped Dec. 4, 1885, by The Earl out of Little Nellie, by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to J. Lee Miller, New York.

Doctor Clyde. Brindle Scotch deerhound dog, whelped Dec. 24, 1885, by Ida out of Lady Dare, by Lansdowne Kennel, Denver, Col., to Miss Ida F. Warren, Leicester, Mass.

Glenaire. Red Irish setter dog, whelped June 30, 1885, by Glencho out of Red Sue, by Glencho Kennels, Meriden, Conn., to S. L. Burgess, Meriden, Conn.

Bary. Orange tawny, correct white markings, St. Bernard dog (A.K.R. 2150), by Henry Miller, Stapleton, N. Y., to I. H. Roberts, Moorestown, N. J.

King of Dogs. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Nov. 28, 1885, by Glencho out of Jessamine, by I. H. Roberts, Moorestown, N. J., to W. L. Dean, Hartford, N. J.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

REST SHOOTING.

THERE is a good deal more in rest shooting with a rifle than one at the first glance would suppose. There is no question that it requires skill, knowledge, and a refinement of nerve. If a rifleman will apply the knowledge and experience he may gain at rest shooting to off-hand practice with the rifle, he will become a better shot. Mr. Conlin has introduced rest shooting in his gallery, and many of the crack shots in the city are trying it. It will be seen from the targets below, which are ten shots string measure, that ten shots may be made not measuring over one inch. Those given below show the marvelous accuracy of the human eye, the quality of nerve and the perfection of the gun and ammunition.

Rest shooting is the old time style, and when Mr. Conlin issued his announcement of the new programme he induced one of the New York artists who frequent the shooting gallery to add to the attractiveness of the circular by a sketch of an old-time shooter, no less a personage than Rip Van Winkle, of Catskill goblin fame. Old Rip,



as personated by Joe Jefferson, is here so faithfully pictured that none could mistake him. Had the twenty years of sleep extended to one hundred and twenty, the shooters who gather at Conlin's might have been given the old gentleman coming down the mountains some points on shooting a moose and a deer. The scores were as follows: A 22 short, 100 ft.; shots measured from center to center.

T B Doolittle	13-16in.	D E Marsh	3-16in.
E R Skidmore	15-16in.	L D Huntington	3-16in.
F Schuchardt	15-16in.	Lieut G N Whistler	3-16in.
A C White	15-16in.	S Strobel	3-16in.
Robert Graham	2-3-16in.	N S Ward	3-16in.
W W de Forest	2-3-16in.	Chas Van Bouschoten	3-16in.
S H Hubbard	2-3-16in.	G E Bates	3-16in.
D A Davis	2-3-16in.	W J Darling	3-16in.
Edward Notbagle	3-16in.	Col M L Riggs	3-16in.
A C Neumann	3-16in.	Lewis Darling	3-16in.

BRIDGEPORT VS. NEW YORK.—At the Morrisania Shooting Park, on March 16, teams of eight men, representing the New York Rifle Club and the Bridgeport Rifle Club, met in a match of 15 shots per man, 200 yds., standard target. The day was all that could be desired for good shooting, and the scores of both teams were well up, as will be seen by the schedule annexed. By the old Creedmoor count, the average per man of the Bridgeport team was 65%, and of the New York team 63%, out of the possible 75. The latter is believed to be the best on record under the conditions. If it is not, the Bridgeport Club would like to be apprised of the fact. Bridgeport's high score by Creedmoor count was 71, their low score 63:

Bridgeport.		New York.	
Hubbard	9 9 7 8 8 7 10 9 7 8 8 10 7 9 4-120	Dolan	9 9 6 10 9 7 9 5 7 7 9 7 8 7-117
White	7 8 8 7 9 10 8 7 8 8 8 7 9 8 8-110	Brown	8 9 10 7 7 7 10 6 7 8 7 5 9 6 6-112
Nothagle	10 8 5 8 10 8 5 8 7 8 9 7 7 8 9-117	Case	9 9 3 6 9 5 6 8 7 8 5 10 8 10 8-111
Betts	6 7 7 10 6 5 10 5 9 7 5 9 8 10 6-111	Herrington	8 5 6 6 6 5 9 8 6 8 9 7 5 10-106
Beardsley	7 7 6 6 7 6 9 9 5 6 5 7 8 10 9-107	Duane	7 8 8 8 9 3 5 4 7 5 7 5 10 7 8 10-101
Marsh	7 8 7 5 0 7 7 8 7 7 8 8 7 7 10-107	McInnes	4 6 6 5 9 6 6 6 6 5 6 10 9 6 9-97
Basett	3 6 7 8 10 5 8 5 6 9 8 6 9 8 10-106	Holton	6 6 6 7 6 9 5 9 3 6 7 5 5 10-96
Beers	4 8 7 4 6 9 6 7 7 4 6 7 5 6 9-95	O'Donnell	4 5 6 5 5 8 5 4 6 7 7 5 5 5-84

New York.		Wilmington.	
J R D Seeds, Spg.	404-4	W C Seeds, Bal.	300-3
Edward Melchior, Bal.	333-9	Chris Bauer, R.S.	323-8
J B Bell, Bal.	443-11	T Jones, Spg.	432-10
H Simpson, Bal.	343-10	Robert Miller, R.S.	445-13
C Heehner, Bal.	344-11	W McKendrick, R.S.	444-12
Charles Heinel, Jr., R.S.	404-8	William J. Barnes, Bal.	344-11
William F Seeds, Bal.	444-13	William Bacon, R.S.	355-12
Charles Heinel, Sr., R.S.	445-12	J E Seeds, Spg.	294-9
William Floyd, Spg.	414-12	D A Greer, Spg.	030-3
C Heehner, Bal.	444-12	J E Seeds, Spg.	514-13
William F Seeds, Bal.	445-13	Chris Bauer, R.S.	223-7

WILMINGTON, Del., March 17.—A pleasant day, with scarcely any wind, made every condition favorable to the success of the rifle matches at Schutzen Park to-day. There was a good attendance both of visitors and participants. There were 18 participants in the first match, at which the prizes were distributed according to score classes. The following is the score in full at 200 yds., out of possible 15. Lieutenants Floyd and Jones were each allowed 1/2 point as members of the militia:

J R D Seeds, Spg.	404-4	W C Seeds, Bal.	300-3
Edward Melchior, Bal.	333-9	Chris Bauer, R.S.	323-8
J B Bell, Bal.	443-11	T Jones, Spg.	432-10
H Simpson, Bal.	343-10	Robert Miller, R.S.	445-13
C Heehner, Bal.	344-11	W McKendrick, R.S.	444-12
Charles Heinel, Jr., R.S.	404-8	William J. Barnes, Bal.	344-11
William F Seeds, Bal.	444-13	William Bacon, R.S.	355-12
Charles Heinel, Sr., R.S.	445-12	J E Seeds, Spg.	294-9
William Floyd, Spg.	414-12	D A Greer, Spg.	030-3
C Heehner, Bal.	444-12	J E Seeds, Spg.	514-13
William F Seeds, Bal.	445-13	Chris Bauer, R.S.	223-7

A fine opportunity is offered those who are fond of target shooting at the series of rifle matches which are being held at Schutzen Park. They take place every Wednesday afternoon, and will continue the rest of this month and probably next. For those who take part the entrance fee ranges from 25 cents up, which made into a purse is divided into several prizes. Any rifle is allowed except those with hair triggers, with a fair allowance for military rifles. The equitable feature of awarding the prizes according to score classes gives an inexperienced marksman a fair chance of winning a prize. A fine angle of 200 yds. and the regulation Creedmoor target are used.—W.

P. FENNING, a member of the Zettler Club, died of quick consumption last week. Mr. Fenning was widely known as an expert rifle shot, and was much esteemed for his personal qualities.

BOSTON, March 20.—The riflemen met at Walnut Hill to-day. The attendance was very good, and the weather conditions, aside from the rain and fog, were fair. Captain Souther and Captain Davis chose from among the riflemen present and shot a team match, in which the former won.

Victory Medal Match.	
W F Tufts	7 10 7 5 6 10 9 9 9 9-81
R Reed	10 8 10 9 9 4 9 10 5 9-83
H Joseph	6 6 7 5 6 8 8 8 10-75
R Davis	6 6 9 9 9 6 8 8 7 6-74
A L Brackett	7 10 8 10 7 7 4 4 9 9-75
J N Frye	5 8 5 7 7 9 10 10 9 5-71

Decimal Off Hand Match.	
A C White	8 7 7 9 7 9 10 16 7-85
E B Souther	7 8 9 9 7 5 9 7 10 7-83
J P Bates	6 5 3 10 9 8 6 4 4 8-63

Rest Match.	
G W Whitcomb	9 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10-69
G H Brook	9 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10-68
R Dadman	10 10 10 10 10 10 9 10 10-97
D Webster	10 7 10 10 10 10 9 10 9-92
W Allston	8 8 9 10 9 10 10 10 8-92

Practice Match A.	
C B Edwards	6 10 9 5 6 9 10 9 10-83
H B Aiken	6 10 9 5 6 9 10 9 10-83
L N Antana	9 7 10 8 8 9 5 6 7 8-77
A L Brackett	7 7 5 8 8 7 8 5 4 8-67

Special Military Match.	
W Charles	6 9 8 6 7 10 10 7 5 6-75
J B Fellows	9 8 5 8 9 5 7 6 8 5-73
H Cassam	7 9 8 6 5 9 6 8 7-71

Special Team Match—Capt. J. S. May.	
W Charles (mil.)	8 8 5 9 7 6 5 5 10-75-78
C B Edwards	8 10 8 9 7 6 7 6 10 5-78
E B Souther	6 8 9 4 6 7 5 10 6 10-71
F Carter (mil.)	8 7 9 6 4 6 8 4 6 6-77-71
N F Tufts	7 9 5 9 6 8 7 9 6 4-70
J B Fellows (mil.)	6 7 8 6 4 5 8 6 3 4-65-433

Captain Davis.	
A L Brackett	7 10 7 8 8 7 9 9 6 6-79
A C White	7 6 7 8 6 9 9 6 10-74
R Davis	6 7 7 6 9 9 9 6 10-74
R Reed	6 7 6 9 9 4 5 9 6 7-70
H B Aiken	7 9 7 6 8 6 8 9 6 7-69
H Whittington	2 9 3 6 4 9 6 8 5 6-59-422

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—In answer to the request of several correspondents we reproduce in full the scores made at the Brattleboro vs. Springfield match of the 23d ult. The Rod and Gun Club sent Lieut. McDonald to Brattleboro to see that they had a fair show in the graphic shooting match between the two teams. J W Smith was sent from Brattleboro to see the demoralization of the Massachusetts men. The new standard Human targets were used. The scores of the two teams are as follows:

Brattleboro (Vt.) Rifle Club.	
W M Farrow	7 8 10 8 10 7 8 8 10-85
G H Reed	7 10 8 10 8 10 7 9 9 8-85
A W Nichols	6 7 10 9 10 5 10 6 6 6-73
H M Wood	6 9 10 9 6 7 6 8 6 5-74
A S Nichols	6 6 8 10 6 7 8 6 9 7-73
H C French	4 8 6 6 9 9 6 6 10 9-73
T Hannon	6 8 6 7 4 10 7 9 7 7-71
C L Cobb	7 6 5 5 8 10 8 10 6 6-67
A E Knight	6 8 9 6 5 5 8 5 7 7-67
G H Sargent	9 9 9 7 7 6 9 6 8-65-735

Rod and Gun Rifle Club.	
H K Cooley	5 8 8 6 9 5 8 10 9 5-73
T B Wilson	5 8 7 7 9 10 6 6 8-72
R T Hare	9 9 5 5 7 7 7 7 8 6-70
E T Stephens	9 6 6 7 8 6 9 6 6 6-69
M W Bull	9 6 7 5 9 3 5 5 9 6-67
Z C Talbot	8 6 7 5 8 7 6 6 5-64
J A Wilson	5 5 5 6 9 3 6 6 7-63
L H Mayott	5 5 5 6 9 3 6 6 7-63
T T Cartwright	7 6 4 6 6 6 5 8 7 4-59
S K Hindley	4 5 4 2 6 7 9 5 2 2-46-845

After the formal score the Springfield men shot a trial score, and with one man missing reached:

E T Stephens	10 9 9 8 10 9 9 8 10 8-88
S K Hindley	10 7 10 6 9 10 9 10 7-87
Z C Talbot	10 8 9 9 10 10 7 9-82
T T Cartwright	7 6 10 7 10 10 8 10 5-81
T B Wilson	8 8 8 7 10 10 6 8 7-80
H K Cooley	8 8 8 7 6 8 9 7 5-75
James Kimball	6 6 6 7 7 10 7 5 8 5-69
J A Sterling	7 6 9 4 9 4 9 6 4 10-68-713

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., March 18.—The 50-shot match between L. H. Mayott, S. K. Hindley and T. T. Cartwright, of the Rod and Gun Rifle Club, of this city and members of the Topeka (Kan.) Rifle Club, was shot to-day by the local marksmen. The Topeka Club will shoot to-morrow. The day was perfect for rifle shooting and the American off-hand target was used for the first time. The marksmen are planning several other 50-shot matches. The scores were as follows:

T T Cartwright.	
5 9 10 8 7 6 7 6 7 9-73	
10 9 10 7 5 8 6 4 10 5-75	
8 10 9 7 4 8 10 9 8 7-80	
8 9 9 5 8 7 8 6 8 7-75	
6 5 8 5 9 9 7 10 6 7-73-375	
9 8 10 4 6 9 5 4 5 9-69	
3 8 6 6 6 6 6 8 8 6-63	
9 9 7 3 6 6 1 6 6 4-64	
5 8 4 10 9 5 6 5 5-63	
10 5 9 8 8 7 9 10 3 7-74-337	
7 10 5 7 4 10 7 7 10 6-73	
5 6 9 5 9 5 9 6 9 6-66	
7 10 6 8 8 4 6 7 10 6-72	
5 5 6 5 10 5 8 6 6 5-69	
5 6 6 7 4 3 5 3 10 7-50-320	

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., March 11.—The regular weekly shoot of the rifle club occurred this afternoon at their range on the East side. The conditions were 200 yds., off-hand, possible 100. The score was as follows:

Marshall	7 10 10 10 7 6 8 4 5 10-80
Morgan (mil.)	5 9 7 6 7 10 8 10 9 5-77
Weeks	8 8 5 8 7 10 10 9 8 4-77
Jones	6 10 7 7 8 8 7 7 7 8-75
Bush	4 8 8 9 4 6 10 8 10 7-73
Cooley	4 8 7 6 6 7 7 8 5 6-60
Gibbs	9 8 7 7 5 4 4 2 7 10-60

WORCESTER, Mass., March 12.—The following scores were made at the weekly shoot in the Record match of the rifle club at the Pine Grove Range:

White	8 9 6 6 9 10 10 7 10 7-83
Gray	9 5 7 7 9 8 7 6 6 8-72
Norman	9 3 6 10 6 7 7 3 4 6-66
Jones	4 5 6 6 5 8 4 7 2 5-52

In practice shooting White scored 83 and 81, Norman 74 and 70, Jones 68 and 61.

SPECTRE RIFLEMEN.—Cincinnati, March 15.—The case of Fred Kohl against Henry and Rudolph Bleistein for shooting with intent to kill was called in the police court to-day and developed some interesting testimony, showing that a communistic order of riflemen exists in this city, of which the two defendants are members. This group, as it is called, consists of twelve members and meets every other Sunday for rifle practice. The treasurer of the club testified that there were no books kept by the commune in order to prevent any identification of the members; also that there were 500 to 600 of these "groups" in the United States.

LAKE LOOKOUT, Mass., March 18.—The Rod and Gun Club shot a telegraphic match with the Kansas City Rifle Team at the range here this afternoon. The match was shot at the request of the latter club, they selecting three men from the Springfield team to shoot against three of their own. The day was perfect and the attendance fair. The rules gave each man 50 shots. The local result was as follows: T. T. Cartwright 874, L. M. Maycott 338, S. K. Hindley 330; total 1,083. This was the first of a proposed series of telegraphic matches.

SARATOGA, March 19.—Notwithstanding the bad weather a fair number of the members of the Saratoga Rifle Club appeared at the Glen Mitchell Range to-day and took part in the regular monthly shoot. The slight wind prevailing came from the northeast. The snow storm made the light very poor. The conditions included the Massachusetts target, distance 200 yds., off-hand. The score:	
Wm B Gage	12 11 10 11 12 9 10 11 12-109
Wm H Gibbs	11 9 10 10 11 11 10 11 10-103
J N Crocker, Jr.	10 10 10 11 11 11 10 8 12-102
H M Livingston, Jr.	9 10 10 10 10 10 7 11 12-98
R C Fonda	10 8 7 6 7 12 10 11 10 8-89
W F Howard	11 7 9 8 9 10 10 11 10-88
A L Hall	7 6 6 10 9 12 9 11 8-87

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

WELLINGTON (MASS.) GUN CLUB.—March 12.—Match at 5 blackbirds.	
Wardwell	11011-4
Snow	11011-4
Stanton	11011-4
Swift	11011-4
Crosby	11011-3
Schaefer	11011-4
Whiteman	11011-4
Wilson	11011-4

Ties—Wardwell, Snow, Sanborn and Adams, first; Hutchinson, second; Swift and Curtis third.

Match at 5 clay birds:

Wardwell	11111-5	Curtis	11111-4
Snow	11111-5	Sanborn	11111-4
Stanton	11111-5	Adams	11111-5
Swift	11111-5	Mitchell	11111-4
Crosby	11111-5	Hutchinson	11111-4
Schaefer	11111-5	Whiteman	11111-4
Whiteman	11111-5	Short	11111-4
Wilson	11111-5	Holden	11111-4

Ties—Wardwell and Adams, first; Curtis, second; Shumway, Schaefer and Snow, third; Swift and Wilson, fourth.

Match at 5 clay birds:

Adams	11011-4	Short	11111-4
Wardwell	11011-4	Mitchell	11111-4
Snow	11111-5	Whiteman	11111-4
Crosby	11111-5	Hutchinson	11111-4
Shumway	11111-5	Sanborn	11111-4
Schaefer	11111-5	Moore	11111-4
Swift	11111-5	Whiteman	11111-4
Stanton	11111-5	Holden	11111-4
Curtis	11111-5	Wilson	11111-4

Schaefer first, Swift second, Wardwell third, Whiteman and Holden fourth.

Match at 5 blackbirds:

Wardwell	11101-4	Hutchinson	11100-2
Adams	11111-5	Short	11111-4
Crosby	11101-3	Curtis	11000-2
Snow	11101-4	Mitchell	11101-4
Shumway	11101-4	Sanborn	11101-4
Schaefer	11101-4	Moore	11100-3
Swift	11101-4	Whiteman	11100-3
Stanton	11101-4	Holden	11100-3
Curtis	11101-4	Wilson	11100-3

Ties—Swift first, Sanborn, Hutchinson and Wardwell second, Short, Holden and Bradstreet third, Stanton fourth.

Match at 5 clay birds:

Wardwell	11101-4	Wilson	11110-4
Adams	11111-5	Short	11111-4
Crosby	11101-3	Sanborn	11101-3
Snow	11101-4	Hutchinson	11101-3
Shumway	11101-4	Whitemore	11100-0
Schaefer	11101-4	Curtis	11100-2
Swift	11101-4	Moore	11100-2
Stanton	11101-4	Whiteman	11100-2
Holden	11101-4	Bradstreet	11101-3
Schaefer	11101-4	Ellsworth	11101-3
Curtis	11101-4	Wilson	11101-3

THE NEW YACHTS.—Work is going on rapidly with both of the new yachts, and they will, in all probability, be finished in good time. The Atlantic is now planked up with trunk completed, and deck frame, clamps, ceiling, etc., in place. Work on the sails, rigging, joinerwork and ironwork is going on at the same time, so that all will be ready when the hull is ready for launching. Similar progress has been made on the Mayflower. Lawleys are busy with the moulds for the hulls, and the hatch box is ready for the hulls. The rigging, the frames of Mr. E. A. Ford's yacht, is ready for the hulls, and the

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

XVII.

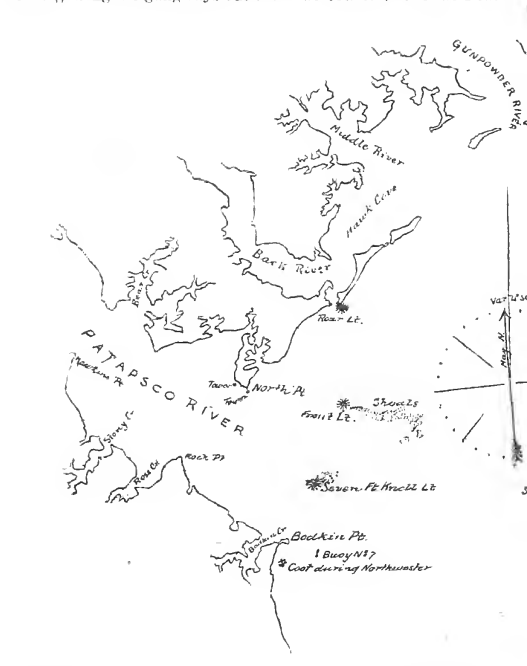
THE Coot was the only one to fetch to windward across the mouth of the Patapsco. But this feat was attended with a risk of being swamped, and scores of hair-breadth escapes from being rolled over in the tripping sea. Prudence would have counseled going round with the smack to the northward for the land west of Pool's Island, but having underestimated the capacity of the Patapsco, that river was well open before I rued the venture. Having started in, however, the Coot proposed fighting it out to the last moment. Matters could not have been so bad had the boat not failed in windward qualities in rough water, and the extreme all that has been said against shoal, beamy craft in critical situations. The wind was blowing N.W. by N., yet the best the Coot would lay was W. S. W., or seven points from the wind. The chart will show that, from black buoy No. 1, below Pool's Island, where the reefing was done, such a course would have led well under shore in smooth water up to North Point, the opening of the Patapsco, and given me the choice of anchoring under a weather shore. But to such an extent did the Coot chop off in the sea that she made good nothing higher than S. W. by S., or nine and a half points from the wind. This was not very efficient and would easily have been surpassed by a keel boat of the cutter kind, to say nothing of the total immunity from capsizing. Finding the Coot falling to leeward so fast, I made a short hitch or two up to the land, but these availed so little that she was finally put at it across the mouth of the river for a smooth on the weather shore to the southward. This took the boat far outside of Front Range Light, of Craigall Channel, and even below the Seven Foot Knoll Light, exposing her to the full brunt of sea and wind, and worst of all, carrying her plump across the 5 and 6 ft. lumps on the Front Shoal.

Everything went tolerably well till the shoal was reached, though the boat had to be carefully watched, as she was knocked down time and again till the water rushed in over the cockpit coaming. She had to be luffed and sheet let go by the run to save her from falling over. Headway, which was scant at best, would be lost altogether and sternboard threatened. Until fresh way was gathered the peril was imminent. Control by the helm was at all times none too certain, owing to the pitching and the way the boat was lifted bodily to leeward by the sea. As the Front Shoal was approached the waves grew very short, steep and hollow, and they alone seemed quite capable of rolling the Coot wrongside up, but for the most vigilant and assiduous watching. What with luffing to these menacing seas, it can be imagined the probabilities of fetching across the river did not to be encouraging.

The northwester also brought with it a frigid temperature. It was not long before I grew numb with the cold. Sea after sea dashing barrels full aboard and buckets of salt water into my face, down my big rubber boot, down my neck and up my sleeves, assisted to make the situation trying to the last degree. The cockpit was speedily afloat and the bilge water sloshed about above the cabin floor in an ominous way. The Coot was settling and becoming dull. My fingers had frozen and steering had to be done with one arm, the sheet often slipping from my grasp, as strength began to give way. Loose ice was driven out of the river and a raft of huge logs which had got adrift above compelled so much extra exertion to keep the boat from pounding holes into her badly wounded sides that I contemplated giving up and letting her drift to an improvised sea anchor till I could pump her clear, warm up below and study the chart, being wholly unacquainted with the pilotage of the sands in the river and not knowing for what I was pointing.

The eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay had in the meanwhile loomed up so prominently, and having no harbors into which the Coot could be maneuvered as a last resort, that idea was abandoned. With the bucket water was bailed out at odd times from the cockpit, though it continued to gain down below, the weight in the lee bilge giving the boat a list to add to other troubles. Once across the shoals and clear of the drift ice, the sea assumed an easier face; but the wind blew down with hurricane strength. The little patch of a close-reefed sail, only 12 ft. on the head and four hoops high on the mast, was more than the yacht could stagger under any longer. Some further reduction had to be made at all hazards. Watching for a lull, sheet was let go after luffing as much as the boat would answer to, and I scrambled forward to the mast, letting go the throat till the jaws of the gaff settled down on the boom, the slack canvas belling out to leeward and almost whipping out of the bolt rope. She plunged stem under, the seas pouring up to the cabin house and rushing along the gangways out over the counter. Just as I cast a

look aft, I saw to my consternation that the last one had floated the handsome mahogany tiller out of its slot in the rudder-head, and with a few uncertain jumps it was tumbling over the quarter. I made a plunge aft and grabbed for it into the icy waters up to my armpits, but without avail, for the tiller was never seen again. The yacht had now got sternboard on her and was falling off fast into the trough of the sea, giving several fearful lurches, which heralded her probable doom unless she could be brought up again. Luckily an old tiller had come with the boat. It was towed in the run. Hereafter I not a thought had been bestowed upon its existence. Now its whereabouts flashed upon me in an instant. A quick dive was made into the cabin between two seas and the invaluable article was fished out in the nick of time, everything else saved in the run being tossed helter skelter on the cabin floor. The tiller, a tough stick of oak, fitted the slot snugly and answered the purpose admirably. The Coot was soon under control. Then a strap was hastily passed around the stock of the main and jib and the boat and the "no-lance reef" thereby perfected, nothing but the peak showing, and that lit her up sitting well and doing its duty even better than the regular close reef.



Troubles were not over. The yacht had backed over the skiff, canting her till she filled and sank unsway to. The oars, a fine pair of 6 ft. spruces, floated away, and clumsy ash substitutes rose before my vision. The Coot was again luffed, the skiff pulled up and lifted on the quarter. This too had to be done between seas. Hastily she was turned up on her side on the Coot's weather rail and plumped overboard again, after which the skiff rode the seas like a bird. Matters were now as snug as could be, barring the ever increasing water in the bilge, the coil, and my exhausted condition. The wind shrieked and whistled and even under nothing but the peak, laid the Coot in to her house, so she required constant bawling, but in the deepening water the seas were more regular. It seemed like an age before the Seven-Foot Knoll light was brought on the Coot's weather beam, one mile distant. What the light meant and the maze of buoys through which we drove I knew not at the time. Black and red spars alternated in apparently inexplicable confusion, the chart being out of reach in the cabin, and I being too cold and used up to care about anything except fetching into the shore ahead, where I spied out the spurs of many schooners and puffers seemingly anchored in comfort under some sheltering point. For these I made, gradually smoothen-

ing the sea, a relief which came none too soon in the condition the boat and I then found ourselves. Slower than a snail the Coot closed in with the shore, and to my great joy ranged in under a low sand spit projecting into the river and breaking the force of the gale.

Summoning what command of motion I had left, the chart was brought out from the cabin. It was held between the clenched fists, use of the fingers having long ago departed. Even in the arms there remained scarce power over the muscles. A black buoy was passed close aboard and this I took to be No. 7, on the edge of the 12 ft. sand spit shown on the chart below Bodkin Point, the southern cape of the Patapsco River. Then I realized thoroughly how far the Coot had brought up to leeward of her true course, for she had originally been headed up for Stony Creek, five miles higher. That is to say, in the distance of ten miles from buoy off Pool's Island to anchorage, the Coot had made five miles of leeway! For seven hours I had stood up to the stick, except as noted above, exposed to the freezing north west gale and drenched to the skin. We sailed in among the puffers and buckeyes, badly waterlogged, boat and myself, but the tribulations of the day were coming to an end and I did feel some satisfaction at knowing that the 20 ft. Coot had stamped a 40 ft. smack and 27 ft. sloop and made her southings for the day which the others did not. Heads poked out of the cabins of the other vessels with curious glances at the cat, a strange rig in those parts, for she had been watched for hours in her desperate strife. The crews aboard working vessels know by experience what a small craft is like in heavy weather, and they understood what the Coot had gone through. Some waved their hats, others received me with broad grins of approval, one skipper hailed, "Glad to get in, ain't you, Cap?" I tried to answer, but beyond a chattering of teeth I could not bring forth a sound and my neck was too stiff from constant peering ahead, so I could not even reward him with a nod.

Sailing inside of all, both anchors were let go to 25 fathoms line, the sail was bunched in some fashion, for a moment I watched the boat to see if the anchors had nipped and then dove below and started a full head on stove, to shift for dry togs while coffee and supper were cooking. The sun had just set and the light shone out from the beacon towers. With the bearings of these and my soundings, I knew for certain that the yacht had made a lee in 2 fathoms under Bodkin Point, bottom sticky. For two days more the gale hung on with great fury, from exactly the same quarter. Not a vessel cleared out from the company. Toward dusk of the third day the wind veered to the northward, and fell rapidly away. The clouds broke, a glorious calm night of quiet succeeded and the mercury rose to agreeable figures.

The third night passed under Bodkin Point was one of quiet, though not without its anxiety, for the Coot lay unprotected from north round to south, and in the event of a fresh gale from the eastward following in the wake of the northwester just blown out, the boat would have had to clear out and make for Bodkin Creek around the point, or try for Magdalen River, four miles down the coast. It was my custom



throughout the cruise to close reef the sails before turning in, and learn from the charts precisely what to do. This night the full moon shown out clear, which would have facilitated an escape. Nothing transpired, however, to disturb peaceful slumbers, though it seemed to be the regular programme at this season for one rule to follow close upon the heels of another, with scarce any respite. In fact, I never experienced such a succession of storms from all quarters as during this cruise. This may be exceptional in a winter of exceptional severity like the past one, or it may be the nature of the Chesapeake latitudes, situated in the belt of transition from cold to temperate winter climates. At an early hour the surrounding fleet of working vessels lifted their anchors and proceeded to the forestal of the schooner below from which they had been forced through stress of weather. Among them, it should be noted, was a genuine example of the yawl rig on the San Francisco plan, that is, with a jib-headed mizzen. The tendency toward the principles of the yawl rig is very marked in the Chesapeake.

Numerous styles can be strictly classed as "ketches," in which the mizzen is stepped forward of the rudder post instead of abaft as in the out-and-out yawl. The buckeyes in general are expressions of the ketch and yawl, differing from the yachtman's acceptance of those terms only in details, but scarcely in principle. Concerning the handiness of these rigs I much cannot be said in their favor. The forestal of the schooner becomes the main sail, to which the mainsail proper is subsidiary, being well aft and much the smaller of the two. A buckeye will handle tip top under any combination. She will stay under the large forestal alone, or under forestal and jib, or under mainsail and jib, though the forestal is always the driving canvas of the boat. Thus the rig of the buckeye offers the choice of cat, sloop or schooner, and is effective in all cases. The sails being jib-headed, have no gaff, and but one halliard each. For simplicity and adaptability the arrangement surpasses anything I know of where a very large area of sail in proportion to length is not required. The buckeyes, being like huge canoes, need only a modest display, not more than from one-half to two-thirds that of beamy or deep vessels, otherwise gaffs would be indispensable to secure the necessary area without too lofty spars and narrow triangular cut. One special feature in the buckeye rig is the great rake given to the masts, even in excess of that of the old time schooner. This rake is a great advantage, because breadth of sail is preserved by the con-sequent large angle between luff and leech at the head. The angle which the luff makes with a perpendicular is often the same, and in some cases even greater than that of the leech. In running free, however, the booms refuse to square off in light winds, and guys from forward are brought into aid. Under such perfect control is the long canoe-like buckeye that Mr. Weed, of New York, often works his 60x44 ft. boat in and out of creek without assistance of any kind. In places the channels were not wider than twice the boat's length, with a lee running tide and the wind fickle at that. The sloop finds little backing in the open waters of the Chesapeake, the long boom being a source of danger running before the sea, and always a clumsy shipmate. Several which I met had double head sail and quarter lifts, showing that cutter influences had spread to these parts. Among the yawling fleet the yawl is likely to become popular, owing greatly to its practical and very successful introduction by Mr. Moriis, an ardent follower of the sport, hailing from the St. Michael's River, and known to your readers as "Sneakbox."

LICENSES FOR SMALL LAUNCHES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In two recent numbers of the *Scientific American* I have noticed answers to inquiries relative to the licenses required for steam launches. That journal is evidently of the opinion that launches under five tons measurement require no licenses, either for boat or crew. I am the owner of a 20 ft. launch propelled by a Shipman oil engine, and I have been informed by both the Shipman Engine Manufacturing Company and the Customs officer at Socus Point, that the ordinary yacht license is required. Also that there must be a licensed pilot and engineer aboard. Now, as the Customs officers are not always posted in yachting matters, and as small single-hand launches are rapidly coming into favor along the great lakes, it would be a matter of considerable interest to many yachtsmen and pleasure seekers to know exactly what the regulations require. I am not permitted to run my launch on Great Sodus Bay until the boiler has been tested by the supervising inspector and a license issued by the local board. Of course I never use her for other than pleasure purposes, and then only when lack of breeze keeps my sailing yacht at her moorings.

The *Forest and Stream* settled a controversy between yachtsmen and the Revenue Department in relation to commissions for sailing yachts, and here seems to be another question equally important and equally complicated. If you can help us out of this dilemma you will have conferred a great favor upon sportsmen generally and I especially upon.

CALVIN P. H. VANT.

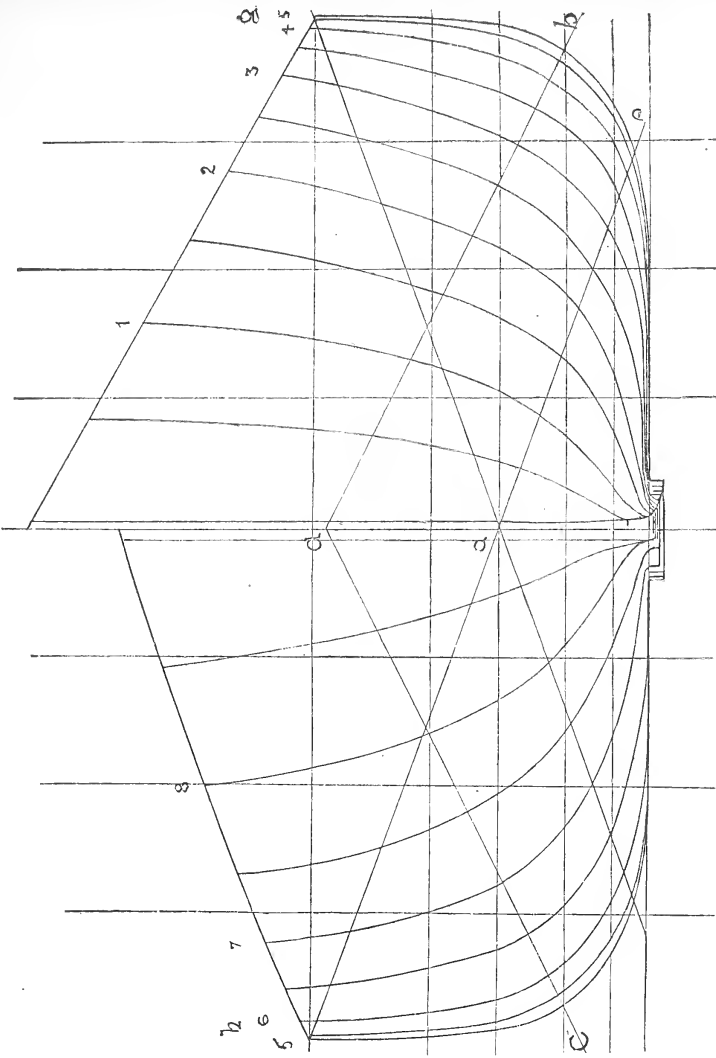
[Under the present laws all steam vessels, of any size whatever, and used for trade or pleasure, must be regularly inspected in hulls and boilers at least once a year, and a certificate of such inspection must be given. She must also carry a licensed engineer and a licensed pilot, each having passed an examination as to his competency and



received a license for one year. We published lately the text of a bill now before Congress, amending the law in favor of launches and small yachts, but which has not yet passed. No special license is required for small yachts other than the proper inspection papers for hull and boiler and license for engineer and pilot.]

YACHTING NOTES.—Romeyn, sloop, Mr. Chas. W. Wetmore, has had her name changed to Isult, and is now enrolled in the S. C. Y. C. ... Polynia, steam yacht, Mr. W. H. Starbuck, has had her name changed to Tillie, the old Tillie, lately sold to C. H. Osgood, being now the Talleman. The lengthened Tillie is now 17 ft. over all, 15 ft. waterline, and 302 tons register. Her freeboard is now 15 in. greater, owing to the added displacement amidships. ... Viking, steam yacht, S. J. Tilden, will go into commission by May 20. She is wintering at New London. ... Wanda, steam yacht, Wm. Woodward, has had her mainmast shortened 6 ft. ... Halcyon, schooner, Col. J. G. Paine, is now for sale. ... Phantom, schooner, E. V. R. Thayer, has been sold to G. Griscom Haven, of New York. She will be towed to New York at once, and will sail under the N. Y. Y. C. flag. ... Coronilla, schooner, E. A. Thorp, has been sold to Tarrant Putnam, and will be enrolled in the Larchmont Y. C. ... She sailed from Boston on Friday last for New York. ... Radha, steam yacht, J. M. Seymour, was run down by a schooner, while at anchor off Hospital Point, Norfolk. No serious damage was done. The loss will fall on the schooner, the C. Phillips, of Bridgeton, N. J. ... Vivid, sloop, formerly Curlew, has been sold by W. W. Tompkins to T. N. Motley, who will give her new sails and race her this season. ... Queen Mab, catboat, will be raced this year by E. L. Burwell, who has bought the interest of his fellow owner, Dr. Litchfield. ... Lurline, steam yacht, J. M. Waterbury, has been greatly altered at City Island by David Carll. Her sides have been raised, giving a flush deck, and a long counter added. ... Vishnu, schooner, lately sold by Hodgkins & Shepherd to Dr. C. B. Kenney, of Brooklyn, has been rechristened Clara. Her new owner will cruise on the Maine coast this summer. ... Eleora, steam yacht, has lately been fitted with new steam steering gear. ... Stella, sloop, has a new and larger rig. ... Dreadnaught, schooner, has had her planking stripped at Port Jefferson, and will probably be rebuilt. ... Gracie, sloop, J. P. Earle, will have her sides raised this spring. ... Lilian, sloop, J. Fraunce, has taken out her trunk and added an iron keel of 1,300 pounds. She has also received a new wheel. ... Clu, schooner, has had her masts shortened 4 ft. ... Hope Leslie, steam yacht, has been built at Bath, Me., for Capt. Wm. Minor, Bar Harbor Y. C. will be fitted out for a cruise abroad. ... Felama, E. M. Brown's new steam yacht, is well advanced, and will be ready for the water soon. ... Rita, A. T. Bliss, has discarded her centerboard for an 18 in. keel, including 200 pounds of iron, and will change her name to Bohemian. ... The lines of Putnam and Griscom have lately been taken from the molds in the N. Y. Y. C. collection for the officers of the Naval Bureau. ... Haverhill, Mass., a new catboat, 21 ft. long, is building by J. Goodell, and also a sloop by G. W. Moulton for E. J. Harris, of Bradford. The latter is 30 ft. on deck and 25 ft. loadline. ... Dreadnaught, sloop, has had a long counter added. ... Williams, of City Point, has her keel cut building for Mr. Scanlon plank-dug. She is 23 ft. on deck, 2 ft. 9 in. waterline, 8 ft. beam, 4 ft. 2 in. draft, with 2,800 pounds of iron on keel and 600 pounds inside. The catboat is 10 ft. long and 14 in. high at sides, with 6 ft. beam under lift. The lift of mainmast is 23 ft., boom 26 ft., gaff 18 ft. The boat is intended for cruising. ... Eddy, of East Boston, is building a sloop for the Neptune Association, to be 37 ft. over all, 33 ft. waterline, 13 ft. beam, 3 ft. 10 in. draft. ... Captain Jake Schmitt is building, at his shop at Tompkinsville, S. I., an open boat, the Jas. T. Carthy, 27 ft. over all and waterline, 11 ft. beam and 3 ft. draft. ... Work has commenced on the new steamer for W. B. Vanderbilt, at Wilmington. ... She has a long string of victories in the East. ... Laurena, steam yacht, has been sold by A. L. Downing, of Concord, to J. H. McGrady, who will refit her completely. Mr. McGrady has lately sold the Firefly, steamer.

ULIDIA—Fais 10-tonner has been sold to Mr. Edward Paddelford, who will bring her across this season. She is now having a new mast at Wicombos.



Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CANOEISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

"NO BALLAST" CANOE VESPER.

THE utility of some ballast and of boats built to carry it is generally admitted when open water sailing is in question, but there are some locations where a totally different type of boat has come into use, and has found great favor at the expense of the heavier ballasted craft. This has been the case particularly at Albany, where canoeing is confined to the Hudson River, with occasional excursions to neighboring streams of a similar character. The boats first used by the Mohican C. C. were of the Shadow and similar models as built a few years since, but for three years the club has displayed great activity in the hunt for improvement, and besides the sail and fittings generally known by their name, they have devoted much attention to the question of model.

Under the directions of several of their members Mr. Rushton has built a number of boats for the club, some of which have proved very successful. In these the builder was responsible for the model, only building in accordance with the owner's suggestions, but during this past winter some of the club have taken up the matter more thoroughly and have produced several designs for canoes specially adapted to their waters and uses. The accompanying design, by Mr. R. W. Gibson, master of the Snake, is now being built from, Mr. Rushton having two boats on the stocks, one for Mr. Gibson and one for ex-Com. Oliver. Every effort has been made to secure a light boat, and it is expected that the Vesper will weigh not over 75 pounds. She will have an Atwood board, like the Snake, as her owner is well satisfied with it after trial. Her dimensions are:

Length over all	15ft. 6in.
Beam, extreme	30in.
Beam at L. W. L.	30 in.
Draft, excluding keelson	4in.
Draft, including keelson	5 in.
Freeboard, bow	14 in.
Freeboard, amidships	5in.
Freeboard, stern	11in.
Sheer, bow	8in.
Sheer, stern	6 in.
Rake, sternpost	2 in.
Weight of hull, about 85 or 75lbs., if built specially light.	
Crown of deck, about	2 in.
Diameter mast tubes	1 3/4 in. tapered to
Diameter mast tubes	1 1/2 in. about 1 in.

STATION.	HEIGHTS.		HALF-BREADTHS.										Diag. a.b.c.
	Deck	Rab't	Deck									Keel.	
				10in.	6½in.	4½in.	2½in.	1in.					
	Ft. In	Ft In	Ft. In	Ft. In	Ft. In	Ft. In	Ft. In	Ft In	Ft In	Ft. In	Ft. In.		
0	18 ⁴	0	0 ¹	0 ¹	0 ¹		
1	15	0 ⁴	6 ¹	5 ³	4 ⁵	4 ¹	3 ⁷	1 ²	0 ⁴	5 ⁵			
2	12 ⁴	0 ²	10 ⁵	10 ²	9	8 ²	6 ⁷	4 ⁵	1	9 ⁶			
3	11	0 ⁷	13 ⁴	13 ³	12 ³	11 ⁵	10 ²	8 ³	1 ²	12 ⁶			
4	10 ²	15	15	14 ⁴	14 ¹	13	11 ³	1 ⁴	14 ⁷			
5	10	15 ²	15 ²	15 ²	15	14 ²	12 ⁶	1 ⁴	15 ⁷			
6	10 ²	14 ⁶	14 ⁶	14 ³	13 ⁷	13	10 ⁷	1 ³	14 ⁷			
7	11 ³	0 ¹	12 ³	12 ²	11 ⁴	10 ⁴	8 ⁶	5 ⁷	1 ¹	11 ⁶			
8	13 ²	0 ²	7 ⁶	7 ¹	6	5	3 ³	1 ⁸	0 ⁷	6 ⁶			
9	16	0 ⁴	0 ²	0 ²	0 ²			
Foreside stem from station 0			0	0	0 ¹	3 ⁴	7 ¹	14			

FIXTURES.

- May 1—Brooklyn C. C., Challenge Cup and Paddling Race.
- May 15—Brooklyn C. C., Sailing Race.
- May 22—Knickerbocker C. C., Spring Regatta.
- May 29—Connecticut Meet, Calla Shasta Grove.
- June 12—Connecticut Meet, Paddling Race.
- June 20—Connecticut Meet, Paddling Race.
- July 10—Connecticut Meet, Paddling Race.
- Aug. 7—Connecticut Meet, Paddling Race.
- Sept. 4—Connecticut Meet, Paddling Race.
- Sept. 18—Connecticut Meet, Sailing Races.
- Sept. 25—Connecticut Meet, Challenge Cup.

A CHALLENGE FOR THE CUP.

THE secretary of the New York C. C. has lately received the following letter from the secretary of the Royal C. C.:
11 BUCKINGHAM STREET, LONDON W. E. March 8, 1886,
Chas. J. Stevens, Esq., Secretary New York C. C.:
SIR—The Royal C. C. begs to enter for the challenge cup of the New York C. C., in accordance with the conditions contained in your letter of Jan. 19, the date of the race to be fixed at a time most convenient to the N. Y. C. C. after the A. C. A. meet. I remain, sir, yours truly,
T. G. F. WINNER, Secretary R. C. C.

THE A. C. A. TROPHY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My letter in your issue of March 11 was not in answer to one in your issue of March 4, signed "S." nor was it suggested by that letter. It was merely my view of this trophy business, and as "S." has got several wrong impressions from it (see his letter in last week's number), I will try to clear up a point or two. 1. To be constitutional this trophy must be a donation to the A. C. A., flags only are offered as prizes by the A. C. A. It must be for a special race and it must come to the Regatta Committee for approval and adjustment. This is not the way the matter now stands, and I claim it is unconstitutional therefore. The Regatta Committee is responsible for all racing matters, and they report to the Executive Committee. If the Regatta Committee accept the trophy when it comes into their hands and arrange a special race for it, and decree that it shall become the property of the winner, and the Executive Committee agree to this, then it will be constitutional and no one can object—except on the ground of establishing a bad policy, which objection I will make and "S." will support me. 2. "By having any claim on the trophy," I meant simply, any say in what it is for, or what it should be and what should be done with it—and certainly only subscribers to it have any right to express an opinion till it is finally put in the hands of the Regatta Committee, when any A. C. A. member has the right to express an opinion. Remember, it must be a donation for a special race to be offered at all, and it can't be donated till it has an existence. This explanation of my meaning of those seven words makes it unnecessary to reply to five paragraphs in "S.'s" letter, one of which did pain me a little—suggesting my not having read the resolutions of the Executive Committee. I do not agree with the last paragraph of "S.'s" letter, for I do believe the \$300 trophy to be a good thing, only it must never become the property of any canoeist, it would surely turn his head—over the stern, and his canoe would run foul of something in short order.
C. BOWYER VANCE.

A PLEA FOR THE HEAVY CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Late numbers of the *Canoeist* have contained articles on large canoes. Similar articles have appeared in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, all of them casting discredit on such craft.

As the owners of these "despised" canoes, and a member of a club, the majority of the sailing members of which believe in such craft for their purposes, I claim permission to say a few words in defense.

In the first place it may be well to ascertain why the members of the Toronto C. C. first built such canoes and still continue to do so. In 1881 we found our then canoe too small for our rough waters, and decided to have something larger. Looking around for information, we found the following in a price list issued by W. P. Stephens, then one of the leading canoe builders. In describing the Pearl, he says: "Besides racing, her owner has cruised in her through the season, and she is thus far the best canoe built for racing and open-water sailing. She can sail in water that no other canoe would venture out in, and is the best boat for the great lakes and the bays and sounds of the Atlantic coast." The writer of the foregoing may have altered his opinion on this subject, but if so, it seems strange that in his late work, "Canoe and Boat Building," he should give such prominence to descriptions of the first-class canoes. About two years ago, the *FOREST AND STREAM* had an editorial of nearly a page on Pearls, praising them highly. Now I am still quite satisfied with such canoes. If I ordered a new canoe to-morrow, she would be—not necessarily a Pearl of the 1881 model—but a large canoe with a heavy centerboard. Mr. Stephens's assertion that such canoes are best for the great lakes is correct. Some of our members have built other canoes, lighter and without heavy boards, but they have since either changed to a heavy board or are no longer doing so.

Now I have to air a grievance that I personally feel very strongly about, and in which I am generally supported by our members. It is this: If large canoes are such thoroughly unserviceable craft, both for cruising and racing, why is it necessary to continually decry them in both of the official organs of the A. C. A.? And why is it necessary in arranging the race programme to single them out from other canoes by making rules which either bar them out altogether or handicap them? In 1884 and '85 prizes for average record were given for the purpose of finding out what was the best all round canoe, and yet our canoes were—in '85 at least—practically barred from one of the record races, and handicapped in another. Our canoes are built to sail with ballast. They need it to bring them down to their true water line, and yet we are not allowed to use it against men—some of whom at least consider it a detriment.

In the March *Canoeist* Mr. Tyson has a letter editorially commented on in a way which is strongly reprinted by one of the members of the Toronto Club. Canoeists of these boats are not so tolerant, but I am sorry to say that such has not been the case in the past, and certainly the organs of our sport have not shown a good example.

In the T. C. C. sailing races last season ten canoes took part; five had heavy boards, the others light boards or lee boards, and three of these regularly carried ballast. One of the five has just bought a new heavy centerboard canoe, and two more will either put in heavy centerboards this season or get new canoes that have them. I consider that such canoes are popular in Toronto, and that they are increasing in number.

Gliding now in hand for a Montreal gentleman a very fine double C. B. canoe. Both boards are to be of brass, and the forward one will weigh 50 pounds. The owner and his three sons intended joining the A. C. A., but when the rules as to C. B. canoes were shown him, determined to wait and see how his canoe was to be treated this season.

If any of the A. C. A. crack sailors sent a challenge to a heavy C. B. and ballast man, such as Messrs. Tredwen or Powell, would they think of stipulating that their opponents should sail with a 15-pound board and no ballast? I don't think they would; but if such was done, the challenged person would be quite likely to demand that if he

accepted such conditions he should also have a race in his way, viz., both to sit on the floor of the canoe.

The A. C. A. have Class B for sailing canoes. Such canoes are clearly defined in all particulars; then let each man—so long as he remains within such rules—sail his canoe in the way which he considers best. Surely the men who have lately been crying out for recognition for larger craft than the present A. C. A. rules allow, must feel that we have a greater grievance than they have. Our canoes are within the class, yet at the last meet we found, out of three races, that we were allowed in one on even terms; practically barred from the second, and handicapped by limited sail area in the third. I do not so much object to the 75 ft., but I do object very strongly to the light board and no ballast rule.

The *Canoeist* goes on to ask—almost in a triumphant sort of way, as if a favorable answer could not be given—if cruises have ever been made in such canoes. I remember reading in the *London Field* that Mr. Tredwen paddled his Pearl on the Thames something like 10 miles in a day. Possibly some of our readers may be able to quote the exact statement. I think such a statement proves that these canoes can be paddled at a fair rate of speed. As to cruises, I am proud to be able to say that such canoes can be used for cruising quite as effectively as, for instance, the Marion B. Equipped for a cruise such a canoe as the Sapphire of our club (or even the old Boreas) will get over in a day quite as much water as the canoe mentioned. When her board is out she will weigh no more, possibly less, and in transportation by steamer there will not be the slightest difference. Members of our club have attended every meet since '81, and in the question of transportation there has been very little difference between the lightest and heaviest canoes of our fleet. During the past season five of our canoes cruised in company for nearly three weeks on Lakes Muskoka, Joseph and Rosseau. Three of us had heavy boards and two light boards; in sailing the heavy boards had the best of it, and in paddling there was no material difference. We cruised all the time; only once did we spend two nights at the same place. We slept in our canoes, hauled out on shore or anchored out. One of the party insisted on doing this anchoring business nearly every night; strange to say, his canoe was fitted with an Atwood board. The whole trip was so enjoyable, it may be taken for a certainty that if our club is not well represented at Grindstone in '86 it will be because the pleasant memories of our Muskoka trip have caused us to go to that canoeist's paradise again.

I doubt if any canoe club in America did more genuine cruising in 1885 than was done by the members of the Toronto Club. One member was four months under canvas, using his canoe every day; another ditto for two months, many for a month, others for two or three weeks, and so on.

Since 1881 a great many changes have taken place in canoes, but none so marked as the gradual increase of size. The canoes now most popular—the 15x30's and so on—are just about as large as a modern Pearl. Solid boards are also being put in; even old hands are following Mr. Tredwen and putting in two boards. It's quite possible we may see these boards get heavier—quite probable if our English visitors should win any races. In the meantime let each man use the canoe that suits him best, and don't abuse him because his views differ from yours.
RICH NEILSON.

A. C. A.—Mr. F. M. Sinclair, Brooklyn C. C., is an applicant for membership. Com. Rathbun has sent out the following circular: DEAR SIR—The interests of the Association were benefited so much last year by the publication of the list of cruises made by different members, it is desirable to continue the record, adding to same each year. Please enter below the cruises you have made during the past year and concerning which you are willing to furnish information upon application, and return this circular to yours truly, F. S. RATHBUN, Commodore A. C. A., Deseronto, Ont. The regatta programme will soon be ready for publication. It will not differ materially from that of last year.

VESPER B. C.—A meeting of this club was held on March 11. The secretary in his report called attention to the increasing importance of canoeing in the club. A new 15 ft. canoe has been added to the club fleet, making two canoes for club use, besides a large fleet owned by individual members. The officers elected are: President, Paul Butler; First Vice-President, A. G. Swapp; Second Vice-President, Gerard Beman; Secretary, E. F. Hemenway; Treasurer, R. F. Brazer; Directors, C. P. Nichols, F. W. Howe, J. P. Battles; Auditing Committee, C. F. Coburn, C. H. Hooke.

HARRISBURG C. C.—This club celebrated their first anniversary on March 1, the programme which we lately published being carried out, making a very pleasant entertainment. The following officers were elected: Commodore, Will W. Sayford; Captain, George C. McFarland; Vice Captain, Martin W. Fager; Secretary, Bert E. Melly; Treasurer, Charles S. Snyder.

THE CANOE EXHIBITION.—Mr. E. W. Brown has charge of the manufacturers and builders' exhibit at the coming Canoe Exhibition. Builders desiring space for their goods should address him at No. 4 Bowling Green, New York.

SHATTENUC C. C.—This club gave an entertainment on March 23 at the residence of one of the members.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. P. C., San Louis Obispo.—The woodcock nests in trees.
E. H. R., New York.—We cannot recommend any special make of boat.

T. L. S., New York.—Write to W. Graham, Newtownbreda, Belfast, Ireland.

H. T. B., Altout, Ill.—Hickory is not suitable for boat work, oak is much better.

H. L. Q., Yonkers, N. Y.—The A. C. A. dues are \$2 per year. Initiation fee \$1.

Geo. WENSTER, Hamilton, Ont.—Ulecosote is made by H. F. Taintor, Pearl Street, New York.

R. S. V. P., Paterson.—Multiply one side of the sail by one-half the least distance to the opposite angle.

H. C., North Ferrisburgh, Vt.—The sail should be triangular, 12 ft. on foot, 15 ft. on luff, and 18 ft. 6 in. on leech.

L. Menominee, Wis.—Unless the bitch is well grown would advise you not to breed her until her second season.

W. D. A., Montclair, N. J.—There is no one who makes canoe aprons for sale. Pith helmets can be had at any large hat store in New York.

HIPPIAS, Boston.—The crown of deck is measured at midships. The length of the beam is laid off on a board and a circle is struck that will give the required round.

V. D. BACON.—We have had no experience with the patent hoists, but they are recommended by those who have used them. There are several "Hard Oil Finishes" in the market, but only a glossy varnish will stand the weather.

A. H. H., Woodstock, Va.—I send you by mail head and leg of a bird I shot yesterday. Please tell me what it is through your paper. Ans. The bird is a coot (*Fulica americana*), which belongs to the rail family, and is abundant throughout North America.

PQT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

London Truth says: Here is an advertisement from the *Cork Constitution*. Is it not monstrous that thousands of sea-gulls should be made victims of fashion and woman's whims? Wanted—1,000 dozen sea-gulls; 4s. per dozen for clean birds. "William Kinmonth, egg and poultry merchant, Western Road, Cork."

The authorship of "The Old Canoe," which has been so often attributed to General Pike, is now ascribed to a young man from Pittsburg named Shepherd, who some years ago drifted to New York and became an occasional contributor to the press of that city. He is said to have given high promise as a poet, but died early, leaving only a few fugitive pieces as his legacy, and these not always easy to identify.

The Italian Ministry of Agriculture has just undertaken an interesting experiment. Half a million of fish eggs were artificially hatched, and the young brood has been distributed all over the center of the Lake of Como. If the experiment succeeds fairly well, it will be taken up on a large scale, and the department will undertake the restocking of the Italian waters. Efforts will be made immediately to revive and extend the rearing of lobsters.

A naturalist in the West has concluded either that owls are without memory or that they do not mind going about with owl traps fastened to their legs. He set a trap to catch an owl, and it mysteriously disappeared. He set a heavier trap, and caught in it an owl which had the first trap attached to one of its legs. The phrase "stupid as an owl" seems a fitting reflection upon a bird which would set about making a collection of owl traps in such a manner as this.—*Harper's Weekly*.

The death is announced of Count Emeric Sommsich, a Hungarian magnate, who was known in society for his extraordinary hatred of horses. This aversion amounted to a real hippophobia, and it obliged the Count many years ago to throw up his commission in the army. The Count died at an advanced age on his estate in Slavonia. He was a distinguished agriculturist, an excellent landlord, and on all subjects but that of horses, asses and mules a man of sound judgment. He would not allow any animal of the equine kind to come upon his lands, so that visitors who rode or drove to see him had always to alight at his park gates. He himself for many years used a vehicle drawn by trained deer, but latterly he went about his estate in a carriage with a team of oxen. His horror of horses is said to have been innate, as there was no accident in his life to account for it.

At the winter meeting of the Colorado Press Association recently held in Denver, Mr. Thomas F. Dawson, one of the most prominent newspaper men of Colorado, read a paper on "Personalities in Journalism," in which he had the following sensible words to say to his professional brethren: There is one particular phase of personal journalism that deserves especial attention. I refer to the habit which editors have of abusing one another in their respective papers. What shall we say of it? Not that it is often right or wise, certainly. Yet there are few reminiscences of the press which are so interesting as those of family or professional quarrels. There are few American cities which have not been the scenes of encounters between rival editors, growing out of these little pleasantries. It was George D. Prentice who, when he received the card of his rival on the Louisville *Democrat*, said to the messenger: "Tell the gentleman I'll be down as soon as I can load my pistols." They had been indulging in some slight uncomplimentary remarks about each other. It was Horace Greeley who said in the *Tribune*, referring to some slur in William Cullen Bryant's *Evening Post*, "You lie, villain; you know you lie." It was Park Benjamin who, in the early days of New York journalism, called the elder Bennett by such pet names as obscure vagabond, infamous blasphemous, loathsome slanderer, leprous libeler and venomous reptile. Judge Noah also spoke kindly of Bennett as rascal, rogue, cheat, liar, nuisance, bandit, villain and turkey buzzard, while James Watson Webb considered him "an unprincipled slanderer, a wretch and a moral leper, who published a worthless, vile sheet, and who ought to occupy a cell at Sing Sing." But, for that matter, we have enough of personal journalism of our own without going back to the time of the ancients for illustrations. But does the fact that it is a thoroughly established custom make it a wise custom? Is it not a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance? A smart thing gotten off by one editor at the expense of another is always appreciated by the public in general, but the man who fills his paper one day after another and one week after another with vilification and vituperation—who devotes his columns to epithets directed at a contemporary—becomes, well, to say the least, a bore. The other fellow may be able to stand it, but you do not get any of your income from him and the public, from whom you derive your living, grows weary and disgusted and people are apt to fall into the habit of calling editors fools. On the other hand it is human to strike back and there are few of us who are angels and people should not judge too harshly.

"The fault we partly may confute,
But know not what's resisted."

Often we do not say half we might—half we might tell the truth. The best way is to keep out of newspaper fights as long as possible, but when once in them it is right to hit as hard as you can, always remembering that it is facts and not words that count. The man who is best armed in journalism, as in war, is least annoyed. It is all right to hit the heads that need hitting; to fight the good fight and fight it hard. Serve your conscience and your people. Davy Crockett's rule—"Be sure you are right, and then go ahead"—is the best precept in a few words.

OVER ONE MILLION of Mex have held the accident policies of the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn., and over one in nine have received cash benefits on them.—*Adm.*



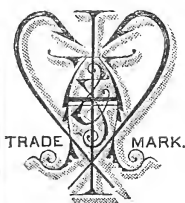
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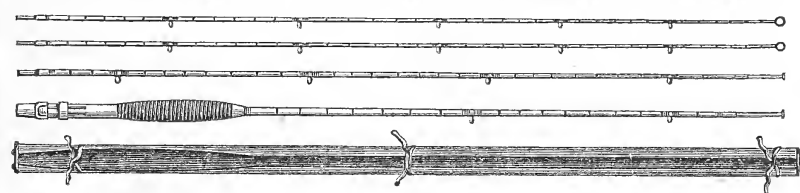
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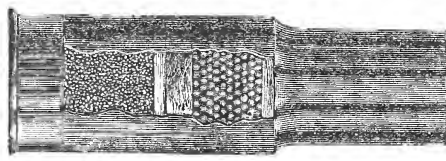
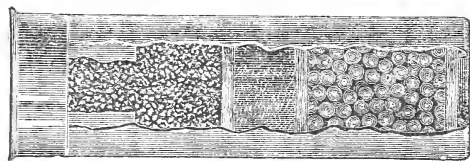
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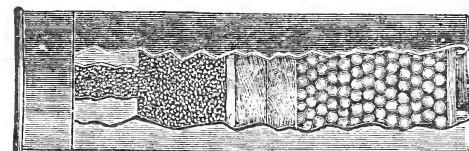
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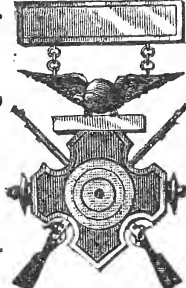
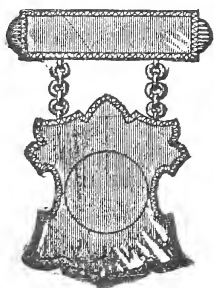
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Sire, Champion Lovat—Dam, Champion Jenny. Champion Pig Dog, whelped May 14, 1882; silver fawn, with perfect black trace and mask, extraordinary wrinkle and double-curved tail, with very small, compact body, weighing only 13 pounds. Winner of 49 prizes, cups and medals, including championship, Crystal Palace, Jan., 1885; 1st, Cincinnati, 1st and medal, Toronto; 1st and special, Philadelphia (May and Oct.); 1st and special, New York, 1886; and the city of many winners. Fee \$25. Puppies for sale. CITY VIEW KENNELS, Box 1,304, New Haven, Conn.

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MACBETH (A.K.R. 2718). Fee \$10. One of the best young dogs in New England; sable, small white. BONNET MAO GR-GOD, fee \$15. By imported Rex ex imported Daisy; a Royal Highland specimen; black and tan.

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Hartford Kennel Club

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Entries close Friday, April 2, 1886.

For premium list address

A. C. COLLINS, Secretary,

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DOGS,

At Second Regiment Armory,

March 30 and 31, April 1 and 2, 1886.

Entries close Saturday, March 13, 1886.

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One of the finest Druid bitches in America. Big breeder. Going out of dog business reason for selling. Address H. Box 223, Hackensack, N. J.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1886.

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RAILROADS IN THE PARK.

THE Yellowstone National Park is a beautiful reservation which belongs to the people of the United States. Each citizen has in it certain rights which are equal to those of every other citizen. At various times in the past, individuals and corporations have endeavored to secure in this public reservation certain exclusive privileges, which cannot be enjoyed without detriment to the rights of others. Such attempts to infringe upon the rights of the people have hitherto been prevented. A bill now before Congress, and favorably reported by both Houses, gives to a private corporation the right to build a railroad through this Park. The building of a railroad means introduction of settlements, destruction of the forests, driving off of the game, interference with the natural wonders of the reservation. Even more important than this, it means the building of other railroads in the Park, so that the natural beauty of the region will be utterly destroyed forever.

We believe that the people will not submit to this. We believe that this continent is long enough and broad enough to accommodate its population without encroachment on this little spot, which has been set aside as a park, in which every American man, woman and child, and the children of our children, have an equal right.

The bill granting the right of way to a railroad through the National Park has been sent back by the Senate to the Committee on Territories, to which all matters concerning the Park have hitherto been referred. This committee knows something about the Yellowstone Park, and may be expected to take an intelligent view of the matter. Senator Manderson, we are quite sure, understands the situation, and the deep interest which he is known to feel in the Park justifies the belief that he will give the subject a thorough investigation.

The report of the House Committee on Public Lands, who reported a substitute for the original House bill granting this right of way, is almost precisely similar to the Senate Committee report on which we commented last week. The two documents furnish abundant internal evidence that if they were not prepared by the same hand they were at least inspired by the same head, and that the information which they purport to contain came from one source. The same foolish and untrue statements are made in both, the same testimony quoted and the same conclusions drawn. The projectors of the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad seem

to have prepared both reports, and both are so weak as to show conclusively that no good reason can be furnished for asking for the railroad.

The fatuity of the statements made is utterly incomprehensible. It is distinctly affirmed that there are no objects of interest, nor any timber, nor any game along the line of this proposed railway. Now, every one at all familiar with the Park knows perfectly well that on the line, as proposed to be run, there is at least one great body of timber along the East Fork; that Soda Butte Springs, an exceedingly interesting group, which flows an effervescent mineral water, are directly on this line; that the fossil forest, a locality unequalled of its kind for interest and extent anywhere in the world, is on the line where the proposed railroad is to run; that one of the most important bands of bison in the Park ranges between Slough Creek and Specimen Ridge, or in other words on both sides of the proposed railroad line.

It will not be forgotten that about a year ago, when the report reached Livingston that the Vest bill had become a law, there was a rush of land claimants from that town into the Park, and that one of the first claims taken up was Soda Butte Springs. It will also be remembered that it was stated at the time that plans had been laid by which all the great body of timber on the East Fork would be taken up by a corporation. These steps sufficiently indicate that there are some people who believe that there are objects of interest, game and timber, in the region through which this railroad is to run, and this may furnish a hint as to the eagerness of its projectors to obtain their right of way.

There is good reason for believing that a railroad cannot be built through the Third Cañon of the Yellowstone. This great trough is about 800 feet deep, and is cut out of rock which is in part volcanic and in part granitic. Its sides are in many places almost vertical, it is tremendously rough, and if it be practicable to build a roadbed through it, this can be done only at vast expense. This may not be known to the projectors of the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork scheme, but it is the fact.

On the whole it seems probable that these people desire to obtain a right of way for their railroad in order that they may be able to take up under cover of this grant certain extremely desirable locations within the Park, from which after three years' occupancy—when, the railroad not having been built the right will lapse—they can only be expelled with great difficulty.

It is curious and interesting as showing their methods of work, to note the attempt made by this corporation to get all that they can in the way of a grant. The House bill, introduced and referred Jan. 7, 1886, provides that unless the road be constructed and in running order within one year from date, the franchises granted by the act are hereby declared to be forfeited. The Senate bill, introduced Jan. 11, declares that unless the road be completed and in running order within two years, the right of way shall be forfeited. And the third bill, recommended Feb. 23, 1886, by the House Committee on Public Lands, and favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Railroads, provides that the right of way shall be forfeited unless the road is completed within three years. Given a session of reasonable length, and these people would introduce bills enough to give them a quarter of a century in which to complete the road. This would, perhaps, be equivalent to a twenty-five years' lease of Soda Butte Springs and the fossil forest, to say nothing of other points of interest.

One more point deserves attention—a point which bears directly on the whole question of railroads in the Park. Section 3, after declaring that the right of way shall be forfeited after three years in case the road shall not be completed within that time, continues:

Provided, That the grant hereby shall not be held or construed as exclusive, so as to prevent the allowance of the locating other roads along the valley or route adopted under this act, under such grants and regulations as Congress may make and provide and the courts equitably administer.

This clause is susceptible of more than one construction. It may either mean that other railroads are to be permitted to penetrate the Park, or it may be a practical nullification of the time limit on the building of the road. It was probably introduced with a double purpose. Those who framed it can point to it with an air of conscious virtue as evidence that they are not monopolists, that they ask for no exclusive privileges; and if the bill passes and the road is not completed within the time specified in the act, they can then form another corporation, have another bill passed giving it a right of way over this line, and can then turn over the property of the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railway Company to themselves.

The Park grabbers, as we have abundant reason to know, are shrewd. They will bear a lot of watching.

WHY NOT WAIT?

WE have come to the flayed end of another winter. The earth's white carpet is worn to shreds, and nature is making ready to weave her a new one of green, with all sorts of flower patterns that ought not to "fail to please the most fastidious." Some of the bluebirds have escaped the guns and snares of the milliners' collectors, and are with us again, the return of the robin has been announced, and the song sparrow is tuning up his pipe for the spring concerts. The crystal hatches will soon be off the streams, and the fishes will once more get a look at the sky, and at the angler, who is now beginning to overhaul his tackle in anticipation of the opening day of the season.

The ducks and geese and snipe and shore birds will presently be on their way to northern breeding grounds, and too many sportsmen are making ready to give them a most inhospitable greeting as they pass or tarry for a few days of rest. Too many sportsmen will be ready with the old and poor excuse for this wrong doing, "If I do not shoot them, some one else will," which is worth nothing, for it is not at all certain that some one else will kill the bird that you spare, and that it will not go safely to its breeding ground and return to pay ten fold interest in the fall for the lease of life you have given it. You would recoil with horror from the thought of killing a doe heavy with young, for you are an honorable and conscientious sportsman. And yet, all the females of these birds of passage are carrying eggs more or less developed, the hope of the abundant continuation of their species. And your example is worth something, as every man's is, yours perhaps worth far more than another's. If you did not get shooting in the spring, it is not unlikely that some one else would stay at home, simply because you did.

Another excuse and a no better one is, "If we do not shoot ducks and geese and snipe in spring, we shall have no shooting till summer woodcock shooting comes," which ought not to come at all. Why not wait till autumn for sport worth having, and concerning which one need have no qualms of conscience? Is not sport, like love, "the sweeter for the trial and delay?"

Let the gun rest for a few months longer, and then when the steel blue skies of autumn endome the bluer waters and the varied hues of frost-painted woods and russet marshes, you shall reap your reward if it is no more than the consciousness of having faithfully done your duty. It is sometimes nobler sportsmanship to spare than to kill. Assuredly it is so at this season.

SHALL SELFISHNESS WIN?

THE citizens of this State are awaiting with much solicitude the action of the Senate at Albany with respect to the bill repealing the anti-hounding law.

The principles involved are clearly defined; the issue is well understood. The advocates of the repeal at first posed as philanthropists, desirous only of preserving the deer from the market pot-hunters, and contending for the privilege of hounding, only that the deer might be made "shy" and their salvation from the still-hunter thereby assured. The shy theory has been exploded, and by the hounders perforce abandoned. The market still-hunter has been proved a bug-aboo and the hounders have practically given him over. From concealment behind one false pretense and another they have been driven to finally avow their true purpose to be present gratification of their own desire to hound deer.

The issue is one between individual selfishness and public-spirited concern for the true interests of the State. The question for the Senate to decide is whether it will grant to the hounders temporary gratification by permitting them to put the dogs on the trail and exterminate the deer, or whether the deer shall be preserved for the people of the State, a perpetual source of wealth and public benefit, to be used and enjoyed in any manner compatible with its wise conservation.

On the side of the present wise law is public economy, present and future. On the side of repeal of that law are improvidence and selfishness. Between the two the Senate ought not long to hesitate. The bill to repeal the law should not pass. Selfishness should not win the day.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPORTSMAN, of which the first paper in the series is given in our Shooting columns to-day, will cover experiences in New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Virginia, North Carolina, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Texas. They are written by a gentleman whose wide acquaintance among sportsmen will make these reminiscences doubly interesting.

A BIRD PROTECTIVE BILL.—That rising young statesman of Franklin, Mr. Floyd J. Hadley, introduced in the New York Legislature on Tuesday a bill to prohibit for five years the killing of "any bird of song, or any linnet, bluebird, yellow-hammer, yellowbird, thrush, woodpecker, catbird, pewee, swallow, martin, bluejay, oriole, killdeer, snowbird, grosbeak, bobolink, phoebe bird, humming bird, wren, robin, meadow lark, or starling;" but especially exempting from this protection the English sparrow. The effect of the bill is to forbid the killing of certain birds, as the robin and meadow lark, which are at present legally regarded for a month or two as game birds. It is a pity that Mr. Hadley's bill had not taken the form of the one recommended by the American Ornithologists' Union, but even in its present shape it will do good by calling attention to the growing evil of indiscriminate bird slaughter. If the graceful eloquence of that old practical hunter of forty years' experience, Mr. Palmer, the silver-tongued orator of Clinton, is not heard in support of this bill, we are much mistaken in our man. It is hoped, too, that Mr. Barnes, of Essex, may for the moment arouse himself from the contemplation of his diseased cat on the back fence, and make a sturdy fight for the birds.

SPITTING ON SHOT FOR LUCK.—Our correspondent, "Bedford," relates that when he was a boy in Middlesex county, N. J., it was considered the proper thing to spit on the shot for luck, just as an orthodox bait-fisherman spits on his bait. We never heard of this before, though familiar with some of the other more or less superstitious but commonly accepted beliefs and rites connected with loading a gun effectively.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SALMON FISHING IN SWEDEN.—II.*

"THE prince of good fellows is Baron Oscar Dickson." So shouted I as I finished reading a polite little note from him, generously placing his far-famed salmon river—the Åtran—at my disposition for the first half of July, 1885. Stockholm was getting hot and becoming deserted; most of my friends had already betaken themselves to their summer villas, and I was longing for the green fields, the salt sea breezes, and the foaming *fosses* of the west coast. So this kind invitation of the Baron was, of all things in the world, just what I most wished for.

I took the night train from Stockholm to Gothenburg. Next morning at 8 o'clock I was on board the superb steamer Halland, coasting southward through the labyrinth of rocky islands that form the Swedish Skärgård. At noon we came inside the stone piers of the snug harbor of Warberg, and after a hasty lunch at the hotel, I jumped into an ancient but comfortable, and no doubt honorable carriage, and rattled away over the rough stone flagging of the village streets.

Soon we were driving through the green fields of the open country.

It was a warm, still, hazy, lazy summer's day, this 2d of July, 1885. The blue Cattegat lay sleeping to the right. The tall winter rye moved slowly and majestically in the soft breeze, larks soared from the meadows and poised on high, with quick-beating wings poured out their little souls in song, the driver beat time with his cracking whip, our little northern ponies trotted sturdily along the dusty highway, and I dozed away on my comfortable seat and fell into sort of a half sleep, through which I saw everything as in a dream.

I awoke as we rattled into the pretty little village of Falkenberg.

Here was my gaffer, Carl Nilsson, in the street. He greets me with a pleasant smile and "lots o' salmon, nobody been fishing here for over a week."

We drive directly to the old inn of the town, Gästgärdsgården, these inns are called all over Sweden, but I should laugh to hear any of my brother readers of the FOREST AND STREAM try to pronounce that word.

I jumped into my fishing costume as quickly as possible, put together my rod, and was on the river bank with Carl at 6 o'clock.

Selecting a small "butcher" from my fly-book, I carefully whipped the stream. No rise in the upper pool, none in the next. In the middle pool at the second cast, ah! the flash of silver out of the depths, the bright splash of spray on the surface, the line tightening in a moment, the whizz of the reel as the line runs across stream, and the leap, leap, leap, of the silver-shining salmon himself, as thrice repeated, he jumps three feet into air near the further shore. Ah! that is what causes the blood to tingle in the veins, again brings back the zest of life in all its keenness.

The salmon was fresh run from the sea and gave good play, but his bright pearly side showed above the wave at last. I drew him in close to the shelving shore, and Carl flung him high on the bank.

Carl hooks my pocket scales into the lip of the fish, raises him up. I lean over and look at the index. He weighs just eleven pounds.

In the lower pool I took another salmon, and on the opposite shore three more.

At 10 o'clock we rowed down stream in the ruddy glow of the northern twilight, with five salmon gleaming in the bottom of our little skiff.

Next morning Carl called me at 3 o'clock, but in these high latitudes it was already bright day. We took a hasty cup of coffee, and at 4 I was casting the fly. The salmon rose well. I landed seven before 9 o'clock. Then we pulled home to breakfast.

The sky was clear, the sun bright, the river low, so after breakfast I turned in for a nap.

At noon Carl wakes me. The heavens were now all clouded over. We hurried back to the stream; I changed flies, putting on a Jock Scott. How the salmon rose to that fly. A fish took or showed himself at almost every cast. From a single post I took five fish, and at 4 o'clock I had landed sixteen.

My supply of Jock Scotts were now frayed out and used up. We paddled back to the village. Yes, the mail was in, and here was the long looked for letter from Scotland, containing a fresh supply of flies. We do not stop for dinner,

but drinking a bowl of milk hurry back to the stream. The salmon are still rising, and I land five more before sundown. Then a group of villagers saunter up the Doctor's way by the river bank to see me fish. I put on a large "silver doctor," and land yet two more salmon before darkness gathers over the turbulent river.

Thirty salmon. A good day's work. More than I ever caught before. More than I ever expected to catch in one day.

Next day I took it easy, landing two salmon in the morning and three at evening. At noon a man drove me two miles over a winding road, through fields of waving rye, to a little bath house at the seaside. Here I took a plunge into the Cattegat and washed the sweat and tire of salmon fishing out of me. I had a neat little room to dress in, clean towels and every attention, and the price was 12 öre, or 3 cents of our money. Wonder what our fashionable bathing places on our Atlantic coast would think of that?

Sunday came round and I was glad to give my rod and myself a rest.

The inn I am stopping at is over 200 years old. I have a large, low-studded sitting room, 22 feet square, and a bedroom opening out of it. The sitting room looks on to the paved street, but the window of the bedroom opens out upon a large flower garden and orchard, which slopes down to the river. Climbing rose bushes are trained up the walls of the house, and my window is embowered with white and red roses in full bloom. The summer wind drifts lazily in, cooled by the river and perfumed by the flowers. Then I walk in the garden, I find a hammock hung between two trees and lie and swing in it. It is noon; too hot to walk with comfort in the sun, but lying here in the shade, swinging between a maple and a cherry tree, the temperature is perfection. The sound of the rippling river just reaches my ear, a bee drones among the flowers hard by. I would like to stay here forever. And where else, pray, can I catch thirty salmon a day, or get a good sea bath for 3 cents?

At evening I rambled over the river to a little cemetery I had seen on the upland, attracted thither by a rude granite shaft that stood like an ancient Rune stone.

I found that this characteristic northern monument marked the grave of the good doctor who planned and secured to the people their beautiful shaded promenade along the river bank.

His epitaph is touchingly simple and beautiful. On the rough granite is chiseled:

"Här hvilar läkaren och meniskövannen."

"Here rests the physician and the friend of mankind."

For ten days longer I had all the salmon fishing my heart could desire or my hands accomplish. The weather was hot, sky clear, sun bright the whole time. The river was low when I arrived and it grew smaller and smaller with every day; rocks showed themselves out of water that had not been seen for many years, but the fishing continued good every day. The salmon left the upper pools, however, but the deep pools at the foot of the falls were full of them. One day some friends fishing on the Nissa River at Oscarström, drove across country and dined with me. I passed my rod to one of them as he came down the bank and he hooked a salmon at the first cast.

On Thursday, July 9, I was very early at the river. All up and down the stream as far as you could see, salmon were leaping incessantly. They were all bright fish, evidently a new run come in during the night. There had been no rain, no rise of the river, no wind and no cause for a run as far as we knew, but here were the fish nevertheless. They rose splendidly. At 9 o'clock I had landed ten salmon. Then I sent Carl to the hotel for a sandwich and kept on. The day was overcast, and using a very small Fairy, the fish rose well, even at noon. At three in the afternoon I had landed in all thirty-one fish. I rested fifteen minutes, ate a light luncheon Carl had brought me and whipped the stream again. But the salmon were not so eager; they rose more warily. At 9 o'clock I had landed thirty-seven and not another rise could I get.

There was a bit of swift water half way from the falls to the village, where I had frequently seen the fish jump, but where I had never succeeded in catching any. Now, we pulled down to this and running the bow of our punt on a rock that was just awash and, slipping on a silver doctor I wound up the day with four more salmon, taking the last one when the clock was nearly at eleven and making my score for the day forty-one.

At noon of July 16, as the village clock struck 12, I reeled in my line for the last time in Sweden. The first half of July was ended, and my time was up. The following is my score for the trip:

July 2, after 6 P. M.	5 salmon.
" 3	30 "
" 4	5 "
" 5, Sunday.	"
" 6	9 "
" 7	8 "
" 8	4 "
" 9	13 "
" 10	21 "
" 11	21 "
" 12, Sunday.	"
" 13	6 "
" 14	15 "
" 15	8 "
" 16, until 12 M.	15 "

The first day and last day were only half days. Counting these two halves as one whole day, the total will be 184 salmon in twelve consecutive days, exclusive of Sundays, an average of over 15 salmon a day.

These fish were not large, to be sure. None of them exceeded 16 pounds, and few of them ran over 12 pounds, though there were a good many that came up to that weight.

It is my firm belief that in point of the number of fish that can be taken by fair casting of the fly, the Åtran is the first salmon river of the world.

Baron Dickson has owned the fishing in the river for many years, and has expended large sums of money in salmon breeding and stocking the river. The Baron is undoubtedly the best fly-fisherman in the kingdom, and has probably taken more salmon with the fly than any other man in Sweden. In fact, he has become almost surfeited with the pastime. He told me frankly that the only sport now to him was to cast the fly and hook the fish; after that he was perfectly willing to pass his rod to anybody. He cared nothing about playing the salmon.

I used a light Leonard 16 feet split bamboo rod, I think the first American split bamboo ever used in Sweden, and a 15 feet Scribner greenheart rod, alternately from one to the other, and finding a certain rest in the change.

I did all the casting, and hooked, played and brought to the gaff or landing net all the 184 salmon, and I must confess I was never so thoroughly tired out as at the end of this glorious twelve days salmon fishing.

MARSTAND.

Natural History.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

NEW YORK, March 9, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My reply to your favor of the 18th ult. has been delayed by the pressure of numerous engagements. I beg you, however, to believe that you have my heartiest sympathy in the proposed organization of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. I am of the opinion that you deserve thanks for bringing to the notice of the community the extent to which the slaughter of American birds is going on, a fact which I think few realize. The success of your society will also tend to refine the public taste. Our savage ancestors decorated themselves with the tusks of wild boars and the skins of wild animals. The practice of wearing the stuffed skins or the plumage of birds in a hat is perhaps less barbarous, but is after all inspired by the same primitive fancy. Very truly yours, FELIX ADLER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Though somewhat tardily, I nevertheless cordially indorse your worthy movement for the salvation of the birds. I should never dare face them again without the consciousness that I had enlisted my name upon the roll of those pledged to protect them. Sincerely yours, with congratulations and hopes of success for the movement, W. HAMILTON GIBSON. AUTHOR'S CLUB, New York.

Mr. George T. Angell, president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, is rendering "yeoman's service" in the interest of bird protection.

In the April number of that periodical there will appear a very powerful appeal to its readers, to read the collected statistics of the leucotoms of "bright spirits of the air," annually sacrificed to the fashion, and the impression this heartless sacrifice of innocent life makes on thinking men and women, whose utterances on the subject are quoted; and then join in one universal demand for the legislation asked for in the body of resolutions and petition, prepared for presentation to the Massachusetts Legislature, and having for its object the compulsory introduction into the Massachusetts schools for systematic instruction on the economic importance of protecting insect-eating birds and their nests, and the general importance in its influence on character of treating the lower animals kindly, together with some knowledge of the State laws for bird protection.

That the Legislature may have some expression of public opinion to guide it in its consideration of the proposed act, Mr. Angell addressed the collective bodies of the Congregationalist, Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist and Universalist clergy of Boston and its vicinity, the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, the Saturday meeting of farmers at Massachusetts Hall, and the Unitarian clergy, all of whom passed unanimous resolutions in favor of the movement; the Episcopalian clergy dissenting only to the extent of preferring a similar resolution in the form of a petition to the Legislature.

A second section in the proposed act provides "that all fines collected upon, or resulting from, the complaint or information of an officer or agent of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for violation of the laws of Massachusetts, relating to the birds and their nests, shall be paid over to said society in aid of the benevolent objects for which it was incorporated."

The Society hinting what it will do, if it succeeds in getting both sections of the act passed, leaves it to be shrewdly inferred, that whatever of taint of inherited destructive impulse or passionate lust of vengeance the president and members of the Society may have received from savage ancestors or leaven of the old Adam, shall all be concentrated on the offenders against the laws for the prevention of cruelty of animals or the protection of birds of importance in the general economy of nature.

SPRING BIRD NOTES.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., March 22.—A large flock of wild geese passed over this city, going north, between 7 and 8 o'clock Saturday morning. The first robin and bluebird were seen a week earlier, and to day I saw a number of male robins, but no females. The first purple grackle (crow blackbird), was also seen on Saturday last, and to-day quite a number were seen. We also had severe lightning and thunder on Friday evening, which is very unusual at this season of the year.—J. L. DAVISON.

MARCH 24.—About two years ago I reported to the FOREST AND STREAM that a Mr. Pomroy, residing about three miles from this city, captured a baker's dozen of wild geese on their being enticed into his barn during a storm by his tame geese—with which they mated and bred—and he now has a flock of about fifty of the original wild and mixed breed. I was informed last evening that for the past few days there had been a flock of about one hundred wild geese feeding on and about Mr. Pomroy's farm—probably this is the same flock that I reported to you on Monday as passing over the city on Saturday morning last.—J. L. D.

RIDGWAY, Pa., March 22.—Robins, bluebirds and yellow-birds are here. Many flocks of wild pigeons have been seen on their way north, also wild ducks and geese. There are but few pheasants left and they are very wild. A few deer and bear were shot during the past season, but are not as numerous as they were four or five years back.—X. TEMPORE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., March 18.—Robins first seen to-day. The first crow of the season appeared on the 15th, and audibly expressed his opinion that spring was at hand. Weather mild, up to 50°.—KELPIE.

NEWFOUNDLAND, N. J., March 22.—A dead woodcock was found to-day near the N. Y. S. & W. R. R., about one-half mile from here. Supposed to have been killed by flying against the telegraph wire. It was in fair condition and a full-sized bird. Saw meadow lark March 20.—S. S. W.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y., March 21.—Bluebirds arrived March 11; robins, 15; red-wing blackbirds, 19. I believe Meadow larks have been here all the winter.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

A HAIR SEAL UP THE HUDSON.—Cheney A. Burbans, of this place, had the good fortune to shoot a fine specimen of the hair seal yesterday morning. Mr. Burbans was hunting ducks on the river opposite Barrytown, when he saw the seal on a cake of floating ice, and had no difficulty in getting within gunshot. The animal weighed 65 pounds.—HOWARD BURBANS (Flatbush, N. Y., March 24).

* For the first paper, see issue of Aug. 28, 1884.

GROUSE IN THE SNOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ever since the day, away back in the ultima Thule of my memory, when I ran into the first flock of grouse and got my first surprise at the flying powers of grouselings the size of two-day-old chickens, no bird on the whole "check list" has possessed for me so much interest, or come in for so large a share of my observation. Therefore, when I read the communication of "Dry Snow" to-day, in your issue of 18th inst., I thought that perhaps a word from me would be "in season." First let me say to your contributor that I come not in my war paint, but as a brother woodsman who has spent the major portion of his life within sound of "the sighing of the pines," and whose woods-lore is not in any way commensurate with his woodland experience. If when we are through with this, we still differ, let us do so in the kindly spirit of fellow-sportsmen, giving each other credit at least for honesty. I preface with these remarks, because I must necessarily show that some of the reasoning in the communication referred to is somewhat illogical, and I thought I detected in it a slightly sarcastic undercurrent, which might come to the surface when the author's opinions were confronted with rebutting testimony. I never trail the tail of my coat on the ground challenging some one to tread on it; but I have sometimes tried to make it interesting for the man who raised his foot high enough to reach it when in its normal position.

"Dry Snow's" letter gives no clue as to the part of the continent from which he writes, or which is covered by his experience, but were I to hazard a guess, I would say: Some part to the south of this and far removed from the sea-board. He has evidently never seen one of our northern "ice storms," loading every tree with tons of ice, and bending some of the more pliant clear to the ground. There is just a breath of wind from the "noath east," the thermometer stands at about 15°. First come four or five inches of the light "goose-feathers," then the snow becomes finer and more heavy; next a few inches of hail. Then there is a lull, the wind shifts a point or so to the east, and a dash of rain strikes, every drop freezing the moment it touches, and it keeps on till it forms a hard smooth crust, from the thickness of a window-pane (and almost as sharp) to the strength and solidity necessary to bear a loaded team. Now suppose a grouse dives into the light snow before the rain comes, what then? He is sealed in like an oyster in a can. If the crust be thin enough for him to break, all right; if not he must die. (Beggins "Dry Snow's" pardon, a grouse's head is not near the surface when he burrows in the snow, for I have put my snow shoe over them many a time; they take their oxygen through two or three inches of light snow.)

"But," says "Dry Snow," "have you any evidence?" Only a little. By referring to my books, I see that Friday, Jan. 29, 1886, treated us to just such a storm as described above, the snowfall being about ten inches with five inches of hail above that. At 3 P. M. my week's work was practically over, and I was six miles from home and snowshoes. I started to tramp it through the sand like hail. At 4 P. M. it commenced to rain, every drop that touched my rubber coat freezing as it struck. Five P. M. found me still a mile from home, on a much used trail leading between two populous settlements. I was staggering along with about as certain footing as I would have had on a pile of apples, when—*burrrrr*—went a grouse from the snow in the middle of the road, right at my boot-toe. The next morning we skated anywhere over the crust, and in two days they drove teams over it. Now where would that grouse have been had I not kicked him out of that? And supposing, for argument's sake, that he had a "diamond-borer" down there with him and tunneled out, would he not have had a gaudy chance to feed, with every bud and twig solidly encased in ice?

Now I will try to answer your correspondent's questions, not, however, exactly in the order they are asked.

(1) "Did any person ever find the remains of a grouse that had been crushed in and killed by a fox?" In the winter of 1868, I was one day on the road to the logging-woods. There had been a thin sleet crust, and the merest suspicion of a fine snow over it. Any "down Easter" will recognise the picture at a glance. I picked up a bunch of black feathers from the crust, and saw it was from the ruff of a grouse. As I advanced I saw more feathers blowing around till about 100 yards from where I saw the first bunch, I came on the scene of a woodland tragedy, about three feet to one side of the trail. The mark made by the bird when it went into the snow could be distinctly seen. The footprints of rye-yard straight down the log trail were as plainly visible in the light, frosty snow. He had turned aside just before he came to the bird, which had burst through the crust fully three feet from where it went in the snow, but too late to escape. Whether the fox scented the bird or recognised the mark, I can only conjecture.

I have snowshoed thousands of miles through the woods, and even now I am lame from an eight-mile tramp yesterday in a rain storm, when the snow accumulated on the rear part of the shoe, till its weight reminded one of the proverbial "leadon heel of justice." I once worked six months, and the gross amount of my wages was just ten cents a mile for the tramping done between stations, and I had to work thirty-five hours per week besides. So I am not speaking rashly when I say "thousands," and the above is all the direct evidence I have collected. To some it may seem like the "Behold this walrus tooth." Of other, the Saxon discoverer of the North Cape; but to me it is conclusive. We should remember that if we knew the remains of a grouse were in a certain piece of woods an acre in extent, we might have trouble in finding them. Anyway, it goes a long distance to show that a man may spend the greater part of his life in the woods and yet not know all about it. Had I not gone to the woods on that particular morning when a boy, and been traveling at an unseasonable time when a man, it would have been all supposition with me.

(2) "Does Nature make any such blunders?" In my opinion Nature never blunders. Every one knows that tender birds, as vireos, for instance, often migrate north before the cold weather is over and get frozen to death, and that ducks and geese sometimes get "frozen in," but are these to be stamped as "blunders" of Nature, or exceptional misapplications of the instinct that Nature gave these birds? To me "nature" in the above connection simply means God, who, the poet tells us, "moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." He gives His dumb creatures a good general fund of instinct; but He does not fortify them against exceptional circumstances. He would not leave the grouse liable to be crushed in at every thaw, but He would permit them to perish in an occasional sleet storm, coming once in seven or eight years, and as well might He do so, as to allow them to fall to the gun of some sportsman or in the snare of some pot-hunter.

(3) "If the snow is dry can a crust form over it?" Yes, see above.

(4) "The exact number that came under your observation?" Also answered above.

(5) "How many hens did you ever see go in swimming?" Though the last sounds strangely like what the late lamented "Josh Billings," the prince of phonetic spellers, would call "sarkasm," I will do my best to answer. I can't tell the exact number, but I assure your correspondent that I have often seen them do it—not the mud-hen either, but the common domestic fowl. However, it was like the grouse being frozen in—they had no vote in the matter. Perhaps your contributor would say it was because Nature had "blundered" in not either paralyzing the arms of sundry small boys and old women, who put them in "to take the set out of 'em;" or giving said individuals brains enough to know better than to adopt such a course.

So in my misty mind melt the arguments of "Dry Snow," and with a hearty parting shake of the hand I will let myself down on that last sentence by quoting a remark from the immortal Mrs. Edgar: "Sure we be till be havin' our jokes." L. I. FLOWER.

JEMSE, N. B., Canada, March 25.

TAXIDERMISTS AND MILLINERS' AGENTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have cut the inclosed article from the Boston Globe of recent date, and forward same hoping you will insert it in your columns. It is from the prominent taxidermist in Boston, and is also the voice not only of a class who are supposed to be "dead set" against protection, but it is also the "ground tier" of the Massachusetts Association of Taxidermists and Ornithologists, a society recently formed, and which includes every taxidermist in Boston but one, and some out of town, besides numerous true sportsmen.

"I would like to say a few words in defense of the taxidermists, and show that they are not such a class of bird destroyers as Fish Commissioner Lathrop and others tried to make them appear before the Fish and Game Committee at the State House, on Wednesday last. The bill presented by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association, for the better preservation of our singing birds, is a good bill, and all legitimate taxidermists are in favor of doing what they can to have a stop put to the wearing of birds on hats or any part of a lady's dress. I, for one, would like to see the ladies discontinue the use of birds as dress trimmings; if they will do this, there will be no need to make laws to preserve our birds, as there would be none killed by men who now make their living by collecting birds for the milliners; and, as birds increase very rapidly, the loss of the few used in the interests of science would not be felt. I have been in business in Boston for the past seventeen years; have had a permit to collect birds, and the largest number collected in one year was some thirty-six or thirty-seven specimens, out of which there were some hawks and butcher birds. Of course, in this thirty-six or thirty-seven birds I do not include game birds killed in open season. Now it is a well-known fact that the sparrow hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, pigeon hawk, Cooper hawk and butcher bird make their living mostly off our small song and insectivorous birds, and when it is computed that every pigeon and sharp-shinned hawk kills on an average at least two birds per day (and they hunt Sundays as well as week days), it will be seen that the taxidermist who offers to buy all kinds of hawks, owls, weasels, etc., is doing more to save the birds than destroy them. There is one thing the Association of Taxidermists and Ornithologists wishes the public to understand, and that is the difference between a legitimate taxidermist and a milliner's collector. A legitimate taxidermist has nothing to do with millinery collections.—Charles L. Goodale, Taxidermist."

The one taxidermist not in the association is one who goes to Florida as much for numbers as for good specimens. It is for the purpose of protecting legitimate taxidermists (upon whom science largely depends), and to show the difference between the slaughterer and true scientific taxidermists. It is a very commendable association. I take pleasure in endorsing them. RAYMOND LEE NEWCOMB.

SALEM, MASS.

SPARROW VS. ROBIN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 18th inst., my attention was attracted to the clipping from the Boston Advertiser, in which they venture "to say that not one among ten thousand pretended friends of our birds ever saw an English sparrow kill or maim a native songster." This calls to mind a tragedy I witnessed while in Erie, and one that was looked upon by a score or more of other people: The trees in the park have a number of boxes for the birds, all of which the sparrows have taken possession of. One afternoon while sitting there, I noticed a robin singing on a tree. Soon a sparrow stuck his head out of a box and began scolding. Finding that did not stop the song, he sounded his war cry and was soon surrounded by others of his clan, when a pitched battle was immediately engaged in and carried on with such vigor that they drove the robin to the ground, and by picking and flying against him from all sides soon reduced him to submission. When we drove the sparrows away the robin was so badly used up he could neither stand nor fly, and was carried off by one of the spectators. On another occasion I heard a great commotion among the sparrows in our yard, and looking out saw them attack one of their own species that had a broken leg and pick it to death. I am much pleased with the stand the FOREST AND STREAM has taken in regard to bird protection, and hope the Audubon movement may go on until the slaughter of birds for their plumage is abolished.—ONE OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

THE SPARROW HAWK IN WINTER.—Washington, D. C., March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of March 25 Mr. Henshaw says of the sparrow hawk after twenty years study of birds, "He lives almost exclusively on grasshoppers and crickets." What does he do for grub in the winter time? Does he keep a silo or a canuary? About here there are some seven months in twelve when there are a few classic "crickets on hearth stones" around and nary "brown old grasshopper." What does poor *sparverius* do then? Hop in the bare to keep himself warm, and hide his head under his wing, poor thing? I merely ask for information.—M. G. ELLZEY, M. D.

A WOODCHUCK IN THE SNOW.—East Auburn, Me., March 22.—Is it not uncommon for woodchucks to come out of their holes when there are two feet of snow on the ground? Some children sliding on the crust near this place found one on the snow, and tried to kill it by crushing it under their sleds.—W.

Game Bag and Gun.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPORTSMAN.—I.

I CANNOT begin these reminiscences better than by quoting from the much worn "Old Oaken Bucket:"

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view."

Only I should substitute the word boyhood for childhood, for it was in boyhood that my natural fondness for field sports became a passion, that led me to study the habits of birds and animals as a naturalist, as well as a sportsman. I took delight in watching the quail pair, nest, and raise their young; and spent hours of moonlight nights in the early spring, during the first flight northward of the woodcock, quietly watching them feeding, pairing, and performing their interesting gyrations, as from the time they left the ground whistling upward, until they reached the desired elevation to perform the "chip, chip, chip" act in mid-air; then dropping suddenly to the ground, announcing their arrival by the usual guttural note. The whole process of nesting, hatching and raising their little brood was of great interest to me. To learn the call notes of various birds until I could almost call them at will; to witness the battles between the red and gray squirrels; their loves and jealousies during the breeding season; performing of a delicate surgical operation by the old males upon the young ones, was the delight and pastime of many an hour. The study of woodcraft, the location of animals' dens, squirrel and bee trees, were not so well known to any boy of my acquaintance. Yet, I doubt not, many of your readers have found amusement and instruction in the same way, and perhaps obtained greater proficiency. Such will agree with me in believing, in spite of the croaker's and money-grubber's cry of wasted time, we have what many of them would like to buy, but cannot, what nature gives to her ardent admirers—contentment and a field for enjoyment beyond the comprehension of those whom nature has not taught.

It was in boyhood, in the year 1861, that I first became possessed of a double barrel gun—muzzle-loader of course, as it was before the days of breechloaders—an English gun, costing fifteen pounds sterling, handsomely ornamented in German silver. Shortly afterward I secured a fine double-nose English pointer, Dash by name, a dog of large bone and muscle, great endurance and untiring energy. From that time I have unblushingly acknowledged myself a sportsman. Previously, my proclivities in that direction had been limited to a narrow field, bounded on all sides by the fears of my parents, and severely fenced in by my inability to command the necessary amount of currency, then known as shinplasters, to gratify my desires. My experience, therefore, had been much the same as other boys with a single barrel gun and an inborn love of sport. First firing at the ice house door from a rest, feeling proud to find it hit fair and square. Next firing from a rest again into a flock of blackbirds, being delighted to see five fall to the ground, only one of which proved to be dead, the wounded ones appealing strongly to boyish sympathy. It was easy merely to pull a trigger, dealing death and suffering to a number at one stroke, but when it came to picking up the wounded, and putting them out of misery it could hardly be called pleasure.

Then came the delights of squirrel hunting. I use the word hunting because there is more of hunting than shooting in this sport, the pitting of cunning against cunning instead of skill in the use of the gun. I shall never forget a certain wood in Middlesex county, N. J., containing a large number of shellbark hickory trees, where I killed hundreds of squirrels. I would rise before day and quietly creep to a good position among the shellbarks, generally near cross fences, and silently wait until just as day was fairly breaking, I would suddenly hear and see a great commotion in some neighboring treetop, when it took but an instant for me to change my position to within gunshot, as silently as an Indian follows the trail. The next moment the report of my gun would echo and re-echo through the wood, breaking the profound stillness of early morning. A squirrel, sometimes two, would come tumbling through the branches, catching and hanging for a second or two, falling limp and dead to the ground, the victim of a charge of No. 4 shot, which had been carefully spit upon "for luck." There was an ancient tradition among the boys of Middlesex that to spit on the shot made it carry closer and stronger. At any rate my old single barrel, after I adopted this practice, got into the habit of "fetching" almost every time she spoke. I might, however, qualify this assertion by saying I had not then attempted wing-shooting, and thought it a great demonstration of skill when I killed a squirrel jumping from tree to tree or running along the fence. There was also in the wood I speak of a number of tall dead trees, famous resorts for high holders, or flickers, many of which found their way into my game bag. As I have already said, I started on these hunts before daybreak, usually remaining in the woods an hour or so, returning home in time to snatch a hurried breakfast, do my farm chores, and get to school by 9 o'clock, rarely scoring less than four to six squirrels and several high-holders, robins, or a dove or two. If luck was poor in the morning, an hour in the evening brought my bag up to the average.

I soon contracted the habit of keeping my gun always near me while at work about the farm and firing at robins, crows, doves, etc., as they happened to fly within range. I soon had the satisfaction of being able to make certain wing-shots with great accuracy. This knowledge I kept to myself, fully realizing that until I could stop quail, woodcock and grouse I had better keep quiet. I frequently tried them, but as such birds were generally in the thickest cover, my gun long and unwieldy, I never got a feather, and seldom even a chance to shoot at the revelation of brown streak before it had disappeared.

I was invited on several occasions to join hunting parties who had fine dogs and guns, whose bags of game made me almost green with envy. I always declined, determined not to be laughed at, secretly believing were I as well fixed as they I could soon learn. I had one great advantage over them; I could always find the game, even when dogs had

hunted the ground and failed. This came from having many times followed hunting parties, learning to mark, and noticing where the birds took refuge. I knew every thicket and little piece of "cat briar" swamp, almost the number of woodcock and where they sat. All the logs where grouse drummed, and the proper time of day to find them home. They seemed to have but little fear of me or my gun, and always whirled "good-bye" to me in a most sarcastic way. This was why hunting parties wanted me with them. I knew it, and didn't go.

One day one of these parties got into my favorite covey of quail and killed thirteen of them over single points before my eyes. I couldn't stand it any longer. A double-barrel gun of approved pattern and bird dog I must have. Having just formed this determination, I was sitting on the fence sadly ruminating on the havoc made in my quail, when I heard one of the party calling up some of the others as two dogs were pointing in thick undergrowth. I mechanically cocked my gun, when I heard a tremendous whirr, and bang went four shots at a splendid cock grouse, which came toward me like a streak of "greased" lightning. As I had a clear space, I took deliberate aim along my little 16-bore single barrel, held well ahead, and fired. The heavy thud of my first grouse striking the ground sent a thrill of enthusiastic delight and triumph to my heart which could not be excelled.

Two of the men saw the bird fall. One of them rushed toward it and told his dog to fetch. I sprang for the bird just in time to kick the dog off and secure it, when the man excitedly demanded to know why I kicked his dog and violently claimed the grouse, which he said he had hit. In an instant my gun was clubbed and its stock splintered, the bird thrown to the ground, as I had no pocket to put it in. When the third party stepped in as an arbitrator, I wanted no arbitration; I wanted that grouse, and I got it. When it was picked I found only No. 4 shot in it. My gun had been loaded for squirrel.

Thus far I have traveled backward in my recollections, but in future articles I propose to narrate occurrences from the time I came into the possession of Dash and a double-barrel gun up to the present time—an experience of about twenty-five years in the field, woods, and on the water.

BEDFORD.

THE ANTI-DEER HOUNDING LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am very much amused when reading about the benevolent and easy-going dogs that the deer hounders use in the Adirondacks. The advocates of deer hounding would have us believe that the hound is a slow-going animal that cannot get up to a deer, and would not bite it if he could. Hounds have been bred within rifle-shot of my residence and used all about me.

I have repeatedly heard guides and hunters discuss the training of deer dogs and the best crosses for practical use. The full-blooded hound for deer is not very highly prized here, as they are not fast enough. A deer for some time will not take to the water before a very slow dog, but plays around on the hills and knolls and listens and watches for him. Some so-called still-hunters take one of these dogs into the woods to stir up the deer and are often quite successful in getting chance shots. All hunters agree in saying that the faster the dog and the harder the deer is pursued the quicker it will take to water. The dogs most used in the Adirondacks are a cross between a cur and a hound; but the best dog, and the one most highly prized, is one-half deerhound, one-quarter bulldog and one-quarter greyhound. This dog, properly trained, will trail the deer to the death. It has speed to overtake it, and ferocity enough to catch and kill or eat it alive, which it often proceeds to do.

There are two ways of training deer dogs. One is to put out a young dog with an old one and let it learn by example; but the best training and one that makes the most valuable dog, is done in this way: In February or March, when the snow is deep and crusted, the trainer takes the young dog into the woods and finds a yard of deer. As soon as the poor deer leaves the yard it flounders helplessly in the snow. The trainer then sets on, and encourages the dogs until they succeed in killing it. They are then encouraged to eat a full meal and lap its warm blood. After four or five lessons of this kind its education is considered complete. Afterward, to keep it in proper training, it is only necessary for the hunter to open the deer as soon as killed and give the dogs a meal from its quivering heart and liver. I have seen it done, and it is not a pleasant sight. I must say it is anything but a pleasant sight, too, to see a deer running before one of these fast hounds—to see the poor thing loping along at a slow gait, its head down, its tongue hanging out and its neck and breast white with foam, having run at the top of its speed until it is tired out and can go no further; and then to see the dog overtake it, pull it down, and then hear its despairing and pitiful bleats. This happens very often in the valley where I live, there being no lakes or ponds in the immediate vicinity.

Is it any wonder that dogs of such blood and training make havoc among the deer when they get loose and have a chance to slip away into the woods?

BAINBRIDGE BISHOP.

NEW RUSSIA, Essex County, N. Y., March 22, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association held their regular monthly meeting Wednesday evening at the Parker House, full thirty-five members being present. Thirteen new members were elected, and also three proposals were presented, speaking well as an indication of the prosperous condition of the association. Sympathy for the opposers of the deer hounding bill in the New York Legislature was expressed and the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the association express its appreciation of the good work of FOREST AND STREAM in its opposition of the hounding of deer, and its hope that those efforts may not be made in vain.

The prospect for successful legislation in our own State were discussed, but as a game bill had not as yet been reported by the committee, no definite arrangement can be determined upon. It can be said, however, that the prospects are decidedly better than for a year or two past for the enacting of a better law than is at present in force.

H. J. THAYER, Secretary.

BOSTON, Mass., March 24.

The advocates of the repeal of the anti-hounding law began their campaign by misrepresenting facts, and they seem determined to carry these tactics through to the bitter end. Mr. H. J. Cookingham, of Utica, writes to the

Herald of that city: "Every market man is opposed to it [the bill of repeal], and wants the law to remain as it now is. The chief, yes, almost the entire opposition to the bill comes from that source." In reply to this Mr. John D. Collins says in the *Herald* that Mr. Cookingham's statements are "buncombe." B-u-n-c-o-m-b-e is a roundabout way of spelling it; but it is more euphemistic and less harsh than the commonly accepted characterization of statements not in accord with the truth.

Mr. GEORGE W. PALMER, who made the funny "shy" speech in the Assembly, is jealous of his fame as an old practical hunter, and resents the imputation, in our issue of March 18, that he did not know whether deer were hounded by day or by night. According to the stenographer's report of the oration of the silver-tongued orator from Clinton, Mr. Palmer said: "I assert here that a party of six gentlemen going into these forests with half a dozen dogs, two or three nights on an average, every deer they bring out costs them more than one hundred dollars." Mr. Palmer thinks that he must have said days instead of nights. We take pleasure in taking this occasion to correct the erroneous impression conveyed by the stenographer's report of Mr. Palmer's speech.

From the Utica Herald, March 23.

An esteemed correspondent sends us what seems to be a very honest and straightforward appeal for the deer hounders. While admitting that he has never hunted deer with hounds himself, he declares that his sympathies are on that side, and proceeds with several ingenious arguments in favor of the repeal of the present law. His appeal is largely based on the theory that if the hounding of deer was likely to be the cause of their speedy extermination, the hotel keepers and guides would not favor the repeal of the present law. He intimates that the sentiments expressed in the *Herald* have only represented one section of the sportsmen, and do not represent the regions further north. He alleges that there is a chivalric spirit among the guides, hotel keepers, proprietors and sportsmen, which will and has prevented the slaughter of deer, and the use of unfair means in hunting them. He urges that the use of hounds is no more cruel than still-hunting, and that the number killed that way is no greater.

We shall endeavor to treat these suggestions in the same spirit of fairness in which they have been offered. There is an honest difference of opinion among genuine sportsmen in regard to the matter, though from published evidence the majority against hounding deer is large and eminently weighty.

The argument that the hotel keepers of the Adirondacks and guides always do what is for their highest interests, is unfortunately not proved by the general experience of human nature. As against their true interests in the future, to favor their present interests, they are apt to choose the latter. The extermination of the game in the course of twenty years is a matter of no special moment to the present proprietors, many of whom look at that result as a matter of course under any system. If the principle here laid down by our correspondent held good, what would be the necessity of legislation against taking fish in nets, setting weirs in the streams, and of making laws for the preservation of the forests from ruthless destruction by the lumbermen, whose interests it is supposed to be that the forests be conserved as long as possible? It is evident that all proprietors or all sportsmen can not be trusted to carry out the very chivalric but somewhat too optimistic theory of our correspondent in the treatment of game.

Moreover it will be seen by a glance at the petitions submitted against the repeal of the anti-hounding law, that those guides and sportsmen who are regarded as best representing the interests of the game, are found favoring the present law. The hunters of the whole State, and not of any section, must have their interests consulted. This opposition to the repeal of the law is not gotten up by those who know nothing about the merits of the case, but by men who have tried both methods of hunting the deer and who know what they are talking about. The articles published in this journal have been written by practical hunters and sportsmen, who have hunted deer and who regard them as game, and not as so much venison running wild.

Now as to the final argument of our correspondent, that the hunting of deer with hounds is no more cruel than still-hunting, we readily admit that, when hounding is properly carried on, it is a legitimate and exciting sport and has received the sanction of ages of sporting methods. It is not on this ground that the *Herald* opposes deer hounding. If New York was still part of a boundless wilderness, with an unlimited supply of game, the situation would be such that no restrictions of this kind would be needed. But such scenes as pictured in last Friday's issue* are not the mere results of an artist's lively imagination. The hunter of today is not always as chivalric as he might be. The possible escape of the coveted game is now too much of a stake to hesitate long at using very unfair and unsportsmanlike methods of capturing it. As to the number of deer killed when both methods of hunting are allowed being less than when only one, that of still hunting, is used, the absurdity is apparent. Is not an army with both cavalry and infantry more effective than an army with infantry alone? Which will cause the most destruction? Which will most rapidly annihilate the enemy? The opponents of the repeal law believe that in so doing they are not only serving the best interests of the sportsmen, the tourist and the proprietor, but are also showing a humane and chivalric spirit toward the noblest, and what would soon become the rarest of our native game.

*The "Hounding a Deer" illustration, from the FOREST AND STREAM, March 11.

WILDFOWL IN IOWA.—Burlington, Ia., March 23.—The spring shooting, which commenced at the grounds of the Crystal Lake and Eagle Grove Club grounds about the 15th, has not proved to be as good as was expected. When the ducks came up from the south they found no water in the swamps and no feed. The ice is now out and the spring rise has come, but too late, for the ducks are gone. The game register of the Crystal Lake and Eagle Grove Club was opened on the 15th by Mr. Goldthwaite, with a score of 13, 2 mallards, 1 canvasback, 1 redhead, and 14 blackjacks. From the 15th to the 23d but 373 ducks have been shot on the club grounds, an average of 5 guns shooting each day, not a very good showing. Camp hunters in various parts of the State and on the islands have made very poor scores. Parties who were out from one to two weeks bringing back all the way from 50 to 100. In one instance a party of four, and they are all good shots, who were out two weeks, got only 150.—C. L. E. G.

RIFLES AND BULLETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Van Dyke is quite right when stating, in your paper of Feb. 18, that "J. J. M." "certainly will not assert that a bullet whose axis of rotation is correct up to 40 yards could, without touching anything, begin to wobble before it reach 100 yards;" but I do assert that a bullet may be so slightly tilted sideways when leaving the muzzle, that its deviation from accuracy is hardly, if at all, perceptible at 40 yards, and yet very evident at 100. At extremely short ranges, the great rate of the spin keeps the point of the bullet nearly as straight as when starting, but when the spin becomes slower the pressure of the air forces the point more and more aside, causing a rapid increase in the curve from the true line of flight.

I think this is proved by the fact that many express rifles will shoot well at 100 yards, fairly well at 150, and very indifferently at 200, although the rate of spiral is quite sufficient to keep their short bullets straight up to the last named distance, provided they leave the muzzle with the axis of rotation perfectly coincident with that of the bore of the barrel. The deviation from accuracy is often out of all proportion to the increase in range. For instance, a rifle will hit regularly a 10-inch square at 150 yards may not be reliable for less than a 20-inch square at 200; or, there may be no wild shots discoverable up to one particular distance, and yet they may be very apparent 50 yards further on. A .36 express rifle alluded to by Mr. Van Dyke (printed .80 by mistake), could be depended upon after the maker had improved it, to hit a 6-inch square several times in succession at 100 yards, but at 150 it almost invariably made about 2 wild shot out of every 6 fired.

I have always believed that irregular shooting of this kind is partly due to the bullets in most sporting breechloaders not being held firmly by their bases in the shells, thus becoming jammed slightly aside at the moment when the explosion of powder drives them into the barrel. Even when crimped the shell, through fitting loosely in the chamber, expands so as to leave the bullet without support. With the long bullets used in target rifles this source of error is, to a great extent, avoided by their resting with more than half their length in the grooves when the cartridge is pushed home, and I understood that in some of the American sporting breechloaders, the difficulty had been quite overcome by having shells which fit the chambers very closely and using loaders which drive the bullets with mathematical exactness into the shells, where they are held so tightly that crimping is unnecessary. Why a bullet with its fore part already in the grooves and all the remainder of its length held firmly in this manner until it has entered them, should not be as accurate as in a muzzleloader is difficult to understand.

In large bore rifles made expressly for spherical balls, which, of course, lie in the shells without touching the grooves until fired, there is, according to my experience, no difference in favor of muzzleloaders, and the late Captain Forsyth, of the Indian army, who experimented with sporting weapons more than perhaps many men of his time, stated in his book on "Sporting Rifles and their Projectiles," that spherical ball breechloaders are "equal, if not superior," in accuracy to muzzleloaders.

In a long course of shooting at both targets and game with three of my own sixteen-bore rifles, two being single muzzleloaders and one a double breechloader, I could never discover any inferiority in the breechloader. I certainly cannot oblige Mr. Van Dyke by showing "a breechloader that will hit a half-inch ring at twenty yards with four or five inches of powder and the ball seated in the shell." No shells are made in England that will hold so much powder.

In target shooting I never tried a rifle at so short a distance as 20 yards, but judging by what a good express rifle will do at 40 or 50 yards, I believe it would hit a half-inch ring regularly at 20 yards. The longest shell made in this country is that of the .45 "Magnum" express, which holds 150 grains of powder or barely 3 inches. As the shell is slightly bottle-shaped, this might, perhaps, be equal to 3½ inches in a muzzleloader. More powder is not likely to be tried, because the recoil would be too great in rifles light enough for men of average strength to carry with comfort. Another objection to a heavier charge is that the fouling, in spite of lubricated felt wads, increases to such a degree as to spoil the accuracy, unless the barrel be wiped out after each shot, a nuisance to which few sportsmen on this side of the Atlantic would submit. Rifles of .43-bore and 12 or 14 pounds weight, such as those used in the FOREST AND STREAM trajectory trial, would be almost unsaleable in England.

From the letters of "Mississippi Lowlands," Mr. Van Dyke and others, it seems clear that there is much greater difference between breech and muzzleloaders made in America and those made in the British Islands. At the shooting matches of the North Indian Rifle Association, to which I once belonged, breechloading express rifles were allowed only three points when contending against muzzleloaders for a possible score of 60; six shots being fired at 150 and six at 200 yards, from any position, but without any artificial rest. And these three points were found quite sufficient to equalize the rifles. I have before me now a report of the shooting in 1877. Among the first twenty competitors the three best used express breechloaders, the muzzleloaders coming in fourth, seventh, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, fourteenth, sixteenth and nineteenth. The latter were made by some of the best rifemakers, and were fired by some of the best target shots in India—men who made the highest scores at the long range matches.

I fully agree with Mr. Van Dyke when he says that "the express or high speed system is as old as American rifle shooting." Captain Forsyth, in the book above mentioned said, as long ago as 1862: "With the Yankee rifles no judging (of distance) was required at anything under 100 yards, the aim was taken point blank with the same sight." I myself, when living in Canada about 1865, drew attention in a letter to the London *Field* to the long flat trajectory of small-bore American rifles, stating that the bullets made a curve about 6 inches high when fired at 200 yards. In those days the favorite sizes among British sportsmen abroad were from 16 to 12 bore, and few men used less than 25-bore, or .377.

Within two or three years after my letter appeared muzzleloading sporting rifles of .45-gauge came into fashion, with short bullets and 80 to 90 grains of powder, then considered a heavy charge. The bullets were at first solid, and even in that form were found very deadly when made of soft lead. A noted sportsman, named Colonel Cuppage, wrote to the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, while I was in India, describing how these small bores gave a large striking surface in consequence of the bullets smashing up into the shape of mushrooms when hitting large animals at great velocity. The hollow bullets came into general use about 1870, through some sportsmen trying to make up for the smallness of

gauge by employing explosive shells, but they often exploded before penetrating to a sufficient depth, and it was soon found that the bullets were much more effective when the hollows were filled with beeswax or plugs of wood. The powder charges have been increased since then to 50 grains in the .36, 80 in the .40, 125 or even 150 in the .45, and 165 in the .500 breechloaders.

This is, I believe, the real history of the discovery of the modern express rifle. J. J. M.

LONDON, England, March 15, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was very much interested in your trajectory test. The result rather surprised me in several instances. I wish to ask some of your correspondents who have had experience with muzzleloading rifles to please come out and tell for the benefit of tenderfeet like myself how to load and manage that arm.

I have always had a great liking for the muzzleloader, so last spring when I was in St. Louis I hunted the city over for a good one. At last I got hold of one, it was a 42-inch barrel 10-pound gun, very well put up and was evidently a good gun, but the bullet mould was not good. I have made and have accomplished some very good shooting, but not so good as I think the rifle is capable of. Will some gentleman tell me what kind of a bullet to use (the gun shoots 2 1/2 to the pound) and how to load the gun to get the best results.

I use a .45-caliber Pacific Ballard for deer and find it an excellent gun. As far as accuracy is concerned I think it good enough for anything, but the charges cannot be changed to suit the game as I like to do. C. L. S.

FORT CLARK, TEXAS.

ONTARIO GAME SEASONS.

A NEW law of the Province of Ontario (to take effect July 1, 1886) provides the following open seasons: Deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou, Oct. 15 to Dec. 15. Grouse, pheasants, prairie fowl or partridge, Sept. 1 to Jan. 15. Woodcock, Jan. 1 to Aug. 15. Snipe, rail, golden plover, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Swans or geese, Sept. 1 to May 1. Ducks and all other water fowl, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Hares, Sept. 1 to Mar. 15. Beaver, mink, muskrat, sable, martin, otter, fisher, Nov. 1 to May 1. Quail protected to 1888; wild turkeys to 1889. Imported game may not be shot without consent of land owner. Unlawful to kill deer, elk, moose, reindeer and caribou for exportation.

NEW BRUNSWICK GAME.—Campbellton, N. B., March 25.—Winter still retains its icy hold here, the snow lies deep over the land and the ice remains firm and strong on the lakes. A few caribou have been killed in this vicinity during the past season, but no moose, so far as we can learn, has been bagged. One party claims to have caught a moose in a caribou snare, but he proved a tartar, smashed things up, broke the rope and escaped, a wiser and madder moose. Quantities of fine trout are brought in here, which are taken through the ice on the small lakes in the interior, by the Micmacs. The catch of fur-bearing animals has not been a large one, which proves that they are also decreasing in numbers. Wild geese have put in an appearance down the bay. A woodcock was seen on the 22d near St. John, N. B. —STANSTEAD.

JEKYL ISLAND CLUB.—The Jekyl Island Club is in the nature of a hunting, fishing and yachting establishment on Jekyl Island, on the coast of Georgia, off Brunswick. A meeting of the club was held recently in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in this city, and the following gentlemen were elected directors: Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall, New York; Erastus Corning, Albany; Wirt Dexter, Chicago; Judge Henry E. Howland, New York; Commodore R. L. Ogden, San Francisco; O. K. King, Wm. B. DeWolf, Thos. W. Pearsall, Lewis Edwards and L. M. Lawson, New York, John Eugene du Bignon, Georgia; Franklin M. Ketchum and N. S. Finney, New York.

LONG ISLAND SNIPE.—The text of Section 2, Chapter 485 of the Laws of 1885 reads as follows, the counties designated being Queens and Suffolk, which comprise the shooting along the Atlantic coast: "Section 2. No person shall, in said counties, kill or have in possession any bay snipe, sandpiper, shore bird or plover, from the first day of January to the tenth day of July in any year, or any rail bird, or meadow hen, from the first day of January to the first day of September in any year, under a penalty of ten dollars for each bird killed or had in possession."

EMMETSBURG, Ia., March 22.—Geese are just commencing their flight. Only one has been killed that I know of so far, but as soon as the weather opens there will be plenty of hunting. Ducks have not made their appearance yet. We had quite a fall of snow on the 20th, but nearly gone to-day. Prairie chickens have wintered well in this section, and the shooting promises well the coming season. Cotton-tails are abundant, with an occasional lone jack. Wolves have not been hunted much on account of the deep snow this winter. —E. H. S.

GAME IN SULLIVAN COUNTY.—Monticello, N. Y., March 22.—Foxes and wildcats have been very plenty the past winter. Rabbits and squirrels are too numerous to mention. Ruffed grouse have wintered finely and in good numbers. The male grouse are now drumming in every direction. To the many gentlemen and sportsmen who have hunted here with me for the past twenty years, I will say that the prospect for next fall's shooting is better than for many years. —CHARLES F. KENT.

POWDER RIVER.—Magnolia, Md., March 26.—President Cleveland was one of a party of gentlemen who to-night partook of a duck supper at the shore of the San Domingo Fishing Club, on the Gunpowder River, a mile from this village. President Cleveland and Gen. Farnsworth came from Washington on the invitation of Gen. Olcott, of Albany, N. Y., and Mr. Wells, president of the club. Among the invited guests were Judge Peckham and Charles H. Raymond, of New York.

MAJ. W. D. FULLER.—Sedalia, Mo., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Major W. D. Fuller died at the Siche House, this city, March 11, of heart disease. I have no doubt but that this notice will meet the eye of some old comrade who may be at a loss to know what has become of an old friend. His effects, which are valuable, still remain at the office of the hotel awaiting the claim of legal owners. —OCCIDENT.

MAINE RUFFED GROUSE.—East Auburn, Me., March 22.—I feel quite sure that our ruffed grouse didn't suffer as much from the severe ice storm (that formed an icy crust an inch thick) we had in February, as many of our sportsmen feared. I saw four a short distance from my house since the crust that was lively enough, and my neighbor only a few rods from my house saw three budding his apple trees in his garden a few evenings since. I hope many more escaped.—W.

A DUCK ASTRAY.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—The other morning Mr. Bahr, a butcher, at the head of New York avenue, Brooklyn, saw a large bird on the telegraph wires, opposite his shop. He got a shotgun and killed it. It turned out to be a duck about as big as our common ducks, but with a long sharp bill, plumage black, rather long wings. Nice place to shoot ducks.—E. K. L.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, organized in 1886, has the following officers: President, Frederick G. Leroy; First Vice President, W. E. Warren; Second Vice President, Wesley H. Wood; Secretary, George Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Treasurer, William E. Tompkins; Counsel, George C. Andrews; Special Game Constable, Oscar Purdy.

CALIFORNIA LAWS.—We have received from S. P. Maslin, Esq., of Sacramento, a compilation of all the California laws relating to game and fish. The compendium is comprehensive, well arranged, fully indexed, and a model in its way. It is published under the authority of the State Board of Fish Commissioners.

MR. XENOPHON CLEVELAND, of Waltham, Mass., has sent to us for exhibition a number of crayon and oil pictures of fishing and camp scenes.

VIVA LOS GACHUPINOS (March 18).—For "Harpads" read Harpado; for "Algava" read Algava.—KEELPIE.

ENGLISH SNIPE have been killed the past fortnight on the Newark meadows.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

TROUT SEASON OPENS.

California, April 1; Colorado, July 1; Connecticut, April 1; Dakota, May 1; Iowa, Feb. 1; Maine, May 1; Maryland, April 1; Massachusetts, April 1; Michigan, May 1; Minnesota, April 1; New Brunswick, Feb. 1; New Hampshire, May 1; New Jersey, March 1; New Mexico, May 1; New York, May 1 (in Queens and Suffolk counties, April 1; not to be transported into other counties); Ohio, March 15; Ontario, May 1; Oregon, April 1; Pennsylvania, April 15; Quebec, Feb. 1; Rhode Island, March 1; Vermont, May 1; Virginia, April 1; West Virginia, June 1; Wisconsin, April 15; Wyoming, June 1.

BOSTON'S TROUT DISPLAY.

TO follow the growth of fishing tackle, from the juniper pole, cut green, stripped of the bark and nailed against the woodshed to season out the crooks, up to the beautiful split bamboo rod, is an interesting study. Thirty years ago a few fish rods—stiff bamboo poles or heavy rods of ash—were kept in the country store; but to day the fishing tackle store is one of the most novel and interesting within the limits of our cities. Indeed, his outfit has come to be one of the angler's chief sources of pleasure, and his eye is open for every novelty, and they are numerous, both useful and pleasing. But the tackle window, always attractive to the passer-by, has come to mean something more. Messrs. Appleton & Litchfield, No. 304 Washington street, Boston, have instituted a new department in the display they opened on the morning of April 1, the beginning of the trout season.

Their entire window is a scene from nature. There is the rushing stream, the pool containing live brook, rainbow and Lake Superior trout, with the lake and the forest beyond.

At one side is also an aquarium, in which trout spawn is shown in every stage from the time life begins up to the fingerling.

The entire window is novel and artistic, and shows a genius in love with its calling, which must have been moulded by the magic touch of the departed Prouty.

NEW YORK BASS LAW.

TO-DAY I notice for the first time—simply because I have been obliged to put my FOREST AND STREAM one side of late, to be read at the more convenient season—that FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 25 purports to give the provisions of the Husted bill. You have been led into the same error that was committed by the Albany Argus, Journal, Express, Troy Times, and a dozen other papers. The Husted bill made no change in the open season for black bass. The season for this fish opens in Lake George and Brant Lake July 20, not July 13; in St. Lawrence, Lake Erie, etc., May 20, not May 13. Bullheads from Lake George shall not be exposed for sale before July 1, not July 18. In short, the only change made by the Husted bill is to permit having in possession of salt-water striped bass. In Section 21 the words "fresh water" are inserted in two instances before the words "striped bass."

The clause reads thus: "No person shall catch, kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any black bass or fresh-water striped bass weighing less than one-half pound or less than eight inches in length from end of snout to end of caudal fin, at any time." This clause is then repeated, except for "black bass or fresh-water striped bass" read "salt-water striped." In the next clause "fresh water" is inserted before "striped bass," and again in Section 24 "fresh water" is inserted before "striped bass." I wrote an article for a local paper, quoting the law as you have it. Then followed, in other country papers about here, the greatest rubbish of fish laws that were ever put on paper, so that the people were all at sea.

When in Albany I saw the original draft of the Husted bill and got a certified copy of the law from the Secretary of State. A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, March 26.

BASS FLIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in this week's FOREST AND STREAM one of your correspondents seeks information on the subject of killing bass flies. I have not fished in Minnesota, but I have had twenty-five years experience in fly-fishing for black bass, and rarely take them any other way. Bass are much more particular than trout in taking flies; often what is good in one water proves useless in another. I would advise your friend to get one or two of each of the following flies: Bass grizzly, match wing ibis, bass miller, Lord Baltimore, Holberton, Whitney, post jungle, St. Patrick, bumble bee, Gov. Alvord, Lottie, turkey.

Use a nine-foot single leader with any two of the above flies, which should be on single gut snells, double at the head. Cast as far as possible and let the fly sink well under water. Then move the fly slowly a foot at a time. Cast near the shore or over reefs, always remembering that bass are very shy fish, and if you get near enough to see them they also see you, and will refuse the most attractive bait. Let him try these different flies; and find out which is the most taking. W. HOLBERTON.

NEW YORK, March 25.

TROUTING.

IN New York the season for taking brook trout opens in the counties of Queens and Suffolk, which comprise nearly the whole of Long Island, on April 1, and by the time this reaches our readers it will have begun. In all other parts of the State the opening day is one month later. A bill allowing fish taken in the counties named to be brought into other counties for use, but not for sale, is now before the Legislature.

On Long Island there is promise of good sport this month, because the season has been early and the trout have been feeding freely for some time. At the different clubs and preserves places have been engaged, and if the opening day is favorable, a great many will wet their lines and many trout will be taken. There is mourning at Massapequa, the famous lake owned by Mr. William Floyd-Jones, where ex-President Arthur, Francis B. Eudicot, and other friends have literally cast their lines in pleasant places, for the lake has been taken by the city water works of Brooklyn, and will swarm with strange men of political "influence" who will get permits to fish its waters under the windows of the late owner, whose pride it has been and whose family have always owned it since the island was settled. Farewell to the glories of Massapequa, with the loss of its springs the trout will soon disappear and give way to the black bass or other fish. The South Side Club always has good fishing in its well-stocked preserves at Oakdale, and the Suffolk Club is ready to entertain its friends at the ponds near Patchogue. All along the south side the streams are already marked by the anglers for a whipping to day.

In New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and several other States, the season for brook trout opens to-day, but in very few of them will there be much fishing done for a fortnight or more. Long Island, exposed as it is to sea breezes, is always ready for fishing before the streams further inland are. In the Adirondacks the lakes are still covered with ice, which may not leave them all for five or six weeks yet, and there is really little fishing to be done there before June.

THE SUNAPEE TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you allow me a word in regard to the Sunapee Lake trout? The specimen that I sent to the National Museum at Washington, and which was at first pronounced a common brook trout, but is now decided to be a gigantic specimen of *Salvelinus* of the Oquassa or blue-back type, and identical with the little 3-ounce or 4-ounce blue-back of Rangeley, Me., is in no way connected with the plant made by the Commissioners in 1870. These fish are natives of the lake, and were known to have been there over forty years ago. It is an impossibility that in six years the little Rangeley trout would reach a weight of 10 pounds. Such a radical change in size and habits, merely by its transfer from the Rangeley to the Sunapee waters, would imply a deviation from well known and fixed laws in nature.

E. B. H.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., March 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In April, 1878, the New Hampshire Commissioners planted in Sunapee Lake 3,000 fry of blue-back trout, the eggs having been obtained from the Rangeley Lakes through the courtesy of the Maine Commissioners. It is probable, therefore, that the variety of trout recently obtained from the lake by Mr. E. B. Dodge, and identified by Dr. Bean as *oquassa*, is not indigenous to those waters, but has been introduced from the Rangeley Lakes. This, it will be remembered, was mentioned as their probable source by Mr. Samuel Webber, late Fish Commissioner of New Hampshire. X.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 24.

LARGEST RANGELEY TROUT.—A letter from Com. H. O. Stanley, of Dixfield, Me., to Com. Stilwell, Nov. 19, 1884, contains the following note which we are permitted to copy: "In regard to the big trout you want to know about, I cannot vouch for the truth of it, yet I think it is correct. They were caught after I came away. I made arrangements with Frank Hewy to take some blue-backs' eggs for me. He caught the fish with a large landing net attached to a long pole. He was dipping them from under a jam of cedars below the dam on the Rangeley stream, and could not see under the jam. He first dipped the big fish (a female). It was so large that he had the curiosity to weigh it. It weighed 13 pounds. A few minutes later he dipped a male of 10 1/2 pounds. Both were ripe fish. He put them back in the pool below the dam. I am inclined to believe this, though, of course, I cannot vouch for it."

ILLEGAL FISHING.—We have two complaints of illegal fishing in the State of New York, both relating to the same waters. One writer charges a State officer with participation in the work of unlawfully taking fish; but as neither of these correspondents has complied with our rule of requiring name and address to be signed to letters, we cannot publish the complaints. We require this as an evidence of good faith on their part, and with no intention of publishing their names if they desire to use initials or any other signature. They can thus see why no attention is paid to their questions and complaints.

A TRIP TO THE INTERMEDIATE LAKES.

It was in the fall of 1884 that Charley A., from Columbus, O., came to visit me in my new home in Missouri, bringing a rifle, shotgun and fishing tackle with him. Quail, prairie chickens and other small game were abundant, and a part of each day when the weather was good, we spent in hunting. The FOREST AND STREAM came to us every Monday evening, and one or the other would read aloud everything contained in its pages. The reader was often interrupted with "What a scandalous lie," "I should say it was a remarkable shot," and similar remarks. It was during these fall and winter evenings that we planned a trip to Michigan for the coming summer, and it is about this trip that I am going to write. I shall leave out poetry, Indian legends, and what the natives said about the game and fish laws.

Charley and I left home July 12, 1885, and arrived in St. Louis next morning. We were there all that day making purchases to complete our outfit. Left St. Louis in the evening for Traverse City, Mich., via Chicago and Grand Rapids. The weather was very warm and the ride tedious, but we arrived all right in Traverse City on the morning of the 15th. We had ordered a boat but it had not come, so we concluded to go up on the Boardman River trout fishing for a few days, and wait for it. As we were all ready to go into camp, we got aboard the train and the conductor let us off about eight miles up where the river runs close to the railroad track. We selected a smooth place for our tent, and in half an hour had it up. Store clothes changed and tackle ready, for we were determined on having trout for dinner if possible. We started in, going in different directions, agreeing to return in two hours or as soon as we caught enough trout for dinner. The river was only a few yards from camp, and in a few minutes I had waded out into the stream and made a cast, the first for two years. The trout were rising freely, and in an hour I had plenty for our dinner, so I returned to camp finding Charley there. He had caught several good trout and one grayling, which was about ten inches long and weighed half a pound, the only one caught on the trip. We soon had dinner cooked, and it seemed to me I never was so hungry, and thought that meal the finest that I ever sat down to.

The Boardman is a pretty stream and is probably fished more than any other in this section, on account of its being accessible. We stayed here three days and then went back to Traverse City, very much disappointed at not finding our boat, but could not afford to wait any longer, so we hustled around to find a boat that would answer our purpose. Many were found, but none suited. We were getting discouraged when we met a gentleman who had a boat which, from the description, we thought would answer, but it was up at the head of Torch Lake and how to get it down was the question. Fortunately there was a telephone to Eastport, and a message was sent to have the steamer Ida bring the boat down next morning on her way to Elk Rapids, and leave it at Follet's landing. Having arranged about the boat, we then went to Morgan's and engaged a team to take us to Follet's at the foot of Elk Lake. We left our trunks and everything except our camp outfit with Mr. Gowdy at the Occidental. Left Traverse at one o'clock and arrived at Follet's at three, put the tent up on a grassy bank overlooking the lake, and after making everything snug for the night, Charley went after berries and I for trout. The stream is only a few minutes walk from the landing, and I was soon catching the beauties. I had on two flies, and the trout went for them as soon as they touched the water. I kept up the sport for two hours, returning to camp with enough fish for supper and breakfast. The next day at noon the steamer brought our boat. We had been quite anxious about it, fearing that it would not be as good as represented, but we found it a trim little craft and suited exactly. On a trip of this kind an old scow of a boat is a nuisance, while a good and light running boat is a delight all the time. That afternoon we went fishing in the lake. We had not gone a hundred feet from the shore when Charley hooked a two-pound bass. I never saw a fish fight like that one. Five times it jumped clear out of the water. The lake is as clear as crystal, and we could see the fish nearly all the time and, of course it could see us, which frightened it so it had to be completely licked before coming to the boat. We caught several more, all but one small-mouths. Returning to camp at 6 o'clock. The next morning we broke camp and started for Rapid River, intending to fish for bass off Skegee Maugh Poin, but when we arrived there it was so calm and the sun so hot we landed on the point to pick berries and rest awhile and try the bass fishing later.

In an hour we started across Round Lake and reached the mouth of Torch River at 10 A. M.; anchored here and fished, but had no luck, getting only one bass in half an hour. We moved on up the river, stopped at the old log camp and ate lunch. The Rapid comes into Torch River about two and one-half miles up. Arriving here we turned up the Rapid and saw lots of ducks, but we had no shotgun to salute them with. About two miles from the mouth of the river we found a good camping place and hurried the outfit ashore. In a very short time the tent was up, bed made, and everything ready for supper except cooking the fish and coffee. We then got in the boat and went half a mile up the river and landed, Charley going up one side and I the other. This was my first visit to the Rapid, and I was much pleased with it. The water is as cold as ice, and at this time was teeming with trout. We caught nearly a hundred that afternoon, keeping only the largest ones. The river is full of logs and treetops, and one must go very slow. We had fished three or four hours and had gone only about a hundred yards. We were just seven minutes getting back to the boat. It was now almost dark, but it was an easy matter to get back to camp, as the river is quite rapid, and we shot down stream fast enough to satisfy any one. At the landing we scared up a flock of mallards. How we wished for a gun, but we had not brought one, and we had to content ourselves with offering to kick each other for the neglect. The mosquitoes were pretty thick, but they did not bother us much. We used a mixture we got from the FOREST AND STREAM, and after we got our hands and faces well oiled with it a mosquito or black fly wouldn't come within ten feet of us.

During our stay here I hooked a very large trout, but did not save him. I had played him dead, as I thought, and had drawn him up to the log I was standing on, but just as I put out my hand to take him in, he made one last effort to break away and succeeded, taking my hook with him. I felt the loss very much; Charley had caught the largest one so far, and if I had secured this one it would have beaten the record. We enjoyed ourselves here as only our kind can until the morning of the third day, when we pulled up stakes and were once more on the way to new scenes. We reached the head of Torch River at 8 o'clock, and as we

came into Torch Lake we stopped and looked at the beautiful scene. The distance from where we were to Eastport, at the head of the lake, is eighteen miles. Away off to the right is Spencer's Creek. We could see the churches and houses quite plain. We took a bee line for the church steeple four miles distant, and in an hour and a half landed at Spencer's. We put up the tent under some pine trees on a high bank a few feet from the lake and right in town. Some of the ladies watched us get dinner, and laughed when Charley wiped his hunting knife on his boot and then cut the bread with the knife. We gave some trout to one of the merchants and in return he gave us a pan of honey. In the afternoon we fished the two mill ponds, but only got a few trout, and they were quite small. The next morning Charley went up above the ponds and tried the creek. I took the boat and rowed up the lake about a mile to Trautman's Creek. We had been told that no one went there to fish, as it was generally supposed that there were no trout in the creek; but I wanted to see for myself, and was well paid for my trip. The stream, or brook rather, runs through a meadow for half a mile, and I imagined the trout came down from the woods after grasshoppers, for in that half mile there were hundreds of fish. I can truly say I had the finest sport fly-fishing that day I ever had. No trees, no brush, no flies or mosquitoes to bother, and plenty of trout. What more could I ask? When I got back to camp Charley was waiting supper for me. He was feeling blue on account of his poor luck up Spencer's Creek; but his spirits rose when I showed him my catch, and told him I had left lots of trout for him to try his luck on the next day.

By 5 o'clock the next morning we were on our way up the lake. It was a perfect morning, the sun just peeping over the hills when we arrived at the mouth of Trautman's. Charley fished the creek in the opening and I went to the woods. The ground for a hundred yards from the clearing had grown with soft maple brush, so thick that it was almost impossible to get through it. But beyond that the woods were free from underbrush. This stream is only a few feet wide, and is a succession of rapids and falls, just the sort of a place trout love to be on a hot day. Those caught here were the most beautiful in shape and color of any I had ever seen. I got back to the clearing about noon. I had left my lunch with Charley, and was getting anxious about it. I found him so busy with the trout that my fears were needless, and the lunch had not been touched, though he said it had been in danger for an hour. After our lunch we returned to the boat and rowed back to Spencer Creek. At 5 P. M. we left for Clam River, five miles distant, where we arrived at 7 o'clock. Just as we sat down to supper Fred Thayer came down on us, and after shaking hands all around, we fixed a plate for him, put another pan of fish to fry, and all three sat down to eat trout and talk of camp life. Fred's home is on a strip of land between Torch and Clam lakes, and is one of the prettiest places in this country. We had a jolly time, each relating some experience of camp life, and it was late when Fred bade us good-night.

In the morning we pulled up Clam River into Clam Lake, which is four miles long. We trolled along for a while, but caught nothing except pickerel, so we took in the line and moved quickly up the lake with a strong ash breeze. At the head of the lake we landed and caught some grasshoppers, and then started up Grass River. About two miles up Cold Creek comes in. Here we put on our tall boots and waded up the creek, pulling the boat after us. About half a mile up the water became so deep we had to abandon wading, and, making the boat fast, we got our tackle ready and started up the stream. Cold Creek is so hard to get at, and so far out of the way, that very few people take the trouble to come here. The brush and mosquitoes also help to keep fishermen away; but those that do come have rare sport. The trout here take the hook with a suddenness that is likened only to an electric shock, and if you are not on the alert away you go off that log into ice-cold water. The trout we caught here were of a different color from those we caught in other streams, these were not so black on the back, the mottling and red spots were not so marked, and the sides were brilliant orange. In a couple of hours we returned to the boat, jumped in and were soon going down stream at a rapid rate. At the mouth of the creek we turned up Grass River and an hour afterward we were in Grass Lake, where we did not stop to fish, but pushed on across the lake to Intermediate River. The Intermediate was very low and quite rapid, and we had a hard pull of it to get to Bellaire. Often one of us had to jump out and pull the boat over a rapid, and it was late in the evening when we reached Bellaire, tired, hungry and sleepy.

The next morning we were up early and off to the Cedar River, which is about a mile from town, where fishing was excellent, and we enjoyed the morning's sport immensely. In the afternoon we called on some friends, and early in the evening pulled up stakes and were once more on our way up the river. Two miles up we came to the foot of Intermediate Lake, and a mile up the lake Island No. 2, a well-known camping place, was reached, and we stopped here for two days, fishing for bass in the lake and hunting squirrels in the woods on each side of the lake. Bass fishing around here is always fair to good, and we had all the sport we wanted. After dinner the second day we put our traps in the boat and started up the lake, stopping to fish at Deer Point and Johnson's Lake, arriving at Central Lake at 7 P. M. We had read several articles in FOREST AND STREAM by "Kelpie," and as this was his home we wanted to see what sort of a looking man he was; so as soon as we had eaten supper and lit our pipes we walked up town to find our man. Not knowing his name, we had some trouble in finding out who he was. We "got on to him" at the post office, and found him a very pleasant gentleman. "Kelpie" is well acquainted with this section of country, and gave us valuable information regarding the trip around the Ox Bow. In the morning we put our boat and traps on a wagon and started for the Jordan River, twelve miles distant. Six miles east of Central Lake the road crosses the headwaters of the Intermediate Lakes. The boat was left here in charge of Mr. Wilson, who promised to look after it, and also to come to the Jordan River for us the following week. The road from Central Lake to the Jordan is very good, except the last mile, which is on the Jordan Flat, and is corduroy. Soon we were on the bank of the beautiful Jordan again; for a few moments we stood and gazed on the water as it rushed by, and then began to unload the traps preparatory to camping. We had just got everything out of the wagon when Capt. Colburn, the boss of the lumber camp, came along and invited us to come down to his camp and stay with him, said he had only a few men now, and we could be more comfortable than in a tent. The invitation was so strong we concluded to accept. In a few minutes the things were back in the wagon and we were on our way down to

the log camp, which is about a quarter of a mile below the State road bridge and a few yards from the river.

On arriving at camp we were told to put the baggage in the hall and make ourselves perfectly at home. It was now 10 o'clock, and we set up our rods and started for the river to catch our dinner; in two hours we came back with a nice lot of trout. The Captain would not allow us to get our own dinner, made us sit down with them. We were awful hungry and enjoyed the pork and beans immensely, and it is astonishing how much a man can eat when he is roughing it in the woods. We are both good feeders, but to-day we excelled ourselves, and when we pulled out from the table the Captain said, if we did as well every meal he would have to send to town for more supplies before Sunday. The Captain told us we need not bother with cooking our meals, but should eat with them. We did not like to accept so much; however, if he would board us we would keep the table supplied with trout. The Captain laughed, and said it was a bargain. Anxious to make our word good, we struck out for the river. The Captain went part of the way with us and showed us a road leading through the woods, which we followed and came out about half a mile above the State Road Bridge. At first we thought we were not going to get enough for seven men, but as trout after trout came to the creel, that fear vanished, and we felt sure our part of the bargain would be kept. We reached camp at half past six with eighty trout. The Captain and the boys were surprised at our getting so many. We had cleaned the fish at the bridge, so they were all ready for the pan. In a little while supper was called, and we sat down with the crowd to trout, bacon, pork and beans, fried onions, potatoes, bread and butter, stewed prunes and coffee. Charley and I did not go much on the prunes, but otherwise we thought it a royal feast. The trout was a treat to the men; for they rarely get them, though they live where they are to be had at any time; but very few of the natives go trout fishing. Nearly every one we saw fishing were after pickerel. We saw one man who had lived fourteen years five miles from the Jordan who had never seen trout but once and had never caught any. That night we slept under a roof for the first time in two weeks.

The next morning I was up at daylight, and got a couple of hours' fishing before breakfast, for a mile below the log camp the river is very rapid, and two years before I had caught the most and largest fish here, one of them a grayling, weighing twenty-four ounces. So to-day I thought I would try some of the old places, and see if I could hook another grayling. I took a lunch with me, intending to stay all day, but by noon my creel got so heavy I had to return to camp and empty it, returning at once to the place, I continued to fish until night. There is one place a half mile below camp where a big log lying across the river forms a dam. The stream here is quite narrow, and the water runs over this place like a mill race, scooping a hole ten feet deep just below the log, and making as pretty a place as any trout could desire. I took nine out of this hole, two of them weighing twelve ounces each, and lost several flies and also several trout while trying to pull them up over the log. Those lost I imagined weighed from one to three pounds each.

That evening a party of gentlemen from Chicago came up the river in boats; "Nessmuk" would have run and bid if he had seen the amount of stuff they unloaded. Charley came in late and reported fine fishing above, and said he was going back to the same place in the morning to catch some of the big fellows that he lost that day.

We got an early start next morning, following the State road north for a mile, then turning east on an old log road, walked a mile and a half, coming out on the river at an old log camp about three miles above the bridge. We started in here, fishing slowly down stream, enjoying every moment of the time, including the hour we spent in eating our lunch and smoking our pipes. In the evening, when we sat down to clean our fish, we were unanimous in praise of the stretch of water we had fished that day. Indeed a prettier place for trout would be hard to find. The next day Warren, one of the bands, had promised to get a boat, and take us several miles up the river. We had made every preparation for the trip and were all ready to start as soon as we had breakfast. Charley and I walked to the old log camp up the river and waited for Warren who soon came in sight. Warren was an expert at poling a boat and we looked on in wonder as the boat shot up over the rapids. For a mile or two we got along first-rate, then the stream began to narrow very fast and the way became more and more difficult. By noon we had gone about four miles, and as we were tired and hungry, we concluded to stop and rest and eat our lunch.

The scenery here was wild in the extreme. We had seen signs of deer and bear, and were in hopes we could get sight of them, but did not. After lunch we left Warren to look after the boat, and taking our rods we started up stream. Scarcely any one gets up this far to fish, and we got a rise at nearly every cast. It was three o'clock when we got back to the boat. Before starting down creek, fish, etc., were put in the locker in case of a spill. The word came to let go, and away we went on one of the most exciting boat rides I ever took. For a while it took all our time and attention to keep the boat off the rocks and logs, but when we got down into smoother water where Warren could manage the boat alone, we began to fish, and by the time we reached camp many a speckled beauty had been taken in out of the wet. The next morning it was raining, and all day long it poured down. Tuesday morning we found the river quite muddy, and it had risen two or three feet during the night. We tried fly-fishing just below the bridge, but did not have much luck, so we went back to camp and packed the traps to leave. At noon Mr. Wilson came with the team, and after dinner our truck was put in the wagon, and shaking hands all around, thanking the Captain and the boys for their hospitality, we jumped in the wagon and bade good-bye to the beautiful Jordan. We arrived at the Intermediate River at five o'clock, and camped there that night.

In the morning our boat was put in the stream, traps loaded, and were once more afloat, feeling thankful the remainder of the trip would be all down stream. In half an hour we came into Echo Lake. This is the first of the Intermediate Chain. There are about a dozen in all, and the distance from Echo Lake to the Lower Intermediate is about twenty-five miles, and from Echo Lake to Elk Rapids, where these waters empty into Lake Michigan, is about eighty-five miles. All these lakes abound in bass, pickerel and the sun-fish tribe. Passing through Echo Lake and a narrow channel of half a mile in length, we came into Scott's Lake. At the head of this lake we had some rare sport with the bass, the dozen or so that we caught were all big-mouths. We should have camped here, but there is no high ground. After two hours' sport we pulled on down the lake to Mc-

Mullen's Mill and stopped for dinner. While I picked berries Charley got a three-pound bass in shape to eat. It was necessary to make a carry here, and McMullen's ox team, cart and boy conveyed our boat and traps to the head of Six Mile Lake, a half mile below the mill. The cart was nearly in pieces, and the oxen became frightened when we put the boat on the cart and came near running into the lake. We began to think we were not going to make it with that team; but the boy was confident that he would get us through all right, and he did, for in half an hour we were once more afloat at the head of Six Mile Lake. We pulled down the lake a short distance, and set up our tent in a clearing on the edge of the lake and close to a pretty little stream that ran down from the hill. After arranging camp we went fishing in the lake, and came back in an hour with four good-sized pickers. We would not eat these ourselves, so Charley took them to a farmhouse near by, and while there the lady of the house told him of a trout stream a mile from the house. To have a trout stream so close and not visit it was not to be thought of.

Next morning we struck out across the country in the direction the lady had told Charley to go. The woods were beach, maple and elm, and were quite clear of underbrush. In a short time we came to a small stream which we thought must be the one we were in search of. It was such a little brook we thought it could contain only small fish, but concluded to try it before going further. Hastily jointing our rods we began to fish. I had gone but a few yards down stream when I came to a little fall with a deep hole below. I put on a sprightly grasshopper and dropped it just below the fall. With a rush it disappeared, and I got a tug that almost paralyzed me. I was expecting a fingerling and got a twelve inch trout. I hooked another good-sized one out of this place, and then moved on down stream. Every few rods I came to one of these little falls, and got one or two trout from each place. We returned to camp at 11 o'clock with a fine lot of trout, some of which were prepared for dinner. At 9 o'clock we put our traps aboard and pulled on down the lake, arriving at the head of St. Clair's Lake at 6 o'clock. The tent was put up in a grove of beech trees, near a fine spring of water. In the evening we called on Mr. St. Clair, who lives near where we had camped. Mr. St. Clair is an old resident, and his stories of deer and bear hunts are quite interesting. After a pleasant chat of an hour we went back to the tent, rolled up in the blankets and were soon fast asleep.

In the morning the wind was in our favor, and our square-sail carried us quickly down the lake. In the Ox-Bow Lake we laid to and Charley got out his rifle and took a shot at a loon about one hundred and fifty yards away, and by chance killed it. Loons are very plenty along these lakes, and their noise is heard almost constantly. At Central Lake we stopped for dinner, and afterward went up to see "Kelpie" and procured supplies. We returned to the boat in a short time and continued down the lake. When we rounded Blue Point, we saw several tents on the east shore, and at once surmised they belonged to the "Kingfishers." We had intended to camp at this place, so we headed the boat direct for their camp. We did not want to intrude, but we thought it could make no difference to them as we were only going to stay until morning. When we got to shore Charley asked one of the men if he had any objections to our camping there for the night. The answer was not very satisfactory, but we concluded to stop anyway. Perhaps the gentlemen thought they had good reasons for not being cordial. We had been in the woods for five weeks, our clothes were torn and we looked pretty rough. Charley said I looked like the "Old Scratch," and I'm sure he looked worse than I did. So we did not blame the "Kingfishers." We never let anything disturb us, so we hurried the outfit ashore, put up the tent, and got everything ready for the night. We had for supper hot biscuits, honey, trout, potatoes, bacon and coffee, and when we sat down to eat we were as happy as kings.

About sundown Major Sloane, of the "Kingfishers," came in with a nice string of small-mouths, one of them we judged was a four-pounder at least. During the evening two of the gentlemen came over to see us. One of them said their party had intended going into camp on Platt Lake, twenty-five miles southwest of Traverse City, but had changed their minds and had come here instead. We broke camp early next morning and pulled down the lake to Island No. 2. Here we landed our traps, got our rods ready, caught some frogs for bait and went bass fishing. Charley caught a very large pickerel and towed him around for half an hour, until he was quite dead before he got him in the boat. The pickerel was about three feet long and weighed nearly six pounds. We caught one small-mouth and three big-mouth bass. Landing on the west shore Charley took his rifle and went for squirrels and I picked berries. In an hour Charley came back with two squirrels and one pheasant. When we got back to camp we found two strangers there. They were from the South and were stopping at Bellaire to take in the fishing. We told them dinner would be ready soon and invited them to stop and eat with us. They hesitated for a moment and then said they would stay. We were glad to have them, for we were tired for somebody new to talk to. While we were getting dinner ready the gentlemen gave us the news from the outside world and the time passed pleasantly by. Our dinner consisted of bacon, potatoes, bass, pheasant, squirrel, honey, bread and butter, coffee and raspberries. Our guests remarked that it was "a fine lay out" and backed up what they said by eating heartily. After dinner we had pipes and tobacco, then our friends bade us good bye and good luck.

In the evening we moved down the lake and Intermediate River to Bellaire, made the carry around the dam, and camped just below the bridge. We stayed here three days. The first two we fished in the Cedar, having fine sport and taking 150 trout, one of them the largest caught on the trip; it was 13 inches long and weighed 17 ounces. On the third morning we got up bright and early, and after a hasty breakfast struck out on the Mancelona road, following it for three miles. We came to Shanty Creek, which empties into Grass River a little above Cold Creek. This is a pretty little stream and fairly alive with trout. I believe that this and Cold Creek were the only streams where we found the orange-colored trout. At 3 o'clock my creel was nearly full, so I reeled in and went back to the road and found Charley stretched out on the bridge fast asleep. I sat down and cleaned my fish and put them in the creel, fastened the lid down and sinking it in the creek. By this time Charley was awake, and after filling up with berries we sat down on the bridge to wait for the stage from Mancelona, which was due here at half-past 5. The stage arrived on time, and we were soon on our way to Bellaire. The driver was or had been a great hunter and fisherman, and in that three-mile drive we learned some remarkable things about deer and

trout that we never knew before. That evening while eating supper we were surprised with a big pan of pork and beans, which the storekeeper's wife had sent us. We had given them trout several times, and here was a present for us which we fully appreciated.

The next morning early we were on our way down the Intermediate River. By nine o'clock we had crossed Grass Lake and down Grass River to Cold Creek. We tried this stream again with good success, taking about thirty fine trout. At one o'clock we pulled down the river and through Clam Lake. At three o'clock we passed out of Clam River and came into Torch Lake. Our boat was headed toward Spencer's Creek, and after three hours' hard rowing against the wind we landed safely at the mouth of Trautman Creek. The next day we fished the Trautman, and in the evening moved down to Spencer's. As we had more trout than we could use, gave some to friends. The following day we took a trip overland to Leach's Creek, which empties into Clam Lake. The road we took crosses this stream about three miles above its mouth, and four miles northeast of Spencer's. We had a pleasant day of it, and brought home sixty trout. We had intended to leave the next morning, but during the night a storm came up and the lake was so rough that a trip across the lake in our little craft was not to be thought of. None of the steamers landed at Spencer's that morning, all of them keeping close to the opposite shore, as the wind was from that direction. We contented ourselves the best we could picking berries, mending clothes and wishing for the wind to go down. The next morning the sun came up bright and clear, and the lake was as smooth as a mirror. By six o'clock we were ready to start. The boat was headed for Torch River, where we arrived at eight o'clock, and resting on the oars, floated slowly down until we came to the mouth of Rapid River. Heading up the rapid a stiff pull of an hour brought us to our old camp. The afternoon was spent in fishing, but with poor success.

As there had been plenty of trout here three weeks before, we concluded they had gone further up the stream, so in the morning we started for a point about two miles up the river. Here we found good fishing and by noon had caught all we wanted. After eating lunch we struck out for camp, and when we reached there we found some cattle had been fooling around and had knocked everything crooked. They had tramped on our pans and plates and had mashed them all out of shape, had eaten our sugar, salt, bread, two cakes of soap, box of cartridges, two towels, three undershirts and straw hat. Fortunately the tent was unmolested, that was something to be thankful for. This little frolic of the cattle made us considerable trouble, but there was no use to get mad at a little thing like that, so we hustled around and got things in shape again, all the time wishing the cartridges that old cow had eaten would go off and kill her. We had the next thing to the nightmare that night. In the morning our traps were put in the boat, and, jumping in, the current carried us quickly down stream. Hundreds of ducks got up ahead of us, and, circling around, dropped in the river behind. When we came into Round Lake our sail was put up and the boat headed for Sutherland's. The boat fell away some in going across, and we had to row up against the wind for a short distance; but in an hour and a half we reached the landing in safety. There was an empty store-room a few yards from the lake, which we got permission to occupy, and the tent was spread out on the floor for a bed, while the counter served very nicely for a table. After dinner we took our rods and started for the creek, which is about a mile from the landing.

Arriving there we took a hasty survey of the surroundings before starting in. Above us for a mile or so the creek runs through an old clearing, and below through the woods into a swamp. The bed of the creek was hard clay, and slippery as soap. We found the fishing elegant, the best of any place we had been, and caught over fifty in two hours, throwing back all but about a dozen of the largest. Those we kept averaged half a pound each. Returning to camp at 5 o'clock we prepared supper, and after eating took a row up the lake to try our luck with the bass. We caught several, putting them back in the lake as we had no use for them, except the sport they gave us. The next morning the sun rose bright and clear, and after a hearty breakfast we struck out for the creek. We felt sure of fine sport and were in high spirits, prating and prancing along like a couple of boys until we came to the stream, when we sobered down suddenly as though ashamed of our pranks. We intended to take what trout we caught that day to Traverse City, so we kept everything over six inches long. At noon we cleaned our fish and put them into our bread pan, which we had brought along for the purpose. At 5 o'clock we started for camp with both creels and pan full of trout. After supper we made all preparations possible for an early start next day, and turned in for a good sleep. About midnight a storm came up, and for a couple of hours the wind blew and the rain poured down. We felt thankful that we were completely sheltered from the storm, and were off at 6 o'clock in the morning, pulling against a stiff breeze all the way to Skegeemaugh Point, where we landed at 8 o'clock. Taking a view of Elk Lake we decided that it was too risky to attempt to cross to Follet's, so we sat down to wait for the wind to go down, rather uncertain business, but it was the only thing left for us to do.

At 9 o'clock the steamer Ida came along, and we rowed out to her and asked the captain to take us to Follet's; but he had passengers for Traverse City boat, and had to make Elk Rapids as quick as possible. We got very tired waiting on the wind, and at 10 o'clock we made everything as snug as possible in the boat, said our prayers, and headed our craft for Follet's Landing. We felt that we were in danger and scarcely spoke, but watched every movement of the boat. When a big wave struck us, I would head the boat down and run her along in the trough until the next one came. We shipped a good deal of water, but I managed to bail out with one hand and steer with the other. When we landed at Follet's, Charley was almost exhausted, having rowed all the way, for we could not change places coming over. If we had known how rough the lake was, we would have stayed at the Point a week before starting out. It didn't look so awful bad, and we did not realize our danger until we had gone some distance from shore, and then it was too late to turn back. Now that we were safe on land again, we soon forgot our late trouble.

As soon as dinner was over Charley went to get a team to take us to Traverse City, and by the time he returned I had our goods all packed for moving. The team was to come at 4 o'clock, so we had three hours to put in trout fishing. I went to the old mill and fished down, and Charley started in at the bridge to meet me. It was a lovely afternoon, the fishing fine, and the time passed quickly away—too quick for us, for we would fain have had the afternoon drawn out

a few hours longer; but time waits for no one, and with regret we reeled in for the last time, and walked back to camp. The team was waiting for us, and when everything was in the wagon we took a last look across Elk Lake and away beyond to the north where we had spent so many happy days, jumped into the wagon, and were driven rapidly away. Two miles from Follet's we passed the pretty little village of Williamsburg on our left. Six miles further on we came to Acme, a little town on the east shore of Traverse Bay. The drive from here to Traverse City, eight miles, is the finest in the land. The road is perfectly level, hard, smooth gravel, and runs alongside the bay and through groves of evergreen trees almost the entire distance. A more beautiful drive could not be imagined.

We arrived in Traverse City at 7 o'clock and stopped at the Occidental Hotel, where we had left our trunks. We gave the proprietor of the hotel some fifteen or twenty pounds of trout, which we had brought from Sutherland's and Follet's. As soon as we got our store clothes on and had supper, we went up street to get our hair cut and faces shaved. It seemed real awkward to get on pavements again, and we went stepping along like a blind horse in high oats. At 11 o'clock P. M., we took a sleeper for the south, reaching Chicago the next evening at 7; we stayed here until the following evening, arriving in St. Louis Sunday morning, and California at half past two the same day; a twelve-mile drive and we were once more at home. We had been gone just six weeks and twelve hours.

J. O. S.
HIGH POINT, MISSOURI.

OUR BIG BASS.

WE were camping on the Juniata that summer. We had camped on the Susquehanna several times and also on the Yellow Breeches and Conodoguinet creeks, but we were all agreed that along the Juniata River was to be found the most sport.

We were lying stretched out in front of our tents. The hot August sun shone fiercely down on the open river in front of us, but scarcely penetrated the thick foliage of the trees under which our tents were pitched. Right at our sides bubbled up Poorman's Spring, pure limestone water and as cold as ice. In front of us flowed the beautiful Juniata, its usually placid current broken at this point by a jagged mass of rocks which extended clear across the river, and over which the water dashed with a ceaseless roar. Below the falls the water was very deep and afforded excellent fishing. But that afternoon we were lazy and somewhat tired, for in the morning we had climbed four miles across the mountains to visit Simon Girtis' cave, which is said to have been that famous renegade's retreat.

"Hello, boys!" came a voice suddenly from behind us. "Why ain't you out on the rocks pulling in the bass?" "Hello!" we exclaimed, "where did you fellows come from?" "Why, ain't we fishing?" "Oh! its more comfortable here in the shade." "Well, it is nice and cool here. Dave wants to go out to the falls a while. It seems like a good afternoon for bass." "Any one going along?" called out Dave, who was already down by the boat. "What do you say to trying it a while Will?" exclaimed Charlie Horton. "All right," I answered, "I'll go out a while. We might catch something. Tell Dave to wait."

Sam Brown was a farmer living along the mountain a mile below our camp who supplied us with fruit and vegetables, and occasionally a melon or a young chicken. Dave Hardy was a veritable lone fisherman, and he possessed the rare patience common to that class of individuals. The second day in camp we had noticed him at daybreak fishing below the falls. At noon, when we were crossing the river to look for flint arrowheads, which were quite plentiful at a point along the shore, he still sat there with his rod.

"What luck?" I inquired. He shook his head slowly. "They don't bite well to-day. The water is too cloudy. I only caught a couple of flyers. It's no use to fish any more," and picking up his rod and a couple of small bass strung on a willow switch, he began to make his way over the rocks toward shore. He had been a frequent visitor at camp, and his knowledge of the fishing ground along the river had been of great service to us.

We rowed out to the falls. Charlie and I took our position on a rock. Dave dropped down a few yards in the boat and anchored. We baited our hooks and threw in. The fish did not seem to be hungry, for we waited an hour without even a nibble. The sun was intensely hot, and we began to envy the boys whom we could see lying in the shade at camp. Dave did not mind the heat. He sat motionless in the boat watching his line. I was looking at an inquisitive turtle which had come up near me, when a sudden exclamation from Charlie made me look up. Dave had hooked a fish that was engaging all his attention. He was standing up in the boat, grasping the rod firmly, while the fish darted from side to side. "Don't give him any line," shouted Charlie; "hold him in." The stout hickory pole was bent nearly double, and threatened to break under the strain. Suddenly the fish darted straight down stream. Dave held firm. For an instant there was a splash and a huge fish cut the surface of the water. Then the rod flew up with half the line hanging from the end of it. The fish was gone. Dave turned around and looked at us. Then he slowly pulled up the anchor and rowed up to the rock. "Come on," he said, "we'll go over. I knew I could never land that fish."

We started over. I picked up Dave's rod. The line, which was made of link cord, had parted in the middle. As I was stepping out of the boat I observed the tin bucket in which Dave carried bait. It contained two large chubs about six inches long.

"Did you catch those out there, Dave?" I inquired. He looked around. "Those chubs! Why that's my bait," he replied.

"You don't mean to say you fish with bait of that size," I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, "I don't use any other kind. If you want to catch big bass you must use large bait. I hooked that fish out there on a larger chub than either of those."

We stared at him in amazement. Fish of that size for bait! Why they would have almost made a supper for the crowd.

"Yes," resumed Dave, "there's big fish out in that deep water. Go down along shore here and catch some big chubs. Then go out where I was and fish. You must have patience, though. They won't bite as soon as you throw in."

By this time we had reached camp. The boys had prepared supper, and the loss of the big fish certainly did not impair our appetites. After supper Charlie and I slipped off from camp, and going down the river a short distance succeeded in catching half a dozen large chubs, put them in a small fish box and placed the box in the river near camp. "Now," said Charlie, "we'll see to-morrow how Dave's style

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

WE have already announced that the fifteenth annual meeting will be held in Chicago, April 13, 14 and 15. We are in receipt of circulars saying that it will be held in the club rooms of the Palmer House. Members are requested to forward the titles of the papers which they will read to Mr. Wm. A. Butler, Jr., Detroit, Mich.

MICHIGAN.—At a meeting of the Michigan Fish Commission held at Detroit, resolutions embodying the following propositions were adopted: 1. That a law should be enacted creating a sufficient number of fish inspectors or wardens to properly inspect each portion of the fishing coast and enforce such regulations and laws as may now or hereafter be in force. 2. Demanding the passage of a law to punish any fisherman or fish dealer who catches or has in his possession fish so small as to be unmarketable. 3. That pound-nets for the catching of whitefish should not be less than 4½ inches in the pot, and that pound-nets for catching herring should have a 2½ inch mesh on the sides and a 3 inch bottom; such herring nets to be used only between the first day of September and the close of the year. 4. That discretionary power should be vested in the proper State fishery officers to authorize the use of smaller twine than that prescribed as the legal size, under what may seem to them proper conditions, times and places. 5. That a law be passed to prohibit and punish fouling the waters of the State with will refuse, fish offal or other substances injurious to fish. A committee on permanent organization was appointed; also one to draft laws embodying the above declarations for presentation to the next legislature; one to call the attention of our Senators and Representatives to the importance of the fishing interests of the State; and one to petition Congress to impose a duty on Canadian fresh fish and remove the duty on gilling twine. The improper use of the waters of our State for the taking of fish is a question of public importance as affecting, in a marked degree, an important source of food supply, and legislation upon the subject of inspection and regulation of the fisheries should be considered, not so much with regard to its present effect on any individual or class, as its future influence on the ability of our waters to continue a permanent yield of cheap fish food. No body of water in the world can long withstand the immense drain upon it which the present methods entail.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 22.—Eighteenth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

March 30 to April 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. S. R. Hemingway, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club. Edward A. Moseley, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

April 13, 14, 15 and 16.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

April 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Third Dog Show of the Cleveland Bench Show Association. C. M. Munhall, Secretary, Cleveland, O.

May 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Tenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent, P. O. Box 1812, New York.

May 18, 19, 20 and 21.—Third Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club, St. Louis, Mo. Geo. Munson, Manager.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3481.

THE NEWARK DOG SHOW.

THE first annual dog show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trial Club was held at Newark last week. In many respects the show was a model one, and the club is to be congratulated upon the great success of their first exhibition. So many of the members of the club devoted their time to promoting the interests of the show that it seems out of place to individualize; but we are sure that the gentlemen composing the club, as well as the exhibitors, will join with us in according to the Secretary, Mr. Vredenburg, the praise justly his due for the very efficient manner in which he performed the duties of his office. The management of the show was in good hands, and everything ran smoothly. The building is not large enough for the number of dogs exhibited, although they were benched comfortably; but there was not room enough for the throngs of visitors, and the building was uncomfortably crowded each afternoon and evening. There were 546 dogs entered, and nearly all of them were present. The average quality was above the average; many of the classes were as good in this respect as we have seen at any show. The St. Bernards were a grand lot. The pointers were also good, the four shown by the Graphic Kennel being exceptionally good. The English setters were not so good as we expected to see, although some of them were very fine. The Irish setters were a nice lot. The best classes in the show were the spaniels. Take them all through, it was the best collection that we remember to have seen. The judging, with the exception of two puppy and the miscellaneous classes, was finished the first day. We are sorry that we are compelled to disagree with any of the decisions of the judges. Our reasons for so doing will be found in the comments upon the dogs. The weather was good, and the attendance all through the show was far beyond the expectations of the management, and we are pleased to note that there is a handsome balance upon the right side of the books. The treasurer commenced paying the prizes at half-past three on Thursday, and on Friday all who had not called were sent the amounts due them. Several protests were made, only one of which was sustained. The special prize offered for the best kennel of spaniels under 25 pounds was awarded to J. P. Willey. The special was offered under the conditions that two or more kennels should compete; but as one of Mr. Rendle's dogs was sick and absent, and as his was the only competing kennel, his protest was sustained. The club voted to pay the amount of the prize to Mr. Willey, but he declined to receive it until he had fairly won it. The Sans Souci Kennel was protested on the ground of misconduct at the Philadelphia show last fall. The club placed the matter in the hands of the A. K. C., but it was referred back, and the club will take action at its next meeting. Two protests were made against winners in the champion classes on the ground that the winnings entitling them to compete were not published in the

catalogue. The owners of the animals protested placed in the hands of the committee a record of their winnings, and as this was satisfactory the protests were not sustained. Exhibitors should carefully study the rules, which are intended for their protection as well as the Association, and comply with their requirements. There was also a protest lodged against the award of the special prize for the best cocker stud dog with one of his get on the ground that it was judged in the absence of the competitor, and that the puppy taken before the judge was not the one he intended to show; but the matter was amicably arranged, and will be decided at Boston where all the competing dogs are entered under the same judge. Following is a list of the judges: Mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands and Great Danes, Mr. Edward Dudley, Camden, N. J.; deerhounds and greyhounds, Mr. H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass.; pointers and setters, Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.; bulldogs and bull-terriers, Mr. Edward Porter, New Haven, Conn.; collies, spaniels, foxhounds, basset hounds, dachshunds, Chesapeake Bay dogs, wire-haired, Irish, Scotch, Skye, Bedlington, Dandie Dinmont, black and tan terriers and miscellaneous, Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Can.; beagles, Mr. J. A. Stovell, Philadelphia, Pa.; fox-terriers, Yorkshire terriers, pugs and toy dogs, Mr. James Mortimer, Babylon, L. I.; poodles, Mr. John G. Heckscher, New York; veterinary, Mr. H. Clay Glover, New York. The dogs were fed by Spratts Patent. In commenting upon the dogs we have avoided repetition of description of well-known animals except in case such description is needed.

MASTIFFS—(MR. DUDLEY).

In the champion class Nevison was absent and Prussian Princess had a walk over. She was looking well. In the open dog class David was selected as the best. He is much too small to win in good company with such a head as he has. A dog of his proportions must be exceptionally strong in head properties to successfully compete with fair-headed specimens of good size. Second went to Dread, in elegant condition. He is far removed from first-class form, being faulty before the eye, short between the couplings and cow-hocked. Hector, placed third, is well known, and so is Hildebert. The latter is still leggy and faulty in muzzle. Boss, hc., was much the best dog in the class. He is a large, well-formed dog, and has a good skull, fairly good ears, and stands well on his feet. His fault is in muzzle which is not square enough. While he is not a crack, he is a much better specimen than David, and we shall expect to see the decision reversed under other judgment. Of the three bitches shown, Queen II., although faulty in muzzle, was well placed first, and Dido II., better in head and muzzle but too small, came next, with Nana, faulty in head, muzzle and feet, third. This was a poor class. Hannibal, noticed in our report of the Fanciers' show, was again to the front in the dog puppy class. He will not develop into a winner in good company. Dread, Jr., has a long face and a domed skull of little volume. Rah, vhc., is very faulty in head, eyes and tail, and should not have been given a card. Young Nevison, although much younger than his opponents and faulty in ears, was our choice for second place. The bitch puppies were a very ordinary lot. The winner is domed in skull, has heavy ears and a long face. Beatrice, placed second, is heavy in ears. Madge is not a mastiff.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. DUDLEY).

These classes were well represented and made a very grand display. The judge by his awards clearly demonstrated that he is not at home with the breed, and we have seldom, if ever, seen the classes so badly handled. Duke of Leeds and Otho were the only entries in the champion rough-coated class. The award was rightly in favor of the Duke. While he is not quite so good in head or so strong in limbs as Otho, he has more length between the couplings and is good behind the last rib (tail excepted), where Otho fails. The open class for dogs was wretchedly handled, the very best dogs in the class being left out in the cold. True to his old love, Mr. Dudley selected First Choice for premier honors. He is too long in face and too light in bone to compete successfully in such company as he met upon this occasion, and he was shown light of coat. Courage II. was the next lucky one. He is a big dog with plenty of bone, and stands fairly well on his feet. He shows little character in head, has no stop, bad eyes, a round skull, and rather heavy ears. He would be better had he more length between the couplings, and his tail is not carried right; vhc. was quite as much as he was entitled to. Konig has not improved upon his puppy form, and was not entitled to third prize. He is small, lacks substance and bone, and was not in good condition. We thought him outclassed. Merchant Prince was absent. Bosco II., a winner at the Crystal Palace, was hc. He was without doubt the best dog in the class. He is a bit cheeky, rather right in bone and faulty in tail, but was far ahead of the winners. Rudolf II., c., was one of the best dogs in the class, and the small but typical Rene was left out entirely; he was worth vhc. Prince Leopold should also have received notice. In the corresponding bitch class Lady Athol, a recently imported bitch, was placed first. She is short of coat, too long in face, and rather light in bone. She is a taking bitch of good size. St. Bride, placed second, was our choice for first prize. She has a fairly good head, is of good size, and has plenty of length of body. She is rather light in bone, and would be improved by more coat. Sheila, placed third, lacks in head, tail and in bone. She is of fair size. Old Regis was in capital condition, and we liked her quite as well as Sheila. Marchioness is a strong-boned bitch, but she is not up to show form, being faulty in head, ears, color, eyes and formation of limbs.

The champion smooth-coats were represented by Leila, Wanda and Verone. The placing of Verone over Leila is the worst blunder we have seen committed by a St. Bernard judge. Leila, the queen of smooth St. Bernards; the grandest specimen ever exhibited in England; the best St. Bernard in America, placed behind Verone, a dog that is not her equal in any one point, if we except tail, where both are faulty. The open dog class was a good one, and the recently imported Apollo and Hector were selected for the blue and the red ribbon. The former, a grand dog, is too much of the bloodhound type in head, but he is a big, well-boned and well built dog. Hector has youth on his side, and we like his head better than Apollo's; he is also good in body, legs and feet, and when fully developed will turn the tables on his more fortunate opponent. He is the better dog. Rigi, placed third, is of correct type, but is too small. Czar is very faulty in head. The first-prize bitch is above the average in good looks, but we would like her better had she more bone and correctly carried ears. Alua II., winner of second prize, is small, but of good type. Her hindlegs are faulty. Snowball is light in bone and faulty in muzzle. Tony, vhc., is a little bitch of good type. Loyal, the winner in the class for rough-coated puppies, is a good one and will be heard from again. He scored a very easy win over Strathmore. Don Hugo got more than he deserved. He has a long, collie face and light eyes. Fleur de Lis was well placed first in the corresponding class for bitches. She is faulty in stop and muzzle, but has good bone and excellent legs and feet, and a body above the average. There was nothing good-looking in the smooth-coated puppy classes.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. DUDLEY).

Bruno, a fairly good dog, was the best of the lot; his worse faults are in eyes and coat, the former are too light and the latter is not straight. He is about as good as anything we have seen since the days of Mayor of Bingley. Pascha, second prize, is a big, fine dog with a moderate head; his coat is flat but it is much too short. Prince, vhc., is faulty in coat and tail; he is of good size. Major was absent but Othello II. was in his stall. He is almost as close in curl as a retriever and should not have been highly commended.

GREAT DANES—(MR. DUDLEY).

Ramy, placed first in this class, is faulty in expression, too

light all over, and has an abundance of dew lap, which is very objectionable. Cafe-au-lait, a fairly good specimen on the small side, was second, and we liked him better than the winner. We did not see Major. Duchess is small and not of correct type.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. SMITH).

There were no entries in the champion class. In the open dog class Pembroke, weak in muzzle and badly shown, was the best. Czar, leggy, shallow and faulty in eyes and stifles, was placed second; he is not a show dog. Rex and Don are heavy in head and weak in muzzle, neither was worth a card. Paris was absent. This was a poor class. There were no entries in the bitch class. Pembroke had an easy win in the puppy class. The highly commended Theo was next best. Dixey, placed second, is faulty in head, muzzle, eyes and in ears. It would have been better to have withheld second money for want of merit, as Pembroke alone will be heard of in the future, and he not in the first class. We were sorry to see the classes so poorly represented.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. SMITH).

There were only six entries in the three classes and Mac, a useful but not first class specimen, was well ahead in the champion class. Chieftain fairly smothered Heather in the open dog class; he is a magnificent specimen and can win in any company; his head is as near perfect as anything we ever hope to see, and he has great size and rare quarters, good shoulders, chest, legs, feet and coat; his ears are a trifle large and he would be improved by more strength of forearm. Heather, just a fair specimen, was his only opponent. Wanda, a grand and game looking bitch, won very easily from Mercia, who was scarcely worth a vhc. card in such company.

POINTERS (MR. DAVIDSON).

There was more interest manifested in pointers than we have seen at any previous show. The contest between Beaufort and Graphic was the all-absorbing topic among the pointer men, even the fanciers of other breeds sagely discussed their merits and shortcomings and glibly reeled off long sentences replete with weighty argument which conclusively proved that their favorite was a pointer and his opponent a duffer. Indeed the erudite pointer lore that one stumbled upon in unexpected places or had thrown at him from odd corners was perfectly bewildering. There were sixty-seven entries with nine absentees, among which were the four entered by the St. Louis Kennel Club. In the champion class for large-sized dogs Beaufort was alone. He was looking almost as well as at Washington, three years ago. His coat was in elegant condition, although he has not shed it yet and it was somewhat faded. He was drawn just a bit too fine and would have appeared more symmetrical had he been two or three pounds heavier. There were no entries in the corresponding bitch class. In the open dog class Graphic had an easy win. He is so far ahead of the average pointer that we are accustomed to see that the mere fact of his winning does not convey an adequate idea of his merit. He is a magnificent specimen of the pointer; very taking to the eye with lots of quality and as good as he is handsome. He was in capital condition and showed up in the ring to great advantage. His faults are few; he is not quite square cut enough in muzzle, and although he has a good head, it would be improved with a little more brow and fullness on top. This would give his ears the appearance of setting lower instead of being a trifle high. He has a clean, well-formed neck, but it is too massive; he is just a bit short coupled, and might be better in stifle and second thigh. His tail is also not straight. Second went to Tammany. We have never seen him looking nearly so well. He has developed in quarters more than we thought possible; this adds greatly to his appearance. Third went to Danby, a fairly good dog in head and chest; he is a trifle too long coupled, and is a little leggy and straight behind. Jimmie was in capital condition and deserved his vhc. Rugby, hc., is good in chest, body, loin, legs and feet; he lacks character in head and has a coarse tail. Dash, c., is plain in head and light in bone with ragged hips. Harry T., unnoticed, was better deserving the card. He is fairly well formed and has good legs and feet. In the bitch class first went to Revel III. She is the best large bitch that we ever saw and one of the most taking to look at. She has capital shoulders, chest, body, loin and quarters and the best of legs and feet. Her head is not so good as her sister's, Graphic, and her muzzle is not so good as his. Her neck is too thick, short and it is a bit throaty, and she has a coarse tail. There is also a line of wavy hair on top of her shoulders that we do not like. Second went to Bellona. She was not looking well. When in condition she is fully as good as any of her kennel companions. Nell, third, was looking well, except that she was too fat, which makes her lack of bone too prominent. Lucille, vhc., was looking fairly well. Polly Varden, hc., was also much too fat. In the champion class for dogs under 55 pounds, Robin Adair had a walk over. He was not quite at his best. In the corresponding bitch class, Vanity, the only entry, was absent. In the open dog class, first went to Bracket, a very nice son of Graphic's. He has a good head, although his ears might hang a little better. He is a little throaty and a trifle heavy in shoulders. He is exceptionally good in chest, body and loin; he also has a good tail, but carries it too high. We would like him a bit stronger in pasterns and second thighs. Take him all round, he is a very hard dog to beat. Second went to Bang Bang. He was not looking his best, but well deserved the place. Third went to Nick of Nasso. He is one of the best bred pointers in the world, and should prove a valuable acquisition to our breeders. He is not quite up to show form, although he is fairly good in chest and body and has a fair amount of bone. He is weak in muzzle, somewhat throaty, and might be better in pasterns. Duke of Bergen, vhc., had an abscess on his throat and was not looking so well as he did at New York last year. He went to Sensation's Lad, rather a nice dog, except that his head is not right. Clifford, c., is a fair dog, but shows signs of mange. There was nothing else in the class worthy of notice. In the bitch class first went to Meally, a capital bitch only a little behind her kennel companion in merit. She has a fair head, good shoulders, chest, legs and feet. She is weak in muzzle, throaty, and might be better just behind back ribs. She also has a coarse tail. Modesty, looking very well, was never in doubt for second place. Happy Medium well deserved her third. She is a nice bitch with badly carried ears and tail. Polly, vhc., is also good. She has a moderately good head and is a bit heavy in shoulders. Montclair, hc., was rightly placed. Vinnie, c., was deserving another letter. She is fairly good except that she stands a little high and was shown so fat that she appears to be lighter in bone than she really is. We also liked Lady Bell, Jersey and Birdie, and thought them worth a card. The puppies, with the exception of the winner in the dog class, were a moderate lot. Tory completely out-classed the others. With the exception of a faulty eye, his head is as good as any. His tail is not right, and probably will not improve. His other faults may disappear with age; he is too young to show what he will be, but if he goes all right he will be heard from again. The rest of the dog class were ordinary. We thought them well placed, except that we should have given Young Rush a card for his good head, notwithstanding his youth and bad condition. Sandy, also unnoticed, was worth more than Bang Up, although we do not intend this as a compliment. In the bitch class first went to Lady Snow. She has a fair head and good chest, but is leggy and lacks substance. Second went to Queen, a taking looking one, with weak head and too long legs. Smilax, the only other entry, was vhc. She is only three months old and was in bad condition.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

There were 55 entries in the English setter classes, with only three absentees. The quality of the winners was very good.

Many of them are well known, and nearly all of them were in good form. Several of the new comers in the aged classes succeeded in winning positions, and two of them got into the money. Mr. Davidson has a wonderful faculty for picking out the good ones, and it is rarely that inferiority can be found among those that receive premier honors at his hands. In the champion dog class Rockingham had a walk over. He was a trifle too fat, and his coat was not quite so blooming as it usually is. Modesta was also alone in the bitch class. She was not quite at her best. In the open dog class first went to Foreman, looking well except that his coat and feather are not fully grown. Next to him came Knight of Snowden. A careful examination showed him to be a much better dog than he looks at first sight. His rather coarse appearance is in a great measure due to the want of grooming. He looks soft, but feels hard and is well muscled. He has a good head that is just a trifle short and fine in muzzle, and his eyes are too light. He is very good in other respects, except that he has too much bend at hocks. Prince Imperial came next. He is of different type from Knight of Snowden. He has slightly the advantage of him in head, and we thought, take him all round, that he was, to say the least, his equal. Vhc. went to Elcho, a big, rather coarse dog not yet mature. Prince Jester, he., is a nice, very well-made dog. His wretched condition undoubtedly cost him a letter. Blue Stem, also he., is quite a fair young dog, but he is rather coarse. There was nothing else in the class worthy special notice. In the bitch class Lady Suffern carried off the honors. She has greatly improved and was in splendid condition. Second went to Juno, a very nice bitch. She is heavily marked, but otherwise fully as good as the winner. Third went to Donner's Bessie. We have never seen her looking so well. Lady May, also in good form, received vhc. Her good head and excellent form place her very close to the winners. Donna, also vhc., is a very well formed animal and fully deserved her card. Next to them we fancied Speck, unnoticed; she is well put together and quite a nice bitch; her very bad condition, however, was greatly against her. Princess Helen, also unnoticed, deserved at least two letters, notwithstanding the unsightly lump caused by a bite over her eye. The others were well placed. In the dog puppy class Prince Dash had it all his own way. He is fairly well formed and a very taking dog to look at. He is not well developed behind, but may improve with age. Prince Phœbus came next. He is of good type, but weak in head and muzzle and is undershot. Glen Roy, vhc., and Toby, he., are fair specimens. The bitch class was better; all of the noticed ones were above the average. Princess Katie was about as good as any, although she was not at her best and did not show up well in the ring.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Only twelve black and tan setters were entered, all were present except champion Turk, his death was published last week. Argus consequently had a walk over in the champion class. In the open dog class first went to Don, winner of second at the recent Fanciers' show. Buck, winner of second, is a big coarse dog with a heavy head and light eye, vhc. would have been plenty for him; neither of the others deserved notice. Baron, third, is a very ordinary dog with no character in head, he also has a sway back and too much white on chest to say nothing of his white feet. Boy, c., is a poor specimen with a very slack back and without tan markings on head. The bitch class was much better. First went to Nora, winner at Philadelphia last fall; she was looking well except that she was short of flag. Topsey, winner of second, is of the heavy Gordon type; she probably has been a good one in her day, but she is too old for the show bench. Third went to Maud; she has a good head but is leggy and lathy. Cremorne, vhc., has a good body and coat, but is weak in head and has poor markings. Heather Lass, he., was too fat; she has a short body and her condition was greatly to her disadvantage. There was but one puppy shown, he is a big coarse fellow but of good color and markings.

IRISH SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

The Irish setters in the aged classes were a good lot. There were thirty-eight entries with only one absentee. Chief was the only entry in the champion dog class. We never saw him looking better. In the corresponding bitch class Faun carried off the honors. Lady Clare was much too fat. In the open dog class first went to Blaney. He was not in his usual good form, but well deserved the place. Bruce, looking well, was second, and Tim was third. He has improved since we saw him last. Patsey, vhc., is a nicely-made little dog, and were it not for his plain head and high tail he would have undoubtedly been in the money. The others were not quite up to these; we thought them well placed. Molly Bawn rightly won in the bitch class. Next to her we preferred Miss Nellie Husted, but she has not quite bone enough to please the judge, who placed both Yoube and Jessie over her. There was nothing else in the class calling for special mention, although several of them were fairly good. There was but one dog puppy shown, a big fellow with immense bone. In the bitch class, Nanon, rather a pretty bitch, was the best of an ordinary lot.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS—(MR. KIRK).

There were two dogs entered in this class. First was withheld and second given to Onomoo. He has a poor head and was far from good in coat. Prince was c. This would have been well enough had he been in the miscellaneous class, where he belonged, but in this class the card should have been withheld.

SPANIELS—(MR. KIRK).

The field and cocker spaniels were out in force. There were 58 entries, only three of which were absent. The quality throughout was excellent. This was evidently the opinion of the judge, as with the exception of about half a dozen, all in the open classes received notice. Black Prince was the only entry in the champion field spaniel class. He was looking his very best. In the open class, first went to Newton Abbot Lady, Black Beau Jr. coming second; we liked him as well as Lady. He is a very typical specimen, long and low with a beautiful head and good coat. Lad o' Devon, winner of third, looks a workman all over, but he is a bit too short in body and stands too high. The others were all noticed except one, and were much better than we remember to have seen at the tail end of a class. In the champion cocker class, Compton Brahmin scored a win. He was well shown. The open dog class, liver and black, brought out a clinker in Black Pete. He has a beautiful head, except that there is a fullness about the eyes, his muzzle is much better than we often see. If he does not grow too large, he will make it hot for the best of them. Obo Jr. won second over Young Obo. The latter is better in head, and much better in fore legs. We thought that they might have changed places. Dunrobin, he., and Compton Bedouin, c., are too young for such company. In the bitch class, first went to Shina; she deserved the place although she was not looking so well as usual. Woodstock Norah, winner of second, is a very nice puppy of good type. She is slightly undershot, which is her only serious fault. This was a quality class, every one receiving notice. In the class for "any other color," Little Red Rover scored an easy win. He is a very stylish puppy, and will undoubtedly be heard from again, he is slightly undershot. The puppies were a capital lot, the first and second prize winners being also winners in the aged classes. In the class for Clumbers, Newcastle and Tyne were respectively first and second, both were in good condition.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. KIRK).

Only four of the foxhounds entered were shown. Vinegar, looking well, won in the champion class. In the open dog class Truman won first; he is getting old and his mouth is bad. He is more the type of the English foxhound than his competitor Ranger, although the latter is much the best looking animal.

There was but one entry each in the bitch and puppy classes; both were absent.

COLLIES—(MR. KIRK).

Ben Nevis, Robin Adair and Jersey Lass represented the champions. Ben scored an easy win. Jersey Lass is short in coat and faulty in head. In the open dog class Glengarry, a well-bred youngster, was the best in the class. His head is not clean enough. He has a good coat, but he gets his tail up too high. Roy Boy is not so good in coat as the winner, but he has a better head and frill. His ears are a bit heavy. Bonnie Scotland, placed third, was a peg or two higher on the list than he ought to have been. He is faulty in brow, ears, coat and tail, and moves with his hocks too near together. Heather, a litter brother to the winner, was our choice for third prize. He is quite as good in head as Bonnie Scotland, and better in coat and legs. Clipper, from the same litter, should beat Heather when in good condition, but he was out of coat. Surbiton is too thick in head, and has a Pomeranian expression that we do not like. He would do with more coat, especially in the quarters. Laddie, c., is short in coat and plain in head. Lady of the Lake, a nice bitch, scored an easy win in the bitch class. She is nicely put together and has a good head. She was short of coat and she gets her tail up too high. A daughter of Rutland came second and Lass o' Lowrie next. We liked the vhc., Gem, better than Lass o' Lowrie. The former is faulty in muzzle and ears, whereas the latter is soft in coat and faulty in head. Glengarry and Bonnie Scotland were first and second in the dog puppy class. Gifford and Heather are better than Bonnie Scotland. Bonnie, a very nice specimen, was first in the corresponding class for bitches. Her ears are a bit heavy. She was in splendid condition, and has a capital coat and a head above the average. Lady Ellis, a sweet little bitch, was our choice for second prize. Lintie, a well-bred one, is a bit off at both ends. Annie Laurie is round in eye, heavy in ears, and faulty in muzzle. Bonnie, he., is too soft in coat.

BEAGLES—(MR. STOVELL).

There were twenty-one beagles entered and the average quality was good. Bannerman, looking well, won in the champion class. In the open dog class, over 12 inches, Little Duke, in good condition, was placed first. Next came Rattler III., also looking well. The two others we thought properly placed, although we expected to see Trifle higher up, as he more nearly resembles Bannerman than any of the others. The bitch class was good. They were well handled, except that Chase and Trinket might have been given another letter each. The class under 12 inches was not large but quite good. Mr. Stovell judged by points and took a great deal of time and pains to place his dogs, and made few mistakes.

BASSET HOUNDS AND DACHSHUNDE—(MR. KIRK).

These classes were better represented than we have seen in some time. Mr. Gilbert was well to the front with Bertrand, and we fancied Canace, from the same kennel, for second place. There was nothing first-class in the dachshund class, but the eight entries were above the average we generally see exhibited.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Mr. Mortimer worked hard, but failed to get his dogs right. His awards were badly received in more than one instance. Belgrave Primrose, the only entry in the champion dog class, has grown very cheery; he was in poor condition. Diana, a good bitch, had to succumb to the peerless Richmond Olive in the corresponding bitch class. Delta was absent. In the open dog class the Messrs. Rutherford were again successful with Splaugar, a very ordinary specimen, faulty in skull, muzzle, eyes, ears and loin. There were at least half a dozen better specimens in the class. General Grant was much the best dog in the class. He is at present a little light before the eye, but is a terrier all over. Earl Leicester, he., should have been second. He shows a lot of terrier character and is a better dog than the winner. The others in the class, excepting perhaps Orange Pippin, are well known. He is wide in front and faulty in feet. Cornwall Duchess won in the bitch class. She is rather long cast and is faulty in loin, muzzle and coat. Nina is full at the brow, but in other respects is the better terrier. Warren Winsome is too long, Lady Winnie is also too long and light, Clover Fidget is wide in front and faulty in ears, Clover Bell is long cast and round in skull. There was only one entry in the class for wire-haired. He will be heard from again. How Cocaine ever came to win first in the dog puppy class is more than we can say. His ears are badly carried, he is faulty in skull and muzzle, and is long and shallow in body. General Grant, vhc., is worth a hundred such as he. Nutmeg III., a well-bred one, shows character, but is much too large and leggy for a puppy. He is a big dog now, although entered as seven months old. He should not have received the vhc. card. Flirt was the best of the bitch puppies. She is too full in brow, has beautiful ears, and stands on capital legs and feet. Folly does not carry her ears well, but is a nice terrier. Violet V. is faulty in forelegs, feet and ears, stands too high, and is too big for her age; she shows character.

BULLDOGS—(MR. PORTER).

Only five dogs were entered in the bulldog classes, so that Mr. Porter had an easy task set him. Bellissima was all alone in the champion class, and Remus outclassed Brimstone in the open dog class. We liked Bellona better than Hespian; the latter is very pinched in muzzle.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. PORTER).

There were thirteen entries all told, and Grand Duke sustained his reputation by beating Dutch, Jr. and Victoria. The latter was badly shown. Grand Duke has grown very cheery of late, and must soon give way to better and cleaner-headed specimens. In the open class, Count, the best dog before the public, scored an easy win over the thick-skulled and lippy Judas. We would have placed Jack second; he is better in head and muzzle than Judas and as good in body. Little Nell, looking well, was alone in the bitch class. The puppies were a very ordinary lot. Anthony is too wide in skull for a puppy and is long cast and coarse in tail. Alice is cheery, faulty before the eyes and coarse in tail.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

There were but three entries in this class and the prizes were withheld for want of merit. This was a mistake, as Sprite is above the average in good looks.

IRISH, BEDLINGTON, DANDIE AND SKYE TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK). These classes were badly filled and only one of the exhibits will leave a mark in good company at future shows. Norah, the winning Irish terrier, is soft in coat. Binnie, the first prize Dandie, is faulty in head and coat. Sentinel, the winner in the Bedlington class, is a good dog, albeit too low on the legs for our fancy. Touzie, the winning Skye, is faulty in ears. He has plenty of length and will improve in coat.

PUGS—(MR. MORTIMER).

We were surprised to find but eleven entries in the four classes, and of these two were absent—Master Tragedy and Miss Ruby. Bradford Ruby, shown in elegant condition, was alone in the champion class. It would be no easy task to beat this typical little dog when shown as he was on this occasion. Young Toby had the open dog class to himself until Dick was transferred from the pointer class. The latter is faulty in skull, muzzle and ears. Miss Kitty, well known, scored an easy win in the bitch class after having been transferred from the champion class. Is it not about time exhibitors were held responsible for blunders of this kind?

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were only four entries in the two classes, and all were from one kennel. Ben, short in coat, was the best of the lot.

TOY TERRIERS OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE—(MR. MORTIMER). There was only one entry, Tiny. She was fully described in our report of the last New York show.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Of the three entries in the King Charles class Nellie was

placed first. We are pleased to notice that the judge has reversed his decision made at the Philadelphia October show, where Pitou was given first. Duke of Edinburgh is a better dog than either Nellie or Pitou, and we shall expect to see Mr. Mortimer reverse his decision if these dogs ever come under his judgment again. King Victor was properly placed over King Pippin, his only opponent in the Blenheim class.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

No entries.

POODLES—(MR. HECKSCHER).

These classes were not well represented. Sabot and Jet II. are moderate specimens.

MISCELLANEOUS—(MR. KIRK).

In this class prizes were awarded to Vixen, a Dalmatian, faulty in head, bone and markings; Black Bess, an English retriever, faulty in head and tail, and to Barry; we did not ascertain what breed the latter represents, although he is said to be a Leonberg. Charley, a Prince Charles spaniel, is faulty in head and lacks in bone and feather, but he was as good looking as anything in the class.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

There were 55 special prizes awarded. In many cases the awards followed the decisions in the regular classes. The event of the show was the coming together of Beaufort and Graphic, to decide which should carry off the honors as the best large pointer. Both were in elegant condition, and the contest between them was watched with absorbing interest. Many intelligent admirers of each dog, while claiming supremacy for their favorite, freely admitted that there was not much to choose between them, and that the victor would by no means have an easy win. Two years ago we said of Beaufort, "He is without doubt the best large pointer we have." We have seen nothing since causing us to change this opinion, although we confess that the first glimpse we caught of Graphic at Philadelphia last fall led us to think him the better dog, but a careful examination and comparison of the two showed Beaufort "still the king." Beaufort has the advantage of Graphic in head, particularly in squareness and proportion in muzzle, beauty of eye, in skull and set of ear. Graphic has a little the best of it in neck, it being better arched and free from throatiness, while Beaufort is somewhat throaty, although his neck is not so thick as Graphic's. In shoulders, chest, back and forelegs both are grand. In loin Beaufort is well arched, while Graphic is comparatively flat. In quarters and stifles Beaufort is the best, and much the best in second thighs, and has by far the best tail. There is not much difference in quality of feet. Beaufort has the largest, but the toes are well arched and the pads are firm and of good thickness. Graphic is just a bit too short coupled, while Beaufort is very good in this respect. In appearance of coat Graphic had a slight advantage in a new coat, while Beaufort has not yet shed his. Both are very symmetrical and full of quality, with the advantage slightly in favor of Beaufort in the former and Graphic in the latter. On Thursday evening, in the judges' ring, Mr. Heath, the owner of Graphic, very gracefully presented to Beaufort the trophy he had won. We cannot agree with the judge in placing Revel III. over Beaufort in the special for the best pointer. She has not so good a head even as Graphic, and not nearly so good a neck as Beaufort, neither has she nearly so good a tail, and she has not enough the best of him in other respects to overcome these. She is a very taking animal to look at, and, as we have before remarked, she is the best large bitch that we have seen. We do not think her, however, quite good enough to beat Graphic even. Mr. Davidson is one of the best pointer judges that we have, and we have no doubt that had he examined and compared Revel III. and Beaufort point by point as carefully as he did Beaufort and Graphic, we should not have had to disagree with his decision.

Leila should have won the smooth-coated St. Bernard special easily, and we thought Little Duke entitled to the special for the best beagle, as he is but a trifle behind Bannerman at any point, and is greatly his superior in head.

We published the awards last week. Below will be found the omissions and corrections, together with a list of the specials:

AWARDS.

In Newfoundland, Major, high com., was a mistake, as he was absent. In deerhound bitches, 2d was withheld. In champion pointer dogs under 55lbs., Robin Adair won. In small pointer bitches, very high com. was won by G. W. Waite's Polly instead of Keswick II. In the open class for black and tan setter dogs, C. W. Tuttle's Don won 1st. In field or cocker spaniel puppies, J. W. Kelly's Woodstock Norah and Little Red Rover were 1st and 2d. W. H. Tucker's May Obo and B. J. Rae's Young Belle were very high com. The only entry in foxhound bitches and puppies was absent. In collie bitch puppies, Bonnie won first.

SPECIALS.

The remainder of the special prizes were awarded as follows: Best smooth-coated St. Bernard in open class, W. W. Tucker's Apollo. Best kennel of pointers, Graphic Kennels. Best kennel of English setters, Ramapo Kennel. Best kennel of Irish setters, Max Wenzel. Best kennel of collies, J. D. Shotwell. Best beagle, A. C. Krueger's Bannerman. Best fox-terrier, J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive. Best field spaniel, A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot Lady. Best greyhound, C. D. Wilbur's Pembroke. Best bull-terrier, R. & W. Livingston's Grand Duke. Best pug, City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby. Best heavy pointer dog, C. H. Mason's Beaufort. Best English pointer bitch, Graphic Kennels' Meally. Best collie, J. D. Shotwell's Lady of the Lake. Best bulldog, J. E. Thayer's Bellissima. Best English setter, F. Windholz's Rockingham. Best pointer, Graphic Kennels' Revel III. Best mastiff, Winlaw Kennels' Prussian Princess. Best collie puppy, J. D. Shotwell's Glengarry. Best pointer puppy, T. G. Davey's Tory. Best dog, the get of Jimmie, G. W. McNeil's King Dan. Best bitch, V. M. Haldeman's Leila. Best descendant of old Phil, C. J. Peshall's Jimmie. Best get of Chief, C. W. Rodenburg's Chip. Best bitch the get of Dashing Monarch, P. C. Ohl's Juno. Best English setter brood bitch that has been placed at a field trial, with two of her progeny, Ramapo Kennels' Bessie with Prince Imperial and Princess Helen. Best beagle over 12 inches in open class, A. C. Krueger's Pet. Best under 12 inches, W. F. Streeter's March Toy II. Best American bred fox-terrier, C. A. Stevens's Cocaine. Best English setter in open classes, Ramapo Kennels' Lady Suffern. Best Springer, A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot Lady. Best cocker, J. P. Wiley's Black Petie. Best retrieving spaniel, A. C. Wilmerding's Black Petie. Best black and tan setter, H. Clay Glover's New York. Light pointer (two), Graphic Kennels' Bracket. Best English setter puppy, J. Von Lengerke's Prince Dash. Best dog sired by Sensation, A. P. Vredenburg's Sensation's Lad. Best heavy pointer bitch, Graphic Kennels' Revel III. Best brace of pointers, Graphic Kennels' Bracket and Revel III. Best stud pointer with two of his get, Graphic Kennels' Graphic with Bracket and Revel III.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

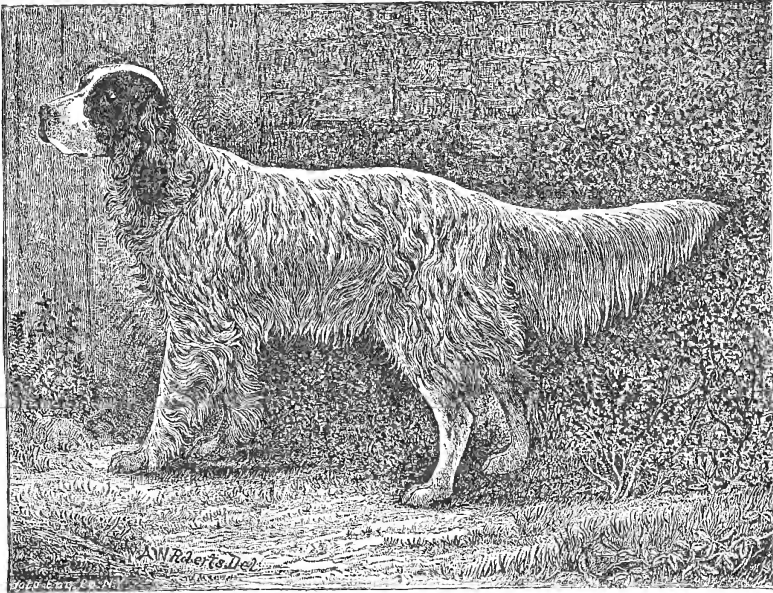
Editor Forest and Stream:

Following is the list of judges for our coming show: Mastiffs, Dr. J. Frank Perry, Boston, Mass. St. Bernards, not yet appointed. Pointers, J. M. Tracy, Greenwich, Conn. English setters, B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa. Irish and black and tan setters, H. Clay Glover, New York. Fox-terriers, Messrs. L. and W. Rutherford, New York. Collies, beagles, dachshunde and basset hounds, Dr. Downey, New Market, Md. Foxhounds, A. Belmont Purdy. Newfoundlands, spaniels (all classes), deerhounds, greyhounds, bulldogs, bull, Skye, Bedlington, Dandie Dinmont, Irish, Scotch, Yorkshire and toy terriers and pugs, J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Canada. Poodles, J. G. Heckscher, Esq., New York. Special arrangements have been made with all railway companies, also with all express companies except Adams, to return dogs free from the show on having company's rates prepaid. JAS. MORTIMER, Superintendent.

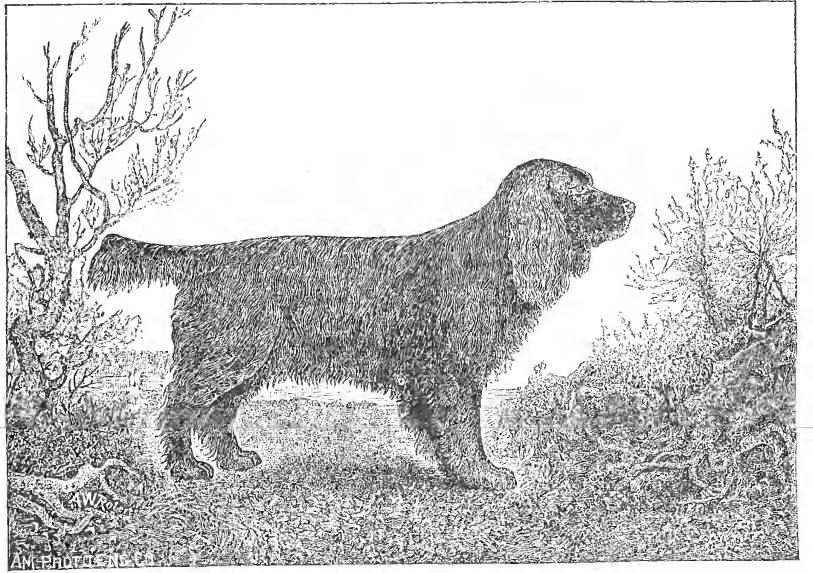
CATALOGUES OF THE NEWARK DOG SHOW.—Any one wishing a catalogue of the Newark dog show can receive one by sending address with stamp to the secretary, Mr. A. P. Vredenburg, Bergen Point, N. J.

WINNING DOGS AT NEWARK.

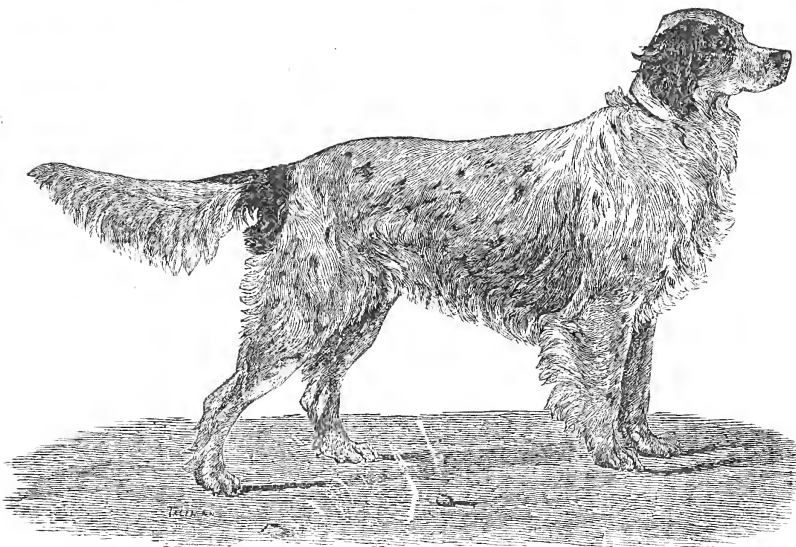
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE "AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."



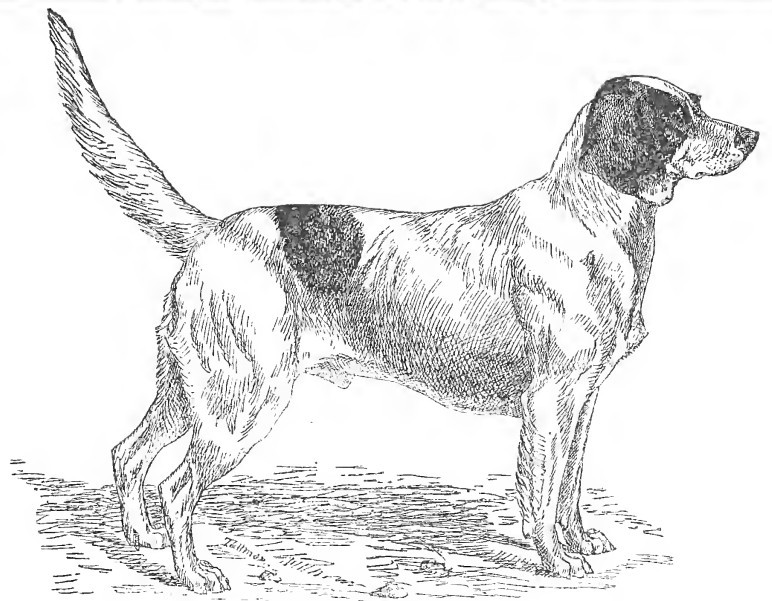
MR. F. WINDHOLZ'S "ROCKINGHAM."



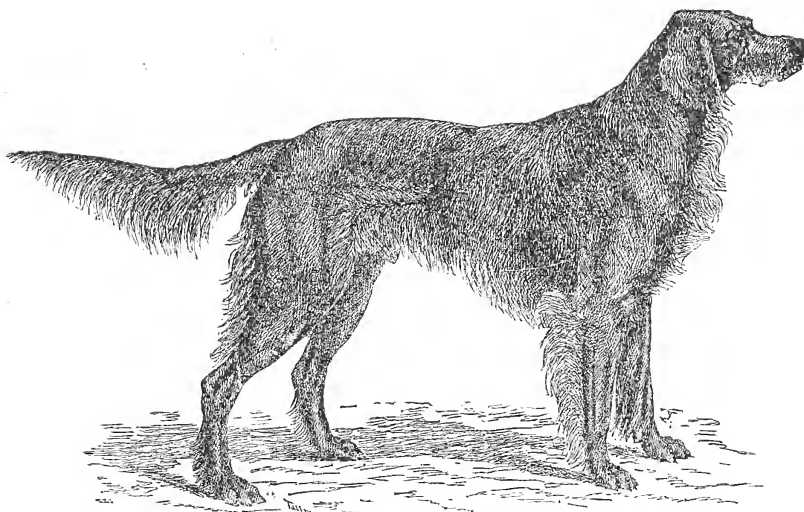
MR. A. C. WILMERDING'S "BLACK PRINCE" (A.K.R. 69).



BLACKSTONE KENNELS' "FOREMAN."



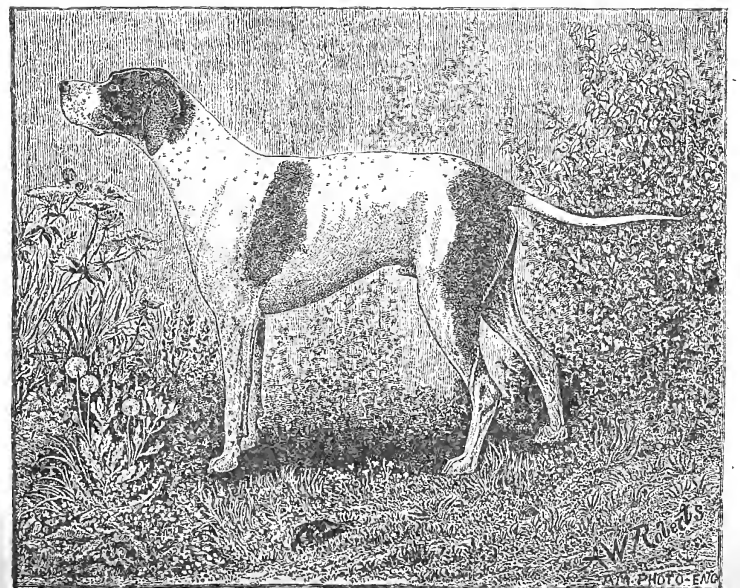
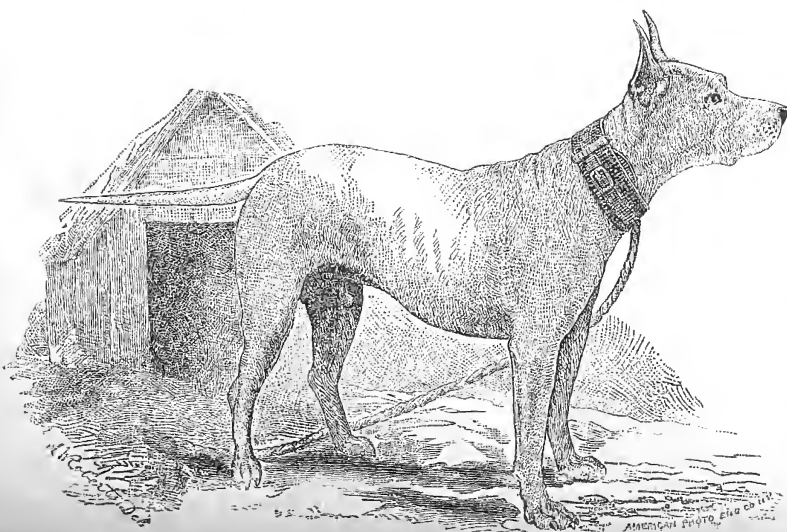
MESSRS. A. H. WAKEFIELD & CO.'S "LITTLE DUKE" (A.K.R. 1994).



MR. E. W. CLARK'S "BLARNEY" (A.K.R. 2501).



CITY VIEW KENNELS' "BRADFORD RUBY" (A.K.R. 2997).



THE NEW HAVEN SHOW.

THE third annual bench show of the New Haven Kennel Club opened Tuesday, March 30, with 400 and odd entries, and is now in progress, closing to-morrow evening. The exhibition is in the drill room of the Second Regiment Armory, a building which is unsurpassed by any other outside of New York for bench show purposes. The quality of the dogs is very good; they are well benched, and the management is excellent in every respect. The rainy weather interfered with the attendance on Tuesday, but a fair number were present. The judging progressed through nearly all of the classes Tuesday, and was completed yesterday. A list of the awards is given herewith:

AWARDS.

Mastiffs.—**Champion**—Dog: Winlaw Kennels' Homer. *Bitch*: Winlaw Kennels' Prussian Princess—**Open**—1st, Ashmont Kennels' Ilford Cromwell; 2d, E. H. Moore's Ilford Caution. Very high com., Wm. S. Johnson's Bread and Winlaw Kennels' Hector. Com., J. A. Haworth's Cedric's Gurth. *Bitches*: No entries. *Puppies*: Withheld.

ST. BERNARDS.—**Rough-Coated**—**Champion**: Dog: Hermitage Kennels' Bonivar. *Bitch*: Hermitage Kennels' Rhona—**Open**—*Dogs*: 1st, J. W. Burgess' First Choice; 2d, E. H. Moore's Merchant Prince. Very high com. and reserve, J. W. Burgess's Rene. Very high com., Chequasset Kennels' Rudolph II. High com., Arthur Wallack's Miranda; 2d, Buena Vista Kennels' Stella. High com., E. F. Mansfield's Venus. Com., Hermitage Kennels' St. Bride. *Puppies*: Absent. **Smooth-Coated**—**Open**—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, W. Tucker's Rigi and Apollo. High com., Chequasset Kennels' Lodi. *Bitches*: 1st, Hermitage Kennels' Alma II. *Puppies*: 1st, Chequasset Kennels' Lodi.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, D. O'Shea's Bruno; 2d, L. Sommer's Major.

GREYHOUNDS.—**Champion**—H. W. Huntington's Bouncing Boy. **Open**—1st and 2d, H. W. Huntington's Hawthorn Belle and Harlequin. Very high com., S. H. Crittenden's Fido.

DEERHOUNDS.—**Champion**—Edward Kelley's Mac. —**Open**—1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Chieftain and Wanda. Very high com. and com., Edward Kelley's Heather and Merica.

POINTERS.—**Champion**—Dog: C. H. Mason's Beaufort. *Bitch*: No entry. —**Open**—**Large**—*Dogs*: 1st, A. Collins's Captain Fred; 2d, C. A. Parker's William Tell. Very high com., R. Wilson's Zeb. High com., A. R. Morrison's Sancha. *Bitches*: 1st, A. H. Aldrich's Nell. **Small**—*Dogs*: 1st, C. J. Peshall's Nick of Nasa; 2d, W. H. Moller's Van Com. Very high com., D. Scott's Sherida. High com., E. K. Sperry's Dixon and Warwick Kennels' Rex. Com., F. Felber's Dick. *Bitches*: 1st, S. T. Colt's Phyllis; 2d, F. Stevenson's Mistral. Very high com., C. A. Van Wye's Queen Bang. *Puppies*: 1st, 2d, very high com. and high com., F. F. Harris's Songo, Bowdoin, Sachem and Santee. Very high com., Vail & Wilson's Lady Snow. High com., C. A. Parker's Daisy Bell.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—**Champion**—Dog: F. Windholz's Rockingham. *Bitch*: No entry. —**Open**—*Dogs*: 1st and very high com., Blackstone Kennels' Foreman and Mack B.; 2d, Yale Kennels' Yale Belton. Very high com., C. W. Neal's Pride of Orleans. High com., E. A. Todd's Dan. Com., O. L. Washburn's Iva. *Bitches*: 1st, C. O. Chis's Juno. Very high com., Blackstone Kennels' Daisy Laverack and Lulu. High com., Waterloo Kennels' Nancy Dawson and P. C. Ohl's Nettie B. Com., Associated Fanciers' Czarina. *Puppies*: *Dogs*: 1st, Yale Kennels' Prince Belton; 2d, D. O'Shea's Prince Phobus. Very high com., H. Plum's Rock. High com., E. M. Youman's Don Belton, J. J. Carmody's Flash and J. H. Redding's Dick. *Bitches*: 1st, F. D. Freeman's Lulu; 2d, O. L. Washburn's Countess Helen. Very high com., G. W. Neal's Daisy Foreman, W. C. Auger's Pearl Belton. High com., J. E. Evelith's Ramona, Yale Kennels' Belle Belton and Princess Belton. Com., D. O'Shea's Countess, H. Raymond's Meg Belton, W. C. Root's Minka.

IRISH SETTERS.—**Champion**—Dog: Max Wenzel's Chief. *Bitch*: I. H. Roberts's Lady Clare. —**Open**—*Dogs*: 1st, E. W. Clark's Blarney; 2d, I. H. Roberts's Bruce. Very high com., M. Wenzel's Tim. High com., R. A. Spalding's Garry, J. Grosvenor's Banker. Com., H. L. Bruce's Red. *Bitches*: 1st, Mr. Murphy's Molly Bank; 2d, M. Wenzel's Yoube. Very high com., H. Wilson's Jess. H. Roberts's Jessie. High com., Preston Kennels' Nora. I. H. Roberts's Hebe. Com., B. Barnes's Nana, J. Grosvenor's Zella. *Puppies*: 1st, F. E. Watkins's Perdita; 2d, T. Carney's Duke. Very high com., Miss. L. Kunzelman's Lizzie.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—**Champion**—Dog: J. E. Thayer's Argus. *Bitches*: No entries. —**Open**—*Dogs*: 1st, R. M. Seale's Squire; 2d, J. Howe's Gift. Very high com., J. Connor's Black Thorn. High com., A. Collins's Kaehler's Dash. Com., W. L. Spencer's Cliff II. *Bitches*: 1st, H. C. Glover's Nora; 2d, G. O. Terhune's Queen. Very high com., A. H. Aldrich's Heather Lass. High com., E. A. Doolittle's Beauty. *Puppies*: 1st and 2d, G. O. Terhune's Ned and Rex.

SPANIELS.—**Irish Water**—No entries. **Clumbers**—*Dogs*: 1st, M. Richardson's Newcastle; 2d, C. C. Trowbridge's John Halifax Gentleman. *Bitches*: 1st, M. Richardson's Tyne. —**Field**—**Champion**—*Dogs*: A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince. —**Open**—1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot Lady; 2d, C. A. Brown's Donal Odu. Very high com., F. L. Weston's Onyx, and C. H. Perry's Brahma. —**Cockers**—**Champion**: W. O. Partridge's Helen. —**Open**—**Laver and Black**—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, J. P. Willey's Black Pete and Young Obo. Very high com., S. R. Hemingway's Dunrobin. High com., G. Lamping's Nig. *Bitches*: 1st, J. P. Willey's Shina; 2d, W. H. Tuck's Alice Obo. Very high com., J. P. Willey's Beauty W. S. R. Hemingway's Miss Nance and W. H. Moseley's Zona. —**Any Other Color**—1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Marion; 2d, E. S. Bird's Sprinkle. High com., S. Bird's Matchem. *Puppies*: Equal 1st, A. B. Treat's Doc and S. R. Hemingway's Dunrobin. Very high com., E. H. Hall's Dorothy. High com., A. E. Rendle's Compton Bedouin and S. R. Hemingway's Doris.

BEAGLES.—**Champion**—A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Bush. —**Open**—*Dogs*: 1st, 2d and high com., A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Little Duke, Leader and Trifle. Very high com., Ashburner & McClure's Blue Cap. *Bitches*: 1st, 2d, very high com. and com., A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Twinkle, Chase, Silver and Vixen. High com., Associated Fanciers' Midget.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Judy.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st and 2d, C. B. Gilbert's Bertrand and Canace.

FOX TERRIERS.—**Champion**—Dog: Absent. *Bitch*: J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive. —**Open**—*Dogs*: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Baby Jack; 2d, E. Kelly's Earl of Leicester. Very high com. and reserve, E. Kelly's Sealsdale. High com., A. C. Thompson's Bob. *Bitches*: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Nina; 2d, S. D. Collins's Geraldine. Com., E. Kelley's Clover Fidget, J. H. Shepherd's Lady Winale. —**Puppies**—*Dogs*: 1st, F. Hoey's Nutmeg II.; 2d, E. Warner's John High. Very high com., W. H. Hoey's Music. Com., R. E. Warner's Jum. *Bitches*: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Flirt; 2d, F. Hoey's Mace II. High com., F. Hoey's Violet V.

COLLIES.—**Champion**—No entries. —**Open**—*Dogs*: 1st, Associated Fanciers' Roy Boy; 2d, J. Watson's Heather. Very high com. and reserve, J. Lindsay's Stronach. Very high com., J. Lindsay's Bonnie. High com., A. J. Bruff's Kally B. Com., McEwen & Gibson's Red Gauntlet and Gilderoy. *Bitches*: 1st, J. D. Shotwell's Lady of the Lake; 2d and very high com., J. Watson's Blackberry Girl and Lintie. Com., E. Riley's Mignonette. *Puppies*: 1st, J. Watson's Braw and Bonnie; 2d, J. Lindsay's Little Mac. Very high com. and reserve, H. Forbes's Gypsy. Very high com. and high com., J. Watson's Heather and Lintie.

BULLDOGS.—**Champion**—*Dogs*: J. E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe. *Bitches*: J. E. Thayer's Bellissima. —**Open**—*Dogs*: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Remus. *Bitches*: No entries.

BULL TERRIERS.—**Champion**—*Dogs*: R. H. Dudgeon's Dutch, Jr. *Bitches*: W. J. Comstock's Victoria. —**Open**—*Dogs*: 1st, F. F. Dole's Count. *Bitches*: 1st, R. Varick's Nell. *Puppies*: 1st, F. F. Dole's White Vic; 2d, P. O. Schwaab's Prince. Very high com., G. E. Vaughn's Belle. High com., F. Harris's Fannie.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, E. Lever's Britt.

ROUGH-HAIR TERRIERS.—1st, D. O'Shea's Major II.

DANDIE DINMONT.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Kelpie; 2d, G. G. Cleather's Meg.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, withheld; 2d, D. O'Shea's Norah.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, W. S. Jackson's Sentinel; 2d, D. O'Shea's Sting. High com., D. O'Shea's Wasp.

PUGS.—**Champion**—Dog: City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby. —**Open**—*Dogs*: 1st, City View Kennels' Master Tragedy; 2d, Chequasset Kennels' Young Toby. Very high com., H. R. Surie's Duke II. *Bitches*: 1st, City View Kennels' Beauty; 2d, Chequasset Kennels' Lady Flossie. High com., H. C. Herz's Pug. *Puppies*: 1st, City View Kennels' Tiny; 2d, Mrs. S. B. Hubbard's Mo. Very high com., City View Kennels' Miss Ruby. High com., S. S. Holliday's Beauty.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Dr. H. R. Surie's Dot; 2d, E. E. Pratt's Dott.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Wm. Phillips's Roscius; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Duke of Edinburgh. Very high com., F. B. Fay's Dolly and Milwaukee Charlie. High com., F. B. Fay's Alice,

BLenheim SPANIELS.—1st, W. Phillips's King Victor; 2d, Miss M. Phillips's King Pippin. Very high com., F. B. Fay's Joan of Arc. **ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.**—1st, Warwick Kennels' Posey; 2d, A. B. Norcross's Spider.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS.—1st, Mrs. H. T. Foote's Mc Too; 2d, M. C. Mayer's Judge. Very high com., S. I. Mayer's Nellie. High com., S. S. Palmer's Meda.

MISCELLANEOUS.—**Over 25 lbs.**—Equal 1st, Glencoe Collie Kennels' Sir Lucifer and Bob, and W. D. Hubbard's Nestor. —**Under 25 lbs.**—Fritz, withheld.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

English Setters—Best kennel, Blackstone Kennels; stud dog, Yale Kennels' Yale Belton; bitch with field trial record, Blackstone Kennels' Daisy Laverack; best puppy, Blackstone Kennels' Lulu; dog or bitch in open class, Blackstone Kennels' Foreman. Irish setters, best kennel, J. H. Roberts'; best dog, M. Wenzel's Chief; best bitch, Mr. Murphy's Mollie Bawn.

Pointers—Best kennel, Fred F. Harris; stud dog, C. H. Mason's Beaufort; best bitch, S. T. Colt's Phyllis; best pointer, C. H. Mason's Beaufort. Black and Tan Setters—Best stud dog, C. H. Redfield's Glen II.; best dog or bitch, H. C. Glover's Nora. Best English setter bitch owned and bred in New Haven, G. W. Neal's Daisy Foreman. Handsome pointer or setter that has run in a field trial, C. H. Mason's Beaufort. Best foxhound, D. O'Shea's Ranger. Best kennel greyhounds, H. W. Huntington; best dog, H. W. Huntington's Harlequin; best bitch, H. W. Huntington's Hawthorn Belle.

Spaniels—Best Kennel, J. P. Willey. Best cocker pup and best owned in New Haven, A. B. Treat's Doc and S. R. Hemingway's Dunrobin. Best spaniel, over 25 lbs., owned by member of Spaniel Club, A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince. Under 25 lbs., same conditions, J. P. Willey's Shina. Best Clumber spaniel, M. Richardson's Newcastle. Best cocker, A. C. Wilmerding's Marion.

Best bull-terrier, F. F. Dole's Count. Best kennel of pups, best stud dog and best puppy, won by City View Kennels. Best King Charles spaniel dog, W. Phillips' Roscius; bitch, F. B. Fay's Dolly. Best Blenheim, W. Phillips' King Victor. Best Mexican hairless dog or bitch (Mrs. Foote not to compete), M. C. Meyer's Judge.

THE BOSTON SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have six hundred and twenty-six entries for our show, as follows: Mastiffs, 31. St. Bernards, rough, 28; smooth, 23. Newfoundlands, 9. Pointers, 34. English setters, 57; Gordon, 17; Irish, 61. Irish water spaniels, 3; field, 10; cocker, 35; Clumber, 4. Chesapeake Bay, 1. Greyhounds, 14. Deerhounds, 13. Foxhounds, 5. Beagles, 23. Bassets, 5. Dachs-hunde, 10. Collies, 41. Fox-terriers, 23. Black and tan, 8. Skye, 9. Yorkshire, 11. Scotch, 3. Dandie Dinmonts, 5. Irish terrier, 1. Bedlington, 4. Bulldogs, 14. Pugs, 20. Toy terriers, 15; King Charles, 13; Blenheim, 2. Italian greyhound, 1. Poodles, 5. Mexican hairless, 5. Miscellaneous, 9. I also inclose additional special prize list. Our entries exceed those of last year, and we look forward to a very successful show. EDW. A. MOSELEY, Secretary.

THE IRISH SETTER CLUB.

A meeting of prominent breeders and owners of the Irish setter at the Continental Hotel, Newark, N. J., on March 29, a club was organized for the purpose of improvement of the breed and the development of their field qualities. Following is a list of the officers: President, William Murphy, Peekskill, N. Y.; Vice-President, Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J.; Secretary, Luke W. White, Bridgeport, Conn.; Treasurer, I. H. Roberts, Morristown, N. J. A committee on constitution and by-laws, consisting of Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.; F. G. Leroy, New York; H. T. Henshaw, Brooklyn, N. Y., and W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y., was appointed. The initiation fees were fixed at \$5, with \$5 annual dues. Twenty members subscribed, and undoubtedly many more will join. The meeting adjourned to meet at New York May 5, at 8 P. M.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

A MEETING of the executive committee of the American Kennel Club was held at Newark on Wednesday, March 24. The clubs represented were: New Haven, by L. L. Morgan; Westminster, by T. H. Terry; Cleveland, by C. J. Peshall (proxy); New Jersey, by C. J. Peshall; Hartford, E. K. Sperry; Philadelphia, W. H. Child; Elliot Smith, President; E. Comfort, Treasurer, and G. E. Osborn, Secretary, were also present. The minutes of the previous meeting and the treasurer's report were read and accepted. Mr. Morgan read a long report as chairman of the committee on discipline, relating his difficulties in getting any business done. The executive committee then took up the St. Elmo and Miro protests. In the former case St. Elmo was disqualified as winner of first at New York last year, and First Choice was declared the winner in the open St. Bernard class. The Miro protest was not allowed.

Mr. Smith being unable to remain longer, Mr. Childs was elected chairman.

The following resolution, proposed by Mr. Peshall, was passed unanimously: "That when a protest has been decided by a club, it may be then and there appealed to the local member of the A. K. C. representing said club, who shall at once decide on the appeal, subject to the final appeal of the executive committee of the A. K. C."

Mr. Wade preferred charges against the Illinois Kennel Club for non-payment of a special prize. As the club had been expelled the papers were ordered placed on file.

Mr. McAlees presented a complaint against the Western Pennsylvania Society for transferring a puppy entered in the open class to the puppy class. The secretary was instructed to inform Mr. McAlees that the transfer was wrongly made, and not in accordance with the A. K. C. rules.

Moved by Mr. Morgan and carried, that the words "and shall be published in the catalogue" be added to Rule 8.

Moved by Mr. Osborn and carried, that a committee of three be appointed to make up a list of shows whose awards shall be recognized by the A. K. C. The committee is Elliot Smith, C. J. Peshall and L. L. Morgan.

Mr. Watson brought to the notice of the committee the case of his having entered a protest at the Pittsburgh show against the Sans Souci Kennels in accordance with a telegram received from Mr. Long, of St. Louis, which protest was withdrawn by Mr. John W. Munson without any authority whatever. The committee having no appeal from Mr. Long, simply expressed the opinion that Mr. Munson's course was perfectly unjustifiable.

The representative of the New Jersey Kennel Club was by vote instructed that his club had power to decide the protest against the Sans Souci Kennels lodged at their show.

The committee adjourned to meet on Wednesday of the New York show week, at 2 P. M.

DANDIE DINMONTS AT PITTSBURGH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in your last issue that you have got James Rice vhc. in the Dandie Dinmont class, with Bobbie Burns and Cleg II., at Pittsburgh, which should be James Rae vhc., with Habbie II. and Cleg II., as Bobbie Burns met with an accident and I sent Habbie II. in his place. I wrote to the secretary, informing him to that effect, thinking that he would see that the names of the dogs would be corrected.—JAMES RAE (402 Clinton street, Buffalo, N. Y.).

SPANIEL JUDGE AT HARTFORD.—Hartford, Conn., March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. James Mortimer, of Babylon, L. I., has very kindly taken the cocker, Clumber and field spaniel classes for our show.—A. C. COLLINS, Sec'y.

NEW JERSEY VETERINARIANS.—Dr. Lowe, of Paterson, State Veterinary Inspector and secretary of Veterinary Medical Association of New Jersey, announces that the next meeting will be held at Morristown on Thursday, April 8.

THE CLEVELAND DOG SHOW.—We have received the premium list of the Cleveland Bench Show Association for their third show, to be held in the People's Tabernacle, Cleveland, O., April 27, 28, 29 and 30. The judges so far as appointed are: English setters, Mr. B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Irish and black and tan setters, Major J. M. Taylor, Cleveland, O.; mastiffs, St. Bernards, hounds, fox-terriers, spaniels, and all non-sporting dogs, Mr. J. H. Naylor, Chicago Ill. The judge for pointers has not yet been appointed. The premium list gives \$15 in the important champion classes, with \$15, \$10 and diploma in each of the dog and bitch, and \$7 and \$3 in the puppy classes. In some of the less important classes the champion prize is \$10, and the open classes have \$10 and \$5. There are 99 classes in all. There will also be a large list of special prizes. The entries close April 17. The secretary is Mr. C. M. Munhall, room 25, Washington Building, Cleveland, O.

BENCH SHOW RECORD IN CATALOGUES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have a query to put to you which, in the present season of bench shows is, I think, decidedly pertinent. In many catalogues of the dogs entered the performances of some of them are given in full. Now, it is undoubtedly in the discretion of the club whether they shall print these or not. But is it in their discretion, in ordinary fairness and justice, to print the list given of performances of one entry and to omit those given in another? Has not every exhibitor the same right in this respect? I know of three instances where this has been done, and I wish to know if it is right.—T. B. DORSEY.

BELGRAVE PRIMROSE.—New York, March 27, 1886.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We hear that at the Pittsburgh show it was asserted that Belgrave Primrose was not eligible for the champion class. We had not noticed that it was necessary to put the winnings in the entry form. We beg to state that his winnings in this country are: First, open class, New York; first, open class, Philadelphia, 1884, and first, open class, Non-Sporting show, New York, 1885.—L. & W. RUTHERFORD.

AMERICAN SPANIEL CLUB.—March 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through an oversight the Cocker Produce Stakes for 1887 have not been duly announced. Members will please take notice that entries for the same will be accepted by the secretary for puppies whelped between the 1st of January, 1886, and date of this announcement if mailed, with entry fee of \$2 for each bitch, not later than the 7th of April next.—J. F. KIRK, for Committee.

THE SPECIAL POINTER PRIZE AT THE ALEXANDRIA TRIALS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your report of the Alexandria field trials it was not mentioned that the special prize of a \$25 silver collar to the pointer displaying best natural qualities was won by Mr. Amy R. Starr's black pointer Wat (Bronco-Fan II.), who also won second in All-Aged Stake. Will you kindly make this insertion.—J. R. THORNTON, Secretary Alexandria Rod and Gun Club.

PRICE PAID FOR GRAPHIC.—New York, March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You will greatly oblige me by informing me what Mr. Charles Heath paid Mr. Anthony for the imported pointer dog Graphic. I have been informed that he paid over \$2,700 for it. Am I correctly informed?—GEO. T. LEACH. [Mr. Heath informed us at the time of the sale that the price paid was \$2,000. See FOREST AND STREAM Nov. 19, 1885.]

AN ABSENTEE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see that the daily papers and you, in your last issue, give my Major as having received hc. at the recent Newark dog show. The dog was somewhat out of condition just previous to the show, and I did not send him to Newark. He could not, therefore, have been passed upon by the judge.—W. BURKE (New York, March 27).

THE HEMPSTEAD FARM CO.—We understand that the Hempstead Farm Co., which was noticed last week as having purchased the collies owned by Mr. Thomas H. Terry, will pay special attention to the breeding of these animals, and that no expense will be spared to procure the best, and to maintain the high reputation of the kennel.

THE HARTFORD DOG SHOW.—We are informed that the prospects for a good show at Hartford are very flattering. Intending exhibitors should bear in mind that the entries close to-morrow, April 2.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CINCINNATI O., March 21.—Cincinnati Rifle Association, Four-Mile House Range, day dark and stormy, with a strong 4 o'clock wind, which tore two of the targets from their frames, and delayed the shooting for some time. Standard target, 200yds., off-hand.

Morning Scores.												
Gindele.....	6	8	8	9	8	9	10	9	10	8	85	
Simon.....	5	6	6	8	8	9	6	10	7	7	72	
Kivers.....	3	10	7	4	8	9	7	5	8	6	60	
Stegner.....	5	8	7	5	8	6	5	10	7	7	68	
H. Nieman.....	10	9	7	6	7	7	9	5	7	6	86	
Best.....	8	6	8	0	5	10	9	6	6	8	66	
Stickles.....	7	9	5	8	5	7	3	8	4	9	65	
Seacrist.....	7	7	8	9	6	5	8	5	6	6	65	
Roberts.....	6	9	9	5	8	8	7	6	5	6	65	
Gableman.....	4	6	5	7	4	5	5	7	7	9	59	
Louis.....	8	6	8	6	4	7	6	7	6	5	65	
Orton.....	5	3	5	6	8	4	8	7	3	6	57	
Hobbes.....	6	5	6	4	7	9	0	3	8	5	58	
S. Nieman.....	2	9	7	5	2	9	3	6	5	4	58	
Wagner (with rest)	9	5	10	6	0	10	9	9	8	10	77	

Wagner (with rest)	Afternoon Scores.											
Gindele	8	10	9	8	9	7	5	6	6	7	76	
Rivers	7	7	4	10	10	7	10	6	6	8	75	
Gableman	7	9	6	8	6	9	9	7	6	7	75	
Roberts	5	8	8	5	6	10	6	10	7	7	71	
Stickles	7	7	7	8	8	5	7	9	8	10	70	
H. Nieman	7	3	6	5	4	9	8	9	7	10	67	
Hosea	7	7	7	8	8	5	7	10	7	7	70	
Seacrist	5	9	6	8	7	5	5	8	4	10	67	
Best	4	9	9	5	7	7	3	8	8	7	65	
Stegner	9	5	6	5	4	3	8	9	7	5	65	
Louis	6	9	8	6	4	5	8	7	5	6	65	
Drube	3	5	10	10	9	7	4	7	5	6	63	
Simon	7	5	5	5	8	6	8	5	6	4	59	
Orton	5	0	4	3	7	8	9	7	7	5	55	
Wagner	0	0	5	0	5	8	5				34	

BOSTON, March 27.—The attendance at Walnut Hill to-day was good, and some fine shots were made. A team match for practice was shot by teams chosen from those present, and resulted in a victory for Captain Davis's team. The match between C and F will close Thursday, April 8. Following are the best scores made:

Captain Davis's Team.									
E R Foster.....	9	10	9	10	8	10	8	10	7-90
R Reed.....	8	9	9	8	8	9	9	7	0-80
R Davis.....	7	6	10	9	7	6	6	8	4-74
L Herbert (mil.).....	6	6	8	7	8	6	9	5	4-74
64-74=71									
J W Frye.....	8	8	6	4	7	8	8	5	6-68
F Carter (mil.).....	6	10	8	7	5	9	4	6	1-54
54-54=50									
J P Bates.....	5	8	4	6	8	6	4	4	5-61-494

Captain Fellows's Team.									
J B Fellows.....	6	5	8	9	10	8	9	7	7-75
E B Southern.....	8	7	10	4	9	5	6	10	7-74
N F Tufts.....	3	7	5	9	10	8	5	7	5-69
B G Warren.....	10	6	6	7	5	7	5	6	5-65
W Gassam.....	5	6	7	7	5	7	8	6	7-63
W Henry (mil.).....	8	6	4	4	5	4	9	7	3-7
54-54=50									
C Williams (mil.).....	8	6	4	4	3	7	4	2	4-3
45-54=30-455									

Victory Medal Match.									
R Reed.....	9	9	9	8	7	6	10	8	9-84
J B Fellows.....	10	9	8	5	7	8	7	8	9-80
N F Tufts.....	5	10	7	9	8	10	6	10	7-74
R Davis.....	5	9	10	8	10	3	5	8	7-74
E B Southern.....	10	7	7	7	7	8	4	7	4-68

Decimal Off-Hand Match.									
E R Foster.....	9	10	9	9	8	9	7	9	10-90
J N Frye.....	10	9	9	7	8	10	6	7	6-82
C B Edwards.....	9	6	10	6	9	6	7	9	10-80
E B Southern.....	6	8	8	8	9	7	7	8	7-76
N F Tufts.....	8	10	7	7	4	7	8	9	9-73
B G Warren.....	7	7	7	7	5	8	9	7	7-72
J P Bates.....	6	5	4	6	7	8	9	7	7-65

Special Military Match.									
W Charles.....	9	10	9	8	5	7	8	4	7-75
W Henry.....	4	5	9	8	10	5	7	6	10-48
L Herbert.....	6	6	8	8	6	6	5	8	6-68

State Military Match.									
Cadet Foster.....	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21-23
Rest Match.									
J N Frye.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	9-88
D D Chase.....	9	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	9-97
G W Whitcomb.....	10	9	9	10	10	9	10	10	9-97
S Winchester.....	10	9	9	10	10	9	10	10	9-96

WORCESTER, Mass., March 29.—There was a fair attendance at the regular meet yesterday at Pine Grove Range under the auspices of the Worcester Rifle Association. The standard American target was used. The result in detail was as follows:

Record Match.									
Leighton.....	8	10	8	7	9	8	7	7	7-77
Jones.....	4	10	9	9	7	6	10	7	7-73
Fuller.....	6	5	7	8	6	4	7	8	8-68
Clark.....	7	6	8	5	7	8	7	7	6-66
White.....	4	7	6	9	5	6	5	6	5-57
Norman.....	10	5	7	4	5	7	5	4	5-57

Practice Scores.									
Jones.....	7	9	5	8	10	5	7	10	7-97
White.....	5	8	5	9	8	10	10	8	7-70
Fuller.....	9	8	8	9	9	8	4	7	7-74
Clark.....	9	6	8	9	5	6	7	8	7-74
Leighton.....	9	5	9	7	8	9	5	2	8-74
Norman.....	8	8	5	4	7	9	9	5	6-66
Bernard.....	2	0	3	9	5	5	8	5	1-7-45

At the regular meet last week in the record match the totals were as follows: Fuller 74, Clark 70, Rice 64, Norman 62, Jones 58. The totals in the practice scores were, Fuller 73, Clark 77, Norman 72, Jones 69, Rice 68, Brown 34.

TO SHOOT 4,000 BLOCKS.—Rome, N. Y., March 25.—There is some talk here concerning an attempt to break 4,000 wooden blocks with a .22 Winchester, using but one magazine, in one day. The balls will be thrown up at between 15 and 20 ft. rise, and Wm. A. Parker, one of our best rifle shots, will make the attempt to make 4,000 hits. To accomplish this he must average nearly 7 hits each minute for 10 hours including the time taken in loading the gun. It is a task he is little aware of, we think, but it is not likely he would try to do it unless he had some hopes for success. He will probably shoot this next summer. It is no small job to stand and hold up a 9-pound gun long enough to make that number of hits to say nothing of misses. He has made some very good scores, ranging from 75 to 98 per cent. hits, and once he made 100 straight. The gun he will use, if he shoots, has been ordered through Geo. Payne, a prominent gun dealer of our city. Has any record ever been made by any one in New York State as the one I stated? When was it? Where? By whom? How many in how long a time?—Dot. [See in FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 23, 1885, report of Dr. Carver's match to hit 60,000 flying targets with rifle in 6 days. His score was: 64,861 shots fired, 4,865 misses, 60,016 hits.]

FITCHBURG, Mass., March 25.—The Fitchburg Rifle Association have now had four meets at their River Street Range, and have decided to make public the results of their meets. The results at each in shooting clay pigeons with a possible 30 were as follows:

	Jan. 18.	Mar. 5.	Mar. 17.	Mar. 24.
E N Cummings.....	23	25	22	22
G W Weymouth.....	19	19	19	19
A W Baker, Jr.....	17	10	15	29
J P Sheldon.....	11	9	9	9
H E Houghton.....	9	9	9	9
W J Fox.....	9	20	9	9
G J Wallace.....	9	9	9	9

The tie between Weymouth and Baker was won by Baker, and the tie between Fox and Wallace was won by Fox.

HAVERHILL RIFLE CLUB.—Badge shoot, Mar. 27, standard target, Creedmore count.			
W D Palmer.....	5545545544-47	W Worthen.....	444454444-41
S Johnson.....	454454444-41	J Busfield.....	444454444-41
C Brown.....	455454444-41	E Bray.....	545444443-41
H Tucker.....	454454444-41	C B Wright.....	444454444-41
C B Wright.....	444454444-41	F Merrill.....	444454444-41
J F Brown.....	554445444-43	C H Poor.....	444454444-41
L Jackson.....	454454444-43		

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The recent telegraph rifle match between the Rod and Gun Club of Springfield, Mass., and the Rifle Club, of Topeka, Kan., was won by the former by 16 points.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of the 4th inst., "W. Z." commenting upon the late trajectory test between the 40-90 Winchester, and the 40-70 Bullard, claims that the latter, owing to its sharp twist—one turn in twenty inches—made the flattest trajectory at 300 yds., "each being loaded practically in the same proportion." I fail to see the point, as the former threw 3½ grains of lead to 1 of powder, while the latter only threw 7½ grains of lead to 1 of powder. Secondly, the former had a 28-inch barrel, while the latter had been cut down to 20 inches. Thirdly, they used different brands of powder, with shells unlike in shape. The only gun tested that came near the Winchester in length of barrel, powder and lead—as I view the report—was the Whitney-Kennedy 40-90-20, with one turn in 22 inches, but which failed to make as flat a trajectory by more than half an inch as did the Winchester at 300 yards. So far, therefore, as a settlement of the question whether a quick twist is superior to a medium one—for 200 yards at least—is to my mind an open question, and to be fully settled only by testing several arms of like caliber, length and weight, loading both with ammunition from the same box, practically alike in every respect except the twist.—CAR LOCK (Frewsburg).

PLAISTED VS. ZEUGNER.—New York, March 22.—Contest at Greenfield Schutzen Park, \$100 a side, between George Plaisted of the famous Zettler Rifle Club of New York, and August Zeugner of the Greenfield Rifle Club. Many riflemen were present; C. G. Zettler referee; count of 25 shots, German rig target, 300 yards off hand, any rifle: Geo. Plaisted—21, 24, 25, 20, 21, 10, 20, 16, 18, 24, 23, 24, 25, 22, 21, 17, 19, 22, 20, 25, 24, 18; target, 217. August Zeugner—19, 20, 18, 17, 21, 16, 11, 16, 22, 18, 22, 18, 23, 20, 21, 20, 17, 24, 19, 20, 22, target, 466. After the shooting the marksmen and invited guests, marched to the Belvidere House, where a fine collation was served with Mr. Kattenstroth as host. Speeches were made by several invited guests. The next match will probably be ten members of the Zettler Rifle Club against ten of the best riflemen of the State of New Jersey, for \$500 a side.—G. W. B.

LAWRENCE, March 27.—The Lawrence Press Rifle Club challenged the Lowell Press Club to shoot a team match on Fast day, and the latter has accepted. The conditions of the shoot are: 300 yards, off hand; team of eight men; five shots each; Creedmore target; military rifles allowed two points in score. The prize is a silver cup, 20 inches high, lined with gold, presented by Birdall Bros. of this city, to be held by the winning team until won back by the opposing team, and to be shot for annually.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries.

MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB, Dunellen, N. J.—This new shooting club numbers about 60 active members, with Mr. E. Robinson as the president. The shooting ground is only a short distance from Dunellen station, nicely laid out with a new club house, which will be enclosed by a high board fence, making one of the best shooting grounds in this State. The club will soon issue a challenge to the crack Jersey City Heights Gun Club to shoot a friendly team match, 15 or 20 men a side, 10 birds each. Shooting meetings are held every Saturday at live birds, glass balls, or clay birds. Appended is to-day's score at live birds shot at in a binding rain. First sweep, handicap rise, one barrel, ties off miss and out:

First Sweep.		Second Sweep.	
Quimby, 25yds.....	111110-5	Quimby, 25yds.....	110111-5
Rich, 25yds.....	111100-4	Rich, 25yds.....	101050-2
Dickens, 25yds.....	100000-1	Dickens, 25yds.....	110000-2
Miller, 25yds.....	111110-5	Miller, 25yds.....	110110-4
Terry, 25yds.....	111110-5	Terry, 25yds.....	110110-4
Squires, 25yds.....	111111-6	Squires, 25yds.....	110000-2
Williams, 25yds.....	110000-2	Williams, 25yds.....	110000-2

Third Sweep.		Fourth Sweep.	
Quimby, 25yds.....	001000-1	Quimby, 25yds.....	111110-5
Rich, 25yds.....	001000-1	Dickens, 25yds.....	110001-3
Dickies, 25yds.....	001000-1	Squires, 25yds.....	110000-3
Miller, 25yds.....	111000-3	Williams, 25yds.....	011000-2
Squires, 25yds.....	111100-4	Terry, 25yds.....	011110-4
Williams, 25yds.....	101000-2	Miller, 25yds.....	011000-2

SAN FRANCISCO.—An interesting shooting match took place on March 13, at Bird's Point, Alameda, between Kilgariff and Hamilton, and Beck and Woodward, for a \$50 dinner, 24 single birds, Hurlingham rules. Hamilton and Woodward 12-bore and allowance of 2yds. Kilgariff and Beck at 9yds. The birds were a fair lot, and among them were some of the hardest.

Kilgariff..... 1111011100-9 19 Beck..... 1111101111-11 20
Hamilton..... 1110110111-10 19 Woodward..... 1110110111-9 19
Match between O. K. Hopkins and John Kerrigan, on the afternoon of the 11th, at Bird's Point, Alameda, 36 single birds, 30yds., \$150 a side:
Hopkins..... 0111111111011111111111111111-32
Kerrigan..... 11101101011110001111111111111111-25

Hopkins throughout had the hardest birds, and he was inclined to increase the difficulty on waiting on them to the detriment of his chances with the second barrel. Mr. Hopkins is not satisfied with his defeat, and is to shoot Kerrigan again at 50 singles. The winner yesterday used a 12-bore Parker; the loser a 10-bore Scott.

BOSTON, March 24.—The trapshooters were out in full force at the range at Walnut Hill to-day, to participate in several events, including the contest for the individual clay pigeon badge of the Massachusetts State Glass Ball Association, which was won by Mr. O. R. Dickey, who also won in the last match. The results of the day were as follows: 1. Five pigeons—Eager first, Nichols and Aldoes second, 2. Three pairs birds—Eager first, Allen and Nichols second, 3. Five straightaway—Eager first, Nichols and Stark second, 4. Seven pigeons—Eager first, Stark and Nichols second, Allen and Laws third, 5. Three pair clay pigeons—Stark first, Allen second, 6. Merchandise match—Eager first, Allen second, Dickey third, Stark and Witham fourth, Lewis fifth, Russell sixth, 7. Individual badge match—Dickey made a total of 40, Stark 39, Wardwell 36, Allen 32, and Perry 33. 8. Five straightaway—Eager first, Allen and Stark second, Wardwell third, Snow fourth, 9. Three pairs pigeons—Aldoes first, Eager second, Nichols third, Stark fourth, 10. Five pigeons—Eager first, Adams second, Wardwell and Bancroft third, Lawson fourth, 11. Novelty match—Eager, Lawson and Nichols divided first, Davis second, Wardwell, Stark and Aldoes divided third, Russell and Allen fourth, 12. Three pairs pigeons—Eager first, Snow, Wardwell and Lawson second, Stark third, Adams fourth, 13. Five pigeons—Lawson first, Dickey and Nichols second, Stanton third, Snow fourth, 14. Six pigeons—Eager, Bancroft and Stanton first, Dickey second, Russell, Adams and Lawson third, Nichols fourth, 15. Miss and out—Swan, Dickey and Aldoes, 20. Miss and out—Stanton won, 21. Five pigeons—Stanton first, Dickey second, 22. Six pigeons—Nichols first, Snow second, 23. Three pairs pigeons—Stanton first, Snow and Dickey second, Adams third, 24. Five pigeons—Stanton first, Snow and Dickey second, 25. Five pigeons—Stanton won.

STANTON, Va., March 24.—Match shot by the Stanton Gun Club, 3 angles, 18yds.
Ayres..... 0110111111000111-14 West..... 111011010111001110-14
Alby..... 111010111101100111-14 Berkly..... 011100111111101110-14
Alby..... 1000101111000110100-10 Whittle..... 1111111111111111-19
Bargmain..... 1110111101111111-15 Sumerson..... 11110101011110111-16

DOMINION GUN ASSOCIATION.—Ottawa, March, 1888.—A pigeon shooting tournament, under the auspices of the St. Hubert Gun Club of Ottawa, will be held in this city May 4, with prizes to the amount of \$1,000 in gold, entrance fee \$10, 21 birds each, 30yds., 100rds. boundary. Dominion rules to govern, the entries to close on or before the 15th of the month. It is proposed to hold during the meeting a convention of the various Canadian gun clubs for the purpose of organizing a Dominion Gun Association, to frame and adopt a constitution for the same, elect officers and decide when and where the next meeting of such association shall be held. It is thought desirable that a shooting tournament should be one of the principal features of the annual meeting of this proposed association, also that the provincial game laws generally should be discussed and the opinion of the members of the various clubs taken in regard thereto, and that should any changes be in the opinion of the majority, considered desirable some united effort might be made to have such changes carried into effect.—W. L. CAMERON, Secretary (Box 385).

MILFORD, Mass., March 35.—At the annual meeting of the Milford Sportsmen's Club, held last evening, officers were elected as follows: President and Treasurer, C. B. Fletcher; Vice-President, George Whitney; Secretary, J. W. Jones; Executive Committee, G. W. P. Hancock, Frank Mann, W. Dickinson, O. Joslyn. It was voted to have a shoot at their range on Fast Day, April 8, and to invite all persons interested in the sport to participate.

SCORE BLANKS have been prepared for the convenience of club secretaries who may wish to send their reports to the FOREST AND STREAM for publication. These blanks will be sent free on application.

BURLINGTON, Ia., March 23.—In my last I said Mr. C. H. Wyman used a .22 Bullard; it should have been Ballard. He will attempt this week the feat of breaking 500 out of 1,000 glass balls, tossed in the air 5yds. The sportsmen's tournament in June probably will be a larger affair than was expected. A number of the prominent "shotgun artists" have already signified their intention to attend, and the management is daily in receipt of letters from manufacturers tendering shotguns, reloading tools, ammunition, traps, targets, etc. A cordial invitation is extended to all sportsmen. Any information will be cheerfully given by addressing A. H. KUHLEMEIER, Secretary, Burlington, Ia.

BUFFALO, March 24.—Pigeon shooting match between Geo. Luther, of Syracuse, and George Rogers, of St. Catharines. The Canadian was victorious, as the following score will show:
Rogers..... 11110111110111011111111111111111-34
Luther..... 00100101011111010101010101111110-23
Koch and Rogers then entered a match, \$35 a side, 10 birds each, with the following result:
Jacob Koch..... 1110010110-6 George Rogers..... 1110010111-7

CAPITAL CITY GUN CLUB.—Washington, D. C., March 25.—Editor Forest and Stream: At the annual meeting of the Capital City Gun Club, the following officers were elected for the year 1886: E. L. Mills, President; J. A. Goldsborough, Vice-President; J. E. Hosford, Secretary; C. M. Taylor, Treasurer; Burridge Wilson, Comptroller. The club has a prosperous condition financially, although by reason of the changes which have taken place in the political and social world, our membership has been somewhat reduced. But the loss is not serious and will soon be regained. The club voted to join the National Association for the Protection of Game Birds and Fish.—J. E. HOSFORD, Sec'y.

THE WELLINGTON GUN CLUB has been presented with an elegant hand-painted vase by the Wellington ladies as a reward for the changing of its name from the Malden to the Wellington Gun Club. The vase will be shot for by the members of the club. Mrs. B. N. Marks and Mrs. C. H. Bird are the artists.

JOIN THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—Send 10 cents, for handbook giving all information, to the Secretary, MATT R. FREEMAN, General Manager, F. C. ETHERIDGE, Secretary and Treasurer, Macon, Ga. Board of Directors: Dr. L. E. Russell, Springfield, O.; C. M. Stark, Winchester, Mass.; J. Von Lengerke, New York City; Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I.; Wm. G. Cooper, Savannah, Ga.; E. A. Crawford, Tallahassee, Fla.; M. R. Freeman, W. W. Parker and F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga.—Adm.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

pounds of bass is taken in. Tries again, another of the same size. Tries again, and just at the edge of the lily pads something strikes with the vim of an express train. "Great Scott!" ejaculates Boston as the reel fairly hisses. "I've got a!" "Guess not," said Capt. "at least you haven't him yet." "Well, I'll have him if you'll only keep the canoe steady," and Boston spits on his hands. The fish was well hooked, and with the vigorous tactics of Boston was soon in the canoe, a little over ten pounds. "Great Scott!" said Boston, as he takes the fish by the upper and under jaw and looks down his throat. "You don't call this a big-mouth, do you?"

By this time the sun was low down among the trees and the idea of bass for supper was considered good. Back to the snug camp where Toronto, with an eye to a possible fry, has faithfully kept the fire supplied with live oak and hickory, and now a bright bed of coals welcomes the fish as soon as cleaned. What a supper that was, and what appetites were satisfied that night.

But all things have an end; the hungry ones are filled, the fire put in shape, and lying back on the blankets we watch the sparkle of light among the treetops, listen to the thousand and one voices of the night and swap lies.

Across an arm of the lake and some thirty rods from camp is a cormorant roost. The perches were all filled by dark, but there has been a steady stream of birds since, all trying to find resting places, and so they keep on, ever coming, those that have obtained a foothold trying to keep it, and the newcomers trying to dislodge them, yelling, scolding and chattering, till it seems as if pandemonium had broken loose.

Paton can stand it no longer. Seizing the 10-bore, he jumps in the canoe and paddles away. Soon comes the roar of his field piece, then the second barrel, and there was the sound of trouble; if the other was pandemonium, what is this? The air is fairly black with birds; for fully five minutes they are passing the camp in an unbroken stream, and then, as the last detachment flit from sight, there comes a silence almost as oppressive as the clamor was unbearable. But here comes Boston, and with a chuckle tells how he broke up "that town meeting." Bed time comes at last, everything put in shape, fire attended, and rolled in our blankets, we sleep as only men can sleep in the great outside.

Morning comes as bright and cheery as they have anywhere. The men who have slept so well sit down to their morning meal with an appetite which no denizen of the crowded stuffy city ever feels. What is it to day? A little fishing, a little hunting, and a good deal of quiet enjoyment. Verily, those who woo nature in her chosen haunts are never disappointed.

On the morning of the third day we organize for a trip to a large orange grove near by. There was no trail, and only the Cape had ever been over the ground; but we found our way through the pine forest without any trouble, and a very pleasant walk it was. Some quail were flushed, a few squirrels seen, bluejays calling to one another, a white heron swinging away to the sea, while off to the right, over a marsh, are a flock of buzzards. They are circling round and round, and evidently have a dinner in prospect.

After an hour's walk we reach the grove. One year ago I was here and the place was a marvel of beauty. Now the cold war has been here and left desolation in its path. The ground is fairly covered with oranges, but they have been frozen and are ruined. The flower garden that I saw in such splendor a year ago is now a mass of dead shrubbery. The guava trees, lime trees, and all the tender shrubs are killed. Jack Frost has collected his tithes. We fill a bag with oranges, but Boston and Toronto say they are no good; but they eat their share after they get in camp.

Going back we pass a spot where we had passed on the way out. One makes the remark, "That's the same one we saw coming over."

"Yes," says another, "that proves that we didn't go far out of our way."

"Kick him out," says Boston, "he's too cunning for anything." But here we are at the camp. It really looks like home. There is no trace of frost here, save in the water maples, and they have improved with its touch.

And so the time passes away, and all too soon we have to stow the canoe for the homeward trip. This is the saddest part of our breaking camp; but it must be done. We have no time for regrets. Blankets are rolled, tents struck, canoes launched, and with a last look at the now forlorn spot we are off. A few hours' paddle, a short carry, and we are at home, with only the memory of our trip to Unknown Lake. TARPOX.

A NEW CRUISING AND RACING CANOE.

THE owner of the Grebe, Mr. B. W. Richards, of Brockville, is well known to most of the visitors, a most enthusiastic sailor, and thorough racing man. Last year he had a very fine canoe, mainly built by himself, but not entirely satisfied with her he sold her in the fall and has since built another boat. The new craft, 15ft. 11in. x30in., is built from a design for a 15ft. x30in. canoe by Mr. W. P. Stephens, N. Y. C. C., the moulds being spaced a little further apart to make the extra length. She has been built with the greatest care, the materials being of the best quality, while the workmanship is equally fine, her builder being Mr. Sauve, who did part of the work on the Grebe. The hull is of white cedar, smooth lap, and filed and sanded down until the laps are almost flush. The keel is of 1in. oak, with a brass shoe 1-16in. thick and full width, from stem to stern. The stem and stern are of oak, natural crook; the knees, bulkheads and two centerboard trunks of white cedar; deck beams of pine; ribs of oak; inwale of ash; decks of mahogany, with walnut knees on edges and down the center. The cockpit is 6ft. 10in. long, 18in. wide, with a flaring beam of black walnut 3in. high at the bow and 1 1/2 in. at the stern. The after end of the cockpit is round. The mahogany hatches are four in number, covering the well completely and locking up. The two forward mast tubes are 10in. and 26in. from fore side of stem, and the mizzen tube is 4ft. 6in. from the stern. The rudder is of 1/4in. teak, coming down 3in. below keel. The fore board is of brass, 3/4in. thick, and weighing 38 pounds. The after board is of 1/4in. brass, weighing 8 pounds. All her trimmings will be nickel plated. The bulkheads are made of mahogany, the latter being removed before completing the tank. Each tank is inflated before soldering. She will have a trial suit of lateens, 55ft. and 30ft., and after some use under them her racing suit will be planned.

CANOEING IN FLORIDA.—Jacksonville, Fla., March 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Canoeing matters here excite considerable interest among the members of the boating fraternity, owing to the arrival of Mr. Barnett's new boat, a beautiful one, and probably the first one of that model which has been launched and which will be really sailed much before May 1. She has proved very fast, and has been sailed every afternoon this week, and been in two races, one in light airs and one in a very strong puffy breeze. Off the wind this model leaves every canoe and the various cats about here very badly. Her owner has not yet got her in perfect trim for windward work. In yesterday's blow she proved herself a perfect sea boat, going easily through waves which stopped the Aurora here, and under the stimulus of Mr. Barnett's skillful sailing and enthusiasm there promises to be a strong club formed here. Dr. Neidé is cruising around Cedar Keys with "Nessmuk" and Kendall. Munroe was also heard from cruising at Charlotte Harbor, and working up the west coast. He may even be with Neidé now. He misses Psyche badly he writes. Make the A. C. A. Cup a challenge one by all means.—GUENNY.

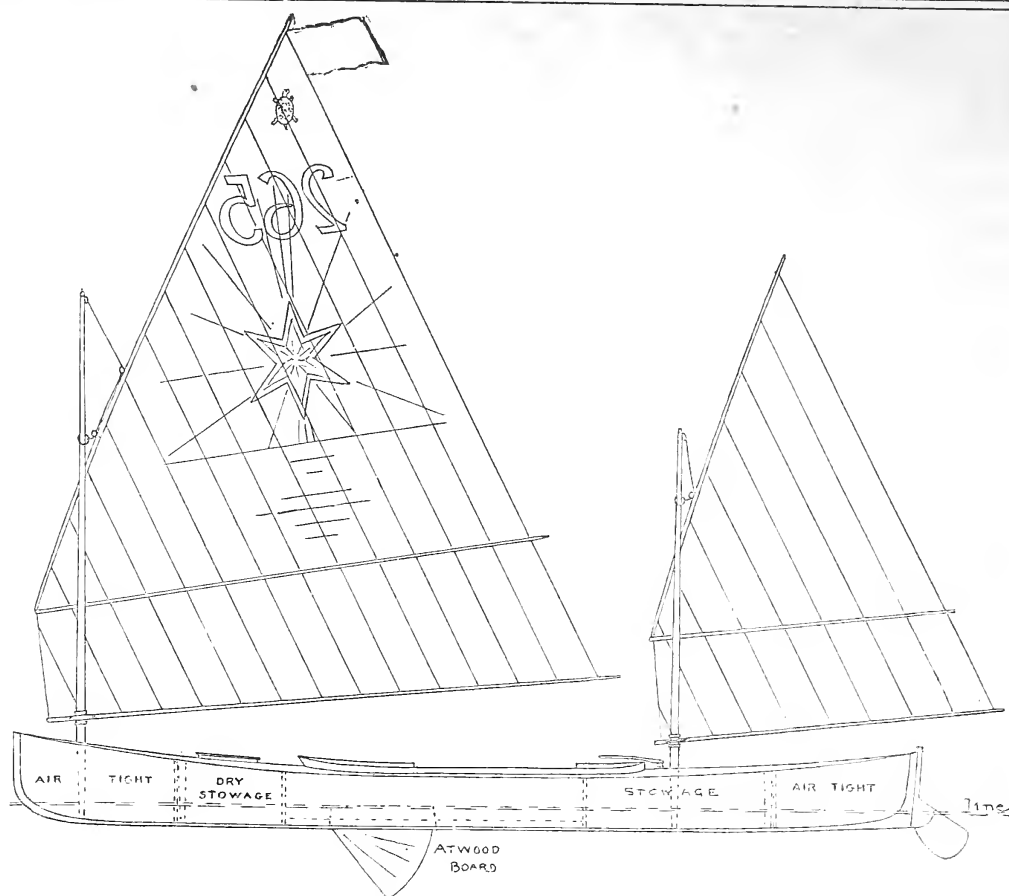
HARTFORD C. C. WINTER CAMP-FIRE.—On Saturday evening, March 27, at residence of Dr. Geo. C. Farnell, Messrs. Nickerson, Shedd, Knappe, Bowles and Bliss were present from Springfield, and Vaux from New York. Mr. Abbott, of the H. C. C., presided. Arrangements for the Calla shasta (Springfield) Decoration Day meet were talked over, and the expenses were agreed to be borne equally by H. C. C. and S. C. C., to be raised by subscription. Mr. Nickerson was the lecturer of the evening; canoe sails his subject. A very choice light supper was served after the lecture, and then canoe talk was indulged in till it was time for the Springfield men to go for their train at 1:30 A. M.

A NEW RADIX BOARD.—The success of the Radix board in canoes has led to a demand for a larger size suitable for sailing boats. The makers of this device, the Radix Manufacturing Company have lately placed on the market a larger board, 36in. long and dropping 18in., the area being 24sq. ft. This board is admirably suited for rowing and sailing boats, especially for yachts' yawls, as it takes up no space in the boat, and is very effective in operation. There is still a good demand for the small or canoe size, which promises to retain its place as a cruising adjunct, owing to the many advantages in the way of increased space which it possesses.

A. C. A.—The following letter has been received by Secretary Neidé: 11 Buckingham street, London, W. C., 8 March, 1886. C. A. Neidé, Secretary A. C. A. Sir—The Royal C. C. begs to enter for the challenge cup of the American Canoe Association, to be sailed for during the autumn meet of 1886. I beg to remain, sir, yours truly, T. G. F. WINSER, Secretary R. C. C.—Messrs. F. B. Hibbard, of Rondout, Walter H. Barry, of Montreal, and the Rev. N. R. Everts, commodore Shattennue C. C. of Newburg, are proposed for membership.

CANOE LITERATURE.—The committee on canoe literature of the Canoe Exhibition, will be glad to receive any loans of books, charts, drawings or models from publishers and canoeists. Articles may be sent to W. P. Stephens, care FOREST AND STREAM, 39 Park Row, New York, not later than April 21.

HAMILTON C. C.—This club has lately been organized at Hamilton, Ont., with twenty-five members.



SAIL PLAN OF CANOE "VESPER."

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

May 30.	New Haven Y. C., Opening Race.
May 31.	Knickerbocker Y. C., Spring Regatta.
May 31.	Sandy Bay Y. C., Cup Race, Rockport.
May 31.	Toledo Y. C., Pennant Matches.
June 7.	Hudson River Y. C., Union Regatta.
June 9.	Portland Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 9.	Frisbe and Em Ell Eye, City Point, Match Race.
June 12.	Buffalo Y. C., Club Regatta.
June 12.	Sandy Bay Y. C., Cup Race, Gloucester.
June 15.	Atlantic Y. C., Regatta.
June 17.	N. Y. Y. C., Regatta.
June 17.	Dorchester Y. C., Nahant, Open.
June 17.	Sandy Bay Y. C., Cup Race, Squam.
June 17.	Hull Y. C., Corinthian Pennant Race.
June 19.	Hull Y. C., Pennant Race.
June 23.	Boston Y. C., Cup Race, City Point.
June 26.	Sandy Bay Y. C., Cup Sail-off, Squam.
June 26.	Corinthian Y. C., Club Race.
July 3.	Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 3.	Buffalo Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 3-4.	Knickerbocker Y. C., Annual Cruise.

MR. ISLIN'S NEW YACHT.—This yacht is now partly planked, the deck frame laid and cockpit floor and sills of the cabin house in place. Those who are interested in the very important questions of yacht construction will find much that is worthy of a careful study in this craft, as her framing has never been equalled in any yacht of the kind built about New York. If some of the "experts" to whom in their own estimation the yachting world owes so much, were to visit her now they could gather many good ideas to be palmed off some day as original inventions. There is really nothing specially novel or amazingly ingenious in her construction, but every part shows a thorough adaptation to its special place, the result being lightness and strength. The yacht is deserving of a more thorough and critical notice, but at present, as illustrations, may be mentioned the quarter timbers and general construction of the stern, the use of oak instead of mahogany for the through fastenings of copper and the conspicuous absence of galvanized spikes and wooden treenails, as well as the shaping of the floor and hanging knees, forged to a correct shape instead of being bent out of plain bar iron.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. held a meeting at Delmonico's on March 30, with Commodore Canfield in the chair. Mr. Frank S. Lawrence, of the sloop Vixen, was elected vice-commodore, in place of Mr. W. E. Iselin, who has declined to serve. The secretary read his report showing that notwithstanding the late differences in the club it is still in a prosperous condition. The present membership is 192, compared with 212 at this time last year, and eight new names were also presented for admission. The club will retain their present anchorage and club house until June 1, and probably will lease it for another year, until May 1, 1887, and the club yacht Venture will soon be in commission for the use of members. The date of the spring regatta will be set by the flag officers. The same amounts were appropriated for prizes as were given last year. The Decoration Day race will take place as usual, the prizes being the same as last year.

THE ALTERATIONS TO THE GRACIE.—The sloop Gracie is now on the ways at Piepgrass's yard for extensive alterations. Her sides will be raised 1ft. amidships, reducing the sheer, as the height at the bow will remain unchanged, and the height aft will be increased but little. The stern will be narrowed in and altered in shape to conform more nearly with modern ideas, and a new deck and cabin house will be added. Sister keelsons will be worked along the keel, jogged down over the heels of the floor timbers, as this part of the boat has been weak ever since the alterations to her centerboard trunk. The new trunk, a large one, put in a few years since, will be cut down to the after end, the board being shortened to correspond. The interior will be refitted throughout. The rig will not be materially changed. The alterations will be made by Mr. Piepgrass, under the superintendence of Mr. J. F. Tams.

MR. VANDERBILT'S STEAM YACHT.—The contract for the steel for Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht has been awarded to the Linden Steel Co., of Pittsburgh. The specifications are for the best quality, the tensile strength being 84,000 pounds. The dimensions of the yacht are: Over all, 285ft.; waterline, 233ft.; beam, 33ft. 3in.; depth, 21ft. 6in.; draft, 16ft. 8in. It is said that the name Alva has been decided upon.

YACHT AND CANOE FITTINGS.—Messrs. Topping & Fox, 96 Chambers street, have now a large stock of ship hardware of all kinds, including blocks, chains, and anchors. Their stock of brass goods includes many handsome patterns of rowlock and other boat and canoe fittings, and they are adding to the latter to meet the wants of canoeists.

A NEW STEAM YACHT.—Mr. John Harvey has just completed the design for a steam yacht 52ft. over all and 7ft. 6in. beam, drawing 3ft. 6in. The yacht, which will be planked with mahogany and probably double-skinned, will be built by John Munn, The Westinghouse Co. are the owners and will fit her with one of their engines.

AMERICAN STEAM Y. C.—Messrs. Frank R. Lawrence, W. B. David and George W. Hall have been appointed a committee to arrange for an international race of steam yachts. Designs for the A. Y. C. Cup have been presented to the club.

YACHTING NOTES.—The Providence schooner. The frames of this boat are partly out, the lead keel is cast, and the keel logs are being shaped, so that the vessel will soon be in frame. She is to be ready by the middle of May. Dagmar. The new steel yacht building at Newburg is for Mr. Geo. Beck, of Poughkeepsie, owner of the Miriana, Mr. C. D. Miller being the designer and not the owner as we previously stated. It is proposed to name her Dagmar. Far Niente, sloop, has been sold to Mr. John Hatch, of New York. Norma, steam yacht, has been sold by Mr. Munroe to Mr. Horace Daniels, of Providence, R. I. She has been taken to Manning's Basin for an overhaul. This summer she will fly the pennant of the American Y. C. Vision. This old and well-known sloop, after lying idle for several seasons, has been sold to Mr. A. Weston, of Yonkers, N. Y. Mischief, sloop, will not fit out this season, and Capt. Clock will probably have command of the new schooner Avon, built for Com. Valette, Quaker City Y. C. Estelle, cutter, is having her cockpit removed and a full flush deck laid, the space gained aft being converted into a stateroom. Her mast will also be shifted aft to its former position, and the cabin will be refitted. Montauk will be stripped at once and fitted out with her summer rig. Sasqua, sloop, will have a larger sail plan and new mast this summer. Sappho, steam yacht, lately bought by Dr. W. S. Webb, is now at the foot of East Twelfth street, where she will have some repairs made. Seneca, yawl, J. B. Triken, Brooklyn Y. C., has received a housing topmast, and new luizes in place of the old leg of the mainmast sail. A steam launch 52ft. long, 6ft. beam is now building by Mr. James Lennox for the Harlem Rowing Association. Vivienne, sloop, has been sold to Mr. W. C. Bolton, of New Haven, to which port she belongs. Adelaide—Wood Bros. are now finishing Mr. Underhill's sloop. Mr. R. M. Wood will sail her for a time. Union will be the name of a catboat lately built on Staten Island for Mr. R. J. Behringer, Brooklyn Y. C. She is 35ft. 6in. long, 9ft. 6in. beam, and 3ft. depth. Concord, sloop, is at Pollon's yard for a lead keel of 5 1/2 tons and also for general repairs. Wanda, steam yacht—The changes in rig have been completed and the engines have been run at the dock preparatory to a trial trip. Lawleys have the keel and frames of Mr. Fay's yacht all ready. J. H. McManus & Son will make the sails. Rival, steam yacht, lately purchased by Mr. Field, will be altered by Pollon Bros., her deck being raised 8ft., with a plot house and smooth room forward. Some changes will also be made in her boiler. Mr. E. A. Willis, of Port Washington, has about completed two open centerboard boats, the Nahle, for Mr. W. E. Connor, 25ft. long, 11ft. beam, and 1ft. 7in. draft, and the Negle, 20ft. long, 9ft. beam, and 1ft. 3in. draft, for W. S. Alley. Mr. L. C. Young, of Bridgeport, is at work on a 21ft. open sloop, with counter stern and lead ballast. The Delamater Iron Works are making a steel boiler for Mr. J. M. Vaternburg's yacht Lurline. Mr. Pierre Lorillard, proprietor of the New York Yacht Club, has ordered a 40 ft. sloop for Florida waters. Mr. Hillman will design the hull and Mr. W. W. Scott the engines. Thos. Kane & Co. will put out of their three-cylinder valveless engines and petroleum motors in a launch for Mr. George Poppert, of Milwaukee.

SAVANNAH Y. C.—On the 3d inst. our club held its annual meeting at our club house, Thunderbolt, with Commodore Wm. Hone presiding. The Commodore, in presenting his annual report, congratulated the club on its increasing prosperity. Five new members were elected. Officers for 1886 were then elected: Commodore, Wm. Hone; Vice-Commodore, John N. Johnson; Rear-Commodore, Thos. P. Bond; Secretary, Frank Winter; Treasurer, M. H. Cohen, Board of Stewards—Henry D. Stevens, Isaac Beckett, Julian Schley, Alfred M. Martin, Jr., Theodore Gordon, Wm. G. Morrill, Commodore William Hone, Lawrence Hartshorn, Geo. J. Baldwin, Wallace Cumming, Henry H. Hull, Wm. D. Simkins. On March 6 the new Board of Stewards met and Alfred M. Martin, Jr., was elected chairman and Frank Winter was re-elected secretary of the board. The following committees were appointed to serve until the annual meeting, Wednesday, March 2, 1887: House Committee—Henry D. Stevens, chairman; Wm. G. Morrill, Wallace Cumming, Wm. Hone, Alfred M. Martin, Jr.; Sailing Committee—Lawrence Hartshorn, chairman; Isaac Beckett, Julian Schley; Committee on Membership—Geo. J. Baldwin, chairman; Wm. D. Simkins, Theodore Gordon, Henry H. Hull, Wallace Cumming; Timers—W. D. Simkins, chairman; Theodore Gordon, Henry H. Hull; Measurer, William G. Morrill. At present there are 171 members to our club. The new constitution, by-laws and sailing regulation will shortly be printed.—FRANK WINTER, Sec. S. Y. C.

MARINE BOILERS.—It is somewhat remarkable that little or no improvement has been made for many years in the efficiency of the marine boiler. At the present time, over 40 per cent. of the total heat due to the combustion of the coal is completely wasted. Here is a fine field for economy. Several engineers are now directing their attention to the improvement of the boiler, considered as a steam generator, by the use of a forced draught. The Howden plan, which consists of blowing air, heated by means of the waste gases from the boiler, direct into the furnaces, has given promising results in the steamship New York City, where the boiler has been working under air pressure for about eighteen months. Mr. Howden claims that he can largely reduce the size of the boilers required for any given power at the same time effect a great reduction in the consumption of fuel. Probably he is a little too sanguine; but as the improvement of boiler efficiency is a matter of the greatest importance, not only to the mercantile marine but also to the Navy, we should like to see the Admiralty authorities give the Howden plan a searching trial and make known the results to the shipping world.—The Shipping World.

GENERAL PAINE'S YACHT.—The new yacht is planked and decked and the joiners are busy inside. The manual will be made by J. H. McManus & Son, while the jib, jipopsail and staysail will be made by Wilson. General Paine is now on a visit South. The yacht will be ready for the launch by the latter part of this month.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

XVIII.

THE contemplated run for the Coot this day was the short distance of fifteen miles round Sandy Point, up the Severn to Annapolis, the capital of Maryland. The day was fine for a wonder, with a moderate wind from S.W., which made it a comfortable full and by down to the shoal, which makes out three-quarters of a mile from Sandy Point. A new screw pile lighthouse, white light varied with red flashes, has been erected on the extremity, the old tower still standing on shore as a landmark. The Coot passed inside the light and found spots several feet shoaler than figured on the chart. Two miles above this point you pass the narrow mouth of the Magdalen River, an estuary in which oyster fishing is carried out extensively. The entrance is buoyed. After passing in, Deep Creek, on the port hand, affords anchorage, with the wind from E. round to W., while Dobbin's Island, in a large bight on the starboard hand, acts as a breakwater for everything from W. N. and E. There are also many other coves and creeks further up. The river itself is a large sheet of water, five miles long and a mile wide, with two fathoms of water and nine feet on the bar between buoys. The shores are bold bluffs, alternating with low ground, and very attractive. This affluent itself, though but one out of scores of similar stretches connecting with the Chesapeake, will supply weeks of interesting cruising and sport to a catboat like the Coot. In local vernacular the river's name is pronounced Maggoty, with the stress on the first syllable.

From Sandy Point the coast line turns in almost at right angles and trends away southwesterly to Hackett's Point, which you give a tolerable berth if bound round into the cove, with Mill and White Hall creeks at the head for snug anchorage. But if bound for Annapolis, you haul up to S.W. for Greenbury's Point across the cove. On the headland, the northern extremity of the Severn River, there is a small lighthouse, with building attached, and a clump of green trees. With less than 7 ft. draft, give the point a fair berth and cut across to pick up the channel buoys, which will lead you up to the city. If drawing 7 ft. or more, keep well out coming from Hackett's and make the red can buoy off Greenbury to starboard, as it marks the tongue of sand projecting to the S.E. from the Point. Leave it on either hand, as there is 10 ft. inside of it for some distance before it shoals fast.

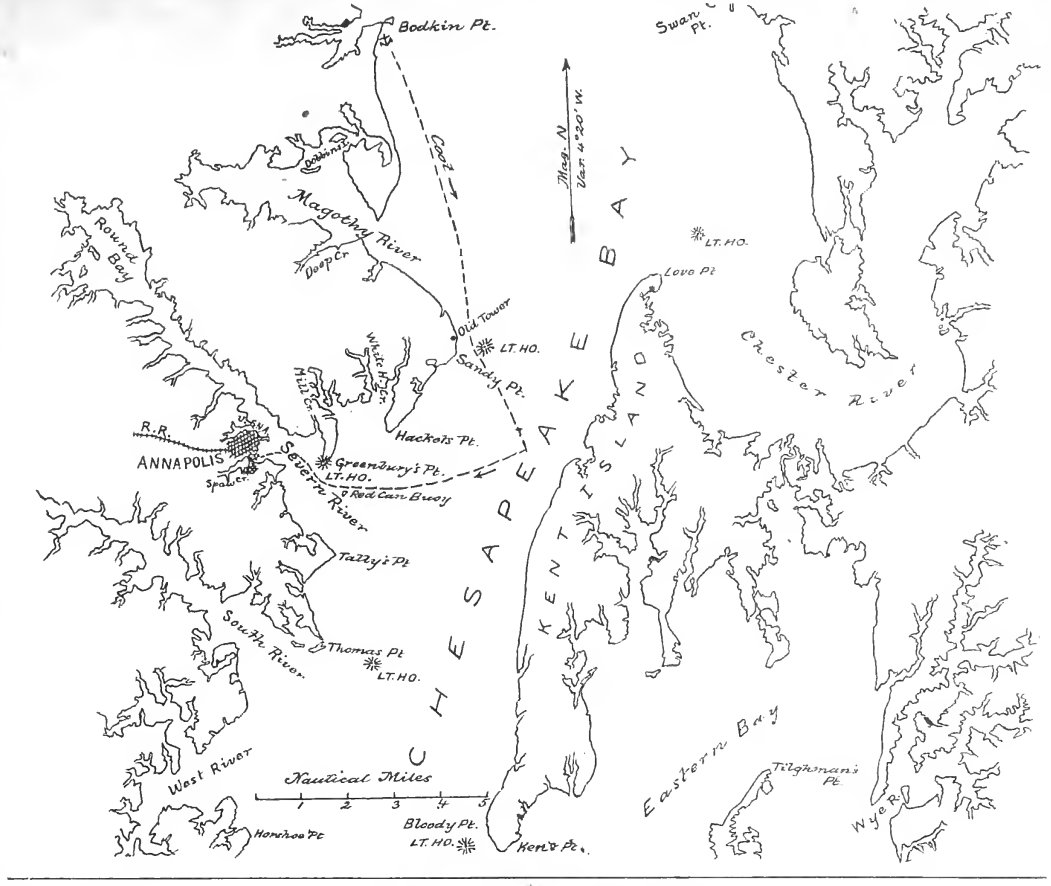
The Coot having been knocked off by the wind backing to the southward, stretched well across to Kent Island from Sandy Point, then hung round for the harbor, with the dome of the historic old State Capitol towering majestically above the town clustered beneath and radiant in the sun in the many-colored tints of its houses. Prominent objects, familiar objects, met the gaze ahead. Right up the channel, in full view, the trim park of Uncle Sam's far-famed Naval Academy caught the eye with pleasing effect. Broad lawns, handsome buildings and public edifices, officers' quarters, armories and gunnery ships, splendid in fresh paint, spoke of the care and solicitude bestowed by a great nation upon this seat of nautical training and instruction. To me the sight was one of utmost gratification. It was fifteen years since, to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," we "broke ranks" from the final dress parade on the sward facing the Admiral's quarters. Amid cheers we rushed for our quarters to don full regimentals, frock tail coats with gold lace and shoulder knots, gorgeous swords and smart naval caps, each one of our grand old "class of '70" armed with a parchment certifying our graduation and admission to "the line" of Uncle Sam's bold navy. From the hands of General Grant we had received these documents in person, with a few commendatory words from the great chieftain, which made the day doubly precious. From that hour we were ready to fight tooth and nail through Uncle Sam's battles, but as the generous-minded soul had no particular quarrels on hand, we drew our pay with utmost promptitude in fact. As the day approached and the ports of the old Santee could be counted, the very muzzles of the guns which had many a time sent volleys across the waters and shot and shell at targets in the bay at my command to my "division," peered from the noble frigate's shrouding like so many old friends welcoming back the wanderer to their fold. One by one objects of great interest were made out. A whole row of buildings was gradually opened, then a particular dwelling, then a particular door, and last, a particular window with which had for years a much and an acquaintance.

A window on the ground floor which served me well, from which you could jump when belated to slip unobserved into the rear rank of the breakfast "formation" before the roll call had reached your name; a window from which the juicy lemon cakes—"snots" we then called them for short—could be deftly purloined from "Freuchy," who had the privilege from high quarters of wheeling us out of spare pennies through his dainty sweets piled on top of his basket, which was, of course, empty below, like shot in a pyramid; a window from which one could see the old flag of the old day on its round mast at sight still the noisy tumult within and send us flying to our books to meet the stern official's "inspection" with the looks of innocent babes, guileless as the angels above; a window from which the "plebs" could be twitted, for it was in the good old days when hazing was still a legitimate institution; from which fair damsels could be cut up when passing to and fro; from which rose cheer upon cheer from the spectators on the shore, and from which one could see the pig down from the creased pole, or sent the big, puffery leather ball through the goal by a dexterous kick, or made a home run round the three bases; a window which, if it could speak, might many a tale of youthful pranks and conspiracy unfold. And yet a window which once played us shamefully false, as the cloud of smoke leaking through its sashes betrayed the sacrifice to the fragrant weed going on within, and put us all on the "tobacco pledge" and brought us down to smoking ten fifteen years ago, but it came back as it were but yesterday, and the inclination to dodge round the corner and hide my cigar as the headless, juvenile officer of the present day sauntered down the brick-laid walk was an almost irresistible inclination on the part of the Coot's solitary crew.

Round the last black buoy the Coot swept with a rush, as sheet was got in for a berth well up the harbor, in close company with a score of swift, keen-nosed caucers returning from their day's tongue. These boats were all manned by an officer, by a midshipman and a crew of twenty men, their craft almost gunwale with their freight. They were racing to get alongside the piers first to unload at the oyster houses and larger vessels awaiting the filling of their holds before casting off for more distant markets. As the colored brother neared the aim of his day's ambition, he hurriedly took in sail and set up a vigorous shouting and hailing and mouth-fighting in his eagerness to maintain his right of position, that the waters rang with noise and near and far his African rival secured imminent. Of this nothing came, the colored citizen being happily free to fight it out with much obfuscation and then accepting the inevitable with philosophic resignation. The Coot came in for a large share of their obnoxious powers. She struck them most favorably, as any yacht is likely to do, for paint and a large cabin go a great way by comparison with the rougher looks and more restricted conveniences of working vessels. I ran the yacht close up to a shell beach below the county bridge, passing Spaw Creek, and dropped the hook in 9 ft. The nearest the last man to the shore being near enough with the harbor through former residence at the Academy.

The port is easily entered night or day, and is snug and perfectly protected. From 12 to 18 ft. at low water is found all over, unless you anchor close inshore. The Severn River extends 8 miles in a north-westerly direction, ending in Round Bay, a mile and a half diameter. The shores are bold, pretty bluffs and undulating country. You carry from 8 to 5 fathoms clear up to the head, and 15 ft. in the lateral creeks. In days gone by we used to head, and in the country of war, square-rigged, all the way up to Round Bay for practice. An idea can be formed of the magnificent and imposing nature of the Chesapeake's tributary arms, to which Long Island Sound pales by comparison. There is no such cruising water as the Severn anywhere about New York or Boston short of the Maine coast, and that is intricate, rock bound, blustering, uncongenial and foggy, except for a few short months in undiscovered. Yet in the Chesapeake, we have said, concerning the Severn, the water is equal to hosts of similar estuaries, bays, rivers and so-called creeks, cruising being, moreover, enjoyable all year round, unless an exceptionally severe winter, like the one just passed, should be experienced. Occasional cold snaps may cause a few days' interruption, but the way is always clear to escape in the south. Still these latitudes remain practically unexplored, and strange to say, the sport has scarcely found a following among the natives. One would suppose that a wealthy city like Baltimore, the largest city on the coast, and that the country would boast its yachts by the hundred, and that Norfolk would come here at fifty at least. With the exception of the Chesapeake Y. C., recently organized by a few gentlemen of the eastern shore, there seems no inclination whatever on the part of men to the manor born to take to the water, and they are ignorant of the splendid opportunities thrown in their way. Perhaps with the fashion once set by the more frequent appearance of yachts from the North, the discovery of what has been a far misapprehension, made, in the Chesapeake towns may take their proper rank in a sport to which their location especially invites them.

Annapolis is a quaint little toy town, which appears to have been dropped into the present age out of the basket of bygone times. It is still in the main a remnant of Washington's era, and contrasts in its small scale town with the huge planning we are accustomed to in the cities of modern descent. Evidently Annapolis grew and got ripe before the age of steam. It represents labor by hand from cellar to garret, from stone stoop to carved dormer window. It is neat, tidy and thrifty. Neat and tidy because nothing is going on to keep the grass from growing between the identical stone pavements which were laid in revolutionary period, when Annapolis was a central sun to politics and society. Tiny, because you can almost reach to the



corner of its little but very complete buildings. They show by their ornamentation in brick and wood that once a fashionable class ruled from the streets converging at the capitol, and no doubt with all and more of the imperiousness, cabals, vanities and competition that characterize the *nouveaux riches* of New York's pet Murray Hill. Once upon a time Annapolis had its "up town" and "down town," its "west end" and its "city." But in these days of big distances and things, it does not even rank a mile-off line, and scarcely rises to the dignity of more than a village. The old dwellings have become stores, and small stores with a small assortment of goods. Some have degenerated into boarding houses, though where the people are expected from to join the festive hall is hard to say. The legislative sessions bring a few stragglers from the country, and the Naval Academy furnishes the bagels of some support. The State capitol, a fine structure even in the eyes of the present generation, must have represented such an enormous effort and prodigious outlay when first planned, that the handwork of our worthy sires must command respect, though the town itself fails to arouse admiration. The capitol is situated on an elevation in an open circle, recently marred by a stupid attempt at modernization, totally out of harmony with the building itself. From it radiate the streets, avenues of the olden time, and these are covered by sundry little back alleys, probably the Five Points, Minetta lanes and Baxter streets of a century ago, the reveling hordes of which were also probably a source of constant anxiety to the one town watchman, with his smoky oil lamp and lame rattle. The capitol is replete with historic memorials and relics. It is enough for me to remind the reader that Washington the immortal resigned his commission as General of the Revolutionary Army in this same building. For further information let him come and see himself, as it is not a guide book I am writing. In rear of the capitol stands an ugly mansard-roofed "mansion" of modern date, already out of date, flopped down among the remnants of an interesting past, an uninteresting reminder of the insipid taste and lack of conception characteristic of our own years. Then there are some very respectable church edifices, one solitary dwelling of the Americanized Queen-Anne-Swiss Chateau-Pagoda-Rhine Castle conglomerate red-painted order, a large Catholic college for priests of some sort, a baby gas works, and a very few fairly commodious modern residences of some of the old first families, "left behind." There is also a railroad. If there had been no railroad, there would have been no railroad. Gen. Butler built the 20 mile connection with the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for the transport of troops. When hands had been clasped across the chasm, it had to be sold. Somebody was rash enough to buy it. As I knew the road, it still retained the old U rails of aboriginal device, or what was left of them, and the consumptive engine of the line ran at intervals on mud. The rolling stock consisted of two cars tottering to the grave. A shanty or two passed for depots, and one lonesome-looking side track of a few yards length furnished the chance for imitating real roads and a rush of business by furious backing up and shunting off the two lame cars, the engine straining itself at whistling and bell clanging for an hour before departure. I heard at the time ugly rumors that this ghost of a road was made the stalking horse for some of the wildest stock manipulations and capital watering on the most approved Wall Street plans, but of course on a very tiny scale to correspond with the road's bucolic surroundings. Time has done wonders, however.

A general renovation has overcome the road and now the bold engine, with a fine new headlight, sweeps into the new shed at a two-mile rate, whistling loud and long for the crowd to make way, whereupon the single small urbin within hearing walks off the track with his hands in his pockets. A steamboat also makes daily connection with Baltimore. Industrially considered, Annapolis would be only a small country store but for the trade in oysters, which has assumed considerable magnitude. Socially considered, the place has some attractions, and the outlying country is studded with fine farms, some of them held by wealthy men from Northern cities. The country is very healthy, and along the shores excel and romantic sites for dwellings are plentiful. I know several gentlemen from the North who have settled here to escape the rigorous winters of higher latitudes and to pass their age in quiet contentment and fresh supplies reaped from a small patch of ground, chickens, cow and oyster beds. Sport is good, birds and fish plentiful. From a purely yachting point of view, few places can surpass or even equal the regions about Annapolis. Shelf-red or open water, with all the variations imaginable, with depth enough for any type of boat, with shores clad in sylvan beauty, with harbors in every direction, with stores and water at hand and the route to the North or to the South open as you like, with Baltimore and Washington within handy reach for metropolitan excursions by land, combine to make the ancient colonial settlement named in honor of Queen Anne a charming and inviting headquarters for yachting purposes. I did grant my longing eyes upon one nice little black cabin sloop of about 30 ft., called the *Elfin*, belonging to a gentleman owning a farm on Hackett's Bay. It is the sole representative of the sport for many a mile around.

To the attractions of the town itself the Naval Academy, of course, lends the lion's share. Within the high walls of the Government grounds is a city by itself, half military, half civic in character; a city in which dwells refinement and intellect of the highest degree. All that is agreeable in the amenities of social life, all that is attractive to the student of the art of warfare or of the sciences of peace is within easy reach through the iron gateway granting admission. Fine buildings, situated in a well preserved park, engineering and gunnery establishments, museums, libraries, laboratories, observatory, model rooms, collections of great historic value, armories, monuments, churches, hospitals, public music by the most proficient band in America, the fine arts—all are well represented and accessible in one form or another, with scholars and experts and specialists presiding. Practice ships for drills, including frigates, a monitor, torpedoed and steamers, a steam fire engine, gas works, and all the make up the institution which has long been a pattern to all other nations. The flash of nobly uniforms, the parade of the smart cadets, the soldiery marine corps, the fashionable fair sex, form an ever-changing kaleidoscope of brilliant color and delightful form,

upon which the amateur mariner, fresh from a great city, can feast his eyes without stint as a relief to his rough roaming at sea.

The Coot swung round her anchor for three days, during balmy weather and light southerly winds, which were an unnatural but welcome break in the monotony of winter gales for which she subsequently paid dearly. Provision for two weeks were laid in, a mast was hacked about the edges to keep the water from penetrating below, and sundry odd jobs performed. New oars for the skiff were purchased and the water breaker refilled. To a light northwester she got under way the morning of the fourth day and sailed out past the Herreshoff steamer *Glean* and the gunboat *Gov. McLane*, of the Maryland oyster police. The Coot was bound south for a harbor as far as wind and weather would permit.

C. P. K.

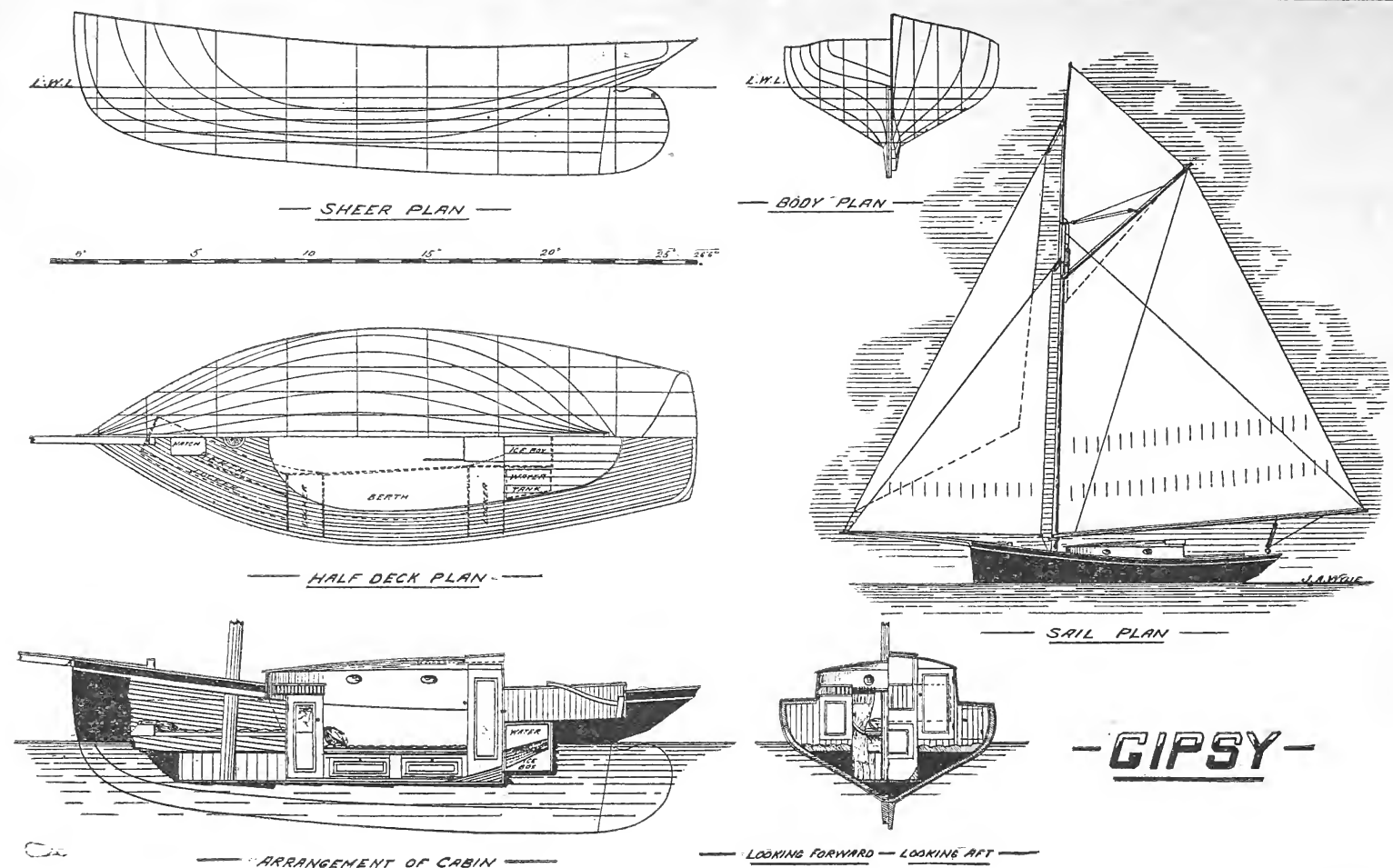
NEW JERSEY Y. C.—The annual meeting of the New Jersey Yacht Club was held at their club house foot of 10th street, Hoboken, N. J., on March 25. Commodore John H. Longstreet presiding, forty members being present. The reports of the various officers were read, that of the Treasurer being the most important, showing the club to have a large surplus on hand. Mr. Charles I. Rogers, in his annual report stated the amount of cash on hand at the beginning of the past year, and the amount at the present time, and said that the club was in better financial condition now than at any previous time, since its organization in 1873. The trustees in their report through their chairman, Com. Dilworth, spoke of their improvements made in the past year and of those contemplated, and said that on or about May 1st the ferry from 14th street, New York, to 14th street, Hoboken, will be in operation, and will be a great convenience to members living in New York city. The time it will take to get to the club house being about seven and a half minutes. He also spoke of the electric light that had been placed at the entrance to the club grounds, at the request of one of the trustees. After concluding his report, on a motion to that effect, the trustees were constituted a committee of the whole to procure plans and specifications for a new clubhouse. The present ways are rather ancient, and by their yachts are hauled out over rollers. The proposed ways will have a truck and cradle, and by the cradle a boat may be moved anywhere on the grounds. It is calculated that the ways will cost less than \$500. On a motion to that effect, a ballot for officers was taken, and the following gentlemen elected for the ensuing year. Commodore, William H. Dilworth, of yacht *Derave*; Vice Commodore, Henry E. Ozden, Duplex (cannary); Recorder, Secretary, William S. Dilworth; Corresponding Secretary, George E. Gardner, Treasurer, Charles I. Rogers; Financial Secretary, John D. Goetschius; Messurer, Arnold Jeanneret; Regatta Committee, Edward W. Ketcham, chairman, John Curtin and Martin V. B. Everson. Trustees, Theophilus Butts, chairman, Edwin A. Stevens, Edward W. Ketcham, James A. Reed and William Stone. Commodore Dilworth assumes the reins after an absence of three years from the chair, and being heartily interested in yachting, and all that pertains to it, will infuse new blood into the club. The fifteenth annual regatta will be sailed on Monday, June 14, over the club course, starting from Bedloe's Island, buoy 13 and 18 (red can off Cone Island), leaving both to port, passing to the westward of buoy on Robbins Reef going and coming to place of starting. The committee talk of chartering one of the Iron boats, for the guests of the club. The fall open race will probably be sailed the latter part of September or first part of October, but the new regatta is a great measure on the cup races. The resignation of Mr. Abram Hennum was tendered and accepted. On motion of Commodore Dilworth, Mr. Hennum was unanimously elected an honorary member. Mr. Hennum was one of the charter members and is at present in Florida recuperating lost health. He was formerly the owner of the sloop yacht *Estelle*. He is the first honorary member that has been elected in about ten years, and it is only on rare occasions that one is elected.

NEW YORK Y. C.—A meeting of the club was held on Mar. 25, with Com. Gerry in the chair. The annual reports of the officers were read and accepted. A telegram was received from the Hon. Perry Belmont, announcing that the Sub-Committee on Commerce and Navigation had reported favorably on the bill relating to steam yachts and pilotage. The Regatta Committee reported that a letter had been sent to Lieut. Henn, giving the same terms and conditions to the Galatea as were accorded to Genesta last year, namely, three races over the same courses. The following members were elected: F. A. Schermerhorn, George L. Ingraham, Richard Henderson, J. Hyslop, D. A. Levy, George Lawrence, Leroy King, Ransom Underhill, Edward Ward, George M. Hand, Wright Duryea, J. S. Tappan, J. Seward Webb, B. Farley, Jr., J. D. Grant, Edward Anuan, C. C. Marsh, W. K. Vanderbilt, John F. Lovejoy, Charles W. Thomas, A. Young, Jr., Effingham Lawrence. The list of yachts now includes 60 schooners, 50 sloops and cutters, 35 steam yachts and 10 launches.

BURLINGTON ICE Y. C.—The third regatta of the Burlington Ice Y. C. took place Saturday, March 27, and the prize was a year's subscription to the *FOREST AND STREAM*, offered by W. B. McKillip, a prominent member of the club. The pennant was sailed for on the 23d, and as no cash prizes are allowed the club, the *Forest and Stream* seems very appropriate. The *Mudjokeevis*, owned by T. P. W. Rogers, took the prize, covering the course in 15 min. The course was 2 1/2 miles to windward. Distance sailed about 3 1/2 miles. Wind W. by N. and rather light.

A HANDY YACHT BUCKET.—A new and convenient style of bucket has lately been devised by a yachtsman for use about yachts. It is made entirely of rubber, the outside being protected by three stout hoops 3/4 in. square in sections. The ball is also of rubber, very strongly made, and is fitted with a galvanized thimble. The makers are the Goodyear Rubber Co., 503 and 255 Broadway, New York.

A NEW IRON SCHOONER.—The little *Winn*, designed last year by Mr. A. Cary Smith, has proved so successful that Mr. Smith has now an order for a large schooner of similar design, 80 ft. on waterline and not over 6 ft. draft. She will be built of iron and will be used about Florida, her owner being a Massachusetts yachtsman.



A HANDY KEEL SLOOP.

THE accompanying drawings, for which we are indebted to Mr. J. A. Wylie, of Newburgh, N. Y., show an excellent boat of moderate proportions that will commend itself to many who desire a keel craft, but who hold initial stability and moderate draft as of the first importance. The accommodations are very good for so small a craft, while the draft, 4 ft., is not too great to permit a very wide range of cruising. The centerboard is entirely dispensed with, and the space is increased largely in consequence. The headroom in the cabin is good and the galley is very fair. The Gipsy was built in the winter of 1884-5 by Daniel C. Bernard, of South Brooklyn, for Mr. Theodore C. Hall, of Newburgh, N. Y., and her dimensions are as follows:

Length on deck.....	26ft. 6in.
Length on leadline.....	28ft. 0in.
Beam (extreme).....	9ft. 0in.
Draft.....	4ft. 0in.
Least freeboard.....	1ft. 8in.
Ballast (iron cast to fit).....	5,000 lbs.
Mast, deck to bouds.....	25ft. 0in.
Boom.....	27ft. 0in.
Gaff.....	14ft. 2in.
Bowsprit, outboard.....	12ft. 0in.
Topmast, above masthead.....	11ft. 0in.
Hoist of mainsail.....	23ft. 0in.
Jib on huff.....	25ft. 0in.
Jib on foot.....	16ft. 0in.
Area of lower sails.....	749 sq. ft.

Stem, keel and sternpost are of oak, the keel being 14in. x 6in.; frames bent 3/4 x 3in. at heels, and 2x1 1/2 in. at deck, spaced 12in. between centers; floors of hackmatack, natural growth; bilge strake (inside) of white pine, 1x4in.; deck beams, 2x3 1/2 in.; wales of Georgia pine 1 1/2 in. thick; planking of cedar 1 1/2 in. thick; deck of white pine 1 1/2 in. square. The cabin slide and runners, cabin doors and cockpit rail are of cherry.

The interior which is finished in clear pine with cherry trimmings and varnish, is unusually roomy for a boat of this size, there being 5ft. 1in. headroom and 3ft. of floor between the transoms, which is all available as there is no centerboard trunk to cut it up into two narrow alleys.

The cabin is arranged with a view to accommodate two, and there is a berth forward in case a hand should be shipped for a long cruise. There is an ample supply of locker room, the benefits of which will be appreciated by all who have cruised in a small yacht.

Under the cockpit and accessible from the cabin by a sliding door, is the refrigerator, 2ft. square, and each side of this is a water tank, the two tanks being connected by a galvanized iron pipe, in which is placed a cock, so that the water may be kept from running all to leeward when the yacht is heeled over, there is also a cock just within the cabin, under the companion ladder, by which the water may be drawn off for use. The two tanks hold thirty-five gallons.

At the after end of the cabin on each side is a locker 18in. long without shelves, but provided with hooks so that clothing and oilers may be hung at full length. Back of these lockers are small doors, leading under the deck on each side of the cockpit, and as the cockpit floor runs all the way out to the planking of the boat and back to the archboard, this makes a narrow closet about 8ft. long, suitable for awning stanchions, boat hook, mop, broom, etc., which are usually knocking about on deck and in the way. Then comes a berth on each side, 6ft. 3in. long and with plenty of width for comfortable sleeping. The lockers under these berths are accessible by doors in front of the lockers, which, being hinged, let down, opening outward into the cabin. Forward of these berths on each side is a closet with shelves for the reception of crockery, glass and silverware, bed and table linen, towels, etc., etc.

The forecabin contains a berth which can be turned up against the side of the yacht when not in use, while opposite is a Monitor oil stove with three burners, capable of cooking anything that can be mentioned. Over the stove is a rack for tinware and cooking utensils. The forecabin also has ample locker room, including chain lockers in the eyes.

In the after end of the cockpit floor and just forward of the rudder trunk is a small hatch leading to a large open space under the cockpit and aft of the refrigerator and water tank, where may be stored spare anchor and cable, extra sails, awning etc.

The Gipsy has proved a weatherly and able boat and in the matter of speed, in both light and heavy weather, has also proved herself exceedingly satisfactory to her owner.

TORONTO SKIFF SAILING CLUB.—This club has opened its doors to its members about six weeks earlier than last year, the ice having left our several bay weeks earlier than was expected. Several members have been out sailing already, and it is proposed to have a club cruise on Saturday, March 27, which in all probability will open skiff sailing on our bay. Several are having new boats built this spring which they expect will leave astern everything else in the club, but there are some good boats in the club yet, which will make it pretty hot for some of them. The officers will be elected for this year at annual meeting, which will take place on the 6th prox.—**HAMILTON S. HALL, Sec'y-Treas.**

The White Mountain Hammock Chair is a useful article for camp life in the woods, as well as for the house or lawn. It is self-adjusting to any position, and the weary sportsman can recline at full length, or sit upright as in an ordinary chair. It is strongly made, and can be stowed in very compact shape. See advertisement in another column.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

M. E.—See Shot columns.
A. Quiz.—For Long Island snipe law see Shot columns.
E. H. F. City.—The gun can undoubtedly be so altered.
N. Y., Belleville, Ont.—Write to J. C. Greeley, Jacksonville, Fla.
W. E. S.—Le Page's Liquid Glue will probably answer your purpose.
T. H. Easthampton.—Try a beagle; see advertisements of breeders elsewhere.
J. D. G.—The diameter of a "10-inch circle," as understood in target shooting, would be 10 inches.
H. F. M., Quebec.—The .32-caliber will do, though if you have the choice, choose a larger one.
D. C. W., Patterson, Ont.—Long's "American Wildfowl Shooting" is a good book on the subject. Price \$1.50.
STRANGER.—1. There is no law on snipe. 2. The season for summer duck in New Jersey is Sept. 1-Jan. 1.
A. B. H., St. Mark's.—Norris's "American Anglers' Book" is best suited to your needs. See price elsewhere.
C. M., Dauphin, Pa.—The trap may be ordered through any of the gun dealers; we do not know address of makers.
B. C. W.—Spring snipe shooting is forbidden in Suffolk and Queens counties, N. Y., by the law which is given in our Shot columns.
R. W. R., Boston.—Call on E. M. Messenger, Bromfield House, Boston, and he will post you on the angling waters you want.
G. L., Tarrytown, N. Y.—You can probably procure the jack rabbits upon application to Chas. Reiche & Bro., Chatham street, New York.
J. B. B.—The county supervisors of New York State have authority to increase the close season of any game fish, bird or animal, but not to decrease it.
A. P., Louisiana.—A special rubber cement is supplied by dealers in rubber goods. You can order it through any of the sportsmen's goods' dealers.
G. H. T., New York.—1. For largest Rangeley Lakes trout see correspondence in last and current issues of this paper. 2. The fish were brook trout.
F. R. R., New York.—There are trout streams on Long Island. Perch may be caught in Croton Lake, bass in Greenwood and Hopatcong lakes. To be taken in proper season.
G. B. P.—Either one of the rifles you name is an admirable arm and will give you satisfaction. The Lyman sight will answer better than any other for the work you contemplate.
E. P. L.—1. "Jacking" means hunting with a jack-light to show presence of game by reflection of eyes, or fishing with a jack-light to reveal the fish in the water. 2. No law on pickerel in this State.
A. K. T.—Moose rut in September and October. The does bring forth in May. Caribou rut in September and October; bring forth in May and June. The antlers of all deer are best in the rutting season.
C. B. S.—1. The Roper is not manufactured. You may find one in some of the stores; write to them. 2. There is little practical difference in the wearing qualities of the two; either one should outlast the shooter.
A. C. J.—Ashmont's book has some useful hints on care of dogs, but the bulk of it refers to management and treatment in disease. Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking" is the best in its field. 2. The rifle will do well for deer.
CANUK, Ottawa.—Will you kindly give me a receipt for blueing gun barrels? Ans. The better plan for you is to put your gun into the hands of a competent gunsmith. The process is a difficult one for an amateur to work successfully.
J. N. P., Springfield, Mass.—Can you inform me of any one who owns a good salmon stream that would rent it in the season to a small party for a week or ten days? Ans. We do not know of any such stream. Try an advertisement.
E. T., Long Island.—The rule about shooting off for ties in a match must be agreed upon before the match is shot. Sometimes the shooters who tie shoot off and the one finally making the highest score takes the prize; sometimes they divide on ties.
J. A. L.—If you wish a book treating briefly of the game birds and animals the "Gazetteer" will answer. For fuller descriptions consult such works as Judge Cates's "Antelope and Deer," Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's "Water Birds," etc.
W. B. C., Lakeland Park, Fla.—We cannot tell you which is "the best" shotgun. By paying a reasonable price you can get a good gun if the black bass can be found in Greenbrier county or in Mecklenburg county, Virginia, also what flies or bait are proper to use in that section, what other fishes are to be found (or caught) in Virginia, and what tackle you would advise taking. My primary object in going to Virginia is to drink the spring waters, but I wish also to put in some days or weeks of fishing. Ans. Black bass may be found in the Greenbrier River, West Virginia, and also in Mecklenburg county, Virginia. There are also brook trout in the streams of Greenbrier

county. You will sometimes find that black bass are called "chub" in that region. Pike, locally called "jack," are found in Virginia. Take a trout rod and tackle and an assortment of bass and trout flies. If you use baits you will get them there.

Wooncock, Bridgeport, Conn.—Please inform me what time of the year is best for planting small trout in brooks and where I can get the trout? Ans. This is the proper time or as soon as they begin to take food. It is possible that the Connecticut Fish Commission may have them to spare. Write Dr. W. M. Hudson, Hartford. If they have none you may purchase of Mr. W. L. Gilbert, Plymouth, Mass.; Livingston Stone, Charlestown, N. H., or James Annin, Caledonia, N. Y.

P. D. D., St. John county, N. B.—1. Probably the best course is to send the gun to a reputable firm and have the locks repaired or entirely replaced. Correspond with the gunsmiths who advertise in the FOREST AND STREAM. By application to your customs officers you may learn what will be required in the way of bonds to pass the gun into the U. S. and back again, duty free. 2. The shells are not difficult to reload, and the manufacturers will furnish the necessary appliances; send to them for descriptive catalogue.

VIRGINIA.—To waterproof silk line, Mr. H. P. Wells, in "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle," says he has personally used with success 2 parts boiled linseed oil and 1 part best coach-body varnish mixed together and warmed until it will singe a feather. Soak twice and rub once, the mixture being at a temperature not exceeding 100° Fahr. Finish and polish with paraffine candle (page 50). But it is suggested that the better and far more satisfactory way to secure a waterproof line is to go to a reputable dealer and buy it already prepared. For first-class rod makers consult our advertising columns.

H. B., Jr., New York.—1. Is there any good map of the interior of Newfoundland? 2. Is a license required to shoot in Newfoundland? 3. What is the fastest rate of speed made by any hawk? Ans. 1. There are vast tracts of unexplored country in the interior of Newfoundland. The usual map has "conjectural mountains and hypothetical lakes." You may find some help in the British Admiralty chart of the island, to be consulted, we presume, in the Astor Library. 2. No. 3. Probably the peregrine falcon is as swift on the wing as any hawk. We have seen it overtake the passenger pigeon, but how fast it flies is not known.

G. W. B., New York.—Our gun club by-laws allow both barrels to a bird, and do not count half birds. As we are going to have new by-laws, I think it would be better to count the second barrel one-half bird. What is best in this case? Ans. The credit of only one-half to second barrel will give stricter record of each shooter's performance. It is more progressive than the ordinary way; and is adopted by the members. You will find it more satisfactory than the old way. A man who scores with his first barrel does better work than the one who scores with his second.

BLUEFISH, New York.—The bluefish is taken in various kinds of nets, but we presume that you refer to angling for them. The fish will bite at anything smaller than itself which moves and has the appearance of life. Artificial "squids" of bone or metal are trolled behind a sailboat or are thrown into the surf from the shore and hauled in quickly. The best way is to "chum" for them. "Chum" is finely chopped menhaden or other fish scattered in a tideway to toll bluefish to the anchored boat, where baited hooks are used in connection with rods and reels. Menhaden are best because they are oily and make a "slick" on the water which the fish see or smell. A strong tide is needed for this sport.

INFORMATION WANTED.

1. Reader, of Detroit, wishes good small game shooting in Ontario, with trout fishing.
2. G. W., Dunellen, N. J., writes that a party of sportsmen who design to build a wagon to serve as a portable camp for deer hunting, wish information as to cost, mode of construction, etc.
3. C. H., Birmingham, Conn., would like information in regard to the fishing in the neighborhood of Pembroke, Can. This is on the Canadian Pacific Railway and on the Ottawa River.
4. W. C. G.—Whereabouts in Maine can I have the best general lake fishing—black bass, pickerel and perch?
5. E. F. H., of New York, wants to examine a gun which has been changed from a hammer to a hammerless principle.
6. ENQUIRER.—Please tell me, if you can, whereabouts east of the Ohio River is the best pheasant shooting to be had in the month of September?
7. M. B. H., Baltimore, Md., wants to know the address of the persons manufacturing portable houses with canvas walls in place of wood? They are mostly used in camping out.
8. C. H. S. wants place in New Brunswick for trout or salmon fishing, with some small game.
9. L. L. wants locality where fur is abundant, beaver, otter, fisher, etc.
10. "Avis," who contributed, Vol. VII, p. 395, note on occurrence of Hudsonian titmouse at Utica, N. Y., is requested to send us his name.

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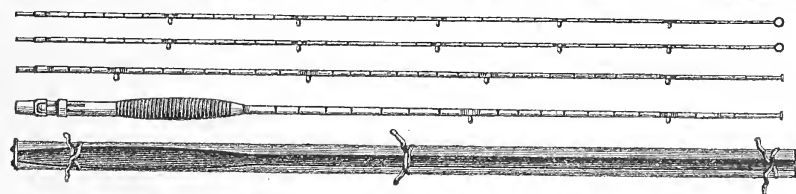
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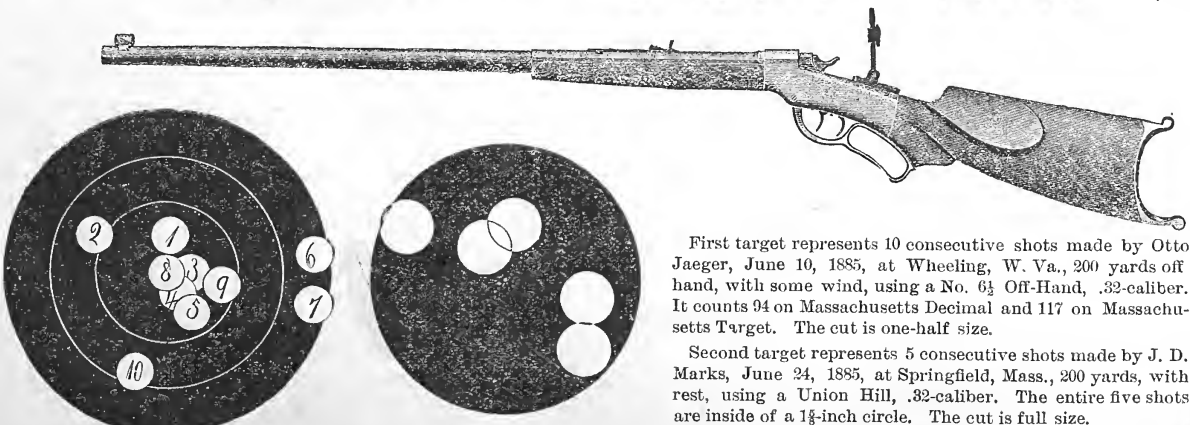


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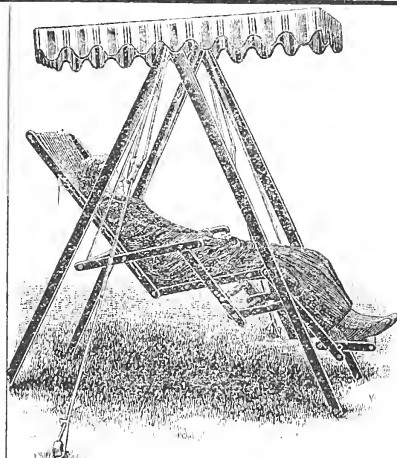
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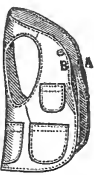
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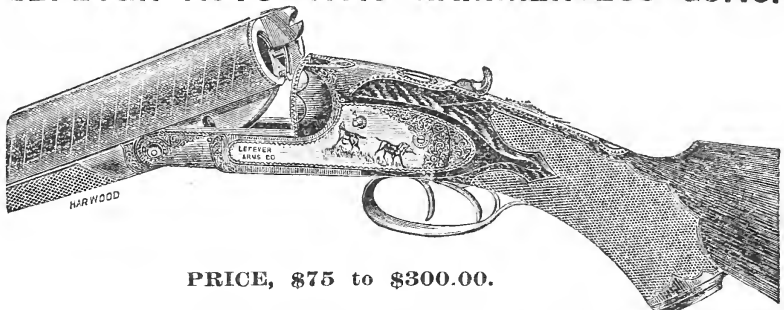
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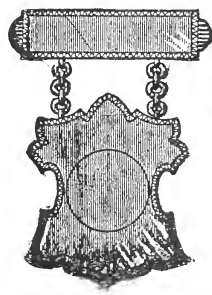
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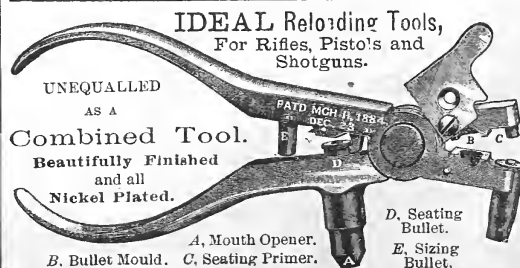
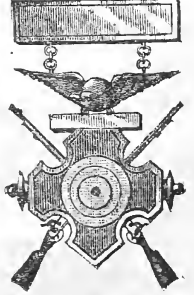


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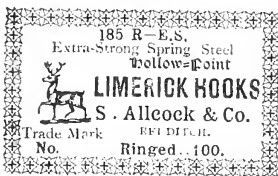
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THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

THE interest in the movement to put an end to the slaughter of song and insectivorous birds is increasing every day, and the work is constantly gaining momentum. Local secretaries have been appointed in many cities and towns, and the membership is already large. The plan of effort is very simple. There are no elaborate forms of local organization to cumber and hamper. The Society seeks to accomplish its end by moral suasion and the creation of right sentiment. It does not work in a roundabout way.

The hearty enthusiasm with which the plan of the AUDUBON SOCIETY has already been received and the activity displayed by friends of the birds in different localities give abundant promise of the achievements sure to follow the efforts now put forth. The extent of the evil sought to be remedied is of such startling magnitude that the bare statement of the actual facts is sufficient to command attention to the movement and win approval of the methods adopted. After a vexatious delay the certificates of membership are almost ready to be issued.

Circulars of information and pledge forms will be furnished upon application. As the ultimate success of the Society will depend largely upon the extent of its membership, it is hoped that every reader of the FOREST AND STREAM who is concerned for the welfare of our birds, may actively co-operate in the effort and either act as a local secretary or bring the matter to the attention of some one else who will.

THE DEER HOUNDING BILL.

THE Senate Committee on Game Laws favorably reported the bill to repeal the non-hounding deer law, and the measure was made a special order for yesterday; owing to the protracted discussion of other bills, however, it was not reached. It will probably be voted upon this week.

The full text of the bill is given in another column. The Senate Committee amended the hounding clause so that the season contemplated will be from Sept. 1 to Oct. 5. A fortnight more or less of lawful season will make little practical difference. If hounding be permitted for a month only, that will mean the maintenance of deer dogs all the year through to kill deer at all seasons. Nothing short of absolute prohibition of hounding will secure for the game the protection

essential to its conservancy. It is only a question between deer and dogs.

The provisions against marketing venison are plausible, but the good to be achieved by them is purely imaginary. Venison bounded in September and October is not fit to market. So long as the law permits city "sportsmen" to water-butch deer in September and leave the carcasses to rot in the woods, legislation against market-hunting is foolishness.

In like manner the shortening of the season is only a pretext. The number of deer saved by this provision will amount to nothing compared with the numbers destroyed by the hounds. These clauses are offered by the hounders only with the deliberate intent to mislead the Legislature if it is in earnest in its purpose to properly protect the game, or to furnish it an excuse if it is more eager to heed the clamor of the water-butcher than to consult the true interests of the community. The real purpose of these agitators is not to secure any better protection for Adirondack deer. They are eager only to gain permission to pursue their own selfish sport, to be let alone in their indecent scramble for the game while it lasts, and to enjoy their brief term of hounding and exterminating.

CANADIAN SALMON RIVERS.

THE transfer of the salmon rivers from the Dominion, or general, to the Provincial, or State, governments, has proved very unfortunate as regards their protection and improvement. A gentleman residing in the Dominion, and who is exceptionally well posted in this matter, tells us that, with the exception of such streams as have fallen within the private control of moneyed men, chiefly Americans, the rivers are rapidly deteriorating. The local, or provincial, authorities confine their efforts to collecting rents from them, without making any adequate provision for their protection and guardianship. In fact, their limited funds will not allow them to do this. At various times we have heard reports that in consequence of this state of things all the old and destructive practices are reviving with marvelous rapidity with fatal effects.

We remember that this is just what Mr. W. F. Whitcher, late Commissioner of Fisheries of the Dominion, predicted would follow the changes made by the Hon. A. W. McLean, late Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who turned a deaf ear to all the suggestions of Mr. Whitcher, who was perfectly familiar with all the facts, and had labored to build up the system of protection which worked so well under his fostering care. Mr. McLean let slip the command of the resources from the rivers, and to this may be attributed their decline. This is much to be regretted, but whether it is past remedy by legislation or not, we cannot say. Certain it is that with the exception of a few rivers which are under private control, the salmon streams of Canada are failing fast.

SPRING SHOOTING is now in order wherever the wildfowl can be intercepted on their way to the northern breeding grounds. One by one the different States are coming to see the folly of permitting the untimely destruction of breeding creatures. The New York law forbids snipe shooting on Long Island; the same prohibition ought to hold all along the Atlantic coast and on all inland waters. It was hoped that the new Ontario law might stop spring shooting, but it did not.

NO SOUL IN IT.—The daily press reporter who is detailed to write up the "opening of the trout season" may make a readable story of it, and pack it full of information; but did you never note that there is no soul in such an article? For the true affluant one must write of angling *con amore*; and a simple bit of actual experience told in plainest words by an angler is worth more than all the gaudy rhetoric of the space-writer.

BEARS.—Harper's Weekly of April 3, has a page of illustrations of the Central Park bear pit, the pride and glory of which are the FOREST AND STREAM's grizzly cubs. The bears and their fame are growing daily; iron bars contain the one, but a continent's range is limit all too pent for the expansion of the other.

IN A NUTSHELL.—"I've had lots of fun in the Adirondacks myself, and when my boy is old enough I want him to have some deer hunting there, too. That's why I'm opposed to the repeal of the anti-hounding law." This was said to us by a Syracuse gentleman last week. It states the whole case in two sentences.

RAILROAD ROUTES TO COOKE.

THE results sure to follow the building of a railway in the Yellowstone National Park will be most disastrous to that reservation. On this point there is but one opinion among those who are familiar with the region, and whose knowledge best qualifies them to pass judgment on the subject. The Park has been set apart as a pleasure ground for the people, and to devote any part of it to commercial purposes at this time will be to do a grievous injustice to all for the benefit of a few.

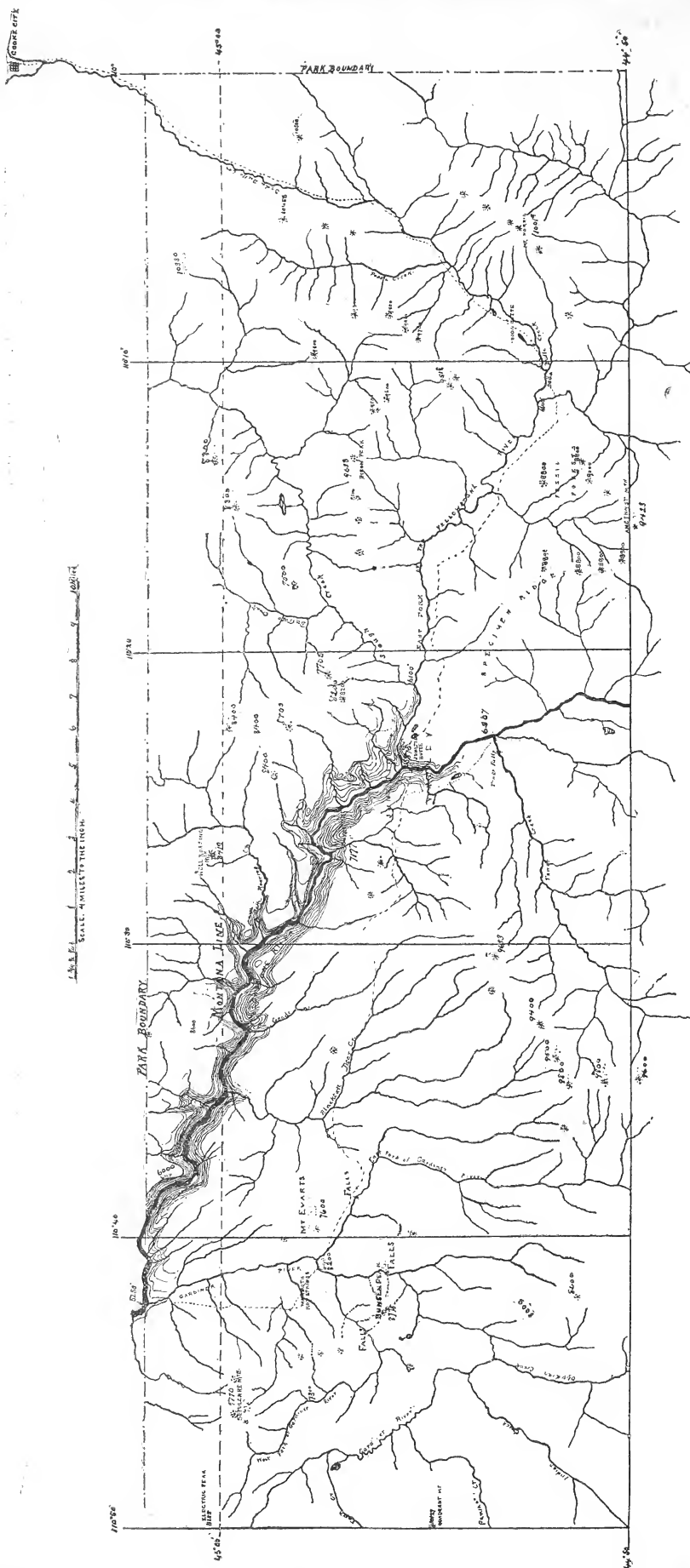
We have more than once pointed out the evils which would follow the construction of any railroad within the Park, and have shown how it would neutralize all the benefits which are certain to follow the wise action of Congress in setting aside the reservation, and the efforts which have of late years been made in the direction of a proper conservancy of this wonderful region. The inestimable economic importance of the forests about the headwaters of the Yellowstone and Snake rivers, the popular and scientific interest in the preservation of the various species of wild animals and of the natural curiosities of the region have been sufficiently insisted on, and are generally understood. They furnish the strongest possible reasons against the building of a railroad in the Park.

On the other hand we have the urgent demands of certain mine owners, interested in the development of a mineral region, situated in the mountains, in which rise Soda Butte Creek, Clark's Fork, and Stillwater Creek, for a railroad which shall enable them to bring their ore to a point where it can be reduced at comparatively small expense. These mine owners assert that a line up the Yellowstone, the East Fork and Soda Butte Creek is the only one practicable for a railroad. We have already shown that such a route presents enormous engineering difficulties, and have the testimony of reliable engineers to prove that there are other routes running up the streams which flow down the eastern slope of the range which present fewer difficulties of construction, lighter grades and less rock work and which do not infringe upon the territory set apart by Congress for the people's pleasure. Cooke City is not, as it is supposed by many, the center of this mining camp. It is on the extreme southern border of a mineral region, which extends about fifteen miles to the north and northeast. The only mines of any importance near to the town are the Great Republic and the Iron Clad; early discoveries of the region. The natural center of this district is some miles east of Cooke, in a little park on the head of Clark's Fork, a basin through which passes all the traffic from the east to Cooke and to the mines at the foot of Henderson Mountain. From this little park there are practicable wagon routes to nearly all the mines in the district.

There are three possible ways for a railroad from the Northern Pacific to the Clark's Fork mines, none of them crossing any portion of the National Park. These are (1) from Billings up Clark's Fork; (2) from Park City up Clark's, and then up Rocky Fork to a point near its head, thence across by a tunnel to Bear Tooth Creek to its head, thence across to Davies' Ranch and up Clark's Fork, and (3) from the mouth of the Stillwater up that stream to a point three miles above the upper west fork, where a considerable group of mines have been located. These routes have not been made the subject of detailed railroad surveys, but each of them has been carefully gone over by a civil engineer with a view to the possible construction of a railroad, and each one of them is pronounced perfectly practicable.

The Stillwater route is about the same length as the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork; but it is an easier one, and, as we have already shown, entails but little heavy work. The Clark's Fork route is longer, and there is but one difficult piece of work on it. This is at the cañon. By commencing to climb the hill some distance before the cañon is reached, however, it is practicable to reach a point some three hundred feet above the water and above the cañon, where a roadbed could be built along a steeply sloping, grassy hillside, which further up the stream runs into a flat bench. From this point to the head of the river there appears to be no difficulty in building a roadbed. About the Rocky Fork route less is known.

If there is any practicable way for a railroad to the Cooke City mines without infringing on the Park, Congress has no business to grant permission for a tie to be laid within that reservation. That such routes do exist on the eastern slope of the range can be easily shown, and until the most searching investigation has demonstrated their impracticability, Congress should refuse even to consider the proposition to lay rails within the Park.



MAP OF NORTHERN PORTION OF YELLOWSTONE PARK.

SHOWING ALONG THE COURSE OF THE YELLOWSTONE, EAST FORK AND SODA BUTTE CREEK THE PROPOSED LINE OF A RAILWAY THROUGH THE PARK FROM GARDINER TO COOKE CITY.

There is a hidden motive for the eagerness with which this grant is sought; a motive that has not yet been acknowledged. It has probably to do with the natural wonders which lie along the proposed line, and which may be included in any grants of land which may be made to the Cinnabar & Clark's Fork Railroad for stations and other purposes. We notice among the names of those who urge the granting of this right of way that of C. F. Hobart, who has before reached out an eager hand for the National Park, happily without much success. An inspection of the map will show that the proposed line would pass close by Soda Butte Springs and not very far from the wonderful fossil forest.

We print this week a map, carefully compiled from the best sources, which shows the falsity of the statement made by two committees of Congress, that the proposed railway line which follows the Yellowstone River and Soda Butte Creek will only pass through the Park for twenty-five miles. If any one cares to take the trouble to measure the Yellowstone River from the point where it leaves the Park up to the East Fork, and then up that to and up Soda Butte Creek

to where the latter enters the Park, he can readily calculate for himself what distance will be traversed by this line.

Lieutenant Daniel C. Kingman, Engineer-in-Charge of the Park, has been quoted in committee reports as favoring the railroad line up the Yellowstone. Let us see what he says about it:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE PLATTE,
ENGINEER'S OFFICE, OMAHA, NEB., March 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your favor is received. I am surprised that my report of 1883 should be quoted as in any way favoring the construction of railroads for any purpose whatever within the Yellowstone National Park.

I think this must be a mistake. I have always been opposed to the construction of railroads in the Park. I have given this subject the most careful thought and study, and I should regard their introduction as the most serious injury that could be inflicted on the Park. And the construction of the Cinnabar and Clarke's Fork Railroad would be specially deplorable because it seems so unnecessary.

There is every reason to believe that the route up the Stillwater (lying wholly outside of the Park) is a better one for a railroad to the mines than that via the Yellowstone River and Soda Butte Creek.

DAN C. KINGMAN,
First Lieut. of Engineers, in charge of Improvement, Yellowstone National Park.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

[From Mrs. Huldah Lovel's Rag Bag.]

MORE 'N a month the crows ha' ben a-jawin'
Where they'd hev corn planted;
Naow they've got it settled wi' their cawin',
An' appears contented.

Snow banks is a-gittin' siled an' gritty
All along the fences,
An' the bluebird 'long the stakes his ditty
In these days commences.

The phebe on a mullein sets a-watchin'
For the fust flies a-wingin',
Frequent 'twixt her frequent scoops o' ketchin',
Tew short notes a-singin'.

The woo'chuck's top o' the world agin
A-thawin' 'bout his whistle,
A-wishin' the clover's growth to begin
As spry as the thistle.

The pussy willers where brooks is runnin',
An' a-prattin' busy,
Is yallerin' some, an' their tails so cunnin',
Is a gittin' fuzzy.

From his ellum I hear the high-hole's cackle,
I s'pose he calls it singin',
An' in alder swamps the sputterin' crackle,
O' the frogs is ringin'.

The maples their slow sweet rain is drippin'
Int' one dish or nu'her.
When the blanket of the snow is slippin'
From last year's leaves o' luther.

Onkiv'rin' logs for the patridges' drummin',
An' liverworts a-blowin';
Where sunshine's sot wild bees to hummin',
A-comin' an' a-go-in'.

O, spring hes come! The long days o' wishin'
Is ended fairly,
If the wind is saouth I'll go a-fishin'
In the mornin' airly!

S. L.

NOTES FROM KEY WEST.

AS the "Key of the Gulf" entirely escaped the frost of the last cold snap which played such havoc with the fruit crop on the peninsula of Florida, and blighted the usually verdant foliage of Jacksonville's semi-tropical vegetation, everything in the way of plant life here is green and flourishing, and would look fresh if the absence of rain for nearly two months had not allowed the whitish dust to settle on all the trees and shrubs and somewhat dim their beauty.

Key West is a low coral island which lies about 50 miles southwesterly from the South Cape or end of Florida, and the Dry Tortugas island lies southwesterly from Key West 70 miles. Key West is a chief naval station of the United States. The town now contains about 10,000 inhabitants about one-half of whom are Spaniards from Cuba engaged in the tobacco business. Fort Taylor is on Key West and Fort Jefferson on the Dry Tortugas; both are small islands of the sea. Southern prisoners were confined at the Tortugas during the late civil war.

The natural or indigenous flora of the island is rather scanty, and at this season there are less than twenty plants in flower. None are more striking to the eye of an inhabitant of the Northern States than the cactus (*Cereus monoclados*), which attains quite majestic proportions and a height of nearly twenty feet, presenting with its ascending, columnar branches, ridged and armed with closely set spines, as formidable an obstacle as man or beast cares to encounter. It is not, however, in bloom. The botanical feature of the island is the large number of foreign palms and shade trees which are to be seen about the dwellings. The cocoanut palm grows almost everywhere in the settled portions, and the date palm, though not so frequent, is very luxuriant. Figs, limes, bananas, tamarinds, sapodillas, sugar apples, and other semi-tropical fruits are produced in abundance. Most interesting of all, perhaps, is the banyan tree, which occurs in many of the house yards, and, though small, as a rule, has attained great proportions in one specimen growing within the inclosure of the barracks. This covers with its outstretched branches an area of fifty feet or more in diameter. Its later descending shoots firmly rooted in the ground are interlaced and entwined about each other and about the older ones with the firmness of the serpents enfolded the ill-fated Laocöon, and unpoetical though it be to tell, a numerous flock of poultry nestle between its roots with as much enjoyment and complacency as if banyan trees had been introduced into the United States for the express accommodation of domestic fowl.

The usual occupations of the seafaring inhabitants—sponging, wrecking and fishing—are quite dull at present. The high duty on fish at the Cuban ports renders this pursuit unremunerative, and there have been no wrecks for some time. Moreover the high winds of the present month have stirred up the fine coral mud through the constant agitation of the water so that the sea is quite milky and the sponger, even with his glass, cannot see bottom.

The wrecking vessels, which are employed in summer in carrying fruit to New York, are able smacks of 35 to 50 tons register and schooner rigged, some rigged with a main-topmast and some with none; they carry but one jib and sometimes set a maintopmast and maintopmast staysail. With a generous but not very large spread of canvas and often 8 feet draft of water, they will stand up and fly with a good breeze in a style that would make many a yachtsman turn green with envy. And right well the wreckers know how to handle them. The crews consist of a captain, mate, cook, and four or five men, none of whom receive any compensation, but share in the salvage. Out of about 400 shares the captain receives 4, the mate 2, the cook 1, and the men 1 share each. In some cases a share will amount to a small fraction of a dollar. The smacks are provisioned by the owner, and go to the Dry Tortugas, some 65 miles west from here, where they usually lie at anchor in the harbor of Garden Key till something turns up. During the past season four wrecks have occurred, but so many vessels have been on hand that the individual receipts were small.

During the past week I made a very enjoyable trip to and from the Dry Tortugas, on wrecking smacks which happened

to be on the point of sailing. At Garden Key the whole island is covered, or rather inclosed, by Fort Jefferson, a Cyclopean structure of concrete faced with brick comprising an area of about six acres, of which the sea wall outside the moat has a length of nearly seven-eighths of a mile. The edifice is in the form of a hexagon, with towers at the angles, and consists of three tiers of casements (only the lowest one of which has been completed), and is surmounted by a parapet. Within are two large brick buildings for the quarters of officers and men. As the foundation was laid on piles, the fort is settling in many places, and its unfinished condition permits the weather to act freely and hasten the impending ruin. The roofs of the buildings within are also out of repair, and the floors are rapidly decaying with the consequent leakage. At a distance the great inclosure looms up, a monument of apparently misdirected energy, as it is impossible with the unaided vision to determine why such an immense fort should ever have been deemed necessary to protect so insignificant a harbor.

The Tortugas have long been noted as a collecting ground for corals, and large quantities are shipped yearly to dealers in New York and other cities. The constant search for good specimens, however, during the past sixteen years, by Mr. Messina, keeper of the lighthouse at Garden Key, has rendered it impossible to gather anything desirable within three or four miles of that point. Bird Key, one of the group, was long famous for the immense number of gulls and other sea fowl which came there during the early summer to lay. At this season the fishermen and others used to collect the eggs for food, and when the fort was occupied they formed an important element in the rations of the garrison. Such wholesale interference with the domestic affairs of the birds has rendered the locality less popular as a summer resort for them, and Bird Key now owes its name chiefly to history. At Loggerhead Key, the largest of the group, is a light of the first order, and here, as well as at the other islands of the group, turtles are very abundant in season. Rare shells are occasionally found on the beaches, but few are prettier or more interesting than the inathina, or purple snail, a fragile univalve shell, whose occupant passes the time floating about on the coral seas, the female towing after her a raft many times larger than herself, which supports the numerous young in cells attached to the lower surface.

On the voyage back from Tortugas it was my fortune to experience a norther, which at the present season is somewhat of a rarity. We left the mooring at Fort Jefferson about sunrise, and with a light but favorable breeze were plunging over the heavy swell produced by the strong wind of the previous day. Toward noon the breeze began to die out and for several hours we flapped along eastward, barely making headway, the reef points rattling on the canvas with the sound of a distant volley of musketry and the sheet blocks every moment being jerked along the travelers and slammed on the deck with a violence somewhat prejudicial to the quiet enjoyment of a day. A few Portuguese men-of-war floated along with purplish sails on the greenish white water and half a dozen porpoises followed us closely in search of provender. So we lingered, the wooded group of the Marquesas gradually coming into view and drawing nearer until by some imperceptible agency, in the course of long hours we were nearly abreast of them. At last we began to feel the influence of the flood tide and the southerly wind freshened until we were making fairly six knots. Meanwhile the sun had set, the northern horizon had darkened and clouds were gathering fast.

"There's some wind off there," remarked the skipper, "and I'd as lief get in before it reaches us."

But Key West is a good twelve miles away, its watch towers and steeples appearing indistinctly above the water and that rolling cloud bank will reach us within an hour. Ominously and majestically it comes; in front and above two lines of white cloud like a folded veil; below the dark gray nimbus stretching east and west with indefinite extent and hanging with uniform depth over the dark green water as it advances. We are moving slowly along with a southerly breeze abate the beam; but gradually the air becomes still, and the norther, now only a few miles away, seems to increase in speed. Orders are quickly given to unbend the staysail and take in the foresail, and are as quickly obeyed. Oilskins and sou'westers are donned, and everything made fast. A moment's utter silence and the squall is upon us. Yielding gracefully to the pressure of the wind, the smack heels over until the water boils in at her scuppers, and, under jib and mainsail, flies over the water like a teal startled from its cover. To windward the water is greenish gray, with the reflection of the cloud, save where a rift allows the twilight to enter dimly on the scene, and flying white caps fleck its surface. To leeward a narrow band of leaden sky appears below the border of the fast flying storm cloud. On we scud, the able craft dashing the spray from her bows. At this rate we shall be at our anchorage in less than an hour. At last we near Fort Taylor. Now comes the tug. There are five men-of-war lying at anchor in the channel, and we have to work our way among them with a head wind. Now we are driving straight at the starboard quarter of the Swatara, and a collision seems inevitable. "Ready about!" commands the captain. A rush to the sheets, a moment's overhauling of sails, the smack quivers an instant in stays, and now we are flying past the Swatara, seemingly turning our backs on Key West. Again we tack and threaten instant destruction to the antiquated paddle wheels of the Powhatan. So it continues until after a long series of tacks we reach the anchorage and make fast. The boat is hoisted out and the passengers are ready to go ashore.

"Captain, how much do I owe you?"

"Nothin' at all, sir. Why wrackers always carries people up from Tortugas, an' I never heerd of any of 'em chargin' a cent."

The fishing in this vicinity has been so well described by Dr. Henshall that it would be superfluous for me to add anything on the subject. During the present season many dead fish have washed up on the shore, and their destruction has been attributed by some to the low temperature of the past winter. A similar mortality is said to have prevailed among the sponges, and is attributed to the same cause. Having had no opportunity to investigate the matter, I can offer no reliable explanation, but I doubt the probability of the recent cold weather having to any injurious extent lowered the temperature of that portion of the equatorial current which flows through the Gulf of Mexico and unites with the Gulf Stream north of the Bahamas. Some of the residents here advance the theory of poisoned water coming from some of the swamps of the mainland of Florida. Apropos of this an anecdote is related of a former well-known citizen of Key West. A number of gentlemen were discussing the cause of mortality in fish and sponges, which has occurred before. Mr. S. attributed it to cold weather, while Mr. B. asserted

that it was owing to a volcanic eruption in the Everglades, which had caused the swamp water to flow into the gulf and poison the fish. The well-known citizen referred to on being asked his opinion replied, with a sententious air, "Gentlemen, there's no doubt but what Mr. B. is right, and there's been a vulgar corruption in the Everglades."

F. J. H. MERRILL.

KEY WEST, Fla., March 12.

Natural History.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

WE had thought that Boston and Philadelphia were the chief centers of extended work for the AUDUBON SOCIETY, but Buffalo, N. Y., bids fair to rival these larger cities in the interest which it shows in the movement. At a meeting of the Buffalo Field Club, held on Friday last, Prof. Linden read a report on the proposition to join or otherwise co-operate with the New York AUDUBON SOCIETY, and the following was adopted by the club:

"The Buffalo Field Club declares its unqualified indorsement of the announced aims and purposes of the Audubon Protective Bird Society, and pledges hereby its hearty co-operation in any case that the same is requested for the furtherance of any legal measures which may be adopted to prevent the reckless decimation of our useful birds. Their skins or feathers are still permitted to be exposed abroad like any other legitimate article of commerce, or are freely sold in the home market by unscrupulous vendors for exclusive purpose of ornamentation, and in open defiance to the true spirit of existing legal restrictions which are on our statutes to insure the protection of our useful native birds."

On Saturday Dr. John Parmenter delivered a lecture before the Woman's Union, at the close of which he devoted some time to our cause. His hearers were greatly interested and were almost unanimous in their wish to support the movement. This was no small triumph and a great compliment to the powers of the lecturer, for the majority of the audience were bird wearers. The greatest energy is being displayed by the Buffalo members, who have before them always the destruction of birds constantly taking place at Niagara for ornaments. From all over the country warm expressions of interest are heard, and many thousands of pledges have been sent out in response to letters asking for them. Of these a large proportion have been returned signed. The press as well as the people give most cordial support to the movement and all are agreed that the birds must be saved.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I do not think that the milliners' assistants have invaded this region yet, but no one can tell how soon they may, if the abominable traffic is not presently checked. I think the effect of the ruthless slaughter elsewhere is noticeable here, however. Orioles were scarcer last season than for many years. Forty years ago it was something worthy of note to see a "hang-bird" about, but they kept increasing in numbers, and till last summer, almost every roadside and door yard elm had one or more of their hammocks swung in it. And bobolinks grow fewer year by year; and so do meadow larks, though perhaps "sportsmen" are partly to blame for the falling off in the number of these.

This winter there have been no chickadees about our house, when for many winters past they have come in dozens to be fed with scraps of fat, along with many nuthatches and hairy and downy woodpeckers. A few nuthatches and woodpeckers are daily visitors, but not one chickadee. This might be attributed to the English sparrows that are becoming altogether too plenty; but in a long tramp in the woods a few days since I heard but two of my little black capped friends, when in no day of any other winter do I remember going without having an inquisitive company of them about me every time I halted to light my pipe, or took my stand upon a runway. I heard and saw a few nuthatches and two or three bluejays, but these were noticeably scarce. Our farmers have a foolish prejudice against the jays, but for all that they seldom kill one, and their absence is not to be accounted for on that score.

I have seen but one large flock of snow buntings, and that flock but once. In past winters hardly a day, certainly not a week, went by that a flurry of these birds did not drift over the fields, or settle on the tops of the dead weeds. The Canadians have been slaughtering these winter visitors for years for market. A friend told me that he saw strings of them six feet long in the Montreal markets last winter. Such slaughter there, with the work of our skin collectors here, with whom, I see by Mr. Chapman's list, they are greatly in favor, must make sad havoc with them.

Something or other is thinning off all our birds except the crows and English sparrows. I did not think it necessary to tell you that I for one am very heartily with you in your efforts in behalf of our harmless birds. I am, and if you will send us the circulars, etc., my wife and I will do what we can to help.

In the "woods loafing," before mentioned, I saw three ruffed grouse, and the tracks of four more, a pretty good showing, I thought, for this season and these years.

AWAHSSOISE.

FERRISBURGH, Vt., March, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your letter with accompanying circulars of the AUDUBON SOCIETY, has been received. I took the papers home to dinner, and while disposing of my rations, discussed with the mistress of my affections and household, the tenor of three pledges submitted for signature.

Said I: "I don't wish to kill any 'wild birds' not used for food; in fact I haven't done such a thing in a long time. You remember when, last summer the blackbirds were devouring our corn, and I charged the little muzzelcloader and went forth to sweep them from the face of the earth, and when they rose in a mass from the corn and settled in the dry top of a tree and when I had walked up to a point distant about thirty yards and cocked both barrels of little Jenny, the impertinent things just sat there and chirped and glittered and flourished their tails, as if to say, 'Shoot if you can,' and—well I couldn't. I just stood there looking at those birds, and I suppose looking like a fool to my neighbor Watts who, with his myrmidons, stood glowering open-mouthed across the fence, and wondering why I didn't cut a swath right through the flock. I do not think it would have been an easy matter to explain to him just why I lowered the hammers and stalked back to the house, and my reputation for possessing some skill with firearms must have made the thing seem all the more odd."

"I don't like to have the birds killed," said the lady, "and

I think that we can manage to protect our crops more easily without a gun than without the birds. I do not see how I can manage to sign all the pledges just yet, though, for my hat has some feather ornaments on it and I must wait until I can get a new one. There shall be no wild birds' feathers on that; but you know that if I were to tear the trimming off this hat it would look awfully."

"Very true," said I; "and now I come to think of it, I selected that hat myself. The feathers seem to have belonged to some wild bird, though of no variety against which I ever pointed gun. The hat does not trouble my conscience, however; but there is one point on which I feel a little like kicking. Do you remember when we lived on our old place, Riverwood, that a great hawk one day made a descent upon our chickens, and that you came running out of the house with my old 12-pound deer gun in your hands, just in time for me to catch the piece and take a snap shot at the robber as he sped away through the trees in the direction of the river? Three feet ten inches was the distance across that fellow's wings. It does seem to me that the A. S. might let up a little on birds of prey. However, I am going to whack down my autograph beneath the three pledges, and let this matter take care of itself. When your new hat arrives you can do the same."

It is no time to hold back in this matter. The senseless fusillade which has been kept up along our lakes during the past five years has so far destroyed the bird-life of this region that I have repeatedly paddled for many miles without seeing a single song bird, hawk or owl. I hope ere long to see the day when stringent laws shall teach the wanton butchers of our feathered friends to seek some substitute for any pleasure they may now find in this needless slaughter, for which the perpetrators appear not to have found, in this region at least, the poor excuse of a scanty pecuniary compensation.

I shall endeavor to bring these matters before the public through the medium of our local press, and shall feel obliged if you will send me more circulars for that and similar purposes.

KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., March 28.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., March 15, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Being at home only for a moment, I have but scant time to say that I am heartily in sympathy with your AUDUBON SOCIETY.

I offer but one limitation; the wearing of feathers as ornaments may be indulged in, if I am not mistaken, to some considerable extent without blame. For example, ostrich plumes, got from ostrich farms do not, I believe, stand for any suffering inflicted anywhere. Cock feathers, worn as military or millinery adornment, are not evidence that any creature has suffered appreciably in yielding them. The wearing of hawks', jays', owls' and other predatory birds' wings, I see no more harm in than in sporting a belt or pair of slippers made of snakeskins, or a tiger-skin saddle cover. But the use, for ornament of person or drawing-room, of feathers, wings, heads, etc., cruelly got from harmless birds, I think should be discontinued everywhere as unworthy of any people professing to be humane.

I have five little daughters—quite an AUDUBON SOCIETY in numbers, and avowedly so in their intentions—to wage war against no innoent, and make peace with no harmful, practice. Yours truly,

G. W. CABLE.

Frank Leslie's, of March 27, had an effective full-page illustration, entitled "Slaughter of the Innocents." It showed a gunner shooting song birds, and a corner sketch illustrated the bird feather hat ornamentation of the day. The page tells its story very effectively.

WILD CELERY.

TAPE GRASS—VALISNERIA SPIRALIS.

THE following account is reprinted from the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 5, 1882, in response to a number of inquiries:

Mr. Robt. O. Morris, of Springfield, Mass., to whom I sent seeds and roots, Oct. 6, 1881, sent me an extract from Prof. H. D. Butler's history of the wild celery, as follows: "Tape Grass, which may be had in the Hudson River, especially near Newburgh, or on the Delaware and Raritan Canal, where it becomes seriously abundant occasionally, about Princeton, N. J. [Add: In the Chesapeake, Delaware and Sandusky bays; in several of the interior lakes of Wisconsin, and in portions of Lake St. Clair.] The *Valisneria spiralis* came originally from Italy, and is named after Valisner, an Italian naturalist, who wrote on insects and plants in the last century. As the male and female flowers of the plant grow from different roots, care must be taken to secure both for propagation. They may be distinguished without difficulty. The female flowers are found on long, spiral foot-stalks, the male ones on straight, short flower-stalks. The female flower ascends by the assistance of a coil, and floats on the surface of the water. The male flowers, when matured, gallantly detach themselves from the plant stalk and follow their feminine relatives to the surface. Here they expand, float among their favorites, and impart to them the pollen with which they are laden. The female plant then descends to the bottom, and the process of reproduction goes on agreeably to the order of nature. The wild celery is also propagated by offshoots. A lateral shoot (a rhizoma) branches from the mother plant and pushes forward until it discovers some suitable spot in which it may strike a root. Here it fixes itself at once, and in its turn assumes all the characteristics of the parent plant, and devotes itself to the same functional performances."

While the above is undoubtedly substantially correct in a scientific and botanical sense, yet, by careful observation of the growing plant, I have been unable to discover the "straight short flower stalk" of the male plant.

What I have observed is this: There are a great many of the plants that bear no seed. In fact, in deep water there may be found acres of such, while in water from three to five feet deep, large patches are found, nearly all bearing seed pods. Why this is so I cannot tell. It may be that they are all male plants, but as that would appear unreasonable, I conclude that it is owing to the depth of the water affecting its temperature and the influence which the sun would have in deep water, while in shoaler water it would aid in warming and maturing the spiral flower stem, the flower and the seed. The growth of the narrow green blades, three or four from each root, is very rapid. They reach the surface early in August, where the water is from six to eight feet deep. The spiral flower stems, eight to twelve feet long when the numerous coils are stretched out, also come to the surface in August, bearing a little three-leafed flower, not bigger than a field-pea.

Behind the flower the spiral stem (which, at the roots, is

not as large as a common knitting-needle, and grows slightly larger up to the end) enlarges into a seed-pod, which grows to the length of from three to five inches, and to about the diameter of a clay-pipe stem. This seed-pod, if undisturbed, floats on the surface until the seeds are fully ripe, when it sinks to the bottom, and as the stem is very brittle is easily detached. This seed-pod is also very brittle, and is easily broken into fragments—a wise provision of nature, as each pod contains numerous little black seeds. The seeds are surrounded with a tenacious pulp, transparent and glutinous extending the whole length of the pod; and by averaging ten pods, it was found that each pod contained about 412 seeds.

The roots are similar to those of common lawn grass. On the upper sides of the roots the spiral stem shoots up, and beneath the roots a lateral stem (a rhizom) shoots out—similar to that from the roots of a potatoe—on the end of which grows a bulb about the size and shape of a small top onion. This bulb is the principal food of the canvas-back duck. If undisturbed, no doubt a new plant is produced from it.

To find and secure these bulbs in water from three to eight feet deep appears to be easy enough for the ducks; but so exceedingly brittle are the stems connecting them with the roots that I have found it very difficult to gather them in quantities sufficient for planting. Whether the roots themselves die out every year or are perennial I am not now prepared to say, but I have experiments in progress, which I trust will enable me to determine the fact next fall.

The canvas back ducks and the innumerable mud hens begin to dive for the bulbs and to pull up the roots of the wild celery about the 10th or 15th of October, in Sandusky Bay, Ohio, but generally the bulbs are not all then fully matured. They grow on until the heavy frosts come. The seed-pods generally complete their growth about the 1st of October, and continue to float on the surface, or near it, until fully ripe, and until severe cold frosts set in. Then they sink to the bottom, and to gather them then is a very difficult task. It is almost necessary then to gather the seed-pods during the month of October, and generally in the early part of that month. If the proper means could be contrived I have no doubt that both seed-pods and bulbs could be gathered from the bottom at any time before ice comes, if the water could be found clear enough to see the bottom. With us at our club grounds (bays) the water is seldom clear after the fall storms set in and the tops of the celery have fallen to the bottom. As long as the tops stand up there is little or no sea in our bays, and the water does not get roiled.

To plant the seeds, the pods, I think, should be broken into small sections and planted where the water is never less than six inches nor more than eight feet deep. It is believed (it is so in our bay) that generally it thrives and goes to seed the best when the water is pretty still and about 3½ to 4½ feet deep.

It does not matter much how hard the bottom may be, whether of clay, gravel or solid rock, provided there be, undisturbed by currents or waves, a deposit of mud from two inches to two feet deep. I do not think the plant will thrive in sand. It may do so, but, as yet, I have never seen it. The common mud of the marshes, mostly formed from decayed vegetable matter deposited on hard clay deep enough for the plant to take root, and in water so still that the deposit of mud will not be removed, is probably the best place to plant the wild celery. I think warm water is best, and should the lakes or ponds or marshes selected for the experiment be very deep and cold, or supplied from cold brooks and springs, it might be found best to look for some shallow bayous where the wild rice and the lily-pods will grow, and where the warm sun will have the most influence on the water, away from shade trees and cold springs. If there be any set and swift currents or swift tides avoid them if possible. If currents are moderate plant up stream. The current will then help you scatter and extend your growth.

The wild celery is exceedingly prolific and will crowd out nearly all other water vegetation, although its leaves are brittle and tender and the roots easily pulled up.

It is difficult for me to give the best mode of planting the seeds, roots or bulbs, when I have no experience myself in the business. But I would suggest that several ways be tried, and among them the following: Drop some of the seed-pods in the water and let them sink and bury themselves in the mud, as nearly as they would naturally be deposited as possible. Be sure that they sink to the muddy bottom. Break the seed-pods up into small sections and scatter them broadcast over the grounds selected. I think they will sink.

But what I think is the surest and best way to plant both seeds and roots is as follows: Prepare a tin tube a foot longer than the depth of the water; prepare a plunger a foot longer than the tube. Make the tube 1½ to 2 inches in diameter. Place the seeds, or bulbs, or roots in one end of the tube; run the plunger down close to them; plunge the tube in the water, and the pressure will hold the seeds against the plunger until the tube reaches the bottom. Then gently press the seeds into the mud with the plunger, and your plant is safely deposited just where you want it. A little mud or clay might be put into the mouth of the tube to prevent the seed from falling out before reaching the bottom, if thought best.

D. W. CROSS.

CLEVELAND, O.

HAWKS AND GAME BIRDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your number March 25 I carefully read "Food Examinations of Hawks." Thinking the matter over I concluded that the test was not a fair one for this reason: During the summer months frogs, snakes, field mice and insects can be caught by the hawks more readily than birds. But during winter and cool weather, my opinion is, they live almost exclusively on birds; and I believe they destroy more quail, young and old, ten times, than are shot, to say nothing about chickens. I also believe one quail, as an insect destroyer, worth forty hawks. To illustrate, while I was walking over a wheat stubble a year or so ago, a terrier dog started a covey of small quail; one attempted to hide and he caught it, and before I could stop him maimed it so it died. I noticed that its little crop was very full, and taking it to the house I examined it. To my surprise I did not find a grain of wheat, but (if my memory serves me) some fifty or sixty insects of small size and different kinds. Since then knowing hawks to be their greatest enemies, I have waged war against them. I have yet to see something more to change my views.

B. B. D.

SUFFOLK, Va.

A HAWK-CATCHING DEVICE.—Take a pole 12 or 15 feet long and about 3 inches across at the top, bore an inch hole through about two inches from the top; set the pole firmly in the ground near where the quail feed. Get a light ladder

which can be kept near at hand. Take a common steel trap, one with the spring working under the jaw preferred; set it on top of the pole; pass a strap or cord through the lower part of the trap and through the hole in the pole, and fasten it. A farmer to whom I told this plan caught six hawks after the snow came, by setting traps on top of his stack poles. The quail came there after grain, and the hawks would alight on the poles to watch for them.—X. (Smithburg, N. J.).

AS TO CRAWFISH.—Looking over a file of FOREST AND STREAM the other day, I ran across the following in "Habits of Crawfish," by Ralph S. Tarr, printed in the issue of Oct. 22, 1885: "In New England there are none (crawfish) except in a river in the north of Maine, where one kind is found. That such a large area should be uninhabited by these animals, while the much less favorable place, the Mammoth Cave, has a peculiar blind kind of its own, is certainly remarkable." It was, I think, during the summer of 1884, that a number of specimens of *Cambarus bartoni* were taken from a cold spring in Grafton, Mass., and placed in the museum of the Worcester Natural History Society, where they now are. This is, I believe, the only capture in Massachusetts on record, though of this I am not positive, being too far from books to verify the assertion. The crawfish were found, as before mentioned, in a spring at the head of a small clear brook, in a similar situation as the "brook species" Mr. Tarr refers to as being found in Virginia. I have found one species of *Cambarus* here in Florida. It was taken from a "sink," and is pure white and nearly three inches in length. Of its habits I know nothing. I kept it alive for some time, but could not see that it took any food, although I placed several small water beetles (*Dytiscidae*) in its globe. I do not know to what species it is to be referred, though it is probably not the *Cambarus bartoni*. I hope this will meet Mr. Tarr's eye, for though the capture was published at the time, he evidently has not seen it.—HENRY A. KELLY (Bellevue, Fla.).

BREEDING OF THE BRANT.—Sackville, New Brunswick.—Can any of your readers tell us where brant breed? They leave here about June 10 and return Sept. 1 with their young fully grown. Old salts who have sailed as far north as the southern coast of Greenland claim that the brant go further north than that point to nest.—STANSTEAD. [The brant breeds in the far north, and their nests have been found by the naturalists of various polar expeditions. Messrs. Evans and Sturge found it breeding on the island of Spitzbergen, and it was also found breeding by Sir James Ross's expedition at Parry's Island in latitude 74° and 75°. During the British arctic expedition (1875-6) Mr. Fielden reports finding a nest with eggs in latitude 82° 30' N., and subsequently many more were found.]

ALBINO GROUSE.—A friend writes me that R. B. Millard, of Cornwall Bridge, Conn., caught an albino partridge last fall, which he had mounted, making a beautiful specimen. A hen, and by the way, are not albinos usually females?—C. [Albinism is not known to be more common among females than males.]

WOODCOCK IN THE CITY.—A woodcock flew against a telegraph wire in New street, just back of the Stock Exchange, New York city, last Thursday afternoon, fell to the street stunned, was captured, put into a basket and exhibited in a restaurant; lived a short while and died.

HANOVER, N. H., April 4.—Cedar birds, robins and blue birds have arrived in considerable numbers, although the snow has not entirely disappeared. Crows spent the winter with us, a rare incident.—E. C.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE full report of the FOREST AND STREAM's trajectory test of hunting rifles has been issued in pamphlet form, with the illustrations and the tabular summary, making in all 96 pages. For sale at this office, or sent post-paid. Price 50 cents.

OUR TRAJECTORY TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reference to the experiments made by your journal in rifle trajectories, the London *Field* account of which is copied in your issue of the 11th inst., I would like to inquire whether the .50-bore Bullard used in the competitive trials was of the caliber advertised by the Bullard Repeating Arms Co., on page vi of your paper as the ".50-115-346?" And, if so, do you regard any American repeating rifle as safe with a charge of 115 grains of powder? I say "American," because I have no acquaintance with any repeating rifles that may be made abroad.

In the next place, if you regard the Bullard repeating rifle as safe with a charge of 115 grains, is such a cartridge made by any of our factories? The catalogue of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. is not accessible to me, but the list contained in the latest catalogue of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. makes no mention of any such cartridge. My inquiries, therefore, are two: First, is the Bullard ".50-115-346" repeater safe; and secondly, if it is, can a factory-made cartridge be obtained for it? I have no interest in the matter except as an amateur sportsman.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 25.

[Our correspondent should provide himself with a copy of the pamphlet report of the trial, where he will find his inquiries fully answered.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having but recently returned from the West, I note a copy of your trajectory test in pamphlet form, and will say: Riflemen seem to be well posted in this line and rather look ahead, as they say if one kind of ammunition was used in all makes of rifles it might be of some use to a man who is about to purchase a rifle for his own use; but instead, all kinds of ammunition were used and the result of same is not novel or instructive. Anybody knows, who has had any experience with a rifle, that a heavy charge of powder and a light ball will fly faster in the air, and of course with less trajectory or curve, for a given distance, say 200 yards or under. This is an important point in a hunting rifle, allowing the sights to be stationary on rifle, as are invariably used on the Pacific Slope, where the largest game of this

country are found; and many an old grizzly, both mountain and valley, have I made to chew the dust with my Wesson rifle, caliber .45, 310-grain ball, 120 grains powder.

F. WESSON.

WORCESTER, Mass., March 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

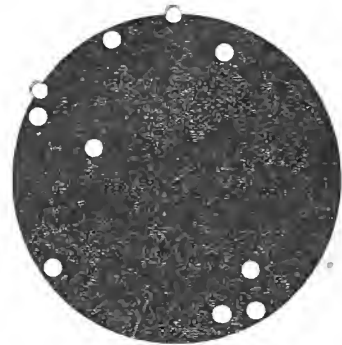
Since the publication of the results of your recent trajectory tests the trouble with our .45 caliber Marlin rifle, which you experienced at that time, has been the subject of much comment, both in private letters to ourselves from as far away as India, and of articles in the sporting papers.

As this apparent inaccuracy of the rifle was entirely beyond our comprehension, we have submitted the identical arm, No. 9,449, to Mr. George Joiner, of Brooklyn, a well-known marksman, and requested him to give the rifle a fair, impartial trial. Accompanied by Mr. Henry Vetter, an expert gunsmith and also an excellent marksman, he proceeded to test the gun on Jan. 8, 1886, using the .45-85 cartridges manufactured by the U. M. C. Co., being the same ammunition as was used in your tests.

He returned the rifle to us (it is now in our sample rack) with the following communication:

BROOKLYN, Jan. 10.—Marlin Firearms Co.: Gentlemen—I have made a trial of rifle No. 9,449, as you requested, and I return the rifle with some targets made at 200 yards, at the Union Hill range on the 8th inst. The rifle was to my notion one of the best shooting sporting rifles I ever had to my shoulder. The day was quite gusty and unfavorable for very accurate shooting. The ammunition I used was .45-85 cartridges of U. M. C. Co. make, which I took from a case of the same standing in Schoverling, Daly & Gales's stock. If I could have loaded them myself I am certain I could have kept them in a four-inch circle. Truly yours, GEORGE JOINER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—I was present at the testing of the Marlin rifle referred to in above letter of Mr. Joiner, and certify that the shooting was done with factory ammunition, .45-caliber, 85 grains of powder, 285 grain bullet, at Union Hill, Jan. 8, last, at 200 yards range, and that the targets to which I have put my name were made by Mr. Joiner as stated.—HENRY VETTER.



We mail you an electrotype made from one of these targets and respectfully ask, in justice to ourselves, that you publish this communication and accompanying target.

THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., March 30.

[It is entirely possible that the rifle may have acted well at Union Hill. It is certainly true that it acted in the manner described at Creedmoor during the tests. No rifleman of any experience would jump from an isolated case of this sort to a condemnation of a class of rifles. Our report of the trial was one of facts only. The experiments at Creedmoor were open to all, and invitations freely extended. Many who were present saw the stubborn Marlin .45; several tried it a few rounds, but it seemed entirely out of sorts, and we were regretfully compelled to content ourselves with a single round for the trajectory figures. We regret that there are not more data about the Joiner test; whether the shots shown in the cut are consecutive, and whether the circle shown is the bullseye fired at or only a circle struck about a group of shots, and what scale the cut is made to. We give space gladly to the further report on the arm used in the trials. It simply shows that after all there is a good deal of intelligent cussedness about pieces of machinery at times, and a rifle is no exception.]

A TURKEY AND CHICKEN SHOOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Turkey and chicken shoots" are always interesting in the country. Having but recently purchased a muzzleloader rifle which the maker said would kill the turkeys, I concluded that on New Year's Day last I would go to a turkey and chicken shoot at Salesville and try it. My rifle was all out of the shining fashion, to be sure, but I did not care for that provided it would only bring me in the turkeys, reward the ten cents a shot, and thus make the children smile around the savory table. The day was mild, not much wind, a little a times, and we shot in an open field without any fire. Besides my muzzleloader, there were two old German muzzleloaders on the ground which shot very well, but they did not get any turkeys. There were present also the following breechloaders: One Winchester, .44-cal. one Ballard, .38-cal.; one Remington, .32-cal., and one .32 Ballard. The breechloaders did most of the shooting; they commenced early and shot late; bang! bang! bang!

The turkeys were very small, larger than spring blackbirds and most remarkable for flaxseed-shaped bodies, short pinfeathers, and a wonderful display of very long feathers, as if to say we are actually larger than spring crows. They were decidedly of the genus "ten cents a shot" and of the order "turkey shoot."

I will pass over most of the chicken part of the shoot. The shotguns were engaged in this—chickens, or rather tough hens, twelve rods distant and to kill dead, is generally the rule—but to kill dead requires large shot, and these scatter so much at twelve rods that killing hens at this distance dead is not as easy as many suppose—not many were killed. The shoot at turkeys opened in the morning by shooting off-hand at their heads at fifty yards. I took no interest nor stock in this shooting, but looked on. They, that is, all the other rifles on the ground, after many shots got but four turkeys at this kind of shooting. Thus ended most of the forenoon part of the shoot, and you will see the breechloaders did not mow down more than a regiment of these turkeys at fifty yards. The trouble was, you see, the heads of these birds were not large enough; if they had been much larger more meat could have been won for the family and children at home. The breechloaders sometimes hit where aimed.

A STUDY OF BULLETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My memory and knowledge of gunpowder projectiles extends back to the days of the flintlock musket of old Revolutionary fame, the old-fashioned single-barreled shotgun, and the long, slender-barreled smooth-bore, designed primarily to shoot a single patched ball, but used occasionally for shot. In those palmy days the musket did duty on "general training" days, and roared its ancient patriotic salute on every Fourth of July, and couldn't get over the habit as long as it lived. The shotgun was exclusively a boy weapon, to be left behind when the youth had passed the period of adolescence and the suspicion of down had appeared upon his face. Then the smooth-bore, with its single ball of lead, was to be taken up, to be laid down no more till old age forbade its further use. But the love of the tried and true old piece lived in the warm heart of its owner, though the arm had grown weak and palsied and the old eyes too dim to see the dust gathering upon it. The old gun still lay in the hooks when the old man was laid away, and ever after reverently and tenderly cared for as it descended from generation to generation in the same family. There are a few of those old guns in the country to-day which a million couldn't buy.

But the spirit of improvement and progress was abroad in that day as now, and one fine day along came a man with the smooth-bore, rifled with a twisting cut, and as he beat them all shooting at the paper pinned against the trunk of the beech tree, the innovation took and spread.

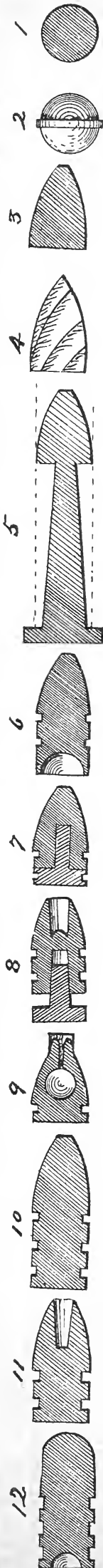
With the experimenting in guns commenced the experimenting in projectiles, and it is not done yet. It was natural that the primitive form of bullet should be that of a sphere (1) for obvious reasons. The earth is spherical, falling rain drops assume the same form; besides, the ball was handy to charge and always right side up, and even to this day there has been found no truer or more deadly projectile for its range than the simple sphere of lead.

It was not long before the devotees of the rifle began to experiment to reduce the number of grooves, and the result was the production of a bullet (2) in the form of the planet Saturn—a bullet with a belt around its middle which should engage with the two grooves. No great advantage was gained by the use of this bullet, and in time it was practically abandoned as not being quite so easy to load with.

The next attempt was in producing a bullet (3) which would increase in range though using the same quantity of powder. Then the conical bullet came into existence. The rifle, with its twist, made it possible. The men who designed this form of bullet had used wedges in splitting rails and sharpened the prows of clipper-built boats. They judged correctly that air was more easily divided than pushed. Some of them got to thinking that it might be possible to shoot a conical bullet from a smooth-bore and cause it to revolve on its own axis by means of a saw-toothed riding on its outer side (4). But the attempt was abandoned and they returned to the plain conical. There was a great increase in the range of the bullet, but a decrease in its killing power. The cone gave no such paralyzing shock to large game as the sphere, and the latter is still preferred by many old hunters in hunting in dense forests. A twig will not turn a ball out of its course, but the same cannot be said of the cone.

In those years there was another, though obscure, attempt to increase the range and penetrating power of the conical bullet. It was cast with a long lead neck or stem, solid to its base (5). The powder charge surrounded this neck, and upon its explosion broke off the neck just at the base of the cone and sent it out with terrific force. It was said that one-fourth of a dram of powder had sent one of those cones out of a Harper's Ferry rifle entirely through a solid piece of hemlock timber twelve inches square. The breech pin had been shortened to make room for the flange of the stem.

By this time the attention of the Government was drawn to the new form of bullet, and experiments were tried which caused the adoption for a while of the Minie pattern, with some modifications (6). This form is cylindro-conical, with grooves around its cylindrical part, and with a hollow butt, in which was sometimes placed a sabot. Being a heavy projectile, it could be dropped down the muzzle of the gun on to its powder charge, and when fired the base of the bullet expanded so as to fit the grooves tight, and the projectile would have no windage. It was a bullet of great range and terrible in its destructive effects, but not of fine accuracy. During our late "unpleasantness" it was used on both sides, but our humane English cousins of the Alabama variety sympathized so tenderly with the failing fortunes of our Southern brethren that they supplemented the Minie with another which would present an unsolvable problem for the surgeons. It was a cylindro-conical bullet (7), composed of



two pieces so arranged as to come apart when entering a body and tear in different directions. But if the whole happened to stay together, the probe had a job to get them both out at once. Major Willison, of Creston, Ia., now has one

of those beauties which he picked up on a battlefield South.

But, as if that bullet was not infernal enough in its ingenuity, a further present was made to the South by the same benevolent hand of another more deadly still. This bullet (8) was constructed with a tapering plug fitted into its base, which was to be driven home by the explosion of the powder, causing an enlargement of the body of the projectile and thus swaging it into the grooves of the gun. The conical end of this innocent little thing was hollowed out to form a receptacle for poison. To the eternal honor of the South be it said, that the instances were exceedingly rare of its ever having been used in that way.

The attempt to use an explosive bullet was accompanied with so much trouble and danger that it was soon abandoned. One of the simpler forms (9) was that of a hollow, elongated cone, charged with a low grade of fulminating powder, and fired by a common cap placed on its point.

With the advent of the breechloader, the changed conditions seem to have resulted in the adoption of a new set of projectiles, the best the world has ever seen, for special purposes.

For long-range target shooting the long, heavy, cylindro-conical bullet (10) is found to be the best, theoretically and practically. Its weight gives it an irresistible momentum in the air, its conical front meets with the least resistance, and its flattened point insures the greatest accuracy.

For high speed, a very flattened trajectory, and great paralyzing, killing power in the pursuit of large game, the cylindro-conical express bullet (11) has no superior.

More humane than this, the Government has adopted for its service the cylindro hemispherical form (12), which stuns and wounds or kills without barbarously scattering fragments of ragged lead where it strikes. Its killing space is not so great as the sporting bullets, but owing to its form it is not so easily turned out of its true course. Recognizing the fact that it is better to wound men than to kill them to insure the winning of a battle, it is likely that the caliber of the projectile will be reduced and its trajectory thereby decreased.

COMMON SENSE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEER HOUNDING.

FOLLOWING is the full text of the deer hounding bill now before the New York Senate:

An act to amend chapter five hundred and thirty-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, entitled "An act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game," and to repeal chapter five hundred and fifty-seven of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty-five, entitled "An act for the better preservation of wild deer."

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. Section one of chapter five hundred and thirty-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, entitled "An act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game," is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

SEC. 1. No person shall hunt, kill, chase or take alive any wild deer in any part of the State save only from the fifteenth day of August to the first day of November in any year. No person, corporation, association or company shall transport or have in his possession in this State, after the same has been killed, any wild deer or venison, save only from the fifteenth day of August to the fifteenth day of November in each year. No person, corporation, association or company shall sell, or expose for sale after the same has been killed, any wild deer or venison, save only from the fifteenth day of August to the first day of November in each year. No person shall at any time, in this State, kill any fawn, or have in possession the carcass or skin of any such fawn after the same shall have been killed. No person shall, in any part of this State, set any trap, spring gun or other device at any artificial salt lick or other place for the purpose of trapping or killing wild deer. It shall not be lawful to hunt or pursue deer with dogs in any county of this State, except from the first day of September to the fifth day of October in each year. [It shall not be lawful to pursue deer with dogs in the county of St. Lawrence at any time.] It shall be lawful for any person to shoot or kill any dog while in actual pursuit of any deer in violation of the provisions of this act. It shall not be lawful for any person to kill or cause to be killed any wild deer in the counties of Suffolk and Queens at any time within five years from the passage of this act. No person, common carrier, corporation, association or company shall at any time carry or transport in this State, or have in possession for the purpose of transportation, any wild deer or venison, taken, caught, killed or captured in the counties of this State, or in either of them, except the counties of Queens and Suffolk, and any person, common carrier, corporation, association or company which has in his or its possession any such wild deer or venison, taken, caught, killed or captured in any of the said counties of this State as aforesaid, or in either of them, except the counties of Queens and Suffolk, shall be deemed to have them in possession in violation of this act, except, however, that they may transport or have in possession for the purposes of transportation, from the fifteenth day of August to the fifteenth day of November, not more than one carcass of wild deer or venison, taken, caught, killed or captured in said counties as aforesaid, or in either of them, for each owner of said carcass as aforesaid, provided that such carcass be accompanied by the owner. This section shall not apply to the head or feet of wild deer when severed from the carcass. Any person offending against any of the preceding provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars for each wild deer or fawn so killed, hunted, pursued or trapped, or for each carcass or part thereof transported or had in possession for transportation in violation of this act, and for every spring gun so set, or wild deer or fawn skin or venison had in possession, and may be proceeded against therefor in any county of this State in which the offense was committed or in which the offender or prosecutor may reside, or have an office for the transaction of business.

SEC. 2. Section three of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

SEC. 3. No person shall hunt, kill or take alive any wild deer by the process or mode commonly known as crusting, or enter any place where wild deer are yarded with intent to kill, take alive or destroy the same at any time. Any person offending against any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars for each wild deer so hunted, killed, taken alive, or destroyed.

SEC. 3. Section thirty-six of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

SEC. 36. Any person may sell or have in possession any hare or rabbit or any woodcock, any ruffed grouse commonly called partridge, any pinnated grouse commonly called prairie chicken, and any black or gray squirrel during the month of December, and any quail from the first day of January to the first day of February, and any fresh venison from the fifteenth day of November to the fifteenth day of December, and shall not be liable for any penalty under this act, provided he proves that such game was lawfully killed during the period

Then came the crowning efforts—the shooting at turkeys at 175 yards, any rest. I shot 20 shots and got 4 turkeys, each weighing from 3, to 3½, to 4½ pounds only. The 20 shots include 6 or 8 sighting shots. I did not get my gun trained for good work until toward the last; I was shooting a little too high every time and made the feathers fly, and they said, "If you can bring feathers do not alter things," but I soon found that to get turkeys I had to get down to the finest point, even below the pin feathers, which I did at last. This fine work was in my fourth and last small turkey.

At this very time the turkey man and my brother were near the turkey and marking my shots, he saw the bullets fall a little lower at each shot among that deceitful bunch of feathers, and very much feared the next shot. Behold it came certain and sure when I centered the poor bird, and it gave one grand spring and lofty flop into the air and was dead. I had, you see, finally found the center of this flaxseed figure below the pinfeather, and I was now ready with my muzzleloader to proceed to business. The turkey man saw this, for he had been at the turkey stand watching my progress.

Sequel.—When he saw the last shot, and witnessed the last jump and flop of that little turkey, he said, "I'll be hanged if I put up any more turkeys for that rifle." "Then you rule it out, do you?" "Yes." "All right. I have nothing more to say, except the maker (when I bought it) said it had been to one turkey shoot, where it was ruled out, and so it happens you are only following the fashion in ruling it out again." Nine turkeys in all were killed this day, and I got four of them while shooting my strange rifle. This will do for an unfashionable weapon, and one rejected by the modern tyro.

I left the others shooting at this same turkey; they brought it up nearer for three times, when one fellow finally got it. It cost him \$2 60 and it dressed 4½ pounds. The others got no turkeys at 175 yards, but four at 50 yards. The trouble was their rifles were too fashionable, and scattered too much. I beat them all with mine, and mine was a second-hand one, which had been exchanged with the maker by the fashionables for a more fashionable one. You see the man of fashion must have a fashionable gun, and no old-fogy muzzleloader will do for him. All right; the world moves, and some go empty-handed while others reap.

I forgot to say my brother shot my rifle 60 cents worth (10 cents a shot), and he took it all out, much to his mortification, in feather. He is a kind of mathematician, and can find the center of a small circle very readily; but you see the flaxseed center of this bird was too much for him, he did not get down below the pin feathers. The other shooters, full of pluck, banged away until near dusk, as fast as they could push in the loads, but all this to little effect.

The proprietor of this shoot cleared \$23 as his profit, besides entertaining his good friends. You see the breechloaders contributed more than their proportion to the \$23 most manfully. All praise to them and to mine good host, and may he long live to give us many other good shoots in the coming years. But leave the muzzleloader at home.

While I consider my report now ended, yet many of your readers will no doubt take an interest in a little more detail. The breechloader men marked the striking of their own bullets. I could see them throw the mud at 175 yards plainly. They all used fixed ammunition, except they loaded the Winchester shells.

My rifle was made by J. C. Welles, of Milwaukee, Wis., who is an elegant rifemaker, and the same who made my other good M. L. that was stolen, but never returned. He is the maker of very many close shooting M. L. rifles of the old type and style and taste, when a uniform accuracy was considered of far more importance than fashion. I cling to extreme accuracy always, as accuracy is about all there is of value in any rifle.

Where game is so small as it generally is in this country, I do not want nor will own an unsteady and weak-shooting rifle, or one making a high trajectory and throwing its long, gyrating bullets (many of them) wildly down the range, as shown at the recent FOREST AND STREAM trial of hunting rifles.

A majority of the elongated bullets fired from American breechloaders have more or less a gyratory flight, and hence they cannot hit the object aimed at, but fly around it or the line of sight from the beginning to the end of the range, and consequently we cannot hit what we aim at even by chance.

My caliber is .42, length of barrel 33 inches, barrel of iron, twist increasing, sights peep and globe, metallic bullet starter, bullet conical-shaped, weight only 230 grains, with but two-tenths inch pulled (displaced), lead-bearing in barrel and only eight-tenths of an inch long.

The breechloaders of this caliber cannot shoot such a short bullet from the shell with any degree of satisfactory accuracy.

I used about 55 grains of FFG powder at the turkey shoot. I will simply say I have got as good a "crow gun" as I want. It has got a marvelous way of shooting; not up to the fashion of these dude times, but as formerly, when accuracy was regarded as paramount to convenience or fashion.

It does not give the wild, corkscrew motion to its bullets, but sends them with great velocity just where they are wanted to go. Proof positive; read the correct result of its shooting at this turkey shoot. Witness how I was ruled out just when I had got the rifle fairly ready, to prevent my "wiping out" the man's turkeys.

I was willing to stop shooting, for I did not wish him to lose his turkeys; besides, I felt sad for the other shooters and wished to give them a full chance to get a turkey to carry home to their families.

Lesson.—To get small game or turkeys at 175 yards you must have a good rifle. One that scatters its bullets will not begin to answer, nor can any amount of fashion make it answer.

NAPOLEON MERRILL.

WAUKESHA, Wis., March, 1886.

MAINE DEER IN MARCH.—William Crocker and Charles Beatham, of Chester, and George Kimball, of Woodville, were found guilty of hunting, killing and destroying one deer on the 9th day of March ult., and Matthew Spencer, of Chester, was acquitted. Hon. Thomas W. Vose, of Bangor, appeared for State, and Alexander McLain, of Mattawamkeag, game warden, was the complainant. Jere E. Estes, Esq., of Winn, appeared for the defense. Crocker, Beatham and Kimball appealed to the August term. The parties were fined \$40 and costs. The deer was put into Charles Beatham's barn and died, as claimed, a short time afterward from exhaustion. John B. McAlpine, of Winn, was brought before the justice, with the same counsel, for simply hunting and capturing a deer alive. He was found guilty, fined, and appealed. The deer captured was released some time since.

allowed by this act and not transported contrary to the provisions thereof.

SEC. 4. Chapter five hundred and fifty-seven of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty-five, entitled "An act for the better preservation of wild deer," is hereby repealed, and all other acts or parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

SEC. 5. This act shall take effect immediately.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your discussion of the subject of deer hounding reminds me of the method adopted by an old friend of mine, who settled in Michigan many years ago, to prevent deer hounding in his vicinity. Settlers at that time were few, and deer being plenty afforded them much of their animal food.

Late in the fall his quiet and solitude were broken for several weeks by the bellowing of two hounds in pursuit of deer, and the frequent sound of the shotgun as it belched forth its charge of buckshot, generally wounding but seldom killing its game at once. By chance meeting the owner of the hounds one day in the woods, he quietly told him that he did not like the hounding of deer in his neighborhood, but the man indignantly replied that he should be there again the next fall. The settler quietly told him that he would get more deer if he left his dogs at home, and they parted.

When the season came round, sure enough, the woods again rang with the baying of the same hounds. Hearing them coming one day in his direction, he took a station, rifle in hand, and in a few minutes the deer swept past within twenty yards of him. The deer had not been long gone when the hounds came up on the trail, and when the first one reached the opening he leveled his rifle and shot him dead. The other one turned and retraced his tracks, and he never heard his voice again or saw his owner. He said he hated awfully to shoot the dog, but he wanted to stop deer hounding in some way, and that seemed to be the only way for him to do it.

This was nearly fifty years ago, when such a thing as a game law was unknown in that country, except the law of necessity; and while no one would advocate such a course in a law-governed country, it worked well in his case, and the injustice in any country would be confined entirely to the dog.

CHICAGO, ILL.

MANAGEMENT OF MUZZLELOADING RIFLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, "C. L. S.," of Fort Clark, Texas, asks for information upon the above subject from those having experience.

Your correspondent says he hunted St. Louis over for a good muzzleloading rifle, and finally obtained one having a 42-inch barrel. Now if "C. L. S." will excuse my modesty and accept my advice, it is this: Go at once to a good gunsmith and have just 12 inches of his rifle barrel sawed off, send the piece to me by express at my expense to remember him by, and I will fit up a rifle from it to carry in my valise. If "C. L. S." does not find himself well paid by the improved shooting qualities of his 30 inch barrel rifle, I will pay all damages.

Now, premising that "C. L. S." will follow my advice thus given, I will advise further as follows: If he wishes to use his rifle for small game at short range, have the gunsmith turn off the sharp corner of the bore at the muzzle to the depth of the grooving in order to facilitate loading with a round ball. Have a heavy bullet mould made of brass or gun metal. Have the bullet fit so tightly that when it is driven through the rifle barrel the grooving will be well defined upon the bullet. Use pure lead for the bullets. Heat the moulds quite hot before casting any bullet. This will insure a full flow of lead into the mould. Use cutting nippers for clipping off the bullet necks and clip all close to the bullet. Use the Hazard FG Sea Shooting rifle powder. For ordinary ranges, a quantity which will fairly cover the bullet when resting on a level surface, is about the right charge. If a flask is used, do not chuck the powder violently into the charger, but let it run in and fill gradually. For patches, use the finest quality and most even texture of brown Irish linen. Cut them with a No. 13 wad cutter upon the smooth end of hard fine-grain wood. Wet the patch with the mouth and lay it upon the muzzle, centering it carefully over the bore. Place the bullet upon it, neck down, and placing the rod in contact, keep it there and force the bullet down gently upon the powder; stop as soon as it touches the powder. The end of the rod should be burred half round with the same burr used for the bullet mould.

Now, if "C. L. S." desires to use his rifle for very fine work, and especially at long range, then the barrel should be left, say 31 inches, so as to admit of a patent detachable loading muzzle, which any first-class gunsmith can fully explain and prepare for him. The bullet mould should be made with extreme accuracy in a solid block of metal of the thickness of 2½ calibers of the rifle. The shape of the projectile which has given the best results with me (and I have tried all in use during the past forty years) is defined by the following cut:



It is two calibers in length. The base fairly fills the grooves and at once tapers to receive the folds of the patch. It is cast from the point, the neck being cut squarely off with nippers. For fine work I always leave the neck full in trimming, and then with a sharp knife trim all to a uniform weight by a delicate scale. In selecting linen for patches I always use a magnifying glass, and I do not find one piece of linen in twenty-five sufficiently even in texture for reliable patches. In forcing the projectile down the barrel I am always especially careful to let it barely touch the powder. When commencing the firing of a string of shots I take a pencil and run a mark around my loading rod where I have seated the first projectile, and watch this mark every time I load. I use a small, long charger, filling it with powder poured gradually without shaking until heaped, then tip the charger to an angle of forty-five degrees and let the surplus powder fall off. By actual and repeated tests I secure in this way the same uniformity as by weighing. I pour the powder into the rifle through a long funnel. I use a hair-trigger delicately set, and I would as soon do without a rifle as without a telescopic sight, whether for target or general game shooting. I have had over forty years' experience, have attended innumerable "turkey shoots" and other

matches, and have never been beaten. I credit my success to the above stated practices and the non-use of liquor and tobacco.

MILTON P. PEIRCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For use in his muzzleloader let "C. L. S." try the 32-caliber bullet made for the Smith & Wesson revolvers of that size. I think his 42-inch barrel will burn about 40 grains of powder. Use a chamois or kid patch, ¼ inch in diameter, well greased. The 32-caliber bullet is the closest fit he can obtain ready made. If the above is not satisfactory, a well-made mould and swedge for a bullet of about 90 grains need not cost more than \$4.50, and will add much to his pleasure in using an M. L. rifle.

BETHLEHEM, Pa.

J. S. D.

SPRING WILDFOWL.

HARRISBURG, Pa., March 30.—A flock of about twenty swans was discovered early yesterday morning on the river opposite the town. Four of them were bagged by local sportsmen. Ducks have not been coming in any great numbers, but quite a number of snipe have been killed the past week.—B.

SACKVILLE, N. B., March 27.—Wild geese have arrived here and the booming of ducking guns is now heard along the line of the north coast, and many a mother goose and festive gander have, within the past few days, been laid low.—STANSTEAD.

KANKAKEE SWAMPS.—La Fayette, Ind., March 29.—A party of four of our local sportsmen returned yesterday from a two days' hunt in the Kankakee Swamps, near Beaver Lake, this State, bringing with them 250 ducks and six very large swan. They report hunting very fine.—W.

SHINNEDOCK BAY.—March 30.—There are very many ducks—broadbills, redheads, sheldrakes and whistlers—on Shinnecock Bay; also a few geese and brant, but they are very shy. Was out all day Saturday and shot nothing. No snipe have come along as yet.—J. W.

ANOTHER CLUB CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.—This society shall be known as the "Westchester County Game and Fish Protective Association."

ART. II.—Sec. 1. This society has been formed for the stocking of farms and streams of Westchester county with game birds and fish, and for the enforcement of the game laws of the State and county.

ART. III.—Sec. 1. The officers of this society shall consist of a president, two vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer and counsel. Sec. 2. There shall also be two vice-presidents in each town of the county, who, with the other officers shall constitute a board of directors. Sec. 3. All officers of the society shall be chosen by a ballot at a regular annual meeting. An annual meeting of the members of each town shall be called by the vice-presidents of each town for the purpose of electing two vice-presidents for the next ensuing year for said town. The officers shall hold office for one year.

ART. IV.—Sec. 1. In the absence of the president from any annual or special meeting of the society, the first or second vice-presidents, and in the event of their absence, the secretary or treasurer shall call such meeting to order. In the absence of the president from any meeting of the board of directors, the senior member of such board shall act as president, pro tempore; neither the secretary nor the treasurer, however, shall so preside.

ART. V.—Sec. 1. The society shall hold an annual meeting which shall be called by the president, between the first and fifteenth day of January of each year, and the vice-presidents of each town shall be and act as delegates to said meeting, for their respective towns. There shall also at such meetings be held the regular annual election of officers for the next ensuing year, and a distribution of game and game fish, and such other business as may properly come before the society.

ART. VI.—Sec. 2. Special meetings of the society may be called by the president, when he shall deem the same necessary, and shall be called by him, or by a vice-president thereof, in the event of his absence or failure to act, upon the written request of any nine members of the society. And at such special meeting, vacancies in office may be filled by election. Sec. 2. The secretary shall give the vice-presidents of each town at least ten days' notice, in writing, of any meeting to be called.

ART. VII.—Sec. 1. A list of membership will be in the hands of each vice president of each town, and any person wishing to become a member can do so by applying to said vice-president, signing the list of membership, and paying dues.

ART. VIII.—Sec. 1. The annual dues of this association shall be two dollars in addition to an initiation fee of one dollar, to be paid on or before the first day of January of each year in advance.

ART. IX.—Sec. 1. Officers shall hold over in office until the election and qualification of their successors.

ART. X.—Sec. 1. The society shall have power to make all by-laws necessary or proper to the carrying out of the provisions of this constitution or the purposes of the society, which by-laws shall be of equal binding force with the constitution, except when in conflict therewith; and such by-laws shall not be altered or amended except at a meeting of the society, nor upon less than a majority vote of all of the members present and voting in person, provided, that no alteration or amendment of the said by-laws shall be made except upon notice thereof, given at a preceding regular meeting of the society.

ART. XI.—Sec. 1. Each town shall select one or more of the members of this association to be appointed by the sheriff or board of supervisors as special game constables for the county, with full power to enforce the game laws of the state of New York and Westchester county.

ART. XII.—Sec. 1. The president shall cause to be published in all newspapers published in Westchester county, a full copy of the game laws of the state of New York and Westchester county, at such time of the year as the president may deem proper. Also any changes that may be made in said laws.

ART. XIII.—Sec. 1. Each member of the society shall pledge himself to give the special game constable, for the benefit of the society, any information he may have of the violation of any of the game laws of the state or county. Sec. 2. The special game constables shall receive from the association, five dollars for each and every person arrested and convicted for such violation of the laws.

ART. XIV.—Sec. 1. At a regular or special meeting of the

association, five members shall constitute a quorum to transact any business which may be brought before them.

ART. XV.—Sec. 1. Persons may be proposed and elected as honorary members in this association by any member thereof, and honorary members so elected shall be exempt from the payment of any initiation fee or annual dues, but shall not be entitled to fill any office or vote at meetings of the association, and shall not be deemed as forming any part of a quorum at any meeting.

ART. XVI.—Sec. 1. No person, residing in the town of his predecessor, shall be eligible to fill any office until after the expiration of three years, except in the case of vice presidents and two constables.

BY-LAWS.

Sec. 1. At the time appointed for a meeting of the society the president, or in his absence, the first or second vice-president, the secretary or the treasurer, shall, in the order named, call such meeting to order as soon as a quorum shall have appeared. Sec. 2. At the annual meeting of the society the order of business shall be as follows: 1. Reading minutes of previous meeting. 2. Reports of officers. 3. Reports of committees. 4. Reading of communications. 5. Deferred business. 6. New business. 7. Election of officers. 8. Adjournment, and such order shall not be departed from, except by the unanimous consent of the members present.

Sec. 3. The presiding officer at all meetings of the society shall be the president, or in his absence the first or second vice-president, the secretary or the treasurer. The presiding officer shall have no vote, except in case of a tie, when he shall have the casting vote.

Sec. 4. All money shall be first paid to the secretary, who shall keep a book, in which he shall at once record the receipt of all moneys to him paid; and it shall be his duty to transfer all such moneys to the treasurer, within one week after receipt thereof, and to take from the treasurer a proper voucher therefor. It shall be the duty of the secretary also, to keep a record of all of the transactions of the society; to draw all orders for the payment of bills contracted by or under the direction of the society or the board of directors, and by them or either of them ordered to be paid; to keep a list of members in a book properly bound and arranged for the purpose, with the place of residence of each member and the date of his election, and a suitable space for the entry of general remarks. He shall give ten days notice of all meetings of the society. He shall make an annual report to the society of his acts as secretary, and of the transactions of the board of directors, giving such details as shall be necessary to show the financial and general condition of the society. He shall act as secretary to the board of directors, and shall preform all other duties appertaining to his office.

Sec. 5. The treasurer shall receive from the secretary all moneys belonging to the society, and shall upon receipt thereof give to such secretary proper vouchers therefor. He shall pay out all moneys of the society, but no such moneys shall be by him paid out except upon the written order of the president, drawn and signed by him, under and in pursuance of a resolution of the society or of the board of directors. He shall make an annual report to the society showing the amount in detail, of all moneys received and disbursed by him.

Sec. 6. The counsel to the society shall attend to all the legal affairs of the society, and shall under the direction of the board of directors or the proper committee, bring prompt suit against all offenders against the provisions of the game laws of the state and county. He shall report to the board of directors upon request, and to the society at its annual meeting, all of his acts and proceedings as such named, and should pay over to the secretary all fines and penalties by him collected or received, after deducting his necessary disbursements.

Sec. 7. The annual dues shall be two dollars for each year, to be paid by each member in advance, the first such payment to be made upon the application for certificate of membership, and subsequent payments to be annually in advance upon the commencement of each succeeding year of membership; and in case of non-election such first annual fee shall be returned forthwith to such applicant.

Sec. 8. No member or officer shall be expelled or removed from office except at a special meeting of the society, called to act upon the question of such expulsion or removal; and whenever any such meeting shall be called for any such purpose, it shall be the duty of the secretary to forward to the member or officer to be proceeded against, a copy of the notice of such meeting, together with the specification of the charges to be tried, which copy and specification shall be sent to said member or officer at least ten days before the convening of such meeting. At such meeting testimony may be taken to prove or disprove the charges to be tried; the presiding officer shall rule upon the admission or rejection of evidence, and shall be entitled to consult with the counsel upon such points; no vote of removal or expulsion shall be taken until all proofs offered in support or disproof of the charge to be tried shall have been duly considered.

Sec. 9. The executive affairs of the society shall be managed by the board of directors, who shall meet at such times as shall seem proper. The board of directors shall have the power to appoint all proper committees, and to do all acts and pass resolutions necessary or proper for the conduct of the affairs of the society; which acts and resolutions shall be binding, except when in conflict with the constitution or by-laws of the society.

Sec. 10. Whenever the funds of the society shall permit, the board of directors may purchase and distribute game and fish at such points within Westchester county as they shall select, and may employ all necessary agents therefor.

Sec. 11. The board of directors may by unanimous vote elect honorary members, and any proper person, who shall pay \$100 into the treasury of the society, shall be elected an honorary member for life. Honorary members shall be exempt from all dues, and shall be entitled to a voice, but not to a vote, at the meetings of the society.

AMENDMENTS.

Sec. 11 of the by-laws amended so as to read: Any person who will pay into the treasury of the society one hundred dollars shall be elected by the directors a life member, which said life member shall thereafter be exempt from all dues.

WELLSVILLE, O., March 29.—The Amateur Sporting Club of this place have elected officers, as follows: President, E. K. Taylor; Vice-President, Wm. Stevenson; Secretary and Treasurer, C. R. McDonald. They anticipate going into camp this fall on Cheat River, West Virginia. Any of your readers who are familiar with that section of country and can designate a good location, or other information, will confer a favor in so doing. Game in Eastern Ohio is becoming very scarce. Quail almost extinct.—Bvz.

BRainerd, Minn., March 30.—A number of gentlemen met Monday evening and took initial steps for the organization of a sportsmen's club. There were about fifteen present. The meeting organized by electing Mr. A. J. Halsted as chairman, and Mr. W. S. McClenahan was called upon to act as secretary. Dr. J. L. Camp, who had taken a prominent part in bringing about the meeting, explained at some length what was sought to be accomplished by the organization, the prime object of which would be the protection of game and fish in this vicinity, and the enforcement of all laws relating thereto. The wholesale destruction of game and fish in Northern Minnesota is becoming alarming, and active and vigorous measures should be taken to check it. Therefore the Doctor thought a strong organization should be effected, and every possible effort made to enforce the laws and bring the guilty parties to justice. The existence of such an organization, he believed, would materially check the evil, if it did not stop it altogether. At Dr. Camp's suggestion, a committee of five was appointed to correspond with other associations of the kind, for the purpose of obtaining all necessary information in regard to organization, by laws, etc.; also to arrange for another meeting, to be announced in the newspapers, together with an urgent request for all citizens of the county interested in the object of the association to be present. The chair appointed upon this committee Messrs. Geo. Keene, Dr. Camp, Wm. Seelye, S. H. Relf and A. A. Greene.

ANTRIM COUNTY SOCIETY.—The Bellaire, Mich., *Breeze* reports that the citizens of Antrim county, Mich., propose to organize "the Antrim County Society for the Preservation of Fish and Game, and that the movements and aims of this society shall be in the direct interests of the farmers and other inhabitants of this county. The society shall take every means in its power to enforce existing laws looking to the protection of our fish, game and birds, and endeavor to procure the passage of other statutes looking toward the same ends. It shall use its best efforts to discourage and prevent the wanton waste by tourists and others, who have repeatedly made our shores offensive with the tons of valuable food fish they have left to rot near their camps. It shall see to it that every butcher who, out of season, shall slay his scores of deer in the deep snows, shall not get off scot free, as in times past. It shall endeavor to stop the hounding of deer, and shall seek to obtain information to guide its actions as best it may in all kindred matters looking to the benefit of the inhabitants of Antrim county. Twenty-five persons gave in their names as desirous of being enrolled as members of the association, and a committee was appointed, consisting of F. H. Thurston, Secretary, of Central Lake; Robert R. Wilkinson, of Eastport, and Roswell Leavitt, of Bellaire, to draft a constitution and by-laws, and give public notice of the time and place of a future meeting, at which the organization of the society may be perfected."

GEORGIA DOVE SHOOTING.—Columbus, Ga., March 31.—The finest dove shooting of the season has just taken place. A party of gentlemen, consisting of Messrs. O. C. Johnson, Kyle Nuckolis, J. S. Wilcox, Fred Gordon and Henry Burrus, went down into Alabama on the McMillan plantation last Thursday afternoon, where they were royally entertained by Mrs. McMillan and family. The party was joined by Mr. Will Nuckolis and Mr. McMillan, who, with some of the neighbors, took part in the shooting. It must not be overlooked that all the participants are amateur sportsmen, as the party made no pretensions whatever to shooting. The total number of doves which were actually bagged, as far as can be recollected, is 783. There were only ten in the party. The most remarkable feature of the occasion was the shooting of Mr. Kyle Nuckolis, as it was his first attempt. Of the total number of birds killed Mr. Kyle Nuckolis killed and bagged 174. The whole party was surprised and dumbfounded, and are very much inclined to think that this champion shot was playing off. The party did credit to themselves and are to be congratulated on having made what the *Enquirer-Sun* says is the finest record of the season.

CASPAR MOUNTAINS.—In November, 1884, I met at the forty-two mile crossing of the Little Medicine, a government outfit of mule teams, besides pack mules, from Fort Russell, loaded down to the guards with elk hindquarters. Last November, while in camp at the same place, in the Caspar Mountains, Wyoming, we discovered that a large band of Indians were camping just over Mud Mountain engaged in killing elk and deer for the hide. We were informed by some ranch men that these Indians were from the Pine Ridge Agency. Caspar Mountains are the best place for grouse I ever saw, have seen more than one hundred in a bunch, mostly willow grouse. A great deal of game is annually destroyed in these mountains by hunters going in there too early in the fall for fear of being snowed in later, and their game spoils. I saw last fall a large number of elk hindquarters that had spoiled, but this is done mostly by tenderfoot hunters; the old hunters know better how to save their game. I have hunted there for the last three years, about three weeks in October or November of each year, and have never lost any meat yet, except by bob cats or mountain lions.—ELK.

COLORADO.—Berthoud.—In this country game is tolerably plentiful. Blacktail deer can be found in a half day's drive. Ducks and geese are very plenty. In a radius of five miles of my house are fifteen small lakes or reservoirs for irrigation, ranging from five to one hundred acres each, and in these the ducks and geese have a picnic. Jack rabbits are also abundant. Most of our lovers of the camp and gun have their regular fall hunt in Northwestern Colorado or Wyoming. Some three years ago North Park was a great resort for antelope hunters. I have seen many a wagon load of from 50 to 100 antelope each brought out from there to be shipped from Larima City to Denver; but that is now a thing of the past. The elk and antelope are fast following the buffalo. One good thing I can say for the Rocky Mountain hunters, they don't hound the game "to make them shy."—ELK.

JESSE CONKLING'S BURNED.—"Castle Conkling," one of the old and popular resorts on the Great South Bay, was struck by lightning Wednesday morning, March 31, and burned to the ground. For the past twenty-five years "Jesse Conkling's" has been a household word with the lovers of the rod and gun. It was situated on Whig Inlet, not far from Sammis's summer hotel on Fire Island and Havemeyer's on Creekree Island. For two generations the Castle has been a landmark, and few sportsmen will hear of the destruction of the old place without regrets. The loss was about \$3,000.

WISCONSIN GAME BIRDS.—Black River Falls, Wis., April 2.—We have good prairie chicken shooting through this country in season. By traveling considerable quite large bags, as well as fine sport can be had. I have to-day talked with a party who is traveling through the country almost every day surveying, and he tells me that he has not seen prairie chickens so plenty at their season in years as they are this spring. So we anticipate fine shooting the coming season. He tells me he flushed a nice flock of quail of some eighteen or twenty one day last week. He also raises many partridges in his travels. All this goes to show that notwithstanding the very severe weather and unusual large fall of snow, game birds of all classes in this vicinity have wintered unusually well, and if nothing happens from now out shooting will be good this fall.—G. J. S.

FISHER'S ISLAND HARE HUNT.—Hoboken, N. J., April 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You will oblige us by publishing in your next issue an invitation to all the friends of the club members, and also to any of the gentlemen of the Eastern Field Trial and Westminster Kennel clubs to join the members of the Fisher's Island Club in a grand hunt for the two breeds of European hares, which we are obliged to exterminate on account of their interference with garden crops. We will leave New York city, April 14, by the 8 A. M. train, N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., and go aboard boat at New London, 12 M.—MAX WENZEL, Sec'y F. I. Club.

GROUSE IN WISCONSIN.—Egg Harbor, Door County.—Having occasion recently to visit the resorts of the ruffed grouse I find they have wintered well, notwithstanding the cold days and deep snows of January and February, and if they are not molested during the breeding season by men and boys who care little for the future of this noble bird, we can look for good shooting next fall. Robins and meadow larks have made their appearance, which indicates that spring with us is close at hand.—CORONA.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—A new club has leased grounds, 1,500 acres in extent, for a term of years, and already 200 quail have been turned down, and a like number will shortly be added. The land will be strictly preserved, and none but members allowed the use of it.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CASTING THE FLY.

IT is a very difficult matter to teach fly-casting by mail or in the columns of a newspaper, still there are some general principles which may be laid down, and in the absence of a teachersome proficiency may be acquired by observing these rules and by practice. THE FOREST AND STREAM has a letter from a young man who has been trying it alone, practicing diligently on the roof of a four-story building, making casts at an imaginary pool with a small shot tied on for a fly. An ordinary tin roof with its seams would probably use up a waterproof silk line in a short time, and the shot on the end of it is worse than useless. We would advise him, if he can't get a pool of water, to try casting on snow or grass without flies or anything beyond a simple knot in the end of his line to keep it from fraying out. The first thing to be impressed upon him is not to attempt long casts; these are for the distant future. Water is by far the best medium to learn to cast upon, for the resistance to the line when retrieving is exactly what he will experience in actual fishing. Let him procure a good trout rod, of such material as he may choose or may suit his purse. It should be of moderate stiffness, yet with action enough to do its work without violent exertion. The selection of this rod is something he should consult an expert upon. Between one stiff as a bean pole and one of the "limber-go-shifless" things so weak in the back that when one strikes a fish with it, the tip gives down instead of striking, such as are called "double action rods," we would choose the bean pole.

The line and the rod should fit each other in the exact proportion with which the Mikado attempts to make "the punishment fit the crime." A heavy line on a light and limber rod is almost as bad a combination as could be made. Presuming that he has his line, rod and reel all in proportion and fitting each other well, the reel always below his hand, he takes his position where there is no obstacle behind him to interfere with his back cast. It is entirely upon this back cast, or the retrieving of the line, that his success depends. It must on no account touch the ground or water behind him. Let him begin with about fifteen feet of line, his rod in an erect position, and then make a forward cast; his elbow close to the body and the movement mainly with the wrist. As the line lies out upon the water, with the rod parallel to its surface, he should draw it back a foot or two slowly, gradually increasing its speed, and then with the spring of the rod send it up behind him with an upward motion of his wrist, stop his rod at nearly a vertical position; then allowing just as much time for the line to be straightened out behind as it occupied in going forward, let him make the cast again with his wrist and send it forward. He should practice this until he can lay his line straight upon the water in the spot where he wishes it to land.

When he has accomplished this to his satisfaction, let him take his left hand and reel off a few feet more line while it lies upon the water and before he retrieves it. The resistance of the water will then draw this extra line through the rings, and he must allow a little more time for the line to get behind him than he did before. He must also bear in mind that his rod must not stand at a greater angle than forty-five degrees behind him, and if he attempts to stop it when it is vertical he will find it will go back to about this angle. It would be well to count one, two, three backward, timing it as a musician counts his beats. As he gets out more line, it will be necessary to draw it slightly nearer him, in order to start it from the water, than when he was making shorter casts; but in all cases he must start it slowly, increasing the speed until he gives it a twitch which sends it back, always bearing in mind that it is the rod which is to do the work by its spring, and not entirely his muscles. The cast of a fly is a sleight which is only to be acquired by practice. Should he fail in giving it time to straighten out behind him, he will hear a snap like the crack of a whip, which, in case he had a fly upon the leader, would be snapped off; yet, should he give it too much time, he will find that the line falls in the water behind him and impedes his cast. A longer cast can

be made without flies than with them, as a rule, and only when he attains the proficiency of having his back cast go straight out behind him and can start it just at that moment when it straightens, without looking behind to see where it is, should he attempt to use the fly.

There is a peculiar upward motion of the wrist attained only by practice which sends the fly, instead of straight behind the caster, up into the air, and an expert can do this without danger of catching low bushes, such as alders, etc., which may be close behind. It is during these early days of practice that the novice will acquire a sleight of hand, good or bad, which will stick to him for a long time. Practicing alone he cannot judge of his faults of style. He should beware of slashing his line forward in the hope of getting it out by main strength; remembering that the elasticity of the rod is the projecting power and that the physical strength of the caster is a very small factor in sending a fly to a distance. Again we would impress upon him the necessity of keeping his elbow close to his body in the beginning. This will teach him to depend upon his wrist more than upon his arm. We have many times cast while sitting in a boat and have seen others do the same, with the elbow resting on the knee; this was a favorite mode with the late Ruben Wood.

A beginner should never attempt to cast beyond twenty-five or thirty feet, until he can lay his line straight and without kink upon the water for that distance. He should then pay attention to the falling of the flies upon the water. The first efforts will doubtless be accompanied by a splash. He can, however, soon acquire the trick of checking the line and so regulating the tip of his rod that the flies will fall gently. This is one of the most difficult things to explain, but quite easy to do. It is perfectly possible, at a distance of forty or fifty feet, to cast, check the line, and raise the tip in such a manner that the flies shall alight before the line does. In actual fishing we do not often do this, and it is perhaps more ornamental than useful. In long casts the line will strike the water beyond its middle and gradually follow out until the end is reached, even the point where the leader is joined to the line being in advance of the flies, until this point touches the water, where the flies go on beyond and straighten out to the full length of the cast.

The beginner should, by all means, have a friend to watch when the line goes behind him, and caution him to give more or not quite so much time, although it is seldom the latter caution will be used. Our own experience in teaching novices has been that they fail in not giving the line time enough behind them in order to have it perfectly straight and no whip cracking in the rear. In practice haste should be made slowly, and a certain distance should be well covered and cast with certainty every time before any increase is attempted. Casting with the wind is by far the easiest, and one should begin in this way if there is any wind; afterward he should cast against the wind, when he will find that with a moderate breeze he requires more vim in the cast than he does in the recovery when the wind helps him to get his line well behind. He should by all means learn to cast with both hands, that in actual fishing he may rest one arm by casting with the other, a very great advantage, as he will find in a day's work. No amount of teaching will make him a good caster, practice alone will do this.

HINTS ON BASS ANGLING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Noinoe," in your issue of March 25, gives a very interesting description of his method of still-fishing for the small-mouth bass. He advocates fine tackle and one hook, which is apparently exactly the opposite of my advice in a former communication. I believe that the difference in our views of the matter is caused by the different character of the waters habitually fished by each. For still, clear water, I believe his plan is better than mine; but for the kind of fishing I have been accustomed to, I still think that two hooks on one line is the correct thing. More than nine tenths of my bass fishing has been done just below a dam, where the water swirls and boils, and where, early in the season, the black bass is found in all his glory and in full fighting trim. Under such circumstances you cannot see Mr. Bass and he cannot see you. If he sees you he won't bite. Of course you need a heavy sinker to keep the bait where you cast it. I have about made up my mind to try another style of bait-fishing, viz.: casting the minnow, or other bait, as described by Dr. Henshall in his book of the "Black Bass." I believe that to be the best method for most waters when the bass will not take the fly. For this style of casting a very free running reel is necessary, and I believe that those now on the market, that permit of long casts being made in this style, are very expensive. My former inquiries on this point failed to bring any response through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, but I have received a number of letters containing valuable hints, and have been experimenting with a view to producing something that would cast a very light bait without resorting to metallic swivels or other weights to assist in starting the reel and keeping it in motion, and so far as my very meagre experiments have gone I have been very successful. E. A. LEOPOLD.

RANGELEY LAKE LARGE TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was very much surprised to notice in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Ames's statement quoting me as saying that a trout of thirteen pounds or over was ever taken, to my knowledge, in Rangeley waters. It is surely a mistake. Either Mr. Ames misunderstood me or I said what I had no intention or remembrance of saying, and if the mistake is on my side I am very glad of this chance of correcting it. In speaking in Boston of the catches of trout that have been made at our lakes, I have no doubt referred to what has been done at one cast, but I am very sorry if I worded my remarks so as to give any one to understand that the weight of trout landed at one cast meant the weight of only one trout. As far as I know the large trout taken near the Rangeley Dam a few years ago, by the men fishing for breeding purposes, still stands at the head of the list of our large trout. I did not see the fish weighed, but a man who did told me this afternoon that the weight was an honest twelve pounds and two ounces. A birch bark out of the fish with the weight marked on it adorns the wall of one of the lake cottages. What a pity that that fine specimen of a trout could not have been nicely mounted, its history written up and placed with it in a conspicuous place. It would have told two stories, one, what the Rangeley Lakes could do to grow fine trout; the other, what artificial hatching could do to stop their growing. CAPT. BARKER.

RANGELEY, Me., March 23.

THE TROUT OF SUNAPEE LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Livingston Stone, whose name is well-known to all your readers, called to my notice a day or two since, a letter from Dr. C. A. Kingsbury, of Philadelphia, in which he pronounces my suggestion, that if they be Oquassa trout, which have been lately discovered in the Sunapee Lake, they may be the descendants of the plant of 4,000 fry of that variety made by Mr. A. H. Powers in June, 1879, when we were both members of the N. H. Fish Commission, as "quite improbable, if not absolutely impossible." Also another letter from Mr. John D. Quackenboss, of New York, who has had for a dozen years a summer cottage on the shore of the lake and is well versed in its inhabitants and who warmly indorses my suggestion, for which I hereby return him my thanks.

Now, Mr. Kingsbury's statement as to the impossibility of my suggestion, seems to be rather an ex-cathedra assumption inasmuch as the landlocked salmon from the Schoodic eggs have increased in weight from two to twelve pounds by the same change of habitation, and as I now believe that what I first suggested as a possibility is extremely probable. I will give my reasons for such faith.

In the first place, let me premise that I was born and brought up in this village within thirty miles of Lake Sunapee, and although I went away from here, when seventeen years old, more than forty years since, I have always when practicable made an annual visit of more or less duration to my birthplace. When a boy I was familiar with the Sunapee trout, and have seen them of three or four pounds weight, which was considered very large and was, I think, as large as they used to grow in those days. When Mr. Stone handed me these papers, he asked me, "to what cause do you attribute this abnormal growth of these fish in Sunapee Lake?"

"To the abundance of smelt food," I answered, and he then asked me when the smelt spawned and what was their size. I told him early in April or as soon as the ice was out of the lake, and their ova were not much larger than a mustard seed or a No. 8 shot. "They are small enough then," said he, "for the young trout just planted in May or June to swallow?"

I told him that they were, that a young trout could easily dispose of half a dozen of them.

"Then," said Mr. Stone, "I think this may account for the increased size of the trout, if they are those which you planted in 1879, for I have noticed in my experience in fish-culture that the size of the fish depended very much on the quantity of food which they could obtain during the first six months of their existence, and if these young trout just planted in the lake, could obtain an unlimited supply of young smelt for food, I do not see why they should not have grown to this unusual size."

Mr. Stone has promised me to give you his own opinions on the matter, and I will not forestall him any further, but simply say, that the growth of the landlocked salmon in Sunapee has been surpassed by that of the plant of the same date in Squam, where one was taken last year that weighed sixteen pounds from the same lot of Schoodic eggs, and that in both these cases the lakes are well stocked with fresh-water smelt, as is also the case with Sebago Lake, where the great size of the landlocked salmon has long been known.

This plant of Oquassa trout referred to was part of a lot of eggs, 20,000 in number, which were divided between Sunapee Lake in the west, New-Fond and Squam lakes in the center, and Cook's Pond in Brookfield and Lovewell's Pond in Wakefield, in the east of the State.

The first possible discovery of them is that of Mr. Hodge, when on the spawning beds in Sunapee last October; but it will be interesting to ascertain if they can be found in the other waters the coming autumn, and I shall urge the present Commission to examine them.

If they can be found of equal size in Squam, it will give some additional ground to the smelt food theory, and it will then become desirable to stock all trout waters with smelt also, for they are a very prolific fish.

I will say no more for the present, except that if any extraordinary variety of trout had existed in Sunapee Lake forty years ago I should have been as likely to have known it as any one, and I am very sure that the swarm of poachers who have infested the lake would have found them out and stripped the spawning beds, as they have those of the lake trout in Winnepesaukee long ago, and by lake trout I mean *Salmo namaycush*, for the dwellers around all these waters call their fish lake trout, even to little Dublin Pond, which has been rechristened Lake Monadnock.

SAMUEL WEBBER.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., March 30.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ten pounds in six years is certainly a phenomenal growth for a trout, but is it impossible or only phenomenal? The capacity of a young trout for digesting and assimilating food is so great that it is hardly safe to set a limit to it anywhere. When a trout breeder has six boxes of young trout fry to feed, the first lot is hungry and ready to feed again by the time the sixth lot has been fed, so that the breeder could keep going the rounds of the six boxes all day without finding a single fish that had had enough food to satisfy it.

This digestive power of a trout is something marvellous and it so rapidly destroys the animal tissues that have been taken into its stomach as food that, as Col. Lyman suggested, its operation more resembles that of fire than anything one would expect from any kind of organic action.

Now, the more the fish eat, the faster they grow. Indeed their amount of growth seems to be in direct ratio to their amount of food, other things being equal, and this is particularly true, or rather particularly noticeable in the first few months of their lives, when their capacity for taking and disposing of food is so enormous.

In fact the difference in size between well fed young trout and poorly fed ones is sometimes so great as to be almost incredible, and I can testify from personal experience that I have seen many a well fed yearling trout that could and would eat for his breakfast a dozen poorly fed trout, such as I have also seen, of his own age.

Now to bring my remarks to a point. Do we really know that it is impossible for an Oquassa trout to get a ten pound growth in six years? May it not be possible after all that with a trout's prodigious capacity for eating and growing, there may be favorable circumstances which would enable the fish to accomplish this growth in the time given. My friend, Col. Webber, to whom New Hampshire fish-culture is so much indebted and whose efforts to improve the fish of Sunapee Lake are so well known, has told me of something which has certainly prepared the way in Sunapee Lake

for this extraordinary growth of ten pounds in six years and has made it possible, if anything can make it possible. Col. Webber says that fresh-water smelts have been plentifully planted in Sunapee Lake. This being the case and the introduction of smelts being supposed to be a success, I can hardly imagine anything more likely to furnish for the trout just the right kind of food to give them a rapid and extraordinary growth. The smelts hatch out just enough later than the trout and are just enough smaller to provide the trout in their infancy and early life with the very best growing food that they could possibly have. This must increase their ultimate growth immensely, for this depends more upon the feed and growth they get during the first six or eight months than during any other similar periods of their lives. If after this they have all the food they want, and if smelts are abundant in the lake, I do not see why they should not. Then I cannot help thinking that it is still an open question about the extraordinary growth that is claimed for the Oquassa plant. At all events I do not think that any positive evidence in favor of the Oquassa theory should be set aside, or would be even much weakened by any *a priori* argument based on the supposed impossibility of the alleged growth, it being generally conceded, I believe, that *a priori* arguments are at best extremely hazardous and fragile weapons against evidence resting on established facts.

Some day it may be proved that Oquassa cannot grow ten pounds in six years, but it has not been proved yet and it does not seem to me that the alleged impossibility can be fairly used yet in the present state of this good-natured controversy against the advocates of the Oquassa explanation of the appearance of the new fish.

On the other hand there appears to be, from Mr. Hodge's statements, conclusive proof in his possession against the Oquassa theory, viz., evidence that the fish was caught in the lake before the Oquassa were put in in 1879. The establishment of this fact would settle the question forever in Mr. Hodge's favor, and it now seems to be in order for Mr. Hodge to produce this evidence.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.

A TROUT ANGLER'S FIRST SALMON.

I HAVE been a trout fisherman for many years, but have always had an ambition to try salmon fishing, and last summer was able for the first time to gratify that ambition.

My friend B. and I are members of the Sainte Marguerite Salmon Club, and on our arrival at the river last summer found ourselves assigned to the home pool as our station on the stream. We arrived at the pretty little cottage, which was to be our home for some time, on Sunday afternoon, July 5. After inspecting our very pleasant quarters and resting from our four-mile tramp over the portage, we went to look at the lower pool, which is just in front of the cottage, and found it an ideal place to hook and play a large fish. At the upper end the water comes rolling and tumbling from the heavy rapids above, and all through the pool it is swift and boisterous in mid-stream, with comparatively smooth water on either side. While watching the water, out in the middle of the pool a large salmon came handsomely out of the water, showing his bright silvery sides, and fell back with a splash, "like a Frenchman falling off a wharf," as one of the old Oswegatchie guides used to say. It was a sight to make a fisherman's heart beat a little quicker than usual, and make him look around for his tackle; but it was Sunday, and the Canadian game laws are strict, and we felt it was best to observe them, although it was hard work to sit still and not just try those new rods for a few casts on that water where we knew there were such good fish.

Monday morning bright and early found us stirring, and after a hurried breakfast we carefully examined our rods, lines, leaders and flies, which had been made ready the night before, and started to kill our first salmon.

The lower pool fell to me for the morning's fishing, and, with my pulse beating rather more rapidly than usual, I began casting from the shingle beach at the head of the pool. At the third cast one of the Frenchmen stopped me, and on reeling up showed me my beautiful Jock Scott broken off at the head of the hook. Not being accustomed to a rod sixteen feet long and weighing over twenty ounces, I had struck the fly against the stones behind me and the quick-eyed Frenchman had immediately noticed it. Putting on another Jock Scott, I began casting again, and at the third or fourth cast saw a fish come up out of the rushing, surging water, not over thirty feet away, that looked to me—a trout fisherman—as large as a porpoise. As he turned to go down, in my excitement I struck hard enough to have broken something if he had taken the fly, but fortunately he missed it.

I sat down and rested him for the orthodox five minutes, and then when the fly reached the spot where he rose before, up he came again, only to disappoint me once more.

After another rest, as the fly went over him he came up with a rush, throwing himself out of the water and taking the fly back with him, and started with a fierce rush across the pool. It was my first experience of the rush of a salmon when first hooked, and I found it something simply magnificent. It seemed almost impossible to get the rod up straight enough to give the fish the spring necessary to keep him from breaking line or leader, and the rod in my hand felt as though I had hooked a "limited" express train. He went straight across the river, and when within twenty feet of the opposite bank threw himself out of the water fully six feet. I dropped the tip of the rod quickly, as I had been so solemnly warned to do by all the old salmon fishermen, and he returned to the water still on the hook, and nothing parted. After a run of twenty feet out he came again, and as the sun struck him he looked like a bar of burnished silver. By this time my heart was beating like a trip-hammer against my ribs, and the excitement was intense. After some lively rushes about the upper part of the pool he started for the rapids below, I making quick time over the rocks, but just as he reached a point where I should have had to take to the canoe the men had ready for me, he changed his plans and rushing up stream faster than I could follow to the point he first rose from, he went to the bottom and sulked. This gave me time to fill and light my pipe, which tended to quiet my rather excited nerves. When at last he started, it was to rush to the surface and throw himself out at very close quarters—not over thirty feet away—and it startled me tremendously, and I am afraid the rod was not lowered as quickly as it should have been, but the tackle was new and strong, and as he started off I found he was still "thar," and I began to feel easier. After a few more circles about the pool he began to show he was not as fresh as when he was first hooked, and as the line was reeled in he finally showed himself not over fifteen feet from the shore, where it was quite shoal. One of the men stole into the water with the gaff, but before he was within reach the fish saw him

and made a last desperate dash out to the middle of the river. My hands and arms by this time had become fairly sore from the long strain, and it was really hard work to reel him in again across that strong current. But this time Pete was successful, and as he thrust the gaff in the water, bubbles and blood came up and the pressure was taken off the rod. He raised the struggling fish from the water, and I would not let him stop until he had taken the salmon full twenty feet from the shore. And now I had killed my first salmon! Time fifty minutes from strike to gaff. The scales were brought out and the fish found to weigh twenty-four and a half pounds.

I took my salmon over to the shade of a tree and told the men I had had all the fishing I wanted for that morning, although it was then only half past seven. I lighted my pipe, and throwing myself on the grass, "visited" with my beautiful prize until I knew every inch of him from head to tail, and if I had been an artist could have drawn his portrait from memory.

On the trip I struck altogether 28 fish, saving 19 of them; the largest weighed 33 pounds, the smallest 8, and the average was 17 pounds. I made up my mind that a trout fisherman could readily learn to kill salmon, even on such a rushing, tumbling stream as the Sainte Marguerite is the whole forty miles from Upper Forks to the Saguinay. GARD.

OSWEGO, N. Y., March, 1886.

DEATH OF IRA WOOD.

WE are pained to chronicle the death of our friend and companion of boyhood, Ira Wood, the well-known angler and genial sportsman. Mr. Wood died very suddenly of bilious colic at Albany, N. Y., on Tuesday last. He was born at Greenbush, opposite Albany, about the year 1833, and was consequently close to his fifty-third year. While yet a boy his family moved to Syracuse, where for a long time Ira was chief of the fire department of that city. He served with credit during the war, and a few years ago returned to Albany, where he was in the employ of a large house dealing in stoves. Within a month he opened a store for the sale of fishing tackle, and hardly a week ago he was in our office, cheery as ever, and with bright hopes for the future. Those who met him at the recent fly-casting tournaments in this city were impressed with his manly, straight-forward way, and the unselfishness with which he coached amateurs and helped his opponents when their lines became tangled.

Mr. Wood was a brother to the late Reuben Wood, so renowned as an angler. He leaves a family.

To A FIRM in Gloucester, Mass., who have named a new schooner in his honor, Mr. Whittier has sent a note in which he writes: "I have always been interested in the New England fisheries, and am glad you have honored me by giving one of your schooners my name. I thank you for the compliment, and send you my unasked-for autograph on the sheet inclosed." On the sheet inclosed he had written:

Luck to the craft that bears this name of mine,
Good fortune follow with the golden spoon.
The glazed hat, and tarry pantaloons:
And whoso'er her keel shall cut the brine,
Cod, hake and mackerel quarrel for her line.
Shipped with her crew, whatever wind may blow,
Or delays daily, my wish with her shall go.
Fishing by proxy. Would that it might show
At need her course, in lack of sun and star.
Where icebergs threaten, and the sharp reefs are;
Lift the blind fogs on Anticosti's lee
And Avalon's rocks: make populous the sea
Round Grand Manan with eager funny swarms,
Break the long calms, and charm away the storms.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OAK KNOLL, 3d mo., 1886.

WHAT FISH HAS THIS HABIT?—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For several years, in my fishing tours around Montauk Point, Oyster Bay, Sea Cliff, and several places about Long Island Sound, I have noticed in small fishing that I would catch two fish on one hook, the cause of which I attributed to their being frightened by larger fish of prey. So last season I determined to find out, in order to be sure that this statement would be right. I was accompanied by an angler, and by careful watching came to the conclusion that, seeing one of their school taken in an opposite direction, they take hold of the unfortunate's tail to keep him back from a supposed current, as they are used to this habit in streams of opposite currents; and after being out of water, exhaustion causes them to tighten the bite, thus enabling the angler to land them. I would like older anglers than myself to publish their experience of this.—E. FRANK ROSS.

MASKINONGE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see that I am quoted as using the spelling "muscollonge," but in the manuscript of my article mentioned (see FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XX., page 490), I certainly wrote maskinonge, but the printer made it read muscollonge. In the Province of Quebec there is a Maskinonge county, also several villages, rivers and lakes by the same name, and as it is to be supposed that they there have the correct pronunciation of the word, its glossic is as follows: M-a-s-k-i-n-o-n-g-e. (the sign + stands for the glide from the sound of a letter to the next following). Some years ago I attempted to learn the origin of the above word, and after most diligent inquiries among the best informed habitants, I could only learn that it was the Indian name for the largest of the pike family, *Esox nobilior*.—STANSTEAD (Sackville, N. B.).

BASS FLIES.—Will Mr. Holberton give a little information about the dressing of the bass flies he mentions as taking ones in a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM, if it is not asking too much, so that we will know what to purchase or how to tie? He speaks of a "bass grizzly" and a "bass miller." Are these any wise different from the regular grizzly king or white miller, save that they are tied on hooks of a size suitable for bass? And wherein does a "match-wing ibis" differ from the red ibis, so well known? And will he give the tying of these flies that he mentions—Holberton, post jungle, St. Patrick and Lottie? These may be common species, but there is such a woeful looseness in fly nomenclature, that they, in name at least, are new to me.—PERCYVAL.

AN UNIQUE ANGLING WORK.—For the past three years Mr. Wakeman Holberton, well-known as an accomplished angler and artist, has been engaged in writing a book on his favorite sport. The volume is entirely engrossed by Mr. Holberton's pen on vellum. The illustrations are in pen and ink and in water colors, while the initial letters are illuminated in mediæval style. It is calculated that three more years will be required to finish this volume, which will be a treat to those who are so fortunate as to see it.

FISH AND GAME IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—Mr. A. R. Fuller, of Meacham Lake, Franklin county, writes: "The winter has been a good one for game. My deer have wintered well, and we saw two of them a few days ago, near my log house at the other end of the beach. They did not look thin, and could run well. We see partridge (ruffed grouse) often, and a few days ago I saw three foxes at one time. I cannot hear of any killing of deer in this section, and think there has been none. There has been no fishing. The new fish law for the Adirondacks I think is a good one. We have just finished getting in ice, which is about 22 inches of solid blue, and our next job is to get in wood, and then we are ready for the fishers."

TROUTING ON LONG ISLAND.—Comparatively few trout have been taken on the island during the first week of the open season. Cold northeast storms with rain have prevailed, and but one decent day occurred in the week. This was on Friday, the 2d. At the South Side Club many members have been waiting for better weather, while a few have fished. At times the wind has blown a gale in which no fly-fishing could be done. But few fish were taken on the south side of the island and few or none on the north side. There are plenty of trout in the streams and ponds, which will rise to the fly when better weather comes.

TIP-UP FOR PICKEREL.—"Awahsooge" sends us a modification of "Yager's" tip-up, illustrated in issue of March 4: "Here is a rough sketch of a 'jack' or 'tip-up,' which I think is more convenient than any of those you gave. The two pieces pivot on a screw, and can be folded into very compact shape for carrying. The end of the upper stick that rests upon the ice may be painted black or red to make it show plainly when raised by a fish biting. 'W. J. C.'s' slot might easily be adopted, and would doubtless be an improvement. Any stake arrangement seems troublesome and unnecessary."

MOOSELUMMAGUNTIC LAKE.—I think your correspondent, "Special," is mistaken about the new flowage on the Mooselummaguntic Lake. I have it from good authority that there will be no new flowage this spring. When the wings of the new upper dam are finally completed, as I understand it, there will only be two feet and three inches more water on the lake than there has been for the past two or three springs. —CAPT. BARKER.

KEUKA LAKE.—Keuka Lake has just received into its deep waters 500,000 Halsey trout and 80,000 black bass which were placed therein by Jack Sheridan, of Penn Yan, State fish protector. The trout are from the spawn of trout taken by the late Wm. L. Halsey from the mountain lakes of Oregon, and given to Seth Green to propagate. —*Elmira Gazette, March 27.*

PENNSYLVANIA TROUT SEASON will open April 15, as stated in list of seasons at head of this column last week.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RE STOCKING WITH SALMON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to obtain answers to the following inquiries:

(1) Has the planting of salmon and trout eggs in any of the Maine rivers resulted in a commercial success; that is, has a river from which the fish had been exterminated, been restocked so as to afford good sport again within, say five years, at a reasonable figure?

(2) What is the cost of eggs and young fish per 1,000 of salmon, trout and landlocked salmon and where can they be obtained?

(3) Is it better to turn in mature fish ready to spawn, young fish or eggs?

(4) What are the best practical works on fishculture?

I should further be glad of an expression of opinion from experts on the following question: Given a river in which salmon are known to have been abundant, but are completely exterminated at present, all obstruction being now, however, removed and ample spawning grounds. Would the expenditure of a sum of money in fish or eggs be likely to result in a success financially in the sale after a few years of fish or fishing privileges?

JOCK SCOTT.
[We will answer the questions hoping to hear from others treating the subject at greater length. 1. Yes. 2. We cannot give cost of eggs or fry, write to Mr. Charles G. Atkins, Bucksport, Me.; Mr. E. M. Stilwell, Bangor, Me., or Mr. Henry O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me. 3. Young fish just ready to feed. 4. The Reports of the U. S. Fish Commission, some twelve volumes.]

BROWN TROUT EGGS IMPORTED.—This spring, Herr von Behr, President of the German Fishery Association, made a shipment of 64,000 eggs of the brown trout, *Salmo fario*, to be divided between Prof. S. F. Baird, Mr. E. G. Blackford and Mr. Fred Mather. This lot was a total loss on arrival. A second shipment of 40,000 from Herr von Behr to the same persons arrived in good order. The steamer Elbe, of the North German Lloyd, will bring a further shipment of 50,000 from Herr Max von dem Borne, the well-known fishculturer, to Messrs. Blackford and Mather, but by agreement will be divided with Prof. Baird. Some of the eggs already received were sent to the U. S. Stations at Northville, Mich., and Wytheville, Va. Mr. Frank N. Clark, in charge of the former hatchery, reports their arrival in good order. Some 30,000 eggs are now in the troughs at Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., and are doing well. Mr. W. L. Gilbert, of Plymouth, Mass., has imported 25,000 eggs of this fish from England, and has sent some to the Blooming Grove Park Association of Pennsylvania, and to other places, reserving 5,000 for himself. The merits of this fish are rapidly becoming known to our anglers and the fry are in great demand.

THE ADIRONDACK HATCHERY.—Some time ago we published a pledge signed by one hundred guides, hotel-keepers, and others, condemning the depredations of the vandals who cut up the nets of the Fish Commission at Little Cedar Pond (now Lake Brandon), and agreeing to sustain any efforts to bring the offenders to justice. We have now received from Mr. J. M. Wardner, proprietor of the Rainbow Lake Hotel, a printed list of as many more names from St. Regis Lake, Bloomingdale, and Loom Lake. Mr. Walters, the superintendent of the hatchery, is now at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, hatching land-locked salmon, lake trout, brown trout and smelts, for the Adirondacks, in consequence of the breaking of his dam. He will return with these fish in May.

SHORT LOBSTERS SEIZED.—Damariscotta, Me., March 30.—Fish Warden John L. Thompson seized about 1,000 undersize lobsters in Boothbay and Bristol yesterday. He chartered a small steamer and took the canning factories by surprise.

SHORT LOBSTERS.—The Rockland (Me.) *Courier-Gazette* reports: "Fish Warden Thompson made a seizure of three barrels of lobsters consigned to parties in Boston at the steamboat landing at Wiscasset, Tuesday. Forty out of the two hundred and forty lobsters were found to be less than the law allowed. The seizure has made a great stir among the fish dealers in that vicinity. Warden Thompson is too much for them. The short lobster business has cost a Portland man \$1,300, according to Deputy Fish Commissioner Shattuck of Boston. It is claimed by friends of the lobster law that the lobster fishermen are coming to the commissioners with congratulations on their success in stopping the short lobster business. They say that if it is kept up for only a few years longer the lobster is saved. They appear to be in favor of protection—the great majority of them—and they would be willing to furnish evidence to convict the few who persist in retaining lobsters forbidden by law, but for the fact that their entire property and living is in their lobster pots, and they dare not offend the law breakers. In the case of the Portland man who swore that a car containing short lobsters was the property of the man who had loaned it to him, and that he had no knowledge of the lobsters in it, the commissioners say that they shall have no difficulty in proving that the key to the car was in the possession of the man under arrest. They have other cases against him, and they say he will have to give up the short lobster business. Fish Commissioner Counce, fish warden Thompson, of Newcastle, Nichols, of Winnegance and Despreaux of Brunswick, and others, held a private meeting in Bath, Tuesday, and action was taken concerning the future course to be pursued by these officers of the law. It was the decided expression of all to push things to the fullest extent of the law."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary. Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 22.—Eighth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

April 6, 7, and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club. Edward A. Mosely, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

April 14, 15 and 16.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

April 13 to 18.—Bench Show of the Buffalo S. P. C. A., Main Street Rink, Buffalo. E. H. Rounds, Secretary, 75 White Building.

April 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Third Dog Show of the Cleveland Bench Show Association. C. M. Munnhall, Secretary, Cleveland, O.

May 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Tenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent, P. O. Box 1812, New York.

May 18, 19, 20 and 21.—Third Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club, St. Louis, Mo. Geo. Munson, Manager.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3481.

THE NEW HAVEN DOG SHOW.

THE third annual dog show of the New Haven Kennel Club, held at New Haven last week, was a first-class show. Although there were not so many entries as last year, the average quality was much better. The management was as good as we have ever seen; everything in connection with it ran smoothly, and the exhibitors were warm in praise of the manner in which the show was conducted. There is a genuine ring to the words of welcome with which the New Haven boys greet their visitors that makes them feel at home. There has always been at the New Haven shows an *entente cordiale* among the visitors that renders the reunions there very pleasant. At no show has this been more apparent than at the one just held. The armory of the 2d Regiment, in which the show was held, is very roomy, well lighted and well ventilated. The dogs were comfortably benched, and there was ample room for visitors. The attendance was fairly good at all times, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather of the first two days, and we have no doubt that the receipts of the show will exceed the expenses. The judging in nearly all of the classes was satisfactory, although some mistakes were made. We are pleased to record that not a single protest was made. The performance of the trick dogs was eagerly watched by delighted crowds. Nep, one of the performers, is a nondescript terrier possessed of wonderful powers. He performed many difficult and pleasing feats, displaying in some of them a degree of intelligence that was astonishing. His owner informs us that Nep has been trained entirely by the humane method, and that he has not been struck a blow.

Spratts Patent had charge of the feeding of the dogs, although the club furnished free to those who desired it any description of food called for. We questioned many of the exhibitors in regard to Spratts biscuit, and found that those who had not previously used them complained that they physicked their dogs, and consequently they were not favorably disposed toward them. On the other hand, we found many that feed them at home who like them. One of our most prominent kennels makes a practice of feeding the biscuit for at least a week previous to attending a show, and the kennel man in charge strongly recommends this course, and says that if this is done nine dogs out of ten will thrive on the food.

The judging ring was in the center of the building. It was commodious enough to allow the largest classes ample room. The judging commenced on Tuesday and was completed on Wednesday at noon. We published a list of the awards last week. The list was more accurate than could be expected. The corrections will be found below, together with the remainder of the specials. The judges of the different classes were as follows: English setters, black and tan setters, Irish setters and pointers, Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich. Mastiffs, spaniels, greyhounds, deerhounds, Newfoundland, bull-terriers, pugs, Yorkshire and toy terriers, toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds, Mexican hairless and miscellaneous, Mr. C. H. Mason, Bay Ridge, L. I. Beagles, Mr. L. D. Sloan, Philadelphia, Pa. Foxhounds, Messrs. Sloan and Davidson. St. Bernards, collies, bulldogs, poodles, fox-terriers, basset hounds, dachshunds, black and tan, Bedlington, Irish, Skye, Dandie Dinmont and rough terriers, Mr. Ronald H. Barlow, Philadelphia, Pa. Trick dogs, Messrs. A. H. Wakefield, Providence, R. I., and Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J. Veterinary, Dr. Edward C. Ross, New Haven, Conn.

MASTIFFS.—(MR. MASON).

There were sixteen entries in these classes, and the quality was decidedly good. Homer, looking very well, represented the champion dogs and Prussian Princess and Rosalind the opposite sex. The judging of the next class was eagerly watched by admirers of the breed, and both the Ifords found numerous friends. Caution's beautiful color and excellent condition were not of themselves sufficient to outweigh the finer lines of Cromwell. The latter is a truly formed dog,

longer and stouter than his opponent. He stands on the best of legs and feet, moves well, and has plenty of bone. He is rather long from eye to nose and lacks depth of muzzle, and his eyes are not the correct color. He is above the average in skull and has small ears. Caution has plenty of skull, and it is fairly well formed, but his ears are much too large, and he is underhanging more than we like to see. He would do with more length of body; and his hindlegs are weak and of faulty conformation. Hector and Dread took the vhc. cards, and they were looking well. Hector is the truer-formed dog of the two. Boss was absent. Cedric's Gurth is a big, long-legged dog, short between the couplings and faulty in head, muzzle, ears and feet. Maidus is faulty in head, muzzle, eyes, ears, size and color. Court is leggy, light of bone, shallow in body, houndy in head, and faulty in ears and feet. Laylass is faulty at both ends and is light of bone. Nero is deficient in head, size and color. Hannibal was looking so tucked up that the prize was withheld from him in the puppy class. Dread Jr., in the same class, shows little mastiff character. There was a sharp tussle between Iford Cromwell and Prussian Princess for the handsome prize offered by Mr. Wade, and after a very careful inspection of the two dogs the blue ribbon was handed to Cromwell's owner. Princess has the best of it in muzzle, wrinkles and eyes, but in other respects Cromwell is the better dog. He stands over more ground, is much truer formed in body, and has by far the best limbs. The judge kept well to type, and discarded houndy specimens.

ST. BERNARDS.—(MR. BARLOW).

Bonivard and Rohna were the entries in the champion classes for rough coats. The former is a most typical dog. In the open dog class First Choice was selected for premier honors. We cannot indorse the decision, and would have given the prize of place to Merchant Prince. These dogs have been fully described in our previous reports. Rudolph II., not looking so well as he did at Newark, deserved his card, and the others were well placed. Miranda was well selected as the pick of the rough-coated bitches. She is a good one, but was not in full coat on this occasion. Stella was overrated. St. Bride, c., should have been second. Venus is sour in expression and lacks the necessary markings. Lady Athol and Margery were absent, as was also Loyal, only entry in the puppy class. There were no smooth-coated champions, and in the open dog class Rigi was placed over Apollo. Rigi is a very little dog of good type, but he lacks bone, is not sufficiently square in muzzle, and has a badly-carried tail. Apollo is too houndy in head, but should have been first. Mt. Velan is faulty at both ends and lacks character. Bernice was absent from the corresponding bitch class, leaving Alma II., fully described in our Newark report, to win. Lodi was alone in the puppy class. He is faulty in head, ears and coat.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—(MR. MASON).

Bruno, looking well, scored an easy victory. Major, placed second, is faulty in head and coat. Joe is a long way removed from bench show form, being faulty in head, coat, limbs and tail.

GREYHOUNDS.—(MR. MASON).

Bouncing Boy, looking well, scored a bloodless victory in the champion class. In the open class Hawthorn Belle, a racy little bitch, not quite stout enough for our liking, beat Harlequin, whose worst faults are in feet and back. Fido would have been higher on the list but for his plain head and light eyes. He stands on capital legs and feet, has good propellers, and was well shown. Hush Money was badly shown, and has not improved on his puppy form. The special prize offered by the club for the best greyhound bitch was a splendid trophy, and fell to the share of Hawthorn Belle.

DEERHOUNDS.—(MR. MASON).

In the champion class Mac, looking well, beat his old opponent Bran, who, as usual, was short of coat. The open class for dogs and bitches was undoubtedly the best ever seen in this country. Chieftain, a magnificent specimen, remarkably good in almost every point, was first, and his kennel companion Wanda, a great bitch, was properly placed second. Ignorant persons have stated that Chieftain's head is too thick. It is sufficiently wide at the base to prevent the dog from slipping his collar before he is sent out of the slips, and this is just what it should be. Heather, a fair specimen, took the reserve card. He is much below the winners in good looks. Mercia is far too small and is faulty in head, ears, and coat. The winner in this class took the special prize for the best dog or bitch entered in the classes judged by Mr. Mason.

POINTERS.—(MR. DAVIDSON).

There were thirty pointers entered, with five absentees. Beaufort was alone in the champion class. In the open class for large dogs first went to Captain Fred, rather a taking looking dog, with a fair head, muzzle and eye; his ears set a trifle high, and he is too throaty for so small a dog, being very close to the dividing line. He has a fair chest and back, moderate shoulders, good loin, quarters and tail, except that it is carried too high; he has rather weak pasterns, and is too straight behind; he also has dew claws. Second went to William Tell, first at Boston last year. He was looking well, except that he was much too fat; this magnifies his worst fault—too much width in front. Had he been in good form he would probably have beaten Fred. Zeb, vhc., is a big, rather coarse dog, with a fair head, except that he is undershot and has too large an eye; he is too wide in front and is a bit slack in back; he has lots of bone, good legs, feet and tail. Sancho, hc., looks a workman, but is not a show dog. He has heavy shoulders, is too wide in front and round in barrel; his head is moderate. He is quite fair in back, loin, legs and has a good tail. In the corresponding bitch class Nell, looking well, was alone. In the small dog class first went to Nick of Naso, winner of third at Newark the previous week. Second went to Bon Ton, winner of first at New Haven last year. He does not improve with age, and his head has decidedly gone the wrong way. Ned, vhc., has a good loin and tail, but otherwise has not much to recommend him. He is weak in head with heavy shoulders, light bone and poor feet. Dixon, hc., has a fair head, although his ears set too high. He is rather lathy and shallow and weak in pastern and is also straight behind and has too long a tail. Rex, also hc., has fair shoulders and loin and a good tail, but is faulty in head, a bit shallow, and has ragged hips and might be better in bone. In the corresponding bitch class first and second went to two fairly good blacks. There was not much to choose between them. Both have fair heads disfigured by light eyes. Phyllis, placed first, has a trifle the best of Mistrel all round, except in feet. The puppy class brought out four good ones, all of one litter, by Beaufort. They carried off the kennel prize, which they well deserved and also won the stud dog prize for Beaufort. Songo, placed first, is a fine upstanding dog with no serious faults except that he is not right in pasterns and in consequence does not move so well as Bowdoin, winner of second. We liked him better than Songo, he has no conspicuous faults, and has full as good a head as his brother, and moves much better. He is a very nice dog and shows lots of quality. We shall expect to see him among the winners next year. Sachem, vhc., is a bit light in muzzle, and not quite so good in head as the others, but otherwise nearly their equal. Santer, hc., is also well up with them, except that he is a trifle heavy in head, throaty, and a little too straight behind. All have good legs, feet and tails, and are a credit to their sire. Lady Snow, vhc., winner of first at Newark, is not so good as either of the four, and should have been content with the two letters. Daisy Belle, hc., was in too good company. She is very good in chest, body and tail, but is weak in head, light in bone, and faulty in pasterns, with turned out toes.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Rockingham and Plantagenet graced the class for champion English dogs. Plantagenet being out of coat left his formidable opponent to score an easy victory. There were no entries

Jessie. Black and tan bitch, age and pedigree not given, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to S. Jordan, same place.

Quittie. Black, white, tan and ticked beagle bitch, age and pedigree unknown, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to William Russell, same place.

Jim. Black, white and tan beagle dog, age and pedigree unknown, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to J. Ellis, Milford, Conn.

Rex. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped August, 1884, by Mike out of Lena, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to William C. Russell, same place.

Joe. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 14, 1885, by Fred out of Fan, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to J. Ellis, Milford, Conn.

Dandy. Blue Skye terrier dog, whelped Feb. 15, 1886, by Joe out of Gyp, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to G. W. H. Powers, same place.

Bessie A. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 10, 1884, by Dashing Lion out of Arminda, by Memphis & Aven Kennels, Memphis, Tenn., to E. E. Pray, Denver, Col.

Luffa. Black and tan, little white, collie bitch, whelped June 19, 1884 (A. K. R. 2490), by B. Holmes, Jr., Mountville, N. Y., to H. B. Everett, Riverside, Cal.

Rosie. Lemon and white fox-terrier bitch, whelped August, 1885, by Foxie out of Cate, by C. H. Dole, Lynn, Mass., to Chas. W. Nutting, same place.

Duke de Fuard. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Jan. 1, 1885, by Glen Rock (A. K. R. 1616) out of Leah II, by E. W. Jessup, St. Charles, Del., to D. W. Evans, New York.

Hero-Fanny whelps. Newfoundland, whelped Feb. 11, 1886, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., a black, white on chest, dog to W. J. Hills and a black dog to J. Evans, same place.

Kaiser-Lisette whelp. Black and tan dachshund dog, whelped November, 1885, by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to F. G. Stewart, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Waldmann II.-Coral whelp. Red dachshund bitch, whelped December, 1885, by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to F. G. Stewart, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Gaffa II. (A. K. R. 2323)-Floss (A. K. R. 2457) whelps. Black, tan and white collie, whelped Nov. 21, 1885, by B. Holmes, Jr., Mountville, N. Y., a dog to Geo. Rudd, New York, and a bitch to W. A. Mitchell, Hathers, Pa.

Roy-Princess Trice (A. K. R. 1092) whelps. Red Irish setter dogs, whelped March 10, 1886, by W. Holberton, Hackensack, N. J., one to W. D. Chase, same place, and one to E. E. Williams, New York.

Scottish Queen. Iron gray Skye terrier bitch, whelped Feb. 22, 1885, by Scott out of Highland Mary, by Dr. Wm. F. Sanderson, Philadelphia, Pa., to N. V. Ketchum, Savannah, Ga.

Chica. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, age not given, by Royal Blue out of Diana, by Walter B. Peck, Central Falls, R. I., to Wm. Talman, South Attleboro, Mass.

Betsy D. Blue belton English setter bitch, age not given, by Druid of Dodge's Rose, by Walter B. Peck, Central Falls, R. I., to Jos. H. Brady, Pawtucket, R. I.

Murlock. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped March, 1885, by Foreman out of Pet Berwyn, by Walter B. Peck, Central Falls, R. I., to Theodore Reble, Providence, R. I.

Dorcas. Red Irish setter bitch, age not given, by Gleuco out of Syren II, by Walter B. Peck, Central Falls, R. I., to Jos. S. Barber, same place.

Chip. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 19, 1885, by Arlington out of Dorcas, by Walter B. Peck, Central Falls, R. I., to Dr. Stephen F. Lee, Pawtucket, R. I.

Nellie Laverack. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped June 7, 1885 (A. K. R. 2764), by Henry Sturtevant, Medina, N. Y., to T. H. Adams, Pawtucket, R. I.

Vaida. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Nov. 18, 1885, by Little Duke (A. K. R. 1994) out of Mischief (A. K. R. 2592), by Joseph H. Brady, Pawtucket, R. I., to Wm. Talman, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Mikado. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Nov. 18, 1885, by Little Duke (A. K. R. 1994) out of Mischief (A. K. R. 2592), by T. H. Adams, Pawtucket, R. I., to Wm. Talman, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Lola. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 6 yrs. old, by Bake out of Fannie, by H. E. Hamilton, New York, to A. E. Burch, Washington, D. C.

Bethus. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped March 17, 1881, by Rock out of Mez, by S. L. Boggs, Pittsburgh, Pa., to H. F. Schell, Brookline, N. Y.

PRESENTATIONS.

Dash. Black, white and tan Llewellyn setter dog, whelped June 29, 1885, by a brother of Morning Star out of Lady Bright, by T. J. Flack, Washington, D. C., to D. Gilbert Adler, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

OUR MILITIA MARKSMEN.

ADJ. GEN. R. C. DRUM, in his report to Secretary of War Endicott for the last official year, accompanies it with a series of reports made by officers of the army detailed during the past summer and fall to inspect militia encampments in the various States as follows:

Alabama.—At Mobile, by Capt. W. H. Powell, Fourth U. S. Infantry, and First Lieut. C. B. Satterlee, Third U. S. Artillery, at Montgomery, by Second Lieut. J. T. Thompson, Second U. S. Artillery.

Illinois.—Near Ottawa and near Springfield, by Capt. T. Schwan, Eleventh U. S. Infantry.

Maine.—At Augusta, by Major W. H. Graham, Fourth U. S. Artillery.

Massachusetts.—At South Framingham, by Major A. C. M. Pennington and Capt. J. Egan, Fourth U. S. Artillery, at Higham near Lake Chebaco, by Major A. C. M. Pennington, Fourth U. S. Artillery.

Minnesota.—At Fairbault, by Capt. G. Lawson, Twenty-fifth U. S. Infantry.

Mississippi.—At Greenville, by Capt. F. B. Hamilton, Second U. S. Artillery.

New Hampshire.—At Concord by Major R. H. Jackson, Fifth U. S. Artillery.

North Carolina.—At Asheville, by Col. H. M. Black, Twenty-third U. S. Infantry.

Ohio.—Near Cleveland, by Lieut. Col. R. H. Coffey, Seventeenth U. S. Infantry.

Pennsylvania.—At Harrisburg, by Major W. J. Volkmar, assistant adjutant general, at Fairmount Park, by Major R. H. Jackson, Fifth U. S. Artillery, Capt. W. Mills, Second U. S. Infantry, and First Lieut. C. Chase, W. E. Birkheimer and C. B. Satterlee, Third U. S. Artillery.

Rhode Island.—At Oakland Beach, by Capt. J. S. Egan, Fourth U. S. Artillery.

Texas.—At Centerville and Creston, Clear Lake and Dubuque, by Second Lieut. C. J. T. Clarke, Tenth U. S. Infantry.

Vermont.—At St. Albans, by First Lieut. C. P. Miller, Fourth U. S. Infantry.

California.—At Santa Cruz, by Major R. T. Frank, First U. S. Artillery.

Illinois.—At Centerville, etc., by Second Lieut. C. J. T. Clarke, Tenth U. S. Infantry.

Alabama.—At Selma, by Second Lieut. J. T. Thompson, Second U. S. Artillery.

Nebraska.—At Lincoln, by First Lieut. E. S. Dudley, Second U. S. Artillery.

The report of course covers a great many matters of detail not particularly interesting to readers of FOREST AND STREAM, but the reports and accompanying criticisms upon the arms and rifle practice of several bodies of State troops are worth reproduction in a compact form.

ADJ. GEN. DRUM calls the special attention of the Secretary to the subject in his general report, saying:

"I beg to invite your attention to the subject of the obsolete arms and ammunition in the hands of the State militia or stored in the several State armories. Many of the men are armed with the discarded caliber .50 Springfield rifle musket, for which it is difficult to obtain cartridges, and some of the obsolete weapons in the hands of the militia for improved arms and ammunition, I beg earnestly to recommend it to be urged to grant authority for returning to the United States, at a fair valuation, all obsolete guns in hands of States, the money value thereof to be placed to their credit and to be drawn against in form of issue of improved weapons. Until this is done the usefulness of the State militia, in either State or national emergency, must remain sadly impaired by the great disadvantage under which

From Alabama Capt. Powell reports that "a number of the companies were supplied with the Springfield safety notch rifle, and these were, as a rule, in excellent order. A majority of the companies were, however, armed with the old rifles, model of 1873, and though serviceable, were not in as good condition as they might be. But there is an excuse for this, for the opportunity does not present itself to these men for any extra care of arms, almost all the time that they can be spared from their respective professions being consumed in perfecting their drill." There was no mention of any rifle practice either at the camp or otherwise.

The New Hampshire report by Major Jackson says of the arms and their use: "The arms are Springfield breechloaders, caliber .45, with the cartridge box is of the breech-loading pattern (the inside a block of wood with holes bored in it for the reception of the cartridge). It could not be used to advantage in active service for obvious reasons. There was no ammunition for these arms brought to or used during the encampment. Target practice, which is now neglected in consequence of the want of ranges and ammunition, should, in my opinion, be begun at once. I was informed that rigorous efforts are to be made in this direction before the next camping season."

Mississippi makes a much better showing than the last named State, and Capt. Lawson says, under head of arms: "Springfield rifle, caliber .45. With but few exceptions the guns are old and badly cared for, some having been in use for five years, and have the appearance of having been kept in a dark room or cellar."

Touching the 21st Regiment Minnesota militia, the same officer says of arms: "Springfield rifle, caliber .45, and in most of the companies were in good condition; some, however, had old rifles, which have been in use for several years. It is rather discouraging to a soldier who expects himself on presenting a good appearance to be armed with such a weapon. Target practice was under the direction of Lieutenant (or Doctor) Skinner, the instructor of marksmanship for the regiment. The Doctor is an enthusiast on the subject, and had everything pertaining to the range in fine condition. He has a system of signaling from the firing point to the range by means of a mirror set in a frame between the target and the firing point. It reflects everything that occurs at the firing point. Some large numbers are painted on canvas, and are placed in a box at the firing point. When a shot is fired and there is any delay in marking the shot, the officer in charge says, 'Mark No. —,' when a man near the box displays a figure that corresponds with the target he wishes examined. The number is instantly seen at the pit, and the target turned down, examined, and signaled. I have seen this system work as far as 500 yds., and it did well. The distance was 100, 300 and 500 yds. The companies and the field staff and band fired at the same time. There were 100 marksmen and 32 sharpshooters qualified during the encampment."

The Pennsylvania report covers much space. Major Volkmar says generally of the arms:

"I carefully examined the property remaining in the arsenal, and this seems to be a proper place for me to most earnestly invite attention to the wretched stock of obsolete arms and ammunition in the hands of the Pennsylvania National Guard. Armed with the discarded caliber .50 Springfield rifle musket, for which it is difficult, if not impossible, to obtain cartridges, I found the State reserve of ammunition marked with the stamp of manufacture in 1871—material now as unreliable as it is cumbersome. In all other respects well equipped and self-sustaining, this fine division of troops is in a situation little better than if armed with clubs. It is remarkable how, with such miserable means, they have attained the creditable record they have in target practice. In one of the companies I found a company in which the commanding general assured me that every man was a qualified marksman; while in another company of the same regiment I discovered the captain to be a retired colonel of cavalry of the Regular Army, who had emerged from his well-earned repose, at the call of his neighbors, in order to give them the benefit of his military experience and knowledge."

"To be so poorly armed as are these troops would discourage the most heroic officer of the Regular Army, and in view of their possible usefulness at any day to the general public, it is no longer seem a most wise measure if, at the approaching session of Congress, a general act was passed providing for immediate exchange, when requested, of all obsolete arms now in hands of National Guards of States, for improved Springfield (caliber .45) rifles and appropriate ammunition therefor."

"I have been informed that at the close of the last fiscal year there were on hand in the United States Ordnance Department upward of 125,000 Springfield rifles, caliber .45, and that about 30,000 of these guns are manufactured annually; while on June 30, 1885, over 5,000,000 caliber .45 rifle ball cartridges were on hand."

"If, notwithstanding the foregoing exhibit of facilities for replenishing the national reserve of ordnance, Congress should not deem it advisable to pass a general act looking toward absolute exchange of obsolete weapons in the hands of the militia for improved arms and ammunition, perhaps another remedy might be granted for reducing the United States, at a fair valuation, all obsolete guns in hands of States, the money value thereof to be placed to their credit and to be drawn against in form of issue of improved weapons. Until this otherwise efficient National Guard of Pennsylvania is better armed than it is now, its usefulness in either State or national emergency must remain sadly impaired by the great disadvantage under which it suffers."

Springfield Carolina Col. Black reports and says: "They are armed with Springfield rifles, caliber .45, safety notch, which are in good condition, highly prized, and ready for any service. They have 3,000 rifles, with full sets of accoutrements for the same. There was no target practice during the encampment. Little or none this year. Regulations provide, and they hope to indulge during the coming year."

The Rhode Island militia were inspected by Capt. Egan, and he reports: "There was no target practice. There was no range or time limit, nor is a brigade encampment of a few days, where the men and combinations of large bodies of troops should be of the first consideration, the place for it. Though its importance is thoroughly realized, the brigade is behind other States in shooting. It had to be neglected (reason, no money to pay its expense); but last year \$2,000 was appropriated for target practice, a State range was established, and all the companies, under the instruction of Capt. Howe, an expert marksmanship instructor, had one day's practice in target and firing five shots. This year the same or more practice will be had, and gallery practice introduced. The muskets were received last year, are the latest improved ones, and are all in good condition."

The Massachusetts report went into camp at several points, at South Framingham Maj. Pennington found the First Brigade, and of it he says:

"Target practice received no attention in the camp of this brigade, except that the officers of one of the regiments were permitted to practice at their own request. There is a fine 200 yds. range, with twelve iron targets, near the camp; but, inasmuch as the companies have ample opportunities for practice at home stations (the law requiring the towns where companies are located to provide a suitable range), it was not regarded as important that time should be taken from other duties for this purpose. Target practice receives considerable attention at this time, as it is attested by the presence of the companies, a State inspector of rifle practice has charge of this branch of military instruction, and teams from the various commands assemble at certain times and places designated in orders for practice and competition. The infantry is armed with Springfield rifle muskets, caliber .45, and arms are in good serviceable condition."

At the Lake Chebaco camp Maj. Pennington found:

"Target practice was indulged in every day until the whole command had been at the range and each man had fired his score."

In Vermont Lieut. Miller does not find things in a very encouraging way. He reports:

"The arms were of the old .50 caliber, Springfield pattern, some of the first that were altered from the muzzle to the breech-loader. The cartridge boxes and belts were also of a very old pattern. I understand that the companies are not only not drilled, but are not even drilled. Target practice appears to be almost entirely neglected in this State, and a large majority of its National Guard know little or nothing about the actual use of the guns with which they are armed. We may feel assured that if the State will provide her troops with good arms and ammunition for target practice, it will take this class of men but a short time to become good shots. In my judgment the usefulness of the Guard would be promoted if they were armed with the present service rifle, caliber .45, and the National Guard, Vermont, with their zeal and efficiency, should be furnished with guns and equipments that they could feel would be of some use to them in service, and they should be taught to use them effectively. One day should be devoted to target practice; and to excite an interest and a spirit of emulation among the companies, prizes should be offered for teams of ten men from each company; also for individual marksmen. Ammunition should be provided, and each man of the National Guard required to fire a certain number of rounds each year. With this encouragement the companies would soon provide

themselves with ranges and the target practice and matches, would be a useful feature of the muster."

Ohio men come in for inspection by Col. O'Leary, who simply says: "The arms used by the Ohio National Guard are Springfield rifles, caliber .45, the same as used in the United States army."

In Iowa Maj. Abraham found much to report upon. He found in the lower part of the southwest corner of the encampment was the target practice ground, giving a range of 200 yds. one way and of 400 yds. the other. At the lower end of the 200 yds. range an emplacement has been constructed in front of a high embankment, and serves as an excellent purpose for instructing men in firing along the crest of an enemy's earthwork, as well as for the protection of the markers. "The troops were armed with the Springfield .45." Of the target practice drill he reports: "This most important branch of instruction was very thoroughly conducted by Col. E. C. Farrington, State inspector of rifle practice. Under his personal supervision competition took place each day of the encampment, to which I was a most interested spectator. The results, I consider, demonstrate a high degree of proficiency, alike most creditable to the inspector and the officers and men under his command. The instructions contained in Blunt's Rifle and Carbine Firing have been adopted by these troops, and were followed as closely as could be expected. The militia speak in the highest terms of Blunt's book, and in every respect have adopted his rules for classification, which raises the standard reached by the militia of any other State. There is every reason for holding out inducements to this fine body of marksmen to send teams to compete at Creedmoor, and it is to be hoped that the State authorities will not delay in taking steps to that end."

The Illinois report was inspected by Capt. Schwan, who reports of the First Brigade: "The infantry regiments were armed with .45 caliber Springfield rifles. In the 4th Infantry five of the seven companies, and in the 3d Infantry about one-half of the men had rifles unprovided with the safety notch or improved rear sight. The cavalry battalion was armed with the United States Springfield carbine, caliber .45, with safety notch and new sight. There was no formal inspection. Great interest was manifested in target practice, in which the troops were drilled for the first time. The only firing points were on the north side, and quite close to the edge of the Rock, scarcely a quarter of a mile from camp, and about 300 yds. to the northward were placed five vertically sliding targets, constructed after the Brinton pattern. The Illinois and Michigan Canal was immediately in front and the Rock Island Railroad closely in rear of the targets, the centers of which were only about 8 yds. apart; a high bluff north of the targets formed an effective butt. The markers' shelters, though well built, were not continuous, owing to the shortness of the time during which the range was expected to be in use, and the amount of labor which would have been required to make them so. Lookouts were posted at elevated points at the sides of the range to give notice to the markers of the approach of canal boats or rail way trains, and to warn off passers by. A more extensive range, or one affording intermediate firing points, was not obtainable within a convenient distance from camp. The erection of at least one pole, near the targets, flying a streamer to indicate the prevailing strength of the wind, might have added to the success of the practice. The place on the 'Rock' from which the firing was done was considerably above the level of the ground on which the targets stood, but this could not be avoided. The practice, which lasted four days, passed off without accident, and was well conducted by Col. J. A. Shaffer, general inspector of rifle practice, a very capable officer, and by the officers of the regiments. The targets were done by details, forty men from each regiment belonging to different companies being on the ground at the same time, under the immediate supervision of the regimental inspector of rifle practice, who has the rank of captain, and is a member of the regimental staff. The men not having had any previous experience, Col. Shaffer thought it best, in order not to discourage them at the beginning, to allow to each a sighting shot, and to permit the prone instead of insisting upon the prescribed position. For the purpose of making the targets more numerous in place of the short-range target was used. The average number of points made by each regiment, out of a possible 25, was as follows: 4th Infantry 10.81, 3d Infantry 10.51, 1st Infantry 9.92, and 1st Cavalry 5.88."

About the Second Brigade Capt. Schwan says:

"The infantry was armed with .45 cal. Springfield breechloading rifles, about one-third of them having the improved rear sight and safety notch. In some instances pieces of both kinds were found in the same company. The target practice was under the direction of Col. J. A. Shaffer, general inspector of rifle practice, and by the officers of the regiments. The targets were done by details, forty men from each regiment belonging to different companies being on the ground at the same time, under the immediate supervision of the regimental inspector of rifle practice, who has the rank of captain, and is a member of the regimental staff. The men not having had any previous experience, Col. Shaffer thought it best, in order not to discourage them at the beginning, to allow to each a sighting shot, and to permit the prone instead of insisting upon the prescribed position. For the purpose of making the targets more numerous in place of the short-range target was used. The average number of points made by each regiment, out of a possible 25, was as follows: 4th Infantry 10.81, 3d Infantry 10.51, 1st Infantry 9.92, and 1st Cavalry 5.88."

The following rules determine the classification of officers and men: "The men of the marksman's class were those who made 23 or more points out of a possible 25 in a score of 5 shots at 500 yds. For the first class at least 15 points, or 92 per cent, at 200 yds. were required. Those who fired at either range but failed to qualify for either of the classes named constituted the third, and those not firing at all, whether present or absent, the fourth class. The majority of those reported as belonging to the latter class were absent from camp. There seemed to be no reason for this. Multiply the number of marksmen by 100, of first class men by 60, of third-class men by 10, of fourth class men by 0, and divide the sum of the products by the number of men contained in all the classes."

The general results of the firing during the encampment are indicated by the figures of merit of the several regiments, which were as follows: 6th Infantry, 38.20; 9th Infantry, 23.50; 8th Infantry, 22.43; 5th Infantry, 21.17; 7th Infantry, 15. The entire brigade's figure of merit was 18.17.

As showing the progress made in rifle firing, it may be stated that at last year's encampment but 22 qualified as marksmen, while this year more than five times that number (113) made the requisite qualifying scores.

"I heartily concur with Col. Rice in his recommendation that since a thorough instruction in sighting, position and aiming drills and gallery practice is an indispensable prerequisite to good work on the range, the month of June be exclusively devoted to these preliminary drills at the armories, and that regimental and company commanders be impressed with the fact that instruction in rifle firing is at least as important a part of the soldier's education as tactical instruction, and that they are as much responsible for the one as for the other."

Lieut. Thompson reports from the Montgomery camp of the Alabama troops, 3d Regiment: "The importance of rifle practice seems to be realized, but practice is impossible without ammunition. The purchase of which the State makes no appropriation. By reloading the shells, the cost of practice is reduced to a sum which cannot be complained of in consideration of the benefits derived. Gallery practice with reduced charges and ranges could be had at the company armories during the winter months. Besides, this practice would add much to the interest and attractiveness of the service if it were properly conducted."

"By strategy the soldier is brought to the vicinity of a fight; by the maneuver he is placed up the line of battle; and by skirmish tactics he is put in the exact position to do good work. But of what benefit is all this if, after getting there, he is unable to use his rifle with precision and rapidity? At the next encampment I would recommend that a competent officer interested in the subject be detailed on special duty in charge of rifle practice. Every man should be practiced in the theory, pointing, aiming, and estimating distance. The best marksman in each company should be held."

"The regiment is already armed with the Springfield rifle, caliber .45, which is satisfactory in every respect. A certain number of rounds of ammunition should be issued to each company, to be kept on hand for emergencies. I would also suggest the necessity on the part of the State of making a suitable appropriation so that each officer and man should be allowed to expend fifty cartridges, at least, in rifle practice during camp."

The California report is made by Major Frank, and he found at the Santa Cruz camp: "The arms are the Springfield rifle muskets."

caliber .45—the oldest model of this caliber. They were clean, with some exceptions, and free from rust, but are very old, much battered and bruised, and appear at some time, perhaps while in store, to have been injured by rust.

Some target practice was had, but it was not general, and there appeared to have been no regular or systematic instruction in this important branch of a soldier's duty. It is recommended that an inspector of target practice be appointed, who should visit periodically every armory and institute a regular system of armory instruction in target practice, which should be required of every soldier in addition to the practice required upon the range. The present powerful arm is of little avail in the hands of troops not skilled in its use.

The Nebraska troops were found at Lincoln by Lieut. Dudley, who reports: "The troops are armed with the Springfield rifles, caliber .50. These have all been very rusty at some time, and show signs on their exterior of effort on the part of the soldier to get them clean. An inspection showed, however, more or less rust still inside the bore. A few guns were exceptionally well cared for, but the large majority were not entirely free from rust, and yet would be called 'serviceable.' A number were 'unserviceable' from various causes, and some had already been condemned by the inspector, but were still in use for lack of better ones to replace them.

"There was no target practice during this encampment. The regulations of the Nebraska National Guard, published in 1883, provide an allowance of five rounds per month to each man, and that a report of such practice shall be made to the regimental commander. I am informed that at the encampment in 1883 prizes were offered and a competition took place under the supervision of the commanding officer."

Iowa had a number of camps, all inspected by Lieut. Clarke, who says of the 2d Regiment: "The regiment was armed with the Springfield rifle—one company with caliber .45 and seven with caliber .50, old pattern, all breechloaders; they were in good condition, having but recently returned from Rock Island Arsenal, where they had been undergoing needed repairs."

Of the 6th Regiment he says: "This regiment is armed with Springfield rifle, breechloader, two companies having caliber .45, the remaining six being armed with caliber .50, old-pattern Springfield. Arms in splendid order, particularly the caliber .50 rifles, they having been but recently received from Rock Island Arsenal, where they had been sent for repairs."

About the 6th Regiment, at camp near Clear Lake, Lieut. Clarke says:

"No target range had been selected, although suitable grounds could easily have been found for one. The uniform was the full dress United States regulation, without helmets, as in the other regiments. The regiment was armed with caliber .50, old-pattern Springfield breechloaders, which were in fine condition, having but recently come from Rock Island Arsenal, where they had been undergoing repairs."

In the 4th Regiment he found that two companies were armed with the Springfield .45 breechloader and six with the .50 caliber old-pattern. Arms in good order, most of them just from the Rock Island Arsenal, as in the other regiments.

"A range of 200 yds. had been laid off and targets provided, under the supervision of the major of the regiment. The best five shots from each company were selected as teams, the one making the highest score to be known as the 'regimental team,' every one of its members being entitled to wear a gold medal as long as his team score should be ahead of all others in the regiment. Five silver medals, very neat in design, were also offered for the best corresponding number of individual scores."

Generally speaking, Lieut. Clarke recommends: "I am informed that most of the companies have facilities at home for target practice, and that, as a consequence, many good shots are already to be found in the guard. The State allows 1,000 rounds of ammunition a year for this purpose. I earnestly recommend that this be increased, and that proper attention be paid the subject at all succeeding encampments."

New York State is the first one reported upon, and Lieut. Col. Clason makes an extended report, saying of the camp at Peekskill:

"The supply of blank ammunition is fixed at fifteen rounds per man. For use on the range, forty rounds per man of ball cartridges are furnished. Most, if not all, the regiments bought out of their own funds ammunition in addition to that issued by the State, and it would seem as though a larger supply could very profitably be used. It was the intention for the State to hold in reserve at least half a million rounds."

The New York National Guard are armed with the .50-caliber Remington. It will be made to correspond in caliber with the United States system when that shall have been finally decided upon.

"The work done and the results gained on the rifle range in continuation of the experience at Creedmoor and at the various regimental armories deserve special commendation, as might be readily inferred from the presence on the field of such men as Col. Bodine and Gen. Roberts, the Inspector-General of Rifle Practice of the State. He was assisted by Col. Beal, Col. David, Major Fox and the different regimental instructors."

"There are ranges for 100, 200, 300 and 500 yards, with seven No. 2 and seven No. 3 targets of the Brinton make. The men are divided into three classes, the third comprising such as have had no practice, the second such as practice on the 100 and 300 yard ranges, kneeling at the latter distance, and who, when they have completed a score of 25 at both these ranges taken together, form the first class and continue practice at the 200 and 500-yard ranges, lying down at the latter distance. A score of 25 here makes them marksmen, and a score of 42 sharpshooters. In addition, there is required volley firing of five rounds at 100 yds., as follows: By company, two rounds; by rank, one round; by company, one round front rank kneeling; by company, one round rear rank in front kneeling; and also five rounds in the skirmish drill, advancing from 250 to 50 yards three rounds, and two on the return."

Col. Clason does some fine writing in winding up his report and among other things says:

"A body of men who can go through the manual with all the uniformity of a die might certainly amuse, but could hardly obtain that respect from the mob that is felt for a shooter known to be good for his man up to 500 yds., or over. Exact alignment and unvaried likeness of step and wheel are well enough, and probably under the corporal's stick, reached a higher point of perfection than a hundred years ago. The modern soldier's grenadier is more than he has since attained through the pleasurable stimulus of gate fees and prize packages; but when days of danger come, such mechanism will soon be eliminated in favor of the man taught how best to protect himself in disposing of his enemy and who has learned how most completely to provide for the exposure and wants of the march and bivouac, and whose reliance is not so much upon the touch of his neighbor's elbow as upon his own efforts and experience. If we have not time for both the military and marrow of the profession, the former can suffer be slighted."

"The fire drills of the utmost importance and men should be kept at it until they have lost all fear of the piece, are perfectly familiar with its working and power, and can be trusted to handle it with ease, confidence and effect."

"Under the conditions given to our present life, powder will have as much to do in bringing about any millennium as philanthropy; and the more terrible its possibilities, the greater the need for intrustment in the only men of trained intelligence, special capacity and tried character."

COL. LAIDLEY.—A dispatch from Palatka, Fla., dated April 4, states that Theodore T. S. Laidley, Colonel or Ordnance, United States Army, died there on that date, aged 65 years. He was born in Virginia, and was appointed from that State to the West Point Military Academy in 1838. He was graduated four years later and made an Ordnance officer at Watervliet Arsenal, N. Y. He went to the Mexican war and participated in the siege of Vera Cruz. For gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Cerro Gordo he was made Brevet Captain April 18, 1847. He followed General Taylor and obtained the title of Brevet Major for bravery in the defense of Puebla. After serving at the Washington, Charleston and North Carolina arsenals, he was, in 1856, made Captain of Ordnance for 14 years' continuous service. He compiled a new edition of the "Ordnance Manual." For services during the rebellion he was made Major of Ordnance in 1863, and two years later, for faithful service in the Ordnance Department, he was made Brevet Colonel and was subsequently advanced to Lieutenant Colonel. He was Colonel of the 1st New York Artillery from May, 1866, to April, 1871. In 1875 he was Colonel. He was on the retired list at the time of his death. He will be remembered among riflemen as the author of "A Course of Instruction in Rifle Firing," prepared under order of Gen. Benét, dated 1877. The work was transmitted to the War Department in 1879 and published by Lippincott the following year. It gave rise to litigation between Col. Laidley and the Government, claiming that the book was an infringement upon his earlier work. The courts sustained his claim, and the book was withdrawn from the market, to be replaced a few years after by the manual prepared by Col. Blunt.

FULLSHED RIFLE CLUB, April 2.—12 ring target, possible 120; J. H. Brown 119, G. Zimmerman 118, M. Dorrler 118, E. Flach 117, J. Scherbringer 117, J. Schütz 117, C. G. Gerlach 116, C. M. in 116, E. Holzmann 115, C. W. Karcher 114, H. Gunther 114, J. Jordan 114, A. Liss 111, H. Sindlinger 109, V. Steinbach 108, D. Holland 102, D. Loutzki 100, R. Wragge 100, H. Wasmuth 100, A. Shaw 97.—A. Lobes, Secretary.

NEWARK, N. J.—The Zettlers, of New York, are anxious to arrange a match between ten of their men and the ten best shots of New Jersey for \$400 and are likely to be accommodated.

SIR HENRY ST. JOHN HALFORD.

A CABLE dispatch on Monday brought the brief announcement, "Sir Henry Halford is dying." To the riflemen of America he will be remembered as the hero of several well-fought matches, and either as victor or vanquished was always the same courtly gentleman. For years he had been a leader among the advanced riflemen at Wimbledon, and from the start he took the liveliest and most intelligent interest in the international matches. He entertained Col.



Gildersleeve and his men on their visit to Great Britain in 1875, and the American gentlemen shot over the private range of Sir Henry at Wistow Hall. In 1877 he captured the British small-bore team to Creedmoor and took defeat gracefully. In 1882 he brought over a team of military shots and administered a sharp knockdown to Col. Bodine and his team of militia shots, and when in the year following Col. Bodine peacefully invaded Wimbledon the defeat was repeated and emphasized.

It was at the time of his visit here in 1882 that a writer sketched the old Elcho shield veteran, and part of his words we quote:

As the books write him down, he is Sir Henry St. John Halford, Bart. of Wistow Hall, in the county of Leicestershire, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Leicestershire Rifles, born in the year 1828. Apart from his dignities he is a Vaingian. The Vaughans are a very, very ancient Welsh family. Lord Lishurne is now the head of the house.

Toward the close of the last century James Vaughan was a physician in the borough of Leicester. Among the magnates of the town was Alderman Smalley, who had married a daughter of Sir Richard Halford, whose baronetage was in a few years destined to become extinct. Hester, the Alderman's daughter, was wooed and won by our reputable young country doctor, and in time became the mother of a son who was christened Henry and was sent to London to study medicine. In the course of years he became famous. He was made physician to that plain old monarch King George III. He was created a baronet and revived the title of his mother's family, being thenceforth known as Sir Henry Halford. That was in 1809.

In his son Henry, the second Baronet, a new strain appeared in the family. King George's physician married the daughter of Lord St. John of Bletso, the head of another very ancient family, descended from Sir John St. John, whose half-sister was the mother of King Henry VII. One of the St. Johns married a daughter of the Duke of Newcastle, another had the hardihood to seek a wife in America, and to marry Miss Schuyler of New York. "Data fata secutus" was their motto, and as a rule, they did not seek other than their appointed destinies. They were zealous Conservatives, and the head of the house always took his seat at the council board of the Carlton Club. So Sir Henry Halford, second of the name, was content to follow the traditions of his race; he, too, was a Conservative; he, too, was a member of the Carlton; and when his son Henry St. John Halford was born, he determined to bring him up as became the prospective master of Wistow. But the third baronet had a soul above politics. He sighed for military glory, and not being allowed to join the army, he forthwith joined the volunteers. Then began his record of success as a marksman. He swept the prize board at Wimbledon. He won the Cambridge Cup, the Albert Cup, the Association Cup, the Duke of Cambridge's prize, and twice made the highest score in the competition for the Elcho Shield.

Although he had been always the friend of Americans, although he had entertained our countrymen at Wistow, he was at first slow to come to the United States. He thought it improper that Irishmen or Scotchmen should accept separate challenges from America. He thought that the match should be national, not sectional. With his customary frankness he stated his objections, being supported by Lord Wharfedale and other men of note, and when the Scottish and Irish teams determined to come to Creedmoor, he objected with vigor. Next year, however, in 1877, he made up a national team to compete for the Centennial trophy. His men were of a wholly different kind from those whom he now commands. Many of them were barristers, men who could merely practice at the butts in the intervals of waiting for a brief. There was Humphrey who won the Queen's prize, and Evans, a Cambridge M.A., and Pigott, a University man, and Fray, a Doctor of laws, from Edinburgh. All the profession joined in that strange collection. There was Col. Lennox Peel, of the Scots Guards; Colonel Fenton, of the Seventy-seventh Foot; Grant Peterkin, who had shot tigers and stuck pigs in the jungles of India; William Rigby, brother of John, the rifle maker; Ferguson, the Scot; Milner and Greenhill, of the Irish team; Sergeant W. H. Gilder, an old soldier and a hardy catbermorn. Falstaff's regiment was not more curiously composed.

Sir Henry Halford stood on the deck of the City of Richmond as she steamed up the bay. The American delegation went down to meet him. Judge Stanton made a little speech. It was a somewhat rhetorical little speech. It was even a little speech in the view of Mr. Hannibal Chollup. "The representatives of two great nations," said the Judge, "are now to meet at Creedmoor armed with deadly weapons. And seeing that Sir Henry did not act, the orator remarked: "Kind sir, I welcome you, and extend the hand of friendship." Whereat the captain of the British team shook hands very warmly, then blushed, grew confused, cleared his throat several times, said he would make a speech if he could, but he couldn't, and was immensely relieved when the band of Governor's Island blared out and drowned his excuses. So it was after the match. Sir Henry Halford had been the life of his party. He might have been seen everywhere in the field, slipping about in the tent, looking after the watchers in the rifle pits, making the best score of the team—71, 63, 71 on the first day; 75, 66, 66 on the second—marring his total by one fatal miss alone; and when it was all done and he was enthusiastically called by the crowd to make a speech, he could only say, "Gentlemen, to say I am not disappointed would be to lie. I congratulate you on your team."

Who that was present has forgotten the scene in Gilmore's Garden when the trophy was presented to the Americans? The hall was decorated with flags and plants. Gilmore's brass made the roof resound. Mr. Carleton sang "Hearts of Oak." Fashion was there in its choicest costumes. Sport was there in its turbulence. The American team, in their brown working suits, came down the platform arm in arm with the British team in their evening dress. Judge Brady made jests about wailing and gnashing of teeth. Sir Henry Halford advanced amid a tempest of applause. "No," he said, "I do not do it. I do not gnash my teeth. You have beaten us honestly, fairly, nobly. You have done it thoroughly, but in all courtesy. We made a good score, but not good enough to beat you. I wish to God we had."

Our portrait of the man who knew so much of the art and science of rifle shooting is a very good one. It represented him as he appeared at Creedmoor on his first visit. Five years later he had still the figure, tall and erect, the commanding presence. His men obey him implicitly; he is their Marlborough, their Wellington. Time had dealt gently with Sir Henry Halford. The five years had helped to frost his beard and hair; but look more closely, note the sunny smile that plays about the mouth; see how the snows of age vanish at its coming, how the light of an Indian summer breaks over the features; how boyish is the face, how genial, how honest—the face of an English gentleman, a man of peace.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CHICOPEE FALLS, Mass., March 27.—Maynard Rifle Club weekly shoot, at Riverside Rifle Range, good attendance, weather conditions all that riflemen could wish for. The club used Eames's standard union target. The following are the scores by decimal, Massachusetts and Creedmoor counts.

Decimal Count.												
Garden	9	8	10	8	8	8	7	8	6	8	50	
Franklin	7	7	8	8	6	9	9	6	8	6	74	
Engle	7	7	7	6	8	7	6	8	6	9	73	
Horr	10	9	5	6	5	7	7	8	7	7	71	
Witherell	9	8	9	6	8	7	3	6	9	10	69	
Ellsworth	9	8	6	5	7	5	7	5	7	7	66	
Brown	6	8	8	5	6	7	8	6	8	6	63	
Warfield	8	8	8	5	6	8	5	6	8	6	61	
Jenks	4	4	8	8	7	6	8	9	1	60		

Massachusetts Count.												
Garden	12	11	12	11	11	11	10	11	10	11	109	
Franklin	10	11	11	9	12	12	9	11	9	10	104	
Engle	10	10	10	9	11	10	11	9	12	11	103	
Horr	12	12	8	9	8	10	11	10	10	10	100	
Witherell	6	11	12	9	11	10	6	9	12	12	98	
Ellsworth	12	11	9	10	10	8	10	8	10	10	96	
Brown	9	6	11	8	9	9	10	11	9	11	93	
Warfield	9	11	8	11	9	8	9	8	7	11	91	
Jenks	7	7	11	8	11	10	9	11	12	12	88	

Creedmoor Count.												
Garden	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	48	
Franklin	4	4	3	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	45	
Engle	4	4	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	4	44	
Horr	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	43	
Warfield	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	43	
Witherell	3	5	5	4	4	4	3	4	5	5	43	
Ellsworth	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	42	
Brown	4	3	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	42	
Jenks	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	5	4	42	

GARDNER, Mass., April 1.—There was a good attendance at the last regular meeting of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatack Range. The new standard American target was used, distance 200 yds., shooting off-hand. The score was as follows: G. F. Ellsworth, 90, 88—178; W. C. Loveland, 83, 87—170; L. N. Dodge, 78, 75—153; Frank Nichols, 78, 74—152; Charles Edwards, 59—126; C. Lefland, 58, 63—121; C. N. Edgill, 61, 62—123. The following is a detail score of three strings shot during the afternoon by

G F Ellsworth	7	6	7	8	9	10	10	10	10	9	84
	8	10	10	9	10	8	8	8	8	9	90
	7	10	7	9	9	8	8	8	10	88	

WALNUT HILL, April 3.—The riflemen turned out in numbers to-day at Walnut Hill. The day's weather conditions were poor, the storm making the targets indistinct. A team match for practice was shot. W. Charles, with a military rifle, made a fine score of 88 on the standard American target. Fast day, April 8, the riflemen will meet and matches C and F will close.

Decimal off-hand Match.												
R Reed	7	0	7	8	9	10	8	8	9	9	84	
C E Berry	8	8	8	7	10	7	10	9	9	8	83	
B G Warren	8	8	9	9	6	8	6	10	7	7	76	
E F Southern	10	8	10	7	4	7	8	6	6	6	75	
L B Brackett	6	6	8	7	8	10	9	6	10	5	72	
N P Tufts	9	8	6	10	7	8	8	6	6	6	73	
H Withington	6	6	6	8	6	8	6	8	9	10	69	
J P Bates	7	8	7	5	6	6	5	4	7	8	65	

Victory Medal Match.												
H Joseph	10	6	8	9	10	7	8	6	8	8	80	
E B Southern	7	8	9	8	7	9	8	8	5	10	79	
J B Fellows	5	7	8	10	6	10	6	6	7	7	77	
L B Brackett	6	10	8	7	7	9	6	7	10	5	74	
F Carter (mil)	8	9	8	8	6	4	6	4	6	6	66	

Special Military Match.												
W Charles	9	10	10	8	10	7	10	8	10	6	88	
State Militia Match.												
Cadet Foster	22	23	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21

Rest Match.												
J N Frye	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	99	
D L Chase	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	98	
H Foster	10	9	9	9	10	9	9	10	10	10	94	
N P Tufts	8	9	10	10	9	10	10	9	10	7	81	

Special Team Match—Capt. Carter's Team.												
J B Fellows	8	7	9	7	5	10	8	10	9	8	81	
W Charles (mil)	8	9	7	6	7	10	6	5	7	5	71	
A B Brackett	8	7	9	6	7	9	9	6	6	6	74	
C E Edwards	10	5	8	8	7	10	6	6	6	6	71	
H Joseph	9	7	8	10	4	5	8	8	7	6	70	
F Carter (mil)	10	4	6	5	4	5	9	7	6	7	67	

Capt. Bates's Team.													439
N F Tufts	6	6	9	7	9	5	10	6	5	8	71		
J N Frye	5	5	8	4	6	7	8	4	8	9	67		
R Reed	6	6	8	7	6	8	4	8	5	6	64		
E B Southern	5	6	5	8	7	10	5	4	4	9	63		
H Withington	7	5	7	10	8	7	8	4	6	9	60		
J P Bates	6	6	7	5	6	6	4	5	6	7	59		

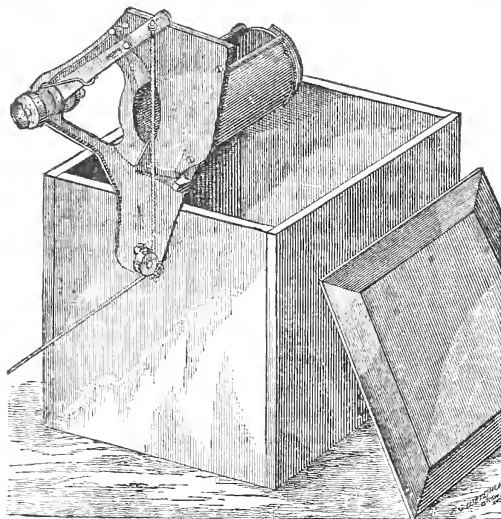
ZEUGNER VS. PLAISTED.—George Plaisted, of the Zettler Rifle Club, of New York, and August Zeugner, of the Greenfield Rifle Club, shot a match for \$100 a side at Greenfield, Monday, March 25. The conditions were 25 shots each, German ring target, 200yds., off-hand, any rifle. The match resulted in favor of Zeugner by a score of 517 to Plaisted's 466.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries.

A MAGAZINE TRAP.—The Raub trap would seem to reduce the question of a flying object as a target down to the minimum of trouble and expense. You will give an idea what the trap is like. It consists of a cylinder into which a number of cardboard disks are inserted and fed up to a slit by a spring. A lever arm sends the whirled disks whirling up in the air, and when the score is shot out they are picked up, and those showing shot marks are scored as hits. Mr. Raub claims for his invention that it can be used in shooting



gallery and fired with equal success. Can be adjusted to throw either to right, left, or perpendicular, and at any angle required. The height of flying target can be regulated by the simple adjustment of the spring. The targets are three inches in diameter, and weigh $\frac{3}{4}$ ounce. Twenty-five can be thrown from the trap in 5 seconds or as rapidly as required and can be used many times, thereby making the shooting very inexpensive. The trap is arranged to be either bolted to the box in which it is packed, to a stake in the ground, or to the floor when used in shooting galleries. Each trap is compactly packed in a box and is made of composition of hard clay and straw board, colored light on one side and dark on the other, and can be thrown with either side to shooter. The trap is arranged to hold 25 targets numbered from 1 to 25 to correspond with score sheet accompanying each trap. The trap throws but 1 target with each full pull of the cord, and can be operated either by the foot of shooter or by an assistant. The trap, packed in box with 500 targets, scores, cord, etc., complete, weighs but 25 pounds and is a valuable luxury taken into the sales agent's stock of these traps, and report a satisfactory sale since their recent introduction upon the market.

DUNELLEN, N. J., April 3.—Middlesex Gun Club match at live birds, 3 ground traps, handicap, 30yds. bounds, Long Island rules:

	1st Sweep.	2d Sweep.	3d Sweep.
Canon, 26yds.	111-3	301-2	111-3
Quimby, 24yds.	111-3	111-3	110-2
Richards 23yds.	101-2
Ayers, 24yds.	101-2	011-2
Williams.....	110-2	101-2	110-2
Dickens.....	111-3	100-2
Squires.....	010-1	100-1	111-3
Terry.....	111-3	111-3
Miller.....	011-2	111-3	111-3
Campbell.....	010-1

Quimby, Terry, Miller and Dickens divided first money in sweep No. 1 and 2, Canon wins second sweep No. 1 by killing all in 3d sweep. Terry, Richards and Canon tied for 2d money in 3d sweep. Quimby winning second after Dickens had made him kill 5 birds out of 10 in the shoot off at 30yds.—DUFFER.

WELLINGTON GUN CLUB.—The contest for the recently presented to the Wellington Gun Club by the ladies of Wellington opened on April 1. The entries were numerous, the leading scores being for the first ten, two re-entries of 9, Stanton 9, Wilson 8 and Sanborn 8. The other events: 1. Five blackbirds—Adams and Snow first, Renard and Papanti second, Schaefer third. 2. Five pigeons—Tucker, Adams and Schaefer first, Moore third, Papanti third. 3. Five blackbirds—Swift first, Sanborn second, Adams and Schaefer third, Tucker fourth. 4. Five pigeons—Suow, Swift and Schaefer first, Adams and Renard second, Palmer third, Sanborn and Schaefer second, Adams third, Swift fourth. 5. Five pigeons—Tucker first, Schaefer second, Adams third, Snow fourth. 6. Five blackbirds—Sanborn and Schaefer first, Tucker second, Swift third, Palmer and Bradstreet fourth. 8. Five pigeons—Palmer, Moore and Schaefer first, Snow second, Renard and Swift third, Sanborn and Tucker fourth. 9. Five pigeons—Renard and Tucker first, Stanton, Schafer and Palmer second, Swift third, Papanti fourth. 10. Five blackbirds—Stanton, Schaefer second, Bradstreet and Gage third. These pair pigeons—Stanton first, Swift second, Adams second, Sanborn third, Papanti fourth. 11. Five blackbirds—Snow first, Stanton second, Schaefer and Short third, Palmer fourth. 12. Five pigeons—Swift, Palmer and Renard first, Stanton, Wilson and Sanborn second, Adams and Schaefer third, Moore fourth. 13. Five blackbirds—Swift first, Sanborn and Schaefer second, Moore third, Short fourth. 14. Five pigeons—Snow first, Gage and Adams second, Woodruff and Wilson third. 15. Five pigeons—Adams first, Snow second. 16. Miss and Gut-Taken first. Adams. A contest for a diamond badge will soon be held on the grounds of the gun club.

MASSACHUSETTS RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association, in addition to the regular practice and sweep stake competitions, offer for competition of members, on the following conditions:— Entrance fee, 25 cents each day; score to consist of 7 clay-pigeons from three traps, 18yds., and 3 pair blackbirds, 18yds.; four elegant diamond collar buttons, valued, viz: One at \$25, one \$20, and two at \$15 each, inscribed M. R. A., 1886, A., B., C., D., respectively. The Association also offer for competition to all non-members, on the same days and conditions, the following prizes, viz: One collar button, valued at \$20, inscribed M. R. A., 1886, F. Competitors for the non-members' trophies, making equal scores on the day of competition, will each be credited one point in the class in which their score is made. Competitors for the non-members' trophy making the highest score or scores on the day of the competition will each be scored one point. At the close of each day's competition, competitors who have scored in the different classes will shoot off to determine who shall be the holder of the trophy in their class until the following shoot. The holders of the trophies shall hold and vouch for the trophies until the next competition, when they shall deliver them to the secretary of the Association. At the final competition, competitors who have, during the several competitions, scored an equal number of points in the different classes will shoot off for the ownership of the trophies. In the event of any competitor having tied for more than one trophy, such competitor must elect, before shooting off, for which trophy he will shoot for. Ties in single matches will be shot off at three angles (take place at Walnut Hill Range, to open on Wednesday, April 7, and succeeding alternate Wednesdays, viz.: April 21, May 5 and 19, June 2, 16 and 30, July 14 and 28, Aug. 11 and 25, Sept. 8 and 22, Oct. 6 and 20), and will come off at the designated times, regardless of weather. Class shooting in all matches. Shooting to begin at 10 A. M. Entrance fee 25¢ each day to non-members. Dinner served and ammunition for sale at the range. The range to open for practice to all every week day except on days devoted to rifle shooting.

STANTON, Va., April 2.—Match between Bargamin and Summerson, of the Stanton Gun Club, and Cord and McClean, of the Hagerstown (Md.) Gun Club. 50 clays, 18 yds., 2 angles.

[illegible]

Coord. 1001101036101000100111001001011100001000111-26
 Second match at 25 days:
 Bargatin 1111111111111111001111-23
 Summerson 1111111111111111111111-24
 McClellan 1101101101100101001111-19
 Cord 000010101100010101010011-1
 Whittle 0111111111111111111111-22

Whittle shot independently of the others.

SPRINGFIELD GUN CLUB.—Regular shoot at club grounds, Maspeth, L. I., March 31:

Major Aery	1110011111-7	M Englert,	0010000101-5
Al Davis	0.00011010-3	M Bairich	01010101-4
Dr Mullins	111110100-6	A Strohmenger	1000100001-3

The low average was caused by a bottle of wine breaking over the cartridges, in consequence of which they failed to reach.

FITCHBURG, Mass., April 1.—Members of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club were out to the River street range yesterday shooting clay-pigeons. Out of a possible 30 the totals of each were as follows: E. N. Cummings 22, G. W. Weymouth 21, A. W. Baker, Jr., 19, F. H. Sperrin 15, W. I. Fox 14, H. I. Wallace 14, George A. Colony 14, U. L. Gotham 10. Walter Simonds 7, J. E. Kellogg 5.—E.

THE FOREST CITY GUN CLUB of Savannah has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, E. J. Kieffer; Vice-President, John Riedeman; Secretary and Treasurer, J. D. Helmken; Directors, John Booker, P. J. Ott, P. O. Kessler, J. Rocker, F. G. Jangstetter, Geo. Eberwein.

JAMAICA, L. I.—There are few clubs on Long Island where, as much intellect, wealth and sociability exist as in the Rod and Rifle Association of Jamaica. This fact is made only the more interesting when it is known that every member is a resident of the village in which the headquarters are situated. The name is indicative of the intentions of the original members, but these intentions have almost been forgotten. The rod has given way to whist and the rifle is only spoken of as an ornament to the walls of the club-room. When first organized this club was called the Rod and Rifle Club, in the rear of the "Judge's" home in the eastern part of the village, and some very credible shooting has been done by the members. The range now is a thing of the past, but the love for the rifle still exists among a few of the members, who take advantage of every opportunity to indulge in one of their favorite pastimes. While nearly every member swears by either rod or gun, they find more pleasure in hunting or fishing in couples, than the trying conclusions with teams from similar organizations throughout the State, at the target range. The club-room is a large room, and is decorated with a row of bring, with brown stone trimmings, and is one of a row of four belonging to the Herriman estate. Inside it is handsomely fitted up, and on every side is evidence of the taste of the men who spend their evenings in the rooms. Deer antlers, buffalo heads, canvas-back ducks, storks and in fact all species of birds and game that have been hunted by the gentlemanly sportsmen adorn the walls, occupy brackets in the corners and crop out in every direction the visitor sees. Cards, chess, dominoes, checkers and billiards are among the attractions of those who prefer them to reading or discussing the political chances of some candidate, probably one who is a member of the club.

JOIN THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—Send 10 cents, for handbook giving all information, to the Secretary MATT R. FREEMAN, General Manager, F. C. ETHERIDGE, Secretary and Treasurer, Macon, Ga. Board of Directors: Dr. L. E. Russell, Springfield, O.; C. M. Stark, Winchester, Mass.; J. Von Lengerke, New York city; Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I.; Wm. G. Cooper, Savannah, Ga.; E. A. Crawford, Tallahassee, Fla.; M. R. Freeman, W. W. Parker and F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga.—*adv.*

Nachtrag.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

MAY.		10. Corinthian Club, Marblehead
16. Yorkville, Opan, East River.	31. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.	11. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
31. Knickerbocker, Spring Reg., Port Morris.	13. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.	12. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
31. Onondaga, Opening, On. Lake.	14. Great Head, Ladies', Winthrop	14. Hull, Cham., Hull.
31. S. C. Y. C., Opening, N. Y. Bay.	17. Sandy Bay, Cor., Rockport	17. To 25. Knickerbocker, Cruise.
31. New Haven, Opening Sail, New Haven.	21. Hull, Ladies', Hull.	21. Hull, Ladies', Hull.
31. Toledo, Opening, Toledo.	24. Great Head, Club, Winthrop	24. Dorchester, Club, Harrisn.
31. Brooklyn, Opening, N. Y. Bay.	24. Beverly, Club, Mon. Beach.	24. Corinthian, Ladies', Marblehead
JUNE		24. Sandy Bay, Pen. Gloucester.
5. Great Head, Open, Sweep- stake, Winthrop.	27. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop	27. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop
7. Hudson River, Union, Open, Hudson River.	27. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott	31. Hull, Cruise, Eastward.
9. Frisbie, Em. Ell Eye, Private Match, City Point.	31. Sandy Bay, Ladies', Rockport.	
9. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport.	AUGUST.	
12. Brooklyn, Annual, N. Y. Bay.	2. Sandy Bay, Open, Rockport.	7. Corinthian, Open, Marblehead
12. Great Head, Pen., Winthrop.	7. Great Head, Club, Winthrop	9. Great Head, Club, Winthrop.
12. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	11. Great Head, Ladies', Winthrop	14. Sandy Bay, Clb, Squam.
12. Portland, Annual, Portland.	14. Hull, Open, Hull.	14. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
15. Atlantic, Annual, N. Y. Bay.	14. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.	14. Great Head, Club, Winthrop
17. New York, Annual, N. Y. Bay.	25. Hull, Ladies', Hull.	25. Corinthian, Club, Marblehead
17. Dorchester, Open, Nahant.	25. Hull, Cham., Hull.	58. Hull, Cham., Hull.
17. Sandy Bay, Cup, Squam.	28. Sandy Bay, Open, Squam.	
17. Hull, Cor. Pennant, Hull.		
19. Hull, Pennant, Hull.		
33. Boston, Cup, City Point.		
36. Corinthian, Cup, Fmal, Squam.		
36. Corinthian, Cup, Marblehead.		
26. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop.		

er Cruise. 1. I. 2. Boston, Cup.

3. Keweenaw, Cruise, Grand Island Sound.
3. Oswego Cruise, Charlotte
3. Hull, Club, Hull.
2. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.
5. Boston, Open, City Point.
3. Sandy Bay, Open, Squam.
5. Beverly, Open, Sweepstake, Mon. Beach.
5. Toledo, Pen., Toledo.
- 5 to 6 Interlake Y. R. A. Rendezvous and Race, Detroit.
- 6 to 11, Interlake Y. R. A. Cruise to Put In Bay.
8. Great Head, Club, Wintthrop.
10. Great Head, Club, Wintthrop.
10. Hull, Novelty, Hull.
4. Dorchester, Club, Harrison.
4. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
4. Corinthian, Cham., Marblehead.
4. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
8. Great Head, Club, Wintthrop.
11. Hull, Club, Hull.
11. Corinthian, Sweepstake, Marblehead.
11. Sandy Bay, Sweepstake, Gloucester.
17. Toledo, Pen., Toledo.
18. Sandy Bay, Club, Rockport.
18. Great Head, Club, Wintthrop.
25. Buffalo, Club, Lake Erie.
28. Beverly, Club, Nahant.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

The Cruise of the Coot will be continued in our next issue.

A CLASS FOR THE LARGE SINGLE-STICKERS. If there was any doubt as to whether the older boats would save their time over the new and larger class, it was dispelled very early in the first tri race, when the 70ft. Priscilla paired off, leaving Bedouin and Gracie together astern. Since then it has been perfectly evident that the present time scale left the 70ft. boats out of the race, and to remedy this matter the Eastern Y. C. have this winter created a separate class for the large yachts over 70ft. The New York Y. C. propose to follow their example at the meeting this week and to establish a similar class of over 70ft., making the second class include Gracie, Bedouin and Mischief with boats of this size. The question was mooted last week as to the probable fate of the large yachts in the buying and it was generally considered that they were too expensive to be kept up, and would be converted into schooners. Now two more are building and the fatherless Priscilla has at last found a real owner, and it looks as if the class had come to stay. Ever after the cup race of this year is concluded. The outlook for the 70ft. class is much less promising, and it will muster only two boats in New York and probably three in Boston. The small r class, under 55ft., is filling up in away that is suggestive, and it probably will take the place in popular interest so long filled by Gracie and her sisters.

OSWEGO Y. C.—This club will cruise to Charlotte on July 3.

LAKE ONTARIO YACHTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While there will be no boom in yachting on Lake Ontario and its great inlet, the Bay of Quinte, in 1886, there is yet every indication of the sharpest contest that has yet taken place for the championship of the Lake Yacht Racing Association—in the first and second classes at least. Belleville has kept ahead heretofore, in the first class with the *Norah* in 1884 and the *Atlante* in 1885, and in the second class with the *Iolanthe* in both years. This year, in the usual order, we have the *Wendell* and the *Wendell* for the first honors, are to be disputed, and by no means antagonistic. Mr. Goodenough is a large schooner, and which you have had particulars, will no doubt dispute the highest honors in the first class with our champion sloop *Atlante*, and in the second class a new and formidable competitor to our peerless *Iolanthe* will make her debut. This craft, which has been named the *Vision* was built at Cobourg, by Cuthbert, to the order of a gentleman whose name has not been made public. She is described by us to have seen her best of beautiful model and well and strongly built of iron, and is a schooner, and is a schooner, and is a schooner, in the same manner as the of the Atlantic, now building at Bay Ridge, and the dimensions of hull and spars are given as follows: Keel, 29ft.; length overall, 34ft.; beam 12ft.; mast, 36ft., topmast, 17ft.; gaff, 17ft.; boom, 32ft.; bowsprit, out-board, 18ft. Her keel, timbers, garboard streak, bottom as far as waterline, wales and all deadwood are of white oak; the planking above waterline and deck of the best yellow pine. The *Laura*, of Kingston, has been cut in two and lengthened several honors in her class. *Laura* was a good boat last season and won several honors in her class. She was a good boat last season, but the champion closer at Kingston was badly beaten here, receiving second honor by a lucky streak. She will be a formidable opponent if any improvement is made in her.

The *Iolanthe* has not been altered, but she has been smoothed down finely and will be in perfect trim. If handled as ably as usual she will take a lot of beating.

The big sloop Atalanta, been, I have been informed, chartered by the members of the B. Q. Y. C., and will make the circuit which will probably be commenced here. FORT TACK.

BELLEVILLE, Ont.

ONONDAGA Y. C.—This club, organized last November, now has a membership of 93; it was incorporated Feb. 6, the incorporators being Philip A. Barker, Dr. Victor, M. Smith, Wm. Wescott, Charles D. Dibble, Charles N. Brown and Frank L. Stevens. The fleet now numbers seven sailing and four steam yachts, and there are about thirty sailing skiffs, canoes and rowboats owned by members of the club. In exploring the waters of Onondaga Lake during the summer and during the coming season, several members having expressed the intention of buying yachts, the club is building for the use of its members a sectional boat house, 60x20ft. It is being built in sections so it can be removed in the fall to the club's winter quarters, the low, marshy shores of Onondaga Lake being submerged in the fall and spring two feet at least, and a permanent structure would be crushed in the ice. The new building will be situated on the Salina Pier, the property of the Geddes Pier, on the westerly side of the lake, free of charge, on which to erect its club and boat house, but as at least two-thirds of the members of the club live on the easterly side, it was decided that on account of the inconvenience the kind offer could not be accepted. The management of the Salina Pier offered the club a tract of land also, but demanded a yearly rent of \$100, which the members unanimously refused to pay as they deemed it too exorbitant. The matter has been settled by the club securing a tract of land southwest of the Salina Pier on both banks of the old channel of Onondaga Creek, which forms a natural harbor and has ample depth of water at all times to accommodate the fleet. The unlooked for opposition of the manager of Salina Pier is a subject of general comment both by members and outside parties, and their unfavorable opinion of the club is being widely spread. The club's future seems to be far from overcast, and every member is working for the success of the club. The opening day and first regatta will take place May 31. Our fixtures will be forwarded to you soon.

HAMILTON, Ontario.—The yachts are all getting ready for the coming season, which, no doubt, will be an early one. The Cruiser, Molly, and Whistling are all having more ballast put on outside. The latter has been replanked and newly decked, and will have a new suit of sails throughout. The Cruiser has been lengthened 4ft. in the bows, and has had her counter pulled out about 2ft. She will also appear in a new suit of sails and rig. She has had a ton of iron put on her keel outside, and will be the first sloop which has taken step in this direction in these waters. The cutter Whistling has been taken to Port Dalhousie, where Messrs. A. Muir & Bro. have her on the dry dock placing two tons more ballast on her keel, and lowering her keel, sail, and rig. The cutter will have a new keel, and no inside ballast. Her owner expects by lowering her weight in this way to be able to discard one ton of lead and still retain her stiffness. She is also having her counter lengthened and some other work done on her. The yawl Molly is having her ballast arranged in a like manner to the Whistling, and will now carry five tons outside. She is to have a new sail plan on a larger scale. The Brunette, Cacique, Thetis, Flirt, and Neptune have had nothing done to them. The cutter, however, has had her keel, and some of her rigging, repaired. She is a little deeper than his other productions, the Cruiser and Neptune, and will no doubt be an able little craft.

A MODERN ENGLISH CRUISER—The *Mary*, the new cruising craft for Mr. Cosmo Romilly, was lowered down into the water on Wednesday. Her leading dimensions are: Length on the load water-line, 50ft. 3in.; length over all, 65ft. 6in.; beam, 11ft. 3in.; draft of water, 5ft.; tons, 28 (by light measurement). She has 10 tons of lead on her keel, and iron ballast inside. The yacht possesses good accommodation for six persons, with a w. c. and wardrobe on one side and a w. c. and wardrobe on the other, while in the steeage is the ladies' cabin. She has a roomy forecabin, with w. c., and there is 6ft. 2in. of head room under the beams. The fittings in the main cabin are of teak and birch polished, and in the ladies' cabin pine and teak. The cabin is carpeted with a patterned carpet with orange and blue, and the floor is partially of coppered, and it is probable she will be hauled up again shortly for this being completed. —*The Field*.

FAST TORPEDO LAUNCHES.—The search for high speed is still going on in England with satisfactory results, judging by some recent craft. A torpedo boat, lately built by Messrs. White, Carter & Cowell, and purchased by the British Admiralty, has made 21 knots on trial, and is said to turn within her own length at full speed. She is 155ft. long. Another "torpedo catcher," the Great Britain, has also been commended for her speed. On 20th April she made 23½ knots on trial, and Commander H. P. Beresford estimated speed being 19 knots. Her armament includes five guns, 4 Nordenfeldt machine guns, and 4 torpedo tubes. Still another has been completed by Messrs. Yarrow, for Austria, 155ft. long, 13ft. 9in. beam, 88 tons displacement, with three cylinder compound condensing engines, and a screw shaft wheel of solid steel, 6 ft. diameter, turning at an average of 22.8 knots, and capable of 25 knots under light load.

EMPIRE Y. The officers lately elected are: John S. Macduff, Commodore; Daniel O'Brien, Vice-Commodore; Lewis McGowan, Rear-Commodore; Richard Cullen, President; James Mulligan-Treasurer; Charles Raub, Secretary; Chas. F. Friend, Assistant Secretary; A. J. Brush, Measurer; Hiram Ketchum, Judge-Advocate; Robert J. Lang, Chaplain; W. W. Yungce, Fleet Surgeon; John O'Brien, Sergeant-at-Arms; John Blue, Steward. Trustees—John S. Macduff, Richard Cullen, A. J. Brush, Daniel O'Brien, Patrick Myhan, Patrick J. O'Brien, John A. McManus, William Kinsey, George Barr, Robert J. Lang, John P. Mulvaney, Joseph M. McCormick, Patrick J. Myhan, John A. Mulvaney, John A. McManus, John J. Chaffoy.

O'Brien, John Fennell, John A. McManus, Jenn J. Calkins.

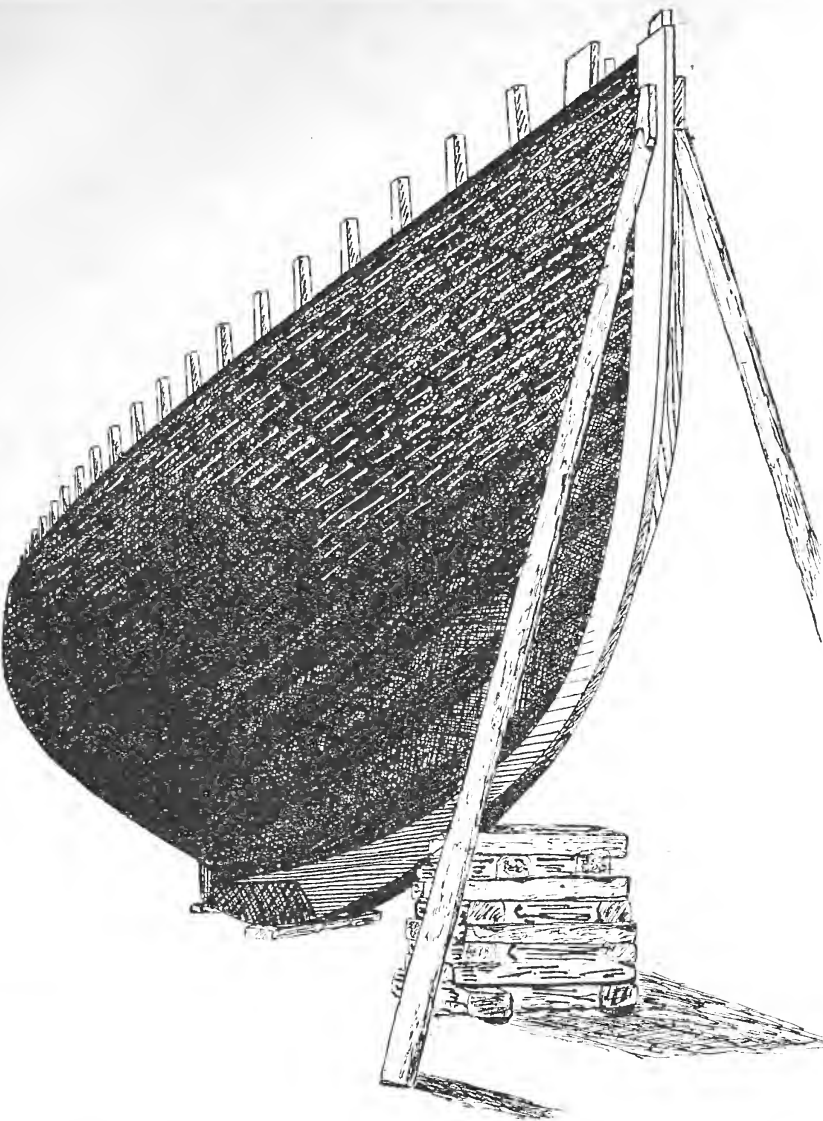
STOVE STORIES FOR YACHTS.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* The cuts representing two different styles of stoves for the issue of the 23rd are about exactly correct, and a word of explanation may save trouble. The stoves should be placed together and fitted snugly in the box to avoid shifting, and the tops of the stoves should be about 2in. below the top of the box in order to get a good effect from the radiated heat. The cut showing the end of the stove is a mistake; it is the side view, and the hinges of the door will be found pressing on hinges and a rest at the bottom of the door.

Yours truly,
Wm. H. Dittworth,

THE SALE OF THE PRISCILLA.—Com. Canfield, S. C. N. Y. C., has purchased the Priscilla from Messrs. Bonnet and Douglas, and will sail her in the coming races. Important alterations will be made around her by the direction of Mr. A. Cary Smith. Her forefoot will be rounded off, beginning at a point about 20ft. abaft the stem, the greatest reduction being 15in. The sternpost will be raked 3ft., and the mast will be shifted 2ft. aft, the channels being removed entirely. The boom will be lengthened, and also the gaff and bowsprit, while the mast will be cut down, preserving about the same sail area.

BROOKLYN Y. C.—A meeting of this club was held last week, at which the date of the annual regatta was fixed for June 12. The committee on the location of a club house recommended a site on the shore of the Hudson, near the foot of the river, where the water, which is known as the Widow's Hole. Though the anchorage is deep water, it can only be reached by a narrow passage, and a bar that would exclude the larger boats of the club and admit only the shoal ones. The suggestion of such a site is not likely to help the club to regain its old position.

SOUTHERN Y. C.—At the annual meeting on April 1, the following officers were elected: Emile J. O'Brien, Commodore; Alexander Brewster, Vice-Commodore; Joe Marencovich, Esq., Rear Commodore; J. B. McConnell, Esq., Treasurer; H. B. Hopkins, Secretary House Committee; Frank M. Hall, Chairman; M. S. Bringier, Wm. Walsh, Blaine Jamison, P. R. Canfield.



AMERICAN CENTERBOARD SLOOP ATLANTIC.

[From a Photograph by Miller.]

THE COLLAPSE OF THE CUTTER BOOM.

SOME wicked person has evidently imposed successfully on the credulity of the *London Field* and has magnified a petty difference in a yacht club into a general uprising of the leading American clubs against the cutter men and a complete extinction of the type in America. Under the title of "Topics of Interest," the *Field* of March 20 speaks as follows ament the present status of sloops and cutters in America. "The centerboard type of yacht is just now exciting a great deal of justifiable admiration in America. A year or two ago was some chance that the type would succumb under the advocacy there and introduction of the British type of yacht in America. But we saw all along that this was not likely to be the case, and predicted exactly what would happen in the way of a compromise. Well, the undoubted success of the Puritan has stifled the 'cutter boom,' and the British type of yacht will have a struggling existence for some years to come in America. The members of the New York Y. C., Seawanhaka Y. C., and Atlantic Y. C. have turned out of office all officers with cutter proclivities, and everything, it appears, will be done to give the American type at least a fair chance. We, on this side of the Atlantic, would have thought such nursing of the national type entirely unnecessary; but there is more in the maneuver than appears on the surface. That yachts like Puritan, Priscilla, and the new vessels building will be a most formidable type for deep keelers to tackle there is no doubt, and, supposing that they are actually no better for match sailing purposes than the narrow, deep yachts, there is still every inducement for most Americans to prefer them, because they are better suited to the coast."

This statement was denied in the *Field* of Mar. 27 by Mr. E. M. Padel, now in England, and New York yachtsmen also will know how far from the truth it is concerning the three clubs mentioned above, but lest it should carry some weight with those at a distance, we hasten to deny it in toto. It has originated in the disputes that have vexed both the New York and Seawanhaka clubs this winter, disputes which have no connection in any way with the cutter question.

In the New York Y. C. a difference arose between two parties in the club, the principal issue being over the question of the representation of non-owners in the meetings. The result was the election of a new board of officers, and the removal of the old, every one of the latter being strong centerboard men. Not a member of the old or new board is a cutter man, so the occurrence has no importance whatever except within the club.

In the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., trouble has also arisen this winter over a purely business matter, between the trustees of the club on the one hand, and several members who have heretofore been most active in forwarding the interests of the club, and who have been chiefly instrumental in providing a club house and anchorage. It happens that these gentlemen are nearly all cutter advocates, and as they have resigned from the club it has given some color to various rumors, but the newly elected commodore is a cutter man, other cutter men are still in the club, and the difficulty is entirely a personal one, the question of sloop versus cutter being in no way involved.

The third club mentioned, the Atlantic, has been almost to a man, resolutely opposed to the cutter, or even to keel boats during the whole of the long controversy. Until a very recent period there has not been a cutter in the fleet, and every officer of the club for many years has been a staunch upholder of the shoal centerboard type, the same being true of the officers lately elected. The only action which the club has taken that bears at all on the question of cutter and sloop, is the adoption of a rule which makes it possible for cutters to enter the club races with some chance of success, from which heretofore they have been as completely excluded by an ancient and illogical measurement rule as centerboards are by the Y. R. A.

These facts reduce the reported expulsion of "all officers with cutter proclivities," and the "nursing of the national type" to their proper place as silly canards, which should not have imposed on such an authority as the *Field*.

Looking at the prospects of the cutters for the coming year it is not encouraging to know that Wenonah and Ileen will probably lay up all the season, and only Bedouin in the large class will be afloat; but on the other hand all this is more than offset by the almost complete disappearance of their antagonists, the first class sloops; a class that was once the pride of American yachting, and that this season will have but one representative afloat. Mischief will not fit out, Hildegarde and Fanny have dropped all racing, Vision will be in commission but will not race, Arrow will not show up at the line, Pocahontas is rotting in Manning's Basin, and Gracie, the sole survivor, is even now undergoing an extensive modernizing. The cutters of the large class are few in number and built here as experiments, and one at least has won a reputation that will last for some seasons, though she does not win another race. The sloops are the outgrowth of over three decades of American yachting, supposed but five years

since to be the best that we could produce, and consequently far superior to the yachts of any other nation. To-day they have practically retired from racing, leaving the field either for the genuine English cutter or to a mongrel production whose salient features are as much English as American.

Last year it seemed probable that a win for Genesta would turn the tide entirely in favor of the modern cutter. We have previously discussed the issue between the two large boats and shown that the main point in dispute was beam, moderate or extremely narrow; and that with that decided the question of board was only one of adaptability to special purposes. All the other points of rig and ballast have been conceded in the general adoption of the details of the English cutters. Everyone knows how the question, trembling in the balance, was turned by Puritan's victory in favor of the wider boats, and also of the centerboard. How little it took to effect this change is shown by the fact that the great race was won by a minute and a half. A little difference the other way and almost every boat built this season would have had a keel, and we should soon have outstripped the English in the matter of narrow beam, draft and lead.

This year it is extremely probable that with four boats to choose from on this side, and such weather as we are apt to have, the new type will be again successful against a still narrower adversary than Genesta, though it is not such a dead certainty as most Americans consider it. The result will be to foster the development of the new type and a very good type it is for certain purposes. Fast, able, comparatively safe, well sparred, and with a draft that is certainly of great advantage in many places, it is incomparably superior to the yachts it has displaced so effectually. Along our coast and for our uses it may prove superior to the modern cutter, especially in the sizes under 50 or 60 feet. When it comes to bolder and more dangerous offshore work, which, judging by the increasing interest in yachting and the fleet which found its way south this winter must soon become general; the new type has not been tried.

How the combination of beam and lead will affect not the comfort but the strength of a centerboard in a continued hammering in a seaway is a question not yet settled, and some of the new weight carriers if caught in a long blow may solve it in a far from satisfactory manner. The form of the keel of cutter of narrow or moderate beam is one allowing of great structural strength, while the wider flatter hull of the centerboard boat, with its strength reduced where most needed, and the weak place attacked by the strain of the board, offers a serious problem to the builder. We know that centerboard yachts can be and have been proved seaworthy; but the new type, with heavy and low ballast and high bilge, has yet to be tried. Of course such boats can be built strongly enough for coasting, cruising and summer racing; but we must look forward to a time not far distant when our yachtsmen will not be contented with this, but will eagerly push further afield to the West Indies and Mediterranean, and for this purpose will come to the keel boat of medium or narrow proportions.

The "stifling of the cutter boom" to which the *Field* alludes, implies a total failure of efforts made by a comparative few to introduce this type in America, but has such been the case? The races of 1886 have not yet been decided, and it is not yet fully settled that Galatea will prove the failure that many so confidently expect. Supposing that she is beaten by Puritan or her fellows, does it prove conclusively that the keel is inferior to the centerboard, or is it not rather probable that the vice-like compression of an unreasonable and arbitrary rule has compelled the British yachtsman to handicap himself with less beam than is absolutely essential? It rests with the British yachting world to win the Cup soon if they would regain their prestige, and should Lieut. Henn's plucky attempt fail it will be time for them to drop the present cramping rule and build a cutter especially for the contest. In the 70ft. class, Bedouin is likely to be able to take care of all comers if she is up to her old form, and to give a good account of herself. The interest this year, outside the Cup races, will depend entirely on the 50ft. class, and though there will be at least one new boat of the "national type," besides Athlon, Gaviota, Daphne, Isla, and several others, Oriva if in commission has a good show for a high place, while little Clara promises to be ahead of the leaders. What the result may be no one can tell, but supposing that every cutter from Galatea to Delvin is beaten, and that Bedouin, Ileen, Wenonah, Oriva and Clara are left next year to rot on the shore while people build "compromises," is any one prepared to say that the "cutter boom" has been a failure? To it alone is due the extinction of a false standard of yachting, a dangerous and undesirable type of yacht that unfortunately was really "national," and from it have been drawn the canards and pomps of the new type. Rig, ballast, methods of construction, and numberless details of the new boats are thoroughly English, adopted, not adapted, from the cutter. Beam we have retained, though even

that has been lessened; while our boats are far deeper than of old extreme depth we have rejected from local considerations; while for the same reason the centerboard is retained. With these innovations we have thrown aside old rules that compelled the construction of certain types, and with a foresight and a comprehension of the entire question of the development of yachting which the British yachtsman has not seen fit as yet to follow, we have enacted fair and just regulations that bear as equally as any rules can on all types. This has been done here since the inauguration of the "cutter boom" and largely by the "cutter fiends" and "cutter cranks," who have been so heartily abused. The results are plain and palpable in the present state of American yachting, and no better evidence can be had than the common verdict which hails as an American sloop, a vessel that only a couple of years since would have been ridiculed by all as an English cutter. Now let our British confreres profit by our example with benefit to themselves, while they can still do it gracefully; for another victory for the American yacht will probably put a quietus to the present measurement rule of the Y. R. A., and the advent of a thoroughly well built yacht of the Puritan type in English waters, after a successful passage across the Atlantic, will compel a recognition of centerboard yachts in spite of the scolding of that irascible old lady, the *Saturday Review*.

YACHTING NOTES.—Mr. Mumm launched last week a new open cathoot, the *Phryne*, for ex Com. J. R. Maxwell....Norseman, schooner, Mr. Ogden Goellet, is now at Tebo's Pier, all ready for her voyage to Europe. Her owner will cross at once by steamer. The Norseman has received a suit of heavy canvas....The South Boston Y. C. have finished the rebuilding of their house and are now in very convenient quarters....Lagonda, steam yacht, will undergo general repairs at Wilmington, Del....Radna, steam yacht, has returned from Norfolk and is at Twenty-fourth street, East River, repairing the damage received by collision....Indolent, sloop, has been purchased by Mr. Frederick Grinnell, of Providence, from Com. Rhodes, of New Bedford, and has changed her name to Lydia....Gaviota, Mr. Edwards's iron sloop, will this year have a larger rig. Her centerboard trunk will be removed and board dispensed with....Wm. McKie, of East Boston, has nearly completed the steam yacht he is building from Mr. Burgess' designs for Mr. Ford. She will be ready for the water by May 1....Wood Bros. have the engines in Mr. Pickman's new steam launch and will soon put her afloat. The *Adelaide* will be rigged on the stocks and launched all complete....Elfin, schooner, formerly Latona, has been sold to Mr. C. P. Huntington, who will use her about the west end of Long Island Sound....Moutauk, schooner, will have a new set of racing sails by Sawyer, all made from hard cotton duck, specially woven in narrow breadths. The rig will include an extra boom foresail and double head sails....Atlantia, schooner, will be overhauled for the season at City Island....Grayling, schooner, has gone from Gowanus Creek to Mumm's yard to fit out....Decoy, sharpie, has been launched at Mumm's and is cruising after ducks in Great South Bay....Elephant, sloop, has been taken to Twenty-fourth street, Brooklyn, to fit out. She has wintered at New London....Wallin & Gorman launched last week a racing sloop for Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, which will be sailed in Quaker Bay this season....Varuna, schooner, has arrived at Mumm's Basin, from Newark, where she has wintered. Mr. W. W. Scott, the mechanical engineer, has been busy with yacht engines this winter. Besides the pair of compounds which he designed for the *Reva*, he has designed one for the *Sappho*, Dr. Webb. This engine is 10 and 18 by 12 in., inverted compound. Mr. Scott has charge also of the alterations in the machinery of the *Edith*, and J. W. Sullivan is doing the work....Bedouin, cutter, will soon be afloat, as Capt. Pettuck and his crew have lately arrived from England. A new and stiffer stick will be shipped at once, as the new mast, put in last year, was a failure....Coronet, schooner, has been on the screw dock for a suit of metal, and is now nearly ready for sea....Venture, sloop, lately put overboard at Mumm's, settled on her anchor and stove a hole in her planking. No serious damage resulted....Puritan will be out early in May, with Com. Forbes in command....Lawley & Son will run out their dock at the new yard this summer, and will dredge out the basin, offering every facility to large yachts, either to haul out or to take aboard or under store and gear at the dock. They have planked the Harvard launch, and will soon put in the engine. Mr. Fay's sloop is all ready to be framed together. The little Baltimore sloop is nearly finished. A lead keel has been added to the sloop *Echo*....A new cruiser, building at Milbay, Eng., is 32ft. waterline, 8ft. beam, 6ft. 6in. draft, and 6ft. clear headroom, with a 6-ton iron keel....Galatea is having new spars made by Payne, of Southampton....May, 40 ton cutter, will go to the C Class this year, of course with reduced rig....Yanessa, the ever famous, is being modernized to the extent of a reduction of her prominent forefoot, and will also sail in the C Class....Messrs. Simpson & Dennison have lately built a little launch, for use in warm Eastern countries, entirely of Delta metal. The hull is 24x5ft., and "planked" with longitudinal strips of the metal, and very handsomely fitted up with teak and nickel-plate. Her machinery includes a small set of Kingston engines....Cythera, yawl, Mr. W. A. Stewart, was at Southport on March 10, going on the patent slip at Day & Summers. After a clearing and examination she sailed for Gibraltar, leaving Yarmouth on March 23....Sylvia, keel cutter, 10 tons, has been sold by Vice Commodore Pike, Bay of Quilte Y. C. to Mr. H. E. Parrish, Buffalo Y. C....Sboma, 5 ton cutter and rival of Delvin in British waters, has been sold to a Boston yachtsman, and will be shipped on the deck of a Boston steamer....Magnaolia, steam yacht, sailed on April 4 from St. Augustine for the North....Ambassadors, schooner, arrived at St. Thomas from Martinique on March 9, and sailed on March 13 for Jamaica....Yega, schooner, arrived at St. Thomas from Fernandina on March 22.

SOUTH BOSTON MOSQUITO FLEET.—The regatta of the mosquito fleet will be sailed on Fast Day, starting at 11 A. M. from the house of the South Boston Y. C. The boats will be in two classes—open boats, 13 to 15ft., in the first, and under 13ft. in the second. Two prizes, \$10 and \$5, will be given in each class. Entries can be made to James Bertram, 803 Fourth street, South Boston.

PHOTOS OF THE ATLANTIC.—Yachtsmen at a distance who are interested in the new Atlantic, can form an excellent idea of the boat's shape from the photos made by Chas. Miller, 62 Nassau street, N. Y. Five views have been taken, one of the bow, one from astern, one from the high ground above, showing the deck frame, and two broadside views.

OUR LIST OF FIXTURES has run to such a length already that a more compact arrangement has become necessary to obtain space. There are still many clubs not represented, and some of the dates in the table are not official. We ask the aid of club secretaries and others in completing and correcting the above list.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Lurline, Chispa, Aggie, Nellie, sloop, are all in commission, and the season has begun. A movement is on foot in San Francisco to organize a club for small yachts under 40ft. A meeting has been held and a preliminary organization effected.

GENESTA.—We learn from private advices that Sir Richard Sutton will not race Genesta this season owing to family matters, and she will be offered for sale.

HUDSON RIVER Y. C.—This club will hold a union regatta, open to yachts of all clubs, on June 7. The steamer Columbia will accompany the fleet.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

May	1—Brooklyn C. C., Challenge Cup and Paddling Race.
May	15—Brooklyn C. C., Sailing Race.
May	22—Knickerbocker C. C., Spruz Regatta.
May	29—Connecticut Meet, Calla Shasta Grove.
May	30, 31—Hudson River Meet, Esopus Island.
June	12—Brooklyn C. C., Paddling Race.
July	12—Brooklyn C. C., Paddling Race.
Aug.	7—Brooklyn C. C., Paddling Race.
Aug.	15—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.
Sept.	4—Brooklyn C. C., Paddling Race.
Sept.	18—Brooklyn C. C., Sailing Races.
Sept.	25—Brooklyn C. C., Challenge Cup.

CANOE CLUB IN PATERNON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A canoe club was organized on Saturday, March 27, under the name of Paterson C. C. The following officers were elected: Commodore, A. S. Pennington; Secretary-Treasurer, Charles K. Berdan. —CHAS. K. BERDAN, Secretary.

WISCONSIN RIVERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will any of your numerous readers kindly tell me the route to take from Winneconne, in Wisconsin, to the Mississippi? Do I go up Fox River to the Wisconsin, and is there any portage?—AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

A. C. A.—The following names have been proposed for membership: Messrs. Edward A. Moseley, Boston; Chas. K. Colb, Boston; Chas. K. Berdan, N. Y.; J. H. V. Kent, Halifax, N. S.; J. A. Seely, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; George Brown, Ottawa, Can., and Harner I. Denny, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A. C. A. MEMBERS AND A. C. A. MATTERS.

IN an organization such as the American Canoe Association, in which the members are scattered over a very large territory so that a general meeting of a majority is impossible, it must be more or less difficult to secure the views of all and to legislate in accordance with them. True, a general meet of the Association is held at the camp in August, but it is attended by less than one-sixth of the whole number of members. To remedy this disadvantage and to give full weight to every voice, two means are adopted; one, the selection of the officers so as to give as complete a representation as possible to each section, taking leading men who are well known in their respective localities for the officers and members of the Executive Committee. The other and principal means of communication between the Association and its individual members is through two publications which are devoted especially to the sport and are recognized by the A. C. A. as the official mediums for the publication of its communications, the *American Canoeist* and the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

In every club or society it is of vital importance that every member shall be on an equal footing, and have an equal voice in all deliberations and voting. In the case of yacht and canoe clubs this is easily accomplished, as the members reside near the headquarters of the club and can be promptly summoned to a meeting. In the case of the A. C. A. it is of course impossible to secure a majority of the members at even the great yearly meeting, but it is not just that a man should entirely lose his voice in the proceedings because he cannot make a long journey to the meet. As a substitute for such personal communication with the association, the members have a medium in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, coming to them every week with the official records as well as the general news of the association, and open to them for such comment and discussion as they may choose to make. By this means every member may know long in advance of any proposed action or change in the rules, and may express his objections or approval to as large an audience as he would have were the subject under discussion at a meeting. The *FOREST AND STREAM* is ready at all times to publish any *bona fide* communication, whether signed or unsigned, provided the name of the writer be sent to the editor, and reserving only the right to reject anything manifestly improper, or to condense letters of too great length. This gives every opportunity for such a thorough and complete discussion as should precede a change in the rules or constitution, and the officers would gladly encourage such an expression of the general opinion as would aid them in their work and relieve them of a portion of the responsibility.

Our invitation to canoeists to use our columns for a free discussion of A. C. A. matters has been extended for some time. How has the scheme worked? Since the Executive Committee meeting in November there has been a very important subject under consideration, the offering of a trophy on the occasion of the coming visit of some of the leading English canoeists to our August meet. The Executive Committee resolved to offer such a trophy, to become the property of the winner, and appointed a committee to raise the necessary funds and to purchase the trophy. Since this resolution has been passed the opinion has been widely expressed that the offering of a valuable prize would not be in consonance with the aims of the A. C. A. or with its rule in relation to prizes, and that the trophy should be given as a challenge cup, to be raced for each year at the meet, or if won by our visitors, to be raced for abroad under similar conditions. Certainly such a cup will effect the desired end better than a prize given outright, but whether or no a change in the conditions is desirable is not the question at issue just now. What we wish to emphasize is the lack of interest taken by canoeists in the question, and the failure of all discussion.

In our issue of March 4, one side of the question was presented by our correspondent "S." in a very able manner, but in the month that has since elapsed it has failed to awaken any response, and canoeists have exhibited a complete indifference to the matter. A short time since we published a complaint concerning last year's races. The programme was made out and published long in advance, and was a legitimate subject for criticism by all interested, and any weak points, on being revealed, would probably have been changed. No comments were forthcoming at the time, however, though it now appears that serious objections were held by some canoeists to the races laid out. The programme for 1886 will soon appear in our columns, and an opportunity will be given for fair and intelligent comment.

This matter, with the trophy and many others concern directly every member of the Association, and if any disapprove, it is their duty to make public their objections. By this course only can the Executive Committee be guided in its efforts to govern the Association fairly and agreeably to all. Every member should feel that he has an immediate interest in all measures presented to or by the A. C. A., and that if he fails to record his objection at the appropriate time, he must not complain or rebel when the proposal has become a law.

A WORD FOR THE WATERS OF THE TOOTH-PICK STATE.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Now that each season the waters of lake and river, from Maine to Florida, are cleft by the sharp prows of the cruising canoes, and the glancing paddles and miniature sails of the adventurous canoeists gleam alike o'er the placid bosom of Superior and the turbid waters of the "Daddy of Waters," it is strange that no one has cared to bestow a thought upon the almost unknown streams of the "Tooth-pick" State, and their romantic scenery of mountain and lowland along their respective courses.

Occasionally a party of well-informed sportsmen will visit the swamps of northern Arkansas for a few weeks spent in slaughtering the game with which our forests teem, but as they generally come and go in the bleakest season of the year, they see but little of the beauties of nature that can be beheld at more favorable seasons and in more desirable localities.

It is an unaccountable but at the same time an indisputable fact that, by the generality of the reading public, less is known of the half-settled regions of this State than of the furthest wilds of Idaho or Arizona. To them the name "Arkansas" conveys an indistinct idea of vast swamps, peopled only by mosquitoes, alligators, and their blood-stained and scaly second cousin the desperado. To this in calm serenity beneath the rays of an April sun, would be indeed a revelation. Here amid our rank valley vegetation and mossy mountain sides the amateur bonatist might loiter for weeks, listing or classifying to his heart's content; or the ardent naturalist bring down the choicest specimens from the ever-present swarm of birds. Here the mineralogist could seek—aye, and find—indications of gold, silver and the baser metals, and the hammer of the geologist weary with constant hacking on attractive boulders; and here the happy owner of a Rubicon or a Powell and Douglas can find hundreds, yes, thousands, of miles of miles of creek and river that has never divided before the bow of a modern canoe or saturated the garments of him whose glory is the reel and fly.

If I were to attempt to speak at length on the various streams of the State I should naturally place the Arkansas first on the list, as longest and largest of all, and in its upper course—between Little Rock and Fort Smith—its narrow valley, bordered by a range of mountains on either side, would afford many interesting views to the seers it would prove less attractive than many of the smaller streams.

The White, that rises in the Boston Mountains east of Fayetteville, sweeps grandly through the borders of Missouri, and then re-enters Arkansas for a 600-mile run to the Mississippi, would no doubt offer as great attractions as the rivers of Maine, if the canoeists were only aware of the fact. Certainly few rivers east of the Rocky Mountains traverse so rugged a region as the White proper and its tributary the Buffalo, and few rivers, even in the swampy South, can show a wilder stretch of overflow lands than the White from Batesville to its mouth.

Classified as mountain streams we can append the Upper Washita, with its gold-speckled bars and bluffs rich in the purest of crystals; the little Cossatot, trickling down from the mountains of the same name; the Little Missouri, the Little Saline and the three forks of the larger stream of that name; the Antoine, Caddo, Mulberry, Little Red, Petit Jean, Fautbe, Fave and others; while the wilderness of swamps border the lower waters of a few of those named, and the entire length of the St. Francis, L'Angeville, Cache, and various creeks and bayous, all swarming with the finest of game fish, and most of them entirely unknown outside of the State. Verily an enticing field for exploration. Can some one tell me why it is thus neglected?

BEEBE, Ark.

S. D. BARNES.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

ROURY.—Please send address to this office.

J. W.—We have no reports from there this season.

E. H.—For wild rice, write to Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

T. M., Cleveland, O.—Write to Charles Harker, 62 Cortlandt street, New York.

M. A. F.—The 8 pound 12 bore will probably suit you, and we would advise the hammerless.

J. V. W., New Haven.—We cannot direct you with certainty. See answer to another correspondent on same subject.

L. Niagara Falls.—The "inventor" of the invisible duck boat is Lew Casady, of South Bend, Ind. The principle is very ancient.

TOURIST.—You will probably find Minnesota the better region. We believe that both the States pay bounty on wolves; we do not know how much. Try a .35-caliber.

T. C., Troy, N. Y.—The vicinity of Salisbury or High Point, N. C., will give you good quail shooting in season, with some other game also. The quail season in Virginia is from Nov. 1 to Feb. 1.

JAY BEAR.—Are there any changes in the plumage or other markings of the male ruffed grouse with the approach of the breeding season in the spring? Ans. None that can be relied on so far as we are aware.

A. E., Wellington, Kan.—1. Are the poison fangs of the rattlesnake fixed in the jaw like the tusk of the dog or cat? 2. Did the migratory quail importation amount to anything? Ans. 1. No. 2. We have no information that any of the birds survived.

W. D., Lyme, Conn.—We reprint on another page the paper by Mr. D. W. Cross on wild celery. We cannot advise you where to apply for the seed. If some one would make it his business to supply this plant to those who wish to cultivate it he would find patronage.

W. P. M., Baltimore.—1. Will you be kind enough to tell me whether an Irish setter must have a dark nose, or is a light-colored nose allowed? 2. If the word Mr. Wells calls "dagame" in his book "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle" can be bought in New York? Ans. 1. The nose ought to be dark. 2. We do not think it can be found here, but an inquiry at the tackle shops might discover it.

F. W., Providence.—Can you tell me where in Connecticut or Massachusetts I can find English snipe shooting this month, and whom to apply to for board and particulars in the vicinity? How is mouth of the Housatonic River for sniping? Ans. 1. The best snipe grounds in Connecticut are on the Connecticut River, near Essex and Lyme. A few birds are sometimes to be found on the meadows at the mouth of the Housatonic, but they are not to be depended on to furnish sport.

R. H., West Torrington, Conn.—Please describe the following artificial flies? Ans. Cow dung—Body of yellow mohair whipped with yellow silk, and wings of grayish blue, either mallard or land-rail. Green drake—Body of hog's down or light bear's hair mixed with yellow mohair, whipped with pale floss silk and a strip of peacock herl for the head; wings of the rayed feathers of mallard, dyed yellow; hackle from bittern's neck, and tail from the long hairs of the sable or ferret. Queen of the water—Body of yellow mohair, feet and hackle of brown, wings of gray, mallard feathers.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN, whether you like to think so or not; and if you do not wish to run in debt while disabled, or have your family suffer if you die, insure in the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn.—*Adv.*

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Specifics for
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Brother angler, do you want to know where to purchase a fine bird made fishing rod, with numerous improvements not found in any other rod manufactured, and at a lower price than a machine rod can be purchased? Send for price list containing hints in selecting a rod.

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We have just finished and put on the market a new caliber round rod, 10 feet long, and weighing with the solid reel seat only 7 ounces. This rod has stood the most severe tests, and found capable of killing the largest black bass. The many expert anglers who have handled this rod pronounce it the best balanced and most perfect rod in the market.

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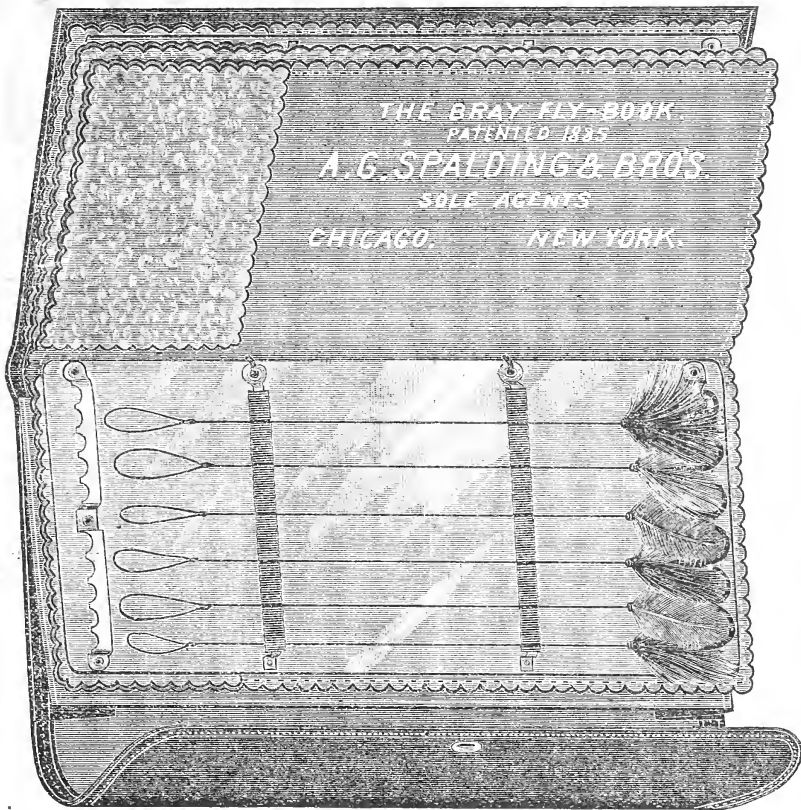
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Leaves to which flies are attached are of flexible metal, and of a composition that will not rust. Extra leaves of waterproof leather covered with felt for a dryer. Pockets for extra hooks, leaders, etc. You should see it.

Prices in Sheep Skin.

2 Sheets to hold 6 dozen\$4 00
3 " " " 12 "5 00
2 " " " 4 "4 00
2 " " " 8 "4 50
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\$1.00 Extra.

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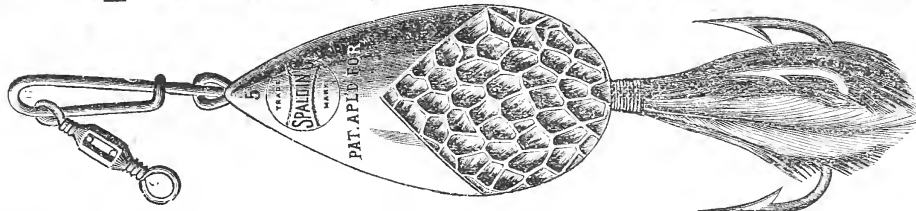
No. 1, 50 cents.	No. 6, 50 cents.
" 2, 50 "	" 7, 65 "
" 3, 50 "	" 8, 65 "
" 4, 50 "	" 9, 75 "
" 5, 50 "	" 10, 75 "

Gold Plate 25 cents each extra,

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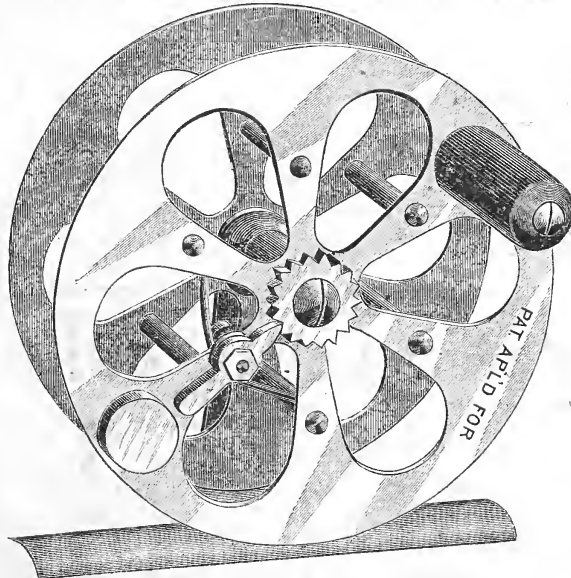
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Very truly yours,

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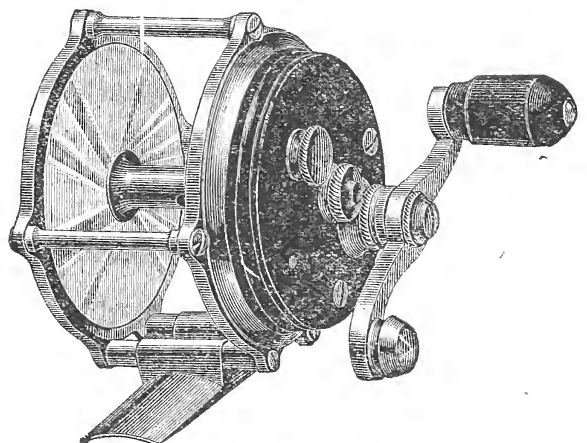


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In presenting this line of Reels to anglers, we call attention to the moderate price and practical value over the majority of reels, as are pointed out in following description. They can be changed at will from trout click to free-running bass reels. The large diameter of spool makes the multiplication equal to any quadruple reel made, and the open side disks permits a free circulation of air, which dries line quickly on spool, and is of great practical value in keeping any line in prime condition, thereby preserving it from rotteness, which often occurs on the old style closed disk reels where line is left on wet.

"FOX LAKE" BLACK BASS REELS.

Rubber and Nickel, Multiplying Steel Pivot,
with Adjustable Click.



No. 402, 40 yards, 2 inches diameter of plateeach, \$4 00
" 403, 60 " 2 3-16 " " " "" 4 25
" 404, 80 " 2 3-16 " " " "" 4 50

Can furnish above with back sliding click at same price.

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Unequalled for Uniformity of Spring, Durability and Beauty of Finish.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.:

GENTS—Yours of Feb. 8 came duly to hand, and I could now make good use of the Fly Book if I had it. This is the third winter I have been here, and have always heard there was no fly-fishing to be had in the vicinity. Bait fishing in front of the House was sometimes good and sometimes wretched, usually the latter. On Feb. 21 I went to visit a sick negro, and was rowed by an old fisherman down the lagoon. While on this mission I saw thousands of mullets and several channel bass and sea trout (our Northern weakfish); they were in shallow, weedy water, evidently feeding. Bait fishing for them would have been an impossibility. The idea occurred to me to try the fly, a notion which was so ridiculed by the other people in the House that I did not air it very much. On the 23d I tried the fly, and in about twenty minutes I had a broken leader from the vigorous onset of some funny monster. Then I had two other strikes which I lost. I didn't really tell anyone about this, because I knew they would say I had been snaggd. The next day, however, I went out and caught two channel bass of 4½ and 4¼ lbs. respectively. Next day I caught a sea trout 5 lbs. 6 oz. Feb. 26, three sea trout, Feb. 27, one channel bass, 4¾ lbs., Feb. 28, nothing, 4½ lbs. Now, why do I bother you with this score? Simply because I thought you would like to know what could be done with the "Spalding Rod." I gave it a pretty good test at the Brooklyn reservoir the day I caught line behind me in casting, and the old drum fish gave it another hard wrestle the other day in the lagoon. How does it stand it? Well, with the exception of a slight curve, it is as sound, straight and true as the day I bought it. You know salt water plays the deuce with a fly rod, and it takes a good rod to stand it, but from present appearances my rod next year will be as good as new, unless I hitch on to a tarpon or some leviathan. If that fly book is ready before March 20, please send to above address and oblige.

Yours in truth,

GEORGE TROWBRIDGE.

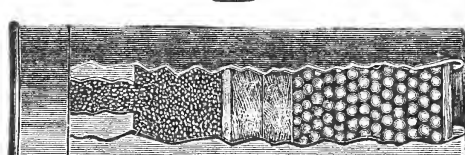
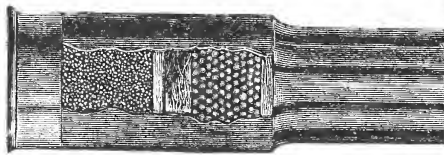
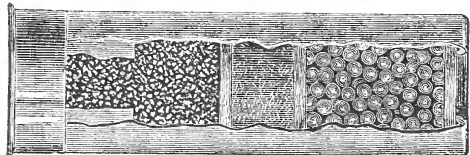
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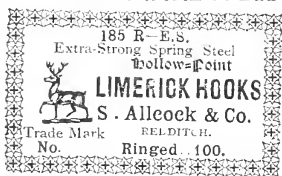
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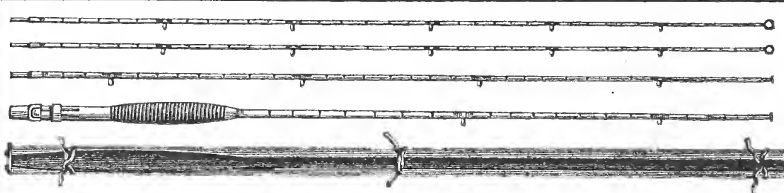
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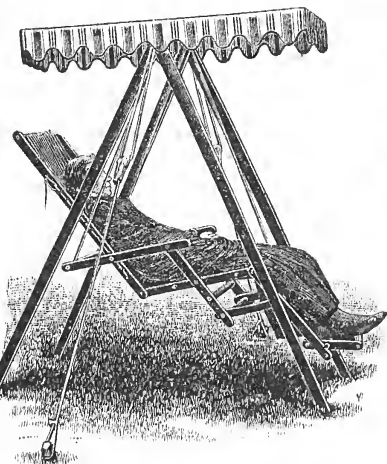
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 13, 1886.

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THE WATER-BUTCHER WINS.

THE clamor of the few has prevailed over the interest of the many. Selfishness has carried the day. The water-butcher has won. Yesterday the Senate of New York passed the bill to repeal the anti-hounding law. The bill was passed as given in our last issue, save that the amendment was adopted limiting the number of deer killed by one person to three. An amendment forbidding the killing of deer in the water was voted down. St. Lawrence and Delaware counties are exempted from the dog scourge. The measure now goes back to the Assembly for its concurrence in the amendments, and then to the Governor, who will promptly give it his signature, and the dogging and water-killing of Adirondack deer will have the sanction of the law of the land.

The result was not unlooked for. It had been practically a foregone conclusion from the beginning. As explained in these columns two months ago, the conditions at Albany this year were peculiarly favorable to the clique of individuals who had declared their purpose of overthrowing the deer protective law. The Speaker of the House, Mr. Husted, a deer hounder, was opposed to the law because it interfered with the sport of himself and some of his cronies; and it was understood that he would use the influence of his position to secure its repeal. Several of the members of the Legislature, as Barnes, Hadley and Palmer in the Assembly, and Kellogg in the Senate, had been directed by the June mountain mutton hotel keepers to repeal the law; they had practically no volition in the matter; they were told what to do, and when the time came they obeyed orders and did it. Mr. Husted took care to appoint the right kind of a game committee. It was a body made up of wax-noses, and their plasticity was something astonishing. It was equalled only by their avidity to be humbugged. That the hounders had taken an accurate measure of these men, was proved by the character of the misleading and deceptive document they sent to the Legislature. This was prepared by an Albany doctor, who gave it out as coming from the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association. In its ostensible origin, its contents and its purpose, it was a humbug; and naturally had weight with the committee and the Assembly. As had been anticipated, when the bill came up in the House, the members,

eager to curry cheap favor with Speaker Husted, rushed the measure through and sent it to the Senate.

In the several hearings before the Senate committee the humbug was stripped off. The defenders of the bill were compelled to recede from their stand as game protectors. They were forced to acknowledge, one after another, the ridiculous nature of their pretenses, and to own up that all their hue and cry were solely with purpose to secure to themselves present gratification. The selfish character of their efforts was clearly proved. The committee fully understood this and knew that the bill ought to be killed; but surrounded as they were by the persistent doggers and hampered by entangling alliances, they lacked the moral courage to do what they knew to be right, and sought a way out of it by "compromising"—the customary makeshift of weak men. (It should be stated that Senator Vedder, of the committee, intelligently and consistently opposed the measure.) The bill, which had been favorably reported by the pliable Assembly wax-nose committee because of deficiency of brains, was approved by the Senate committee because of a corresponding lack of back-bone.

In its final form the bill does not give the hounders all they at first asked, but it gives to the selfish clique for whose special benefit it has been passed, about all they want. These men go to the woods in September. Lawful hounding will be limited to that month and the first five days of October, a period suiting their convenience. The evils attendant upon the system will, however, not be confined to that season. The destruction of deer by dogs will, in the future as in the past, go on at all times of the year. All the abuses and abominations incident to the maintenance of herds of domestic wolves in the Northern Wilderness will be perpetuated. That an Albany doctor may take the President of the United States on a deer dogging expedition in September, the dogs will be fed on February killed does heavy with fawn. That a Peekskill politician may have his September sport, the young deer dogs will be "blooded" with the blood of deer run down in March snows. That a New York physician may gratify his propensity for butchering deer and leaving the carcasses to rot, the Adirondack woods must witness the hounding to death of the mother doe in July. That the members of the Bisby Club may dog deer in September, fawns must starve to death in August. That Paul Smith may feed his guests on "run" venison, running and clubbing and drowning must be waged from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31. The so-called "compromise" is such only in name. Hounding one month means hounding twelve months. Killing with dogs in September means killing with dogs in June and January. There is no such thing as a compromise between dogs and no dogs.

Temporarily, then, the hounders have gained what they sought. Temporarily—because in the very nature of things their extraordinary privileges cannot be lasting. They have obtained permission to destroy. They have added celerity and certainty to the approaching practical extermination of Adirondack deer. When they have enjoyed for a short while this license to destroy, they must perforce come to a halt. The supply cannot last. The end will come when the deer are gone.

It may come before. With a Legislature less in awe of millionaire deer doggers, less susceptible to humbug, less eager to please cliques, less forgetful of their obligation to the community, it may be possible to save the deer from the fate certain to overtake them if hounding continues.

The deer doggers have gained their point, but it is most certain that they have lost something as well. The discussion has not been altogether fruitless. It has thrown a flood of light on the motives of the advocates of deer dogging. It has torn from them their mask; laid bare their motives. They can never again pose as philanthropists and game protectors. The thorough selfishness of their demands has been made clear. The next time they appear at Albany it must be in their real character, not as seeking game conservancy, but as putting in a special plea for personal privileges of game destruction at the expense of the public.

Moreover, a brand has been put on the forehead of the water-butcher. The prowess of hounding "that buck when I was in the Adirondacks" will not be as great in 1886 as it was in 1884. The same old dog and guide and boat and magazine rifle and club performance will be repeated as of yore, but it will not be so generally sanctioned as in years past. Mr. John T. Denny and other water-butchers of deer may be rowed out by their oarsmen to the animal and bravely slaughter it, but they can no longer prate of their philanthropy in "pumping lead" into the struggling creature to make it "shy," so the cruel still-hunters may not get

it. Such valiant exploits will be put down for what they are. The public now has a pretty clear notion of what Adirondack deer hounding means. It will have a still clearer notion in the near future. The time is coming when the antlers of an Adirondack buck killed in the water will be about as much of a trophy as the horns of a Texas steer killed in the abattoir. That time is not far off either.

THE FOLLY OF SPRING SHOOTING.

WE presume that in the ordinary affairs of life the sportsman conducts himself much as other men do. Why then in matters connected with his recreation should he show himself a fool—a selfish fool? If he be a farmer he does not send to the butcher cows that are about to calve, nor does he kill the ewes just before lambing time. He knows that to do this would be to bring upon himself loss, that he would lose two animals while receiving the price of but one. When it comes to shooting and fishing, however, the average man seems at once bereft of intelligence and foresight. He reasons with himself that the game and fish are something elusive, here to-day and there to-morrow, if one man does not take it another may. The future may look out for itself. So he starts out in the spring and butchers, or tries to butcher, the snipe and the ducks and the geese which are passing on to northern breeding grounds, but many of which, if undisturbed, would stop with us and rear their brood, where they used to in the old days before the greed for blood had become universal throughout the land. Each year the killing goes on and every year the birds become fewer in numbers.

There are localities, of course, such as Currituck Sound for example, where the fowl are more plenty now than in former years, but this is because a certain amount of protection is afforded them on these waters, and having been driven from others on which they were formerly scattered, they have concentrated in such places, leaving their former homes tenantless.

Every female killed in the spring is so much taken from next fall's shooting, and in these days when game is so scarce and good shooting so hard to find, it ought not to be difficult to make the sportsman realize that it is for his interest more than for that of any one else that this abominable, selfish and and wasteful practice should cease. The fact that the birds are in such wretched condition in spring would furnish to the minds of many a strong argument against the practice. They are lean, often rank in taste, and frequently affected with parasitic worms in the flesh, which certainly are not pleasant to see, however innocuous they may be to the eater.

It is high time that spring shooting were abolished. We have more than once made strong efforts to bring about such a change, and a few years since came near seeing the passage of a bill in New York State entirely forbidding shooting after February 1. The selfishness of certain New York sportsmen, and of the keepers of Long Island shooting resorts, defeated the objects we had in view.

It is time that the sportsmen of the country awoke to the importance of this matter. If any change is to be made it must be done by agitating the subject in earnest, and arousing a public interest in the matter.

The birds are becoming fewer and fewer. The old shooting resorts are giving out, there are no new ones to go to, for the whole country is covered with shooters. If we are to have any game left we must more closely restrict the killing, and the most effective way to do that is to cut off the murders of the mother in the spring.

THE NEW ONTARIO LAW.—By the omission of a word in reference to the new Ontario game law last week an erroneous impression of the clause relating to spring shooting was given. By reference to the full text of the law, as printed in another column, it will be seen that the killing of swans and geese is forbidden between May 1 and Sept. 1; of ducks and other water fowl between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1; and snipe, rail and golden plover between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. A correspondent suggests with good reason that the flaws of the several States should be changed so that the protection given to migratory game may not be limited to the line between the United States and Canada.

MICHIGAN'S NEED.—The Michigan Sportsmen's Association members have before them the task of awakening public interest in their cause. The effort will be made at the next session of the Legislature to secure a State game warden. The Association cannot begin too early a systematic campaign to prepare the way for securing what the people of the State so greatly need.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SOME POINTS IN WOODCRAFT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps it is a little late to answer a critique printed last December in FOREST AND STREAM. But as there are some points in it that may mislead the general reader, I beg to answer briefly.

"Wawayanda," under date of Dec. 31, "begs to inform the father of the craft, before whom we are all but as dust," etc. It is answered that "Nessmuk" does not assume any such paternity; that he is only one of an army of outers who love the forest and spend much time therein, with small profit in a worldly point of view. That he gets more comforts and woodland conveniences into a fifteen-pound knapsack than the average outer gets into a dry goods box may be true; and he does not go into the woods to rough it, but, as claimed in "Woodcraft," to smooth it.

We beg to inform "Wawayanda" there is no such dissimilarity between us on the "shirt" and "soap" question as he is pleased to assume. We use both—in moderation; and we may here mention that, on a week's recent outing with a couple of gentlemen who came into camp with a skiff-load of duffle, the knapsack of "Nessmuk" furnished forth the only piece of soap in camp.

As to the piece of soap and towel that were carried for seven weeks in the North Woods without being once used, the critics and cavilers remember to forget that it is stated in immediate connection that clear water was used, and that at intervals of two or three days woodland hostilities were reached where a thorough ablution could be had, to re-establish the anti-black-fly glaze on once more taking to the woods.

"Wawayanda" doesn't understand why one should "prefer an open brush shanty for a two-months' outing when a tent that will close is obtainable," etc. This is hedging the question with a vengeance. "Nessmuk" never recommended or used the brush shanty when anything better was to be had. But it is well for the outer to know how. As a dernier resort, one can be comparatively comfortable in very bad weather with only a brush shanty for shelter. Let "Wawayanda" read just what is said in "Woodcraft" on the shanty question. As to "a tent that will close," I recently spent a week in one on a lonely spot up the coast, and found it very light, airy and pleasant. I wish I could always have one when camping out. But I cruised there in a ten pound canoe, and if the tent were cut in two in the middle the little Rush-ton could not carry one-half of it. What she does carry is the oblong square of cotton drilling described in "Woodcraft." It is 7x9 feet, and when skillfully put up and stretched at a pretty sharp angle, makes a sufficient shelter. If intended for more than one night, the sides are closed in with the large fans of the cabbage palmetto. I have lived a good deal in such a camp during the last fourteen months and found it, even during the northerly that prevail here, entirely satisfactory. It is intended for two, but will shelter three very well.

As to that "extra shanty" for outdoor cooking in rainy weather, I can best explain the immense trouble connected with it by briefly relating a little episode of an outing wherein I took the role of guide and cook for a party of two gentlemen, one from Lincoln, Del., the other from Chicago. We were camped at the head of Lake Butler, where game was fairly plenty and black bass most abundant, when there came up a norther, and it was evident we were to have a rough, rainy night of it. The gentlemen referred to will bear me witness that in less than half an hour I had the fire sheltered with that "extra shanty" in a manner that proved effective during an all-night rain and strong wind. To erect an old stove top and build a smoky fire inside a tent in wet weather would hardly take less time and trouble.

Again, "Wawayanda" admits that it may require less labor to outstay a rattler than to build a bedstead. Say 150 bedsteads and add time to the labor. Then say that among ten of the grayest woodsmen you can find not more than one was ever called on to outstay a rattler at all. I have certainly made as many as 150 camps, and if I had my choice between building that many bedsteads or chancing a rattler's strike in the dark, I would take chances. Not to mention the facts, that a rattler when disturbed in the dark is pretty certain to strike at a slight noise, and that a bedstead raised a few inches from the ground affords no safety from the stroke of a large rattlesnake.

As to that old stove-top, I "dunno." It rather beats me, though I have met with much the same notion in my outings. I once had a friend, a genial, wholesouled fellow, who was delighted to camp out with us in the crisp October days, although he was no hunter and a poor shot. We always gave him the runway nearest the shanty, which he usually left in less than two hours to cook and moukay around camp, and his weakness was broiled venison. So long as he confined himself to a three-pronged frizzling stick of birch or hickory, this was *en règle* and even commendable. But one unlucky day he came across the discarded wheel of a baby wagon, and the plentitude of wire spoke being suggestive of broiling, he adopted it as a broiler and went into camp with it dangling from his knapsack, to the intense delight and merriment of the older hunters. Of course, it made a good enough broiler, and as we happened to get a deer on the first day, he devoted his time mostly to broiling and eating choice bits of venison steak. It happened, one morning, that he had a runaway near camp, while I watched one-half a mile further down. And I sat on a log and heard our best hound go through his runway with the rapid, eager yelps I so well knew the meaning of, and no shot! It was clear that Billy R. had quit his runaway and gone to camp to broil venison. Deer were not plenty enough to fool away in that fashion, and I left my runaway and walked up stream to see about it. The camp was on a little flat on the east side of the creek, and on the other side was a high bank with a dense growth of laurel. It was easy to bushwhack the camp from the laurel to within twenty-five yards of the camp fire without being seen. So I crept up in moccasins and took a peep through the laurel. There he was, the little wheel resting on the summits of three small stakes driven in the ground, a bed of bright embers underneath, and a nice, juicy steak being broiled to a turn. It was a grand chance to run a rig on him and he deserved it. Waiting until he squatted on his heels trying to get a turn on his steak, I drew a fine bead on the rim of the wheel and cut loose. There was sudden commotion in that camp. Wheel and venison flew off into space, Billy gave a spasmodic yell, and the last I saw of it all as I backed silently out of sight was a pair of boot heels keeling up over the wearer's head. In ten minutes I was back to my runaway with the rifle reloaded, and drowsily smoking by the

smouldering watch-fire. Down came Billy, pale with excitement.

"Did you hear the shot?" he asked wildly. "Well, I thought I heard a shot. Sounded as though it was near your runaway."

"My runaway? I should say so. May I never breathe or speak again if that shot wasn't made at me. Yes, sir, missed me by an inch or two and hit the briler. You ought to see it. It's just a tangle of twisted wire. Some of these Babbs Creek sneak hunters did it. Crawled along the bank in the high laurel and took a standing shot at five rods. It's a cold-blooded attempt at murder, and it's a miracle how I escaped."

"Well, if any sneak hunter in these woods has really missed you at five rods it is a miracle. Looks to me as though some feller had been trying his sights on that briler."

A light seemed to break in on him. His under jaw dropped, he looked me steadily in the eye for a full minute, and then said in tones of mingled reproach and entreaty:

"George, if you did it, don't tell the boys."

There was uproarious fun and laughter in camp that night. We hung the demoralized "briler" in the light of the camp fire, and I told the story as well as I could under the circumstances. Billy also gave his version, and he had wit and good sense to get as much fun out of it as any man in camp, while returning to sound woodland principles in the shape of a three-pronged birch fork.

And there is no moral that I recollect. The little wagon-wheel made as good a "briler" as the birch fork, but no better. And it was a ridiculous piece of hunting kit to carry into the woods.

By the same token, I have no doubt the old stove-top answers the same purpose as two small logs placed side by side on the ground as a cooking range, after the manner described in "Woodcraft." But it is no better; and if there be any significance in the fitness of things, one would be more apt to look for it in a camp of gypsy tinkers than in a camp of hunters. Nevertheless, I have no disposition to "pay out" on "Camp Flotsam," and none but genial feelings for "Wawayanda." I am about done with Florida for the present; and I half promise myself another cruise across the Northern Wilderness in a very light canoe. I think Camp Flotsam is on Long Lake, not far from Mitchell Sabattis's landing. If so, I am likely enough to paddle in on it some pleasant July evening, and take a (knife and fork) shot at that old, old stove-top.

P. S.—"Kingfisher" alluded to me a long time since with some mild criticism, but so gentle and genial that I was without sting. And his conclusions are sound, *i. e.*, to take all the comfort you conveniently can when going to the woods, but go. Would that I might cruise in on a "Camp of the Kingfishers." The liberal and free-hearted manner in which I would wade into their 11 cwt. of groceries should convince them that I am not so prejudiced against weight after all—when some one else carries it.

N—K.

Natural History.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your note about the AUDUBON SOCIETY followed me to Mexico and here. After this long delay, if it is of any service to you, I should be glad to be quoted as in entire sympathy with its object. A dead bird does not help the appearance of an ugly woman, and a pretty woman needs no such adornment. If you can get the women to recognize these two things a great deal will be done for the protection of our song birds.

Yours sincerely,

NEW ORLEANS, April 5, 1886.

At a meeting of the Narrows Island Club, held in this city April 12, the subject of the destruction of our non-game birds was brought up by Mr. Lewis Edwards. Mr. Grinnell made some remarks on the magnitude of the evil and the methods which were being taken to suppress it, and Mr. Elliot urged the importance of each individual exercising his influence to put an end to the present fashion of wearing birds in hats. Dr. J. C. Barron presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That this club heartily indorses the plans and work of the committee of the A. O. U. on the protection of birds and of the AUDUBON SOCIETY, in their efforts to suppress this wholesale destruction.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Edwards and unanimously carried.

A writer in the *Evening Post* of April 7 says: "My visit to the National Academy was spoiled yesterday. Not by viewing bad pictures, either. It was by a young lady's hat. There was nothing in her face to denote excessive cruelty. Indeed, she was very pretty, and the attention she paid to the best pictures seemed to indicate that her artistic taste was not uncultivated. But her hat! The front rim of this was decorated with the heads of over twenty little birds. I counted them at the risk of seeming to stare rudely. These heads were simply sewed on side by side as closely as possible. Aside from the shock that any lover of bird life must receive on seeing this evidence of slaughter of innocent warblers, their use as a decoration was so inartistic and ugly that I wondered that any milliner would so apply them. I hope the Legislature will not fail to push the bill to check the extermination of our song birds by the milliners and their customers."

Is it not possible to persuade the women of Boston—the city we are proud to consider a center of refinement, reason and intelligence—to take a decided stand in the matter of the slaughter of birds, and protect them by refusing to wear them? We are fostering a grievous wrong out of pure thoughtlessness. A bit of ribbon, or a bunch of flowers, or any of the endless variety of materials used by the milliner would answer every purpose of decoration without involving the sacrifice of bright and beautiful lives. But women do not know what they are doing when they buy and wear birds and feathers, or they never would do it. How should people brought up in cities know anything of the sacred lives of birds? What woman whose head is bristling with their feathers knows, for instance, the hymn of the song sparrows, the sweet jargon of the blackbirds, the fairy fluting of the oriole, the lonely, lovely wooing call of the sandpiper, the cheerful challenge of the chickadee, the wild, clear whistle of the curlew, the twittering of the swallows as they go careering in wide curves through summer air, filling earth and heaven with tones of pure gladness, each bird a marvel

of grace, beauty and joy? God gave us these exquisite creatures for delight and solace, and we suffer them to be slain by thousands for our "adornment." When I take note of the headgear of my sex, a kind of despair overwhelms me. I go mourning at heart in an endless funeral procession of slaughtered birds, many of whom are like dear friends to me. From infancy I have lived among them, have watched them with the most profound reverence and love, respected their rights, adored their beauty and their song, and I could no more injure a bird than I could hurt a child. No woman would if she knew it.

The family life of most birds is a lesson to men and women. But how few people have had the privilege of watching that sweet life, of knowing how precious and sacred it is, how the little beings guard their nests with almost human wisdom, and cherish their young with faithful, careful, self-sacrificing love. If women only knew these things, there is not one in the length and breadth of the land, I am happy to believe, who could be cruel enough to encourage this massacre of the innocents by wearing any precious rifled plume of theirs upon her person. At this moment, when again comes April back to us, bringing once more these sky-born minstrels and poets dear, troops of boys throughout the whole country are slaughtering the bluebirds for the milliner! and not only the bluebirds, but every feathered thing that flies. Oh, let us begin to try to put an end to this evil, "wrought from want of thought!" The AUDUBON SOCIETY furnish some facts which prove how far it has gone. "From one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months' time. In New York one firm had on hand Feb. 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption; American bird skins are sent abroad; one New York firm had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm."

Will not the women of Boston lead the way as a city of merciful women, and take vigorous steps toward putting an end to this outrage against our Mother Nature? Once let refined and cultivated women see the matter in its true light, refuse to wear feathers and refuse to allow their children to wear them, the evil in this city at least would soon disappear. And it would be a beginning—let the fine women lead the way, the rest will soon follow; the servant will not wear what the lady refuses to countenance, for curiously enough fashion is respected as much by the ignorant as by the cultured—high and low alike bow down before the grim goddess and fashion has become a murderous fiend.

It is spring, the old hats and bonnets are to be laid aside. Let us buy no more birds with which to "decorate" the new head covering. More than this, let us not keep any we have now for future use, neither give them away, but destroy them at once, without hesitation, that they may never again set a bad example. Let us all be proud to walk abroad without a badge of cruelty upon our heads. Destroy them and never purchase others. How slight a sacrifice is this for us, how great a gain in the cause of humanity! At once, this day, this hour let us, in the name of love and pity, begin to spare and try to save the birds.—*Celia Thaxter, in Boston Transcript.*

THE A. O. U. CHECK LIST.

AT the first session of the American Ornithologists' Union, held in New York in September, 1883, a committee was appointed to consider the question of a Revision of the Classification and Nomenclature of the Birds of North America. This committee, which consisted of Messrs. Allen, Coes, Ridgway, Brewster and Henshaw, reported to the Union at its second meeting in October, 1884. The report was accepted, adopted and referred back to the committee, with instructions to complete their work and submit it to the Council, which was empowered to accept and adopt the report and to publish it in the name and under the auspices of the A. O. U. The Council accepted the report in April, 1885, and it is now issued in its completed form.

The volume, which is handsomely printed on laid paper, contains 400 pages. Of these seventeen are devoted to an historical introduction, in which is briefly set forth what has been done in zoological nomenclature up to the present time and the basis upon which its principles are founded.

Then follow fifty pages devoted to "Principles, Canons and Recommendations." The principles are five in number, and while briefly stated, are quite fully explained in the remarks which accompany them. The fifty-one canons come next in order and are also fully annotated, as are the recommendations, of which there are ten.

The Check List proper completes the volume, and to those who have not altogether kept up with the progress of modern ideas on nomenclature and classification, it will be a surprise. It is an absolute overturning of old methods, the order of the species being reversed, and the lower forms of bird life coming first in order, while the higher ones bring up the rear. This is, of course, the natural order, and the one which has long been followed in all groups except birds, and why the desirability of such an arrangement has never before occurred to ornithologists is one of the mysteries that will perhaps never be solved. As soon as the idea was suggested, it at once commended itself to every one; but it was long in coming.

Beginning then with the Pygopodes, the List takes us through the Longipennes, Tubinares, Steganopodes and Anseres, the trumpeter swan ending the true swimming birds. Then follow in order Odontoglossae, Herodiones, Paludicola, Limicola, Gallinae, Columbae, Raptores, Psittacae, Coccyzes, Pici, Macrochires (goatsuckers), swifts and humming birds, and finally Passeres.

Recent investigations into the nomenclature of our birds has brought about many changes of names, and old and well-known titles have disappeared to give place to others, older, no doubt, but not as well known. Thus, the loon is no longer *Colymbus torquatus* Brinn., but *Urinator imber* (Gum.), and the red-throated diver is *U. lummei*. The black-headed gulls, long generically separated from *Larus* under the name *Chroicocephalus*, now return to their former place. The generic name *Plutus* has become *Anhinga*, *Mergus* is changed to *Merganser*, *Anas* includes the old genera *Anas*, *Chauleasmus*, *Mareca*, *Nettion* and *Querquedula*; *Aythya* includes the old *Aythya*, *Fulica* and *Fuligula*. The name *Clangula* is no longer applied to the golden-eyes and buff-head. *Glaucionetta* is the generic name of the former and *Charitonetta* that of the *Anas albeola* of Linnaeus. *Clangula* is now used for the old wife or long-tailed duck, once *Harelda*. A long list of these important changes might be given, but they would not supply the place of the volume itself, which must be in the library of every working ornithologist.

A number of doubtful species have been thrown out of the list, so that it now numbers but 768 species as against nearly 900 (878 to be exact) in the last edition of Dr. Coes's Key.

Following the Check List is a Hypothetical List of twenty-

six species, which consists of "species which have been recorded as North American, but whose status as North American birds is doubtful, either from lack of positive evidence of their occurrence within the prescribed limits of the present Check List, or from absence of satisfactory proof of their validity as species. This includes such species as *Nemata furcata*, doubtfully N. American; *Chen ceruleus*, probably only a color phase; *Spiza townsendi*, still a mystery, and others. A list of forty-six fossil species, most of them made known by Professor Marsh, and, as to one group, fully described and figured in his superb monograph on the Odontornithes, or birds with teeth, completes the Check List, to which is of course added an excellent index.

The volume represents the best work and the most careful thought of our foremost ornithologists. As the exponent of this thought and work it will carry great weight, and will be gladly received by workers in this field at home and abroad.

THE SPARROW HAWK IN WINTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of April 1 your correspondent, Dr. M. G. Ellzey, quotes my statement that the sparrow hawk "lives almost exclusively on grasshoppers and crickets," and asks "what does he do for grub in winter time? Does he keep a silo or cannery?"

Certainly not. Why should he? About Washington, at least, he has a bountiful store of preserved English sparrows which he falls back upon when hoppers are scarce, which fact the Doctor may easily verify for himself—or might have verified a few weeks since—by taking a stroll through the Smithsonian or Agricultural grounds.

Mice and sparrows answer very well for any sparrow hawk who is foolish enough to winter so far north, and it may be remarked that very few are so foolish. For the sparrow hawk is a rare winter resident in these parts, the large majority going south, where they have no difficulty in finding plenty of their favorite insect food. Even in summer the sparrow hawk destroys more or less field mice, and there is plenty of evidence on record to show that he is occasionally responsible for the death of a small bird, while in winter the few that remain in this latitude do, no doubt, rely "almost exclusively" upon mice and small birds. However, taking the year round, the food of the sparrow hawk is grasshoppers, crickets, and such like, by a very large majority.

But how dare Dr. Ellzey so defame the climate of Washington and mislead the innocent readers of FOREST AND STREAM by asserting that: "About here there are some seven months in twelve when there are a few classic 'crickets on hearthstones' around and nary 'brown old grasshopper'?" He must "den up" very early in the fall and wake late in spring if this is a sample of what he knows about the festive 'hopper. Under ordinary circumstances grasshoppers are plenty around here up to the middle of December, and on warm, sunny days, in both January and February, a sharp-eyed and hungry sparrow hawk will have little difficulty in finding a few immature 'hoppers crawling among the leaves, while as early as the middle of March well developed insects are to be found. As a matter of fact, then, there is not a month in the year when an enterprising sparrow hawk—and all the Washington hawks are of this sort—cannot get more or less grasshoppers—enough, at least, for a relish.

I rather think the Washington sparrow hawk doesn't trouble himself much about grasshoppers in January and February, and there are certainly periods of longer or shorter duration in those months when he couldn't get them if he would, owing to cold weather and snow; but "seven months!" Fie, Doctor, how could you! Can it be that this severe reflection upon our climate is made in the interests of those who would see the capital moved beyond the Mississippi?

H. W. HENSHAW.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 8, 1886.

HOUSES FOR BIRDS.

YEARS ago I traveled through the State of Maine on my way to the Bay of Fundy, where I was to join a party of "pseudo naturalists" who were off for three weeks on a grand bird slaughtering and egg snatching expedition. During this journey I was often amused at the many crude and grotesque styles of bird houses used by the farmers and country folk. Among these were tomato and fruit cans, butter firkins, old straw hats, dilapidated bee hives, and in one case a most worthy and bird-loving farmer had scooped out several crook-neck squashes which he had fastened under the eaves of his barn, in which several families of wrens were bringing forth their young, mixing freely and peacefully with their neighbors, the barn swallows.

Does the reader think that the evidence I met on every hand of how deeply the kind-hearted farmers and people of the town and country love our native birds made no impression on me? Oh no! It sank deep, so deep, that after returning from the slaughtering expedition, repentant and most thoroughly disgusted with myself for the part that I had taken in it, I determined that for all time to come I would devote myself to the protection of all wild birds of gentle habits. Having shot but one wild bird in my life, and that some thirty years ago, there was still time left to make ample restitution in kindly acts performed toward and in the defense of my sweet-voiced and light-feathered friends. What more natural, therefore, than that I should turn my attention to the proper construction of bird houses—a subject that, as a rule, has been much overlooked.

The prevailing style of bird house architecture is very primitive and very ugly, consisting mostly of a rude square box with a hole cut in it, on which is placed a sloping roof, and afterward, as if to add to their ugliness, they are painted a dead white, glaring yellow, occasionally bright red, ultramarine blue and even black; and often, meaningless jack-knife whittlings, vanes and wind mills, painted in every combination of bright colors, are nailed on to them. None but those foreign, feathered tramps and loafers, the European sparrow, would ever condescend to occupy such quarters, but they being color blind and of no refinement or æsthetic tastes, are indifferent so long as they obtain a roof to shelter them, a hole to crawl into. When painting bird houses, never use bright or loud colors or gilding, as it is not only in bad taste and out of harmony with the surroundings of the birds, but to birds of modest, refined and retiring habits, I believe it is very trying. Imagine, reader, lover of our wild birds, if you can, a pair of those plaintive-voiced birds of gentle habits, the bluebirds, selecting a house debauched with grinning yellow chrome! Believe me, these birds of azure blue and breasts of red would never think of degrading their beautiful plumage by bringing it in vulgar contrast with a hideous yellow. I know of none of the animal kingdom who are so

æsthetic, artistic, nice and exquisite in all their tastes and habits as are our native wild birds. They seem to have an instinctive knowledge of the propriety and fitness of all things, never breaking up nature's harmonious color plan, but always falling in with it.

My father, some years ago, fastened a number of flower pots against the side of a brick house. The holes at the bottom of the pots were made large enough for wrens and too small for bluebirds, as a battle between these two species had been raging for a number of days over the possession of the only bird house on the grounds. I have since used flower-pot bird houses very extensively. The simplest method of making them is to fasten a five-inch pot against a stone or

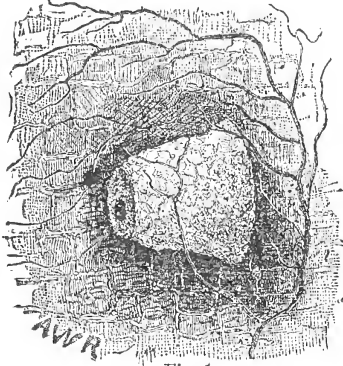


Fig. 1

FLOWER POT BIRD HOUSE.

brick wall. The drain hole of the pot is enlarged by chipping off a small piece at a time with the sharp ferrule end of a file, but to do this successfully the pot must first be soaked in water for three hours to soften the ware. Do not try to make the hole exactly symmetrical, but have its outline irregular. Two small holes are also chipped in the sides of the pot, one of the diameter of one half inch; this hole when the pot is in position is to answer as a window to admit a small quantity of light into the interior of the pot; the other hole, on the under side of the pot, is to be but one-quarter of an inch in diameter, and is for the purpose of admitting a current of fresh air. When it is placed in position the pot is held against the wall to which it is to be fastened by leaning a post or board against it. For a cement for fastening and ornamenting the pot, plaster of Paris is to be preferred to Portland or other cements, the plaster being light and quick setting, which is hastened by adding a small quantity of salt when mixing it. Another advantage the plaster possesses is that it is a non-conductor of heat, so that all danger of the interior of the bird house becoming overheated is removed. Before applying the plaster to the pot the latter must be soaked in water for one hour, or the plaster will not adhere. If the pot is an old one it must be thoroughly scrubbed with a stiff brush in warm water to remove all minute vegetable growths. Before applying the plaster to the rim of the pot and against the wall, the wall must be thoroughly moistened or the plaster will not adhere. When



Fig. 2

HANGING OR STANDARD FLOWER-POT BIRD HOUSE.

applying the plaster about the rim of the pot, and against the wall, use it thick and pasty and apply rapidly. After the plaster has set, the board prop is removed and work on another part begun. When all are in position the plaster is given six hours to harden and dry before putting on the rough ornamental coating, as the weight of this might break away the pots from the wall. This rough coating is applied with an old tea or table spoon well greased with lard or suet fat, to prevent the plaster from adhering to the spoon and forming into an unmanageable mass. When applying the plaster, small living branches of vines can be imbedded in the plaster, and before the entrance a small twig or rustic branch is fastened for a perch.

After the plaster is thoroughly dry two heavy coats of boiled linseed oil mixed with a "dryer" are applied. The oil protects the plaster from the action of rains and the atmosphere. The pots can be painted with a dull green or any of the grays or browns that match the colors of the barks of our native trees, or that correspond with the grays or dull browns of our various earths. Lichens and mosses can be fastened to the houses by imbedding them in the plaster when it is soft.

A hanging bird house can be constructed of a nine-inch flower-pot and an old milk pan, as shown in Fig. 2. A hole is made in the bottom of the pot and pan large enough for a turned picket or round stick to pass through, so as to allow for the fastening of the straw which is to form the thatched roof. A small hole is bored through the picket into which a cross pin of either iron or wood is inserted. On this pin the bottom of the pan rests, otherwise it would slide down the picket. The sides of the milk pan are punched full of

holes to allow the plaster to pass through and clinch, as it will not adhere to the smooth surface of the tin.

The pan is to be filled with earth, in which may be planted *Tradescantia*, German ivy, or moneywort, which will droop over and twine in the branches of the "cat screen." Some of the more hardy succulent plants, such as house leeks, creeping Charley, *Sempervivum*, etc., do well in dry locations.

This bird house can also be fastened to a standard pole, as indicated by the dotted lines in Fig. 2, when it is not desired to suspend it. The cat screen is intended to prevent cats from passing up the pole and also to break the otherwise stiff and ungraceful lines, and as a trellis for vines to entwine on after having climbed or been trained up the standard pole. The cat screen is made of the branches of the black alder, or birch, which are firmly bound to the picket or standard pole, some two feet below the bottom of the pan, against which they press and radiate out as shown in the figure. The best and most ornamental woods for making the screens are red birch with the cones on, spruce with its rich buds, and sweet gum with its curious corky bark.

A. W. ROBERTS.

A LEAST BITTERN'S NEST IN A TREE.—Newport, R. I. Feb. 28, 1886. Editor Forest and Stream: It was on the 19th of June, and a finer morning I don't believe could have dawned, that I left the house about 8:30, taking a good lunch, and went out to a place called Hanging Rocks, to see if I could see any new birds or find any new nests. I hunted about until noon, and then I ate lunch under a large oak tree. While I was sitting there a chickadee came and lit on the tree. He lit about ten feet over my head, but in a very little while he worked himself down within about three feet and there he sat for a minute or so watching me with a kind of a what-do-you-want air, and then flew off. I then started off for Southwick's Grove, and on my way I went through many orchards. I remember one of them very well, and I think I will never forget it. It was G. A.'s, as the boys called it, meaning George Anthony's. As I walked through it, watching the wood pewees, the least flycatchers and many other birds, my attention was attracted by the noise the robins and redwing blackbirds were making. I stood still for a moment, and a male blackbird came and lit on a little bush not over six feet away. He did not see me, and as I knew he didn't, I picked up a rock and sent it at him. And now comes the surprising part of my day. On missing the blackbird the stone went tearing through a pear tree, and to my utter amazement a least bittern (*Ardetta exilis*) flew out. I ran quickly to the tree that the bittern flew out of, ascended, and there, in a very shallow nest, composed of first a layer of twigs about the size of an ordinary lead pencil, next a layer of smaller ones, and lastly a lining of moss and a few bits of straw, lay one egg of a very pale bluish white, without spots or any markings whatever. I left the nest and returned on the 21st. This time I found three eggs in the nest, and this shows that the bittern lays an egg every twenty-four hours, or within that time. I waited to see if she would lay any more eggs, but on visiting it on the 23d I found the same three eggs and took them. I was obliged to leave the nest, as it was too frail to take from the tree. I was again in the orchard some time afterward, but the nest was gone, the bird having broken it up, or it having fallen to pieces. It is a mystery to me that this bird should build in such a dry place, it being one of the water birds, and besides there was no water within a distance of a half mile, except a half stagnant brook which afforded no food for the bird whatever. I hope some of your correspondents will relate some of their experiences with this bird.—F. L. T.

ANOTHER TAME PARTRIDGE.—The Athens "spook" bird has been captured. On Tuesday evening last, reports the Hudson Republican, April 6, as Deacon Gordon W. Brady was returning to his home in Athens from Catskill, he observed the partridge running beside his horse. Mr. Brady alighted and attempted to catch the bird, chasing it around the wagon a couple of times, but the bird managed to keep out of reach, until finally Mr. Brady stopped and made motions with his hand as if to strike the bird, when it immediately turned on him and fought his hand, striking with his feet, rooster fashion. Mr. Brady caught it. The partridge made no resistance when captured, not even fluttering. It seemed perfectly docile. Mr. Brady rode home with the bird, in high glee. The news soon spread, and scores of citizens flocked to see it. The partridge, unlike other birds of its species, shows no signs of fear while being handled, not even a single heart palpitation, which is so pronounced in all wild birds when touched. It seems utterly unconcerned to all around it, submitting to stroking on its head and breast with indifference. Many people in Athens entertain a superstitious fear of the *rara avis*, asserting it to be the "ghost" of the murdered Waltz, who was hung in Catskill some years ago for the killing of a scissors grinder named Hultz. Others again feel anxious to possess the partridge, offering large prices for it. Many strange stories are related of this partridge. Early last winter, while a sleigh-load of men were returning from Hamburg, where they had been working on the ice, the partridge flew from the hillside in through the sleigh, and passing out between the heads of two men. Two days later the partridge again flew in and out of the sleigh in precisely the same manner, passing between the same two men as before. A few evenings later, while Col. Henry Nicholas, of Athens, was driving home, the partridge alighted upon the back of his horse, he being compelled to use the whip in order to drive it away. Next George W. Loud met with the partridge; it alighted on the back of his horse. Mr. Loud, in relating the incident, said that he was not at all superstitious, but he hoped the partridge would not bother him again. It did on two subsequent occasions. Many other reputable citizens relate similar stories of meeting with the bird at night, some evincing such fear as to avoid traveling along the road after dark.

SALEM, Mass., April 12.—Cedar birds have been in flocks and plenty of them this year. I understand two Lynn parties whose names are known have been buying them from boys this season for seventy-five cents a dozen. If either of them see this mention I hope they will set a better example to minors. A few scattering Wilson's snipe have been shot and woodcock are along. Swallows (*T. bicolor*) and purple finches are about, and the frogs are piping merrily. Bluebirds are nesting and several other species are mating.—X. Y. Z.

BUFFALO.—A correspondent reports a herd of 400 buffalo. The residents are not killing them, except occasionally one for food, and they are increasing. They will have to move soon, however, as the ubiquitous wire fence is encroaching on them.

UTILITY OF THE SPARROW.—At a council meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, Miss Omerod, in her report on injurious insects, maintained her indictment against the sparrow as a mischievous bird, and repeated her advice in favor of checking its enormous increase. She said: "We do not find from examination of their contents that they feed on corn red-maggot, corn-thrips, corn-aphis, or any other corn insect; nor have we any observations of fields infested by these huge flocks being freer than other places from insect attack. From careful observations in different places, extending over a period of from one to fifteen years, we do not find any diminution of insects round the farm buildings where the sparrows greatly resort, but we find they have been observed, in many cases, to drive away true insect-feeding birds. The State Entomological Returns from the United States confirm these views, and likewise information forwarded by Mr. A. Molineux, member of the Committee of Agriculture of the Royal Agricultural and Horticultural Societies of South Australia, relatively to the English sparrow, as observed by himself at Adelaide, South Australia. Sparrows can and do eat some amount of insects if other food is short, but by choice I consider it to be proved that they are almost wholly corn and vegetable feeders. The matter being of much importance, I have collected information from known observers on the subject, of which I give the main points in my own forthcoming report."

New Publications.

McLELLAN'S POEMS.*

TO the three volumes of poetry, "The Fall of the Indian," "The Year," and "Mount Auburn," published some years ago, Mr. Isaac McLellan has now added a fourth, "Poems of the Rod and Gun." This is the long looked for collection in book form of the poems on sporting topics, which have graced the columns of the sporting press for the past quarter of a century. Mr. McLellan's muse has taken all animated nature for her own. The volume now before us is not confined to any one phase of field sports, nor is it limited in range to game animals and fish, nor to the American continent. The author's love for nature is deep, his ear quick to catch the rhythmic union of the harmonies in the winter winds which howl about the camp of the moose hunter in Canadian wilds, in the tinkling splash of the distant western rivers, in the dissolution of Arctic ice packs, in the inharmonious harmonies of the tropic night forest. Here are pictures of sport in Africa, America, Australia, Ceylon, in the Arctic and the Antarctic, the north and the south and the east and the west. He sings of all birds, from the albatross to the woodcock; all animals, from the antelope to the wolf; all fishes, from the bass to the yellow perch. No form of sport, by sea or land, with game or fish, is foreign to his sympathetic pen. Of the nearly 200 poems, 104 relate to game and shooting, 14 are classed as miscellaneous, and the rest sing the charms of angling and the varying fortunes of its devotees. The first poem in the book, "Nature's Invitation," originally occupied the first column of the first number of the FOREST AND STREAM. Among the miscellaneous poems is a "Frank Forester Memorial Ode," written by request for the proposed ceremonies in laying the cornerstone of a monument to be erected at Greenwood Lake in honor of Frank Forester. The monument never reached the proportions entitling it to a poem, though it will be remembered that the "generally diffused" funds originally intended for the memorial were not very many years ago tangible enough to draw out a great deal of vicious swags and grotesque bathos from some of the Forester idolaters and hierologists. "This votive cenotaph," of which Mr. McLellan writes was unfortunately never erected to

hear
The tribute of affection's tear.

and it is probable that the poem, as preserved in this volume, will be, as it is now, the only permanent record of the monument enterprise. Mr. McLellan's volume will meet with a warm welcome by American sportsmen. It is a book which should be in the library of every man who uses rod or gun. The poems make a substantial volume of 271 pages, bound in cloth, and embellished with an etching, "The Shot at the Start," by Mr. J. E. Sabin. From the author's preface we take the following:

"Our widely extended country, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, from the Northern Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, abounds with almost every variety of wild game of the choicest qualities. The ocean, the river, the lake, the brook, mountain, forest, prairie and subtile field, all have their peculiar tenants; fish, fowl and wild animal ranging the wood, swimming the waters, beating the air. Almost without limit are the attractions of field and flood in our noble and far spread land; and to describe their different varieties, their mode of life and capture, the scenery where they are found, has been the business of the naturalist, novelist and sportsman; but the poet in a collected volume has hardly here contributed his part to the general store of knowledge. As the variety of the noble game and fish of our land and waters is greater and more attractive than that of any other country, with the exception perhaps of Africa, so nowhere are the sports of field and flood more universally followed than with us. The consideration of these facts and the desire to contribute something to the treasury of the knowledge of our wild game, and to depict the pleasures to be enjoyed in their pursuit, led the writer to prepare this work; and if it may yield pleasure to any person, and more especially to brother sportsmen, he will feel he has his reward. To commence and complete the work has been a labor of love, for his participation in field sports has not been small; and he can only regret that his ability to describe does not equal his power to enjoy the delightful pastimes of the gunner and the angler."

"The author, in preparing a work that might perhaps be styled a book of natural history, has not confined his pen strictly to descriptions of birds, fish and animals that are considered as game, but has included many others that have no claim to such title. In the present volume he has sought to reproduce, as far as possible, his collection of sporting poems lost in a recent disastrous fire in New York, viz., the burning of the Potter Building on Park Row, attended with grievous loss of life and property."

"Since this volume was commenced, several years ago, a great number of sporting associations have been formed in the country, consisting of gentlemen of leisure, intelligence and high repute, who are interested in field sports and the preservation of fish and game, and to gain their brotherly favor would be honor indeed. So what poems we have been able to save from the wreck we hope may find favor in their sight. There has always been a degree of friendly brotherly feeling among sportsmen, and this has encouraged us to offer this work for public notice, and above all, to brother sportsmen, to whom it is respectfully dedicated. If we meet with fraternal approval at their hands, we shall feel rewarded for the labor of many years in trying to produce something acceptable to lovers of the rod and gun."

For autobiographical notes by Mr. McLellan see Vol. XXV. page 444.

*Poems of the Rod and Gun; or, Sports by Flood and Field. By Isaac McLellan, Greenport, Long Island. New York: Henry Thorpe, 1886.

HUNTING TRIPS OF A RANCHMAN.

A SECOND and less expensive edition of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's capital book has recently been issued by the Putnam. On its first appearance we took pleasure in calling attention to the merits of this volume, which is both happy in its conception and excellent in its execution. In all respects it is a delightful book, full of the breezy freshness of the plains, and telling graphically and entertainingly the story of the simple life of the cow camp. It gives, too, a great deal of information about the various species of our large game which are passing away at so rapid a rate, and which the hunter of a few years hence will find only in the few preserves that have been or may be established in the mountains. In our previous notice we called attention to one or two points on which the author generalized from insufficient experience, and also to two of the illustrations which were unsatisfactory. These last we afterward learned were prepared during the author's absence in the West, and were not seen by him until after the volume was issued from the press. In the present edition all these matters have been put right, and there is now nothing to be said save in praise of the book, which although much less elaborate than the *Medora* edition, is still a handsome volume. It lacks the etchings and the rubricated title and the initials, but has all the engravings, and considerable additional reading matter.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS, and other literary pieces. By Frederick Harrison. New York: Macmillan & Co. Paper, 447 pp., price, 50 cents.

THE BOSTONIANS, a novel. By Henry James. New York: Macmillan & Co. Cloth, 449 pp., price, \$2.

A TALE OF A LONELY PARIST. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co. Cloth, \$3.00, price, \$2.

WAKULLA, a story of adventure in Florida. By Kirk Munroe. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. Cloth, 255 pp., price, \$1.

EPITOME OF DISEASES OF THE SKIN. By Louis A. Duhring, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Cloth, 150 pp., price, 60 cents.

SALMON PROBLEMS. By J. W. Willis Bunt. London: Samson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. Paper board, 215 pp.

HONSE AND MAN: their mutual dependence and duties. By the Rev. J. G. Wood. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Cloth, 389 pp., price, \$2.50.

HERE AND THERE IN OUR OWN COUNTRY, embracing sketches of travel and descriptions of places by popular writers. With 127 illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Cloth, 214 pp., price, \$2.50.

POEMS OF THE ROD AND GUN, or sports by flood and field. By Isaac McLellan. New York: Henry Thorpe. Cloth, 271 pp., price \$1.50.

HINTS ON LANGUAGE. By Arthur Bent. A.M. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 75 pp., price, 50 cents.

HAPHAZARD PERSONALITIES; chiefly of noted Americans. By Charles Lammou. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 357 pp., price, \$1.50.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By George Makepeace Towle. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 388 pp., price, \$1.50.

THE YEAR'S SPORT: a review of British sports and pastimes for the year 1885. Edited by Alfred E. T. Watson. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; New York: Worthington Co. Cloth, 549 pp., price, \$2.50.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BLUEBIRD; told to me to tell to others. An illustrated souvenir. By Irene E. Jerome. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE full report of the FOREST AND STREAM's trajectory test of hunting rifles has been issued in pamphlet form, with the illustrations and the tabular summary, making in all 96 pages. For sale at this office, or sent post-paid. Price 50 cents.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPORTSMAN.—II.

IT WAS in the early autumn of 1861. Foliage was still on. Farmers were cutting and shocking corn. The buckwheat had just been cut, and much was yet in the fields in little heaps ready to be hauled to the thrashing floor; when I decided, as my work of this kind was well in hand, to spend the afternoon with my new gun and dog. "Bob White" had long since ceased to call his name, and only used the call note when his family had become scattered, or at evening when going to roost. Dash had never been with me in the field before. However, I had the most implicit confidence in him, as I knew his former master never kept a poor dog. He had brought Dash across the water because he considered him the best dog in his kennel, one of the finest in England. Dash seemed to have as much confidence in me. When I threw my gun on my shoulder and whistled him up, his very look and action spoke most eloquently of the fun we were going to have in each other's company. I began to wonder if Dash would think as well of me when we returned.

We took our course down a little brook that ran mostly through a narrow wood into a large millpond. On the south bank was a farm on which I knew were two coveys of quail, well grown and strong birds. Along the brook were many patches of cat brier and alders. In one of these Dash came to a beautiful point, a picture of grace and beauty that would charm the eye of an artist or stir the soul of a sportsman with delight. I walked in, expecting to flush a woodcock, but up jumped a rabbit right in front of the dog and went off shaking his bunch of cotton at me in such a tantalizing way I fired both barrels at him, apparently without effect, except to increase his speed. I had scarcely emptied my second barrel when I saw a woodcock disappearing through the alders. Dash was still pointing, though it seemed to me he had changed his position slightly. I could flush nothing in front of him, so tried to call him off, but could not. I was about to collar and lead him away, supposing he was pointing where the woodcock had been, when up got another woodcock behind the dog. I wounded it with my second barrel, followed up and secured it by another shot. I considered it a serious defect in my dog that he should be liable to point at either end.

[This, by the way, reminds me of an incident that occurred in later years, that may bear repeating. I was once returning from a little hunt near the city, with my gun and dog, carrying a small bunch of game in my hand. My outfit and rig would not indicate to the average feminine mind, accustomed to city habits, a high idea of gentility. As I was crossing on a Fulton ferryboat, standing in front of the ladies' cabin, I noticed two ladies watching me, evidently admiring my birds. Presently they stepped up to me, and one of them asked how I sold them. I replied that I did not usually deal in birds as merchandise, but if they were very anxious to buy I could not think of charging them more than cost, and proceeded to figure up my railroad fares, hotel bill, ammunition, etc., when my fair questioners gracefully withdrew, exclaiming, "Oh, we thought your dog caught them!" As it was a time of day when but few people rode uptown, I succeeded in getting my dog into a street car. I had just stowed myself away comfortably, when the same ladies got into the car, we being the only passengers. They immedi-

ately asked if my dog would bite. I assured them he would not, and called their attention to the fact that he was very tired, already being coiled up close in the corner under my feet fast asleep. The idea that a dog ever got tired was new to them, and they wanted to know why. I explained to the best of my ability, and by way of illustration made old Bob get up and straighten himself, I stroking his tail, making him assume the position of pointing as nearly as possible. Both ladies exclaimed, "Oh, isn't it wonderful! Yes, thanks, we understand," one saying to the other, "Don't you see, my dear, nature has so adjusted the creature that he points with his tail!"]

I was quite uncertain for some time at which end of the dog to look for the bird, but concluded to watch both ends and all around whenever he pointed and be ready on all sides. A first-class resolution, but not always lived up to. The most careful sportsman will sometimes lose the chance for a good shot by thinking his dog "is just fooling." I had proceeded perhaps 300 yards, when Dash found and brought me a rabbit not yet dead, but with one hind leg broken, and his good-bye end well filled with shot. Before reaching the millpond, a distance of about one mile, I got seven more points on woodcock, two of which I killed. I then hunted some thickets around a buckwheat stubble, without finding the covey I expected. Continuing to a ridge or sort of bluff at the edge of the Raritan meadows, Dash, while ranging at full speed, suddenly wheeled, walked cautiously to a brush fence and looked into it in a most interested way, wagging his tail all the time. Presently he jumped in as if to catch something, when out flew a sparrow. I scolded and shamed him, but he persisted in devoting his attention to that brush fence. He followed it about 200 yards to a rugged ravine, where he made a stiff point in tolerably open oak woods. After kicking in the leaves behind the dog until I became nervous, I walked some twenty feet in front of him and flushed a fine covey of quail. They flew well together, straight from me, so I pulled away with both barrels without aim at any particular bird and didn't get a feather. Dash behaved splendidly, though in my ignorance I blamed him for coming in and lying at my feet as soon as I shot. When I told him to go on, he struck out full speed in the direction the birds had taken.

He had not gone over 150 yards when he made a kind of sideway double summersault and froze stiff. I know none of the quail had stopped there, and noticed the ground where Dash stood was springy and wet. I expected a woodcock, when up jumped three English snipe, flying toward the meadows at a ninety-mile per hour rate, but I stopped one of them very neatly within fifty yards. Having marked the quail to my satisfaction, I followed and found them beautifully scattered in the head of a little hollow, in large oak woods with whortleberry undergrowth not very thick; in fact just the place where an expert shot would like to have them. Dash made ten or twelve beautiful stands on single birds, and I fired both barrels at each bird as it rose, but my bag was still yawning for quail. I followed up a few birds I had been able to mark on their second flight with the same result, until I had birds and dog as wild as they could be made. I then sat down, pulled out an old pipe and proceeded to take a smoke.

As it was now about sundown, it was not long before the quail commenced to whistle. I took Dash to where they were whistling, and although he was constantly trailing, he could not get a point. Becoming desperate I fastened him to a sapling with an old skate strap. Leaving him howling and whining, I hastened to where I considered a good stand and proceeded to whistle them up. In this way I killed two at one shot on the ground, and one at another. At the last report of my gun I saw Dash coming toward me with part of the strap, which he had gnawed, hanging to his neck, and a quail in his mouth. One that I had evidently hit during my reckless firing. As I was going home, passing near where I had first flushed the covey, he found another which had been wing-tipped, and caught and brought it to me. Although I was ashamed of my poor shooting, I felt pretty well satisfied with my bag, having 3 woodcock, 1 English snipe, 5 quail, and 1 rabbit, the result of 38 shots fired. This first hunt with my new outfit satisfied me that I had a first-class dog, and probably a good gun, but did not know how to use either.

BEDFORD.

AN UP AND DOWN SHOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the head of "Erratic Bullet Flights" you have recently published two communications from me giving incidents in my own experience where life was endangered by singular and unlooked for bullet flights. I will now give another incident in my practice which, although not quite so singular, was really attended with more probable danger. It occurred within half a mile of the scene of my duck shooting adventure, published by you. I was hunting black and gray squirrels in the adjacent forests; I had that very common run of luck so often experienced by the solitary squirrel hunter, namely, of having the squirrels lie close to and on the opposite side of a horizontal limb. Finally I tried the plan of stepping directly under the squirrel and imitating its bark. This caused the squirrel to stretch its neck and look down over the side of the limb, exposing most of its head, which in those days I rarely missed, whether firing perpendicularly or otherwise. I had in this manner killed two or three squirrels within a half hour, when another opportunity offered and I stood so nearly under the squirrel that it would have fallen upon me if I had not stepped aside at the instant it dropped at my feet. As I was raising my flask to the muzzle of my rifle there was a whizz and a sharp crack, partly behind and within three feet of me upon the ground. As I turned my head quickly I saw the extreme ends of a dry limb about one inch in diameter and six or seven feet long just falling upon the ground. An examination revealed the fact that the bullet having expended its force vertically in the air, had returned, and striking this stick squarely midway between the ends had partly cut and partly broken it in two, bouncing the extreme ends upward. The bullet mark was plainly defined nearly through the stick. This ended my vertical rifle practice.

MILTON P. PETRICE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

MECHANICSVILLE, N. Y., April 5.—A Rod and Gun Club was organized in this village last week. The object is the better protection of game and for trap shooting. You will hear from us in the future concerning the club's improvement. The members are all true woodsmen, and I think the club will be a success. We are watching the deer bill with interest. Ice is going fast and the fisherman is vanishing his rod and inspecting his lines for the spring fishing. Boys are having fine luck catching the river fish.—A. C. J.

THE ONTARIO GAME LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose a copy of the Ontario game bill passed during the session just closed. You will find that though deficient in some respects it is a great improvement on the last one. It is to be hoped that the States of the Union adjoining Ontario will see fit to follow in her footsteps and put a stop to spring duck shooting. The great difficulty we experienced in getting the Legislature to consent to this change was the fact that spring shooting was allowed on the American sides of the St. Lawrence, Niagara, Detroit and St. Claire rivers in sight and hearing of our sportsmen. The true sportsmen of the United States will doubtless thank us for taking the initiative and for clearing away this difficulty in seeking legislation against spring shooting. All true Canadian sportsmen hope that their American brother sportsmen will go still further and put a stop to all spring shooting—geese, swan and plover as well as ducks, and stimulate us in turn to further exertions. We had hoped that plover of all kinds would have been included with the snipe, but some members of the famous Toronto Gun Club spoke so strongly before the committee on the sport obtained from black heart plover in May that the clause embracing snipe and plover was not passed in its entirety. Pot shots of from ten to thirty of these small birds on their way to breed can be made and it must be grand sport indeed.

In contrast to these small bird destroyers we had opposition from the grand sportsmen who desired to retain spring geese and swan shooting. It was suggested that they could hardly be consistent if they desired the abolition of spring duck shooting, which they said they did, but reason could not prevail. Were it not for the opposition from these parties, a more stringent game law would have passed, we believe, and one that would have done still greater credit to W. C. Caldwell, Esq., M. P. P., who kindly undertook its management before the house. It is well known that this bill embodied resolutions passed by the Wentworth Fish and Game Protective Association from time to time; in fact that the proposed change in the law came from this association, and that to one local member, J. M. Gibson, Esq., M. P. P., we are chiefly indebted for this stringent bill. No one will regret more than W. C. Caldwell, Esq., M. P. P., and J. M. Gibson, Esq., M. P. P. their failure to secure the prevention of deer slaughtering in the water and the exportation of small game. They have done good and faithful work, and the sportsmen of Canada may well thank them.

MEMBER WENTWORTH FISH AND GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

HAMILTON, Ont., April 3, 1886.

Following is the text of the Ontario law:

Whereas, It is expedient to amend the law respecting the preservation of game and fur-bearing animals in Ontario; therefore, Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the legislative assembly of the province of Ontario, enacts as follows:

1. The act passed in the forty-third year of Her Majesty's reign, and chapter 31, is hereby repealed.

2. None of the animals or birds hereinafter mentioned, shall be hunted, taken or killed within the periods hereinafter limited:

(1). Deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou, between the fifteenth day of December and the fifteenth day of October.

(2). Grouse, pheasants, prairie fowl or partridge, between the first day of January and the first day of September.

(3). No quail shall be hunted, taken, or killed, during the years 1886, 1887, and no wild turkeys during the years 1886, 1887, 1888, and in each case thereafter not between the fifteenth day of December and the fifteenth day of October following.

(4). Woodcock, between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of August.

(5). Snipe, rail and golden plover, between the first day of January and the first day of September.

(6). Swans or geese, between the first day of May and the first day of September.

(7). Ducks of all kinds, and all other water fowl, between the first day of January and the first day of September.

(8). Hares, between the fifteenth day of March and the first day of September.

3. No person shall have in his possession any of the said animals or birds, no matter where procured, or any part or portion of any such animals or birds, during the periods in which they are so protected; provided that they may be exposed for sale for fifteen days, and no longer, after such periods, and may be had in possession for the private use of the owner and his family at any time, but in all cases the proof of the time of killing, taking or purchasing shall be on the person so in possession.

4. No eggs of any of the birds above mentioned shall be taken, destroyed or had in possession by any person at any time.

5. None of the said animals or birds, except the animals mentioned in Section 8 of this act, shall be trapped or taken by means of traps, nets, snares, gins, baited line, or other similar contrivances; nor shall such traps, nets, snares, gins, baited lines or contrivances be set for them, or any of them, at any time; and such traps, nets, snares, gins, baited lines or contrivances may be destroyed by any person without such person thereby incurring any liability therefor.

6. None of the contrivances for taking or killing the wild-fowl known as swans, geese or ducks, which are described or known as batteries, swivel guns, sunken punts, shall be used at any time, and no wildfowl known as ducks, or other water fowl, except geese or swans, shall be hunted, taken or killed between the expiration of the hour next after sunset and the commencement of the hour next before sunrise.

7. No beaver, mink, muskrat, sable, martin, otter, or fisher, shall be hunted, taken or killed, or had in possession of any person between the first day of May and the first day of November; nor shall any traps, snares, gins, or other contrivances, be set for them during such period; nor shall any muskrat house be cut, speared, broken or destroyed at any time; and any such traps, snares, gins or other contrivance so set, may be destroyed by any person without such person thereby incurring any liability therefor; provided that this section shall not apply to any person destroying any of the said wild animals in defense or preservation of his property.

8. Offenses against this act shall be punished upon summary conviction on information or complaint before a justice of the peace, as follows:

(a) In case of deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou, by a fine not exceeding \$50, nor less than \$10, with costs, for each offense. (b) In case of birds or eggs, by a fine not exceeding \$25, nor less than \$5, with costs, for each bird or egg. (c) In case of fur-bearing animals, mentioned in section 7 of this act, by a fine not exceeding \$25, nor less than \$5, with costs, for each offense. (d) In case of other breaches of this act, by a fine not exceeding \$25, nor less than \$5, with costs.

9. The whole of such fine shall be paid to the prosecutor unless the convicting justice has reason to believe that the prosecution is in collusion with, and for the purpose of benefiting the accused, in which case the justice may order the disposal of the fine as in ordinary cases.

10. In all cases confiscation of game shall follow conviction, and the game so confiscated shall be given to some charitable institution or purpose, at the discretion of the convicting justice.

11. In order to encourage persons who have heretofore imported or hereafter import different kinds of game with the desire to breed and preserve the same on their own lands, it is enacted that it shall not be lawful to hunt, shoot, kill or destroy any such game without the consent of the owner of the property wherever the same may be bred.

12. It shall not be lawful for any person to kill or take any animal protected by this act by the use of poison or poisonous substances, nor to expose poison, poisoned bait or other poisoned substances in any place or locality, where dogs or cattle may have access to the same.

13. (1) No person shall at any time hunt, take or kill any deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou, for the purpose of exporting the same out of Ontario, and in all cases the onus of proving that any such deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou, as aforesaid, so hunted, taken or killed, is not intended to be exported as aforesaid, shall be upon the person hunting, killing or taking the same, or in whose possession or custody the same may be found.

(2) Offenses against this section shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$25, nor less than \$5 for each animal.

14. No owner of any hound, or other dog known by the owner to be accustomed to pursue deer, shall permit any such hound or other dog to run at large in any locality where deer are usually found, during the period, from the fifteenth day of November to the fifteenth day of October, under a penalty on conviction of not more than \$25 nor less than \$5 for each offense; any person harboring or claiming to be owner of any such hound or dog shall be deemed the owner thereof.

15. It shall be lawful for the council of any county, city, town, township, or incorporated village to appoint an officer who shall be known as the game inspector for such county, city, town, township or incorporated village, and who shall perform such duties in enforcing the provisions of this act, and be paid such salary as may be mutually agreed upon.

16.—(1). It shall be the duty of every such game inspector appointed as aforesaid, forthwith to seize all animals or portions of animals in the possession of any person contrary to the provisions of this act, and to bring the person in possession of the same before a justice of the peace, to answer for such illegal possession.

(2). It shall also be the duty of every such game inspector to institute prosecutions against all persons found infringing the provisions of this act, or any of them, and every such inspector may cause to be opened, or may himself open in case of refusal, any bag, parcel, chest, box, trunk, or receptacle in which he has reason to believe that game killed or taken during the close season, or peltries out of season, are hidden.

(8). Every such inspector, if he has reason to suspect, and does suspect that game killed or taken during the close season, or peltries out of season, are contained or kept in any private house, shed, or other buildings, shall make a deposition in the form A annexed to this act, and demand a search warrant to search such store, private house, shed, or other building, and thereupon such justice of the peace may issue a search warrant according to form B.

17. This act shall come into effect on and after the first day of July next after the passing thereof.

A GOOSE SHOOTING MATCH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The turkey shoot described in your last issue by Mr. Merrill, reminds me of a goose shoot in which I participated about five years ago. I used a Phoenix single-barrel breech-loading 12-gauge shotgun, made by the Whitney Arms Co. The barrel is steel, 28 inches long, and the entire gun weighs six pounds. A few days previous to the match I targeted the gun at 40, 50 and 60 yards. While shooting at the latter distance, two of my brothers expressed the opinion that they could excel my shooting, they to use their old muzzleloaders. Their challenge was promptly accepted. A new target was put up. One of my brothers fired at it. I was standing near the target, and noting the effect, told him to try the other barrel. The other barrel was fired. My younger brother then toed the mark and fired a heavy charge of No. 12 shot from his long single barrel. A new target was put up and I fired one shot at it. The number of pellets in each target were then counted, and it was found that in one shot I had exceeded their three shots by about 40 pellets. This experiment, and numerous others, convinced me that the new gun was good enough to shoot for geese. I even went so far as to bargain with a neighbor that if he would give me twenty cents to pay for two shots, I would bring him home a goose.

When the day for the match arrived I hitched up Prince to the old milk wagon and drove three miles to the place where the shoot was to take place. On my arrival there was considerable merriment over the unusual proceeding of bringing a wagon to a shooting match. I explained that although I could easily walk the distance, I might not be able to carry my winnings home. This explanation was received with loud and probably derisive laughter on all sides. The terms of the match were as follows: Distance, 40 yards; any shotgun of ordinary size, loading unrestricted; target, 4 inches square with a cross mark in the center. The marksman putting a pellet of shot nearest the cross won the goose. The geese were weighed, labeled and numbered. A value was set upon each goose by the owner, and this amount was made up by the shooters paying ten cents a shot. The geese averaged 84 pounds each, and were valued at about \$1.50 each. There were 10 shooters, and about one-half the number took two shots for each bird. When more money was put up than the bird was worth, the surplus was put up as a second prize, and went to the shooter making second best shot.

Goose No. 1 was put up. I took two entries and fired two shots. Won by Jacob Ecker, Jr. I was second best on target. No second prize. Goose No. 2. Took two entries. Fired one shot and won first. Goose No. 3. Took two entries. Fired one shot and won first. No. 4. Two entries. One shot and won first. No. 5. Two entries. One shot

and won first. Goose No. 6. Two entries. Only one man would enter against me. Eight men positively refused to shoot against my six-pound popgun. All the other guns in the match were muzzleloaders, and weighed from one to four pounds heavier than mine. It was proposed that I lay aside my breechloader and select any one of their guns and continue shooting. This I respectfully declined to do, and withdrew my last entries, and the shooting was resumed. Then it occurred to some of the shooters how a wagon was a useful accompaniment to a popgun at a shooting match, when they saw me load up my four fat geese won in four successive shots. When I got home I notified Mr. Zenas M. Savage that his twenty cents had won a fine fat young goose weighing eight and one-half pounds. He paid the money and took the goose. The next day we ate goose No. 2. The third goose I sold to a friend who had attended the match and won nothing, for about one-half its value.

Then my brother and John Fox, a shooting companion in nearly all our hunts, commenced a new line of argument. They tried to convince me that had they been at the shoot the result would have been very different. This had the desired result. I put up goose No. 4 for thirty cents. We each put ten cents in the pool and each fired one shot. Again I won the goose and the pool money. My style of loading was 1 dram of powder and 21 ounces of No. 12 shot, with one pink-edge wad over powder and one over shot. The trajectory was very high, but it brought the meat. With this charge I was compelled to aim several inches above the target to get the center of the charge where I wanted it. I used this same gun in many turkey matches since that time and never came home empty-handed, although I have sometimes spent more money in entrance fees than the value of my winnings. I always shoot off-hand in these matches, while my opponents almost invariably shoot from a dead rest placed close to the ground. This gives me an advantage, as I am shooting down hill while they are shooting on a level. This is a very important matter when extreme proportions of powder and shot are used, such as $\frac{1}{2}$ dram to 3 ounces, as some use. This is not intended as a "dickering." It is a truthful statement of actual occurrences, and devoid of exaggeration in every particular.

E. A. LEOPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., April 9.

GAME PROTECTORS' REPORTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Fred P. Drew, Special State Fish and Game Protector, has made the following annual report to the State Fish Commission:

To the Commissioners of Fisheries:

GENTLEMEN—In submitting for your consideration my second annual report, I am reminded that the protection of game and fish, like the stocking of our lakes and streams, does not in a single season display all the results that might be hoped for or which a later examination may develop.

My duties, as you are aware, have been largely of special and detective nature, and a great part of my services have been rendered pursuant to the orders of the Commissioners outside of the district to which I was assigned. The information I have obtained on special trips has been mostly of a kind that could not be made public without detriment to the objects in view, and therefore will not be recapitulated in this report, having already been communicated to you either in verbal or written form. I have, nevertheless, rendered some important service in my district, and especially in the counties of Broome, Cortland and Otsego, localities in which, till very lately, the game laws have been a dead letter.

Five suits successfully prosecuted in Broome county, for spearing fish in the Susquehanna River, resulted in securing a pretty general observance of the law in that county.

In the fourth district for violation of the first section of the game laws I commenced proceedings in county court, which were promptly settled by the defendant pleading guilty and paying the penalty and costs to the district attorney.

A suit is pending in Cortland county for pollution of public waters, the effect of which, it is hoped will tend to check this most injurious and too-long-tolerated practice. In the county of Otsego I have endeavored to make a very thorough examination into all offenses that have been reported to me and have begun eleven suits for violations of the law, in all of which I think the testimony is sufficient to warrant an affirmative verdict. I have also virtually secured sufficient evidence in several other cases of violations of the law in the same county, which will be placed in the hands of the district attorney at an early date. I have seized a number of nets in Schuyler Lake which are now in the hands of the sheriff and have suits pending against some of the owners. Here permit me to say that if the officers in every county in the State would emulate the example of the sheriff and district attorney of this county, violations of the game laws would be less frequent and the duties of a protector less arduous.

I have also suits pending in the tenth district which, I am informed, will not be contested by defendants.

Early in the season, with Protector Schwartz, of the fifteenth district, I took from the St. Lawrence River two large nets, which we burned at Clayton.

The difficulties principally in the way of enforcing the game laws I find to be, in my experience, a lack of interest in many localities, or a laxity of public opinion. There is also need of more active and courageous co-operation of those interested in the maintenance of the game laws, whereby the hands of the officials may be upheld in the discharge of their duties. Too much is often expected of the officers and they are often censured for not doing what is not in their power to do with their limited allowance for traveling expenses. Wherever the public sentiment is sound the obstacles to enforcement are no longer formidable. Where there are good game protective associations acting in practical and hearty co-operation with the officers, there are but few violations, but when from indifference or fear, or a corrupt self-interest, they will not assist, the best efforts of the protectors are often without avail.

In reviewing the results of my labors during the past year I find much to encourage all who are interested in the propagation and protection of fish and game. Public opinion is slowly but surely awakening in favor of protection. A number of protective associations have been organized and evince a strong desire to advance every effort in behalf of a rigid enforcement of the laws.

The amendments to the game laws which were passed at the last session of the Legislature respecting brook trout meet with general approval. The same may be said regarding the anti-hounding law for the protection of deer. There are a large number of sportsmen in this district who have

for years frequented the northern wilderness each season, and with scarce an exception they fully approve of the law, at the same time being cognizant of the fact that it has not had a fair test. From my own observation and information obtained from guides and sportsmen while they were engaged in hunting deer in the counties of Herkimer and Hamilton, I think it but fair to attribute much of the success of the still-hunters during the past season—which we are asked to believe was unprecedented and will exterminate the deer faster than they can be bred, even with the aid of such powerful auxiliaries as jack lights and hounds—to the fact that dogs were running in every direction during the open season at least. A single instance, the truth of which cannot be disputed, illustrates this. A well-known still-hunter in October last shot a deer, but had hardly dressed it when two valuable dogs came baying on its trail. He secured both, and they were soon subject to your orders. This is not an exceptional case, as one of my special reports will show, and for this reason we fear the fate of the deer of the Adirondacks is foreshadowed by that of the buffalo of the Western plains.

The argument that outweighs all others in the minds of many opponents of the present law for protecting deer may be briefly stated thus: It helps the hunters who are endowed with more money than skill in hunting, for they can, by a lavish use of the former, secure the services of a half dozen or more guides and a full pack of hounds, who will drive the game to water, where, if needs be, they will hold it till the valiant modern Nimrod succeeds in killing it—with their assistance perhaps at that. Is it to be wondered at then that these persons should join with the pot-hunters in the cry that went up in olden time: "Our craft is in danger to be set at naught."

With your permission I beg leave to offer a single suggestion regarding the distribution of trout spawn for restocking public waters in the settled portion of the State. A prerequisite to granting every application should be the existence of an active protective association, some of whose members reside in the neighborhood of the waters it is proposed to restock. All of which is respectfully submitted.

FRED P. DREW.

Special N. Y. S. Fish and Game Protector, 11th District.
WASHINGTON MILLS, N. Y.

HUNTING AT ARMY POSTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your letter of Jan. 9, 1886, making inquiries in regard to game in this vicinity, also with what success the Government Springfield shotguns are used in improving the company's mess, has just been handed me by the commanding officer with request to answer. Whitetail deer can be found within five miles of the fort, but mule or blacktails are further off, about forty miles. Last fall a black bear cub was killed on the prairie within fifty yards of the guard house. Elk can be found thirty miles away, and mountain sheep seventy or eighty miles. Sharptail grouse, sage hens and blue quail are abundant. I saw but one ruffed grouse during the hunting season last year. A species of jack rabbit, here called "black-tail," are very plentiful; a short time ago they were such a nuisance that the county paid a bounty for their ears. Sixteen years ago some gentlemen of Boise City imported to this county or valley a lot of eastern quail (Bob Whites) and turned them loose, hoping for fine sport within ten years. An act was passed by the Legislature protecting these birds, but the pot-hunter has left but few.

With regard to the shotguns, I consider them but little better than nothing, and no one thinks of using them if they can possibly get any other kind. But little game was killed by the men of my company last year, but the previous year at Fort Lapwai in this Territory they killed a good many sharptail grouse and a few ducks.

C. A. DEMPSEY, Capt. Second Infantry.

BOISE BARRACKS, Idaho, March 28.

ONONDAGA SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—Syracuse, N. Y., April 7.—At the annual meeting of the Onondaga Sportsmen's Club last evening Mr. Howlett was elected President; Z. C. Smith Smith, Vice-President; John Steadman, Secretary; Harry Ayling, Treasurer; George Palmer, Financial Secretary; Wm. Prettie, James Montgomery and Daniel LeFever, Executive Committee. There seemed a disposition on the part of the old heads to make the younger members officers. A. G. Courtney was chosen attorney of the club amid great applause. G. W. Dakin moved a vote of thanks to Thomas Kimber for his faithful performance of the duties of treasurer for the ten years he has held that position. The motion was carried with enthusiasm. The treasurer turned over \$894.77 to the new treasurer. F. M. Eams, Edward Hudson, Jr., and Charles Castle were elected members of the club. It was voted that article 17 of the constitution shall be rigidly enforced, and all delinquents in dues should be blackboarded. Jefferson Hopkins, of Caughdenoy, asked the club to give him a letter to Assemblyman Nutting, stating that the members do not oppose the people of that vicinity having eel weirs for catching eels in the Oneida River, not interfering with game fish. It is understood that an effort is to be made to have a law pass the Legislature forbidding eel weirs in that river. The club voted to give Mr. Hopkins a letter to the effect desired. There is talk of holding a celebration on the twentieth anniversary of the establishment of the club, Sept. 29, 1886.

"WONDERLAND, or Alaska and the Inland Passage." By Lieut. Frederick Schwatka. With a description of the country traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad, by John Hyde. This is a beautifully illustrated pamphlet of a hundred pages describing the scenic beauties, attractions and resources of the Northwest. It relates to a portion of the United States which is every year visited by larger and larger numbers of tourists, and which would attract thousands more were it better known. Those who are thinking of a trip to the Yellowstone Park, to the Pacific Coast, or to Alaska should, before leaving home, provide themselves with this work. It is sent free on application by Charles S. Fee, Gen. Passenger Agt., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

THE BOSTON DUMPING GROUND.—Chicago, Ill., April 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire through your widely circulated paper to ask if the sportsmen of Massachusetts will not at once set about having a law framed and passed by their Legislature, making the close season for game to begin the same as in most of our Western States, Jan. 1 of each year, so as to prevent the trapping and killing of prairie chickens, grouse, quail and deer in the West all winter. The best way to stop this illegal killing and shipping out here is to close the markets for sale of game.—M. R. B.

A BOLD RUFFED GROUSE.—Cortlandt, N. Y.—Occasionally a remarkable instance of boldness of the naturally timid ruffed grouse is related. Two wood choppers stated to me that while they were felling a tree in the woods last winter a partridge, which had from some cause been startled from its hiding place in the cover adjoining, alighted in the tree they were chopping down and remained there until the tree commenced to fall. From observation and reports of others more ruffed grouse were found in this section last season than have been noticed for a number of years past. Evidently the hunters have not caused the destruction of these game birds to such an extent as the foxes, hawks and owls.—Mig.

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Cal.—We are about forming a sportsmen's club, as game and fish receive little or no protection in this county. I have been agitating this for a year, as I have seen the wanton destruction of game and fish in the State of Colorado. Many are out every day murdering the trout now, and as we have no organization, I am powerless. Quail are now mating. There are but few out with guns, but they, I fear, respect nothing.—C.

SPITTING ON THE SHOT FOR LUCK.—Ferrisburgh, Vt., April 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If it is worth noting, you may say in FOREST AND STREAM that when "Awahsoose" was a boy, it was a common custom with our gunners to wet their shot with spittle, not for luck, but from the idea that it made them carry closer. But we always used to spit on our baits of worms for luck, and nothing else. Sometimes it brought it.—AWAHSSOOSE.

NARROWS ISLAND CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Narrows Island Club was held in this city on Monday, April 12. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. D. G. Elliot; Vice-President, Mr. J. A. Howlett; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. C. T. Barny; members of the Governing Committee in addition to the above, Messrs. H. Sampson, W. G. Dominick and B. Dominick.

NEW JERSEY.—Smithburg, April 8.—Since my last report I have been out looking after the birds, and find quail in fair supply. Started one covey of about 18 or 20 birds. Woodcock are quite plentiful now, but they seldom remain here until the shooting season opens.—W. L. B.

TEXAS.—Midland, March 31.—Plenty of prairie chicken and curlew here, but their flesh is strong, owing to their eating grass and weeds. I have seen but two antelope since Jan. 1.—D. H. K.

THE CHAMBERLIN CARTRIDGE LOADING MACHINE is on exhibition at Messrs. Tatham & Bros.' establishment, No. 82 Beekman street, this city. It is worth going to see.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

ANGLING GUSH.

IT may not be amiss thus early in the season to give some angling impressions. In the first place, it is wonderful to note how the interest in the rod and line has increased during ten years even. It is also amusing to notice the way different individuals are affected by the mania; for mania it is with one whole class of anglers. Indeed, anglers may be separated into three distinct classes—viz., the staid and true anglers, the gushing anglers, and the selfish anglers. The true anglers have been in the profession for years. They go to the lakes and streams annually, as regularly as the sun rises, and if they fish from sunrise to sunset without a single rise, they return to camp satisfied; they have spent another day on the beloved waters; they have tried the trout, but wait till to-morrow for success. Do black flies bite or mosquitoes trouble, it is all the same. The disposition is unruffled and undemonstrative. They will take out some tar to-morrow and try the trout again. To this class success and pleasure always come. It would almost seem as though the big trout come to their hooks out of pure respect for a disposition as kind, as quiet, and as loyal as persevering. Such are the true anglers. Dawson—only gone before us—was a fitting type of this class. Chester A. Arthur is another. May heaven restore his strength for other campaigns in the forests and on the waters! There are many others in Boston, in your own city, good FOREST AND STREAM—scattered all over the world; but their native modesty forbids a roll call in public print.

But for the gushers—What shall be said of them? They feed upon gush until the season opens, and they are carried away by gush. Their flies "lightly kiss the surface, as smooth as a maiden's cheek." Another dextrous cast, and the tinsel-ornamented lure falls as lightly as a summer zephyr; when the sheen opens, there is a mighty swirl of a really pretty tail! The water boils and eddies as the plant rod bends and buckles, but the angler is as true and steadfast as gush can make. The struggle lasts one month, if a mosquito with a big bill does not happen along and send Gusher to camp. A—what—"speckled beauty" is caught, just tipping the scales at 5-10-1,000 pounds. Plain trout is not a name good enough, and greeny always selects "speckled beauty," because that name is new—to him—and not a bit silly.

Now, if all this could have happened under cover, with the trout in a pool before an open window, it would have been better, and less tiresome, you know. The places should also be heated with steam and well lighted with gas, and there should be an admiring audience. Here is a sample of what catches Gusher. It is from the Boston *Sunday Herald*:

In the show window of a store on Washington street is a prettily constructed tank, whose waters are inhabited by about three dozen of the finest trout that ever gladdened the eye of an angler. Over this miniature pond stood Manager Soden yesterday evening. His eyes had a turnstile twinkle as he gazed upon the "speckled beauties" gracefully moving about in the limpid waters. Turning to an attaché of the place, he said:

"I wonder if they would like a fly?" "You may try their appetites," said the clerk, and in a few moments an improvised rod and line, with a tempting bait attached, were placed in the hands of the astute manager of the Boston Base Ball Club. With a graceful move of the right arm the fly was thrown in true angler style, and it fell within an inch of the nose of a queenly fish. But much to the surprise of the no-dead-head-ticket-this-season manager, the piscatorial belle paid not the slightest attention to the Delmonico lunch that had been so generously offered her. With a jerky movement of her pretty tail, she sailed disdainfully away to another part of the pond. The buyer of franchises was evidently a trifle disappointed at his first attempt to make an agreement with the water

coquette, and again the arm was lifted and the fly sent to another point on the trembling surface of the little lake. It dropped as lightly as a baby's kiss immediately over the heads of half a dozen finny Yun-Yuns, each one of whom, as soon as the tidbit struck the water, gave a gentle movement of the tail, and departed for new quarters. The fifty cent admission manager looked up with surprise at this second refusal to bite at his free lunch. At this time a large number of men and boys had collected in front of the window, and were eagerly watching the performance of the far-sighted director of the Boston league team. Not realizing, in his eagerness to demonstrate his skill as an angler, that he had so large an audience, he hastily withdrew to the rear of the store, and remarked that he was more successful in catching subsidiary coin than hooking trout.

What twaddle! The light of a fact or two is too plain. The "improvised rod" was the tip of a lancewood pole. The flies had both hooks broken off. The cast into the "little lake" was about as much "in true angler style" as a lady's smile is like a dump cart. The audience was the usual one which throngs any show window or street fight. Such literature disgraces the profession. It might do for base ball, but never for the true angler. The plain congratulation of an angler of thirty years' every season at the Andros-coggin Lakes, told the true story when he beseechingly said: "I wouldn't worry the poor trout with that stick!"—the improvised rod of the base ball manager; then bowing and shaking hands with Mr. Litchfield, he quietly said, "Let me congratulate you on a good show of trout."

The third class of anglers must not be omitted, but they too take more pride in their profession. To call them the "meanest men on earth" might be too much of a compliment. They fish for numbers, and count their trout as does the butcher his meat—by the pound. The selfish anglers have depleted our lakes and streams till we tremble for the residue. In their greed they steal pounds of trout which should go to make up the sport of their brother anglers. I have a case in point.

The selfish angler came from the Quaker City—that all Quakers are not like him, is doubtless true. He arrived at the Upper Dam early in the season. He hired a guide—only for a day or two. It did not take long for him to find out, through his guide, that by standing down on the pier of the old apron and casting a line down the rushing torrent, baited with a live minnow, trout might be caught about as fast as the hook could be baited and returned. This was the spot for him. He had found the Mecca of his dreams. With his guide, he planted himself on the end of that pier—about wide enough for two persons. The guide dipped up the live bait and the Quaker City man slew trout. Did another person attempt to drop a line? That person was quickly reminded that the position was occupied, and that no gentleman would ever interfere with an angler's pre-empted position. They kept that position till the next day at noon. When the Quaker City man went to his meals at the camp, the guide held the position; then the guide would go to dinner. But the second day, when the guide went to dinner, the assembled sportsmen could stand it no longer. They made a rush for the position with baited hooks; throwing their lines over the Quaker's head. He frowned; but when two other lines were hooked to his on which he was drawing in a trout, he saw the point and quietly wound up his tackle. He called his guide and together they proceeded to dress off the catch. They had 350 trout. The largest weighed 4½ pounds and the smallest probably not less than 1 pound. The fish were packed in a big box, and the next morning the Quaker City man paid his guide and started for home with his catch. It was before the 50-pound law of Maine, or he would have been stopped. It was a true specimen of the selfish angler. The question is, How much true sport with the fly, later in the season, did he carry off, which rightfully belonged to a hundred other anglers? SPECIAL.

THE TROUT OF SUNAPEE LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read the views of your different correspondents on the identity of this fish and am very anxious to learn how the vexed question will be settled. Mr. Hodge claims that this fish has been in the lake for perhaps centuries, while Mr. Quackenboss, Mr. Webber and Mr. Stone incline to think it a recent importation of *S. agassizii* from Maine. I, being merely a monad from Monadnock, have no theories to confirm nor to condemn, the facts will be entirely sufficient, if they can be obtained. If all your correspondents can look at it in this light and feel as Dr. Bean did when he said to Mr. Hodge, after pronouncing the fish a *fontinalis*, "you were right and I was wrong," then we may hope to see the question settled.

I must confess to feeling a little doubt about the possibility of a fish of small breed, whose ancestors never measured more than ten inches, reaching a weight of ten pounds in new waters. This doubt is based on the fact that there are certain limits assigned by nature to all forms of life which, while they may be occasionally exceeded by individuals, or even by many, under different conditions, are constant even in the exceptions. For instance: The average weight of a man is about 150 pounds, the world over, but individuals have been known which reached upwards of 400 (outside of dime-museum weight) and there are countries where the average is 160 pounds or above, but none where this average reaches 200 pounds, or one-third more than the average for the whole world. Again: An individual ox might weigh 2,500 pounds, or about three times the average of his race, still we would doubt that one could weigh 240,000 pounds under any conditions. In this case it would be forty times the average of his race, placing this average at 6,000 pounds. Now take a blue-backed trout which does not average a quarter of a pound in his native waters, in fact one rarely reaches that weight, and then imagine him to grow ten pounds in some new lake because there was plenty of food there!

Food is a great factor, but it cannot make an elephant out of a mouse because the material is not there, the ancestry is not there, and ancestry is as important as food.

THE THIRSTY PELICAN.

MONADNOCKEWUNK, Ap:il 10.

BASS FLIES.—New York, April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The flies mentioned by me were Post, and Jungle St. Patrick—not Post Jungle. Your correspondent will find these flies, with the exception of the Post, on the hand colored plate of standard black bass and lake flies, published by Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie of New York, and often advertised in your paper. The Post has wings of wild turkey, salmon colored body, black hackle, and tail of scarlet ibis and yellow, mixed. The St. Patrick is also known as the Alexandra.—W. HOLBERTON.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.*

CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN—VII.

THE morning dawned gloomy and dismal and rainy, with a sharp cold wind blowing from the west that chilled us to the bones, and the girls came reluctantly out of the "henery" at the call to get ready for breakfast, without the usual cheerful morning "cackle," and stood shivering around the glowing stoves with a far-away, wish I-was-home look on their lengthened faces. This seemed mightily to the pleasure of that philosopher Al, who was industriously dodging and elbowing his way around among the blue-looking crowd as he got the breakfast ready. Meantime chuckling softly to himself at his great luck—as Ben and I figured it out—in finding his kitchen and cooking utensils in so much better shape than was to be looked for after the violent storm of the previous night. But more than likely the little one-sided chuckling match the philosopher was consoling himself with was in the nature of getting even with the girls for laughing at him when told of his struggles with his tent during the night; however, the exact cause of his unusual cheerfulness remains an unsolved mystery to this day.

It was indeed a spiritless crowd, but I am not quite sure but old Ben and the skipper of the holler log edged along to the further end of the table to nudge each other and work off a shivery snicker at the general cerulean aspect of the camp.

It was pleasing, however, to note the effect of a cup of hot coffee and a good breakfast on the temper of the party. Long faces shortened up, an air of good humor diffused itself through the camp, and every one seemed determined to make the best of an uncomfortable position without grumbling.

A rousing fire was built directly in front of the big store tent, the flaps tied back, and into this the happy family gathered to chat, read, amuse themselves, and wish for pleasant weather.

Sunday should be a day of rest in a camp, and I had promised myself to stay in as a shining example to the others, but when the spirit begins early in the morning to wheedle one into going a-fishin', it's not much use in trying to hold out against it, and accordingly between 9 and 10 o'clock the inclination prevailed. I bailed out one of the boats, put in a bucket of frogs, bait box of worms, the old bass rod and a short stiff one, handy to get along with in the brush, and headed up shore to find a trout stream which one of the Horton boys had told us about, that came into the lake a couple of miles above camp.

Mother Jim and her sister Fanny having been brought up in the rigid old mossbacked Scotch Presbyterian faith, were no doubt horrified at this move; but as the sin of fishing on a Sunday is probably not greater than that of loafing in camp and thinking about it all day, making imaginary casts and bringing to gaff or net a brave, strong fish the whiles, I settled with my conscience in this view of it, and, bending to the oars, was soon out of sight around the point above Horton's, looking for the landmark by which I was to find the mouth of the stream. The others seemed to have caught the spirit of goodness pervading Mother Jim, or perhaps they did not care to brave the discomforts of the cold wind and rain, and I was to have the day to myself.

I failed to find the landmark or the mouth of the stream, as it was lost in a maze of swamps and dead trees, killed by the backwater, that extended back I could not tell how far in the direction of the hills, and I had a pull of nearly a mile further before I could find a place where I could make a landing—at Alexander's Point, full three miles from camp.

Here the lake takes a turn in a southwesterly direction, and from this point to the head is about four miles. The wind had veered around since my leaving camp, and was now blowing down this long stretch with a force that kicked up white-capped waves three or four feet high and rolling and tumbling, quartering down the lake till they spent themselves with a roar and a cloud of spray against the further shore.

Directly across from the Point is a big steam sawmill and a small hamlet (Bingham P. O.), and, as a matter of information for the brethren, I may note that it is about nine miles from Traverse City by wagon road, and that Mr. B. J. Morgan a lively man at Traverse, has a boat house here and boats to hire to any one wishing to drive out for a day's fishing.

As it was useless to think of making headway against the heavy wind and sea, sweeping by only a few rods away, I pulled the boat up under the shelter of the point, hid the bass rod in a handy pile of logs, took the other one and worms, and crossing a field of growing peas, struck into a road, which I followed back till I found the trout stream, a puny affair a yard or two wide and slightly discolored by the heavy rain of the previous night. There are trout streams and trout brooks, and this was perhaps one of the latter, but it took another and equally as bad a day to establish the fact that there were some good trout in it, of which more anon. This dreary Sabbath day I fished for a goodly distance down and up, through an open field and up into the woods into a dripping tangle of "bresh," floundering over logs and fallen trees, crawling under them when I couldn't crawl over, nearly stuck fast once in a treacherous swamp, and ever fighting skeeters; all this without catching sight of a solitary fin.

There is a good deal of straight fun in fishing an average Michigan trout stream in its wild state if you know just how to do it, but it requires long practice and a thorough training in all the grades of true goodness to do it without drifting into profanity. I've tried it week days and Sundays, and always with results bordering more or less on a failure. It is no place for an average church deacon, for he would backslide to the level of an ordinary, every day sinner before he had fished and 'fit musketeers' five rods. I worked back out of the tangle into the road, hot and tired, and trudged back to the boat filled with disgust and disappointment, for I wished very much to treat the girls to a trout supper as a peace offering, a bribe, so to speak, to go easy on the skipper in the matter of the scoring they were certain to have laid up for him for the sin of Sunday fishing. But I "hadn't ketch'd nuthin'," and the sin was perhaps not so flagrant as it might have been.

The rain had stopped, but the wind had increased and the lake was rougher than when I left it to hunt the trout stream. I tied a troller on the bass line, and getting in the boat, pulled out past the point into the waves and headed

with the wind for the further shore with the swiftly-revolving spoon trailing 200 feet astern, a tempting sham for any bass, pickerel or maskalonge that might mistake the glittering, quivering thing for a new-fangled bug that he had not sampled.

It was a wild ride for three-quarters of a mile, first on top of a big wave then bow buried in a roller with stern high in air, raising the line clear of the water with a jerk that caused the troller to skip from the crest of one wave to another like a bright-winged insect full of life; again stern down and bow high out, pitching and rolling we went, the boat and I, over the curling waves till, when near the middle of the lake, a savage tug tightened the line like a bow string, and before I could free the reel handle and snatch the rod from under my leg, the strain eased, and a glance at the sagging line and "feel" of the reel handle told the tale; the troller was gone, and with it, of course, the mightiest pickerel or maskalonge in the lake. I felt sore over the mishap, but then, one always does lose his biggest fish, simply, I believe, because he is big and strong and powerful enough to break ordinary tackle, if inadvertently the slightest advantage is allowed, and I consoled myself with a quotation, slightly altered, from old Ben: "Any fool kin ketch a pound bass, but it takes science to ketch a big muskylunge, espeshally ef he slips up on ye when ye ain't a lookin'." Besides, had I been attending strictly to business instead of gaping around over the lake enjoying the blow, I would have lost him anyhow, for the water was so rough and I was going at such a pace that I would not have been able to handle boat and rod at the same time. There's nothing like a good excuse for losing a big fish, and the brother that can't make peace with himself for his awkwardness by framing a plausible and satisfying reason that will cover all the weak spots in the case, had better not go a-fishing. When I found out it was not my fault—and it is surprising how easy a conclusion of this kind is arrived at—I felt easier; but I did not feel like telling the camp of the adventure, and being laughed at as the "peerless prevaricator," according to "Old Knots," and to this day they don't know that "old Hickory's calamity box" is short its most enticing troller. (Note—To whom it may concern: Tell no "fish story" to old campers without the fish to back it up; they've been there.)

After pulling down shore for half a mile into comparatively quiet water I reeled up to see how much of the line had gone with the troller and found dangling at the end of it a fragment of the broken swivel—nothing more—and this accounted for the calamity. That fish must certainly have been a thirty pounder.

The philosopher had told us of a trout stream coming into the lake near where I then was, out of which he had taken over 70 trout a couple of days before we arrived, but there was such a dense growth of deadened trees standing in the backwater along here for half a mile and extending back further than I could see through the network and tangle of dead trunks and leafless branches, that I looked in vain for the mouth of the stream. There were more days left, however, and the stream could be more easily reached by an old road beginning at the water at a point opposite camp, and the signs were not good for trout that day and "the Joneses wasn't used to hev'in' trout o' Sundays nohow," all these trilling drawbacks making a most gratifying excuse for not taking any back to camp.

I tied on a hook, put on a live kicking frog and at a point where the shore swept back, forming a little bay, soon forgot all about tangles and trout streams in a lively fight with a big-mouthed bass of quite three pounds. In less than an hour five more were on the stringer shedding fresh water tears of regret over the unsatisfying results following their several encounters with a speckled frog with a fishhook in his mouth, when, as six bass were enough for supper and breakfast the boat was headed for camp, now in plain sight, the stars and stripes whipping in the breeze, a mile or more down the lake, but I may say (this for the especial eye of old Dave) that the start to camp was not decided on till some time after the fish had quit biting.

I found the family, except Dan and Ben, in the big tent as comfortable as a good fire in front could make them, but wearing an aspect of "subdued cheerfulness" that said plainly they were all glad the dismal, gloomy day was about drawing to a close. I fancied, too, I could detect in the reproving glance of Mother Jim the symptoms of the expected lecture I no doubt merited (for not bringing in a mess of trout), and I could have hugged "Top" (a nickname old Ben had bestowed on little Cora Muller) when she broke the silence by asking naively, "Did you catch any fish, James Mackerel?" This raised a general laugh at the expense of "James Mackerel," and diverted Mother Jim's thoughts from the scoring she had doubtless mapped out in her mind for J. M., and taking advantage of the hilarity Top and I repaired to the boat to look at the bass, the others following shortly, Mother Jim with the rest, so innate is the desire in us all to view the trophies of a sportsman's skill with rod or gun, even though killed on a day that should be devoted to better pursuits. But if Sunday fishing is a sin, it is easier to be a sinner than a saint, and it would seem the brethren of the rod have need to mend their ways.

I may note that from that evening on Top and the Skipper had a good many little confidences together—a relation which has since grown into a kind of "June and January" friendship, and, I take it, no man is the worse for the friendship of a pure-minded, artless little girl.

Those two old worthies, Dan and "Hyperbolic Jones" (the girls had so named old Ben), had dozed around camp most of the day suffering in silence, but when the rain was over the longing to go a-fishing was no longer to be resisted, and they had bailed out a boat and taken their way down the lake, as Ben said, "to limber up their joints an' sneak 'round kinder onconcerned like an' find out whereabouts the bass an' pickerel held their Sunday schools."

They came in a short time before supper was ready with four or five bass, a couple of pickerel and a dogfish of over two feet in length, the latter identical in appearance with dogfish found in Lake Erie, the Wabash, Kankakee, and Tippecanoe rivers; the same eel-shaped mouth, dorsal and caudal, with the same black spot on each side of the tail fin near the base, and the same little bead-like, snakey eyes. They may, and no doubt do, inhabit other lakes in Northern Michigan, but Carp Lake is the only one we have taken them in. Their flesh is soft and mushy, and utterly worthless for the table; the longer it is cooked the "slicker" it gets; but they are a powerful, hard-fighting fish, and about the meanest, vicious-looking devils that infest the water. I merely record the fact without comment, that the natives around Carp Lake call them "lawyers."

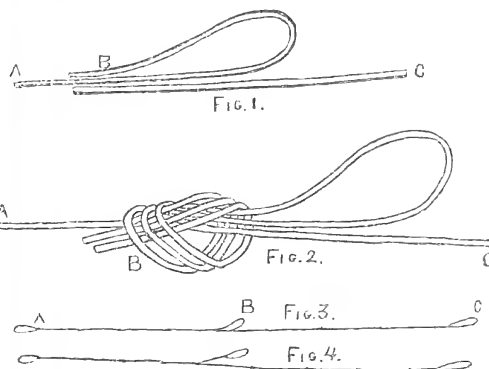
Before supper was over the rain began to fall again, and continued throughout the night.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

ATTACHING DROPPERS.

NOW that the angling season is so nearly ready to begin, almost every angler will be overhauling his tackle, etc. A new stock of leaders he will either buy or tie. So I think it will be perhaps pardoned me, if I present the method I have elaborated for attaching droppers to leaders, in consideration of the fact that it will be useful to many of the fraternity. It may very likely happen that this method is, in slang, "a chestnut." I have shown it to a number of my friends, and have found none who have seen it before. They have adopted it and assure me that it is very satisfactory; at least, there will be some to whom it is new, and to them I recommend it, and hope those who may perhaps have already struck upon it will forgive me for the sake of those who have not. The drawings will, I think, explain themselves. In tying lengths of gut together to make the leader, when you arrive at the point where it is desired to have a dropper loop, say thirty inches for a fine trout leader, or three feet for a heavy trout or bass, from the lower end to which the stretcher fly is looped, double the gut back, making a loop up the leader, lay the other upper strand alongside, as in Fig. 1, then make a curl in them all and pass loop and line gut through, or in other words, make a knot, as in ordinary tying.

It will then present the appearance of Fig. 2. Then draw down tight, and, having the gut well soaked and soft, take the loop just tied in one hand and the upper end, C, in the other, and pull them strongly apart, so that the loop will be pulled down the line. Then when released, instead of pointing straight up the leader and lying hard on C, it will



point out nearly at right angles. The advantages of this loop, which is seen on a completed leader in Fig. 3, and in which A is the stretcher loop, B the dropper loop and C the upper or reel-line loop, are these: As flies are tied nowadays they invariably come on short gut snells, terminated by a loop; it is highly desirable to be able to use the same fly indifferently for stretcher or dropper. It may be that some day they will be tied on eyed hooks, and we can then follow the ideas of some of our angling authors, but until they do, the attaching of the dropper will always be a nuisance, according to the old methods. This way enables any man, whether he be an adept in making tackle or not, to fasten on or take off in a moment a dropper as easily as a stretcher. The advantage of tying the loop into the line in this way is that pointing up and being a short stiff loop, the dropper always stands out at a right angle with the line, making it an impossibility for it to foul with the leader; the hook is never curled over the line, so if a fish strikes he gets it into his mouth as easily as the stretcher fly.

This idea is not wholly original with me, for Mr. Up De Graff, in "Bodine's," presented the leader shown in Fig. 4. I tried this, but found that the loop standing on a stem, so to speak, of single gut, soon dragged down and lay along the line; I then tried tying the loop into the line, with perfectly satisfactory results. The extra stiffness acquired in this way obviates the former difficulty. As it might, however, be too stiff at first, the pulling it out at a right angle is recommended. It may be claimed that this loop will crack, when the dropper is struck by a heavy fish, at the knot. I always soak my leaders or keep them moist awhile, before using them in any case, to have them soft and pliable. I have used this method for two years now, and have never had an accident from it, nor have any of my friends, although the leaders have been hard worked and have often landed two large bass at once. As has been observed, "the proof of the pudding," etc., and I have tested this to my entire satisfaction and, with the precautions I have mentioned, and which should be used on any leader, in any case, I think it will be, by all those to whom it is new and who care to try it.

PERCYVAL.

OPENING THE SEASON ON GREEN CREEK, L. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I opened the ball on Green Creek with the best day's fishing I ever had there. A friend and I killed 98 trout, weighing in all 41½ lbs. We did not strike any very large ones, the biggest of the lot being only 1½ lbs. I lost one fish that may have been bigger, but I am rather wary about estimating size of lost fish. I would rather believe a poor pair of scales than George Washington. The greater number of fish were just about ½ lb. each, a very nice size for light tackle, and especially considering the unusually fine condition the fish are in for the season. The trout are about as far advanced as I generally find them the latter part of April. They are round and full of vigor, take the fly on the surface and give great sport in handling. Used hooks about two sizes smaller than I am accustomed to fish with April 1. The best patterns of flies were Abbey, Grizzly King, Lowery and Professor.—CHAS. F. IMBRIE.

NEVERSINK CLUB.—New York, April 9.—The third annual meeting of the Neversink Club took place at the office of D. W. James, Jr., April 5. Alfred Roe was re-elected president, and W. Holberton secretary and treasurer. The club is in flourishing condition. Unusual care will be taken the coming season to guard the stream against poaching. Since the last annual meeting the club has purchased most of the property they formerly leased.—W. HOLBERTON, Sec.

Two bills for the benefit of the trees have passed the Connecticut Senate. One exempts from taxation for twenty years land not worth over \$35 an acre on which 1,200 trees to the acre have been planted and have reached the height of six feet. The other, to prevent forest fires, visits severe penalties on those who kindle fires in wood land. There is to be an arbor day.

*Continued from page 400, Vol. XXIV., July 16, 1885. Old Ben suggests that "as it has been such a long spell between drinks, the 'Jones family' had better apologize to the brethren an' ask 'em all into the big tent to hev a drink o' water." The apology and invitation are hereby tendered.—K.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

SHORT LOBSTERS.—It appears, says the Boston Herald, from recent communications to Deputy Commissioner Shattuck, that a great deal of interest is being taken in the enforcement of the law protecting lobsters under a certain size. Even the lobster fishermen say that they have for a long time regretted that such small lobsters were being taken and not allowed to grow, and these same fishermen promise to aid in enforcing the 10½-inch law, provided all their number can be brought to obedience. They can see the advantages to themselves under such a law, and they are daily coming to the authorities with information, much of it valuable, in enforcing the law. They even propose to form societies of their own for the keeping of the law. This is especially true in one or two towns on Cape Cod, which were formerly noted for sending short lobsters to New York by smacks. In Maine the canners are sending congratulatory letters to the authorities upon their success in enforcing the law against the "slaughtering of infant lobsters." They say that they get all the lobsters there are, anyway, and "we must be fools to desire the trouble of opening small lobsters—two or three to the can, when one should do it." In an interview with a prominent Maine canner yesterday, he promised Deputy Shattuck all the aid in his power toward the enforcement of the law, and hoped that he should yet see lobsters of good size at his cannery. He also complained of the injustice of that form of the Maine statute which makes the canner responsible for short lobsters left on his wharf. He says that the lobster fishermen persist in bringing them in, and they are dumped, with those of lawful length, on the canner's wharf; that he has invariably caused the short ones to be thrown overboard as soon as they come to his notice, but that, under the law, he is liable for lobsters he does not want. But in such cases the canner "owns the fisherman," as it were. He furnishes him money before the season begins and takes his catch in payment; yet he does not desire unlawful lobsters. It might be a question for the courts which was the real owner at any stage—the fisherman or the canner.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES. FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 22.—Fifth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

April 13, 14, 15 and 16. First Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

April 13 to 15.—Bench Show of the Buffalo S. F. P. C. A., Main Street Rink, Buffalo. E. H. Rounds, Secretary, 75 White Building.

April 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Third Dog Show of the Cleveland Bench Show Association. C. M. Minhall, Secretary, Cleveland, O.

May 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Tenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent, P. O. Box 1818, New York.

May 18, 19, 20 and 21.—Third Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club, St. Louis, Mo. Geo. Munson, Manager.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3481.

THE BOSTON DOG SHOW.

THE second annual dog show of the New England Kennel Club, held at Boston last week, was a very successful one. The show was held at Mechanic's Hall, a building very well adapted for the purpose, it being somewhat larger than the Armory at New Haven. It was feared that the location was very unfavorable, as it is a long distance from the center of the city, but as Music Hall could not be secured the experiment was tried and the result proved most satisfactory, as the hall was crowded every day, notwithstanding the very uncomfortable weather of the first two days, during which there was almost a steady down pour of rain. On Thursday the weather was better and the building was uncomfortably crowded from the middle of the forenoon till the closing hour. There was also a large crowd on Friday and the club have added to their funds some two to three thousand dollars. The dogs were benched in the center of the hall, leaving considerable space at the sides which would have been better utilized had there been a row of stalls next the walls, leaving more space for visitors near the judging ring. Mr. John Read superintended the show, and so well were the exhibitors satisfied that they presented to him a handsome and valuable silver service as a token of their appreciation of his efforts to please.

There were 622 dogs entered, and the proportion of absentees was not so large as is usual. The quality was above the average, and in some of the classes it was superior to anything we have yet seen. With the exception of the classes assigned to Mr. Tracy and one or two minor classes, the judging was done on the first day. Many of the stalls were elaborately draped, adding very much to the attractive appearance of the show. Mr. Alexander Pope displayed several of his best pictures in a well lighted room; among them was a life size painting of champion Argus that attracted much attention. There was also a well-executed picture of a foxhound, and another of a pair of beagles, that were greatly admired. The list of judges was as follows: Mastiffs, St. Bernards and collies, Mr. James Mortimer, Babylon, L. I.; pointers, Irish and Gordon setters, Mr. J. M. Tracy, Greenwich, Conn.; English setters, Mr. J. Otto Donner, New York; bulldogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers, wire-haired, Irish and Yorkshire terriers, pugs and miscellaneous, Mr. R. H. Barlow, Philadelphia, Pa.; spaniels, Skye, Scotch, Bedlington, Dandie Dimont and black and tan terriers, Newfoundland, foxhounds, basset hounds and dachshunds, Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Ont.; greyhounds, deerhounds, Italian greyhounds and poodles, Mr. J. B. Pierson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; beagles, Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn.; veterinary, Dr. G. Walton, Boston, Mass.

MASTIFFS.—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were thirty-one mastiffs entered, with four absentees. In the champion dog class Homer was placed over Hero II., a decision that we cannot indorse. Hero was sick and in poor condition, but he was not near so badly off as to deserve a beating by Homer. Prussian Princess and Rosalind were the only entries in the champion bitch class; both were in excellent condition, but only the former was brought before the judge. In the open dog class Ilford Caution was placed first and Boss second. While recognizing the many good qualities of Caution we cannot ignore his serious faults, and should place him behind Boss. Three dogs received vhc.; of these Dictator is much the best, although he is too small. Dread, hc., won second at Newark; he got all he deserved. Thor,

also hc., is a large dog and not yet developed. His muzzle is too long and pointed, and he is deficient in bone. Gripp, c., is a promising puppy, and bids fair to turn out something good. Ashmont Prince, also c., did not show at all well in the ring. Had he shown up as well as when we examined him he would undoubtedly have received at least another letter. The remainder of the class were sadly wanting. In the bitch class only four of the seven entries were shown. Hilda V., looking well, won first, although she was closely pressed by Nellie, winner of second, a nice broody bitch with a good head, ribs well rounded, broad and deep loins, good legs and feet and plenty of bone. She carries her ears badly. Tamira, vhc., is a nicely made bitch on the small side. Her head is too long and pointed at muzzle and she is rough in coat. Freda, also vhc., is of good size and has plenty of bone. She is also too pointed in muzzle and carries her ears badly. In the dog puppy class Hannibal was placed first. Monarch, the winner of second, is much the better dog; he is less than five months old and promises to make a winner in good company when mature. Dolly Varden was alone in the bitch class. She is litter sister to Monarch and is a fairly good specimen.

ST. BERNARDS.—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were 50 St. Bernards entered with only two absentees. In the champion class for rough-coated dogs, Duke of Leeds, looking well, was alone, and Gertie also had a walk-over in the bitch class. Merchant Prince had an easy win in the open dog class. He was looking better than we have seen him, but he was still far from being in first-class condition. He also won the special over Duke of Leeds for the best rough-coat, and was beaten by Leha for the best of either breed. Two years ago Duke of Leeds beat Leha at New York under the same judge. We are glad to see this decision reversed, as the Duke is not quite up to Leha; we thought him, however, just about good enough to win over Merchant Prince in their present condition. Rudolph II. came next; he deserved the place. Prince was given the reserve card. His good head and correct markings entitled him to the place; he might be stronger in muzzle and better in coat; he is also too small. Czar, vhc., is light in muzzle, faulty in marking and curly in coat. Loyal, also vhc., is a nice dog in front, but faulty behind. Thelo, hc., is fairly well made with good bone. He might be better in head and coat. Everest, also hc., is of good size and has a good head except that he is not deep enough in muzzle. He was not in good condition. Rip Van Winkle is also of good size and has good markings. He is long in head and light in bone and curly in coat. In the bitch class Miranda well deserved her first. Verone, second, is rather nicely put together, but is houndy in head, long in ears and lacks coat. Stella, reserve, was better for the place. Lys, vhc., has improved since we saw her last. She is a trifle long in head and was not in good condition. Cadess, hc., has a good head with badly placed ears. She was short of coat. Empress, c., is rather a nice bitch with a houndy head. In dog puppies Loyal won. He was also vhc. in the aged class. Second went to Bruno II., a big eight months puppy and hc. to two very pretty little fellows only two months old. In the bitch class Lys, the winner, was also vhc. in the open class. Linda, second, is a fair specimen of good size; she is too sharp in muzzle. Lady Guyder, hc., may develop well, there is certainly room for improvement. The champion smooth coats were well represented by Don II. in the dog and Leila in the bitch class. In the open dog class Apollo won; he was closely pressed by St. Botolph, placed second; both were looking well. Leo, reserve, is a big dog, well made, but a little deficient in bone. Rigi was vhc. Essex, hc., was not in good condition. Terror, also hc., we failed to find. In the bitch class only two were shown, Beatrice being absent. Belle of Sterling, awarded first, is a nice level bitch, faulty in ears and muzzle. Second was properly withheld from Flora, a weak-headed specimen lacking in character. All of the puppies, with the exception of one very moderate specimen, were of one litter. They were too young to judge but were given a diploma for their good looks.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—(MR. KIRK).

With the exception of Bruno, first, and Prince, second, there was nothing worthy of notice in the open class. The two puppies shown are of the same litter, they are quite pretty but too young for the show bench.

POINTERS.—(MR. TRACY).

There were fifty-nine pointers entered, with nine absentees. Taken as a whole they were a better lot than we generally see. There were no entries in the champion classes. Graphic had an easy win in the open class for large dogs. Next to him came Tempter, winner of second in the puppy class at New York last year. He has grown to be a fine upstanding dog, with good head, shoulders, chest, loin, legs and feet and tail; he has plenty of bone and moves well; he is somewhat throaty, and might be better just behind his shoulders. William Tell, greatly improved since New Haven, received the vhc. Bang, hc., well deserved his card; he begins to show age. Randolph Guy, also hc., is not so good as Bang; his head is of good shape, but it is a trifle heavy; he has plenty of bone and is fairly well put together; he is throaty, a bit shallow in chest, and stands too high on his legs. Captain Fred, first at New Haven, was thrown out on account of his dew claws. We thought him deserving at least two letters. Scott, also unnoticed, is a useful sort, with a fair head and capital legs and feet; he is too wide in front and a trifle out at elbow, but worth a c. There were several others in the class that looked like workmen, but they are not quite up to show form. Tammany and Duke of Bergen were absent. In the corresponding bitch class Revel III. and Nell, respectively first and second, were the only ones noticed. Old Regalia, shown grossly fat, was looking well for her years. She has grown throaty and wide in front since we last saw her. In the small dog class Bracket again scored a win. Bob, placed second, has gone a bit wrong in forelegs since last year. Dick Deadye, vhc., has a fair head, but is wide in front and a trifle light in bone. In the corresponding bitch class Meally won handsly. Belle Randolph, placed second, is a nice bitch, with good head, chest, loin, legs and feet; she might be better in shoulders and tail, and cleaner in hocks, she also stands a trifle high. Vhc. went to Daisy B., a very fair bitch of large type; her open feet are her worst fault. Vayool, hc., should not have been noticed; she is well made, but a dwarf in size, with an awful head for a pointer. Jule and Clover, both hc., are much better specimens; Jule, except that she is a trifle light in muzzle and coarse in tail, is very good; Clover is also good except that she is wide in front and coarse in tail. Modesty, Happy Medium and Leda were absent. In the dog puppy class first went to Don Quixote, a catchy-looking black and white with a nice head, which he carries very handsomely; he is much too flat-ribbed and straight behind, and has a coarse tail; he should have exchanged places with Mascot, a very promising lemon and white, with no marked faults except that his ears are a bit high; he was the best in the class, and if he goes all right he will take a lot of beating. Tennis was rightly given second; he is rather a nicely made dog, a trifle shallow, and out at elbows, and he might be better in feet. Tom Tucker, hc., has a pretty head but is shallow. There was nothing else in the class worth notice. The bitches were nothing remarkably good. Daisy Belle, hc. at New Haven, was placed first, and Jeanette second; she is rather pretty but too shallow and light, she may improve. Daisy Ranger, vhc., we liked as well as any in the class, although there was not much to choose between the three. Daisy is of bad color, but has the best form of either and moves much the best; her badly carried ears are against her. Favette, hc., is fairly well put together; she is decidedly cross-eyed. Mr. Tracy handled the classes very well and his decisions were well received.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—(MR. DONNER).

There were 57 English setters entered, of which only Rockingham, Modesta and Lady Rock were absent. Plantagenet

was consequently alone in the champion dog class; he was looking fairly well. In the open dog class Foreman scored another first, making five in all, or two more than necessary to qualify him for the champion class. Some of the exhibitors grumbled at the working of the rule which should be changed so as to count all winnings up to the date of any show. Second went to Premier, rather a taking looking dog, with capital shoulders, good legs and feet, nice color and coat. His head is a trifle heavy and plain, owing somewhat to bad tan marking. He is also long in back and lacks quality. We preferred Gus Bondhu, vhc., for the place. He was shown a trifle too fat, but was looking as well as ever we saw him. He is a rare bred one and shows it in his looks. Mack B captured the reserve. There was not much to choose between him and Premier. Dracy, hc., is rather a nice dog and deserved his card. Roy, c., we did not find in his stall. Old Coin showed want of grooming, as did Glen Rock, both unnoticed. The judge was sparing of his favors and several dogs that were worthy of mention received no notice. We do not believe in an indiscriminate distribution of ribbons, but in a good class a judicious bestowal of deserved favors is not out of place. In the bitch class there were no flyers, although there were several very good specimens. First went to the well-known Dashing Belle and second to Vixen III., winner of same position at Pittsburgh this year. She is plain in head and too wavy in coat, otherwise she has no bad faults. We liked Peck's Bad Girl, vhc., better for the place. She is a trifle wide in front and was shown too fat, but otherwise she was about as good as any in the class. She is the best mover of any of them. Lulu received the reserve card; she was looking well. Bessie, vhc., is a nice bitch with a fair head. Her coat is almost curly and she was shown too low in flesh. Katy Berwyn and Alice D., both hc., are good with the exception of plain heads. Katy is not quite straight on her fore legs. The dog puppies, with the exception of the winners, were an ordinary lot. In the bitch class first went to Princess Novel, a very nice puppy with a plain head, Zulu winning second. Bess, vhc. reserve, was very badly shown. Had she been in proper condition she might have done better as she appears to be very good.

GORDON SETTERS.—(MR. TRACY).

The premium list called for Gordon setters instead of black and tan. There were eighteen entries with four absentees. Argus was alone in the champion class. In the open dog class, first went to Tom II., a fairly well made dog of good coat and color, and better hind legs than we generally see on a Gordon. He is rather plain in head and his ribs are not well sprung. Second went to Jack. He has a good head and is well formed. Had he been in good condition he would have undoubtedly won; he was shown too fat and in bad coat. Gyp, vhc., we liked; he has a fairly good head, is well put together, has a good coat and markings. Trim, hc., is rather coarse and has a weak head. Dash, c., is a cobby little dog, with fair coat and markings. In the bitch class, the well-known Heather Lass was placed first. Second went to Jessica; she is a well-formed light-weight, with a weak head and light eye. Vic, vhc., was nursing a litter and not in form; her head is of the Irish setter type. The two puppies shown were weak in head and poorly marked. The prizes were properly withheld.

IRISH SETTERS.—(MR. TRACY).

There were 61 Irish setters entered with 7 absentees. In the champion dog class, Elcho, Jr., was the only one to compete. He was in better form than we have ever seen him. Old Elcho was not for competition in this class; he carries his twelve years lightly, and was looking better than when we saw him three years ago. In the bitch class, Noreen, in elegant condition, won over Lady Clare and Zella Glenduff. Retta was absent. The open dog class was a red hot one, and the unnoticed ones would have made a very good class of themselves. The well-known Blarney was properly placed first. He has got rid of some of his lumber since New Haven and was looking better. Second went to Dash, winner of first at New York three years ago. We did not think him so good as Bruce, hc.; they should have exchanged places. Bruce is a typical dog, and when in as good form as he was here it takes a first-class one to beat him. Echo, vhc., is a well-made dog, but was not in good condition; hc. was about his mark in such company. There was scarcely an inferior specimen in the class. We noticed the owner of one of the dogs that received a card looking for a poor specimen to place his dog alongside, thinking that the contrast would help him, but after a careful search he gave up the job in disgust. The bitches were not so good as the dogs, still there were several very fine animals in the class. Lorna, the winner, is well-known; she was in beautiful condition; she showed up very stylish in the ring. She is symmetrical and well formed, her head is clean cut but a trifle too wide. Hebe, second, and Jessie, hc., should have exchanged places; both are well-known. Daphne, vhc., is a sweet bitch and deserved her card. Noreen IV., hc., would not have disgraced the three letters, and Mona, unnoticed, deserved mention. The winning dog puppy, Thaddeus, promises well. The bitch puppies were well placed. Sonsie, the winner, will do to show again.

SPANIELS.—(MR. KIRK).

The spaniel classes contained fifty-two entries, the same number as were at New Haven. The Irish water classes did not fill well, and with the exception of Mollie, did not amount to much. She has a good head and topknot. Black Prince was alone in the champion field class. He was looking well. In the open class for dogs, Black Beau, Jr. was rightly placed first. He is a good dog with few faults. A little more depth to the muzzle and thickness through the pads would improve him. He is also a bit high, and will lower down with age. Beau, second, is good in body and coat, but has wretched forelegs, as crooked as a dachshund. His muzzle should be heavier. Black Dandy, hc., is short in body and head, and a little high on his pins, but has a very good coat. He is of the cocker type. Newton Abbot Lady headed the class for bitches. She was in good form. Onyx, second, is high on her legs and light in eye, but otherwise good. She will show better after breeding. Critic, also light in eye, and more of the cocker type, received hc. The champion cockers were divided by sex. In consequence Helen and Brahmin did not meet at New Haven. Each had a walk-over. Helen was vastly improved from her Newark form, though her coat is still not right. Brahmin was in good condition. The open class for liver or black dogs, though containing but five entries, proved a hot one. Black Pete, feeling a little dumpy, led the string, with Young Obo, Obo, Jr., Kobo and Ned Obo following in the order named. It was a close pull between the three latter, but we should have placed Kobo and Ned Obo in front of the Junior. He is weak at the elbows and has very short ears. The bitch class was a fairly good one and very well judged. Shina got the blue ribbon, with Dido W. second. They are good ones. Black Pearl, vhc. reserve, is poor in head. Pauline Markham, vhc., is much improved from her last year's form. Alice Obo was not shown well. She is light in muzzle and lacks substance. She does not improve as we expected she would when we saw her last fall. Miss Obo II. was absent. The liver or black cocker puppies were a weedy lot. Blister, in getting first, got more than his allowance. The any other color cockers were led in the dog class by Don, a bit short-headed and high on his legs, and in the bitch class by Marion. Aside from the winners, these classes did not show much quality. The Clumbers numbered four all told. They were only fair. Punch won. Sancho and Pedro will have a chance to improve, as they are only eight months old.

GREYHOUNDS.—(MR. PIERSON).

Eleven of the fourteen greyhounds entered were owned by Mr. H. W. Smith, who won everything but second and a commended card in the open dog class. Memnon was alone in the

champion dog class. He was drawn a bit fine, but was looking well. Mother Demdike, in capital condition, was also alone in the bitch class. In the open dog class, first went to Stranger in White. He looked soft but felt hard and good. Second went to Stag, a fair-looking animal with a broken toe. Sir Ben, vhc., was not looking his best. Jack, c., has too heavy a head and too bad feet to receive notice. In the bitch class, first went to Sister in Black, looking well. Sorceress, second, is a nicely formed animal of high weight, with well developed quarters. Sept. 20th, the winning dog puppy, is a large dog and not yet developed; his ears are a bit large. Silver Bells, the winning bitch, is a fair animal in bad condition.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. PIERSON).

The display of deerhounds was much better than we have ever seen, nine of the thirteen entries are owned by Mr. John E. Thayer; nearly all of the winners are well known. Bran and Lorna were the winners in the champion classes. In the open dog classes first went to Chieftain, and second to Brian, the winner at New York last year, both were looking well, as was Duncan, vhc. Torrum, also vhc., was badly shown. Wanda won in the bitch class, with Heather Belle second, Belle is a large bitch with a good head; she carries her ears badly and is straight behind; she was not in good condition. Only two puppies were shown. They are from the same litter; both are of good size and promising; they are somewhat lacking in length of skull. They are not yet a year old, and if they improve as they should they will be found among the winners when mature.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. KIRK).

Only five foxhounds were shown. Roney had a walk over in the champion bitch class. In the open dog class Ranger had an easy win. Zip, second, has a good head and is very fair all round, except that he has open feet. Lady Stewart, the only entry in the bitch class, is more of the English type than any of the others; her very small ears will always keep her back in good company.

BEAGLES—(MR. ELMORE).

With one exception all of the beagles noticed at New Haven were at Boston. In the champion class the decision at New Haven was reversed and Mischief was placed over Bush by four points; we have not the figures made at New Haven but to the best of our recollection they were two points in favor of Bush. This is a matter that should be explained as exhibitors do not understand how so great a difference can exist. In the open dog class the awards were the same as at New Haven, except that Trifle received one letter less. In the bitch class Chase was placed over Twinkle, again reversing the decision at New Haven. Chase also beat Little Duke for the special; both of these decisions we must dissent from. Mr. Elmore is a painstaking judge and examined his dogs very carefully, and with the exception of placing Chase too high, he handled them very nicely. In the class under 12 inches, Fair Maid won first, second went to Bramble, a very nice puppy that will do to show again. The two winning puppies are also very promising.

BASSET HOUNDS—(MR. KIRK).

Nemours in the champion, Bertrand in the dog and Canace in the bitch class were all that deserved notice. All are well known. The two others showed more of the harrier than basset.

DACHSHUNDE—(MR. KIRK).

There were ten dachshunde, all but one of them receiving notice. Two or three different types were shown and nearly all of the animals were above the average of previous years. We thought them well placed.

COLLIES—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were 40 collies entered with six absentees. In the champion dog class, Robin Adair, the only entry, was absent. In the bitch class, Winnie won. She was looking well, except that she has a new coat that is not fully grown. She was the best collie shown and should have had the special, which went to her kennel companion, Bruce of the Fyde, also the winner in the open dog class. He was in good form and well deserved the place. Second went to Roy Boy. He was not looking his best, and should have given place to Kilmarnock Bruce, who received the reserve card; he was looking fairly well. Skip, vhc., is a nice dog, with good head, coat and frill. He is a bit short in body and too light in eye. Joker, he, has improved since last year, but is still far from perfection. There was nothing else in the class that will ever be heard from in good company. In the bitch class, first went to Daisy Dean, a beautiful animal, fairly good all over, except that her ears are badly carried and she is a bit short in body. Second went to Dahlia, a very sweet bitch, better all round than the winner. Lass O' Lowrie received the reserve card. She is faulty in head and soft in coat, and should have exchanged places with Kilmarnock Belle, a nice bitch; she was a little short of coat. Drumlin Isle, vhc., was not in first-class condition. In the dog puppy class first went to Ronald, a fairly well-made animal; he is off in coat and was shown very thin; he is too long in head and muzzle and a bit heavy in ear. Bute, second, is also well made, with a good head, plenty of coat, and a well-carried tail; he stands a bit high behind. Daisy Queen, winner in the open class, easily captured first in the bitch puppy class. Second went to Madge, a nice little black and tan. Topsey, vhc., we failed to find in her stall.

TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

There were forty-two fox-terriers entered with General Grant the only absentee reported, although we failed to find Stableford Joe after a diligent search. Mr. Barlow generally handles his terriers in a masterly manner, but he was off the mark in placing Belgrave Primrose over Fennel in the champion dog class, and in placing Splaiger at the head of affairs in the open dog class. Bacchanal should have been first and Baby Jack second. Nearly all of the winners are well known. They were placed as well perhaps as possible. There were no entries in the wire-haired classes. Nearly all of the winning bull-terriers are well-known. Birmingham Joe, winner in the small dog class, is just a fair specimen. He is out at elbow and carries the marks of many a battle. There was only one black and tan in each of the three classes represented; all have been described before. The winning Skyes were a fair lot, we thought them well placed. We did not see a single Yorkshire in good coat. Only three Scotch terriers were shown, each was first in its respective class, Heather was the best of them. There were five Dandies shown. Fanny and Bennie Britton we failed to find in their stalls. Meg, second in the bitch class, and Kelpie, vhc., should have exchanged places. Nora was alone in the Irish class. Sentinel and Sting, in the dog, and Wasp in the bitch class, represented the Bedlington.

BULLDOGS—(MR. BARLOW).

All of the bulldogs in the aged classes have been often described, and as they were placed right no comment is needed. First was withheld in the dog puppy class and second given to Doctor, not a good specimen. Atossa, in the bitch class, was deserving her first.

PUGS—(MR. BARLOW).

The pugs were not out in force, only nineteen were entered. The winners in the champion and dog classes are well-known. Only two bitches were noticed, both are very fair specimens. Only one of the four puppies suited the judge; she is quite promising.

TOY TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

The toy dogs had but one representative, Bootless, a nice Maltese not yet in full coat. In the bitch class first and second went to two very fair black and tans.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS—(MR. KIRK).

There were fourteen King Charles spaniels entered with two

absentees. This is more than twice as many as were shown at New Haven, and much the best display that we have seen. In the dog class Duke of Edinburgh should have been placed first, with Milwaukee Charlie next, and Pictou, vhc., and in the bitch class Nellie and Dolly should have exchanged places. Our reasons may be found in former reports. Nearly all of them were in bad coat. There was only one Blenheim shown, Joan of Arc, winner of vhc. at New Haven.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. PIERSON).

There was only one in this class. She was too large and had to be content with second prize.

POODLES—(MR. PIERSON).

There were three entries in the dog class. Beaulieu, winner at New York last year, was the only one worthy of notice. Both of the bitches shown were awarded prizes. They are fair specimens.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS—(MR. PIERSON).

Me Too and Mide, both well-known, were respectively first and second.

MISCELLANEOUS—(MR. BARLOW).

In the miscellaneous class, over twenty-five pounds, first and second went to two fair Ulmers. First was withheld in the small class, and second given to a Maltese terrier, too large and not good in coat.

Following are the corrections to the list of awards published last week, together with the specials:

CORRECTIONS.

In small pointer bitches Tuckerfield Kennels' Daisy B. was very high com. instead of Parker's Daisy Belle. In black or liver cocker spaniel bitches Black Pearl was reserve instead of Rev. In beagle dogs Wakefield & Co.'s Trifle and W. E. Deane's Little Duke, Jr., and Racer, Jr., were com. In bitches Wakefield & Co.'s Vixen and D. O'Shea's Hasty were high com. and M. W. Hammond's Zulie, Associated Fanciers' Midget and A. E. Bowler's Jennie were com. In puppies C. H. Hounsbury's Little Rhody was high com. In champion large bull-terriers W. J. Comstock's Victoria won instead of Grand Duke. In champion small bull-terriers R. & W. Livingstone's Little Maggie won. In Yorkshire terriers W. Barrowscale's Dandy was first and P. Clancy's Bill second. In Italian greyhounds first was withheld and Mrs. A. A. Moorehouse's Minnie was second.

ADDITIONAL AWARDS.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: J. E. Thayer's Argus. Bitch: No entry.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, G. A. Coleman's Tom II.; 2d, C. E. Molloy's Jack. Very high com., G. D. Holbrook's Gyp. High com., G. R. Reed's Trim. Com., S. H. Blodgett's Dashi. Bitches: 1st, A. H. Aldrich's Heather Lass; 2d, G. E. Browne's Jessica. Very high com., J. L. Wells's Vix. Puppies: Withheld.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. Bitch: Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Noreen.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. W. Clark, Jr.'s Blarney; 2d, T. Wilson's Dash. Very high com., Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho. High com., C. F. Kernerson's Tim; A. Wright's Trip; J. L. Locke's Dash Elcho; R. C. Van Horn's Patsy, and I. H. Roberts's Bruce. Bitches: 1st, Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Lorna; 2d, I. H. Roberts's Hebe. Very high com., J. D. Ide's Daphne. High com., W. Hoyt's Noreen IV.; I. H. Roberts's Jessie, and C. F. Milliken's Dolly M.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Saunders's Thaddeus; 2d, withheld. Bitches: 1st, G. W. Simon's Sossie; 2d, J. H. Gavin's Quail. High com., G. W. Cobb's Lady Sprite.

POODLES.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. Ferguson's Beaulieu; 2d, withheld. Bitches: 1st, J. Compton's Leslie; 2d, Mrs. W. N. Pond's Lady Pink.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS.—1st, Mrs. H. T. Foote's Me Too; 2d, S. S. Palmer's Medie.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best kennel mastiffs, Winlaw Kennels. Best mastiffs (two), Prussian Princess. Best mastiff dog puppy, Hannibal; best bitch puppy, Dolly Varden. Best St. Bernard kennel, Hermitage Kennels. Best St. Bernard, Lella. Best in open classes, Merchant Prince. Best rough-coated dog, Merchant Prince. Best smooth-coated dog, Apollo; best bitch, Lella. Best rough-coated dog puppy, Loyal; best bitch, Lys. Best Newfoundland, Bruno. Best kennel of pointers, Graphic Kennels. Best pointer, Graphic. Best pointer dog in open classes, Graphic. Best dog or bitch, Graphic. Best bitch in open classes, Revell III. Best stud dog, Graphic. Best brace, Bracket and Revell III. Best dog puppy (two), Don Quixote. Best bitch puppy, Daisy Belle. Best kennel, Newish setters, Blackstone Kennels. Best English setter, Foreman. Best in open classes, Foreman. Best puppy, Glen Roy. Best setter, any breed, Foreman. Best kennel Irish setters, Dr. Wm. Jarvis. Best dog, Elcho, Jr. Best in open classes (two), Blarney. Best dog puppy, Thaddeus. Best bitch, Sossie. Best Gordon setter dog, Argus. Best in open classes, Heather Lass. Best kennel cocker spaniels, J. P. Willey. Best dog or bitch, Shina. Best bitch, Shina. Best black cocker dog, Black Pete. Best bitch, Shina. Best field spaniel, Newish Lady. Best black field spaniel bitch, Onyx. Best kennel greyhounds, H. W. Smith. Best greyhound (two), Mennon. Best brace, Mennon and Mother Demdike. Best dog puppy, Sept. 20. Best bitch, Silver Belles. Best kennel deerhounds, J. E. Thayer. Best deerhound, Chieftain. Best foxhound, Roney. Best in open classes, Ranger. Best beagle, over 12 inches, Chase; under 12 inches, Fair Maid. Best dog, Little Duke. Best kennel collies (two), Kilmarnock. Best collie (two), Bruce of the Fyde. Best fox-terrier, Richmond Olive. Best bred in America, Mouna. Best bull-terrier (two), Count. Best under 25 lbs., Little Nell. Best Yorkshire terrier (two), Dandy. Best bulldog, Bellissima. Best in open classes, Bellona. Best Badington terrier, Sentinel. Best bitch, Wasp. Best brace, Sting and Wasp. Best pug, Bradford Ruby. Best in open classes (two), Master Tragedy. Best bitch puppy, Pattie. Best Italian greyhound, Minnie. Best Mexican hairless (Me Too not competing), Medie. Best kennel King Charles spaniels, F. Blackwood Pay. Best dog, Milwaukee Charlie. Best bitch, Dolly. Best sky-terrier, Dombey.

THE HARTFORD DOG SHOW.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

THE first dog show of the Hartford Kennel Club commenced at Hartford on Tuesday. The number of entries is 869, of which about 800 are present. The quality in many of the classes is much below the average. The building is well adapted for a small show. Judging has progressed fairly well. The show is well managed so far with the exception of unnecessary delay in bringing dogs into the rings. The attendance to-day has been only fair. Below is a list of the awards:

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—Dog: Winlaw Kennels' Homer. Bitch: Winlaw Kennels' Prussian Princess.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. Moore's Ilford; Caution; 2d, Winlaw Kennels' Hector. Very high com., P. H. Ingall's Odia. High com., W. S. Johnson's Dread. Bitches: 1st, Ashmont Kennels' Bal-Gal; 1d, H. Mead's Aydak.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Winlaw Kennels' Hannibal; 2d, O. C. West's Guess. Com., W. D. Hubbard's Rex. Bitches: No entries.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.—CHAMPION—Dog: Hermitage Kennels' Duke of Leeds. Bitch: Hermitage Kennels' Gertel.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. H. Moore's Merchant Prince; 2d, Mrs. A. McGregor's Bosco II. Very high com. reserve, Chequasset Kennels' Rudolph II. Very high com., J. P. Barnard, Jr.'s Erbece. Com., C. E. Beach's Monk Detrich. Bitches: 1st, E. H. Moore's Miranda; 2d, J. S. Sheppard's Lady Athol. Very high com., Buena Vista Kennels' Stella.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, C. E. Beach's unnamed. Bitches: No entries.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED.—CHAMPION—Dog: Hermitage Kennels' Don II. Bitch: Hermitage Kennels' Lella.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, 2d, high com. and com., W. W. Tucker's Apollo, Rigi, Sultan and Mt. Velan. Bitches: 1st, withheld; 2d, R. L. Stevens's Flora.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Chequasset Kennels' Lodi. Bitches: Withheld.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, B. F. Lewis's Carlo; 2d, withheld. Puppies: 1st, J. A. Miller's Prince.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—Dog: E. Kelly's Mac. Bitch: J. E. Thayer's Lorna II.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Chieftain; 2d, E. D. Morgan's Bevis III. Very high com., E. Kelly's Bras. High com., J. A. Butler's Bruce. Bitches: J. E. Thayer's Wanda; 2d, J. A. Butler, Jr.'s Blithe. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, J. A. Butler, Jr.'s Braie; 2d, J. E. Thayer's King of the Forest. Very high com., Miss Mary A. Sheale's Braie. High com., W. M. Rankin's Lancer III. Bitches: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Ramona.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—Dog: H. W. Smith's Mennon. Bitch: H. W. Smith's Mother Demdike.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, H. W. Huntington's Harlequin; 2d, H. W. Smith's Stranger in White. Very high com., H. W. Smith's Sir Ben. Com., T. M. Little's Jack. Bitches: 1st, H. W. Huntington's Hawthorne Belle; 2d, H. W. Smith's Sister in Black. Very high com., H. W. Smith's Sorceress. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, H. W. Smith's Stranger in White. Bitches: 1st, H. W. Smith's Sister in Black.

POINTERS.—LARGE.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Graphic Kennels' Graphic; 2d, F. R. Hitchcock's Tammany. Very

high com., M. Woodworth's Sport. High com., J. O. Enders's Shot. Bitches: 1st, Graphic Kennels' Revel III.; 2d, A. H. Aldrich's Nell. Very high com., W. W. Tucker's Topsey.—SMALL.—CHAMPION—Dog: Only entry absent. Bitch: No entry.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Graphic Kennels' Bracket; 2d, A. C. Collins's Fritz. Very high com., M. M. Francis's Saucio. High com., J. E. Daley's Game. Bitches: 1st, Graphic Kennels' Meally; 2d, F. R. Hitchcock's Happy Medium. Very high com., S. T. Colt's Phyllis.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, R. W. E. Aleott's Dash; 2d, P. H. Carroll's D.n. Bitches: 1st, D. W. C. Parker's Daisy Black.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: F. Windholz's Rockingham. Bitch: R. C. Cornell's Modesta.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Blackstone Kennels' Mack B.; 2d, C. A. Hart's Price. Very high com., R. Smith's Spot. High com., R. R. Penn's Dashing Prince Recent. Com., E. G. Cane's Don Belton. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. Dr. E. C. Franklin's Vixen III.; 2d, O. D. Redfield's Belva. Very high com., Blackstone Kennels' Lulu. High com., A. F. Craig's Rebecca. Com., E. Lohman's Mistletoe. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, E. W. Bull's Grover; 2d, E. W. Kinsley's Ben, Jr. Bitches: 1st, O. L. Washburn's Countess Helen; 2d, Blackstone Kennels' Lulu.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, A. Collins's Dash; 2d, A. Allen's Skip. Very high com., Clara G. Ware's Mikado and H. W. Stoehr's Sam. High com., R. S. DeLamater's Bluff. Com., D. Heeney's Echo III. Bitches: 1st, A. C. Ware's Josie; 2d, J. H. Root's Nellie. Puppies: 1st, H. E. Mosley's Glencho; 2d, T. Fahy's Gyp. Com., L. Whitaker's Plonta and G. W. Thomas's Adie.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: E. Maher's Royal Duke. Bitch: No entry.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Wm. Tallman's Flash; 2d, J. Howe's Gift. Very high com., F. Koehler's Dash. Com., L. P. Braine's Brick. F. R. Richard's Don and W. Brown's Gyp. Bitches: 1st and 2d, C. H. Brownell's Gordon Chloe and Beulah. Very high com., A. H. Aldrich's Heather Lass. High com., G. W. DeWolfe's Maud. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, E. C. Howe's Fly.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. Bitch: H. E. Chubb's Ella Glenduff.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, F. S. Parrott's Gerald; 2d, Claire-Reta Kennels' Glenclaire. Very high com., Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Echo and L. B. Wright's Glencho's Boy. High com., R. C. Van Horn's Patsy and R. A. Spalding's Garry. Com., W. F. Sherman's Robin Kildare. Bitches: 1st, W. Murphy's Mollie Bawn; 2d, Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Lorna. Very high com., Freestone Kennels' Noreena and W. Hoyt's Noreen IV. High com., W. Line's Nannie and G. H. Davison's Maud. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, J. A. Garland, Jr.'s Mucker; 2d, S. B. Harper's Fritz. Bitches: 1st, Claire-Reta Kennels' Madcap; 2d, F. E. Watkins's Perdita.

SPANIELS.—FIELD.—CHAMPION—A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot Lady.—OPEN—Dogs or Bitches: 1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Black Bear, Jr.; 2d, withheld.—COCKER.—CHAMPION—J. P. Willey's shipa.—OPEN—LIVER OR BLACK.—Dogs: 1st, J. P. Willey's Young Ohio. Bitches: 1st, S. H. Hemingway's Miss Nance.—ANY OTHER COLOR.—1st, C. V. V. Sewell's Don. High com., H. T. Sperry's Victor. Puppies: 1st, F. Stengelin's Black Flash; 2d, A. C. Wilmerding's Suzette. High com., G. H. Gilman's Dot.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, J. H. Naylor's Lady Stewart; 2d, E. Kelly's Racket.

BEAGLES.—OVER 12INS.—Bitches: 1st, A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Twinkle; 2d, A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Chase. Very high com., A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Silver and Vixen, and Associated Fanciers' Midget. UNDER 12INS.—Dogs: 1st, W. F. Streeter's March Boy II. Bitches: 1st, W. F. Streeter's Magnet; 2d, A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Ruby. Puppies: 1st, J. E. Lord's Snow Flake; 2d, Westchester Kennels' Belle.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: R. Gibson's Fennel. Bitch: J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, L. and W. Rutherford's Splaiger; 2d, A. Belmont, Jr.'s Bacchanal Reserve. E. Kelly's Shovel. Very high com., E. Kelly's Valet and R. Gibson's Nick. High com., J. E. Thayer's Baby Jack; E. Kelly's Scarsdale, and F. Hoey's Stableford Joe. Bitches: 1st, A. Belmont, Jr.'s Marguerite; 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Cornwall Duchess. Reserve, J. E. Thayer's Nina. Very high com., R. Gibson's Thistle. High com., J. E. Thayer's Geraldine, and L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Winsome.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, W. Meggat's Nobby; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Richmond Tyrant. High com., D. W. C. Skilton's Dumbroin. Com., W. Meggat's Ostler Joe and Tansy. Bitches: 1st, very high com. and high com., W. Meggat's Allspice, Blue Bell and Peep Bo; 2d, com., A. Belmont, Jr.'s Blempton Marigold and Blempton Thyme.—WIRE-HAIRED.—1st, B. M. McGregor's Trophy.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—Dog: Sans Souci Kennels' Ben Nevis. Bitch: J. D. Shotwell's Lady of the Lake.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Bonnie Dunkeld; 2d, E. J. Hawley's Oscar II. Very high com., Associated Fanciers' King Bruce. High com., Rev. F. Goodwin's Rab. Bitches: 1st, Hempstead Farm Co.'s Lass o' Lowrie; 2d, H. S. Plank's Shepherds. High com., S. Easton's Buttercup. Com., F. R. Farwell's Myrtle. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, J. H. Smith's Tramp; 2d, C. P. Smith's Frank. Bitches: 1st, W. T. Wells's Janet; 2d, Hempstead Farm Co.'s Gladys. Very high com., McEwen & Gibson's Popsie. Com., R. Gibson's Madge.

BULLDOGS.—LARGE.—CHAMPION—Dog: J. E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe. Bitch: J. E. Thayer's Rhodora.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. P. Barnard, Jr.'s King; 2d, T. W. Mills's Guillermo. Bitches: 1st and 2d, R. & W. Livingstone's Bellona and Thespian. Very high com., J. E. Thayer's Josephine.

BULLDOGS.—SMALL.—CHAMPION—Dog: R. & W. Livingstone's Boz. Bitch: No entry.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Moses; 2d, Dr. E. S. Green's Clover Grip. Very high com., T. W. Mills's Tostig. Bitches: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Jumo; 2d, E. D. Morgan's Rosa. Very high com., T. W. Mills's Princess Maud.

BULL-TERRIERS.—LARGE.—CHAMPION—W. J. Comstock's Victoria. ONLY—1st, F. E. Dole's Eva.—SMALL.—CHAMPION—R. & W. Livingstone's Little Maggie. OPEN—1st, F. E. Dole's White Violet.

TERRIERS.—BLACK AND TAN—J. R. Gildersleeve's Sprite. ROUGH-HAIRED.—Prize withheld. DANDIE DIXON—1st, Associated Fanciers' Kelpie; 2d, G. G. Cleather's Meg. SKYES—1st, H. S. Stearns's Highland Nellie; 2d, withheld. YORKSHIRE.—LARGE—1st and 2d, P. Casady's Ben and Lillie. Com., W. C. Wellman's Barney.—SMALL—1st, J. R. Gildersleeve's Spider. High com., W. C. Wellman's Touy. Toys—1st, J. A. Garland's Brighty.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—Mrs. W. Peck's Bradford Ruby.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, A. D. Vora's Puck; 2d, J. E. Mitchell's Dude. Very high com., Chequasset Kennels' Thunder. High com., J. R. Gildersleeve's Dick. Bitches: 1st, Chequasset Kennels' Lady Flossie.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, Miss Minnie Phillips's King Pippin.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, W. Phillips's Roscius.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS.—1st, Mrs. H. T. Foote's Me Too; 2d, M. C. Mayer's Judge.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Mrs. Alice A. Moorehouse's Minnie; 2d, Warwick Kennels' Posey.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, E. D. Morgan's Rubenstein; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Judy.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st, C. B. Gilbert's Canace.

MISCELLANEOUS.—LARGE.—Equal 1st, Glencoe Collie Kennels' bob-tailed sheep dog Sir Lucifer; W. D. Hubbard's bloodhound Nestor; Excelsior Irish Water Kennels' Irish water spaniel Mollie, and S. Seville's moon dog Jack. High com., J. R. Gildersleeve's Black Bess and M. Munsell's Gyp.—SMALL—1st, J. R. Gildersleeve's Charlie; 2d, L. Struck's Cuckitt.

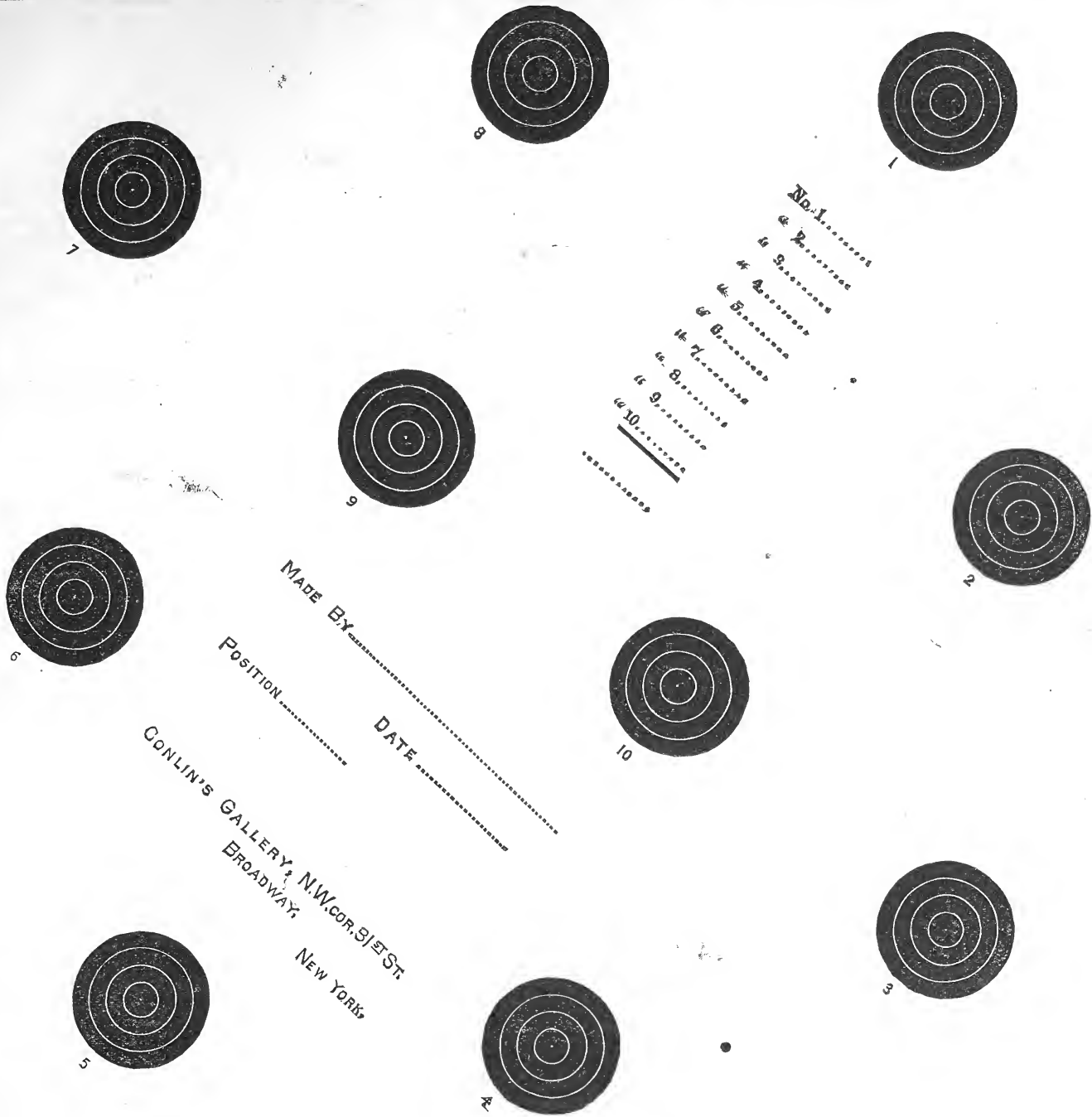
EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—There was a quarterly meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club at the St. James Hotel on the evening of March 13, Vice-President J. O. Donner was in the chair. The other members present were Messrs. F. R. Hitchcock, Bayard Thayer, H. E. Hamilton, A. E. Godfrey, D. S. Gregory Jr., 2d, and W. A. Coster. The rule allowing members to handle other dogs than their own was rescinded. There was not a quorum, under the rules, to act upon the proposed amendment abolishing the initiation fee. After the open meeting adjourned the Board of Governors convened. It was voted that every member of the club in good standing be allowed to enter one dog in the Members' Stake free, and that for each additional dog an entry fee of \$10 shall be required. Several names were proposed for membership. The next meeting will be held the first week in May.

THE HOSPICE KENNELS.—Mr. K. E. Hopf has removed his kennels of St. Bernards from Newark to Arlington, N. J. Arlington is on the New York & Greenwood Lake Railroad, seventeen minutes from Jersey City.

DISQUALIFICATION OF THE SANS SOUCI KENNELS.—Editor Forest and Stream: The New England Kennel Club have disqualified H. M. Perry, proprietor Sans Souci Kennels, from exhibiting dogs in their show.—G. E. OSBORNE, Sec. A. K. C.

attended shoot at this range to-day, there being two classes, Creedmoor count, best 4 strings to count. A. D. Gardner won first prize, a gold medal, and S. R. Ayers second a silver medal. The scores of the winners were Gardner 56, Ayers 73.

LAWRENCE. April 8.—The team shoot for gold and silver championships was won by the Lowell and Lawrence Press rifle clubs occupied this afternoon. Col. John P. Sweeney won the first individual prize. A banquet was served at St. James Café, and by invitation, the press clubs occupied boxes at the Opera House.



THE BULLSEYE TARGET.

BOSTON, April 8.—The range at Walnut Hill to-day was occupied by a large number of riflemen, anxious to enjoy Fast Day, including detachments of militia, who shot at 200 and 500 yds. The weather conditions were excellent. Appended are the results of the winners of the matches which closed, also the scores of the day, all at 200 yds.:
F C Sheppard (mil.)..... 4 7 7 5 4 10 4 9 10 9-89
Davis..... 8 10 7 7 8 6 6 5 6 6-88
J E Barnody (mil.)..... 2 2 3 5 10 6 8 10 5 10-61
F E Bateman (mil.)..... 3 8 7 3 5 10 3 8 5 9-59
T S Stewart..... 10 7 6 1 4 5 4 7 4 5-53
J Hurd..... 7 5 5 7 4 5 4 2 5 7-51

Rest Match.
Graham (A)..... 9 10 9 10 10 9 10 10 10-97
H F Dudley (A)..... 9 9 10 10 10 10 10 9 10-95
J Hurd (A)..... 10 8 9 10 9 8 10 9 10-81
T Stewart (A)..... 8 10 10 7 6 9 9 7 10 10-86

Victory Medal Match.
J B Fellows..... 6 5 7 7 6 8 10 8 8 10-75
R Davis..... 6 5 6 6 6 9 10 8 9 10-74
N F Tufts..... 6 8 8 5 7 9 8 8 8 5-72

Decimal Off-Hand Match.
J N Frye..... 10 7 9 9 10 9 10 10 6 8-90
J B Fellows..... 9 10 9 9 9 7 7 10 10 8-88
W Fisher..... 7 10 10 8 6 7 6 10 10 7-82
A L Brackett..... 8 7 7 10 9 10 6 10 8-81
A L Jewell..... 7 9 6 8 9 9 9 8 8 7-80
R Reed..... 9 7 8 6 8 8 8 10 6 9-79
A Law..... 9 4 7 7 6 10 6 4 10 9-72
A B Archer..... 7 10 5 6 8 9 6 6 8 9-71
W C Johnston (mil.)..... 5 7 6 6 10 5 9 5 5 7-65

Special Military Match.
W Charles..... 7 7 7 6 7 9 5 8 8 5-75
W Henry..... 8 6 10 6 9 8 6 5 5 10-68
L Herbert..... 7 4 5 4 5 7 6 9 5 7-59

State Militia Match.
F C Sheppard..... 20 20 22

Standard American Target.
Prize winners—decimal off hand handicap match:
E F Richardson..... 83 90 90 85= 848
J N Frye..... 74 82 90 80=376+20=346
J B Fellows..... 83 84 88 82=317+ 8=345
C W Hinman..... 83 87 84 85= 839
A L Brackett..... 74 78 81=307+23=335
E B Southern..... 76 76 76 75=308+32=335
W Fisher..... 82 76 73 72=303+32=335
George R Russell..... 82 81 79 84=326+ 8=334
B G Warren..... 75 79 74 76=304+20=324
A C White..... 81 85 76 78=317+ 4=321
C E Berry..... 80 83 68 74=305+12=317
H Withington..... 67 67 65 69=268+45=316
A Law..... 70 63 63 72=278+35=310
N F Tufts..... 71 73 72 73=289+20=309
A B Archer..... 69 71 65 67=272+36=308

Prize Winners in the Rest Match.
J N Frye..... 98 99 99 98 99-493
D L Onaso..... 99 99 98 98 98-492
G W Whitcomb..... 97 99 98 96 97-457
S Wilder..... 95 96 97 95 96-479
W Fisher..... 84 84 89 94 85-435

QUEER DIET.—Morgantown, W. Va., April 11.—James Houston, a well-known resident, is dying from a most painful cause. He has 42 rifle bullets in his stomach. These bullets Houston swallowed at divers times as a cure for costiveness, and all attempts of physicians to remove them have proved futile.

POWDER BAGGAGE.—New Haven, April 9.—John A. Thomas, a gunsmith of Meriden, was arrested to-day for expressing package

of gunpowder without their being properly marked. It was discovered in the depot in this city by some of the railroad hands in handling the trunk. They found powder sifting out on the floor. They at once notified the fire marshal and the police. There were about 30 pounds of powder in the trunk, enough to have gutted the building had it ignited. The penalty for this offense is not more than \$10,000 fine or five years in State prison.

WINCHENDON, Mass., April 9.—The Winchendon Gun Club held its annual meeting this week and elected the following officers: President, James Sutherland, Jr.; Vice-President, P. S. Davis; Secretary and Treasurer, J. G. Henry; Directors, F. F. Hopgood, A. H. Felsh, L. E. Martin, P. S. Davis and F. E. Mann.

HAVERHILL RIFLE CLUB.—On Fast Day, April 8, the Haverhill, Mass., Rifle Club shot a telegraph match with the Hillside Rifle Club, of Waltham, Mass. Conditions, 10 men, 200 yds., off-hand, standard target, 5 points allowed for military rifles:
J F Brown..... 7 6 5 8 9 6 9 10 8 9-77
H Tuck..... 8 5 7 6 8 9 7 6 10 7-73
J Busfield..... 6 6 10 4 6 10 7 8 9 7-73
E Brown..... 6 9 10 5 5 7 9 5 8 8-72
C B Wright..... 9 6 9 7 8 8 5 10 6 4-72
R Griffin..... 7 5 7 8 9 6 7 4 6 6-65
W A Browning..... 7 6 7 5 7 9 6 8 7 3-62
W Worthen..... 8 9 5 7 5 7 5 6 4 5-61
S E Johnson..... 6 5 7 7 5 9 4 6 4 5-57
C Brown..... 2 9 8 8 6 10 4 2 6 7-57-669

Total for Walthams, telegraphed..... 535
Also same day, same conditions, 5 men, telegraph match with the Cohoccho Rifle Club, of Dover, N. H.:
H Tuck..... 10 7 7 7 10 6 9 6 10-78
W A Browning..... 5 6 9 6 10 9 5 6 10 10-76
E Brown..... 9 4 4 6 10 5 7 8 5 7-65
J F Brown..... 7 6 7 5 10 4 5 8 6 4-62
J Busfield..... 5 2 8 8 6 5 6 4 5 9-58-339

Total for Dovers, telegraphed..... 312
Record match, same day.
S E Johnson..... 5 7 5 10 7 9 7 6 4 7-67
R Griffin..... 10 8 4 10 7 4 7 5 6 5-66
J P M Green..... 5 10 6 8 9 9 7 2 5 10-66
C Brown..... 9 10 5 6 8 4 7 4 5 7-64
W Worthen..... 9 5 7 8 8 6 7 4 5 4-63
C B Wright..... 9 6 6 8 6 8 7 4 8 4-63
F Merrill..... 5 4 6 8 6 6 4 5 9 5-59
L Jackson..... 7 3 8 7 7 5 10 2 3 5-52

Record match, Saturday, April 10.
S E Johnson..... 7 8 8 5 9 8 7 4 10 7-73
E Brown..... 5 5 10 6 10 7 5 7 6 10-71
J F Brown..... 10 9 9 9 6 5 6 7 5 5-71
R Griffin..... 8 10 9 3 4 4 5 4 10 4-66
J Busfield..... 7 7 4 9 8 7 5 5 6 7-65
J Manners..... 9 5 5 7 6 5 4 6 6 7-60
F Merrill..... 9 5 2 9 6 5 5 5 7 4-57
G Ellis..... 10 5 3 9 3 7 7 4 6 3-55
S C James..... 8 4 3 8 6 2 4 5 5 4-49

THE TRAP.
Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.
Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries.

SAVANNAH, Ga.—A three day tournament will be held during the Chatham Artillery Centennial. It will be the fourth inter-State shot-

gun and wing-shooting contest, under the auspices of the National Gun Association, to be held at the shooting park of the Chatham Gun Club, Savannah, Ga., May 4, 5 and 6, 1886. General manager, W. G. Cooper, president Chatham Gun Club; general secretary, W. H. Connerat, secretary and treasurer Chatham Gun Club. The matches will be: Individual sweepstakes, teams of 3, individual championship, for badge donated by National Gun Association; championship match for State championship, medal and money, teams of 5 men members of organized gun clubs; consolation purse, barring all winners of first and second moneys; individual American championship contest for diamond badge, donated by the Ligozsky Clay-Pigeon Co., of Cincinnati, O., no entrance fee for members of the National Gun Association. There will be 3 moneys in all matches unless the entrances exceed 40, then there will be 4 moneys. In individual championship winner to have both badge and money. National Gun Association rules to govern all matches.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS GUN CLUB.—Monthly glass ball shoot, club grounds, Sixteenth street and Ridge road, April 3. Mr. Harrison winning the medal for the third time becomes the owner:
Fountain..... 1810011011011111111011-17
Roe..... 00111111000110110000101-13
Vietch..... 0011000101110001101111-15
Harrison..... 1101101100111111111111-21
W Snook..... 1101111101101111111001-20
Davidson..... 1100101101111111111011-19
G Snook..... 0101111111111111111001-20
Male..... 10111010100100000010000- 8
J. R. S.

FAST DAY SHOTS, April 8.—The shotgun tournament at the Wellington Gun Club's range to-day was participated in by a large number, the first prize winners in the various events being as follows: Five blackbirds, Sanborn; 5 pigeons, Stark; 5 blackbirds, straight-away, Papanti and Bancroft; 7 pigeons, Stanton; 7 blackbirds, Dickey; 5 pigeons, Parker and Lawson; 3 pair blackbirds, Stanton and Lawson; 7 pigeons, Dickey; 5 blackbirds, Eager and Stanton; 5 blackbirds, Adams and Lawson; 7 pigeons, Stanton; 5 blackbirds, Lawson and Stanton; 7 pigeons, Dickey and Eager; 5 pigeons, Williams, Dickey and Swift; 7 pigeons, Stanton; 5 pigeons, Dickey and Lawson; 5 pigeons, straight-away, Sanborn and Parker; 5 blackbirds, Stark, Stanton and Sanborn; 5 pigeons, Stark; 5 blackbirds, Parker, Eager and Chester; 50 birds, private match, Dickey; 5 pigeons, Hall; 3 pair pigeons, Henry Tank and Eager; 5 pigeons, powder match, Stanton, Swift and Dickey each taking a key; 3 pair pigeons, Swift; 5 pigeons, Stanton and Dickey; 3 pair pigeons, Stanton.

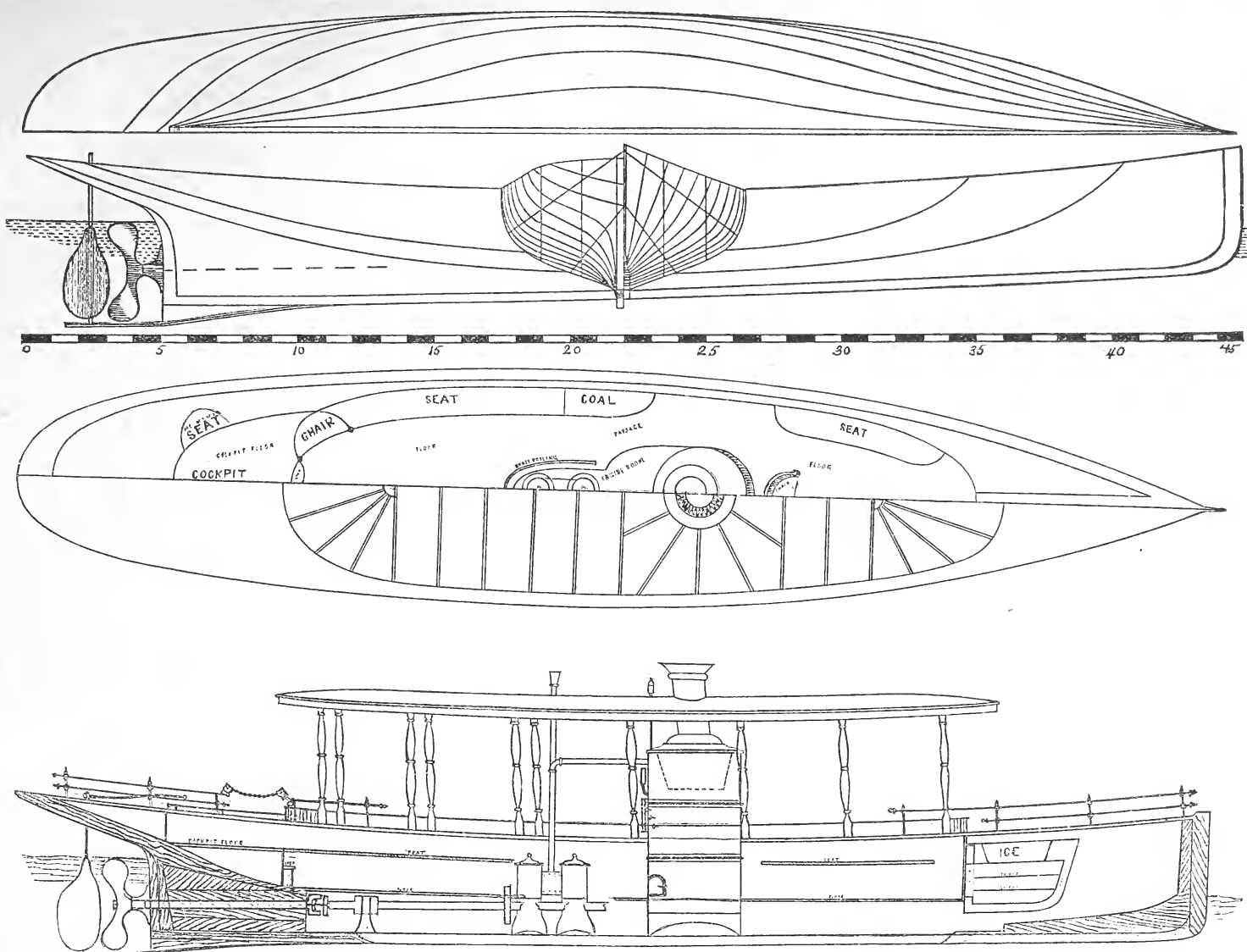
The Suffolk Sportsman's Club, of Chelsea had a shoot to day at its range, Woodlawn avenue. There was a large attendance. The winners of the matches were: Sweep, 5 clay birds, Warren; 5 clay birds Sampson and Warren; 3 pair clay birds, G. Libby and H. F. Libby; 5 clay birds, Libby, Warren and Perry; challenge match for Magee cup, 10 single and 5 pair clay birds, H. F. Libby; badge match, 10 clay birds, Sampson and Warren; novelty match, Warren and Perry, sweep, 5 clay birds, Hatch and Warren; two-man team match, Perry and Warren; 5 clay birds, Warren and H. F. Libby; 5 clay birds W. Jones and H. F. Libby; two-men team match, Warren and R. Jones; 11 clay birds, Perry and Warren; miss and out, Warren; miss and out Perry.

The members of the Dedham Gun Club held a shoot to day at their grounds in Dedham. The following is the score, each member shooting at 20 clay blackbirds at 18 yds. rise: John Philbrook, 16; G. A. Phillips, 14; Dr. H. A. Baker, 13; Amasa Alden, 11; A. G. Baker, 11; H. G. Humphrey, 8; George Baker, 7.

There was a large attendance at the range of the Wakefield Sportsman's Club to-day, including many visitors from neighboring towns, and several interesting matches were shot. The first prize winners in the clay pigeon tournament were: Kellum, Goodale, Smith, Curtis and Gerry. The Dutton gold badge was won by Mr. B. F. Kellum, score, 17 out of a possible 20.

16. Max.
16. Yorkville, Open, East River.
31. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport.
31. Knickerbocker, Spring Reg., Port Morris.
31. Onondaga, Opening, On. Lake.
31. S. C. Y. C. Opening, N. Y. Bay.
31. New Haven, Opening Sail, New Haven.
31. Toledo, Pennant, Toledo.
31. Brooklyn, Opening, N. Y. Bay. June.
5. Great Head, Open, Sweepstake, Winthrop.
7. Hudson River, Union, Open, Hudson River.
9. Portland, Annual, Portland.
9. Frisbie—Em. Ell Eye, Private Match, City Point.
9. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport.
12. Brooklyn, Annual, N. Y. Bay.
12. Great Head, Pen., Winthrop.
12. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.
12. Buffalo, Reg., Portland.
12. Atlantic, Annual, N. Y. Bay.
17. New York, Annual, N. Y. Bay.
17. Dorchester, Open, Nahant.
17. Sandy Bay, Cup, Squam.
17. Hull, Cor. Pennant, Hull.
19. Hull, Pennant, Hull.
23. Boston, Cup, City Point.
23. Sandy Bay, Cup, Pine Point.
26. Corinthian, Cup, Marblehead.
26. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop.
- July.
3. Knickerbocker Cruise, L. I. Sound.
3. Oswego Cruise, Charlotte.
8. Hull, Club, Hull.
8. Buffalo, Cup, Lake Erie.
5. Boston, Open, City Point.
5. Sandy Bay, Open, Squam.
5. Beverly, Open, Sweepstake, Mon. Beach.
5. Toledo, Pen., Toledo.
- 5 to 6 Interlake Y. & R. A. Rendezvous Race, Detroit.
- 6 to 11, Interlake Y. & R. A. Cruise to Put-In Bay.
8. Great Head, Club, Winthrop.
10. Great Head, Club, Winthrop.
10. Hull, Novelty, Hull.
10. Corinthian, Club, Marblehead.
10. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
13. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
13. Great Head, Ladies', Winthrop.
14. Hull, Cham., Hull.
17. Sandy Bay, Cor., Rockport.
- 17 to 25. Knickerbocker, Cruise.
21. Cor. Ladies', Hull.
23. Boston, Cup, City Point.
24. Dorchester, Club, Harrison.
24. Beverly, Club, Mon. Beach.
24. Corinthian, Ladies', Marblehead.
24. Sandy Bay, Pen. Gloucester.
24. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop.
24. Great Head, Club, Winthrop.
21. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
31. Hull, Cruise, Eastward.
31. Sandy Bay, Ladies', Rockport, August.
2. Sandy Bay, Open, Rockport.
7. Corinthian, Open, Marblehead.
7. Beverly, Club, Mon. Beach.
11. Great Head, Club, Winthrop.
11. Great Head, Ladies', Winthrop.
14. Sandy Bay, Club, Squam.
14. Hull, Open, Hull.
14. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
21. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
24. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop.
25. Hull, Ladies', Hull.
25. Corinthian, Club, Marblehead.
58. Hull, Cham., Hull.
58. Sandy Bay, Open, Squam.
- SEPTEMBER.
2. Boston, Cup, City Point.
4. Dorchester, Club, Harrison.
4. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
4. Corinthian, Cham., Marblehead.
4. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
8. Great Head, Club, Winthrop.
11. Hull, Cham., Hull.
11. Corinthian, Sweepstake, Marblehead.
11. Sandy Bay, Sweepstake, Gloucester.
17. Toledo, Pen., Toledo.
17. Sandy Bay, Club, Rockport.
18. Great Head, Club, Winthrop.
25. Buffalo, Club, Lake Erie.
28. Beverly, Club, Nahant.

NEW YORK Y.C.—At a meeting April 8, Mr. John Hyslop was elected measurer in place of Mr. John Wilson, resigning. A resolution was passed prohibiting the use of club topsails on the annual cruise. This does not cover the regular races, but only from port to port. A new classification for sloops and cutters was adopted as follows: Class 1, all over 70ft. load waterline. Class 2, all of 53 and not over 70ft. Class 3, all of 45 and not over 55ft. Class 4, all under 45ft. At the last meeting of this year a nominating committee, five yacht owners were elected to nominate candidates for officers. This nomination not to be binding on the members or to prohibit another ticket.



so amazing that I danced repeatedly over the stern to be sure the breeze was still blowing down from the northward in the rear. The calm belt, probably induced by the heat reflecting from the sands, for the sun was shining brilliantly, and a sheer given to the breeze at the surface by the curvature of the hook extended for three miles to the southward. The true wind came languid in little puffs and gusts, and I had to haul in successively but the full force of the original wind was not attained. These sand capes should be given a wide berth in consequence.

Below Cedar Point the shore backs in S.W. and then trends out along S.E. down to Point No Point, ten miles below, forming a long bright three miles deep in the center. There is no harbor of any kind along this stretch. With a leading breeze, the Coot was sent across the bright so as to fall in with No Point. Below the same lack of wind-greeted the Coot which had been observed at Cedar Point, and the broad bright light rays slowly lifted the yacht along, past St. Jerome's Point, and out into Lookout's Bay. The wind slowly lifted the boat, the broad horizon of the majestic Potomac until the lighthouse was brought abeam. The point is strikingly marked and can be made out a long way off by a prominent cluster of tall trees which rise from the sea before the low sands upon which they stand appear above the horizon. It is the most available and favorite land mark for vessels sailing the Bay bound to or from Baltimore. It is a very close point, but again, only worse. The wind had picked up after leaving No Point and the Coot was in the lee of the bay mark. When I had Lookout over the quarter and was settling down for a nice run across the Potomac in a nice wind with boom well off, the inevitable calm belt under the lee of Lookout squashed all hope of shaking the big sand spit's company. For hours not a breath, not the faintest air filled the canvas, though it was apparently breezing lively everywhere else. As evening wore on, I tried to turn up the sheet, but the wind died to a soft puff. The wind died and the waves of the Potomac rose to a five foot swell. The wind died and the waves of the Potomac rose to a five foot swell. The wind died and the waves of the Potomac rose to a five foot swell. There was no other harbor within seven miles and no wind to get anywhere at all, not even under Point Lookout itself. All this time a nice wind was drawing close inshore round the horseshoe curve of the Point, but not within my reach by two miles. The right way to the Potomac is to hug the point of sand just as close as you dare for to catch the draft, which always blows close along shore in the big wind. The wind died and the waves of the Potomac rose to a five foot swell. I noticed that this was the maneuver of all boats locally posted. They know by experience what it means to get stuck under Lookout's inevitable and annoying lee. After jibing till the boom seemed tired and whistling and patience till it fell pitch dark, that last hope of the forlorn boat sailed the scull, was shipped over the stern. By dint of wriggling till 11 P. M. the Coot was prodded into the light into the vicinity of Lookout's St. Jerome's Point, a half up the river. There was of course no harbor, the place being open to everything except N. and N.E. It was not even a half respectable roadstead and a very poor place for a little thing like the Coot to spend a winter night. But nothing else could be done under the circumstances. Once more I had to trust blindly to luck. Luck stood by me. Slept like a log of course and woke up to find the wind had shifted to a sunnier and more favorable direction. The waves of the Potomac I had left. I continued to stay there, blow high or low, as long as I remained in these latitudes and probably is there still to catch other strangers in its net. Further down the coast, in coming across smacks bound for the river, the unvarying hail was, "How do you leave the Potomac, any wind?" which went to show that its treachery was a matter of common familiarity. The harbor for the Coot is in the vicinity of Lookout's St. Jerome's Point, which is buoyed and inlet, which can be made out a long way off, also the station of the U. S. Fish Commission and has a well stocked store and post office close by. Keep out of the Potomac if you can. The first harbor in the river is Smith's Creek, six miles up the northern bank; other inlets marked on the chart are now closed. Hearing from a colored gentleman in a canoe that there was a post office at Little Neck, I went back to the creek. The scull was along, till light land breezes lifted her up to the desired haven. The entrance is zig zag between properly painted buoys. Inside there is deep water, 17ft. to 10ft. clear up and in the lateral branches. On the chart the creek cuts a very small figure in comparison to neighboring waters, but in this part of the world, creation did things on a big scale. The so-called creek is three miles long, has a two mile branch and a four mile branch, and is a very good place for small anchorages. It is a beautiful ramification for sailing small boats, and has a lot of hundreds of like attractions, the existence of which is unsuspected by the provincial New Yorkers. Multiply Northport harbor in Long Island Sound by four and you have but this one little insignificant

indentation out of fifty connecting with one river out of fifty flowing into the Chesapeake. Place obscure plebeian Smith's Creek in the Sound and its glories and praises would be heralded far and wide, till the New Yorker actually believes that Smith's Creek is the eighth wonder of the world and the "finest yachting waters on earth, sir." But of Smith's Creek a few miles away from his stock-tieker or dry-goods box he wots not of.

The Coot sailed in among oystermen tonging from canoes much to their astonishment. She brought up in a snug little round hole before an expedition to the post office was set on foot. Some suspicion attached to her character. She was supposed to be a police boat bent on catching offenders of the rigorous oyster laws, and was eyed somewhat askance. Gradually the conviction gained that "she was a New Yorker just pleasurin' round." C. P. K.

A HANDSOME STEAM YACHT.

THE accompanying illustrations show the lines and plans (with a few alterations) of a small steam launch, now being built in the yards of R. J. Douglass & Co., at Waukegan, Ill., for Mr. Jas. Alexander Kirk, of Chicago, Ill., for use on Pine Lake, Wis. Her length is 45ft., beam, 9ft.; draft of water aft, 36in. The keel is of the finest selected white oak 6x8, with stem, sternpost and deadwoods of the same. Her frames are of oak, sided 2in., moulded 4in. at heels, 2in. at heads, with galvanized wrought iron floors on each, fastened with 2in. x 3in. bolts, 3in. apart, and 1 1/2 in. x 1 1/2 in. thick, copper fastened. The garboards, sheerstrake and keelsons under boiler and engine being oak for good fastening. Her decks are laid in white pine with oak covering board and partner for holy stone finish, and her inside finish will all be solid mahogany.

The oddity of her arrangements from a first observation is a little puzzling, but a closer study will disclose its advantages.

In the first instance there is a gangway to go aboard of her (something new in a boat of her dimensions, every person climbing in at the best place they could pick out to get aboard). The gangway is shown between two dog heads on the brass railing. From the gangway one can see the engine room through the door which has only one seat on either side for the helmsman (never having any persons sitting in the passage way). From the cockpit one can pass into the accommodation proper, between two upholstered mahogany seats on either side. There is comfortable seating capacity for 25 persons. Passing from the after accommodation to the forward, with the extra beam of light from the skylight above, one can see the boiler around the boiler, not having a lady climbing over coal bunkers, as in the ordinary launch of her dimensions. The canopy is supported with carved mahogany stanchions (instead of turned, as shown), celled on top with Spanish cedar. Her finish throughout will be mahogany and polished brass. The outside fender or strake running around plank—will be painted black. The hull plating will be painted black. The polished standards, Bits, cheeks, cleats rudder head, flag staff sockets, etc., will all be polished brass. A half circling fender, 30in. high, with parallel sides made of 4 brass rails, and a plate glass space of 34in. will surround the engine, giving an opportunity to see the engine without danger of getting the clothing soiled from oil. Electric annunciators will be used throughout for signalling the engineer.

Under the forward decks there will be a galvanized iron refrigerator with an ice space of two feet, and three shelves below. Under the stern decks is a catch-all stowage. Her scuppers and drainage are perfect.

She has a close rail (not shown in drawing) running around the outside edge of planksheer, with mahogany cap made perfectly watertight. Inside of this are 3 1/4" deck scuppers with brass caps below and above, emptying through the skin below waterline. The canopy also has a close rail, and is drained through the center stanchions on to deck below by brass spouts.

The engine is being built by the Hercules Iron Works, the boiler by John Davis & Co., both of Chicago. They are both a credit to their builders, and combined will develop 60 horse power. The wheel is a 42in. diameter and 5in. below keel.

DORCHESTER Y. C.—Officers for 1886: Commodore, Henry W. Savage; Vice-Commodore, W. D. Hodgkins; Secretary, Henry B. Callender; Treasurer, Samuel G. King; Measurer, Hartford Davenport; Assistant Measurer, William L. Dearborn; Directors, W. H. L. Smith & C. H. Nute; Cooling-berm; Regatta Committee, Louis M. Clark, Erastus Willard, William B. McClellan, Herbert S. Carruth and Frank Gray.

THE BOSTON SCHOOL FOR YACHT DESIGNING.—An exhibition of the work of the students of this class will be held in the Bird school at South Boston on April 21-22. Besides yacht designs there will be exhibits of freehand and mechanical drafting and clay modelling. The school has proved very successful this year and will be continued next season.

QUINCY Y. Officers for 1886, elected April 10: Commodore, C. F. Adams, 3d; Vice-Commodore, H. H. Shepley; Fleet Captain, G. H. Porter; Measurer, A. B. Lelois; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry M. Faxon; Regatta Committee—G. W. Morton, E. W. Baxter, G. G. Sa. The regatta was held on the 27th inst. and the following gentlemen were appointed to the regatta committee to procure plans, etc., and report in two weeks: E. W. Baxter, Geo. W. Morton, G. G. Saville, C. F. Adams, 3d, H. M. Faxon. Seven new members were initiated. Dates for the season's regattas will be decided upon later.

CLEVELAND YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—The annual election of officers was held on April 3, the following officers being elected: Commodore, Geo. W. Gardner; Vice-Commodore, Percy W. Rice; Rear-Commodore, Charles W. Kelly; Secretary, J. Geo. Downie, SS; Treasurer, H. D. Moran; Public Relations, R. E. Mix; Club Marshal, Lach; Assistant Measurer, H. D. Moran; Surveyor, H. C. Rettger; Director, Charles W. Kelly; Regatta Committee, R. E. Mix, Chairman; L. H. Ware, C. C. Goodwin, P. A. Mettling, H. Richter. Three new members were admitted, and the club is in a flourishing condition.—J. Geo.

TORONTO SKIFF SAILING CLUB.—On April 6 a special meeting was held at which several amendments to the by-laws were made, and a committee was appointed to revise the classification. The report of the secretary showed the club to be in a prosperous condition. A meeting to elect officers will be held on April 15 at the club house. An "At Home" will be given in May. Races will be sailed every Saturday through the season.

COLUMBIA Y. C.—At the annual meeting, April 6, 1886, the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Commodore, R. P. H. Ahell; Vice-Commodore, Geo. R. Stone; Secretary, C. M. Armstrong; Treasurer, Joseph A. Weaver; Measurer, A. Fowler Gore; Steward, Chas. H. Knubel; Fleet Surgeon, Henry Griswold, M. D.; Regatta Committee, A. M. Everett, Chas. Dietz, C. T. Will, L. D. Urban, W. J. Graecen.

A NEAT TURNBUCKLE.—A new style of turnbuckle for yachts is now made by R. Mitchell & Co., of Boston, the body being a sleeve of round brass with a right hand screw in one end and a left hand in the other. One screw is finished with an eye and the other terminates in a shackle, so that the treacherous hook usually employed is dispensed with. They are made in various sizes.

SHIP AND YACHT HARDWARE.—We have received from L. W. Ferdinand & Co., 267 Federal St., Boston, their new catalogue of fittings of all kinds for yachts, boats and large vessels. They deal in everything required by builders and yachtsmen, including cordage blocks, paints, oils, and brass and iron goods.

THE CRUISE OF THE AMBASSADRESS.—The schooner *Ambadress*, Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, arrived in New York on April 7, and reached Boston on the 18th, after a cruise in the West Indies, visiting Bermuda, St. Kitts, Martinique, St. Thomas and Cuba. The voyage was a very pleasant one, but without special incident.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C.—Officers for 1886, elected April 7: Commodore, Henry Hussey; Vice Commodore, W. J. Orcutt; Fleet Captain, J. J. Bligh; Treasurer, Thos. Christian; Secretary, John C. Merry; Measurer, James Bertram; Trustees—C. McKenna, Charles Griffin, F. E. Colley.

NEVER HEARD THE "MIKADO."—The *Field* notes the launch of a new 5 tonner on the Clyde, named Pitti Sing, "after an African river."

HULL Y. C.—The club will probably offer substantial prizes in the large class, 26 to 40ft., to encourage entries this season.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—The annual regatta this year will be sailed on Saturday, June 19.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

A CLOSE SHOOTER.—Picking up No. 445 of the Dickerman patent hammerless single barrel shotguns at the works of the Strong Firearms Co. at New Haven the other day, a member of the FOREST AND STREAM staff aimed at a screen 32yds. away; 272 pellet marks in a circle with a 6-inch radius tells the close shooting qualities of the arm.

In our issue of April 9, 1885 we chronicled the event of the opening of the New York branch of the sporting goods house of A. G. Spalding & Bros., of Chicago, and at that time we predicted a successful issue of the experiment on account of their well known ability and enterprising spirit. Indeed, the result has been so successful that it is almost phenomenal. In this issue on another page will be found their advertisement for their spring opening for 1886, and a glance at its contents will show a few of the novelties they will bring out this season. Through the agency of the Chicago branch, we have secured a large supply in some twenty of the largest cities east and west.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

F. P. W.—The shell should fit the chamber. If it is shorter the shooting will be injured.

J. B. M., Orillia, Canada.—For information about openings for veterinarians in this vicinity write to Dr. Lowe, Paterson, N. J.

G. S. W., Concord, April 11, 1886.—I saw a bluebird building in a hollow tree. Is not this early for bluebirds to build here? Ans. It is not early.

CLUB CONSTITUTIONS.—The attention of several correspondents is directed to the forms of club constitutions printed in issues of March 25 and April 8.

W. R., Meridian.—The Sharps rifle is not manufactured. Address of the other firm is given in our advertising columns. There are a dozen from which you can select.

E. P. D.—The best book on the subject, giving instructions in fly-fishing for bass, is Dr. Henshall's "Book of the Black Bass," which we can send you. Price \$3.00.

H. A. S.—A setter dog has been killing chickens (always selecting the best game). He does not eat them. I have punished him severely whenever I have caught him, but still he continues. Can you tell me how to stop him? Ans. The next time he kills a fowl tie it securely

to his neck and make him wear it as a badge of disgrace. This has worked well in some cases, where other devices have failed.

INQUIRER, Stamford.—Is it rare to find the great white egret as far north as this? A very fine specimen was shot near this place April 2. Ans. Quite unusual so early in the season. The species only occurs in Connecticut as a rare accidental visitant.

F. C., Madison Ave., N. Y.—Being anxious to have some snipe-shooting—English snipe preferred—and not having the time to travel any great distance, I thought you might be able to inform me of some place within one or two hours ride from city where if possible one can go and come the same day. Ans. There may be some place that will fill your requirements, but if there is we do not know of it.

W. A. B., Spring Hill, Conn.—Please state through your correspondent column whether water draws a bullet or not when fired across it. Ans. Water "draws" a bullet just as land "draws" a bullet, no more, no less. A bullet will fall the same distance in the same time, whether it be shot over water or over land, in obedience to the law of gravitation.

L. E. P., Greenfield, Mass.—Is Sunapee Lake, N. H., a desirable place to camp out? Is there good trout or bass fishing and how large do they run? What flies are used there for bass in August? Ans. Excellent camping place, on shore and islands. Take train from Claremont to Newbury station, on Concord and Claremont branch of Boston and Lowell Railroad. Steamers leave there for all parts of the lake. Good bass fishing, up to 5 lbs. in weight. Trout up to 6 or 7 lbs., the latter in deep water in August. Usual bass flies, ibis, Henshall, oriole, silver doctor, Prouty, etc. Write A. H. Powers, Grantham, N. H., for further particulars.

A Senate committee has acted unwisely in favorably reporting a bill for the extension of a railroad through the Yellowstone Park. It is said by the supporters of the bill that such a road is needed for the accommodation of miners at the Clark's Fork Mines, in Montana, not far from the northeast corner of the park, but it is stated by others that a road can be built directly from their mines to the Northern Pacific. The Yellowstone Park should be preserved in a state of nature. It is proposed that the road shall pass through one of the most interesting regions of the reservation, in the valley of the Yellowstone River. This road or any other would go far toward destroying the beauty and charm of the park. It would tend to destroy the game. It would necessitate the establishment of settlements on its line. Its construction would be followed by the destruction of many trees, felled by the axe or swept away by fires. There are almost innumerable arguments against the building of such a road, and we can find none in favor of it.—*New York Times*, March 26.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT to have your wife and children in want of the necessities of life? Many families have suffered this from death of a protector who expected it as little as you. Moral, insure in the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn.—*Adv.*



HUMPHREYS'
Homeopathic Veterinary
Specifics for
HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP,
DOGS, HOGS, POULTRY.
Used by U. S. Govern't.
Chart on Rollers,
and Book Sent Free.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

FISHING RODS

Brother angler, do you want to know where to purchase a fine hand-made fishing rod, with numerous improvements not found in any other rod manufactured, and at a lower price than a machine rod can be purchased? Send for price list containing hints in selecting a rod.

EDWARD SMITH,
Pittsford, Rutland Co., Vt.



The Open Shot Regulator.
WINANS & WOODEN,
97 West Kinney st., Newark, N. J.
Send Postal for Circular.



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Named, Numbered, and with full description of material, etc.

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Same as above, with wide margin for framing, " " 2.00

Standard American Black Bass and Lake Flies.

Size 20x24 inches, forty named varieties with engraving of Black Bass, all colored by hand by W. Holberton, price per copy, - - - \$4.00

ABBIE & IMBRIE, Manufacturers of Fine Fishing Tackle,
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White Felt Wads, 3-8 inch Thick, Equal to the Best Imported Bag Wads.

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In lots to suit, all grades and lengths, "Extra Heavy" to "Extra Fine." Assorted thousands, ten different grades, including "Extra Long," put up for country trade and clubs. Prices, \$5 to \$15 per 1,000. Assorted thousands, \$7.50. Address LATASA & CO., P. O. Box 2,702, Washington Building, N. Y.

Dickerman Pat. Hammerless Single-Barrel Shotgun.

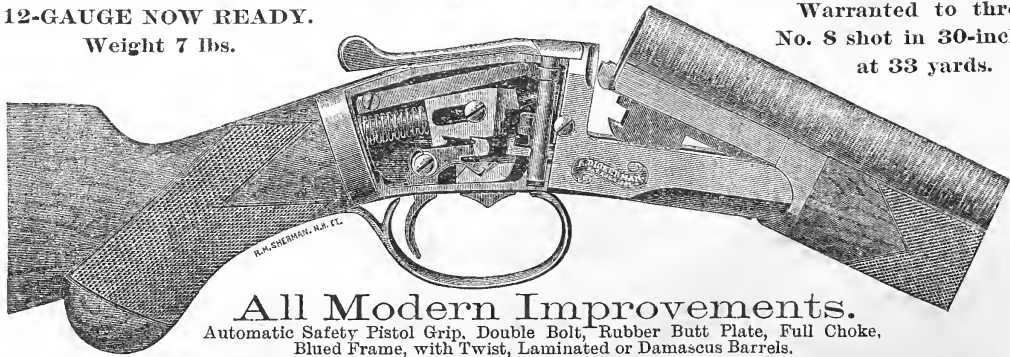
DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR

TRAP SHOOTING.

12-GAUGE NOW READY.

Weight 7 lbs.

Warranted to throw 350
No. 8 shot in 30-inch circle
at 33 yards.



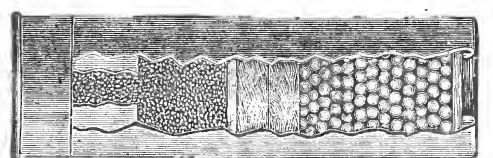
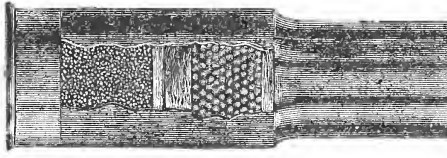
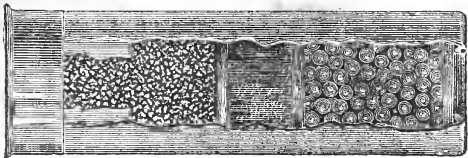
All Modern Improvements.

Automatic Safety Pistol Grip, Double Bolt, Rubber Butt Plate, Full Choke,
Blued Frame, with Twist, Laminated or Damascus Barrels.

The Top Snap is utilized as the lever for cocking the hammer as well as breaking up the gun. The leverage is so adjusted that the gun is broken up and hammer cocked as easily as an ordinary gun with simple top snap is broken up. By the same movement of the top snap the safety bolt is forced under the forward part of the trigger, locking the latter firmly into the bent of the hammer. The Safety Button is located just in front of the trigger, and is fully protected by the guard (as shown in cut). Pronounced by the trade and sportsmen generally the Finest Single Gun Made. INTERCHANGEABLE RIFLE BARRELS OF ALL CALIBERS furnished for these guns if desired. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

Manufactured by THE STRONG FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

THE
Chamberlin Cartridge
COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Fixed Ammunition for Shotguns.



SORA.

Loaded by machinery. Every cartridge perfect. Every one alike. Wadding of uniform thickness, and placed squarely on the powder and shot. Rammed with uniform pressure. Beautifully and securely crimped. Packed 25 in a pasteboard box, 20 boxes in a case. **The Most Convenient and Best Ammunition in the World.** Highest scores on record made with these cartridges. Persons who use them in the field are constantly speaking in their praise. WOOD POWDER has shown its best results in these goods. PIGOU, WILKES & LAURENCE POWDER does its best work in Chamberlin cartridges. Any of the leading brands of paper shells or powder may be had. THE VARIETY OF CARTRIDGES FOR TRAP SHOOTING IS NOW COMPLETE. WADDING ONE SIZE LARGER THAN BORE OF GUN for such guns as require this style of loading.

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HARTLEY & GRAHAM,	19 Maiden Lane.	LAMBERSON, FURMAN & CO.,	283 Broadway.
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		WALLACE & SONS,	89 Chambers Street.
		W. M. CORNWALL,	18 Warren Street.
		C. J. GODFREY,	7 Warren Street.
		E. H. MADISON,	504 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
TATHAM & BROS., General Eastern Agents,
82 Beekman Street, New York City.

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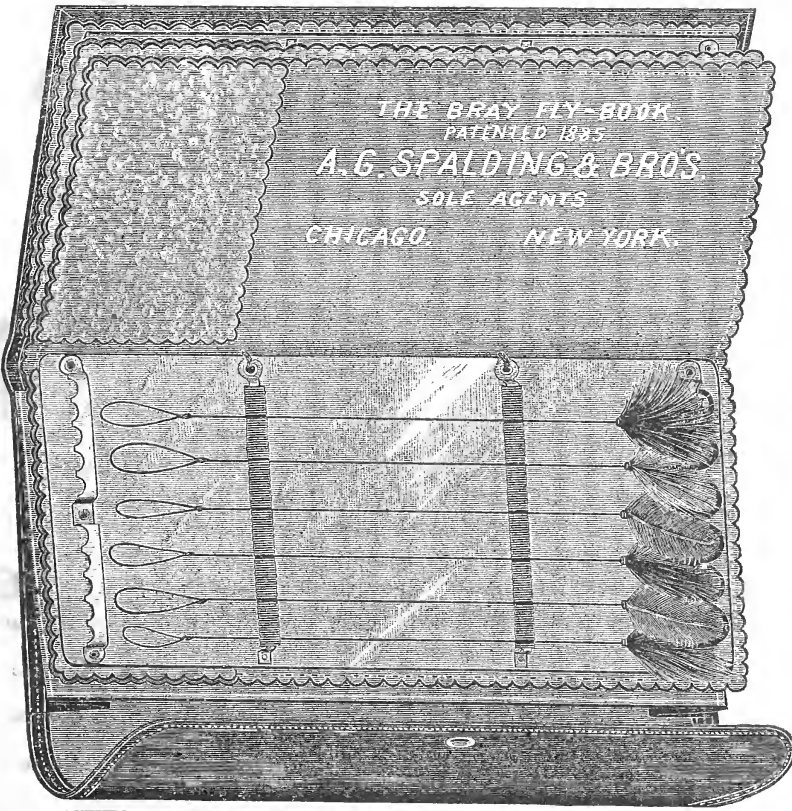
THE
BRAY FLY BOOK.

It will be gratifying to anglers to know that there is at last a *perfect* Fly Book in the market one in which flies may be attached as quickly as they could be thrown into an ordinary envelope, being at the same time perfectly secure, and may be as readily detached. The snell, regardless of its length, is at all times kept straight (the advantage of which no angler need be told), and each fly stands out so that one can see in an instant his entire assortment and select the one he desires.

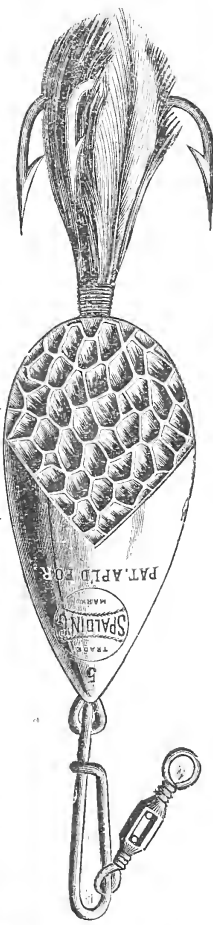
Prices in Sheep Skin.

2 Sheets to hold 8 dozen	\$4 00
3 " " " 12 "	5 00
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Morocco Cover, 2 Pockets,
\$1.00 Extra.



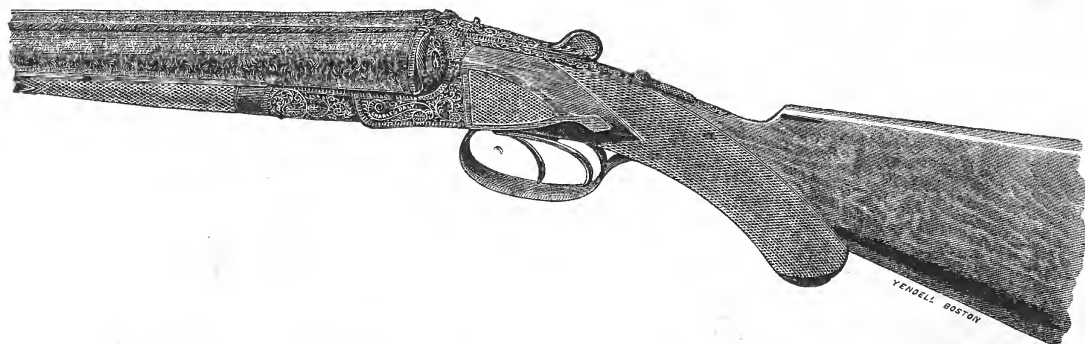
The Spalding Hammered Bait.
(ENDORSED.)



Made in Ten Sizes. Prices in silver plate: Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, 30 cts. each; Nos. 7 and 8, 45 cts. each; Nos. 9 and 10, 75 cts. each. Gold plate, 25 cts. extra.
MESSRS. A. G. SPALDING & BROS., CHICAGO, ILL.:
GENTLEMEN:—I have just received your new "Hammered" Spoon Bait at Gage's Lake, where, from the scarcity of live bait of any kind, I have been obliged to use the "Hammered" Bait, and I have no rise to the fly. The "Hammered" Bait is a happy idea, and it is really a great success. I have used it can affirm. It is well and carefully made, has good, strong hooks, and well deserves the great popularity it has so soon acquired.
Very truly yours,
J. A. HENSHALL.
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Spalding's Celebrated Split Bamboo Rods,
With Patent Serrated, Shouldered, Waterproof Ferrules. Unequalled for Uniformity of Spring, Durability and Beauty of Finish.
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THE GREAT SUPERIORITY IN ACCURACY OF THE FITTING AND CLOSENESS OF THE WORK makes the guns last a lifetime. Large numbers of DALY GUNS have been in use a score of years, and are as tight to-day as when first made. The workmen who make these guns are all "ARTISTS IN IRON AND WOOD." We confidently assert that no better or closer work can be found in the world, whether it comes from a Purdy, a Grant, or a Westley Richards.

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THE ANSON & DEELEY SYSTEM, ON WHICH THESE GUNS ARE MADE, is the best ever yet put on the market. It is the same system as used by Westley Richards, Harrington & Richardson and many others. The only objection has been that the forearm of the frame is rather short. We have, however, overcome this difficulty, and a DALY HAMMERLESS ANSON & DEELEY SYSTEM WITH LONG FOREARM IS THE STRONGEST HAMMERLESS IN THE WORLD.

THEY ARE BEAUTIFUL IN OUTLINE, ARTISTIC IN FINISH. THE STOCKS HAVE HANDSOME FIGURE. They are stocked for use, "come up" properly. It is a pleasure to handle them, and to look at them is like viewing a handsome picture. A DALY is A "THING OF BEAUTY."

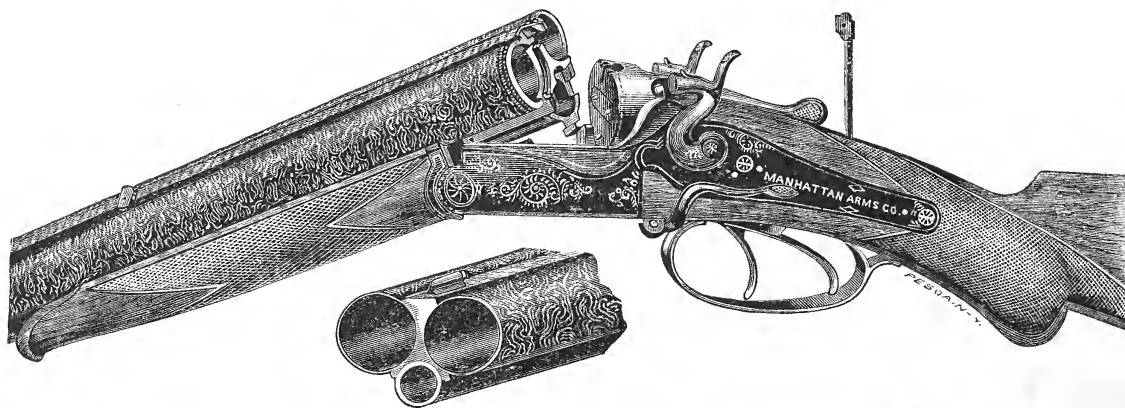
THE RIBS ARE HAND MATTED (not machine work which does not give the best effect) and give a perfectly dead surface to sight over.

PROOF.

While in sales every other Hammerless Gun has fallen off at least 50 per cent. this season (which has been a dull one in gun trade) the DALY has increased 50 per cent. Everyone who has one is enthusiastic in their praise.

No. 120—10, 12 and 16 Gauges, Damascus Barrels, Neat Engraving,	\$125 00
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SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES, 84 & 86 Chambers Street, New York.



Manhattan Three Barrel.

This Gun has met with an unprecedented sale for an arm of this kind—far beyond our expectations. In order to get them it is necessary for the present to enter orders in advance.

They are made with fine Damascus Shot Barrels, Best Steel Rifle Barrels. Matted Rib, Locks and entire work of the very best quality.

Pushing the Top Lever to the left, the rifle barrel is fired by the right-hand lock. This mechanism is very simple, but effective and durable, and does not admit of any mistake being made.

A Folding Peep Sight throws down flush with the tang of the frame; a hinge back sight is placed on the barrel, which is flush for shotgun use and can be turned up for rifle use.

Price, with Sights Complete, \$85.00.

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HINDS' BLACK-FLY CREAM,
For Repelling Flies, Mosquitoes, Midges and other Insects, and protecting the Skin from Sunburn, Irritation and Infection.

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DEAR SIR—I have not sooner acknowledged the receipt of box of "Black-Fly Cream," as I desired to first test it; this I have now done on two fishing trips where I found the Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Punkies and Moose or Deer Flies in great abundance. Although all these pests swarmed about me, I found the Cream a perfect preventive against their bites when it was applied to face, hands, ears and neck. For many years I have sought after the insect repellent, and have tried all manner of compounds, but yours is the most thorough, at the same time cleanly and not disagreeable.

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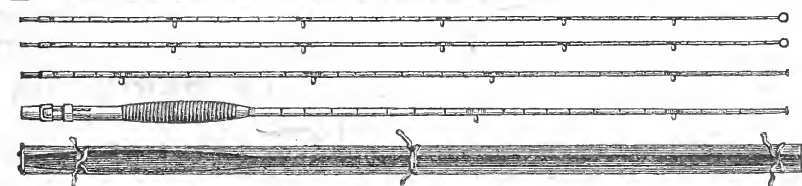
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Brass Multiplying Reels with Balance Handles, first quality and fine finish. 75ft., \$1.00; 120ft., \$1.25; 180ft., \$1.50; 240ft., \$1.75; 300ft., \$2.00; 450ft., \$2.25; 600ft., \$2.50. Any of the above Reels with Drags, 25 cts. extra; nickel plated, 50 cts. extra. Brass Click Reels, 30yds., 50 cts.; 50yds., 75 cts.; 60yds., \$1.00; nickel plated, 50 cts. extra. Marster's Celebrated Hooks Snelled on Gut, Limerick, Kirby Limerick, Sproat, Carlisle, Chestertown, O'Shaughnessy, Kinsey, Aberdeen, Sneek Bent, and all other hooks. Single gut, 12 cts. per doz.; double, 20 cts. per doz.; treble, 30 cts. per doz. Put up one half dozen in a package. Single Gut Trout and Black Bass Leaders, 1yd., 5 cts.; 2yds., 10 cts.; 3yds., 15 cts. Double Twisted Leaders, 3 length, 5 cts.; treble twisted, 3 length, 10 cts. Trout Flies, 60 cts. per doz. Black Bass Flies, \$1.00 per doz. Trout and Black Bass Bait Rods, 9ft. long, \$1.25 to \$5.00. Trout and Black Bass Fly Rods, 10ft. long, \$1.50 to \$10.00. Also forty-eight different styles of rods for all kinds of fishing. Samples of hooks, leaders, etc., sent by mail on receipt of price in money or stamps. SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE. THE MANUFACTURE OF SNEELLED HOOKS AND LEADERS A SPECIALTY.

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This cut represents our No. 23 Split Bamboo Fly Rod with Grooved Wood Form. Length, 10 1/2 ft.; weight, 8oz. We make same style rods for trout and bass to weigh from 5 to 12oz., also the "Standard Henshell Rod." Lancewood Rods, Reels, Turned Stock and Rod Trimmings of all descriptions. For New Illustrated Catalogue for 1885 address:

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Illustration of a rifle and two target diagrams.

First target represents 10 consecutive shots made by Otto Jaeger, June 10, 1885, at Wheeling, W. Va., 200 yards off hand, with some wind, using a No. 6 1/2 Off-Hand, .32-caliber. It counts 94 on Massachusetts Decimal and 117 on Massachusetts Target. The cut is one-half size.

Second target represents 5 consecutive shots made by J. D. Marks, June 24, 1885, at Springfield, Mass., 200 yards, with rest, using a Union Hill, .32-caliber. The entire five shots are inside of a 1 1/2-inch circle. The cut is full size.

This style of Ballard Rifle and the "Off-Hand" are the standard guns for target shooting, carrying off nearly all the prizes. Send for Catalogue: **THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.**

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Our Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing colored plates, descriptions and illustrations of the NEWEST, BEST and RAREST SEEDS and PLANTS, will be mailed on receipt of 6 cts. (in stamps) to cover postage.

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Gold Medals and Highest Awards at all Exhibitions.

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FIRST QUALITY SPROAT HOOKS,
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The Largest Manufacturers of Fishing Goods in the World.

All best goods bear our name and trade mark.
WORKS, REDDITCH, ENGLAND.

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WHOLESALE ONLY.

MARTIN'S "Business" Braided Silk Lines
Are made of the very best silk both raw and soft, and are all that can be desired.



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For best trolling, for salmon and fly-fishing, for trout address at once R. M. SHUTTS, Chateaugay Lake, Franklin Co., N. Y.

SEND ME YOUR ADDRESS AND I WILL SEND catalogue of my DOUBLE ENAMEL SPLIT BAMBOO RODS (patented). Some more good workmen wanted. Address, **E. M. EDWARDS, Hancock, N. Y.**

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For muzzle and breechloading, cylindrical and choke-bore shotguns. Made to open just short of 50, 70 and 90 yards, giving close pattern and great penetration; 10 and 12 gauge. Send for circular.

Twenty sent, postpaid, for \$1.

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Eaton's Rust Preventor.

For GUNS, CUTLERY and SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS. Specially adapted for salt water shooting. For sale at all principal gun stores. Western grade supplied by **E. C. EATON, 53 State street, Chicago, Ill.** Cannot be sent by mail. Manufactured solely by **GEO. B. EATON, 570 Pavonia Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.**

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THE STANDARD WORK ON THEIR MANAGEMENT AND DISEASES.
Price \$2.00.
For Sale by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Wanted.

COPIES WANTED.—JAN. 4, 11, 18 and 25, FEB. 1, March 8 and Sept. 13, 1885; Feb. 7 and 14, March 6, 1884. We are short of these issues, and would be obliged if any of our readers having one or all of these numbers that they do not want will send to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 39 Park Row, New York City. mar26,lt

WANTED.

Bear, Buffalo, Deer, Wolves, Foxes, Spotted Cats, Civit Cats, Lynx, Panthers, Antelope, Otter, Beavers and other animals and birds of all kinds. Address **D. H. TALBOT, Sioux City, Ia.**

WANTED.—A FEW ANGLERS TO JOIN WITH undersigned for the purpose of buying a trout stream in Ulster Co., N. Y. Address **H. Box 1,204, New York.** apr13,lt

For Sale.

White Hares.
(*Lepus Americanus*.)

A few living specimens will be sent to orders accompanied with the cash, at \$2 each, and delivered in good order and properly boxed, at Bethel express office. **J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me.**



West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for Circular and Price List.

FISH AND GAME PRESERVE.
7 1/2 acres, 100 lake, trout stream, 50 acres under cultivation, one large house, one small one, four barns, 100 miles from city, three miles from depot, good road; will sell cheap. Address **G. H. ROWLAND, Rowland, Pa.** apr13,lt

FOR SALE.—ELK AND MOOSE ANTLERS.
Five large sets for mounting; some on shields. Address **A. B., office of Forest and Stream.** apr15,2t

GUARANTEED GENUINE WILLIAM MOORE,
London, B. B. L. shotgun, 12-28-74, perfect order, excellent shooter, 40 brass shells, loading tools, cartridge bag, primers, cleaning rod; all complete; \$60. **J. D. RUFF, 154 West Houston st., N. Y.** apr15,lt

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SUMMER RESIDENCE AT HALIFAX, NOVA Scotia, to let (furnished). That fine mansion, the Town House of Sir Adams Archibald, situate on Hollis street, in front of Government House, with stables and coach house attached. Possession given on or after the 1st of May. For terms and particulars apply to **JOHN S. MACLEAN, Jerusalem Warehouse, Halifax, N. S.** apr8,4t

In the Stud.

Champion Brahmin.

(SOLID BLACK COCKER SPANIEL.)

IN THE STUD.

FREE \$20.

Winner of two champions, four firsts and six special prizes.

ARTHUR E. RENDLE,
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In the Stud.**THE IMMENSE ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARD CHAMPION****OTHO**

(A.K.R. 489). Orange tawny, perfect blaze and collar, other white markings correct; double dew claws. Born August, 1882. This celebrated dog stands 33½ in. full at shoulders, weighs 188 lbs. (Jan. 30, 1886), has a grand, massive head, immense bone, and is perfect in disposition.

"Otho is conceded to be the best fronted St. Bernard in the country."—*American Kennel Register*, June, 1885.

"Otho is one of the grandest fronted dogs we have ever seen. His head is a study and his form we have never seen surpassed. He is also an immense upstanding dog."—*Forest and Stream*, Oct. 30, 1884.

Fee \$50. Approved bitches only. Cabinet photos, 50 cents. Imported stock for sale. Also puppies sired by Otho. THE HOSPICE KENNELS, Importers and Breeders of Thoroughbred St. Bernards, Arlington, N. J.

IDEAL KENNEL COCKERS.

IN THE STUD. FEE \$10.

PILOT (A.K.R. 1635),

DANDY ZULU (A.K.R. 382).

BEAUCLERK, Field Spaniel.

FOR SALE.—True Cockers, Fashionably bred, correct in coat, size and shape, various ages and colors. Prices reasonable. Address

IDEAL KENNEL, New Haven, Conn.

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A NATION'S HONOR.

FAR away in the northwestern corner of Washington Territory is a little reservation occupied by the Puyallup Indians. They number 560 individuals, and the reservation covers about 18,000 acres of land, so that they have about thirty-two and a half acres apiece, or not far from a quarter section—160 acres—to a family of five persons. These people are entirely self-supporting and derive four-fifths of their living from the cultivation of their farms. These have been allotted to them on the reservation, and they hold them solely by allotment certificates issued by the Government in the year 1881.

The Puyallup Indians are to all intents and purposes civilized. They are farmers, mechanics, laborers. They earn their bread by the sweat of their brow like other men. Two-thirds of them have made valuable improvements on their lands, cleared off heavy forests, built houses, cultivated lands, provided homes for their families. Besides this they have, without assistance, purchased an eight horse power thrashing machine, seven mowing machines, sixty-eight horse rakes, ninety-three wagons, and all that is necessary for farming in the way of plows and smaller tools. They have teams and cattle, their lands are fenced, they are a well-to-do farming community. Their children, to the number of sixty or eighty, attend the school at Puyallup, which is within one-half mile of the limits of Tacoma.

Almost without help these Indians have raised themselves from a condition of barbarism to one of civilization. They are constantly improving. Each year the attendance at the school has grown larger, and it was never so good as last year.

One thing they have to fight against, one thing discourages them in their attempts to make their farms valuable, leads them to feel that it is useless to work hard, paralyzes their industries. They do not own their lands.

The allotment certificates recite that a certain man is entitled to a certain specified tract of land, and that he "may take immediate possession of said land and occupy the same, and the United States guarantees such possession and will hold the title thereto in trust for the exclusive use and benefit" of the Indian named and his "heirs, as long as such occupancy shall continue." The certificate then goes on to state that it is not assignable, except to the United States, or

to other members of the tribe. There is nothing in it, however, which gives the holder any reason to believe that he has any right to occupy this land permanently. He is a tenant at will. At any moment he may be evicted at the pleasure of a Government officer. At any moment he may be expelled from the home which he has made for himself, losing it and all the labor which he has expended on it.

These Indians are deeply attached to their land. This country has from time immemorial been their home. Here their fathers were born, lived and are buried. Here this generation have passed their childhood and their youth. Here their children were born. It is their home. On these lands this simple people carried on the great struggle which has lifted them from barbarism to civilization. They cleared away the virgin forest and fenced in the wild land. Their hands subdued the stubborn soil; their labor converted it into fertile farms. Once barren it is now productive; once worthless, it is now valuable. By every tie of sentiment and affection they are bound to these homes; by every right which patient industry confers, these lands are theirs. To take from them these farms, with the improvements which they have made on them, would be injustice, would be outrage, would be robbery.

This is just what the United States tried to do. The agent for the Puyallup Indians, knowing the attachment that they feel for their lands, knowing that they had all made their locations, built houses, and made some improvements on their allotments, and that they are intensely desirous to obtain patents for their lands and would by no means consent to sell them, sent on to the Interior Department a statement of the condition of things at the agency and urged the prompt granting of the patents to the people. This is the reply he received:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 3, 1885.
Sir: I have your telegram concerning the patents to the Puyallup Indians. I do not think it for the interest of the Indians to have the patents issued. The land they occupy is valuable for farming and town site purposes and ought to be sold and the money used to establish them in another place. I shall therefore decline to allow the patents to issue, hoping Congress may make suitable provision for their removal and the sale of their land and the investment of the money for their benefit in some other place. Very respectfully,

H. M. TELLER, Secretary.
MR. EDWIN EELLS, U. S. Indian Agent, Tacoma, Wash.
Their homes were to be taken from them and sold and they with their families were to be moved off to some desert place, and having been located there were to be encouraged to become civilized, to become self-supporting. This is the Government method of encouraging the Indians to follow the white man's road.

The robbery thus contemplated was never carried out. Secretary Teller went out of office before this could be done, and the present administration has recommended the granting of the patents to the Puyallup Indians. But the action of this Cabinet officer is a fair example of the shameful course of fraud and oppression carried on by the Government toward the Indians.

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

THE letter from the National Rifle Association here to the Association in Great Britain has up to this writing brought no response. This is not surprising, since it is a matter not to be lightly decided, and besides the lapse of time has hardly been great enough to permit a reply to reach our shores. There is considerable doubt whether or no a match will be held this year. With Sir Henry Halford lying at death's door, the American marksmen lose the service and active aid of one who has borne almost the entire burden of organizing and carrying out previous matches between the two countries.

The Council will in due time consider the American letter and do what they can to bring about a contest. It is not at all unlikely, however, that the response will come in the form of a counter proposition for a match to be fought on British soil. The victory now lies with the foreign team. We are a defeated company, and the most natural way would be to send a challenge for the championship and follow it up with a strong team. It may strike the British riflemen as smacking somewhat of presumption for a defeated team to send over an invitation for the victors to come and give a chance for reclaiming the lost laurels.

The great Wimbledon meeting is a fixture. An American team going abroad may be sure of finding the very pick of the marksmen from the entire Kingdom gathered there, and a victory over such a team on such a field would be one of

which the Americans might be justly proud. Such a step would be the natural one to take, and thus the onus of getting back their laurels would rest on our foreign cousins. We regret that they show no disposition to take away our small-bore honors, and our regret would be more than doubled if the great army of Volunteers should ever follow the example of their small-bore, long-range comrades and rest quietly in the ranks of the defeated. At present we on our side the water have but a partial victory to our credit. We know we have the better long-range weapons. We are certain that we can make the better military rifle, and find men to shoot them, too. Let us do it, and in a manly fashion, too, by going over with a strong team, armed with home-made weapons, loaded with home-made ammunition, and fighting both the British weather and the British shooter.

Just at present there does not seem to be very much excitement ament the proposed renewal of international hostilities, but then we have a way of jumping in with a rush, getting ready for victory, getting the victory, and getting back to business again, which is peculiarly our own. If an American team is to be organized, a good percentage of it ought to come from other than the vicinity of New York. Boston and the West ought to contribute men. The Pacific slope keeps up a great deal of shooting of a sweepstake sort. Let a few of the California shooters come over and gain the skill in long-range work they have in short-range shooting, and there will be no trouble about satisfactory results.

SPRING WOODCOCK.—A gentleman who recently returned from Washington, informs us that woodcock are now being served up there at certain restaurants. He was told by John Chamberlain, that he was receiving about 25 woodcock daily. The idea of serving up nesting birds—as woodcock killed during the month of March certainly are—is sufficiently shocking and calls attention to the miserable inefficiency of the game laws of the District of Columbia, and the equally miserable inadequacy of their enforcement. It is a shame that the seat of the United States Government should be the scene of such an abomination as eating breeding woodcock. The sportsmen of the District of Columbia are entitled to some consideration at the hands of Congress, and a suitable game law ought to be introduced and passed without delay.

INITIALS ARE NOT NAMES.—If every correspondent who writes to the FOREST AND STREAM on business should sign his bare initial instead of his name, the paper would shortly suspend. Some stupid folks do send in such semi-anonymous letters, and they are always a source of bother and vexation of spirit. Sometimes such letters contain money; sometimes the writers want something sent to them; sometimes the letter relates to a sick dog. There are all sorts of demands, requests, inquiries, written by people who do not know enough to sign their names. It takes all sorts of people to make up the world. Even fools have their place in the economy of human nature, for as said the Elder Cato, wise men may learn from them.

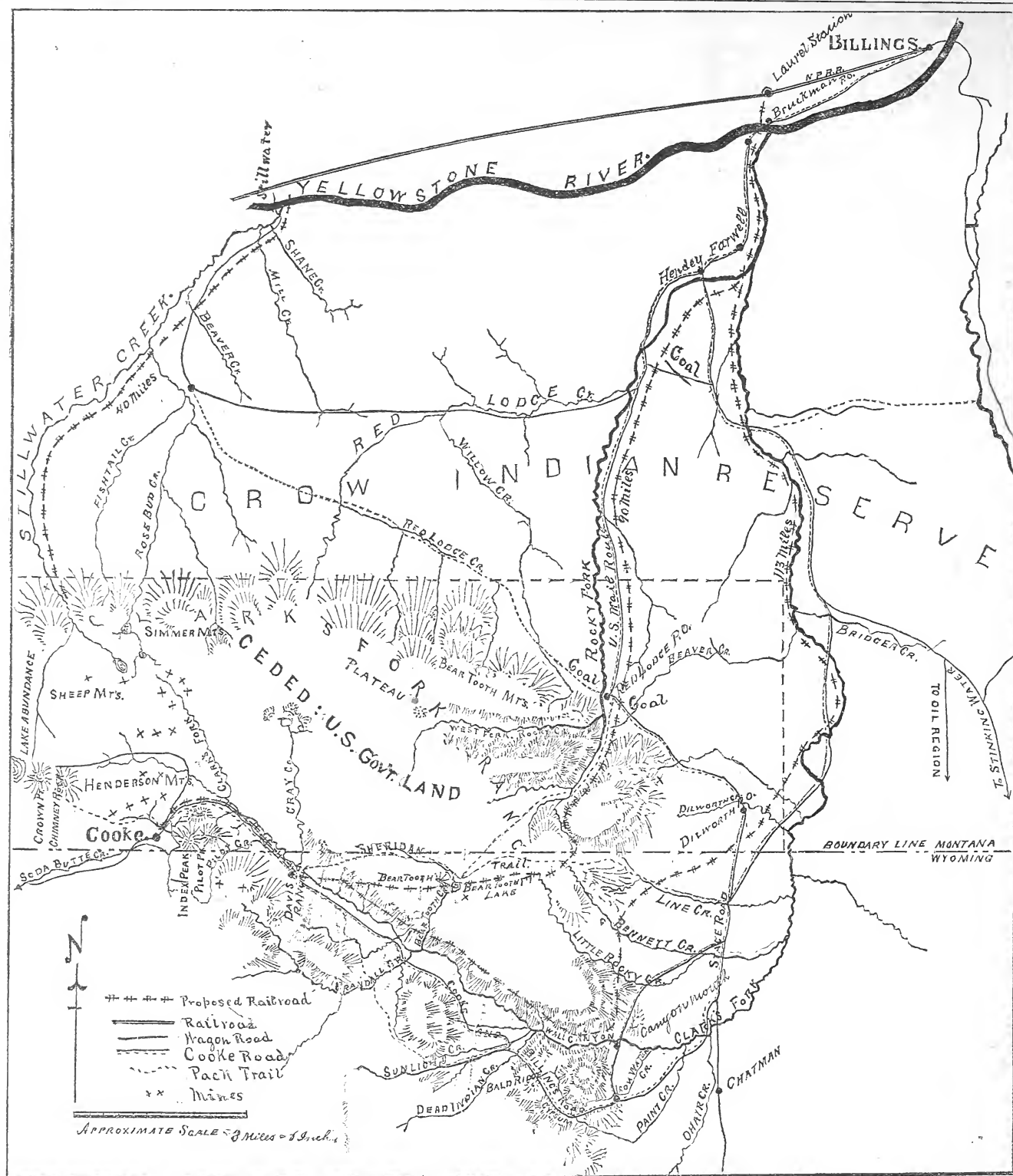
SPRING SHOOTING.—A correspondent suggests that the speediest way to legislate against spring shooting would be to secure the enactment by Congress of a law forbidding the spring killing of migratory birds. Unfortunately, however, Congress has no jurisdiction in the matter; it can only legislate with reference to the game of the Territories. The stupid and bungling fashion in which Congress handled the buffalo question a few years ago, showed that little intelligent game conservancy is to be expected from that body, even where it has jurisdiction. The abolition of spring shooting must be secured by State legislation.

CHICAGO HAS A QUAIL NET FACTORY. Quail nets are more familiar institutions in the South and Southwest than in other parts of the country. Their use ought to be forbidden everywhere. The only mitigating feature of the netting business is that some of the live birds are bought by sportsmen to restock depleted game grounds.

THE YACHTING SEASON of 1886 promises to be more active than that of 1885. The canoeing season will be made notable by the international races.

THE HOUNDER'S MOTTO.—A deer in the water is worth two in the woods.

THE MILLINER'S MOTTO.—A bird in the hat is worth two in the bush.



RAILROAD ROUTES TO THE CLARK'S FORK MINES.

A BOOM FOR COOKE CITY.

THESE are great days for Cooke. That inconsiderable and almost wholly undeveloped mining camp is brought into undeserved prominence by the project to build a railroad to it from Cinnabar, the end of the Northern Pacific Park line, up the Yellowstone River to the East Fork, and up that and Soda Butte Creek almost to the divide. What the mines at the head of Clark's Fork may contain no living man knows to day. We have seen specimens of ore, said to be from this region, that were enormously rich, but whether they came from these mines or not we are unable to say. Ore specimens are not difficult to obtain in the Western country, and there never was a prospector yet who lacked specimens to show that his mine was one of the most valuable ever discovered. Cooke City has been fortunate in that a number of prominent men are interested in the mines on the head of Clark's Fork, and they have brought to bear on Congress influences which have resulted in a favorable report by committees in the Senate and the House of Representatives on a bill to grant the right of way to a railroad through the Park. The rights of the people are thus most seriously threatened.

The practicability of this route is not, so far as we have been able to learn, vouched for by any disinterested person. On the other hand, we have the testimony of Mr. Arnold Hague, of the U. S. Geological Survey, who has examined the Third Cañon of the Yellowstone River, that it is extremely rough, and that the construction of a railroad through it would be attended with very great difficulties. Such a road even if constructed would be a mere side line, having no traffic except what it might draw from the mines; and it is as yet wholly uncertain whether this would be much or little, whether it would or would not justify the construction of this line.

So far as actual business possibilities go, any one of the routes on the east side of the range, *i. e.*, the Stillwater, the Rocky Fork, or the Clark's Fork lines, is much more favorable. The Stillwater route would tap the mines at the foot of Henderson Mountain, would open up a fine grazing country, and a region producing coal, marble and gypsum, but would not for the present have much local traffic. The Rocky Fork route would develop a coal region and would tap all the mines of the district. The Clark's Fork route, after running for about eighty miles over a level prairie, where the cost of construction would be very slight, would turn up the river, and, passing above the cañon, proceed to the mines. From this it would bring down their ore, and it would be an easy route for the tourists who might wish to visit the wonderful Hoodoo country. It would open up a great stretch of valuable agricultural and grazing country into which settlers would pour as soon as permitted by the Government. A spur to Rocky Fork would develop the excellent coal mines of that region. Another spur to the south would reach the new petroleum fields of Wyoming, whose development promises such rich results. The road would not be dependent on the possible results of mining at the head of Clark's Fork. It would have a far more certain, substantial and enduring source of revenue than this.

General Anderson, of the Northern Pacific R. R., is quoted as stating that there is no practicable route to those mines from the east side of the range; but General Anderson has never in person been over the ground referred to, nor, so far as we can learn, have any of his subordinates. The U. S. topographical surveys have been over the ground and their reports speak of slight divides or easy passes between the heads of Soda Butte Creek and Clark's Fork, and the same is true of the heads of Soda Butte and of Stillwater.

We print this week another map of the region under dis-

cussion, showing the results of rough surveys of the three routes on the east side of the range, with the approximate lines to be followed and the length of each. As we have already pointed out, the Stillwater line can be still further extended up that stream to the foot of Henderson Mountain. These platings are the results of a careful examination of the ground, and will be found to be approximately correct.

There seems to be a very fair prospect that a road up Clark's Fork will be built, whether the Cinnabar & Clark's Fork Railroad obtains its right of way or not. Articles of incorporation for the Billings, Clark's Fork & Cooke City Railroad were recently filed at Billings by Messrs. Thomas Hanlon, Philip M. Gallaher and Geo. B. Hulme, of Billings; Geo. V. Sims, of New York, and Henry Kelley, of Philadelphia. The capital stock of the corporation is \$1,000,000 in 10,000 shares of the par value of \$100 each. This corporation has its engineer now in the field making surveys, and it is stated that the work will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Another road is projected up Stillwater, and surveys have been at work along this line.

Under any circumstances, therefore, it seems probable that Cooke will have its railroad, and on this point the capitalists of that district and their friends in Congress may feel easy in their minds. The development of the region does not call for the giving away by Congress of a portion of the people's pleasure ground. That must not be tampered with, must not be taken away from those to whom it belongs, to put dollars into the pockets of a few men. The region must not be thrown open so that, as was the case last year, a lot of people can rush in and stake out coal claims all over one of the most beautiful and interesting portions of the Park. The game and the timber, now so abundant along the East Fork, must not be handed over to the tender care of the hide hunter, the tie chopper and the charcoal burner.

The Park must be preserved.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A SLICE OF LUCK.

HOW fully, as he casts a retrospective glance over the vanished years, the hunter realizes that there are days and days. Days when, in spite of all his ingenuity and perseverance, the shades of night turned his steps homeward weary and unsuccessful, or days when, with the minimum of effort, a Benjamin's portion fell to his lot; when the unfriendly snow, hardened by last night's frost after yesterday's thaw, snapped crisp warnings of danger to far-away, vigilant ears, or when, powdery and silent, it muffled and deadened every footfall and bore him on to glorious victory; when the fickle and eddying gusts carried to remotest hiding places the taint of his presence, or when the steady and favoring breeze baffled the keenest-scented monarchs of the wildwoods; when the untimely crackle of a broken twig at the crucial moment forfeited the ore chance of the day, or when, no matter whether noisy or still, his star of luck was ever in the ascendant; again, when, worst of all, the hunted and wounded game eluded his most persistent search only to die a lingering and lonely death, or when, even with the most risky and all but hopeless opportunities, bullet upon bullet sang prompt and decisive death knells. We have all known our good and our bad days, but we naturally prefer to permit memory to linger on the clattering reminiscences of the lucky ones; so I now recall what was, taking all things into consideration, the most fortunate hunting experience of my life.

I was living at the time on Grand Prairie, a small settlement situated some thirty or forty miles southeast of Kamloops and eighteen or twenty from the nearest accessible point of the present Canadian Pacific Railway. In spite of its pretentious name the prairie is only a narrow valley a couple of miles or so in width, and probably three or four times as long, with a small stream, dignified by the title of Salmon River (I suppose on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, for, so far as my observation goes, it is destitute of salmon), winding through it. The trend of the valley is east and west. On the north and south are timbered foothills, covered with a luxuriant growth of fir and pine, running up to meet the precipitous heights that cap the mountains. Here and there the ruddy volcanic cliffs rise almost directly from the grass-covered plain without any intervening slopes, and from their crowns a further stretch of rolling, timbered ground leads to the uppermost tier of rocks. Along the mountain breast, with its dark, deep gulches, its grassy and brush-dotted slopes, its tiny, rippling, crystal streams, that are sucked up by the thirsty land before they can reach the prairie, the deer wander in happy and safe seclusion, save when the Shuswap Indians, with whom this is a favorite hunting ground, are laying in a supply of meat, or when some venison-appreciating settler leaves his work-a-day life for a while to enrich the family larder with a fat buck.

In the winter of 1881-2, a number of Indians were camped on the prairie, and they several times told us, during their periodical visits to the house, of a mountain sheep with fine horns which they had occasionally seen on their hunting expeditions but had failed to capture. Now a genuine Rocky Mountain sheep was game of a class I had hitherto had no opportunity of hunting, and I felt proportionately anxious to try my luck, though it seemed almost absurd to expect success where so many had met with disappointment. However, the thought kept forcing itself upon me that such a chance might never present itself again, seeing that we were separated from the Rockies by at least two minor but far from despicable chains of mountains, the Selkirks and the Gold Range, and that this was the first sheep seen in our vicinity for a number of years. While hesitating and uncertain whether to start on such an apparently wild goose chase or not, one of the neighbors, who had been on the top of the mountains to the north looking for stray horses, dropped in to say that during the day he had seen thirty or forty deer and the coveted sheep—the latter leisurely picking his way along a rocky sidehill half a mile or so from him. This news decided me, and I prepared for a hunt on the morrow.

When morning dawned I took my rifle and a lunch in case of any delay and started up the mountain. Very fortunately for the success of the enterprise there had been a slight snowfall during the night, and as I toiled upward I noted with hopeful satisfaction the excellent tracking and the noiselessness of my steps. The whole mountain was familiar ground, for I had killed deer in almost every part of it, so there was no difficulty in selecting the proper course to pursue to reach the place where the sheep had last been seen. Straight upward till the base of the highest line of cliffs barred further progress in that direction, and then I turned at right angles along the face of the hill, and cautiously picked my steps among the scattered rocks that had fallen from above, till I gained a point up which a steep but practicable path to the summit ascended. Right on the trail there was a solitary downward track that set my pulses throbbing tumultuously, for, though I had never seen a mountain sheep's hoof-prints before, I knew I saw them then. With watchful gaze and ready rifle, step by step, I followed down the mountain. Down went the track lower and lower, over grassy slopes, where the mildness of the morning was already wasting the new-fallen snow; through belts of fir and pine, where my senses needed to be doubly on the alert. Onward and downward the sheep had gone, never stopping to nibble the grass or to crop the tiny shoots of the underbrush, but ever pressing steadily downward. Downward till I knew that I was nearing one of the points where the lower cliffs directly overlooked the prairie; downward, till my heart began to sink and my mind to be filled with misgivings lest the game had eluded my pursuit by crossing the valley to the possibly more congenial, because more inaccessible, heights to the south.

Near the southern edge of the last narrow fringe of timber that lay between me and the front of the mountain, the sheep had for the first time varied from the unswerving directness of his march, and had zigzagged in and out a little among the brush. By this time the snow had almost disappeared, and it had become a matter of some little difficulty to follow the windings of the track, but still the melting snow had softened the ground sufficiently to leave the hoof-prints perceptible enough on close examination. Slowly and patiently I followed the animal's steps, stealthily moving, yard by yard, till finally I stood behind the outmost tree, looking anxiously across the hundred and fifty yards of open rocky ground that alone separated me from the bluff in front. More than ever did I fear that the chase had been in vain, for the only possible bit of cover that could shelter the sheep was a diminutive stunted juniper growing alone about fifty

yards from where I stood. The brush was so dwarfed and small as to seem quite incapable of concealing any animal as large as the one whose trail I had been following; but as it was the only spot of cover within sight, I watched it much as a cat would watch a mouse-hole. As I stood, with rifle cocked and half raised, debating in my mind what course to pursue, a movement behind the juniper brought the rifle to my shoulder just in time to cover the shoulder of the ram as he rose quietly from his resting place, and leisurely stretched himself, apparently quite unalarmed, but with his head half turned toward me, a clean broadside shot. The low bush concealed his legs, and thus prevented me from appreciating his appearance properly; but I must confess that my first feeling was one of keen disappointment, for he looked squat and ungainly to eyes accustomed to the more slender and graceful deer. His head, too, surmounted by its monstrous horns, was seemingly so utterly out of proportion as to largely enhance the first impression of his ungainliness.

How long I stood in that fashion drinking in every detail of his appearance—and I am candid enough to admit that his style became much more striking as our acquaintance progressed—I don't know, possibly not more than two or three seconds, though it certainly seemed as many minutes. A slight motion on his part suggested meditated flight, so I pressed the trigger and assisted him to make up his mind a trifle more promptly perhaps. Half a dozen rapid bounds to the left carried him to the brink of a steep cleft in the rocks down which he literally slid on all fours. There was no snow and on the bare ground I could not see a drop of blood. I ran to the edge of the gulch so as to get another shot if he attempted either to run down to the prairie or to climb the opposite bank, but there was no sign of life. Down in the bottom of the ravine, however, on a patch of snow which the sombre shade of the sheer cliff had preserved, was a long streak of red. It was utterly out of the question to follow his short cut to the bottom, so I climbed back up the mountain till I could manage to scramble into the gulch with safety. Carefully following it down to the prairie, I presently spied the ram jammed between the trunk of a pine and the rocky wall of the ravine. I was morally certain he was stone dead, but, to remove all doubt, I gave him another bullet. It was unnecessary, however, for the first one had gone clean through his heart. He was lean, but, without the head, dressed 140 pounds. The head was a noble one, and to-day graces the dining-room of a Spallumcheen friend.

Often in thinking over the subject of this sketch, when I remember the rarity of the animal so far west of the Rockies, the bare chance there was in such a stretch of country of even striking his track, the strong possibility of not getting a successful shot even if he was started, the fortunate snow fall which just lasted long enough for the needs of the occasion and no more, and the accommodating manner in which he journeyed homeward so as to save the trouble of packing, I cannot help regarding the work of that January morning as a huge slice of luck.

R. M. C.

CACHE CREEK, British Columbia.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY has given form to what may fairly be characterized as a national movement. The widespread circulation of FOREST AND STREAM has penetrated to the remotest towns and villages of the land; the press has been stirred up and the best sentiments of the American women have been roused. Local secretaries have been appointed in different towns in almost every State in the Union, and correspondence is flowing in from all the States and Territories, as well as from Ontario, Quebec, and the maritime Provinces of the Dominion. The registered membership is well into the thousands, and several thousand of the Society's pledges are in the hands of its local secretaries. The Utica (N. Y.) Secretary heads the list with a membership of upward of two hundred, which will probably be soon eclipsed, for while the movement advances generally with a steady glow, it occasionally bursts into a flame of enthusiasm. At Grand Rapids, Mich., there have been numerous public meetings within the past week, and the question of discarding feathers put to the vote at the women's clubs and carried in the affirmative by two-thirds majority, amid the sighs of the minority. At Davenport, Iowa, too, an influential public meeting secured a very important adhesion to the cause, accompanied by resolutions to organize for the propagation of the movement in affiliation with the parent Society, while from secluded villages come letters from isolated women, who unmoved by any evidences of enthusiasm around them, announce the destruction of their feathers and ask permission to labor for the cause. The Natural History Society of Toronto is taking comprehensive measures for securing the co-operation of the clergy of all denominations throughout the Province, but beyond and above all this the New York milliners, anticipating the results of the movement, have brought out their spring stock prettily decorated with bright flowers, ribbons and artistic bead works. The head gear of the women on the streets is a moving museum of stuffed birds and fragments of birds, but the shop windows reflect back few feathers excepting the graceful plumes of the ostrich. These are gratifying results from a movement which is but yet in its infancy. The promoters and officers of which have hardly had time to consider the details of their organization. We are happy to announce that the certificates of membership, with a beautifully executed portrait of John James Audubon, the painter naturalist, are now ready for distribution, and we wish that all secretaries who do not receive their quota within the ensuing week would send us a list of their membership. Those members who have been in direct communication with the parent Society will receive theirs as early as possible, but the secretary's hands are full.

Dr. I. E. Nagle writes of the bird destruction in Florida: "What a sad contrast to all that is the present condition of things. So-called hunters have shot out and frightened away all of the game and singing birds in the State, except those which hide in the almost inaccessible portions. And though it is almost as rare a thing to see a bird in a day's travel as it is to find a hen's tooth, yet the hunters go tramping in search of the poor birds, which they call game. It is a pitiful and pitiable sight indeed to see a big overgrown lot of a fellow, after being out all day with a gun, come home in the gloaming, totting a tom-tit as big as one's thumb, and act as if he

had done a great thing in shooting away a pound or two of shot to do the deed of killing. The noise that such shooters make with their guns, popping all day long, frightens all song and plumage birds so that not a chirp or chirrup, except what comes from the pugnacious and fearless sparrows, are heard in the land. So if you want to hear a mocking bird or red bird, you have to go to some barber shop or drink shop or elsewhere, where the 'critter' is kept prisoner in a cage. The past cold winter and the shooters have almost annihilated the birds in this section, and if there ever was a time that demanded a cessation of such wholesale slaughter of the poor birds, now is the time, and we earnestly hope that the gun clubs and sportsmen's associations will urge the matter and inflict the most stringent punishment against these promiscuous and abominable gun snappers and powder-burning wretches."

On page V. is printed the pledge blank of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. Those of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who are interested in the work of the Society may cut out this pledge form and return it with signature; and receive in return the certificate of membership to which its signer is entitled. Where no local secretary has been appointed (the Society wishes to have one in every town), applicants for membership may send their pledges directly to the Society. In no case will a certificate of membership be issued before the receipt of the signed pledges. The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, no dues nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. Address THE AUDUBON SOCIETY, No. 40 Park Row, New York city.

HABITS OF THE BLUEJAY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"A wahsoose" alludes in a recent communication to a foolish prejudice existing among the farmers against the bluejay. That this feeling exists there is no doubt, nor that it is widely spread. There is no question that this bird steals a good deal of corn, both from the ear while still upon the stalk and from the corn cribs, where he can manage to find entrance to such. In this region there is much complaint of his depredations upon the wheat in shocks and stacks, and it will be difficult to convince the people that the bird does not do a great deal of mischief with little benefit of any sort arising from his insect-destroying proclivities.

Now the jay, as I have before stated in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, is a particular friend of mine, notwithstanding his intractable voice, and I have been on familiar terms with a good many of them. I have not harmed one for more than thirty years, and I am sorry that my knowledge of their habits during the milder portion of the year is insufficient for me to decide how far they are beneficial or otherwise to the farmer's crops. My intimacy with them has usually ceased with the close of the snowy months, during which I have often had many of them as pensioners upon my bounty. So far as I know, they spend their summers in the woods.

Will some Thoreau or Burroughs kindly enlighten on these points the friends and enemies of this beautiful bird?

I often regret that I have not been favored by circumstances in the accurate study of ornithology, but if I have missed many facts I have also learned a few. My favorite bird is the woodpecker. I like his ways and admire his persistence. I have derived much satisfaction from watching the methods of the bird in its different varieties, and have sat within a few feet of the pileated woodpecker while he, with his combination tool chest, created a pile of woodenware as large as a fair-sized cooking range. I have seen one of a different variety tapping upon one of the iron suspension rods of a bridge over the Oconto River, in Northern Wisconsin, and this upon the 10th of January. I could not identify the species, neither could I suppose that the racket he made had an amatory purpose, and I had too much respect for the mental characteristics of the genus to think that he expected to derive any sustenance from that piece of iron. On the whole I am of the opinion that he was seeking to keep up appearances, just as sailors are said to have been set to pounding the anchors during a calm.

Not to occupy too much of your space with these matters, I desire to offer a suggestion. There are certain varieties of birds which are specially banned, and devoted on principle to destruction by most who cultivate the soil. If the AUDUBON SOCIETY could issue for distribution among farmers a circular or pamphlet, especially devoted to the consideration of the habits of this class of birds, pleading their cause where reason exists, and enforcing the plea with facts, and in the case of any feathered felon whose predatory or destructive propensities outweigh his services, admitting the fact and proposing remedies, it might be beneficial. It is hard to persuade the average countryman that all birds should be spared. I myself cannot take that stand, although I have signed the three pledges of the AUDUBON SOCIETY.

KELPIE.

APRIL 14, 1886.

HAWKS VS. PARTRIDGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If hawks kill so many more partridges than guns do (as all huntsmen who are opposed to the protection of game by law try to make us believe), is it not right funny that where the report of the gun or rifle never breaks upon the stillness of the scene there game is always plentiful. The cold winter of '87 destroyed all the partridges in Virginia west of Richmond, and when the war broke out they were still scarce; yet in the fall of '65, after four years of peace alike to the hawk and the partridge, the latter were more numerous than the oldest inhabitant had ever seen before, and I venture the assertion that more of them were exhibited for sale in the streets of Richmond that fall than have been seen there within the last ten years all put together. I suppose it is the hawk that has so thinned out the muskrat in tide-water Virginia and not the trapper; that it is the hawk which has well nigh extirpated the wild pigeon of the West and not the pigeon shooting, and that the wolf and panther have been the slayers of the vast herds of bison of the plains and not the fur hunter.

For my part, I wish all the hawks and all their tribe, with all the *ferre natura*, were at the bottom of the deep sea. But it surprises me that every one who has given the subject a moment's thought does not see at a glance that man is the destroying angel of all the animals upon this earth when he sets himself to the work.

VIRGINIA, March, 1886.

SPARROW HAWKS WISE AND FOOLISH.

WE have now been told by one having authority, that "classic crickets" and "brown old grasshoppers" are plenty around Washington "warm sunny days" in January. Shall we next be told that June bugs also are plenty in January? I perceive that Mr. Henshaw has "bit off more than he can chew." I understand him now to say, cold wintry days, when "full knee deep the wintry snows are lying," those foolish virgins of the *sparverius* family who have not flown south, do then feed on English sparrows, not having "brown old grasshoppers" in their silos. It is not my intention to force the learned gentleman to the wall, but I suggest it to him that the English sparrow nuisance being of recent origin, is, speaking after the manner of a great personage, matter to this issue *aliunde*. Before there were any English sparrows what did poor *sparverius* do then? It is admitted those foolish virgins of the *sparverius*, having no silos and no brown old grasshoppers in their cold wintry days, do then, as we, perform, taste of field mice. Like-wise *aliunde*, as I maintain, is removal of the capital beyond the Mississippi. If the soldiers and the politicians and the parsons found that scheme too much for them it will not, as I believe, materialize if now taken up by the grasshoppers and the sparrow hawks and the savants.

Excluding, therefore, matters *aliunde*, the issue here to be tried narrows itself to three considerations, viz.: (a) Do all wise sparrow hawks go south in winter? (b) If "festive hoppers" are plenty around here warm sunny days in January and February, what are they feasting on? (c) How many "grasshopper days" are there hereabouts from Dec. 1 to May 1? On this point I demand a bill of particulars and I give notice of intention to put Professor Riley on the stand. I am of opinion that all wise sparrow hawks do not go south in winter, and I will argue this point further on. Further I am of opinion that neither "warm sunny days" nor "brown old grasshoppers" are plenty around here in January and February, and I omit here all reference to June bugs for the sake of brevity and perspicuity.

I have not, as has Mr. Henshaw, upon my head and down upon my flowing beard, even unto the skirts of my garments that sacred Smithsonian oil, but all the same I will not "take a dare" from him. How dare he so misrepresent the wisdom of the sparrow hawk to the misleading of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM as to pretend that he goes south in the winter to get "brown old grasshoppers," thereby showing his wisdom, whereas all the while "brown old grasshoppers" are plenty around here. An argument which carries with it its own contradiction and contains within itself the principle of self stultification.

The fact is, Mr. Editor, that Mr. Henshaw in the outset overstated his case. Neither winter nor summer, in my opinion and belief, does the sparrow hawk feed on insects by preference, but according to my observation and knowledge always by preference upon field mice, thereby rendering important service to the farmer, for he can and does keep these pests in check. But if he were exclusively an insectivore, his labors in that behalf would amount to little, seeing the paucity of his numbers and the size of his maw. I have very rarely seen them attack any manner of small bird, but I have seen them neglecting swarms of small birds hard by, following the cartmen all day in hauling out fodder to cattle, day after day, cold wintry days hovering over head on expectant wing, and dropping like a bolt upon every mouse uncovered by the removal of the fodder. In mid-summer when the grass fields were literally alive with "brown old grasshoppers," I have seen a pair of these diminutive falcons ignoring the insects wholly, bringing in to their young mouse after mouse, and mice exclusively, for hours together. I depend on my own long familiarity with these birds when I say that I think them absolutely harmless and very useful to the farmer, and it is a downright, diabolical shame for any man to shoot them.

I am convinced that but for the sparrow hawk, the marsh harrier, and certain owls, the field mouse would so multiply as to become an extremely serious and destructive pest. I have repeatedly sought to call attention to the shameful folly of destroying these and other useful and innocent and beautiful birds, which add so greatly to the charms of rural life, and I beg to add my voice to those more potent in behalf of the preservation of birds as put forth so much to my satisfaction through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and am ready to shake hands across the bloody chasm with Mr. Henshaw and join hands with him in this good cause. M. G. ELLZEY, M.D.

ANGLERS AND BIRDS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The disappearance of our native song birds and those that are purely ornamental when alive, and not so when dead, is a matter that is deplored by anglers as much as by any other class. You know my belief that it's not all of fishing to fish, and the birds contribute not a little to the sum total of pleasure in a day's outing. One can lay on his back in the green grass, sniff the odor of the pine, listen to the murmur of the brook and the songs of the birds, and return home feeling that the day has been one of joy, even if there is no fish in the creel. The birds are part of an angler's day out, and I am right glad your paper has taken the matter up and I trust your efforts may result in righting this great wrong to our friends, the birds. My wife, daughter and self wish to be enrolled as members of the AUDUBON SOCIETY.—A. N. CHENEY.

PRAIRIE DOG'S HABITS.—Philadelphia, Miss.—We have a pet prairie dog, brought from Wise county, Texas. It drinks water.—S. P. NASH.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—Two striped hyenas (*Hyena striatus*), male and female, three Campbell's monkeys (*Cercopithecus campbellii*), one male aoudad (*Ovis tragelaphus*), two hog deer (*Cervus porcinus*) male and female, one female African porcupine (*Hystrix cristata*), one male tiger (*Felis tigris*), two Japanese squirrels (*Sciurus vulgaris*) male and female, one male banded anteater (*Tragulus scriptus*), one male red kangaroo (*Macropus rufus*), one female silver pheasant (*Euplocamus nycthemerus*), four Mexican jays (*Xanthura beccheyi*), two golden-headed parakeets (*Tragopogon tui*), two European waxwings (*Amphisp garrulus*), two cardinal redbirds (*Cardinalis virginianus*), two ground doves (*Chamaepelia passerina*), two goldfinches (*Carduelis elegans*), one black bullfinch (*Pyrrhula rubicilla*), one petz conure (*Conurus petz*), one cactus conure (*Conurus caferum*). Presented—One Macaque monkey (*Macacus cynomolgus*), one Brazilian squirrel (*Sciurus aestuans*), one muskrat (*Fiber zibethicus*), one red fox (*Vulpes fulvus*), one common deer (*Cervus virginianus*), one rock blackbird (*Quiscalus purpureus*) and one white sparrow (*Passer domesticus*). Born—Two Angora goats (*Capra hircus*) male and female, one striped hyena (*Hyena striatus*), one male eland (*Oreos canna*) and three turtle doves (*Turtur risorius*).

NEARLY EIGHTEEN THOUSAND MEN in 1884 were paid cash benefits under accident policies in the Travelers, of Hartford, or 57 for every working day.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE full report of the FOREST AND STREAM's trajectory test of hunting rifles has been issued in pamphlet form, with the illustrations and the tabular summary, making in all 96 pages. For sale at this office, or sent post-paid. Price 50 cents.

LINES

ON FLUSHING A QUAIL IN THE CITY STREET.

AH! whistling wings with startled rush,
I hear your flurry at the flush;
To hear thy drumming pinions raise,
Here in the dust of city ways,
Brings back the "flight" of other days—
The field, the hollow and the swale,
Where erst I knew thee, royal quail.

Hath fright then wak'd thy whirling wings
From silent sylvan woods and springs,
To linger 'mong the haunts of men,
From field and wood, the copse and fen,
Where grieves disconsolate thy hen—
Her truant love, her mate, her male,
Her royal master, Bob White quail?

Make haste then "Rob" and fly the town,
And seek thy bonny mate of brown;
Take on again thy household cares,
Rear well thy brood, avoid the snares;
Rear goodly bevies from the "pairs,"
And next October, without fail,
I'll see you, royal Bob White quail.

CLEBURNE, Texas.

FOLK.

THE DEER HOUNDING BILL.

A CORRESPONDENT who was present when the bill was discussed by the Senate writes: The dogs will soon be loose again. Senators Vedder, Fassett, Raines, and Hendricks made a hard fight, but the Senate was fixed. All the New York and Brooklyn senators were against us. I believe they are inspired to this by the Governor and by the promise of help from the Republican members of the House who favor the bill. Still it took over two hours to pass it, and it only passed by the united efforts of Messrs. Erwin, Tuck, Barnes, Palmer and Hadley, all of whom were on the floor of the Senate holding up Senators who had promised to vote for it or could be induced to do so. The singular spectacle was presented of the sergeant-at-arms of the Assembly actually circulating among senators and soliciting votes.

Senator Fassett moved to strike out the lines allowing the use of dogs. A long discussion followed. This and the motion against water killing, offered by Senator Hendricks, were defeated. It was agreed that St. Lawrence should be exempt. Senator Marvin asked that Delaware be also exempted. This was at first refused, but to conciliate matters, agreed to. Then the three-deer clause was moved. This led to quite a discussion, but was at length agreed to. It was then moved to progress the bill. Hon. Senator Vedder again renewed the motion to prohibit water killing, supporting his motion by two strong speeches. Senator Fassett also warmly supported this motion. Senator Raines also addressed the Senate. For a few moments it looked as though the thing would carry, but the vote stood twelve for and sixteen against the amendment. The bill was then read a third time and passed. McMillan spoke briefly. Wemple said nothing, but worked the Democratic side of the house.

So ends the fighting of '86. We have had great odds against us all the time. ALBANY.

From the Albany Evening Journal, April 14.

The special order of the Senate was the deer-hounding bill, but two hours were given to general business before it was reached. Then Mr. Hendricks offered an amendment which prohibits wounding or killing deer while in the water. He denounced as brutal and cowardly the methods of jack-hunting and Mr. Fassett joined in this opinion. Mr. Kellogg protested against attempts to load down the bill with amendments with a view to killing it in the Assembly. This was done at the instigation of a member of the Assembly. Men were opposing the bill who had no knowledge of the subject. Mr. McMillan said the bill was the result of the best thought of the committee and it ought not to be amended as proposed. Jack-hunting was restricted by the bill. Mr. Vedder said no one could defend jack-hunting. All that could be said for it was that it was good for city consumptives to sit about on a log, hear the baying of dogs, and shoot the deer while they were helpless in the water. The amendment was lost, ayes 9, noes 15. Mr. Marvin moved to except Delaware county from this act. They had a few deer down in that county and they wanted to keep them. Mr. Kellogg said that this was another attempt to kill the bill. Mr. Fassett maintained that each amendment should be treated fairly. Deer hounding was brutal butchery, and if Delaware county wanted to be excepted it should be. Mr. Kellogg declared that it was true that a member (referring to Gen. Curtis) was on the floor trying to beat the bill by inducing Senators to offer amendments. Against his judgment Mr. Kellogg said he accepted Mr. Marvin's amendment. Mr. Fassett moved to amend by prohibiting deer hounding in any county. He believed it would be a good thing if all killing of deer could be prohibited for five or ten years. Deer hounding was prohibited last year and there was no reason why it should now be permitted. Mr. Kellogg held that if still-hunting is permitted, deer hounding should be permitted. Deer hounding is more manly than still-hunting. The opposition to the bill comes from those who make merchandise of still-hunting. Where one deer is killed by hounding, four or five are killed still-hunting. Deer hounding makes the deer shy and more difficult to kill. He read letters from New York city sporting clubs in favor of the bill. The guides, too, who are dependant on city sportsmen for earning a livelihood are forced to still-hunt for merchandise unless deer hounding is permitted and city sportsmen visit the woods. Deer carcasses could not find a market in his county last year under the prohibitory law, so many deer were killed still-hunting. Deer hounding gives consumptives a brief experience of manly sport, and for this reason—sentimental though it be—should be considered. Mr. Fassett held that the city sportsmen, without muscle, in English clothes, who wish to hear the baying of the hounds, desire hounding, because when the deer is all tired out and

driven in the water these city sportsmen can then kill it with a shotgun if the guide holds it by the tail. It was absurd to say that the deer are protected by being made shy by the hounds. As well say that cats protect mice, and wolves protect sheep. If the city sportsmen want to hear the baying of the hounds he suggested dragging the anise-seed bag in the North Woods as Long Island and Newport sportsmen do. Mr. Smith believed that no harm could come from deer hounding during September. Mr. Sloan believed that practically deer hounding was no more cruel than still-hunting. He believed the encouragement of tourists in the North Woods would put to check the extermination of deer, as deer killing was not then left the only means of a guide's livelihood. Mr. Wemple declared this game bill was the best ever introduced. The only manly and humane way to kill deer is by hounding. Mr. Fassett's amendment was lost—ayes 6, noes 18. Mr. Vedder moved to amend by prohibiting persons from killing more than three deer in a season. Accepted. Mr. Vedder renewed Mr. Hendricks's amendment which prohibits killing any deer in the water. Replying to Mr. Vedder, Mr. Kellogg held up a picture from FOREST AND STREAM, and declared that its representation of men in tall silk hats mounted on horses showed all it knew of deer hunting in the Adirondacks. Mr. Kellogg said that Mr. Fassett's position was not a surprise to him. He had been on the "off" side of everything this winter. Mr. Vedder's amendment was lost, and the bill was passed—ayes 21, noes 8. [Kellogg was mistaken about the picture. That should be credited to Dr. Ward. The FOREST AND STREAM picture was of Mr. Kellogg's friends with the club and the "tail holt."] Following is a list of the members of the New York Senate with their votes on the deer hounding bill:

VOTED IN ITS FAVOR.

Fagan, Dem., Maspeth.
Pierce, Dem., 7 Montague terrace, Brooklyn.
Worth, Rep., 182 Graham avenue, Brooklyn.
Murphy, Dem., 441 Washington street, New York.
Reilly, Dem., 35 Ridge street, New York.
Daly, Dem., 230 East Twelfth street, New York.
Dunham, Dem., 68 Murray street, New York.
Cullen, Dem., 219 East Thirty ninth street, New York.
Plunkitt, Dem., 442 West Fifty-first street, New York.
Nelson, Dem., Sing Sing.
Hoysradt, Rep., Hudson.
Comstock, Rep., Lansingburgh.
Parker, Jr., Dem., Albany.
Wemple, Dem., Fultonville.
Kellogg, Rep., Elizabethtown.
Knapp, Rep., Lowville.
Sloan, Rep., Oswego.
Coggeshall, Rep., Waterville.
Smith, Rep., Morrisville.
Walker, Rep., Batavia.
McMillan, Rep., Buffalo.

VOTED AGAINST IT.

Marvin, Rep., Walton.
Hendricks, Rep., Syracuse.
Barager, Rep., Candor.
Fassett, Rep., Elmira.
Raines, Rep., Canandaigua.
Pitts, Rep., Medina.
Vedder, Rep., Ellicottville.
Griswold, Rep., 43 Fort Green place, Brooklyn.

DID NOT VOTE.

Connelly, Rep., Kingston.
Low, Rep., Middletown.
Traphagen, Dem., 14 East Sixty-third street, New York.

The bill again passed the Assembly last Friday by a vote of 99 to 11.

From the New York Times, April 15.

The bill passed by the State Senate yesterday in respect to the hunting of deer in this State took a very unsatisfactory shape. Mr. Fassett's amendment preventing the running of deer with dogs should have been adopted, as necessary to preserve the deer. There was no argument against it. The plea that a consumptive might soothe his declining years by setting dogs after deer was as nearly worthy that name as anything that was said. If a wise system of game laws had been adopted fifty years ago, the extinct animals of the Adirondack wilderness, like the moose, might still be found there and be hunted under suitable restrictions. In spite of the restrictions contained in the Senate bill, it is to be feared that if that bill becomes law, sportsmen already elderly will see the time when there is not a deer left in the North Woods.

The Legislature does well in shortening the deer hunting season, and in virtually stopping the slaughter of deer for market by the provision that no person shall send game out of the forest or bring out more than one carcass; and in restoring to hunters the privilege of hounding it thinks to save the deer by preventing still-hunting, which last year proved very destructive. But last season was exceptional, and after a study of the testimony of sportsmen on both sides, we reached the conclusion that hunting with dogs is not less destructive than the rival method. Aside from other considerations the practice of hounding is abominably cruel. Persons of much refinement know that the deer should not be hunted at all and the slaying of these animals in the State Park should be prohibited; but the entire public is not yet enlightened on this subject.—*Syracuse Standard*, April 16.

VICTORIA, Texas, April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you a clipping from a Southern newspaper: "A wild hog in Northern Alabama has become the acknowledged master of a large tract of wooded country. Hunters give the place a wide berth. A few days ago the animal lacerated a pack of hounds so badly that they will never be of service again." If the New York Legislature repeals the non-hounding law, how would it work to capture this animal and turn him loose in the Adirondacks?—C. S. W.

APRIL DEER HOUNDING.—Chateaugay Lake, N. Y., April 12.—Deer have wintered nicely in this part of the Adirondacks. I saw the tracks of at least thirty different ones in a walk of eight miles last week. Grouse very scarce. No end of foxes and rabbits, for we never hunt them. Fish are very plenty. We catch large quantities of whitefish or shad, weighing from one to four pounds. Salmon are very plenty on the shoals where we fish for shad, and are often hooked, but are lost through using too light tackle. The hounds were out yesterday and killed a nice doe on the lower lake.—R. M. SHUTTS.

THE UTICA ASSOCIATION.

THE sixth annual meeting of the Utica Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was held April 14. President I. J. Gray presided and John D. Collins acted as secretary. President Gray read his annual report, which was as follows:

To the Members of the Utica Fish and Game Protective Association:

The report of our treasurer shows a balance on hand at the close of the year of \$48 85, and that we have expended during the year the sum of \$84 85. That the amount expended in but a small degree indicates the work performed by the officers of the association, is shown by the report of our secretary; indeed it will appear that the board has been more than usually active, while it has kept in view the greatest possible economy. I am gratified to be able to say that the members of the board of directors have each and all shown much zeal and considerable self-sacrifice in behalf of the cause.

I think I can safely say that this applies with much force to our secretary, as the excellent and convenient synopsis of our game laws—almost entirely his work—and drafts of new game laws and amendments of the old, newspaper discussions of protective measures and an extensive correspondence will prove.

Much of the work of the association, from its very nature, can not appear on the surface to give proof of its extent and value.

Much has been accomplished—but infinitely more remains to be done, and as the people become awake to the need and value of protection, we must become more aggressive. The unprincipled market hunter, increased facilities for killing wild animals, the destruction of their haunts by the agriculturist and the manufacturer, all combine to diminish the domain of the sportsman; and he already dreads the coming of the day when he will "feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted, whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but he departed."

The time has come when we should demand that our game animals should be exempt from slaughter for gain. We can not begin the agitation of this subject too soon, and I hope this association will take the initiative here and now.

I must not close this communication without again making an appeal for a large increase of membership. Can it be that the interest of the citizens of Utica and vicinity is to be measured by the pittance of less than \$100 of dues annually paid into the treasury of the association for fish and game protection? There should be at least \$500 collected annually in dues alone. The State protectors are doing much, but they can not cover the ground. We need private detective work. They are not sufficiently mobilized, nor are they in sufficient numbers. Every man in Utica who is interested in the cause of protection should become a member of this association, and pay his dues promptly. Our battle is going on bravely, but we need, and must have, reinforcements.

The report was adopted and ordered placed on file. Secretary Collins then read his annual report, which was as follows:

To the Members of the Utica Fish and Game Protective Association:

This association is now entering upon its sixth year. It was organized as you will recollect because the so-called State association and local clubs were not managed according to the needs of fish and game protection. Their management was degenerating into mere tournaments of prowess, dexterity and contests of destruction.

Protection and preservation as such had become a mere incidental matter. Our earlier efforts though crude were in the right direction, and under the management of your trustees its efforts have gradually been perfected into a system strictly of the business affairs which relate to replenishing, restocking, detection and prosecution of violators, the supervision of laws before the Legislature, and the drafting, preparing and consideration of new laws for enactment as may from time to time seem to be necessary to the purpose of protection.

The dues upon membership which have been each year contributed constitute the only revenue of the association. As the reports of officers will show, these funds, although limited, have been judiciously husbanded and so prudently expended to the purposes intended as to warrant good results.

In the administration of our corporate affairs the duties of your trustees have not been those of pastime or pleasure. They hold no festivities, entertainments or tournaments of any kind. On the contrary their duties have been wholly of labor requiring the exercise of judgment, discrimination, wisdom and consideration.

In this respect your board have been effectually aided by the legal advice and assistance contributed by those members of the board of that profession. The most important duties of the board are of a legal nature, particularly as to detections, violations, prosecutions and framing of laws.

In former years it was necessary to employ and pay counsel, an expense which crippled our resources, and left but little for other purposes. This expense during the past two years has been avoided by the advice and efforts which the legal members have contributed without charge beyond their actual expense; bestowing their service gratis and paying their annual dues like other members. The result of this has been a larger surplus to devote to the purpose of restocking and replenishing, also to publish and distribute an abbreviation of the game laws, to the purpose that the law will be better observed and enforced by being more widely known.

The association has already acquired a reputation and esteem over the whole State. The success within our own and neighboring countries has been equally beneficial, well worth our contributions, by promoting public regard for protection and a more general observance and sanction of protective laws. Observance has been the rule where formerly it was the exception. Such of us as are sportsmen will no doubt appreciate the benefits. When we take a day off at considerable expense and effort, we wish some assurance, and our pleasure depends on the success we meet.

In this connection your board of trustees would feel themselves guilty of neglecting an important duty if they were to suffer this meeting to pass without bringing to your notice the invaluable aid to our efforts which have been ably contributed by the press. The *Morning Herald* and *Evening Observer* and the *Forest and Stream* of New York have each during the past year been magnificently bountiful in allowing us their valuable space and by articles written in the dissemination of information bearing upon this subject. That this has been done without money and without price is

a matter we should not only appreciate and esteem, but should tender them an especial mention of our gratitude. The *Daily Press* has also shown us the same spirit of courtesy and has contributed its full share in the promotion of our objects. The benefits which these newspapers have accorded have been such in some instance as your trustees would not have felt at liberty to accept without paying for them except under the circumstances of our voluntary contribution of funds and services in objects of a public nature. We have accordingly assumed that their contributions are in the same spirit which prompts our own and that they are fully awake to all matters of interest. Too much has been said that the protection of fish and game is for purposes of sport and recreation. We do not so entirely esteem it. If sport and recreation were the only objects for cultivating and protecting fish and game, we should consider our efforts and expenditures trivial and trifling.

In the discharge of our duties, we have discovered that the popular notion of "sport" has been a hindrance rather than an aid to our efforts. It has been a leading consideration, when in fact it is only a matter of secondary or incidental importance; so that protection has received not only an indifference of attention, when it is entitled to an important consideration, and place among the affairs of state.

Fish and game constitute a source of wealth and supply. They come like our fruits and cereals with the season, but without husbandry and without care.

They are self-producing and self-sustaining—are wild in their nature; are capable of self-replenishing to a degree of present waste; unlike cattle and sheep. Whoever gathers them into possession becomes the owner at common law; hence the need of restrictive laws. The Adirondack wilderness has lately become a public park, as to State lands. This region embraces millions of square miles of forest, lake and stream. It has a capacity for feeding and sustaining tens of thousands of deer, with vast amounts of other game and valuable fish, which by the common law are public property and a public source of wealth and food. In this view the subject is one of importance in the economic and domestic affairs of the state. Beside it, the matter of "sport and recreation" is insignificant. This source of wealth and food is in proportion to the plant. If the plant be large, the annual supply is vast—small and of little consequence if the plant be small. When this plant has become so far reduced that its self-producing power is not sufficient to supply the annual waste and ravages of the vicious and law-defying, no laws can avail to prevent total extinction. The "goose is dead that laid the golden egg." The question is now, before too late: 1. What is the self-sustaining capacity of the Adirondacks? 2. What measures are necessary to bring the yet remaining plant up to the sustaining capacity? 3. What efforts can we make to bring it to the proper notice of our legislators, and gain their impartial ear, amid the din and clamor of loud-mouthed pot-hunters and job seekers that infest legislative halls—a state of things incompatible with that mature consideration and preparation which all good laws so necessarily require?

From all indications around us we are gratified and encouraged by the assurance that public opinion is steadily advancing to a better comprehension of this subject and its importance. But the work is by no means completed. There is still more before us. Our game laws are yet imperfect, and can be greatly improved in time when public sentiment has become more matured. The greedy spirit of the pot-hunter, and the selfish and inconsistent clamor of impatient and enthusiastic sportsmen with new rods or guns, are obstacles yet in our way, asking for more liberal or loose laws to accomplish personal aims or conveniences. These constantly need our watchfulness, lest our legislative work may be undone by inattention, since bills of this nature are constantly offered. Our present Legislature is no exception in this respect. It is rather to be signalized by an over amount of effort to annul good laws.

In respect to our song birds, there is a vast field of labor before us, which needs the combined effort of every member, not only of the association, but of community. Our song birds are depleted to an extent that will seem marvelous to the unreflective mind. Yet it is a fact that can be witnessed the coming season. If we will notice the number of ladies who wear the plumage of birds we will wonder that any be left.

The prevailing fashion in this respect is one of giddy thoughtlessness, of the fact that every birdskin or wing worn upon bonnets cost the life of a bird. The avarice of merchants knows no bounds in supplying them to all who have money to pay for them. As a consequence we may soon expect insect ravages only equalled by the grasshopper plagues. The combined efforts of community are needed without delay, to discountenance this dangerous fashion, worse than folly, and to teach our ladies the direful consequences of their indulgence in this sort of decoration. Another form of destruction is by parents allowing their boys to have guns, and who go about the fields on holidays killing every bird they meet. If the small boys must have guns they should be taught to spare the birds.

Ladies are cordially invited to co-operate with us in this work, as it must be from their influence and example that practical benefit must come.

The following resolution was adopted: Resolved, that the thanks of this association and of its members be tendered to the *Utica Morning Herald*, the *Utica Daily Observer*, the *Daily Press*, of this city and to the *Forest and Stream* of New York city, for their efficient aid to the efforts of this association and in behalf of the preservation of fish and game.

The following officers for the ensuing year were unanimously elected: President, Colonel I. J. Gray; directors, I. C. McIntosh, John D. Collins, Frank I. Meyers, W. C. Harris, W. K. Gilmore, Dr. C. M. Hitchcock, William Townsend. The vice-president, secretary and treasurer are appointed by the board of directors.

The *Forest and Stream* takes strong ground against the building of a railroad through Yellowstone Park. A committee of the Senate has reported favorably on a bill granting the right of way, and the *Forest and Stream* tears the report into shreds, and shows that there is nothing in it except a mere pandering to rich monopolists. This is about the way such things are generally done. It is not a difficult matter for rich capitalists to lobby any scheme through Congress. We are sorry to say it, but it is so nevertheless. Yellowstone Park is too far away for us to feel any interest in this particular case, but we are opposed to it upon principle. The public lands belong to the whole people; to the poorest as much as to the richest man in the country and should not be surrendered to the speculators and grasping monopolist to be despoiled.—*Sardis, Miss., Southern Reporter*.

SPRING WILDFOWL SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Occasionally the suggestion is made that there ought to be a national prohibition of spring wildfowl shooting; but, so far as the writer is advised, there has been no general agitation of the subject. With all due deference to the men who have so ably and gracefully conducted journals especially adapted to the tastes and interests of the sportsman in this country, it does seem that this is one important subject that has not received the consideration its importance merits. It is a well-known fact that on some of the migratory lines of duck, geese and brant more birds are killed in the spring than fall. When it is considered, first, that the killing of one wildfowl in the spring is equal to the destruction of from two to a half dozen in the fall, there is good and sufficient reason for asking that the spring slaughter should stop. When the further argument is added that the spring birds are comparatively unpalatable, there is really no reason why any sportsman should shoot them.

Of course the pot-hunters and keepers of spring resorts will oppose any legislation interfering with their trade. But these are probably the only parties who will object to an act of Congress prohibiting the shooting of any wild game fowl in the spring of the year. National legislation is the only way to reach this matter. It is useless for Indiana, for instance, to prohibit the shooting of duck in the spring when there is no such inhibition in Kentucky, Illinois or other adjoining States. But if Congress would pass a well considered act, the remedy for the evil of spring shooting would be complete. Its effects would soon be apparent. In less than four years the number of wildfowl in this country would be doubled, and with thereafter twice or three times the fall duck shooting there is now, the birds would still be abundant.

This is a matter worthy of the serious attention of sportsmen and of the journals devoted to their interests. It is also a popular movement. A well-known and widely-circulated journal like the *Forest and Stream* can render sportsmen a real service by taking up this matter, pressing it upon the attention of Congress and securing the passage of an act preventing the annual spring slaughter of the wildfowl in the United States. JAP.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., April 12.

GROUSE AND THE SNOW CRUST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My experience and observation has been so directly opposite to that of "Dry Snow" that I am perfectly willing to stand up and count one in opposition to his conclusions.

That ruffed grouse do perish, and in no inconsiderable numbers, from being crusted in the snow, is to my mind beyond question. I know it. I know it because I have found them beneath the crust dead; found them beneath the crust alive, dug them out and secured them alive. Let me relate my first experience in this matter. My boyhood was passed in Ossipee, N. H. The winter of my thirteenth year, early in January, there was an exceptionally heavy fall of light, dry snow, followed, however, by hail and two hours of pouring rain late in the evening. The next morning there was a crust that would bear me up, and twenty-four hours later, a crust upon which heavy teams moved without difficulty. Several days after the crust formed I went to the woods with my father after a load of fuel. Near a grove of small hemlocks my dog commenced to bark, and made frantic endeavors to dig down into the snow. Going to him we could discern a dark object beneath the crust, and a few blows of the axe brought to view a dead ruffed grouse. A few yards away we dug out another, which was alive but so nearly starved that it died before I could get it to the house. That same day, under a low, bushy pine, where the crust had not formed so solidly, we found yet another grouse which had picked its way up through the crust until a tiny hole was made, through which the bird had thrust its head, and there, unable to withdraw its head or further use its beak, had died of starvation or cold. I remember that the poor prisoner's head was sadly bruised, and remember also that my eyes grew strangely moist.

I know not what part of the globe "Dry Snow" tramps, but certainly he is not a New Englander, or has lamentably failed to see all there was in the woods, for I have found ruffed grouse helplessly imprisoned beneath the crust in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

I have hunted in more than half of the States of the Union, and am convinced beyond a doubt that wherever snow falls to any considerable depth, grouse do cover themselves in it, though the number that perish in consequence of this habit is of course largely confined to those States or localities where sudden changes of the temperature is conducive to hard crusts.

With all deference to "Dry Snow," it is respectfully suggested as unwise to make war upon animal instinct, or hold Providence responsible for a snow crust. Birds and beasts do not always exercise their instinct and experience judiciously. J. FRANK LOCKE.

PILLSBURY, Minn.

JEKYLL ISLAND CLUB.—The members of the new Jeckyl Island Club are: Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall, New York; Com. John C. Barron, N. Y. (yacht Athlon); C. N. Bliss, N. Y.; Francis Bartlett, Boston; Erastus Corning, Albany; W. Bayard Cutting, N. Y.; John Clafin, N. Y.; John Eugene Du Bognin, Georgia; William B. DeWolf, N. Y.; John De Koven, Chicago; Wirt Dexter, Chicago; Lewis Edwards, N. Y.; Rudolph Ellis, Philadelphia; Newton S. Finney, N. Y.; Com. L. A. Fish, N. Y. (yacht Grayling); N. K. Fairbanks, Chicago; Marshall Field, Chicago; Walter Roger Furness, Philadelphia; G. E. Gray, San Francisco; Jas. B. M. Grosvenor, Providence; Ogden Goellet, N. Y.; A. Lawrence Hopkins, N. Y.; Henry B. Hyde, N. Y. (Pres. Equitable Life Ins. Co.); B. S. Henning, N. Y. (Pres. Florida Railroad System); Judge Henry E. Howland, N. Y.; A. Foster Higgins, N. Y. (Pres. Carroll's Island Club); Oliver K. King, N. Y.; Franklin M. Ketchum, N. Y.; L. M. Lawson, N. Y.; J. Mason Loomis, Chicago (yacht Viking); J. Pierpont Morgan, N. Y. (yacht Corsair); E. B. McCagg, Chicago; H. Victor Newcomb, N. Y.; Com. R. L. Ogden, San Francisco; Dunbar Price, Philadelphia; Thos. W. Pearsall, N. Y.; Fairman Rogers, Philadelphia (yacht Magnolia); William Rockefeller, N. Y.; John A. Stewart, N. Y. (Pres. U. S. Trust Co.); George Sard, Albany; Robt. D. Smith, Boston; Joseph Stickney, Philadelphia; J. L. Stackpole, Boston; Samuel Thorne, N. Y.; A. E. Touzalain, Boston (Pres. B. & A. R.R.); William K. Vanderbilt, N. Y.; John Wyeth, Philadelphia; E. K. Willard, N. Y.; Edmund W. McClave, N. Y. Officers: President, Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall; Vice-President, Judge Henry E. Howland; Treasurer, Franklin M. Ketchum; Secretary, Com. R. L. Ogden; Attorney, Alfred J. Crovatt.

ALMOST A MISS.

HUNTING on the headwaters of the Wolf River, Wis., in the fall of '51, as my wont in those days, I was one day returning from an unsuccessful tramp; for being after big game, the partridges and rabbits that abound were allowed to go by unheeded.

Having passed a large marsh, I was ascending a gentle rise of ground covered with tall grass, and marching along rather carelessly—as it was mid-day—when my attention was aroused by the soft musical hum of a bullet overhead followed by two rifle cracks in quick succession.

The cause of this fusillade was soon apparent, as a deer bounded over the high grass and made for the marsh I had left, passing me diagonally at a distance of fully eighty yards. I only noticed that his flag was down, as throwing my gun well ahead of him when he descended from his long bounds, the heavy barrel rang out under the double charge of Dupont; but the bolt seemed to have sped in vain, for the only apparent effect of the shot was an increased speed, and he kept on for some two hundred yards, when he was lost to view in a bunch of bushes and thick grass.

Looking up my new allies I found that they had jumped the deer from his bed in the pleasant sunshine, at a distance of about three rods, and had both fired at him as he stood broadside and perfectly still, with what result was unknown. We proceeded to the place where he was last seen, and to our surprise found him quite dead; a spike buck of fair size and in good condition. Examination showed that one of their bullets had passed through his ham, close to the edge; the other had evidently been in more dangerous proximity to me than to the deer. Both were fair hunters and used to the rifle, but had practically missed a deer at a distance of fifty feet; my conical bullet of forty-five to the pound from a Billingshurst had struck him near the shoulder and was found to have passed out at the loin on the other side, nearly his whole length. We divided the spoil equitably, as per the hunter's code—they taking the skin and I the venison.

C. J. T.

THE TURKEY SHOOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with a great and increasing interest Napoleon Merrill's article, "A Turkey and Chicken Shoot," in your paper of April 8. To a person about to buy a rifle it would seem that there was nothing in rifles worth having except the M. L., judging, of course, from the tenor of the article referred to above. I, myself, cling to extreme accuracy and value any rifle according to its accuracy.

"The crowning efforts" killing or wounding four turkeys, any rest, thirty-two rods distance, by shooting twenty shots, is by no means wonderful. Why! at a range in a small country town a few miles from here, where nothing is used but breechloaders, they shoot eighty rods at chickens, not old hens, and kill them, too, and more than four out of twenty shots. That club uses Sharps, Whitney and Remington rifles, without a gyratory motion to their bullets. Their rifles are safe, accurate and symmetrical, fine polished and fashionable. They are not men of fashion, but they use fashionable guns. They reap and do not go empty-handed. The world has moved for them.

The owner of the Sharps rifle, in my presence, July 4, 1885, fired five consecutive shots in a 3-inch ring, 33 rods. Is that to be condemned on account of fashion? This same rifle has placed 7 out of 10 shots in an 8-inch ring, 80 rods. If accuracy is the main thing, why do all M. L. men say, "You cannot shoot as short a bullet as we do with any degree of accuracy"? Neither can you, M. L., shoot as long a bullet as we who use a B. L. and do as fine work. I use a Maynard .3540 for patched or lubricated bullets, and, while it may not be quite as accurate as the finer M. L. guns of the present day, I consider it quite accurate. It does not scatter badly; not as badly as some M. L. guns I have owned and seen. I have many targets in my possession made with it and witnessed by others of 10 consecutive shots each in a 1½ inch ring, 10 rods. I have four targets made by lamp-light at night, each of 10 consecutive shots, striking an inch ring, distance 10 rods. I have one of 5 consecutive shots, 20 rods, all striking an inch ring. Mr. Merrill, is that poor shooting viewed from your standpoint? If so, report your targets to FOREST AND STREAM. If the M. L. can do much better I want one, but it must not scatter. J. T. CLAPP.

GEDDES, N. Y., April 16.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are turkey shoots and turkey shoots. Reading with much interest Mr. Merrill's account of turkey shooting, in FOREST AND STREAM of April 8, I feel constrained to give a short description of the only turkey shoot I ever attended. This occurred some eight years ago and being at that time a mere boy, I took no part in the shooting, but remained a deeply interested looker on.

Although young, I was familiar with muzzleloading rifles and a tolerable shot at short range. The turkeys were set up on a box, distant 275 yards from the shooters (here in Ontario turkeys are never shot at distances less than 250 to 350 yards), with a background of running water.

The day was cold with a moderate wind blowing across the range from the left. The rifles used were as follows: Two muzzleloaders (mounted with globe and peep sights), weighing respectively, 21 pounds and 10 pounds, the heavier of the two being a costly gun, made by a reliable maker of turkey rifles. The breechloaders comprised two .46-caliber R. F. Kentucky Ballard's, with coarse open sights, and two or three Snider-Enfield rifles used by Canadian volunteers.

I will speak now of results. After an half day's bombardment the twenty-one-pounder secured three or four birds. It scattered its pellets on all sides, and there was no talk of ruling it out. The light muzzleloader did very well, securing a very fair proportion of the birds killed. The winning gun, however, was a 46 R. F. Ballard, which secured about a third of the birds killed. The other Ballard and the Sniders compared very favorably with the light muzzleloader in the number of birds secured, although they were heavily handicapped by using open sights against aperture sights. About thirty-five birds were killed in the afternoon, the turkey man getting a very moderate price for his fowls.

Why does Mr. Merrill imagine that after killing four turkeys in twenty shots he was about to "wipe out" the man's turkeys in such deadly style? He does not tell us whether the other rifles were mounted with aperture or sporting sights.

Mr. Merrill unsparingly condemns all breechloading rifles; that he is in error, see account of turkey shoot No. 2.

I have used a number of muzzleloaders, but never saw one which surpassed in accuracy my 8½-pound Colt, .44 caliber

W. C. F., mounted with Lyman sights. I have killed crows with this rifle, off-hand, at 200 yards, and consider that it takes a "putty tollable" good muzzleloader to beat it.

RAMROD.

TRENTON, Ont., April 15.

MINNESOTA GAME NOTES.—Ruffed grouse wintered well and are more numerous than I ever knew them to be at this season of the year. The indications are favorable to extra fine sport in that line this fall. This immediate locality has never been considered promising pinnated grouse territory, but there has been a wonderful multiplication of the numbers of this game bird within two years. Hereafter they will afford prime sport. Though the streams are nearly all open, and the weather is so warm that seeding is in full blast, but few ducks have arrived. Full battalions of them will probably be along soon. The last open season for deer was an unusually poor one for hunters, owing to the want of snow, and as a natural and desirable result a good stock of this noble game is left over. Four deer, all apparently in excellent condition, were discovered rubbing against a wood-pile near this village yesterday. Fish are beginning to "run," and already the murderous, barbarous, and altogether abominable spear is thinning their ranks. Lovers of the rod and gun who are casting about for a place to spend their vacation cannot, I believe, do better than come hitherward.—J. F. L. (Pillsbury, Minn.).

SEASONAL CHANGE IN RUFFED GROUSE.—Attention is called by our correspondent "Jay Bebe" to the fact that recently the naked supercilious strip in a ruffed grouse in his possession has become vivid orange red. Two other birds, known to be females, show no change of color. Our correspondent suggests that the bird is probably a male, and that the change is due to the approach of the breeding season.

"THE YEAR'S SPORT."—We are advised by Messrs. Worthington & Co., the American publishers, that the price of "The Year's Sport" is \$6 and not \$2.50, as stated in our issue of the 15th inst.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.—VIII.

IT was still raining when we got out in the morning, and it kept coming down steadily until near the middle of the afternoon, when Jim and I concluded to cross the lake and hunt up Al's trout stream (Maybert's Creek), and try for a "mess" of them spotted minnows," to quote Ben, as our trout tooth had begun to be a trifle bothersome after nearly a year's disuse. But we misunderstood the directions somehow, and wandered up the road and through the woods hunting for the trail and the stream till too late to do but little fishing had we found it, and we were glad enough to get back to the boat and camp with the last glimmer of daylight.

We went to bed that night with the trout tooth unappeased. More rain in the evening and during the night and all next day, but we were accustomed to it, "fur the Joneses never was used to the very best o' weather, nohow." In the afternoon, however, Dan and I made a short run down the lake, struck a couple of fish but lost them because the wind blew such a gale. I could not hold the boat even for Dan to handle a fish, and it took nearly an hour of hard work to get back to camp, leaving behind us a blue streak of anathemas on the weather, with which we were overcharged.

But under all these trials and discomforts we had not lost our spirits nor our appetites, and we enjoyed the supper Prince Al spread for us that evening with a relish and a "capacity" that would have an average tea-and-flabby-cake-for-supper boarding-house keeper feel discouraged. In looking over an old memorandum book found in the tray of the "camp trunk," I find, in Kit's handwriting, the following "programme" for supper on that identical evening, which is herewith presented:

Fish, Fried.	Poached Eggs.	Pickles.
Cold Ham.	Potatoes (in jacket).	Cheese.
Side Meat.	Onions (raw).	Bread.
Coffee.	Tea (for the girls).	Apricots (in can).
Roly Poly.	Raspberries.	
	(Mosquitoes, 14,030,000.)	

The above may serve as a sample of several other "programmes" I find in the same old book, varied frequently with some additions as trout, biscuits, cake, "corn pone," etc., and "lunch" at alarmingly frequent intervals. I am a little inclined to think, however, that Kit put rather a high estimate on the number of "skeeters" engaged for the chorons that evening, as I have been thinking it over quite seriously since looking over the old book, and can only recall about eight and a half millions of the melodious pests as being present on that particular night, and as the "old man" has had considerably more experience in estimating skeeters than Kit has, she is evidently in error by some millions. As to "roly poly," I give it up; it's a new kind of dish on "the skipper."

After a late breakfast the following morning Ben and I determined to find Maybert's Creek and some trout if it took all day, and getting plain directions from the philosopher we crossed the lake equipped with a short stiff rod each—a limber fly-rod is of no earthly account in the "bresh"—a bait box of worms, a few flies in case we found an open space where we could make a cast, a pocket compass and rubber coats, for we were having a little more rain with no symptoms of it letting up very soon.

We were to follow the road that led around the base of the hill, a matter of three-quarters of a mile, till we came to an old blind trail leading off to the right a quarter of a mile or more, to where a pine tree had been felled, tradition said, many moons ago by the Indians, and out of the log they had fashioned a famous canoe, doubtless a craft similar to our "holler log." From the old stump, still standing, we were to go due south ten rods, and we would find the stream. We found the trail which the philosopher had made with his jack-knife on a good-sized maple sapling near the road (Jim and I had not known of this blaze), and with some difficulty followed it to the old stump, where it ended in a dense tangle. Here we took our course by the compass, for there was no sun to steer by, and started, climbing over old fallen, decaying trees, crawling under one occasionally, and working around tangles of brush and bushes where it was too thick to get through, every bush we touched bringing a

shower of water on us, till we thought we had certainly traveled a mile instead of the ten rods laid out for us.

We stopped a few minutes while Ben wasted a dozen matches before he succeeded in firing the briar root, after which we went ahead again for the stream, Ben remarking as he straddled over a rain-soaked log, "Hickory, ef anybody was to offer me ten dollars fur it, I don't b'lieve I could find that ole stump agin in this durned—cuss a fishpole that's always a ketchin' yer line on to somethin' when ye don't want it to," with a savage yank that stripped the leaves from a green twig on which the line had caught as he dragged his rod after him through the bushes. He was so mad that he let the pipe go out, and while he stopped to relight it he forgot all about the stump.

Moving on, we came to a less dense place in the woods that had rather a familiar look and directly we were in the same old trail, and as we turned a slight bend in it, there was the same old stump, the same old decaying chips, the remains of the dead trunk and limbs off to the left, from which we had taken our bearings three-quarters of an hour before.

"Not so hard to find the old stump after all, eh, Ben?" And Ben's answer as he took the pipe from his mouth to give due force to the brief sentence, "Well, I'll be durned!" or words to that effect. And then we stood there in the rain and laughed, ashamed to look each other in the face for our stupidity, and wondered—I speak for myself, at least—what Jim and Dan and Muller and the girls would say, could they peer through the bushes and see how sheepish we looked.

Two smart old woodsmen, we. We had gone chattering heedlessly through the woods, avoiding a fallen tree here or a dense group of bushes there, always bearing to the right, as it proved, till we had made a complete circuit and came back to exactly where we had started from. No wonder that we were ashamed of our woodcraft and tried to laugh it off, and charge it to the rain and cloudy weather, and half a dozen other causes that might be accountable for our blunder. Tell it not to "Yo" nor yet to "Appekunny," lest they smile a "voriferous sneaker" at us for a pair of tenderfeet. I record this brilliant maneuver of ours only to show how easy it is for even those who are usually clear-headed in the woods, to get turned around and lost on a cloudy day if they don't pay close attention to the course laid out and read aright nature's handwriting on the trees.

We started again, and Ben said: "Keep yer eye on the south end o' the needle in that compass, an' ef ye come to a tree don't go 'round it, jest climb it an' come down on t'other side an' holler, an' I'll come around."

By the exercise of a little common woods sense, and without the aid of the compass we soon found the stream, not more than seven or eight rods from the old stump. It proved to be a small brook not more than four or five yards wide at any place we found, and oftener barely two yards, and shallow except for frequent deep holes from a foot to three and four feet in depth. The tangle through which it flows is not quite so dense as that along Cedar River, Cold Brook, or Shanty Creek (from this "Norman" can form an idea as to the comfort of fishing it) but the general ground plan is much the same: a net work of fallen trees and limbs covering it except at infrequent intervals, the low banks overhung with trees and "bresh," just the thing to compel the angler every few minutes to untangle his line from an exasperating limb overhead; a convenient fallen tree every few rods under which you may crawl and scrape the cuticle from your "dorsal," or maybe three or four lying close together bristling with dead spikes through which to flounder and fall and bark your shin; and after you are well over you find your line caught on the further side on a stubborn, intensely crooked cedar limb that never lets go. The line is always sure to take from nine to thirty-five turns around a limb of that kind in as many different directions, and the safest way out of the "category" is to lay your rod down gently, rub your barked shin once or twice before starting, crawl back through the spikes, and free the line without saying anything, bark the other shin in getting back, then pick up your rod. This was about the experience Ben and I worried through that day, and Maybert's Creek is one of the easiest of Michigan trout streams to fish, but then "the Joneses never was used to the very best o' trout streams nohow."

Finding we could do nothing with our flies on account of the overhang, and the logs and limbs infesting the stream, we fell back on our reserves, the time-tried, regulation trout persuader—plain "fish worm."

"Speakin' o' fly fishin'," said Ben, as he impaled a squirming worm on his hook and "spit on it for luck" (so tenaciously do the teachings and superstitions of boyhood cling to us). "some feller hes wrote that fly-fishin' is the poetry ov anglin'; but, as I don't go much on poetry, a chapter er two o' plain prose is good enough fur Ben, an' that I kin git out o' wurms an' clams an' bacon an' equir' meat, an' sech, to say nothin' o' hitchin' on a cricket er a grasshopper once 'n a while for a change." Here he stood his rod up against a bush and proceeded leisurely to fill and light the briar-root, talking the while, as he wasted three or four matches searching for the right kind of a dry spot on which to scrape them. "I'd like to see ye git any poetry out ov a limber fly-rod an' a whole haful o' artificial flies along a branch like this er the Cedar [the memory of Ben's first trip up the Cedar River and the swarms of black flies that made life a burden to us that day seemed yet fresh in his mind], where the bresh is so thick that a groun' squir' would git lost and forget the way back to his hole." The briar-root finally under headway, he took up his rod, and, tiptoeing stealthily to within a few feet of the bank, dropped the baited hook into the water with, "It's a heap o' sport to handle a fly-rod where ye hev room to cast yer fly without gittin' hitched on to a limb or—somethin' like that cussed thing up yander." This explosive finish to the sentence was caused by a bite and a jerk that wrapped the line around a twig on a bush hanging over the water a few feet above him. Stepping cautiously back, he pulled the bush down slowly and carefully, freed the hook, and let it back in the same manner, so as not to alarm the fish. "Durn a fish hook, anyhow! Ef there's a limb in a half a mile ov ye it's bound to ketch on it. I was too fresh, though, that time, secin' as it was the first bite, an' I jerked with a little too much vigor." (I may say that during this time I was a couple of rods below Ben, making good, with a short piece of a sharpened twig, the loss of a suspender button that had taken its departure under the strain of crawling under the last fallen tree.) Adjusting the worm on his hook he dropped it in above a half-sunken log, and the next moment the rod was given a smart twitch with, "Fooled ye that time, ye spotted sardeen!" and as the rod came up I could see a pretty little trout dangling and twisting in the air and Ben reaching for it.

I was not over four or five inches long, not up to the lawful length of six inches, and after carefully extracting the hook he returned it to the water with, "Shucks, ye ain't big enough for good bass bait; hie off under yer log an' stay there till ye git big enough to make a smell in a fryin' pan."

He took a couple more of about the same size and then moved on up stream muttering something about "an old crank a-ketchin' minners with a bass rod." We fished the creek for half a mile or more, counting in the "kinks." Ben ahead and out of sight most of the time and found it literally swarming with trout, but of small size.

In one pool, however, where the water was near five feet deep and almost hidden by closely packed drift and logs, I saw four or five good sized ones—a half to three-quarters of a pound in weight perhaps—lazily fanning the gravelly bottom with their fins, all unconscious of my presence, for I had walked softly out on one of the tree trunks lying clear across the stream to where I could see the bottom through the only opening in the mass of drift that promised room to lower the hook into the water. Moving cautiously back a step or two and "skortening" the rod I dropped the baited hook through the opening till it struck the water, when it was instantly seized with a furious jerk that made my hair bristle, and in a twinkling I had a splendid dark backed fellow half out of water through the rift, but a flirt of his tail against the log tore the hook loose and he went out of sight in a flash. He must have left a streak of information after him as he darted under the bank, warning his mates of the narrow escape he had made, for a half hour's patient and persistent fishing failed to "restore confidence in the pool."

A cautious look through the opening revealed nothing in sight but the crystal water and I took my way up stream after Ben in the tangle and drizzle with a heart bowed down with disappointment and defeat.

We left the stream about the middle of the afternoon with fifty six trout, a few of them quarter-pounders, and we had besides put back in the water nearly as many more that we thought were under the lawful size of six inches.

I recall the score from the mental notebook: Hyperboler twenty-nine, Hickory twenty-seven, but the chief glory of the day's sport rested with Hickory, for he had "lost the big one."

A due north course soon brought us out into the road, where we were shortly overtaken by a couple of country lads going after the cows down by the lake side, and in the course of a trouty conversation with them, Ben gathered that the older one had taken a nineteen-inch trout with fat pork bait a few weeks before out of the stream near the point where we had just left it. There are no doubt many good-sized trout in Maybert's Creek, although we got none of them in fishing it three or four times while in camp. However, it is alive with small ones, and if the count fisher and the trout-hog will let it rest for two or three years, an honest angler could now and then get a day of "pure delight" with rod and worm or plain side meat out of its shaded pools, and think nothing of the loss of a section of cuticle from his shin or the labor of working his way through the "bresh" along its sinuous course.

But it is idle to hope that it will be let alone. The trout-hog and the "resorter" and the dude fisherman from the city, with knee breeches and "mutton chops," will scent it from afar, and the native mossback will diligently "thrash its waters" with a total disregard of the beginning or ending of the close season. The hog, the dude and the resorter will fish it for numbers; the mossback for meat. To him a trout is a trout whether two inches or two feet long, and represents so many moufals, more or less, of "succulent sustenance."

Verily the days of the wild *Salvelinus* (this will have to stand good for trout till some aspiring half-fledged naturalist digs up a name from the original Choctaw with more "priority" to it) are numbered, unless some better law is enforced to give the fingerlings a chance to grow up.

But how is one to tell the length of a trout in the water when he takes the bait under a log and out of sight, and how are you to prevent the little ones from taking the fly or bait? The Michigan law says (I write from memory): "It shall be unlawful for any person to take trout under six inches in length." If we take one only five and a half inches long, do we satisfy the law by returning it to the water? In many cases, in freeing the hook from a small fish it is unavoidably wounded so it will die even if returned to the water. If we keep it and take it to camp, we violate the statute; if we put it back in the water dead or hurt it so it will not recover, do we not break the law by complying with it?

Somebody show us the way out of the fog.

But after all I don't see why trout fishing is to be classed as the sport *par excellence* for the angler, although there is a fascination in it not to be accounted for, and I am not ready to admit that a six-inch trout is superior in game qualities to a six-inch small-mouthed bass. If there is more sport in handling a pound trout than there is in handling a bass of the same weight with the same tackle—and I deny it—it must be solely because he is a trout and not a bass, and because he has the "priority" over the bass in the matter of a fighting record. *Micropterus dol.* (the latest name out I believe, but it is getting a trifle old) is building up a reputation, however, as a fighter of many parts, and he has come to stay.

And while in a fighting vein it might be mentioned that a six-inch "blue gill" will kick up a fight with great celerity, and to my notion is about as tough a customer to handle as a trout of the same length, though not so long-winded, and when you have taken one you can hold up your head and exult over the victory, and not feel that you are a culprit in the eye of the law, as you do after subduing a fingerling trout.

Old Ben says, "There's jest as much fun a flippin' out good big chubs an' shiners as there is in ketchin' them little sucklin' trout;" and I am inclined to fall in with Ben's way of thinking, even at the risk of having a figurative rock shied at me for an old foggy who believes there are some other good fish besides trout, and that plain bass fishing with fly, and even minnow and frog, is "good enough for the Joneses."

As we stepped back in the boat to start for camp Ben tied the trout over the side to "freshen 'em up like," as he said, and after bailing out a few gallons of water with an old peach can, said with his usual gravity of speech, "Hickory, 'pears to me we've struck on to a new kind o' trout in that crick. What's the matter with callin' 'em *Sal-mo infantalis*, an' gittin' Jim to publish it in his paper for a new species discovered by his nibs, Professor Hyperboler Jones?" And then the old bronze-back scraped a match and hovered over it to keep the wind from blowing it, chuckling to himself, I fancied, at the neat manner in which he had relieved him-

self of this "fool notion" that had been weighing him down for the last half mile.

We found the happy family somewhat out of sorts at the state of the weather, for it still rained, and the wind was cold and raw, and worse than all, the lake was most of the time too rough to fish, but a yell of "trout" from Ben worked a magic change in the camp. Rain, cold and wind were forgotten, as the girls came trooping out of the big tent to see our "speckled beauties" (a brand new name for trout that it is hoped will cause old "priority" to take a back seat) where Ben had spread them out on the table in a manner to make the best showing, as any other conscientious angler would have done. The Editor lost interest in a game of cribbage that old Dan and Muller were hotly contesting despite the chill in the air, relieved his long suffering camp stool of its burden, shook himself together, and came in under the fly to cast a mouth-watering glance at the spread out and give vent to his feelings in a regretful, "wish I had gone with you two old lunatics this morning;" and then the Philosopher came crawling out of the "Knots" tent, where he had been cat-napping, and expressed his satisfaction at the catch; and finally from the big tent, in measured rumble from Muller, "fifteen two, fifteen four, and a pair," and from the old Pelican in a sort of "umpirish" tone that implied a strong leaning to the "national game" even in matters of crib, "game called on account of rain, let's go and see the trout;" and at last the entire Jones family were under the big fly, all talking at once and all talking trout, utterly unmindful of the weather and all happy, with Ben and the Skipper a couple of lengths ahead in the matter of "complacent serenity," notwithstanding we were "a trifle stiff in the joints," as Ben said, "an' hungry as a sucklin' wolf."

Bob and Kit were at once seized with a desire to catch a trout, but when told of the difficulties a woman would labor under in getting through the "bresh" with skirts and the other flummery they are usually oppressed with, their ardor cooled somewhat, but I have no doubt had not the scheme been discovered and the enterprise nipped in the bud, these two mischievous madcaps would have "sneaked out papa's two old pair of extra breeches," rigged themselves out for the occasion and made a trip to Maybert's Creek or some nearer stream the very first time I was out of camp for a day with the bass. But "the best laid scheme o' mice and girls are oft knocked higher'n a kite" (slightly altered from Burns) and the twins are yet pining over that lost opportunity to distinguish themselves as trout fishers.

The trout were dressed and many of them, notably the smaller ones, were found to be full of spawn, and this raised the question, how long will the wild trout last in Michigan or any other place, if they are allowed to be taken during at least a month while the females are full of eggs? Is it any more destructive to leave the season open up to the very day of spawning? We fish for trout all through the month of August, till darkness drives us from the stream on the 31st day, when the season closes, because the law allows it, but we don't seem to realize that we kill the goose that lays the golden egg every time we take a fish that is in spawn, and lessen our chance for sport for each succeeding year till the streams will be utterly barren. But we all do it, and will keep on doing it to the end, simply, perhaps, because it is not unlawful, and yet I don't believe there is a solitary, conscientious angler in the land but will say it is wrong to kill a fish that is full of eggs. And this may apply as well to early spring bass fishing.

This little digression may be something for the honest angler to think over, but it is not intended to reach the trout hog and the count fisher, nor yet the native and the dude; they will fish in season and out of season; they never put a fish back in the water, alive or dead; some of them would shoot a timid mother doe with a week-old fawn pulling at the teat.

At breakfast next morning the trout were so toothsome that Ben was moved to say: "Ef there's any fish that has more of a flavor to it than another, strikes me it must be a trout; beats side meat clean out o' sight," and as he deftly extracted the backbone from his second one and dropped a section of the savory flesh into the rift in his countenance, he added, with a glance up and down the table, "guess James Mackerel an' me'll hev to slip over an' ketch another mess o' them minners in a day or two," and then, as Kit turned to help Mother Jim to another "minner," the old sinner hastily gathered all the fish bones within his reach and furtively deposited them alongside of her plate. When she faced around to replace the trout dish (a tin pan), she discovered the sudden accumulation of bones, but aside from a flash of color in her face and a quick glance at the old culprit, she showed no sign of anything amiss. Ben stirred his coffee in an absent-minded sort of way, meantime delighting little Top with a yarn about "a famous place jest around the pint, where he would take her some fine day when it quit rainin', where she could hev dead loads o' fun with the sunfish."

As the yarn was finished, he solemnly passed the trout pan to Kit with: "It's 'stonishin' what Michigan air an' a few days' campin' out'll do in the way o' creatin' an appyтите fur fish in some gals. Ef Miss Kit keeps on the way she's started in an' don't git a backset, it'll keep her daddy an' me a hustlin' aroun' to ketch trout enough fur her from the look o' that pile o' bones."

Top clapped her hands and laughed in great glee (Top had suddenly become Ben's fast crony on account of the promised frolic with the sunfish), and her happy laugh seeming to be infectious, the whole camp "joined in," even the usual gravity of old Dan's face relaxed into a broad grin, and Kit was forced to follow the example of the others to hide her confusion.

A morning or two after, however, Ben inadvertently sweetened his coffee with salt in place of sugar, and as he emptied the cup behind him after the first taste, he looked at Miss Kitty, who sat opposite, and remarked, without the twitch of a muzzle in his mirth-provoking old face, "Must a some o' them trout bones got into that coffee from the taste of it," and we knew that retribution had overtaken him at the hands of Miss Innocence across the table, who was demurely stirring her coffee with a complacency that betokened a keen satisfaction in getting even with "Hyperboler."

Miss Top felt it her bounden duty to laugh at about everything "Uncle Ben" said, and when she bubbled over it started the others, older heads and all, and merriment and hilarity reigned in the Kingfishers' camp despite the rain, that kept up a steady, monotonous patter on the canvas overhead. But it takes little to make one laugh in the woods, when all the cares and worries of life have been left behind. A whole camp will roar at an asinine remark that ought to be the death warrant of the perpetrator. Old, stale jokes that have been worked over and done service for years, that

have lost all their edge and brightness from oft recurring use, are brought forth and burnished up in the light of the camp fire till they are almost as good as new and we laugh at them and enjoy them with the same keen zest that we did a score of years gone by. Some one has said all this before, and I quote it, in effect, only because it is so true. The camp in the woods, too, is a great equalizer. The clerk stands as high as his employer, the owner of a block of bricks; the shover of the plane sleeps and snores under the same blanket with the dignified judge; the undertaker cracks business jokes with the dispenser of physic; the sun-browned follower of the plow ranks equal to the M. C. "from the flat-rock deestrick," and all partake with equal relish of the same stew concocted in the same old blackened and battered camp kettle that has weathered half a score of rough campaigns. In the woods social distinctions are lost sight of; no lines of caste are there to mar good fellowship, albeit lines are often cast, and all the certificate required for admission to the circle around the camp fire is a love of rod, gun and the woods, and to be possessed of the instincts of a sportsman, which are always gentlemanly; and I am going to record it that I don't take any stock in the terms true sportsman and gentleman sportsman, for I take it a sportsman can be nothing but a gentleman, however, a gentleman may not be a sportsman, but "sportsman" covers the whole ground, whether he be a respected Governor of a State or the humblest woodchopper in the pineries.

But the trout bones have led into a digression.

KINGFISHER.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

THE TROUT OF SUNAPEE LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Food makes trout grow. After the interesting letter of Mr. Livingston Stone, in last week's issue, it seems needless to cite instances from the experience of pisciculturists, anglers and naturalists in this country and England to prove the above. Abundance of digestible food is a condition which Sunapee Lake meets in its countless millions of smelts, which supply the black bass and the *salmonidae*. These fish, two or three inches in length, are tender-fleshed and easily disintegrate in the stomach of the trout, and there is practically no limit to a trout's voracity. Mr. Henry R. Francis, in the recent pages of the Badminton Library, mentions a trout caught by him, weighing a little more than $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, that had "forty-six small minnows in its maw, the uppermost freshly swallowed, while those furthest down were more than half digested." The same author further instances a brook trout, whose stuffed skin is in the possession of the Driffield Club, that attained a weight of 17 pounds from feeding upon minnows that swarmed in the neighboring Beck and its tributaries.

It is every way probable that the *ogusasse* taken in Sunapee last fall attained their remarkable proportions in six years. Mr. Livingston Stone seeks to account for four pounds more than the steelyard proves. The largest trout taken, according to the testimony before us, weighed but 6 pounds; that there were 10-pounders on the spawning bed was a guess. Now, according to Dr. Merriam, six pounds is not an unusual weight for *ogusasse* rapidly to attain in the salt waters of the Lower St. Lawrence. The same little despised four-ounce "blue back," give it an abundance of appropriate food and the tonic effects of a favorable change of waters, develops in the Godbout, the Migan and the Trinity River, as well as in Sunapee, into a giant worthy of the angler's skill, in accordance with nature's simplest laws. I fully agree with Col. Samuel Webber that our noble fish are sprung from his 1879 plant.

JOHN D. QUACKENBOS.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, New York, April 14.

P. S.—Permit me to add the following postscript; in reply to your correspondent who has seen fit to enter this scientific discussion under the shadow of a pseudonym. It is rather late in the day to speak of four ounces, as the maximum weight of the *Salmo ogusasse*, it having been repeatedly shown in the columns of this paper that *ogusasse* have attained a weight of six and eight pounds; nor is it absolutely certain that the "blue-backs," of Rangeley, "do not average a quarter of a pound." Let me engage our opponents for a moment with their own weapons. They gravely inform us that monster *ogusasse* probably make their home in a number of New Hampshire lakes. It would not surprise me, therefore, at any time to learn that there are in Rangeley Lake *ogusasse* trout weighing from six to eight pounds. The "blue-backs" swarming in the inlets during October may be the callow offspring of astute giants that rise annually from fathomless waters to spawn upon some mid-lake shoal unknown to the genus *homo*, and after a few days recede into depths where no lure can reach them. Assuredly, it is as probable that such Solomons among *Salmonidae* have eluded the vigilance of Caucasian man for a few decades in Rangeley, as that they have reproduced their species for a century in Sunapee unmolested by the net or spear? What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Your correspondent does not know that these large *ogusasse* have always been in Sunapee any more than he knows they are not to-day actually in the lakes of the Rangeley chain. If the latter be a fact, then the presence in Sunapee of six pound fish from the 1879 plant would by no one be regarded even as remarkable.

The time museum analogy is so absolutely inapplicable as to be undeserving of serious notice.

Once more, the largest *Salmo ogusasse* taken from Sunapee weighed six, not ten, pounds. To quote Charles F. Imbrie, when the weight of a trout is in question, "I would rather believe a poor pair of scales than George Washington."

J. D. Q.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have lately noticed in the FOREST AND STREAM remarks on the different species of trout in Sunapee Lake, N. H. I will say to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and others, that I began fishing for trout in that lake in 1857, and have fished every year since, more or less, therefore am able to state to you the different varieties of trout in the lake. When I first began to fish for trout in the lake there was but one species of trout in it and that was the native speckled trout. We have at this time four different varieties of trout in this lake, viz., the speckled trout, the white trout, blue-back trout, and landlocked salmon. The speckled trout sometimes weigh 5 or 6 pounds; the white fish average a little more than the speckled trout; the landlocked salmon average 8 or 10 pounds, and the blue-back not so much. As to the white fish being a species of the speckled trout I should say they were not, but are a species of the real St. John River trout. These four varieties of trout are caught in great abundance.

JACOB R. HUTCHINSON

NEWPORT, N. H., April 6.

BIG TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read in your always truthful journal several accounts of very large trout which have been caught in various places and at recent dates, I trust you will not object to publish, and thus perpetuate, an account of the biggest kind of a trout, although caught "in the days of long ago."

While sojourning on Long Island several years ago I became conversant with the following facts—I say facts, because there are living witnesses enough who were personally cognizant of them to establish their truth in any court:

In June, 1822 or 1823, a trout was caught in Carman's River, South Haven, L. I., below the mill dam and about three miles from the South Bay, which weighed 14½ pounds. When discovered in the "mill hole" a strong net was stretched around it, and after having been kept in confinement for some time was killed and sent to New York to some noted fishermen of those days, who sent in return a check for \$100 to its captors.

Daniel Webster and other noted sportsmen of the old school were often guests at Carman's celebrated hostelry, and enjoyed fishing in this stream. Trout of three and four pounds' weight were not uncommon there at that time. The waters of this stream, at the time I was there, were, and I think are still, controlled by the Suffolk Club, a party of gentlemen and true sportsmen.

The following named gentlemen are now living who saw this wonderful fish, and declare it to have been a genuine brook trout—viz., Nathaniel Miller, Joseph Carman and D. M. Clark, men of undoubted integrity, who can be found at Brook Haven and South Haven, L. I., to verify the above statement.

A better account of this trout may have been published at the time it was caught. I hope so, and that this mention may be the means of reviving it. If no account was ever published, I am sure you will deem this worthy of the space it requires.

Chicago, Ill., April 13.

VARIATION OF BROOK TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing a communication from Mr. Webber, ex-Fish Commissioner of New Hampshire, in which he says that perhaps the trout in lower Diamond Pond are identical with the blue-back-trout in the Rangeley Lake, reminds me that some time ago I thought of writing an article for FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the variation of the brook trout in our different waters.

But the execution was for some reason delayed, until the discovery of the new variety of trout in Suapee Lake by Mr. Hodge again brought the idea to mind.

I am pretty familiar with nearly all the trout streams and ponds in Coos county, N. H., and excepting the lake trout (*Salmo namaycush*), found in First and Second Connecticut lakes and South Pond, in Stark, I think we have but one variety of the *Salmo* family native to our waters, although they vary much in their general appearance as well as habits. The causes of some of these variations are still a puzzle to me, and a discussion on this subject will be of great interest to me and I think to many others.

I will state some of the differences in size, shape, color, habits, etc., of trout caught in different localities, and perhaps some one will tell us the cause. Of course there is a reason why the trout in one pond scarcely ever attain a weight of ½ of a pound and never exceed 1 pound each, while in another only a short distance from the first and connected by quite a large stream, they are often taken weighing from 2 to 3 pounds each. This is the case with the trout in the Diamond Ponds near Colebrook. In the lower pond I have never seen a trout taken that would weigh more than ½ of a pound, and a native fisherman who has fished it every season for over 30 years, told me that he had never caught one larger. The Swift Diamond (the outlet of the pond) is a very prolific stream, and small trout are continually running into the pond during the summer season, and they are certainly genuine brook trout when they enter the pond, and I think they still remain the same, although they gradually change their habits and appearance. Their food is not so abundant in the lower pond as in the upper one, but is that the cause or one of the causes of the difference in size of the fish?

Another common difference in trout taken in the same pond, and fed and raised under the same conditions, is that one specimen has white meat and another red, but outwardly they are the same. Are they the same variety, and if so what causes the difference in color?

Where trout have an abundance of food they grow faster than where their food supply is scanty, but in the pond where the food supply is the best of any pond that I know they never exceed 2 pounds in weight, and the most of them go from ½ to ¾ of a pound each.

Another pond where the fish have a different appearance from the ordinary brook trout is North Pond, in Stark. They are quite long for their weight, light colored below, and average ½ of a pound each. The pond is fed by mountain streams and springs, but the natural food supply is small and the native fish is small although of fine flavor. Good fishermen who have fished there for years say that they never caught one there that would weigh more than a pound. The waters discharge into the Ammonoosuc River, where formerly large numbers of trout were caught of 3 and 4 pounds weight.

In Big Dummer Pond, the trout caught will average 2 pounds each if caught in deep water. I caught one a few years ago that measured 21½ inches in length and was 13½ inches in circumference. They are of almost a bronze color and scarcely ever rise to a fly. In Greenough Lake some of the fish are of the same color, but they are not as large.

There is a small pond in Errol, of probably not over seven or eight acres in extent, that contains very finely flavored trout and of very good size, and they are the gamiest fellows one would wish to find. A dish of these fish baked in cream at the Errol House, some time during the summer of 1884, is often spoken of by the participants as something to be long remembered, and the gastronomic gymnastics of Clark, the Magalloway stage driver, were something simply wonderful for so large a man.

At Success Meadows is the junction of two streams called respectively Black Strap and Silver Stream, together with the outlet of Success Pond, forming the Chickwolnepy River which empties into the Androscoggin at Milan, N. H. In Black Strap the trout are very dark colored and thick-bodied and in the other they are long and slim, and almost as silvery as a true salmon. A greater contrast in trout found in different streams whose waters unite is probably not found in the State.

In Mill Brook in Stark the trout in the upper part of the stream are orange-colored on their sides and bellies, and I have noticed that they were exceptionally fine-flavored, but they are of small size, scarcely any weighing over four ounces each. But the best of all our trout are those found in Little Millsfield Pond. Probably hundreds of small fry run up into the pond every year, but after they have been in the pond a few months they don't look enough like those in the stream to be brothers. Their change of food and habits make a wonderful difference in the appearance of the fish. So much so that Dr. Elmendorf, of Brooklyn, N. Y., threw away a half pound specimen caught in the stream below the pond, because it bore so little resemblance to those we had been catching from the pond that he thought there was something wrong about it and so threw it away. These trout have the smallest heads of any trout in our waters and a gamier trout never rose to a fly. They are very dark-colored above and white beneath, and take a fly very readily. There is a great uniformity in the fish after they have been in the pond for some time, but once in a while I have caught small ones that were like those in the stream below.

I have enumerated some of the peculiarities of the trout found in our waters, the cause of which I will leave to be explained by some one with more knowledge on the subject than myself. There must be a cause for all these variations, but some of them seem very singular.

In mentioning our different ponds I have made mention only of the native trout. Some of them have been stocked with land-locked salmon and black bass, but this article has reference only to fish native to Coos county. Our waters can only stand the great drain on them by restocking by the State. But let them be stocked with trout, for black bass are a poor substitute for our beautiful brook trout.

S. J. G.

LANCASTER, N. H.

NEW ENGLAND TROUT STREAMS.

THE Massachusetts trout season has not yet been very productive, though the snow and ice are about out of the way, even in the western part of the State. There is a complaint that favorite trout streams are not "panning out" very satisfactorily, even to the annual visitor for many years. The dealers in the Boston market are much dissatisfied. They claim to be able to obtain a fair supply of trout, but the demand is small. This they attribute to the law, which prevents their selling trout in winter. "It is so long between seasons," they say, "that the public lose the taste for trout." If they could be allowed to sell Canada trout in winter, there would be a good trade in native trout in the spring, and thus a good deal of money made. This is their argument. It sounds as reasonable as that of the boy who desired to be fed on strawberries in January, simply because he was fond of them. These marketmen imagine that because they can get all the trout they can now sell from Sandwich and other towns on Cape Cod, that a continued supply could be kept up, the same as in codfish or mackerel. They desire to make a market fish out of what must be regarded as a rarity.

Besides, the privilege of selling trout from the Provinces in winter would simply mean more smuggling from the Maine waters at that season; and the marketmen are well aware of it. One of them recently confessed as much to me. He also further remarked that the whole fish protective laws of New England, Maine especially, were non-constitutional; that he had the money—made in the fish business—and had he the time and the desire to go into the courts, he would drive the trout and salmon laws from the Maine statute books and the fish commissioners and wardens out of business. Truly it is the marketman that the angler has to fear, as well as does his fellow sportsman with dog and gun. It gives the angler the headache to see such a strong desire for traffic in that which is so dear to him, and that which, in spite of all protection has done, is yearly growing more and more scarce.

Recent letters from those familiar with the Maine waters suggest an early clearing of the ice from the lakes, though this is probably based chiefly on theory. The snow has been very deep late in the winter, causing thinner ice and rapid melting from below. The trout season promises well. The law has been well obeyed, as to close time, and rough weather and deep snows have prevented residents from fishing since Feb. 1, to the extent they otherwise would have done. All this is favorable to the angler. So far as the big catches through the ice are concerned, the Maine papers have told of but very few this spring. It is to be hoped that another session of the Legislature of that State will repeal the law which allows residents to take trout and land-locked salmon through the ice after Feb. 1. The law is abused. Non-residents only have to go to "the holes" and "watch the residents fish," to get all the trout they want. Commissioner Stilwell put the matter in its true light when he told the Legislature of that State that their fish and game were worth as much as her lumber—that her fish and game drew in millions of dollars every year from summer visitors who come into that State for no other purpose than for fish and game.

But very few fresh salmon have yet been received in this market. Two from the Penobscot came in Tuesday, and sold at \$1 per pound. It is a pity that the *Salmo salar* is not better protected by law below tide water in the Penobscot River. That river is now known to be the last resort for eggs of the true salmon for propagation, and yet the parent fish are the prey of the marketmen, till the arrivals from the Province bring down the price to where it no longer pays to net the Maine salmon.

SPECIAL.

CRAWFISH.—H. A. Kelly's note in your last issue reminds me that after R. S. Tarr's paper on crawfish, I wrote you that he was mistaken in saying that they were found in only one locality in New England. When I was a boy, we used to find them often in a brook on my father's farm, and it is not more than ten or fifteen years since I saw one in the same brook, but have seen none there since. Then the brook was perennial, or at least, there was always water in the deep pools. Now, in summer, its bed is as dry as the highway. I am told that in some of the brooks emptying into Lewis Creek, crawfish are yet to be found in considerable numbers. Thompson's "Vermont," 1842, says: "It is very common in many of the small streams in the western part of the State."—AWANSOOSE (Ferrisburgh, Vt., April 10).

MINNESOTA BASS FLIES.—Hastings, Iowa.—In reply to H. P. Ufford, would say that I found the grizzly king the most attractive to the bass last summer. Will some of your correspondents in Colorado, along the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, please give some information as to trout fishing localities, etc., and whether streams have to be waded or fished from bank, also flies used?—HOLLOW RIB.

THE BRANDY POINT TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In one of the issues of FOREST AND STREAM last fall, I noticed an article by one of your regular correspondents, the sum and substance of which was that the large trout taken the latter part of September near Brandy Point by a New York gentleman did not rise to the fly, but was taken in an unsportsmanlike manner; and all the ground the writer seemed to have for his suspicion was the idea that large trout did not rise to the fly at that season of the year as they were "down on the spawning beds." If your correspondent is really the sportsman that he evidently would have the readers of FOREST AND STREAM believe him to be, it is very singular that he should be so ignorant of the habits of large trout.

I took the gentleman and his guide to Brandy Point on my steamer the morning of the day that he took the large trout, also the following morning. He told me that the trout rose fair and took the toodle bug fly; also of the hard fight of an hour he had with him before the guide slipped the landing net under him. I had not at the time, and still have not a shadow of a doubt but that he told me the truth. I have seen that guide many times since then, and have been with many of the guides continually from the time the trout was taken to date. The only intimation that I have ever seen or heard that the trout was taken otherwise than fairly is what I have seen in the FOREST AND STREAM.

The last few days of September were very favorable for the fishing ground in the vicinity of Brandy Point. The same gentleman who took the large trout took, the last day of September, three trout of 4, 7½ and 8½ pounds. Three New York gentlemen, members of the Oquossoc Anglers' Association, with their guides fished near Brandy Point the day after the large fish was taken. These gentlemen are old time frequenters to our lakes and the mention of their names to those who know their fishing principles would be a guarantee that whatever the record was it was a clean one. No trout comes to their landing-net except by fair angling with the artificial fly, and then usually only to be weighed and let go again. These gentlemen took one each which is worth mentioning, one 5½, one 7½ and one 9½ pounds. One of the guides told me lately that the seven-and-a-half-pounder came for the fly three times before he struck it, as smart as he ever saw a small trout. These trout were all weighed and then permitted to go again. How is that for a New York angler? Can any city show a better illustration of a true gentleman sportsman? And is it to be wondered at that when gentlemen from a distance take so much interest in keeping up our fishing, as to put back not only the small ones, but trout of this size, that we who are directly and peculiarly interested, should feel kindly toward them, and when a slanderous statement, like what appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, comes under our eye that we should feel like letting some one have it right from the shoulder?

I once used to guide a New York gentleman, and I was never tired of sitting on the piers at Upper Dam or in a boat at the Cove, with the landing net in readiness watching "my man" cast or handle his trout. After I got to running a camp and boat he stopped with me, and one day, with no other object in view than that of patronizing the boat, he took a round trip. At the Upper Dam I had a landing to make to connect with the boat on Mollechunmunk Lake. We had a little while to wait; so he took his rod and said he would go down on the pier and make a few casts, if he "struck anything" he would halloo, when I should come with the landing net. It seemed that he had had hardly time to get there before I heard him halloo, as only the angler can who has struck something and thinks he is in a hurry for the net. I caught up the net and scrambled down on to the pier. I found him with only the butt joint of the rod left in his hand; the rest of it and most of his line was out of sight under water, the water was swift but the trout swifter. While he would reel in and snub, the trout would pull out and try not to be snubbed. After about half an hour of this kind of work we began to occasionally see the broken joint of the rod, the tip being suug down to the leader. Then all of a sudden the trout made a run for the pier where we stood, but he made a mistake and landed in the net instead of under the rocks. Out he came, a good eight pounder, and as I lifted him from the water the fly dropped from his mouth, where it had been very lightly hooked. The best of handling was all that saved him; and I should like to see one handled better, just to see how it is done.

CAPT. BARKER.

CAMP BEMIS, Rangeley Lakes, April 6.

"A TRIP TO THE INTERMEDIATE LAKES."—Your correspondent, "J. O. S.," in issue April 1, is substantially correct in his statements, so far as I can remember. He and his friend did call on "Kelpie"—how they found him I know not—probably through some process of generalization and deduction, for there was no sign out. He says that one of them looked like the Old Scratch, and the other still worse. If by the O. S. is meant the devil, I believe that authorities differ as to his appearance. If we accept the Japanese ideal I should say that "J. O. S." did himself and friend less than justice, though they did look rather the worse for wear. If I had known that they were man hunting I might have been ready with a rifle; as it was, when I overheard them wondering whether their rags would hold together until they reached Traverse City, I thought of offering one of them my other suit (consisting of an old jumper and overalls). I did not act on this benevolent intention, partly from native modesty—I am a very modest man; partly because the O. S. aforesaid could not have told which of the twain was the more dilapidated, and partly owing to the fact that these hung about them an indescribable something which to a close observer indicated that they thoroughly enjoyed the situation, were having a glorious vacation, and asked no odds or favors from anybody. It was a surprise to me to learn that I had been "interviewed," but the crisis is past, and here I am. They were visitors of the right sort, and I shall be glad again to greet them when next they visit the Intermediate Valley.—KELPIE (April 10).

THOSE LONG ISLAND TROUT.—The bill relating to trout illustrated, in the engrossed act as filed in the Secretary of State's office, the value of punctuation points. The first section sets out to amend Section 19 of the laws of 1879 so as to have it read as follows: "No person shall catch, or attempt to catch, or kill, or expose for sale, or have in possession after the same has been caught or killed, any speckled trout, brook trout, salmon trout, landlocked salmon, or California trout, save only from the first day of May to the first day of September in each year, except in the counties of Queens and Suffolk, where it shall be from the first day of

April to the first day of September in each year. And such speckled trout, brook trout, landlocked salmon, and California trout taken in said counties of Queens and Suffolk during the month of April may be had in possession in other counties of the State, but shall not be exposed for sale. In the counties included in the Adirondack preserve, established by Chapter 283 of the laws of 1885, it shall be lawful to catch, expose for sale, and have in possession after the same has been caught, speckled trout, brook trout and California trout from the first day of May to the fifteenth day of September, and salmon trout and landlocked salmon from the first day of May to the first day of October." The engrossing clerk overlooked the period after the words "shall not be exposed for sale." By omitting to put in that point and by beginning the word "in" with a small i the law virtually reads, "But such speckled trout," etc., "shall not be exposed for sale in the counties included in the Adirondack preserve." That is to say, the whole intent of the act, so far as prohibiting the marketing of trout caught in Queens and Suffolk counties within the period during which they are allowed to be caught, is changed to mean that they may be marketed in every county of the State except in the counties of the Adirondack region, wherein the State has a preserve.

OPENING OF THE MAINE TROUT SEASON.—Recent letters from the Androscoggin Lake region in Maine give it as the opinion of the guides that the lakes will clear of ice by May 1 or a few days later. This is especially true of Oquossoc or Rangeley Lake. The weather has been unusually warm down there for April, and the guides claim that the ice is rapidly melting. May 1 would be very early for these lakes to clear; the average date for the past eight or ten years has been May 14. There is very much of uncertainty about the matter, however. When the ice goes the trout season begins, and the event will be hailed by sportsmen ready for the annual fishing trip. Indeed, one or two parties propose to leave Boston a day or two before the telegraph brings the news of departed ice, in order to be on the ground for the first trips of the little steamers to the fishing grounds.—SPECIAL.

WHITEFISH AND GRAYLING.—Timber Line, Montana.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the Yellowstone River, and in the Madison, Gallatin and Jefferson rivers, which unite to form the Missouri, there is a fish which rises to the fly, and which is called the grayling or whitefish. An old Scotchman living in the camp says they are the same fish in every respect which he had caught in Scotland, and were there called the grayling. Last summer I showed some of them to a gentleman from Michigan, who said they were not grayling. A day's catch in the Yellowstone shows about two-thirds trout and one-third "grayling," so called. In the Gallatin the catches average about one-half trout and one-half grayling.—F. M. H. [Both whitefish and grayling are found in these streams. The latter have distinct teeth and a dorsal fin of seventeen to twenty rays. The whitefish have no teeth and a dorsal fin of ten to twelve rays.]

BASS FLIES.—Athens, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see that some of your readers want to learn how some killing bass flies are made. I will give you a description of my favorites: Dark orange body, with gold tinsel, red and yellow tail, cinnamon brown hackle, and the rayed feathers of the mallard colored yellow for wings. This I find the most killing fly for all times, dark or bright days, early or late in the season; that is, in the Susquehanna, Chemung and Clyde rivers, Canandaigua outlet and the lower lakes. My next is all black (crow's wings), hackle black, with silver tinsel, tail black. Next is the hackle fly, which is the same as the first, without any wings. Next is the Reuben Wood and scarlet ibis, with orange body and gold tinsel. I also use the Ferguson; but the first one, the yellow one, "takes the cakes."—E. W. DAVIES.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

THE fifteenth annual meeting of the Society was held in the Palmer House, Chicago, on April 13 and 14, pursuant of a call issued by the executive committee some months previously. During the session there was a fine display of fish and fishculture in the Permanent Exhibition Building, which is situated within a short distance of the Palmer House. This display was made by the United States and the Michigan fish commissions, and by private persons.

By a coincidence hatching car No. 3 of the United States Commission, in charge of Mr. J. F. Ellis, was at Chicago at the time. It had started from Northville, Mich., on April 11, with three million whitefish fry in cans, to be planted at Michigan City, Ind., and also three million whitefish eggs in McDonald hatching jars, from the Northville station, to be hatched en route and planted at Waukegan, Ill. After planting the whitefish at Michigan City the car was then on its way to Waukegan, and as the fish were not hatched, Mr. Ellis stopped at Chicago to give the society a chance to view the operations of hatching in transit.

In the building Mr. Frank N. Clark, Superintendent of the U. S. Fish Commission stations at Northville and Alpena, exhibited whitefish one and two years old which he had grown from the egg; Loch Leven trout one year old, grown from eggs received from Sir James G. Maitland, Howieton Fishery, Sterling, Scotland, sent as a gift to Professor Baird; grayling, one year old, from eggs taken on the Au Sable River, Michigan; brown trout, two years old, from eggs presented by Herr Von Behr to Mr. F. Mather and hatched by Mr. Clark, together with fry produced from the same fish; lake or salmon trout fry, rainbow trout, one and two years old; whitefish eggs in process of hatching and fry.

The Michigan Fish Commission, through its superintendent, Mr. W. D. Marks, exhibited large brook trout from one to two pounds weight, large grayling (white fish), rainbow trout, landlocked salmon, two years old; hybrids of lake and brook trout, lake and brook trout fry from their ponds at Paris, and a so a model of the Shaw fishway.

A very interesting exhibition of pounds, fykes, gill and pocket nets, with other apparatus for capturing fish were shown by Carpenter & Company, of Chicago. A very handsome display of fishing tackle, comprising everything used by the angler, from an expensive salmon outfit down to a modest hand line rig, was made by A. G. Spalding & Bros., Chicago and New York. An exhibit of rowboats and sportsmen's boats was made by R. J. Douglas & Company, Waukegan, Ill. The meeting was called to order in the ball-room of the Palmer House, on Tuesday the 18th, at 11 A. M., by Vice-President Dr. W. M. Hudson, who, not expecting to preside, had not prepared a formal address, as it had been understood that

Colonel McDonald would be at the meeting. The following letter was read by the secretary:

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 10, 1886.—Sir: I am requested by Col. McDonald to inform you that his baby died this morning, and it will be impossible for him to attend the meeting of the Fisheries Society, which he exceedingly regrets. I send you by to-day's express a package of papers, minute book, etc. Very respectfully yours, J. J. O'CONNOR.

Letters of regret were read from Mr. E. G. Blackford, Mr. A. N. Cheney, Dr. R. E. C. Stearns, W. V. Cox, Geo. Shepard Page and D. H. Fitzhugh.

The morning attendance being very light, Dr. Hudson suggested that it would be well to get through with such routine work as was necessary, and leave the reading of papers until the afternoon session, when no doubt the attendance would be better.

During the meeting the following new members were elected: S. P. Bartlett, Quincy, Ill.; J. H. Bissell, Detroit, Mich.; C. C. Hinckman, Detroit, Mich.; Dr. S. C. Adams, Peoria, Ill.; Herschel Whitaker, Detroit, Mich.; Walter D. Marks, Paris, Mich.; N. K. Fairbank, Chicago; A. Booth, Chicago; Dr. E. S. Holmes, Grand Rapids, Mich.; J. N. Dewey, Toledo; Dr. R. O. Sweeney, St. Paul; W. D. Tomlin, Duluth, Minn.; James Nevill, Madison, Wis.; Philo Dunning, Madison Wis.

The chairman gave notice that during the meeting the following papers would be read:

"Oyster Culture," "Smelt Hatching" and "Work at Cold Spring Harbor, New York," by Fred Mather.

"Fishculture as a Practical Art," by J. H. Bissell.

"The Michigan Grayling," by Herschel Whitaker.

"Intentional and Accidental Destruction of Species," by Dr. R. E. C. Stearns.

"Deep Sea Dredging on the United States Steamer Albatross," by F. L. Washburn.

"Transportation of Fish in the British Islands," by W. V. Cox.

"History of the Iced Fish and the Frozen Fish Trade of the United States," by A. Howard Clark.

The following gentlemen were then appointed by the chair as a committee to nominate officers for the coming year, to be elected on the following day. This committee consisted of Messrs. May, of Nebraska; Butler, of Michigan; Bartlett, of Illinois; Sweeney, of Minnesota, and Downing, of Wisconsin.

The meeting adjourned until 2:30 P. M. A full report of the meeting will follow.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 22.—Eight annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

April 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Third Dog Show of the Cleveland Bench Show Association. C. M. Munhall, Secretary, Cleveland, O.

May 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Tenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent, P. O. Box 1812, New York.

May 18, 19, 20 and 21.—Third Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club, St. Louis, Mo. Geo. Munson, Manager.

July 30, 21, 22 and 23.—Milwaukee Dog Show. John D. Olcott, Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3616.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XXXIV.

OUR bulldog fancy that quite boiled over has now settled down again. The match between Rustic King and Tom Ball was an event, and recalled the glories of bar-parlors in the neighborhood of St. Martin's Lane. There was never any doubt that the well-known prize-winner would gain the day and at the same time the owner of Tom Ball may be said to have gained his purpose, as for an outlay of railway fares and a £10 note, he succeeded in making an unknown animal the topic of the hour. Three times the amount spent in advertisements would not have achieved the like. I understand that Tom Ball can be bought for £100, I think he is well worth £80. Mr. Lyell never exhibits, he buys on his own judgment and sells for his own profit. He is a straightforward, shrewd and canny Scotchman. Since the match, the bulldog men have prostrated themselves before the new idol. Rustic King rules supreme and has hedged himself with blinding divinity. But for a' that and a' that Grabber can spare him a few points.

At the late Hanley show an unexpected and undeserved defeat overtook the rural monarch. The committee had displayed more originality than judgment in the selection of their judges. Among the same was a certain Mr. Pemberton, not Leigh Pemberton, but a member of the Bulldog Club. This gentleman is one of those fools of the fancy, who rush in where angels of judgment fear to tread. He judged from a light-hearted, light-headed point of view that must have been distractingly comical to his victims. Rustic King and Queen Mab were before him in the challenge class. He was as polite as he was shallow so he put the lady first. When the storm burst as it certainly did, the poor weak vacillating judging confessed he had made a mistake, he was very sorry, he chattered, and he wouldn't do it again—boo-hoo. Well, what could a man say more, or a woman for the matter of that? Mr. George Raper was satisfied, Rhadamanthus had stepped down from his seat and grovelled on his stomach for pity, he had erred and apologized, George was satisfied, *voilà tout*. That is Act I. Act II, opens in the Aquarium Terrier Show. The Hanley judge has recovered from his fright and now pluckily protests he never withdrew his award, not he, why should he, he still thought the bitch better than the dog, come now, who's afraid? These matters crept into print and a befogged editor querulously inquired, "Now which is it, if you please, did my reporter circulate a false account or did Mr. Pemberton really apologize for the award at Hanley?" Until now the judge and reporter remain dumb. Have they been got at? I am sure I can't tell you; as they say in the law, "My lud, this case has been settled out of court." One thing can be relied on and that is Mr. Mouse-heart Pemberton will never be asked to perform again. The Bulldog Club's next show is announced to take place at the Westminster Aquarium in the summer. Mr. Ellis will judge for the first time.

The terrier show in the same place was a glowing success. I got there on the second day and could scarcely get to the benches for the crowd of well-dressed, perfumed and gay *beau monde*. The fox-terriers were a weak lot, somebody picked up a bargain in a first prize wire-hair for £30. I noticed a couple of good mustard dandies, Scotch terriers were not bad but provokingly misjudged by a merryman named Pratt who carried the joke so far as to pluck hairs out of the exhibits' back to examine with a microscope—those that had not three prongs at the root he declared belonged to dogs that

were not thoroughbred; after that fooling looking in the dog's mouth to estimate his breeding by the color of his palate is comparatively quite sensible. The Airedales showed up remarkably well. Among them was a very fair second rater entered at £3; from the opening of the show to the closing hour this terrier furnished a deal of hard labor to the frantic clerk in the office, as everybody who saw the price rushed with the speed of a writ-chased debtor to claim the good thing.

But what a wauderer I am, I hadn't done with Hanley and here I am in the Aquarium; well, back to Hanley for a few words. When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do—so did the Hanley exhibitors. They went to the circus and stopped the performance, they went into the street and stopped the procession, and generally continued to behave themselves "as sich" with contentment to themselves and to the well expressed contempt of a population not over nice in their manners or appearances. It was playing it a few notes too low down.

The smouldering ill-feeling against the ubiquitous all-victorious Mr. S. Boddington at Hanley, burst into a vicious flame. The unbroken successes of his kennel have long soured his rivals and competitors. "He is always on the make," they exclaim, "dogs are not his hobby, he makes a business of them; he's a pot-hunter—look at his prize record; he's a mug-hunter—look at the sales he effects. Oh, this sort of thing won't do for us, its nothing but our Mr. Boddington's who travels for Collic, Collic & Co." Trauslated this earping reads thusly: Mr. B. has judgment and money, by the exercise of a deal of the first and the outlay of a little of the latter he contrives to secure the best dogs which he wins with and sells to a profit, and there is not one of the grumblers who would not do the same if he got the chance. I don't think the progress of the breed much troubles Mr. Boddington, but I do think he involuntarily advances it all the same by putting decent dogs into circulation.

His last offense consists of having "picked up" a good dog at a fair price (£50) that was in a subordinate position at the Crystal Palace. At Hanley this dog beat the C. P. winner, The Squire, and the latter's owner, Mr. Charles, made a scene in the ring and swore the dog was lame, but this not the judge, the vet., nor the onlookers could see. No matter, Mr. Charles who, with Mr. Ashwin and one or two others, is known to subscribe to the mean suspicions of the now infamous and notorious "collie circular," had kept his envious wrath corked long enough, so he let loose his frothy feelings and soon everybody knew that according to Mr. Charles, his successful opponent, Mr. Boddington, squared judges and made the awards safe over night. Every impartial person who examined Rob Roy MacGregor asserted that the lump on his leg, the effect of an old accident, in no way interfered with his level gait, still Mr. Charles was not to be baulked, he had received an anonymous telegram from Birmingham "putting him up to it," that Boddington's new dog was lame; so he deposited his sovereign and the Kennel Club have to consider the objection. When I heard of Mr. Charles's passionate charges against his successful opponent, I remarked it was a great pity all this sneering and snarling among men in the same hobby, a pity that the pursuit of pleasure and prizes should thus make bitter enemies of former friends. "Not a bit of it," I was told, "why, I did hear they shook hands before going to lodge an objection against one another." I gazed at the speaker with despairing incredulity. My brain was softening, as George Sims' (Dagonet) lines ran through my head:

They called one another the vilest of names,
They played one another the shabbiest games,
They ascribed to each other the meanest of aims—
But still they were personal friends.

They struck one another with poker and tongs,
They did one another the cruellest wrongs,
They labelled each other in scandalous songs—
But still they were personal friends.

They stabbed one another with knives in the back,
They tried hard to get one another the sack,
And each put the tecs on the other one's track—
But still they were personal friends.

Each tore out by handfuls the other one's hair,
Each scratched till the other one's cheek-bones were bare,
And each made the other one halloo and swear—
But still they were personal friends.

At last they fell senseless and smothered with gore,
The doctor arrived, and said both were no more;
They had sent one another to Pluto's warm shore—
But still they were personal friends.

LILLIBULERO.

MARCH 27, 1886.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Letters from England to be addressed to "Lillibulero," care of Mr. T. Hambien, 16 The Higher Parade, Leamington.]

DOG SHOW SECRETARIES AND "SPECIALS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

"V. M. H." lately gave some very sound advice on the first of the above subjects, using the late Pittsburgh show as a text, and I feel like enlarging on the same matter. We will all admit that the exhibitor is responsible for the correctness of his entries, that on him rests the onus of seeing that all is in accordance with rule and letter; but does this absolve the secretary from all responsibility? For instance, the premium list clearly sets forth that three wins at shows given "under the auspices of clubs members of the association" are required to qualify for entry in the champion class, and gives a list of clubs members of "this association." It was painfully evident at Pittsburgh that not the least attention had been paid to this by the authorities; entry after entry appeared on the catalogue that did not show sufficient wins to qualify. In one of the champion fox-terrier classes neither of the competitors were eligible!

Now, will it be contended that it is simple honesty for a club to take the money for an entry when the entry form plainly shows that the animal is not eligible under their own rules? and does it help the honesty of the transaction to accept the entry and then shamefully deny their own published rule by refusing the protest that follows, as was done in the St. Bernard puppy class? In other words, are dog show clubs under any obligation of treating exhibitors with common honesty?

I was speaking with the brains of the Pittsburgh Club about their folly in so curtly refusing exhibitors their plain rights to a hearing, when he said, "The right thing to have done was to refuse an entry that was wrong, and not to take a man's money and then beat him out of his winnings." "Brains" is nearly always right, and he was not far from it here; but he fails to recognize the rights that a protesting exhibitor has. I thought there was a purpose to punish Philadelphia exhibitors for their upsetting the show last fall; at all events, I heard more complaints from Philadelphia than from all others.

Your remarks on specials were to the point, but you might have written a book on the ludicrous aspect of the phenomenon. Just think of an Irish water spaniel winning a cooking stove! I twice noticed a fine, jolly looking gentleman studying that wonderful cooking stove that was stuck up on stilts at the entrance to the show in the most prominent position that could be had. After conjuring over the cause of his deep interest in a very small and common looking stove, I came to the conclusion that he was an old bachelor contemplating matrimony and he was studying up on the matter; but I was set right on this before the show closed, by learning that he was an Irish water spaniel fancier; I warrant that he was

wondering what in the world he was going to do with that stove. Then the wonderful variety of articles that foxhound owners had to compete for. I wonder what our jolly squire did with that silk dress, barrel of Rhine wine (made on Troy Hill, Allegheny county), cask of "merline" beer, etc., that he won! The silliness of offering cooking stoves, castors, perfume bottles, bad cigars, etc., as dog show prizes, does not seem to strike the authorities, as "getting specials" seems to be the height of their ambition. The donors of these wonderful collections are not responsible for the foolishness of it, as they are simply dunned to "give a special" and they give something in their line as a bit of cheap and very poor advertising. Surely no exhibitor sends a dog four hundred miles on the inducement of winning a cooking stove, a black silk dress, a cask of "merline" beer (what in the world is that?), a box of toilet soap, one of five ice cream sets, a meerschaum pipe, a brass scone, a lady's umbrella, a piano cover, a horse blanket, a shooting suit (six of these were offered), a pair of shooting boots (this was dead sure not to go two miles from the show building), or any of the many curiosities offered.

In a word, is it not a trifle silly, to call it by the "most tenderest" name, to have 110 classes and 84 specials? or are exhibitors still the fools of yore to be humbugged *ad libitum*?

Of course when I use the word "secretary" I mean the clerical officer or officers of the show, be he secretary, superintendent or plain clerk.

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., April 10.

THE HARTFORD DOG SHOW.

THE inaugural dog show of the Hartford Kennel Club was held at Hartford last week, in the Union Armory. The building is rather small for a large show, and is not well lighted. The benching was patterned after that of New Haven, and as well arranged as possible. The management was first-class in every respect. There were 369 dogs entered of which 44 were absent. Many of the classes were weak in numbers, and with the exception of a few well-known prize winners, some of them were very poor in quality. This was notably the case in the English setter, pointer and spaniel classes. We expected to see a good turn out of pointers and setters, as there are many fine specimens of each breed owned in the State. There was an innovation in the making of a class for red native setters that cannot be too strongly condemned. The principal objects for which dog shows are held are to improve the different breeds of dogs and to educate the public as to the points of merit peculiar to each. How this can be accomplished by making a class and offering prizes for mongrels or even for well bred animals that cannot win a card in their regular class, we fail to understand. Aside from this view of the case it was wrong to make a class for these dogs without due notice to the public, in order that the competition might have been open to all instead of to a select few, as appears to have been the case. We feel sure that the intentions of the managers were of the best, and we also feel sure that upon reflection they will agree with us that the class should have been omitted. The attendance during the show was very good, and we were informed by the secretary, that the club would net at least \$500. This is a very good showing and places Hartford on the list of cities that will support a dog show. Much of the success of the show is due to the untiring effort of the secretary, Mr. A. C. Collins, who has devoted a large amount of labor to the cause. Spratts Patent had the feeding of the dogs. They were well cared for and had plenty of exercise and clean bedding. The judging was nearly all done on the first day, and, except as noted in our comments on the dogs, gave general satisfaction. In some of the cases noted there was considerable talk, but so far as we were able to learn no protests were made. Following is a list of the judges: Pointers, Mr. J. M. Tracy, Greenwich, Conn.; English setters, Mr. J. O. Donner, New York; Irish setters, Mr. W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y.; Gordon setters, Mr. H. C. Glover, New York; beagles, Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn.; trick dogs and retrieving dogs, Mr. B. Waters, Chicago, Ill.; all other classes, Mr. James Mortimer, Babylon, L. I. Veterinary, Mr. H. C. Glover.

MASTIFFS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were fifteen entries in these classes, three of which were absent. Homer, Rosalind and Prussian Princess represented the champions. The winners in the open dog class are well known and were properly placed. Odin, vhc., is just a fair specimen, deficient in head, feet and forelegs. Adyk, placed second to Bal-Gal in the bitch class, is a lengthy specimen of fair type. She is light in bone, faulty in eye, and lacks depth of muzzle. Tamora, the other entry, was absent. The class was correctly placed. Hannibal, looking better than he did at New Haven, but still very light and tucked up, was first in the puppy class for dogs. Guess, placed second, is a very poor specimen, not worth a prize in any company. He has a long, bony head, a peak that would do credit to a bloodhound, crooked forelegs and faulty ears. Rex, c., is faulty in head and ear, light in bone, leggy and lacks substance. He is quite as good as Guess. There were no entries in the bitch class.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Don II. and Leila were alone in the champion classes. Mr. Tucker was the only exhibitor in the open dog class. His dogs were properly placed in order of merit, although Mt. Velan and Seeldan are far behind the others. Flora I., the only entry in the bitch class, is faulty in head and lacks bone and substance. Lodi had the dog puppy class to himself, and Gemme was equally fortunate in the bitch class, but the prize was withheld for want of merit. Duke of Leeds and Gertie represented rough-coated champions, and in the open dog class Merchant Prince was properly placed first. He lacks character in head and is faulty in expression. He is a big, fine dog, not good either in markings or coat, and he stands badly on his forelegs. Bosco II., second prize, was fully described in our report of the Newark show, as was Rudolph II. vhc. Monk Detrich, c., is faulty in head, quarters, eyes, body and color. Prince, vhc., is faulty in back and stily behind. Loyal was absent. Miranda, Lady Athol and Stella were properly placed in the bitch class. The other entry, Barone, was absent. Monk Detrich, c. in the open dog class, was given first prize in the class for dog puppies, and the bitch class did not fill. We have previously expressed our opinion as to how the dogs that were entered in these classes should be placed, so that it would be egotistical to say they were well judged.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were no entries in the champion class, and of the three in the open class we failed to find Tom, and Prince was transferred to the puppy class, leaving Carlo to score a bloodless victory. He is faulty at both ends, but has good body, legs and a fairly good coat. Prince, the only exhibit in the puppy class, was given first prize, and he is evidently a lucky dog.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Mac, as usual, beat Bran in the class for champion dogs, and in the bitch class Lorna II. was alone. The magnificent Chieftain proved an easy winner over Berys III. in the next class, although the last named is by no means a poor specimen. He is too straight from the hocks down, and is not nearly so good as Chieftain either in head, expression, neck or in quarters. Bras, vhc., was badly shown. His ribs are not well sprung, and he is faulty in shoulders and hind parts. His head is fairly good. Bruce, hc., was not worth a card in such company. He is very small and has no coat. Duncan was absent. Of the two bitches shown, Wanda was much the best at all points. Blithe, small and lacking in character and short of coat, was not worth the second prize. There were four entries in the dog puppy class. Braie, given first prize, is not very good in head and his pasterns are light; he may, however,

improve in the latter. King of the Forest is a fairly good puppy; he stands on the best of legs and feet, and is above the average in head, body and coat. Braco, vhc., is faulty in head and rather light in body. Lancer III., hc., is faulty in coat, color and eyes. Ramona was alone in the bitch class. She was on the sick list, but if all goes well with her she will be heard from again. She is a big bitch, of good quality, fairly good in head, body and coat, and excellent in legs and feet. These classes were well judged.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Memnon and Mother Demdike were the entries in the champion classes. Harlequin, described in previous reports, was first in the dog class, Stranger in White coming second. His head is fairly good, but not first-class, he has a good neck and shows his good breeding. He is light in bone and faulty in feet, shallow in body and rather heavy in ears. Notwithstanding the fact that old Ben has been knighted, he was not worth a vhc. card. His mouth is gone and he lacks power at all points. Jack C. is leggy and shows little true greyhound character. Hawthorne Belle, the New Haven winner, was first in the bitch class, followed by Sister in Black. The latter, a racy looking one, is not very good in shoulders, loin, pasterns, or feet. Sorceress, vhc., is a bit light in bone, plain in head and straight from the hocks down, but she is a greyhound. They were properly placed. Stranger in White and Sister in Black took the prizes in the puppy classes, and had no competitors.

POINTERS—(MR. TRACY).

We were much disappointed with the display of pointers, the more so because we had been given to understand that the pointer men would be out in force. Thanks to the Graphic Kennels, four good dogs were shown. There were no entries in the champion classes for heavy weights and in the open dog class Graphic fairly smothered the rest of the class. Taimany was second. There is a wear-and-tear look about him that we like, but he is not quite up to first-class form. Duke of Bergen was absent and Captain Fred was not for competition. Sport, Prince and Shot are not show dogs. In the bitch class Revell III. was much the best. She was described in our Newark report. We saw her gallop at Hartford and did not like her shoulder action. Nell, winner of second, is well-known; Topsy, vhc., lacks character. Robin Adair, the only entry in the champion light weight class, was absent at the time of judging, but came later and was given the prize by the committee. The next class was a very poor one and we agree with the judge that he would have been justified in withholding the prize for want of merit. Bracket scored a one-sided victory. This is a good dog, the best light weight in America. We like him better than either Donald II. or Rush, although he is not so good in tail as either of these dogs. Fritz, Sancho and Game are not show dogs. Only three bitches were shown. Meally's good body and excellent legs, feet and shoulders placed her much ahead of Happy Medium, who is very faulty in legs and feet. Phyllis, vhc., should have been second. She was fully described in our report of the New Haven show. There were only three puppies in the two classes and they are not show dogs.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. DONNER).

These classes were very thin and the quality was below what we have ever seen at a kennel club show. There was not a good one shown in the open classes, and we never remember having seen such a lot of puppies at any show. Rockingham, not looking quite so well as he did last year, was again placed over his old opponents, Plantagenet and Foreman. Modesta, badly shown, was alone in the champion bitch class. Her forelegs are growing more crooked, and she is wider in front than she was. The quality of the next class may be estimated when we say that Mack B. scored an easy win. We sympathized with the judge in his endeavors to find a decent looking specimen for second place, but we cannot indorse the award in favor of Pride. He is a big, coarse, heavy dog of Gordon type, heavy in head, cheeky, throaty, faulty in shoulders, straight from the hocks down, very bad in stifles, and almost as curly in coat as a retriever. Dan, chained next to him, although not noticed, is of the same type and is quite as good. Spot, vhc., should have been second. He does not stand straight on his forelegs, but is better at other points than Pride, and shows some quality. Dashing Prince Regent, faulty in eyes, straight behind and long in loin, was third best. We did not see Lanman's Dan. Vixen III., a strong bitch, plain in head, and faulty in ears and eyes and curly in coat, scored an easy win in the bitch class. Belva, placed second, must be a good felder if she finds a purchaser at catalogue price, \$50. She is snipy, out at the elbows, crooked in forelegs and faulty in ears. Lulu, vhc., was described in our New Haven report. Mistleton, c., should have been higher on the list, although she was shown much too fat. We will not attempt a criticism of the two dog puppies. The prizes should have been withheld. We liked Lulu, in the bitch class, better than Countess Helen. Both were shown at New Haven. Pansy, the best of the three, did not compete.

IRISH SETTERS—(MR. PIERCE).

These classes were well represented, and Mr. Pierce, who made his debut as a judge, handled them in a masterly manner. We were unable to detect a single error of judgment, and the classes were better handled than we have seen in many years. Elcho, Jr., looking fairly well, was alone in the champion dog class, and Noreen and Bella Glenduff did battle for the ladies. Noreen is not nearly so good in front as she was in her younger days, and good bitch that she still is, she is not rangy enough for our liking. Bella Glenduff, a bitch of nice quality, is a trifle light between the couplings and not so good in stifles and thighs as we would like to see; she is also a bit too straight from the hocks down and would do with more bone. She has a nice clean head, straight legs and good feet, and in coat and color she is fit for any company. Of the fifteen entries in the open dog class, one only was absent. Gerald was correctly placed at the head of affairs. He is a big, fine, up-standing dog with rather too much daylight under him, and although his head is above the average, he is rather too flat in skull and small and light in eyes. In shoulders there is room for improvement. His legs, feet, back, loin, coat and color are good, and he was shown in superb condition. Glencaire was not looking his best, but made a good second. He could be improved in "stop," and his ears are not very well carried; he does not stand quite straight on his pins, is rather light in middle and flat in loin and straighter from the hock down than we like to see. In other respects he will do. Glencho's Boy carries his flag too high, is straight from the hocks down and has a moderate head and style. Echo, vhc., was not well shown. He is deficient in skull, muzzle and might be better in hind parts. Patsy, hc., is a useful looking dog, not quite up to show form in head and ears. Garry, hc., is not good in head and is faulty in back, quarters and chest. Robin Kildare is light and weak behind, faulty in head and shallow in chest. Old Elcho was shown in this class, but not for competition. He was looking well and is in excellent condition. Molly Bawn, a bitch of rare substance and quality combined, was first in the bitch class. Her faults, which are few, are well-known to our readers. Lorna, placed second, is not so good in head as her kennel companion, Noreen, and she is too round in barrel and short on the legs. Noreen IV., vhc., has a fairly good head, but she is too high behind, does not stand well on her forelegs, is light in thighs and faulty in tail. Nannie, hc., has a poor head, is light in limb, straight from hocks down, and light in first and second thighs. Her good coat and color got her the card. Noreena, vhc., is too long and is faulty in loin, skull and stop. Her ears are nicely placed and she is good in muzzle and fairly good in other respects. Maud, hc., is faulty in coat, color, eyes, and body. She is fairly good in head, ears, legs and feet. Two dog puppies were shown.

Mickey, placed first, has not improved since he was first shown. He is pretty good in head and bone, but is light between the couplings and faulty in color. Fritz, placed second, is faulty in head, coat and color. This was a poor class. Madcap was much the best of the two bitches shown. Her faults are in muzzle and stop. She is above the average in body, coat, color, legs, feet and strength of limbs.

GORDON SETTERS—(MR. GLOVER).

There were no entries in the champion bitch class, and in the dog class Royal Duke was properly placed over Argus. The former is a good dog; he is rather cheeky, lacks depth of muzzle and is too heavy in neck; he stands on the best of legs and feet, is fairly good in body, and exceptionally good in quarters; in coat, color and markings he will do for any company, and he carries himself very gaily. Flash, winner in the open dog class, is faulty in head and tail, but showed more character than the balance of the class. Gift, second, is of different type; he occupied the same position at New Haven. Koehler's Dash got a letter more than he did at New Haven. The others were a poor lot. Gordon Chloe, first in the bitch class, is a fairly good one, but not a crack; she is faulty in muzzle, stop, color and tail; she was shown much too fat. Heather Lass, vhc., is well known. Maud, hc., is much too leggy and light, and is faulty in color and quarters; her fairly good head won her the card. Two puppy classes failed to draw more than one entry, a very seddy-looking specimen, faulty in skull, muzzle, body and bone. With the exception of an unnecessary distribution of cards, these classes were well handled.

SPANIELS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Nine classes were provided for these dogs, but only fifteen were shown, and the quality was much below the average. Two classes were provided for Clumbers, but there were no entries. Newton Abbot Lady was alone in the champion class for field spaniels, and in the open class Black Beau, Jr., who took first, was opposed by three mongrels, and the other prizes were withheld. Shina was opposed by Brahmin in the champion class for cockers. The bitch scored an easy win. Brahmin should be relegated to the field spaniel class. He lacks cocker character. There were two entries in the open class for dogs and Young Obo won, second prize being withheld. The bitch class was even worse, and of the three entries Miss Nance was the only one present. She is well bred, but is a long way removed from high-class form. The two dog puppies are not up to show form. Three bitches made a better class, and Black Flash was much the best. He is fairly good in body and legs, but might be improved in head and eyes. Dot, hc., was not worth a card. She is a weedy specimen, faulty in head and ears. The judge could not have felt complimented by the entries in these classes.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Five foxhounds were shown and all received notice. Lady Stewart was placed first. She is not so good Rackett, winner of second. The others are good looking animals, but not of the type called for by the standard. All of them are heavier than the average New England hound and all looked like workmen.

BEAGLES—(MR. ELMORE).

There were twenty-one beagles entered with only one absent. Little Duke was alone in the champion class over 12 inches. In the open dog class first went to Triller. This dog was ruled out at Philadelphia last fall as being over 15 inches. Mr. Elmore, however, after m-asuring him, decided that he was within the limit. As we have before remarked of him, he is a useful-looking, well made dog. He was not in the best of condition. Leader, placed second, was the only one in the class that is unquestionably under 15 inches. Tony Weller, vhc., looks decidedly above the limit, he is also too long in body and light in muzzle. He stands straight on the best of legs and feet. Flute L. c., is nearer 17 than 15 inches. He is fairly well formed. In the bitch class the decision at Boston was properly reversed and Twinkle won over Chase. Silver received the same award as at Boston while Vixen received one more letter and Midget two. March Boy I., was alone in the dog class under 12 inches. In the bitch class first went to Magnet, a very pretty little bitch, with the sweetest head that we ever saw on a small beagle; she is a trifle out at elbow, a bit long in body, and has flat open feet, for this reason we preferred Ruby for the place; she is not quite so good in head and is also a trifle out at elbow, but she has a good body with capital legs and feet and a good tail. In the puppy class first went to Snowflake, a nicely made puppy; her worst fault is a much too fine muzzle. Belle, winner of second, has a good head and is well formed, but she is not quite straight on her forelegs.

DACHSHUNDE—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were but two dachshunde shown. Rubenstein, the winner, is a long way ahead of anything we have seen recently; he is fit to win in any company. Judy, placed second, had the same position at Boston.

BASSET HOUNDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

The only entry, Canace, was absent.

FOX-TERRERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

The judging of these classes caused much dissatisfaction and we do not remember having seen so many blunders committed at any previous show. Fennel scored an easy win over the spitz-headed and woolly Pelgrave Primrose, and in the bitch class Richmond Olive had a very easy win, being better than Diana in coat, back, loin, quarters, legs, feet and bone. The open dog class was a fairly good one and the judge placed upon his book the following rather astounding statement: "An exceedingly fine class. Probably nowhere in England has so much quality been seen in one class." We can assure the judge there was a better class at Birmingham more than ten years ago when Tyke was first and Foiler second. Splauger could not be compared with either of these dogs and could not have taken a card in such company. This dog is sadly overrated and is a very ordinary specimen. He is faulty in muzzle, ears, skull, eyes, ribs, back, loin and quarters, and is very deficient in terrier character. Bacchanal, placed second, is a terrier all over and was much the best dog in the class. We are not at all certain that Richmond Olive can beat him and must reserve our opinion on that until we see the dogs side by side. Shovel, vhc., should have been second. He is a bit cheeky and wide in front and his ears do not lay close enough to the head, but he stands on capital legs and feet, has a good coat and shows that indispensable requisite—"character." Baby Jack, hc., is getting too light of flesh and needs rest. Scarsdale, growing coarse, was in his proper place. Valet, vhc., is a good terrier and deserved his card. Stableford Joe, hc., should have been vhc. and Nick, vhc., got more than he deserved. He is fairly good in legs and feet, but is light in middle, full in body and faulty in expression. Nina, vhc., in the bitch class, should have been first. Marguerite, placed first, is not nearly so good looking as we expected to find her. She is too cheeky and round in skull, wide in front, does not carry her ears very well, and would do with more bone. Cornwall Duchess, second prize, was first at Newark. We like her quite as well as Marguerite. Warren Winsome is very long cast and was shown in wretched condition. She should not have been noticed. Thistle, vhc., was overrated; she is too large and is faulty in head, coat and chest. Diadem, Jaunty and Hollywood Lyra were absent. Nobby, placed first in the dog puppy class and catalogued as weighing 16 pounds, is very much too large for a puppy. Tansy, c., is a better terrier; he is not so good in head, out is shorter on the legs, of better size, and surpasses Nobby in body, legs and feet. Ulster Joe is faulty in feet, ears and head. Richmond Tyrant, second prize, excels in legs, feet and bone, but is cheeky, heavy in the ears and long cast. Dunrobin, hc., is much too big for a

puppy. Allspice was much the best of the bitches, but Blenheim Marigold, placed second, should not have been noticed. She is a monkey faced specimen, with prick ears, and is faulty in quarters; her legs and feet are good. Blenheim Thyme, c., is better than Marigold. These dogs are owned by Mr. August Belmont, Jr. Blue Belle, vhc., should have been second. She is fairly good in head, has plenty of bone, and is above the average in body. She does not stand quite straight on her pins, but will improve in this respect. Peep Bo, hc., is also better than the second-prize winner. Her faults are in head, ears and legs. Of the ten bitches entered in this class six only were shown. Trophy was the only wire-haired terrier entered. He is a fairly good dog, rather wide in front and light in bone.

COLLIES—(MR. MORTIMER).

In the class for champion dogs, Ben Nevis was very properly placed over Roy-boy. They are well-known. Lady of the Lake was alone in the bitch class. The open dog class was a poor one. Bonnie Dunkeld, the winner, is a useful looking dog, not quite up to first-class form in head, body, coat, legs, feet or tail. Oscar II., second prize, is faulty in eyes, ears, hocks and shoulders. King Bruce, vhc., is faulty in ears and tail and his coat is not straight. Rab, hc., is not worth a card in any company. He is bad at almost every points and it was with difficulty he moved around the ring. Lass O' Lowrie, faulty in head, ears, tail and coat, was first in the bitch class. The others did not deserve notice and are not show dogs. A bad lot. Two dog puppies were shown. Tramp, awarded first prize, was purchased by the judge for the Hempstead Farm Co., before the class was passed on; at least we were so informed by the person in charge of him. He is faulty in head, eyes and shoulders. Frank, second prize, is faulty in head but has a better coat than Tramp. Four bitches were shown, and of these Janet was correctly placed first. Popsie, vhc., is rather soft in coat, but is a better bitch than Gladys, winner of second. Madge, c., is a very poor specimen, not worth a card in any company.

BULLDOGS—(MR. MORTIMER).

These classes were well represented, and the prize winners are all known to our readers. The classes were well handled.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Victoria and Grand Duke were the entries in the champion class for heavy weights. The prize was given to Victoria, but we think Grand Duke the better dog. There were four entries in the open class, and Count again took the blue ribbon. Grand Duchess, placed second, should have been first; she is better at both ends than Count, and, barring a trifle too much length in body, not much fault can be found with her. The others were outclassed. Little Maggie, rather stouter all over than Little Nell, beat her; it is a close thing between them; both are faulty in head and eyes, and Maggie has the best of it in legs and feet, while Nell is much the best in tail. White Violet, first at New Haven, was the only puppy shown.

BLACK AND TAN, ROUGH-HAIRIED, DANDIE DINMONT, IRISH, BEDLINGTON, SKYE, YORKSHIRE AND TOY TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There was only one entry in the black and tan terrier classes; a moderate specimen that was described in our Newark report. The prizes were withheld in the rough-haired terrier class. Two Dandies were shown and were placed as at New Haven. The only Irish terrier entered was absent, and there were no Bedlingtons on view. Of the four Skyes entered only one, Highland Nellie, was deserving of notice; she is faulty in head, ears and coat. Five Yorkshires were shown in the two classes, but none of the winners are good in either coat or color. Brighty, one of Mr. Dan O'Shea's half Irish and half Scotch (a good cross) was the only entry.

PUGS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Bradford Ruby, in grand trim, was alone in the champion class. Four of the five entries turned up in the open dog class, and a poor lot they were. Mr. Mortimer got things badly mixed. Puck, the first prize winner, was catalogued as weighing 20 pounds. We should say he weighed nearer 30 pounds. He does not show the slightest particle of pug character, has a long, wolfish head, and stands like a bulldog in front. He should not receive notice in any pug class. Dude, placed second, is a much smaller dog, although he is catalogued as weighing 30 pounds. He is a plain animal, faulty all over, and should not have been noticed. Thunder, vhc., and Dick, hc., were the only pugs in the class. The former should have scored a very easy win. While he is not a good one, he is worth all the other dogs in the class. Dick was second at Newark.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. MORTIMER).

King Pippin was alone in the class for Blenheims, and Roscius had the King Charles class to himself. These dogs are well known.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Me Too, Judge and Nellie were the entries in this class, and they were placed as at New Haven.

MISCELLANEOUS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Four equal first prizes were awarded in the heavy weight class to Sir Lucifer, an English bob-tail sheep dog (first at New Haven), Black Bess, a poor specimen of the English retriever, Nestor, a bloodhound (first at New Haven), and Mollie, a fair Irish water spaniel, faulty in eyes. Onomoo, another Irish water spaniel, was given vhc. This dog is faulty in head, tail and forelegs, and has some white on the chest. Gyp, hc., should not have been noticed. He is a very poor specimen, and a class was provided for mastiffs. There were two entries in the light weight class. First was given to Charlie, a Prince Charles spaniel, faulty in muzzle, short in coat, feather and frill, and too heavily marked. Cuckitt, placed second, should not have been noticed in this class. He is a toy terrier, and a class was provided for the breed.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Minnie, placed first and catalogued as weighing 7½ pounds, is too heavy, and is faulty in body and quarters. The New Haven winner was second. The others were outclassed.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Several mistakes were made in the distribution of these prizes. We have always said of Merchant Prince that he is a good dog, but he is not nearly so good as Duke of Leeds. The latter shows much more character, has a much grander head and expression, stands better on his legs, and is infinitely superior in coat, color and markings. Merchant Prince stands a trifle higher at the shoulder, and carries his tail better, but such points should never be allowed to outweigh the more important characteristics of the breed. We feel sure that if the judge will again examine the two dogs, he will agree with us that Duke of Leeds is vastly superior to Merchant Prince. Memnon begins to show age, and we agree with Mr. Mortimer in placing Mother Demdike first. The deerhound puppy prize should have gone to Ramona instead of Braie. Lady Stewart was not the best foxhound shown, and Grand Duchess should have won the special for the best bull-terrier. There were a dozen better fox-terrier dogs than Splaunger. The prize should have gone to Bacchanal. Mr. Thayer and Mr. Belmont showed better kennels than the Messrs. Rutherford.

ADDITIONAL AWARDS.

Robin Adair won champion prize in small pointer dog class. The Irish setters that came first on the list published last week should have read, "Red Native Setters" in foxhounds. F. C. Clark's Tip was very high com., F. W. Rossiter's Rock, Jr., and Pinto were high com. and com.

BEAGLES.—OVER 12IN.—CHAMPION: A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Little Duke.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, H. F. Schellhass's Tracker; 2d, A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Leader. Very high com. W. H. Child's Tony Weller. High com., E. E. & H. W. Lord's Flute L.

In pug puppies, first prize was given to E. C. Vander's unnamed. In baset hounds, Canace, the only entry, was absent. In miscel-

laneous large class, F. R. Gildersleve's Black Bess was equal first in kind of S. Scoville's Jack, and W. Ehlers's Onomoo was very high com. In the small class, Cuckitt was first and Charlie second.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

MASTIFFS.—Best kennel, Winlawn Kennel. Best pair, Homer and Prussian Princess; best American bred, Homer; best dog or bitch, Prussian Princess.

ST. BERNARDS.—Rough-coated: best dog or bitch, Merchant Prince; best bitch, Miranda; smooth-coated, best dog or bitch (two), Lella; best puppy, Loni; best in open classes, Apollo.

GREYHOUNDS.—Best kennel, H. W. Smith; best dog or bitch, Mother Demdike.

POINTERS.—Best kennel, Graphic Kennel; best dog or bitch, Graphic; best in open classes, Graphic; best small, Bracket.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Best kennel, Blackstone Kennel; best dog or bitch, Cockingham; best dog in open class, Mack B.; best bitch in open class, Vixen III.; best with field trial record, Foreman; best brace, Foreman and Plantagenet.

GORDON SETTERS.—Best dog or bitch (three), Royal Duke; best puppy, Fly.

IRISH SETTERS.—Best kennel, Dr. Wm. Jarvis; best dog or bitch (two), Elcho Jr.; best bitch, Molly Bawn; best red native setter, Josie.

BEAGLES.—Best kennel, A. H. Wakefield & Co.; best over twelve inches, Twinkle; best under twelve inches (two), March Boy and Magnet scored the same.

TERRIERS.—Best kennel, J. E. Thayer; best in open classes, Chit-fain; best puppy, Bracie.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Best bull terrier (three), Count; best bitch, Grand Duchess.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Best exhibit, L. & W. Rutherford; best kennel, L. & W. Rutherford; best dog or bitch, Richmond Olive; best in open class, Splaunger; best American bred, Nina.

COLLIES.—Best dog or bitch (two), Ben Nevis; best bitch, Lady of the Lake; best puppy, Tramp; best bob-tailed, Sir Lucifer.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Best dog or bitch, Shina; best bitch Shina; best in open class, Young Obo; best bitch puppy, Susette. B-st-for bound, Lady Stewart. Best kennel bulldogs, J. E. Thayer; best in open class, Bellona. Best pug, Bradford Ruby; best in open class, Lady Flossie. Largest dog, Merchant Prince. Best Mexican hairless, Me Too; second best, Judge. Best King Charles spaniel, Roscius. Best Skye terrier, Highland Nellie. Best retriever, W. Tallman's Flash.

THE BUFFALO DOG SHOW.

[From a special correspondent.]

Editor Forest and Stream.

The dog show held here this week under the auspices of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has been a great success financially, and the Society have realized a handsome amount. The building is commodious and the management was first-class. The weather was delightful, and immense crowds attended the show. There were 235 entries; many of them were ordinary specimens, although there were quite a number of fairly good animals shown. There were some fair mastiffs, a few middling St. Bernards, one good Newfoundland, a few fair setters, two or three good pointers and two nice collies. There was a fine display of greyhounds and foxhounds. The terriers were a mixed lot with few well-bred ones, except two good Dandies. The judges were Messrs. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich., and John Hammond, Thorald, Ont. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, Buffalo Hat Manufacturing Co.'s Hero; 2d, J. D. Wilson's Prince; 3d, J. S. Metcalf's Giant. Bitches: 1st, G. S. Metcalf's Vic; 2d, G. S. Metcalf's Lady Nelson. Puppies: 1st, Little D. Milburn's Max; 2d, E. E. Welch's Ward; 3d, Gustav Fleischmann's Romeo.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, H. Schifferin's Barry; 2d, C. Ransom's Pius; 3d, A. Meldrum's Hero. Bitches: 1st, A. Meldrum's Leo; 2d, O. S. Laycock's Maida. Puppies: 1st, G. I. Williams's Reginald; 2d, R. Evans, Jr.'s, Bruce II.; 3d, C. F. Kopp's Nora.—SMOOTH COATED—Bitches: 1st, J. P. Davis's Beatrix.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, G. Barrett's Rich; 2d, Miss A. Powell's Neptune.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, A. S. Wasburne's Nellie; 2d, Ph. Horu's Lucy; 3d, F. Stettenbenz's Belle.

POINTERS.—Dogs: 1st, J. Koch's Jeff; 2d, L. D. Rumsey's Doncaster 3d, O. G. Prince of Orange. Puppies: 1st, Omega's Print; 2d, E. H. Rounds's Spot; 3d, G. W. Kilbourn's Budde.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, T. S. Coburn's Noble Philip; 2d, B. B. Laising's Lord Lynwood; 3d, H. H. Smith's Rex Hydrogen. Bitches: 1st, L. D. Rumsey's Belle; 2d, H. M. Clay's Fannie. Puppies: 1st, H. M. Clay's Fannie.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—Dogs: C. R. Wilson's Glenn; 2d, J. S. Metcalf's Grouse; 3d, T. S. Clark's Don Gordon. Bitches: 1st, J. S. Metcalf's Josephine; 2d, F. W. Caulkins's Beauty Gordon; 3d, E. Fleming's Belle. Puppies: 1st, G. Beistein's Snap; 2d, R. P. Wilson's Bruce; 3d, G. Fleischmann's Dasi.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, F. A. Bell's Brakeman; 2d, F. A. Bell's Conductor; 3d, F. Sibley's Don. Bitches: 1st, G. Fleischmann's Belle. Puppies: 1st, J. W. Brown's Sultan; 2d, T. C. Welch's Mugwump; 3d, G. H. Field's Fred.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, S. Somerville's Pete; 2d, C. M. Graves's Milo; 3d, W. M. Enos's Sport.

FIELD SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR EXCEPT CLUMBERS—Dogs: 1st, Charles D. Marshall's Rex; 2d, Park Kennel's Con; 3d, Park Kennel's Dot. Bitches: 1st, J. W. Harrington's Anna Flint; 2d, R. W. Metcalf's Lady; 3d, Harvey H. Johnson's Fan.

COCKER SPANIELS.—BLACK—Dogs: 1st, Chas. E. Lewis's Sambo; 2d, H. E. Philip's Sport. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Charles E. Lewis's Black Diana and Topper. BLACK PUPPIES.—1st, Charles C. Hampel's Jack; 2d, Rev. J. W. Brown's Jet.—ANY OTHER COLOR—Dogs: 1st, James P. White, Jr.'s Fritz. Bitches: 1st, James C. Evans's Venus; 2d, S. H. Cowles's Flora. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Charles C. Hampel's Speed and Flora.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st and 2d, John D. Kamman's Tramp and Lady K.; 3d, W. D. Dieffenbach's Ratler.

BEAGLES.—Dogs: 1st, C. C. Ruppel's Trimmer. Bitches: 1st, Park Kennel's Tiny. Puppies: 1st, Mrs. Matthew Waser's Ginger.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, A. P. Wright's Brownie; 2d, G. Fleischmann's Charlie; 3d, L. D. Rumsey's Ned. Bitches: 1st, J. G. Milburn's Fox; 2d, H. Hamlin's Judy. Puppies: 1st, J. N. Stevenson's Topsy; 2d and 3d, H. B. Cilley's Jack and Jill.

COLLIES.—Dogs: 1st, Dr. B. Fellwell's Bruce; 2d, A. F. Payne's —; 3d, A. Meldrum's Roy. Puppies—1st, Julia T. Sherman's Roderick Dhu.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, J. N. Powell's Patsy; 2d, H. J. McCartney's Jim; 3d, W. W. Miller's Sam.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, W. E. Cameron's —; 2d, R. and F. Inglehart's Daisy; 3d, Mrs. E. C. W. O'Brien's Fly.

ROUGH-HAIRIED TERRIERS.—1st, Grace Fobush's Leo; 2d, A. W. Horton's Buzz.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, W. Harrington's Bargo.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, J. Rae's Bobbie Burns; 2d, Mrs. J. Rae's Elsie.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, J. E. Marshall's Denis; 2d, D. McIntosh's Jesse; H. C. Laverack's —.

PUGS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. L. Doty's Bobbie Shafto; 2d, Mrs. Townsend Davis's Fritz; 3d, Mrs. L. Doty's Spirit. Bitches: 1st, Gustav Fleischmann's Beauty. Puppies: 1st, Mrs. A. J. Wright's Bunch; 2d, Mrs. C. Daniels's Towser; 3d, Sister Louise's Gipsy.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. W. P. Henry's Buzz-fuz; 2d, C. B. Cook's Nellie; 3d, P. C. Cornell's Crab.

BLenheim SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. C. F. Bingham's Daisy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Mrs. S. N. Hayton's Beauty; 2d, Marjorie N. Noye's Roscoe; 3d, M. W. Kammerer's Roxey.

POODLES.—GERMAN—First, Julius Dorn's Nellie; 2d, Julius Dorn's Bruno; 3d, Richard John's Curly. FRENCH—1st, J. S. Williams's Pinky.

GREAT DANES.—1st, Gustav Fleischmann's Jack; 2d, Agnes Loeh feld's Jessie; 3d, N. P. Hickley's Turk.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, N. A. Dane's Mexican hairless dog Jip; 2d, Frank Mauermann's Spitz; 3d, Annie Gail's Colonel Witzelben.

ST. LOUIS DOG SHOW.—Editor Forest and Stream: The judges selected for our show are: Major J. M. Taylor, Cleveland, O., pointers, English setters, hounds and beagles; Mr. W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y., Irish and Gordon setters; Mr. J. H. Naylor, Chicago, Ill., all other classes. The entries are coming in fast. We have nearly one hundred special prizes so far, with more coming in daily. Please announce that entries close May 8.—GEO. MUNSON, Manager.

THE FOX-TERRIER CLUB'S COAT OF ARMS.

BELOW will be found the coat of arms of the Fox-Terrier Club. The design is neat and appropriate. The legend



was undoubtedly suggested by a judge of the breed just after deciding upon the merits of a well-matched brace.

ENTRIES FOR THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—The entries for the New York dog show number 995. The different classes are represented by 45 mastiffs, 85 St. Bernards, 12 Newfoundlands, 14 Great Danes, 25 greyhounds, 15 deerhounds, 85 pointers, 93 English setters, 37 black and tan setters, 65 Irish setters, 77 spaniels, 15 foxhounds, 27 beagles, 4 baset hounds, 7 dachshunde, 86 fox-terriers, 100 collies, 21 bulldogs, 24 bull-terriers, 6 black and tan terriers, 2 hard-haired, 3 Dandie Dinmont, 4 Irish, 8 Bedlington, 7 Skye, 19 Yorkshire and 8 toy terriers, 28 pugs, 16 King Charles, 3 Blenheim, 5 Japanese, 10 Prince Charles and ruby spaniels, 6 Italian greyhounds, 15 poodles and 18 miscellaneous.

DOG SHOW AT WILKESBARRE.—Wilkesbarre, Pa., April 20, 1886.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Ninth Regiment, N. G. P., have decided to give a bench show of dogs in connection with their fair, to be held in this city May 25, 26 and 27. Entries to close May 15. Mr. James Watson has kindly consented to act as judge, and will handle most of the classes. It is expected that Mr. W. F. Streeter, of Lehigh Tannery, will judge some classes, and that R. M. Lindsay, Esq., of Scranton, will also officiate. Although rather late in the season, it is hoped that this show may receive such support as will contribute to the increase of the armory fund, and encourage the admirers of dogs in this section to make it a permanent institution.—W. H. TUCK, Secretary.

VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION OF NEW JERSEY.—At a meeting held a few days ago at Morristown, Dr. Wm. B. E. Miller, of Camden, was re-elected president, and Dr. Wm. Herbert Lowe, of Paterson, State Veterinary Surgeon, was re-elected secretary. The Association is incorporated under the act of the Legislature for the promotion of veterinary science and art, and has already done much in advancing the interests of the profession throughout the State of New Jersey.

BEAGLE SPECIAL AT PITTSBURGH.—Cleveland, O., April 15.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your list of awards of the Pittsburgh show you give champion Bannerman the prize for the best beagle under 12 inches. Will you please correct that, as Mrs. C. E. White's beagle bitch Bonnie won it.—MRS. C. E. WHITE.

SETTER DOG LOST.—Strayed or stolen on March 30, a large white and orange English setter dog. Orange head and ears, large orange spot on back and small one on side. A liberal reward will be paid for information that will lead to his return. Address C. A. Tuttle, Newmarket, N. H.

THE CLEVELAND DOG SHOW.—There are three hundred and forty entries for the dog show to be held at Cleveland next week.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them. Sets of each form (300), bound, for retaining duplicates, sent postpaid, 30c.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks. Duchess. By City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., for silver fawn pug bitch, whelped March 16, 1886, by Little Duke (Gallant-Gipsy) out of Lady Cloudy (Max-Lady Flora).

Lady Claire. By City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., for silver fawn pug bitch, whelped March 16, 1886, by Little Duke (Gallant-Gipsy) out of Lady Cloudy (Max-Lady Flora).

Nina. By City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., for silver fawn pug bitch, whelped March 16, 1886, by Little Duke (Gallant-Gipsy) out of Lady Cloudy (Max-Lady Flora).

Ko-Ko. By City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., for silver fawn pug dog, whelped March 16, 1886, by Little Duke (Gallant-Gipsy) out of Lady Cloudy (Max-Lady Flora).

Lulu. By City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., for silver fawn pug bitch, whelped March 16, 1886, by Little Duke (Gallant-Gipsy) out of Lady Cloudy (Max-Lady Flora).

Waverly Daisy. By J. W. Rushforth, Yonkers, N. Y., for orange and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May, 1885, pedigree unknown.

Mertin. By Thos. Jackson, Metuchen, N. J., for black and white ticked Llewellyn setter dog, whelped Nov. 11, 1885, by Gun (A.K.R. 1338) out of Morning Star (A.K.R. 1541).

Marked-Eyed Kitt. By Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., for white bull-terrier bitch, whelped March 14, 1886, by Dutch (J. Dutch-Nell) out of Nellie (Rebel-Kitt II).

Dutchman. By Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., for white bull-terrier dog, whelped March 14, 1886, by Dutch (J. Dutch-Nell) out of Nellie (Rebel-Kitt II).

Jingo. By E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., for fawn Italian greyhound dog, whelped Feb. 7, 1886, by imported Duke out of Nellie (Silk Socks-Naughty).

Glen Arma. By E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., for lemon belton English setter dog, whelped Jan. 29, 1886, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Armida (Leiceser-Pocahontas).

Owen. By Clarence Sackett, Rye, N. Y., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 4, 1885, by Snap (Chief-Tilley) out of Di.

Shela. By Lynn Kennels, Lynn, Mass., for liver-cocker spaniel bitch, whelped March 30, 1886, by Beau (E. 9,278) out of Bessie Obo (Obo II)—Hornell Ruby.

John and Lady B. By Lynn Kennels, Lynn, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitches, whelped March 30, 1886, by Beau (E. 9,278) out of Bessie Obo (Obo II)—Hornell Ruby.

Beaumont. By Lynn Kennels, Lynn, Mass., for black and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 30, 1886, by Beau (E. 9,278) out of Bessie Obo (Obo II)—Hornell Ruby.

Mark C. By Henry Bass, Augusta, Ga., for lemon belton Laverack setter dog, whelped Nov. 30, 1885, by Harry S. (A.K.R. 224) out of Mary Belle III (A.K.R. 1373).

Birdie Croxeth. By J. W. Houghton, Milwaukee, Wis., for liver, white and ticked pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 3, 1885, by Royal Croxeth (Croxeth-Countess Rival) out of Birdie (King Bow-Chess).

Jobo. By C. S. Davol, Warren R. I., for solid black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 29, 1885, by Obo II (A.K.R. 432) out of Darkie (A.K.R. 250).

American Cocker Kennels. By Wm. West, Camden, N. J., for his cocker spaniel kennels.

BRED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks. Bess-Bradford Ruby. R. W. Maguire's (Milwaukee, Wis.), pug bitch Bess (Napoleon-Beauty) to City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (Lovat-Jenny), Jan. 16.

Lady Duke. By City View Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Lady Cloudy (Max-Lady Flora) to Little Duke (Gallant-Gipsy), Jan. 16.

Beauty-Master Tragedy. City View Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Beauty (Hecksher-Daisy) to their Master Tragedy (Max-Lady Flora), March 9 and 12.

Pinkey-Bradford Ruby. T. H. Adams's (Pawtucket, R. I.) pug bitch Pinkey (Elcho-Racket) to City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (Lovat-Jenny), March 21.

PIGEON TOURNAMENT POSTPONED.—Ottawa, April 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am directed by the Committee to advise you that owing to the difficulty they have experienced in procuring a sufficient quantity of live birds, the pigeon tournament advertised to be held in this city on May 4 next, has been postponed until June 23 next.—W. L. CAMERON, Secretary of Committee.

Our arrangements for the night were easily made. I unpacked the canteens, made the beds in them and set the tents in them, while Undine made a fire, boiled coffee, fried bacon and eggs and cooked hot cakes. Then, by the time I had laid a piece of tarpaulin on the ground and set the tin dishes on it, we were both ready for our dinner, which seldom took the cook more than half an hour to prepare. The dinner over, I washed the dishes in the usual way and hung them up in the sack to dry.

Scarcely had I finished when a few large drops of rain fell, and we noticed that the black cloud had spread itself nearly over us, and its edges were whirling about in an ominous manner. Undine's tent being waterproofed, he simply weighted the edges down by tying rocks thereto, and then turned in to wait for the storm to wreak its fury on my devoted head. Borrowing his rubber blanket, I tied it over the top of my tent in the same way that he had secured the edges of his tent, and then ran guy ropes from the mammoos to the ground and fastened them to pegs, so that the canoe might not be blown over by the fury of the wind. The rain was not long in commencing, and we heard a tremendous roaring in the

back of us. Ere I could get under shelter a gust of wind tossed my hat into the river and sent me under my tent in a hurry, without waiting to see what was coming to come next. It seems to us as we look back that everything came next—tornado, hail, rain, with flying sticks and leaves, in a way that would amply fulfil the alarming prognostications of a dyspeptic weather prophet. The canoe rocked and the tent flapped in the wind as fast as the sails of a schooner. The violence of the gusts there was a drop of wet that entered either one of the canoes; and Undine, at the risk of having his scalp blown off, stuck his head out to ask if it was not glorious, to which I replied that it was—inside, and then proceeded to enjoy a smoke, to show that I appreciated my immunity from the attacks of the elements. Undine followed my example, as I could see by the smoke of his pipe. The last of the gusts of wind was the fiercest, and the tent on the lee side, and as he was on that side we could carry on a conversation quite easily through the intervening bad weather.

The storm continued until about 7 in the evening, when, with a final dash of hail that sent a chill through us, it ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and we gladly crawled out of our nests, to make a fire and get something warm in our stomachs. The sand and gravel held no moisture and was dry almost as soon as the rain ceased to fall, so that it did the firewood service so efficiently that the rain had no power to retard it. In fact, the contrast the flames burned all the brighter by contrast with the leaden sky that hung over us like a seamless dome, muffling all sound. We gathered a large store of drift, and after we had heated some coffee, piled up the fire until it illuminated the whole camp; which had been gradually swallowed up in the gathering darkness. Having drunk our coffee, Undine determined to go to the sugar-bush to get some of the berries, and I followed her across the river to the little island, behind which the current had carried us in the afternoon. There he set the traps in the most likely places, and then came back to camp to bake bread, as he said that he would be unable to obtain any for the next few days. I was not deeply interested in the bread making process as I knew nothing about it and Undine did, or at least he said he did. So I went to my truck and opened up my ummoleg, and found that I reserved a few of the berries coming to the water, and a few of the Talisman far into the middle watch, each time for flour I presumed, and by the looks of the bread next day, it must have been so.

The next morning I awoke early, a most unusual thing for me, and found the reason for it was that I had been almost eaten alive by mosquitoes, my face being of the complexion of a rare beef-tack. However we were getting into the mosquito country and I had to make up my mind to take my chances. If it was not for the mosquitoes, we had allowed the mosquitoes to inflict themselves upon us, was enough to repay all damage done by them. Without waiting to dress we got up to look about. The storm of the day before had cleared the air and brightened every leaf, while the birds, appreciating the beautiful day, that nature had assumed to greet us with, had their songs. I thank God for the morning's combat with the increasing warmth of the sun, was too much to be resisted, so tossing off our shirts, we sprang into the river simultaneously, and there swam and ducked each other like two schoolboys. The sun had been up for half an hour before we were willing to leave the water, and it was high time for us to get under way. After disposing of our coffee and hot cakes, we put an allowance of coffee in a bottle and some cold quail and hard tack in a handy place to the canoes, as this was to constitute our lunch, thereby saving one ston. There being not the slightest indication of a breeze, we racked all sails and spars below and went on in for a hard day's trading, as it was so hot in the forenoon the town of Olmito that night, and in order to do it we would have to work until after dark any way.

We first crossed the river to where the traps had been set the night before, and were disappointed to find nothing but two coons in them, although there were other signs all round. We did not wait to skin the animals then, but knocked them on the heads, and, as we thought, killed them, and then threw them, traps and all, into the Undine. Shortly after we started down stream one of the coons gave unmistakable signs of life, and when the captain of the tramp and I jumped overboard, he jumped overboard, and the blood-curdling snarl and jumped overboard, taking his trap with him, and disappeared beneath the water. Just as we were giving up all hope of seeing him again, he came to the surface nearly a hundred feet down the river, swimming for dear life. We immediately gave chase, and the coon, although hampered by the weight of the tramp and wounded as he was, still managed to give us a lively race. We finally intercepted him and he was then disheartened by a blow from the captain's oar. We missed him, but he was not far off, and he would come in, too, suddenly we started in an impromptu race of the "go as you please" variety, the one who kept it up the longest to be the winner. Some curious deviations of the lower channel sometimes sent the surface current diagonally across from bank to bank, leaving the water almost motionless on one side while it ran like a mill race on the other. This gave a pleasing uncertainty to the race which it would not have possessed if we had only our own strength to rely on. Sometimes one of us would be well ahead, then all of a sudden, his opponent would pass him, and then all of a sudden his opponent lay flat at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour. After half an hour's hard work we remained still unknosed as to which was the faster.

The heat was now getting intolerable. I was wearing nothing but a sleeveless jersey and a pair of light duck trousers with stockings and slippers; on my head a linen hat with a moderately broad brim. Undine was attired in the same costume and had his feet bare, so that he could stick them over the deck into the water when he felt so disposed. The result was that he got a terrible sunburning which spoiled his morals every time he mentioned it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CANOE EXHIBITION.—A meeting will be held on Friday next at the Harvard Rooms, to complete all arrangements, and on Saturday the exposition will open. Everything points to a large display, and to accommodate the visitors the exhibition will be continued until the 15th inst. The exhibition will be a most interesting one, canoeing will be represented and an opportunity afforded to novices and those unfamiliar with canoeing, to obtain all information about the sport. Yachtmen and rowing men are especially invited to visit the exhibition, which is situated at the corner of the Fifth and Sixth avenues, and see just what the mosquito's feel is composed of.

THE CALLA SHASTA CAMP - The programme for the races on Monday is as follows: At 9:30 A. M., paddling race, half mile and turn; 10:30 A. M., tandem paddling race, half mile and turn; 11 A. M., hand paddling race, 200yds.; 11:30 A. M.; novice sailing race; 1 P. M., sailing race, no limit to rig or hulls; 2:30 P. M., sailing race, no limit to rig or hulls; 3 P. M., sailing race, no limit to rig or hulls; 3:30 P. M., standard race, 200yds.; 4 P. M., open sailing race; 5 P. M., consolation race, sailing and paddling. The prizes will be two in each event, and will be flags.

WISCONSIN RIVERS - We have received the following answer to the inquiry published last week: "Oshkosh, Wis., April 10. To get into the Fox River from Winneconne you will have to go down the Wolf River for about three miles. The mouth of the Fox is on the right side. There is a canal from the Fox to Wisconsin River about two miles long, which you will easily find. If you come to Oshkosh before starting we will give you maps and all necessary information, having made the trip twice. - FRANK HELLARD "

THE KENNEBEC AND DEAD RIVERS—A correspondent asks the following questions: can any of our readers in Maine answer them for him? What is the state of the Kennebec River from Augusta to the carrying place, and is it suitable for a canoe or is it all rapids? About where and how long is the shortest carry between the south branch of the Dead River and Lake Quossoc; on Farrar's latest map there is no carry marked?

A. C. A.—Messrs. R. S. Hubbard, Philadelphia, and E. N. Barstow, Boston, are proposed for membership. The name of Mr. Geo. Brown, Ottawa, lately published, was an error. It should read Geo. Burn. The programme and rules for the coming meet are now ready and will be published in pamphlet form for distribution, as was done last year.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

A WINTER IN CENTRAL AMERICA AND MEXICO. By Helen J. Sanborn. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 321 pp., price \$1.50.

DOWN THE WEST BRANCH; or, Camps and Tramps Around Katahdin.
By Capt. A. J. Farrar. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 311 pp., price
\$1.25.

FORGOTTEN MEANINGS; or, An Hour with a Dictionary. By Alfred
Waites. Boston; Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 75 pp., price 50 cents.

EXERCISES FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE SENSES. For young children. By Horace Grant. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 157 pp. price 50 cents.

SALAMBO of Gustave Flaubert. Englished by M. French Sheldon
New York: Saxon & Co. Cloth, 421 pp., price \$1.50.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.
A PREMIUM of \$100 has been offered by A.G. Spalding & Bros., of New York and Chicago, to the individual who will correctly guess the relationship of the eight League clubs at the close of the championship season of 1886. All contestants must send in their guesses before June 1, and inclose 25 cents and receive one of their complete catalogues of 180 pages, which amount will be returned to the subscriber on the first purchase amounting to \$1 and upward.

Pachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

There are still many clubs not represented below, and some of the dates in the table are not official. We ask the aid of club secretaries and others in completing and correcting the list:

- | | | |
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| MAY. | | |
| 16. Yorkville, Open, East River. | 10. Corinthian, Club, Marblehead. | |
| 17. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport. | 10. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport. | |
| 18. Knickerbocker, Spring, C. Point. | 13. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead. | |
| 19. Onondaga, Opening, On. Lake. | 13. Beverly, Cham., Ladies', Winthrop. | |
| 21. S. C. Y. C., Opening, N. Y. Bay. | 14. Hull, Cham., Hull. | |
| 22. New Haven, Opening Sail. | 15-17. Amer. (Steam), Annual. | |
| 23. Toledo, Pennant, Toledo. | 17. Sandy Bay, Cor., Rockport. | |
| 24. Brooklyn, Opening, N. Y. Bay. | 17 to 25. Knickerbocker, Cruise | |
| 25. Atlantic, Opening Sail. | 21. Hull, Ladies', Hull. | |
| JUNE. | | |
| 5. Great Head, Open, Sweep-stake, Winthrop. | 22. Boston, Cup, City Point. | |
| 7. Hudson River, Union, Opeu. | 23. Dorchester, Club, Harrison. | |
| 7. Williamsburg Regatta. | 24. Beverly, Club, Mon. Beach. | |
| 9. Portland, Annual, Portland. | 24. Corinthian, Ladies', Marblehead. | |
| 9. Frisbie—Em Eli Evi. Private Point. | 24. Sandy Bay, Pen., Gloucester. | |
| 9. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport. | 24. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop. | |
| 12. Brooklyn, Annual, N. Y. Bay. | 27. Great Head, Club, Winthrop. | |
| 12. Great Head, Pen., Winthrop. | 31. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott. | |
| 12. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie. | 31. Hull, Club, Ward. | |
| 12. Portland, Challenge, Portland. | 31. Sandy Bay, Ladies', Rockport. | |
| 15. Atlantic, Annual, N. Y. Bay. | AUGUST. | |
| 17. New York, Annual, N. Y. Bay. | 2. Sandy Bay, Open, Rockport. | |
| 17. New York, Annual, N. Y. Bay. | 7. Corinthian, Open, Marblehead. | |
| 17. Hull, Cor. Pennant, Hull. | 7. Beverly, Club, Mon. Beach. | |
| 17. Sandy Bay, Cup, Squam. | 9. Great Head, Club, Winthrop. | |
| 17. Hull, Cor. Pennant, Hull. | 9. Great Head, Ladies, Winthrop. | |
| 17. American, Newbury port. | 14. Sandy Bay, C. I., Squam. | |
| 19. Hull, Pennant, Hull. | 14. Hull, Open, Hull. | |
| 19. S. C. Y. C., Annual. | 14. Beverly, Cham., Nahant. | |
| 23. Boston, Cup, City Point. | 21. Beverly, Open, Marblehead. | |
| 24. Sandy Bay, Cup, Squam. | 24. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop. | |
| 26. Corinthian, Cup, Marblehead. | 25. Hull, Ladies', Hull. | |
| 26. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop. | 28. Corinthian, Club, Marblehead. | |
| | 28. Hull, Hull. | |
| | 28. Sandy Bay, Open, Squam. | |

9. Dayton

3. **Knickerbocker, Cruise.**
4. **George, Cruise, Charlotte.**
5. **Hull, Club, Hull.**
6. **Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.**
7. **Boston, Op. 1, City Point.**
8. **Sandy Bay, Open, Squeam.**
9. **Beverly, Open, Sweepstake, Mon. Beach.**
5. **Toledo, Pen., Toledo.**
- 5 to 6 **Interlake Y. R. A. Rendezvous and Race, Detroit.**
- 6 to 11 **Interlake Y. R. A. Cruise Put In Bay.**
8. **Great Head, Club, Wintrop.**
10. **Great Head, Club, Wintrop.**
10. **Hull, Novelty, Hull.**
2. **Boston, Cup, City Point.**
4. **Dorchester, Club, Harrison.**
4. **Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.**
4. **Corinthian, Cham., Marblehead.**
4. **Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.**
8. **Great Head, Club, Wintrop.**
11. **Hull, Cham., Hull.**
11. **Corinthian, Sweepstake, Marblehead.**
11. **Sandy Bay, Sweep, Gloucester.**
17. **Toledo, Pen., Toledo.**
18. **Sandy Bay, Club, Rockport.**
18. **Great Head, Club, Wintrop.**
25. **Buffalo, Club, Lake Erie.**
28. **Beverly, Club, Nahant.**

THE ATLANTIC.

AT Bay Ridge everything is bustle and activity along the water front, but of course the chief center of attraction is at Mumma's yard, where the Atlantic is now in such shape as to be seen to advantage. Every day brings crowds to visit her, and on Sundays the throngs are prolonged from morning to night. The outside of the yacht is now planked with oak, and the hull is finished with a gold stripe. The finished, the oak rail is in place, and the gold stripe completed. The bottom has received a coat of verdigris. Decks and coaming are finished. The former is sprung with the sides, a fashion that looks well where there is a wide cabin trunk and narrow gangways, but in the present case, where the hulls all come in the middle line of deck, it is a disadvantage. The hulls are now in place, and the space between two heavy locust bitts, and amidships and on each quarter are six locust bollards, four in all. The stern is very narrow (the boat being practically a double-ended) and gives an appearance of great width amidships. The bowsprit is of Oregon pine, a round spar of iron withe on the extreme end being fitted with a sheave on each side. The bowsprit is of iron, and the bowsprit shrouds are of iron, which the preventer bostays and shrouds will be made fast. There are two pairs of bolt, for the bowsprit shrouds, one about six, above the other. An iron plate, as long as the spacing of the timbers, is let into the planking to take each of the bolts. On the stem are two pairs of plates for the main and preventer bostays. The yacht will have four shrouds on each side, the chainplates, $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ in., being in flush and fastened with $\frac{3}{16}$ in. bolts. The plates are each cut, six long over all.

The workmen have laid the bilge ways and the yacht will be ready for launching at any time the tide serves. The basin is so shoal that some dredging may be necessary unless the tide should be unusually high.

Cast iron floors each 3ft. long, 4½ in. wide and 1½ in. thick at middle are being fluted and bolted, so as to connect the heels of the timbers to the trunk, faying on top of each with four bolts in each arm. The partners are of yellow pine, 6 in. thick, filled in solid between the adjoining beams, and the step is cut in the keel. In addition to the four rods on each side of the trunk, two 1½ in. iron rods have been run through the deck beams, one just forward and one abaft the mast, also set up with turnbuckles. The rudder is hung and all outside work is completed. The spars lie on the beach at the clut grounds, a mast 18½ in. at partners, 16 in. at hounds and 80 ft. over all with 10 ft. of masthead, tapering to 14 in. at the upper cap. No flimsy iron work, but heavy oak deck pieces and locust trestle trees. The foremast is 28 ft. long, 10 in. at the heel, 6 in. at the top, 4 in. at the bottom and is cased into the mast, being bolted firmly bolted through the masthead. On them rest solid trestle trees of 4 x 6 in. locust, 3 ft. long. These are encircled by an iron band 4 in. wide, let into their outer sides. The space for the heel of the topmast is 11½ in. square. Mr. Sawyer has the lower floor of the old ship fitted up as a sail loft and half a dozen men are now at work on the sails. The rigging is being made up in the forebay, and the canvas for the sails will have been parcelled in the eyes with heavy linen canvas covered with shellac, in place of the leather commonly used. The lanyards will be of 4 in. Italian hemp.

LENGTH AND BEAM IN YACHT DESIGNING

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since we have yachts to represent every proportion of length to beam and draft, with and without boards, from the dliship Fanny to the clever-shaped Redoubt, it seems to me the masters in yacht design might give us a standard set of instructions for constructing yachts of all dimensions, and in all the dimensions those they have built. Every designer and builder has his own model to which he conforms the boats which he builds. Every man having a boat built has certain notions of what he would like, but unless he has studied the subject well, and sometimes, after he has done so, he does not have such definite opinions of the main dimensions as would lead him to resist the predictions of a designer. That is, a man may have a boat built to his own ideas, but it may be slow, faulty, and even dangerous in stormy weather. The knowing ones see the errors of dimension, and the owner finds them out after awhile, but having no guide, he plunges into others by remodeling his craft or building another. Now I should like to have you lay down the rules for the two classes of boats, i.e., the centerboard and the keel boats, and tell us what dimensions are the best for each. I have a great deal of interest in this, as well as understanding the figures between the Puritan and Genesee, and would like to get upon the deck of a perfect truce of yacht.

SCLERIA.

[Our correspondent asks a question that has puzzled many before him, but that few who know anything about the subject would attempt to answer by definite figures. To say positively that any proportions of beam and depth are the best for a given length in any particular type of boat, would be a very difficult task, and even if successfully accomplished it would of itself prove a very deceptive guide to the yacht. The secret of yacht design lies in the harmonious balance of every element, and a score of the most famous long experience thorough practical sailing, and a knowledge of natural philosophy. With these the designer will consider first the requirements of the case, and then fit to them the dimensions, form, displacement, ballast, keel or board, rig, sail area, and the thousand and one items that go to make a successful yacht. Lacking them, any set tables of dimensions would be of little value. The safest plan for the amateur who desires to build is to go to some one whose work speaks for him, and who is known as a successful designer. He will give him the best well known rules, and explain the reasons why certain lines and elements may be chosen, which will serve as examples to be closely copied, variations being made by the novice only where their value is manifest. By getting such a boat and availing himself of the literature of the subject now readily accessible, the amateur may secure a fairly good craft as the result of his care and study, but the at

CRUISE OF THE COOT

XX.

WHEN about shoveling off for a large, rambling white building, at the head of Smith's Creek, which had been pointed out to me as a store, a voice hailed me with, "Watcher going to do?" "Come ashore," I said, and I stepped ashore and got some of your kerosene," this latter as a peace-offering to the store-keeper, to whom which for some reason seemed ruffled at the Coote's appearance upon the scene. He glared at me from the bench with amazement, queer reception. I thought from one who ought to pro-titiate strangers for their pocket-book's sake. Stepping from the skiff, I hastened to display a kerosene can as a sign that I meant business to the full extent of the store-keeper's power. "What's that?" he asked, "that's kerosene," he broke out and seemed to know what they use in the kitchen," he would seem purveyor of the hen-roost. "No," I said, "what kind of a store do you keep?" "Sto', sto', I keep no sto'." This was accompanied with such a look of disdain that I saw I had put my foot in it and excused my error as well as I could, blaming the barrels and tubs on the veranda. He was fully six feet high, a blue-looking man with military bearing, a stand up collar and fashionable cut. When he had been assured that the Coote was not capable of stealing, he seemed to relax his hostility, to and that her crew came from New York on peaceful expeditions, he cheerfully unbenet and came down from his colonel-like asperity, telling me with pride that he was from Washington and by implication disowned the country round about. The ground upon which I had landed was known as the Jutland Farm. A magnificent demesne it certainly was, if I interpreted the boundaries right. It covered many green fields of rich soil, had its own timber lands, sawmill, barns, and the wealth of its earlier owners. Having seen the place with his hands. Herds of sleek cattle and flocks of sleek, burly geese with clothed fleeces, strayed over the pastures, through their extent put me in mind of scenes along the railroads through grass-covered Kansas. Corn and wheat are the staples, and the stubble in some old fields attested by their size the rich return from systematic and improved methods of cultivation in these parts. The dwelling was one of the old homesteads built in the scale of colony days and bore the marks of the wear of its earlier occupants. Having seen it all this, and realized the immensity of my affront in addressing the proprietor of the manor as a sordid country store-keeper, I was about relenting towards the great seigneur. But when he in a thoroughly American spirit of materialism wanted to know why I did not take steamboat to Norfolk, my good opinion of the worthy man took a great fall. "What, go down the Bay in that little s-d vessel! Why don't you take steamboat, you will get there so much quicker." He was so much taken aback by my answer that he did not know where to go, where I laughed and told him I knew more about the creeks flowing through his own land than he. Then followed exclamations about charts, the attractions of yachting, etc. But he was irreclaimable from the slough of materialism and set me down as a very queer example who did not care to get somewhere in the least possible time. We walked alone to one gate where he gave me directions to the nearest store and post office, some three miles away. I turned to my horse and said, "Out, you and I." The horse and I, as my son stepped out of a barn. Said the old man: "Ofter a steamer I suppose," after pointing out a short cut to the store. "Yes," "Thought I hear her whistle a while ago." The store proved quite a luxurious affair and stood in evidence of the prebidding power of the country near by. Well bred horses and smart buggies were hitched up to the ridge pole outside and a well dressed crowd of local nobles of the soil had congregated inside about the stove, at the head of the room, and a very few of the country gentry were voraciously doing them no harm. The proprietor of the establishment, likewise the postmaster, was a polite young man with a city cut to his rize. I waddled out with the car filled between two score of eyes and one score of open mouths and heard a darky identify me as "de cabin boy de cat from New York." Some awful dogs came for my shanks under full sail and nothing but the most persuasive wiles kept them from laying me aboard. A huge dog, well as a wolf, came up to me, and I said, "Fudge, Fudge," he whined and was careless, but laid a plan of battle which was to shy the can at the dog's head to his confusion, and shin up the nearest tree, in accord with the policy recommended in a certain sporting book when pursued by a bear. The dog merely sniffed at my heels and let me pass on, for which I was exceedingly thankful. He had seen me, or rather smelt me before, with his master and he remembered my particular flavor. I was not much to the credit of his nose, seeing the length of time which had elapsed since certain articles of clothing had been refreshed.

The following morning I turned out bright and early, and at once turned in again. It was blowing a strong gale from S.E., directly in my teeth going out of the Potomac. At noon the wind shifted to N. W. in a few minutes and brought down a terrific electrical storm. Somber and threatening nimbus clouds towered one above the other and advanced rapidly until overhead. Then the vivid flash of lightning and a burst of roaring thunder loomed, the lightning crashed and the rain fell in a half an hour's sudden deluge. As the storm had come in, it ceased. The sky cleared and the evening sun crowned the moist foliage with golden tints. The atmosphere had become helmy as in spring, though it was the last day in December. I stripped off an over-jersey and stood in the cockpit bareheaded. Could this be the "warm weather" I had all along tried to slight ahead, or was it only the forerunner of some violent change, certainly not far off? I turned my head and saw a small boat, which had shifted her berth into the first branch joining the creek from the eastward. Among the little collection of houses near a landing there is a pump suffering from exhaustion, but which yields good water after starting it into life with a bucket full poured down its throat. The old people were on the door steps and children played about in bare feet and arms, yet the next day was to usher in the new year. From a native, I had the first glimpse of the new year. I had been with crowd-sown retired, a flourishing little farm and some oyster beds. I learned that Little Wicomico, just inside of Smith's Point on the south side of the Potomac, could be entered and a harbor made, if I could not reach round seven miles further in the Great Wicomico. That evening I beheld the most beautiful sunset I have ever witnessed, whether from the sea or perched twelve thousand feet within the rocks. For a moment the sky was a purple, a red, a russet, a blush, could have approached this gorgeous spectacle. As the dusk faded into the silvery gloom of a moonlit sky, the wealth of gold and crimson, the richest blues, the greens which were almost startling in their intensity, and the most delicate grays, slowly passed through many fashions the modifications, paler, the while, till all was finally merged into a half lit night of mystic spell. It was late when the daydreams in the cockpit gave way to

mindless runner in a sailing boat. The Coof forced sheet down the Potomac and reefed before its impulse to such an extent that I wished for two reefs in the sail, but still not quite enough to induce me to come-by and haul out the earling. The first day of January should be inaugurated by a run fit to go on record. But "man proposes, etc." Instead of hugging the northern shore around Cornfield Harbor and running well into the Bay before hauling up for the south, I put the Coof on a direct course for Smith's point after emerging from the cove. The hurried departure was most unfortunate. Penetrating through the inevitable zone of calms already spoken of, From the low cockpit floor of a small boat you cannot see far ahead and I ran out of the wind before the extent of the calm zone could be appreciated. It kept on blowing a gale along the northern shore, while for three hours the Coof and other vessels in her company tossed about upon an irregular swell and through some tide rips. It seemed as though we were locked for good in the doldrums. The Coof headed in all directions, jibed and jibed, rolled and plunged in an aimless way. The larger boats, on the other edge of the doldrums, the boat crawled and fancied across, then followed down the shore, edging in to get a look for the narrow entrance to the Little Wicomico, as it was already well along in the afternoon, nearly calm and the next harbor more than seven miles away. A small pumple with a flag at the masthead was loading up with oysters brought alongside in canoes. Seemingly a sand bar stretched across the former entrance to the harbor and the water was so shallow. Soon upon the entrance of the pumple and called to by her crew, I peered through the glasses, I discerned several stalks and noted the side these were left on by the canoe. Sailing down into his wake, a long gutter like passage between the sand spit and Smith's Island was easily made out. The water became so shoal that the boat was poled along with the oar. As the head of the gut was reached the ebb was found rushing out like a sluiceway, and the greatest exertion had to be used to force the Coof against it without letting her slow round on to the shoals each side.

In spots the channel was not more than twenty feet wide and three feet deep on the last of the ebb. Once round Smith's Island, the ebb lost its strength and the Coot let go her anchor, after grounding, having missed the best water, which runs close along the back of the island and also along the mainland, the shoals being in the middle. This involved the unpleasant duty at midnight of shifting ballast, carrying out an anchor and hauling the boat off at high water, so as to be sure of a start early next day when the tide would be on the ebb.

There was an absolute calm at seven A. M., and the Coot sluggishly drifted out to sea on the tail end of the ebb. Off Smith's Point, the anchor was let go and a breeze whistled for it. It came not. But in due course of events it once more turned ebb, permitting the Coot to resume her drift southward. Light airs finally assisted her round the red can off Fleet's Point, and a few boards took her into Cackle's Creek for the night. On the way down a youngster in a dilapidated yawl boat from a small schooner gave chase and ran alongside. First he asked for a mess of meat. My stock had run down to a remnant of bacon, so he had to refuse him. Then he asked for tobacco. Mine was out. Then he asked for a loan of some shot. I had only one cartridge. So he let it go, and in admitting the yacht as "the nearest thing he ever did see" and scuttled back to his skipper empty handed. The schooner never offered oysters in return, but took it as a matter of course that I would fork over for the asking. In Cackle's Creek, there was a good deal of life. Oysters were the mainstay of the population. Schooners had scores of canoes about them and were hoisting in the coveted game by the bushel. Substantial houses crowned the tops of the hills along the shores which were quite picturesque here and there. Ugly and ill-smelling structures with stocks and kettles and platforms gave notice that vile stenches would pervade the whole river region, as soon as the menhaden fishery opens in spring. Nearly all the rivers and havens south of the Wicomico suffer from like pollution. There is a country store after the usual pattern on the north bank of the first branch on the eastern shore of Cackle's Creek. This same branch affords affords perfect shelter and lift of water.

The next day and the forenoon following the Coot was compelled to swing killy at her anchor on account of a dense fog. When

It lifted the second afternoon, the yacht was among the first of a fleet to clear out—light northerly airs. Around Fleet's Point these looked us on, and an adverse tide made our progress impossible. Meanwhile a heavy bank of clouds had gathered on the east and the sun was reduced to a red spot through the damp atmosphere. The skipper of a schooner at anchor was hailed to tell me what day and date it was, as I had lost my reckoning, having been without any authentic sources for some time. He was surprised to read the Coot's halting port under her stern and still more so to hear where she was bound. "This looks threatening up there. It is no kind of weather to leave port." So I thought too, as the sky had assumed a very ugly look, though not a breath was stirring. The sweep was shipped and the Coot scudded into Mill Creek for a change of scenery after the abortive attempt of the day to make any southings. It was well she lay in a snug berth, perfectly protected. Ere midnight the gale swooped down with a great din. For nearly sixty hours the music was kept up in the rigging. Not until noon three days after seeking the refuge, could the Coot poke her nose outside to continue her voyage, and this under two reefs. The wind fell away fast, and after passing the black buoy off Dammeron's Marsh whole sail was made. Then a calm ensued and some hours were put in at drifting.

Suddenly a fresh breeze struck across the Chesapeake from N.E. Fifteen minutes later the Coot was rounded up and the second cringle hauled down. The breeze was quartering and the boat tore along in good fashion, lifting her haunches to the flowing sea which was rapidly rising. Passed Dividing Creek we flew with a boiling wake, then hauled our wind a bit to weather the horizontal stripe buoy marking the Bluff Point shoals. From here we squared away for Little Bay, and ran in for Little Bay. Until North Point was rounded, there was a constant danger from jilting, as the bow roller and dipped her boom into the sea. Fetched round North Point and stood in to the Horsepen, picking a way between a maze of stakes and abandoned nets. Anchored in 6 ft. An invitation from the burly skipper of a puny, jumping in the middle of Little Bay, to tie his stern for the night was declined. The run for the afternoon was about fifteen miles.

During the night the wind subsided, but pipped up fresh again upon going under way next morning. A poisonous Gale, the usual shelter sought at the head of Little Bay, Northwesterly wind necessitated a few boards to weather North Point on the passage out. After jilting to port the Coot had it quartering down to the light house on Rappahannock Spit. Seven feet can be carried half way between the light house and the shore, but the red light off Stingray Spit, across the river must be left to starboard. The Rappahannock has the reputation of being a breezy and boisterous river. More than one yacht has come to grief at crossing its mouth in a northwesterly wind. The wind has a great many turns, and the river is between three and four miles wide. As usual, the wind has greater strength drawing out of the river than some distance out in the Bay. When the Coot had opened Mosquito Point and quit the protection of a weather shore, she found sea and wind in dead earnest and I was glad that the two reefs of the night had not been shaken out. The sea was abeam which made it very trying for the boat as she wallowed heavily in the trough and shipped much water in the weather rail. But after experiences in the Potomac, the rough passage across the Rappahannock was by comparison not serious. Constant lulling to puns worked the Coot out above the Stingray light, so that she had to be squared down river a bit. Shaved the screw pile structure pretty close and swapped greetings with the light house keeper who remarked it was a rough day and watched the Coot's behavior intently.

The entrance to Planktank river is well buoyed and easily made though in the dusk a strange sound was heard to the Stove Point a wide enough berth. The usual anchorage is in Fish Bay, around this long projecting tongue. The Planktank has become more or less celebrated on account of some bold Amazons of the oyster fleet who are said to have tripped anchor and sailed merrily away from pursuit by a State governor in an armed vessel on the lookout for infractions of the oyster laws which prohibit dredging in Virginia waters. The river is pretty and invites the cruiser to tarry in some of its numerous branches and attractive coves. It was growing cold again, so the Coot was squatted in the fog and ran out to Hill's Bay in search of the obscure entrance to Millford. The light house keeper, who had launched his boat from lolly daisies to give the Coot a brush, had, by cutting across lots, gained on me considerably, so I have to for directions. He was bound into Queen's Creek, but pointed out a schooner in the southwestern bight of the bay as the object to steer for. Nothing but low sand being visible ahead, the yacht's way was reduced by dropping the peak and half spilling the sail, for the rate at which she was driving before the gale was such a risk in doubtful water. The tongue of sand overlies the entrance to Millford so as to hide it until nearly abreast. You then turn up, pass through a gut and suddenly open up a miniature inland sea. Near the entrance is a fump with but 1 to 2 ft. thereof. It is marked by a brush. You may pass either side. A short distance further is another and larger lump marked in the same way. Plenty water on each side. Beyond that the Haven is broad and deep with 10 to 16 ft. and good holding ground. In the lateral branches 7 to 10 ft. can be found, the Haven itself is protection enough for any boat. The Coot rode in to leeward of some schooners and stowed canvas in time to escape the rapidly increasing cold, the thermometer being down to 28.

The harbor affords plenty of interest and to look at, as do all the feeders of the Chesapeake. The population derives its support from the water and may be said to have its being afloat. Everybody has a canoe (locally corrupted into kanner). The well-to-do, and there are plenty of them judging by the neat and even ornamental dwellings ashore, branch out into snub bukeyes, sloops, pungies or schooners according to their aspirations. There is a constant movement on the waters. Boats of all sorts passing and repassing either under sail and very smartly handled, or propelled by a paddle with a graceful swing of the body, recalling the half indolent swaying of the Venetian gondolier. The paddle in universal use in the Chesapeake is a springy board of long triangular form. It is worked in measured sweeps over the head of the sternpost as a pry, the bottom standing and facing aft. A very fair rate of speed is maintained. Oars and rowlocks are almost unknown in this world of dugouts. You may meet the long gracefully hewn log mule away from port with the crew placidly working the peculiar paddle in preference to pulling with oars. Broad shouldered Africans of Herculean mould can be seen, whose manner of working the blade is the exemplification of mainly grace.

NOTES FROM THE DELAWARE.—For the first time the Quaker City Y. C. will have a race for large schooners, as two, the Helen and Avelon, are now owned in Philadelphia, and will meet in the regatta in June. The Helen, Mr. C. D. Middle-ton, is 70 ft. over all, 62 ft. water line, 24 ft. beam, 6 ft. draft, and 5 ft. draft. The Avelon is now being built for Dr. W. H. Vallette, and is 50 ft. over all, 50 ft. water line, 20 ft. beam, 6 ft. draft. Both are modeled and built by Alonzo E. Smith, of 111. The sloop Venezia has had a new overhang put on, and is now 59 ft. 7 in. over all, 53 ft. 4 in. waterline, 15 ft. 4 in. beam, and 5 ft. 4 in. hold. A new sloop, 33 ft. over all, has been built at Trenton, by Whitehead Bros., and Minerva has been altered aft. The Agile has also been changed since last year. The sloop Carrie Z. has lately been enrolled in the club; she is 33 ft. 7 in. over all, 30 ft. 10 in. water line, 11 ft. 4 in. beam, and 3 ft. 11 in. hold. The sloop Cherie has had a new keel and fastenings, with a larger mainsail. The Lucine will come out with new sails and spars, and the Foam has received a cutter 3 ft. long. The prizes given by the Q. C. Y. C. this year will be compasses, logs, and similar articles, in place of the flags previously given.

YACHTING IN NORTH CAROLINA.—Wilmington, N. C., April 16. —Editor Forest and Stream: Your correspondent has just returned from a visit to the Sound, eight miles from Wilmington, where he found all of the fleet belonging to the Carolina Y. C. Great preparations are being made to have each yacht in perfect order when the season opens. The yachts Mascotte, Idler, Vixen, Riddle, Lillian, Florence, Louie and Restless, are ready to be launched and look very handsome. The others are undergoing repairs. The first meeting of this club will be held on the first Monday in May, when all the races will be arranged and officers for the coming year elected. It is proposed to extend an invitation to the Charleston fleet to visit this city, and have a regatta on the Cape Fear River. There is great interest manifested in these races, and the all-absorbing topic of conversation is the yacht racing this season. It promises to be the most exciting season ever had by the club. We hear of new boats being ordered from Northern builders, which will add wonderfully to the interest in the club.—X.

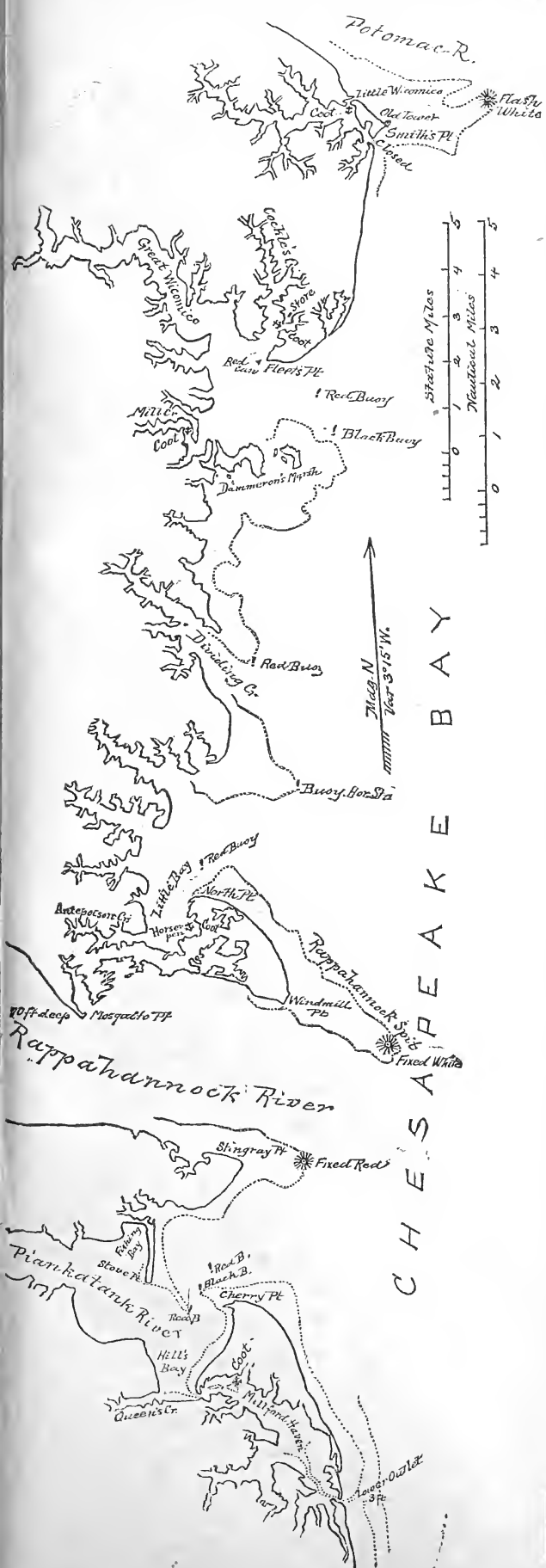
AT THE WHEEL.—Captain Joe Ellsworth will, of course, sail the Atlantic this season. Captain George Cooley, of Red Bank, the ice boat sailor, and for some seasons captain of the schooner City, will sail the Priscilla, the City being laid up, as her owner, Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, will go abroad. Captain M. V. B. Stone will probably sail General Paine's new yacht. Captain Gibson, last season in the Priscilla, will handle Gracie this year. Captain George Petuck is now fitting out Bedouin, and will sail her in the season. Captain James McOrmond, who has sailed Gracie for two seasons, since the death of Baker's death, will probably command the Crusader. Captain Barr will be out soon with his crew to look after Clara. Captain Crocker, of the Puritan, will sail the Thetis and Shadow. Captain Eldridge, formerly of the Yosemite, will sail the Vision, sloop, this year. Captain Than Clock, so long known as the successful skipper of the Mischief, will probably command the new schooner Avelon, of Philadelphia.

YACHTING NOTES.—McManus has completed a new suit of head-sails for the Puritan and is busy with much other work. He is making the sails for Burgess's new schooner, a mainsail for Gen. Paine's yacht, a first sail for Mr. Fay's yacht, one for George Lawley's sloop Edna, for Mr. Fort's new yacht, the yacht Windward, the schooner Acton, Mr. Haskin's Louette, Mr. Driscoll's 25 ft. catboat, Mr. Lombard's catboat and the cutter building for the Neptune Club, for Mr. Anderson's cutter, and has much repair work besides. It is reported that Puritan will have her flush deck cut and a cockpit put in this season by Smith. Covers will be fitted for use in racing. Harbinger, schooner, the handsome little yacht designed two years since by Mr. A. Cary Smith, has been sold to Mr. H. B. Russell of Providence, R. I. Mr. Burgess has also disposed of the sloop Countess and Ethel. The Neptune Club.—This club is a fishing club only and not a yacht club. They have, however, had a yacht built for the use of the members by Thos. Eddy, of East Boston. This craft is 37 ft. 10 in. over all, 32 ft. on waterline, 13 ft. beam, 6 ft. depth, with a cabin 16 ft. long. The mast is 45 ft., heel to truck, and sin. diameter, boom 37 ft., raft 20 ft., bowsprit, outboard, 14 ft. She is white outside with copper bottom, and hardwood finish inside. Zulu, keel sloop, has been sold to Mr. C. P. 150. J. J. G. Driscoll's Pottery Beach, Greenpoint, Mr. Keil's little cutter, 27 ft. open racer, is ready for launching. She is 11 ft. wide and 2 ft. 10 in. deep. The open boat Thetis, Mr. Fred Oakley, has received a new bowsprit and plankseer with general repairs. Mr. Driscoll is also busy with a 23 ft. open boat from Mr. Smith's design, for Mr. Wm. Kent, Larchmont Y. C., and is repairing Mr. Haezner's open boat. Eugenia, the catboat, of Marolene and Beverly, will be lengthened and rigged as a sloop. Gen. Butler now proposes to alter the America under Mr. Burgess' supervision. Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of Adirondack fame, is about to have a 45 ft. sloop built for Lake Champlain, and cruises in inland waters. She will be of 11 ft. beam and 3 ft. 4 in. depth, with accommodation for twenty men on a cruise, and will cost, finished in hard wood, \$300. Who has designed and who will build this wonderful craft, is not stated. Vera, keel sloop, has been sold by F. J. Carter to Dr. J. B. Coolidge. Hull Y. C.—The regatta committee have abolished the 6th class, under 18 ft., and have added a 4th class 20 and less than 22, for keels. The 4th class, centerboard boats, are 19 and under 22 ft.; the 5th class, 22 and over 24 ft. A race of the Musquito fleet will be sailed at the regatta, on O street, Boston, on April 24. Dolphyn, cat, South Boston, will be changed to a cutter rig. Lavinia, schooner, Mr. Thos. Woods, was at Nassau, N. P., last month, bound for Bermuda. Fleetwing, schooner, was docked at South Brooklyn on April 16, for inspection. Sophia, steam yacht, now owned by Mr. Augustus Schermerhorn, will be known as the Empress. She will soon be ready at Newport. Isis, cutter, Commodore Canfield, L. I. Y. C., is laid up yet at Mumm's. Melvina, sloop, K. Y. C., has had 5,000 pounds of iron added to her keel. Elephant, sloop, is being thoroughly overhauled at Tebo's pier. Hoiden, sloop, has been sold to Mr. Allen, Red Bank, N. J. Atlanta, schooner, is hauled out at City Island. Leatha, schooner, has been sold to Mr. Nathan Ryerson, who has named her Elsa. A steam launch has been lately built by Lennox, of Brooklyn, for Mr. Wilson, of Harlem. She is 51 ft. long, 6 ft. beam, 3 ft. 9 in. draft, with an engine 6 1/2 x 6 1/2, and upright tubular boiler 44 ins. in high and 35 ins. diameter, 150 pounds working pressure. The composition wheel is 43 in. diameter, 3 blades. Lennox is also building two launches, 28 ft. x 6 x 2 ft. 6 in. for Messrs. Wm. Young and Thos. Robert White of Brooklyn. Magnolia, steam yacht, was at Wilmington N. C. on April 11, with a broken shaft. Nautilus—This dory, which has lain in the Old South Church since her trip across the Atlantic, has been taken to Pertram's yard to fit out for a cruise to the South. The Andrews Brothers will use her. Radha, steam yacht, Mr. J. M. Seymour, will be fitted at once with a Kinsmaster steering prop, and the Thrion, schooner, will repair and fit out at Greenport after wintering at Mumm's. Resolute, schooner, is fitting out at Tebo's pier. Speranza, schooner, rebuilt last fall at City Island, is fitting out at Essex, Conn. She will have a new suit of canvas. Ruth, schooner, is fitting out at Noank. Psyche, keel sloop, of New London, has been sold to Mr. Edward Winslow, of New York. Noa, schooner, formerly the Nellie G., has been sold to Mr. G. K. Brooks, of Boston, from which port she sails. Amaryllis, catamaran, is at Lenox's yard for an overhauling. Mantel, cat, is at Frank Bates's, where she is receiving new spars and general repairs. Uncas, steam yacht, Mr. Buchanan Henry, is having a new engine and wheel put in at the same place. Wanda, New Haven Y. C., is at Oyster Point. She will have a smaller rig and less ballast than before. Wild Duck will be painted white, instead of black, and will have a new stern and bowsprit. Viola and Wild Pigeon are fitting out at Stony Creek. Ceres will have more keel and a rail added. Happy Thought has had still more lead added to her keel. Many sloop, is fitting out in her winter berth at Islip. The hull will have out for painting at Mumm's. Huron has been hauled up at Smith's for more lead on her keel. Wideawake, sloop, has been sold by Mr. John Dimon to Mr. L. W. Parker, of New Bedford. Octopus, yawl, is fitting out and will be ready by May 1 with new sails. At Piegrass's yard Mr. Iselin's new yacht is planned and painted, her ironwork is on, and she is ready for the water. Her mast and spars are completed, and the sheer legs are in place to step the former before she is launched. Plumbers and joiners are at work below. On up her new stern is about completed. The planking is of yellow pine, and inside a new stripe of 2 1/2 x 12 in. has been run, of which is a yellow pine clamp 4 x 6 in. The interior has been entirely removed, and nothing remains of the old boat but the frames and the bottom planking. As soon as she is off the ways the steam yacht Sappho will be hauled up for alterations. Azatha, Gen. Franklin's steam yacht, is now in frame, filing up the lower door of Smith's shop. Though a comparatively small yacht, she will possess good sailing powers, being schooner-rigged and with a deep keel. The frame is of steam oak, light and strong in appearance. A novel point in the construction is the use of a back water knee for both sternpost and hornrimber in one piece. Another good idea is to be seen in the oak wale, which is 3 in. thicker than the upper streak about it, so that all the timbers are let into the wale, steadying their heads and stiffening the frame. Puzzle, Mr. J. Lorillard's yacht, is lying in the upper end of Water street, the hull being painted, the three-bladed propeller in place, and the yacht ready for launching. On Monday, Mr. Lorillard's new steam yacht, was looked at Monday at the foot of Gouverneur street, where the wheels, each four-bladed, were put on the scags were put in place, and the rudders, of which there are two, were hung. She is about completed. Arab, sloop, Mr. M. D. Lawton, was launched on Monday at Mumm's yard. With her taut spars, her outside weight was not sufficient to keep her on an even keel. Gitana, schooner, Mr. Wm. Weld, arrived in Boston on April 19, after an absence of exactly three months. It is reported that she is improved by the lengthening of last fall. Smith will refit her at once and her summer rig will be put on her.

CUTTER MEN IN THE YACHT CLUBS.—The statement by the London Field that the New York, Atlantic and Seawanhaka yacht clubs had turned out of office all the cutter men, with the idea of giving the America type of yacht "at least a fair show," is hardly borne out by the facts. It is true that Elbridge T. Gerry, who succeeded James Gordon Bennett as commodore of the New York Y. C. is not known as an advocate of the cutter, but neither was Mr. Bennett. Both of these men prefer large and elegant yachts to any other. A Cass Canfield, the commodore of the Seawanhaka Club, is well known as one of the most intelligent and consistent of cutter men. He not only sails a cutter, but he designed a most excellent one, his Isis. The Atlantic Y. C. never had more than the faintest suggestion of a cutter race, and the question of cutter or sloop never entered into its politics. The only serious blow that cutter interests have received at yacht club elections recently was the election of F. C. Lawrence as vice-commodore of the Seawanhaka Club. He is the owner of the sloop Vixen, and the fine qualities of his sloop have made him prejudiced in favor of this type. But Mr. Lawrence has held office in the Seawanhaka Club before, and has never waned the organization from its ancient faith in the cutter. As a matter of fact, the question of type has had nothing to do with recent yacht club elections. They have turned, unfortunately, on less sportsmanlike questions.—N. Y. Tribune.

SAN FRANCISCO.—On April 5, at a meeting at Irving Hall, the Cornithian Y. C. was organized, with a roll of 25 members, and the following officers: Commodore W. C. Moody, President; Commodore R. B. Chapman, Vice-President; George B. Billings, Recording Secretary; T. F. Tracy, Jr., Financial Secretary; and J. C. Nava, Treasurer. The club is limited to yachts of 45 ft. over all. Their opening sail will be on Decoration Day, and the first regatta on June 16. Measures will be taken at once to secure a club house and anchorage. The club have been out in the Spray looking for a location, which will probably be at Lyford's Cove, three-quarters of a mile below Tiburon Ferry. The proposed house will be 40 x 30 ft. The membership is now 45, and the fleet includes the Dawn, Spray, Ripple, Thetis, Lively, Fawn, Sea Nymph, Nellie and Nova. The club flag is a red triangle containing a white star at the head and a white center stripe, bordered above and below by blue. The other yachts are all out and in commission, and the season has fairly opened.

A FINE CUTTER FOR SALE.—Over a year ago Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes ordered the cutter Bayadere from young Fife, and she was shipped out here last spring. Since her completion he has laid idle, her owner being interested in the Puritan, which he now owns and will sail this season. The Bayadere is offered for sale in consequence. She is a fine little vessel of 45 ft. lineal and 10 ft. beam, very strongly built and handsomely fitted inside.



GEN. PAINE'S YACHT.—It is not yet decided to christen the new yacht *Mayflower*, and her owner may select some other name. The bowsprit and spreader are shipped, and the chain plates and other ironwork are fastened. The topsides have been painted white and the bottom has had a coat of red. All the work inside is well advanced, the rigging and gear are ready, and as soon as a comfortable berth is dredged out for the yacht to lie in, she will be launched, probably about May 1. Wilson has completed her head sails and McManus is finishing the mainsail in the Navy Yard sail loft. McManus will also make the sails for the new schooner, now said to be for a Boston owner, not Providence, as at first reported. This yacht, now being planked, has a clipper stem, but in other respects resembles Gen. Paine's boat. She is intended for racing as well as cruising. Her sails, which will be ready by June 1, will be of the canvas specially woven for the Puritan. Mr. Fay's yacht is partly planked up at Lawley's.

AN ENGLISH STEAM YACHT.—On April 8, at the yard of Ramage & Ferguson, Leith, was launched an auxiliary steam yacht, designed by Mr. St. Clare J. Byrne, for Sir George Curtis Lampson, Commodore of the Royal London Y. C. The hull is of steel, 139 ft. between perpendiculars, 24 ft. beam, and 15 ft. 6 in. moulded depth. The deck house is of steel plating sheathed with teak, and fitted inside with rosewood and tapestry. The dining saloon forward is fitted in mahogany and old gold, the cabins and staterooms being finished in maple, sahnwood and oak, with paneling of tapestry and silk plush. The engines are triple expansion, 13, 21 and 33 in. by 24 in., with Joy's valve gear. The boilers have Fox's corrugated flues. There are sixty electric lights throughout the vessel. She has been named *Miranda*, after the famous schooner built for the late Sir Curtis Miranda Lampson, father of Sir George Lampson.

ALVA.—This name has been selected for Mr. Vanderbilt's new yacht. Her machinery will be made entirely by her builders, the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. The main engines will be inverted direct acting compound, with one high and two low pressure cylinders, 32 and 45 in. by 42 in. stroke. The high pressure cylinder will be in the center, with a low pressure on each side. Joy's patent valve gear will be used, with Thom's patent piston valves. The surface condenser will be fed by a circulating pump with an independent engine with another for the dynamo. The air and water will be attached to the main engine in the usual manner. There will be usual auxiliary engines for the capstans, steering gear, ash hoisters, ice machine, etc. Steam will be provided by two horizontal tubular boilers, each 19 ft. long and 17 ft. diameter, with Fox's corrugated furnaces. The working pressure will be 100 lbs.

PRISCILLA.—Work is progressing rapidly on the *Priscilla*. The bow has been opened, the stem reforged and replaced, making a considerable reduction in the forefoot. The plumb sternpost has also been removed and replaced, the keel being shortened 8 ft. aft, giving a corresponding rake. The high side has also been reduced, the plates being clipped off. The chainplates will be finished without channels, as the hoist is 10 ft. less than last year. The sail area has been altered by a considerable reduction in height and a proportionate increase in a fore and aft direction, the distance from jibstay to end of mamboom being 10 ft. more than before, 8 ft. being on the end of the bowsprit. As soon as the alterations are completed the yacht will sail for New York and will be in readiness to leave the S. C. Y. C. fleet on Decoration Day. Captain George Cooley, formerly of the schooner *Clyde*, will command her this season.

A BOON IN CATBOATS.—About the middle of last season a new catboat, the *Wraith*, designed by Mr. Burgess for Gen. Paine's sons, made her appearance in the races of the new Corinthian Y. C. at Marblehead, and astonished her rivals by the way in which she, a deep keel boat, defeated all comers, especially the centerboards. Her success has led to a demand for similar boats, and Mr. Burgess has been called on for a number of designs. One of these is a keel boat for Philadelphia, besides which are three or four others for the vicinity of Boston. Mr. McManus, the sailmaker, will have a centerboard cat 18 ft. waterline and 23 ft. over all, to be built by Lawley, and another centerboard 20 ft. 6 in. long has just been designed by Mr. Burgess for a western gentleman.

FAST FISHING VESSELS.—Boston is building up a fleet of very fast fishing vessels, and considerable interest is felt among the owners as to the swiftest of these new craft. One has lately been launched at East Boston for Mr. P. Whelan, and Lawlor, of Chelsea, is to commence another at once for Mr. Sylvester Whelan. Mr. Burgess has also been called in, and will design a similar craft for a party of fish dealers, with whom is associated Mr. J. H. McManus, the sailmaker. The two will be built side by side, as Mr. A. D. Somer, of Essex, has taken the ground adjoining Lawlor's yard, and will build the Burgess boat. This latter will be 100 ft. over all, 20 ft. waterline, 24 ft. beam, 10 ft. hold, and will carry 15 tons of iron outside, with more stowed inside.

A NEW CRUISING YAWL.—On April 8 the *Dove*, a yawl of 39 tons, was launched at Fay's yard, Southampton, where she was built for Mr. R. Moss, of Weston Grove. She is 55 ft. 6 in. between perpendiculars, 12 ft. 6 in. beam, 10 ft. draft, and 53 tons displacement, with 16 tons of lead on her keel. The fittings below are excellent for a cruising boat, 7 ft. head room under the beams, from forecabin to after cabin. There is a large main cabin, a stateroom forward, owner's stateroom and ladies' cabin. The latter has two beds, two sofas, two wardrobes and washstand. The cabins are fitted with pine, trimmed with teak mouldings, and all fittings on deck are also of teak. The ironwork and fittings are very complete, including a Canteloastian.

CORINTHIAN Y. C.—This club has taken in 45 new members this year, making a total of 155, while it is not yet one year old. A club house, to cost \$500, will be erected at once at Marblehead, the money being now subscribed. It will be fitted with sleeping accommodations for the members. The sum of \$300 has been devoted by the club to the regular races, while \$100 extra has been subscribed for an open regatta outside the harbor. A new classification has been adopted, as follows: First class, 25 to 30 ft.; second class, 21 to 25 ft.; third class, 10 to 21 ft. The races this year will be started shortly after the arrival of the noon train from Boston. There will be three championship races, with cash prizes of \$10 and \$5.

TORONTO SKIFF SAILING CLUB.—On April 15 a meeting of the club was held at which the following officers were elected: Commodore, J. Walker Dick; Vice-Commodore, J. B. Kilgour; Captain, Percy A. Both; Secretary and Treasurer, Hamilton S. Hall (re-elected); Auditors, T. P. Cowan and H. W. Pringle, and a committee consisting of Dr. B. L. Riordan, Evelyn Macrae, F. N. W. Brown, N. Macrae, J. T. C. Boyd, F. W. Green and J. Denny. The committee on classification of skiffs and also the committee on accommodation presented their reports.

PELIAM Y. C.—A meeting was held on April 16, at which the following officers were elected: Commodore, J. M. Waterbury; Vice-Commodore, Sidney Chubb; Rear-Commodore, Geo. C. Foster; Secretary, F. H. Ballard; Treasurer, F. D. Pelton; Governing Committee, W. F. Pelt, Philip Cross, Thos. E. Brown, Jr., J. Frank Patterson, F. P. Walter and Wm. G. Wimmerling. The constitution and by-laws were amended to meet the increased growth of the club. Several new members were elected.

BOSTON Y. C.—The fixtures for 1886 include races on June 23 and July 22, in each of which there will be three classes, schooners, 33 ft. and over, sloops, 33 ft. and over, and sloops under 33 ft. The craft cup, won twice by the *Kitty* and twice by the *Edna*, must be won once more by either in order to retain it. Vice-Com. J. B. Meer offers two silver cups, one for first class schooners and one for sloops, to be won twice, besides which cash prizes will be given.

NOTES FROM NEWARK.—The dates for the Newark Y. C. fixtures are May 15, opening sail; May 31, regatta; July 3-12, cruise in Long Van Pelt; Sept. 6, open regatta. An open sweepstakes is proposed for July. The races are now afloat, the *Vixen* has a housing topmast and her bottom has been plated. *Emma C.* has a new bowsprit and has been painted white.

QUINCY Y. C.—This club has taken in 16 new members lately and is now in a prosperous condition. They propose to erect a club house and have appointed a committee to consider the matter. Races are arranged as follows: May 22, 1:30 P. M., Hough's Neck; June 22, 2 P. M., Germantown Point; July 8, 3 P. M.; July 24, 3 P. M.; Aug. 7, 3 P. M.; Sept. 3, 1:30 P. M.

ADELE.—A steam yacht of this name has been built this winter at the foot of Twentieth street, South Brooklyn, for Messrs. Boyer, from a design by Mr. Jas. Kaine. She is 37 ft. long, 8 ft. beam, 4 ft. hold, 2 ft. 4 in. draft, with a hull of teak, copper-fastened. The engine is 4 and 7 ft. 6 in. X 6 in., with a return tubular boiler, 5 ft. long and 3 ft. diameter, carrying 250 pounds. The little vessel is very handsomely finished throughout.

MORE FOREIGN INNOVATIONS.—According to a daily paper, the *tout ensemble* of the *Crusader* has lately been materially altered. It is bad enough to see the numberless British notions that have of late found their way into the rig and model of Yankee yachts, but it appears now as if the French were to be taken as models.

LICENSES FOR SMALL STEAM YACHTS.—Our correspondent "Norman" who writes on the above subject, has neglected to send us his name and address.

OFF FOR ENGLAND.—The *Norseman* was towed through Hell Gate last week and sailed for Newport, arriving at 2 A. M., April 19. She will sail at once for Cowes.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

- A. K. T.—We can furnish the book, price \$3.
E. F.—Try Fort Hamilton or some of the Staten Island centers.
L. A. B. Montreal.—We know nothing of life jacket you mention.
S. M. G., New York.—We know of no company that insures dogs.
Mc, Hampton, Va.—The puppies will probably grow dark with age.
J. A., Jr., Brooklyn.—You can get charts at D. Eggerts, 76 Wall street, N. Y.
E. L. A., Fort Stanton, N. M.—J. & H. Berge, 95 John street, N. Y., can furnish blowpipes.
E. G., Geneva, N. Y.—Dr. Henshall's "Book of the Black Bass" is the best for your purpose.
E. S. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—The lines were published in the *Scientific American* supplement.
Evans, New York.—We should say from your description that you have a good Dandie Dinmont.
W. G., Toronto.—A receipt for waterproofing was published in *FOREST AND STREAM* for Nov. 8, 1883.
C. P. P., Boston.—We have published several articles on oil stoves of late. Consult our files for 1885-6.
W. B. B., Brooklyn.—You do not give sufficient particulars. See "Small Yachts" for drawings of sails.
I. H. F., Spencer, Mass.—The best book giving descriptions of game animals, birds, and fishes is Hallowell's "Sportsmen's Gazetteer."
J. T. W.—How long does a pug bitch go after visit to dog before giving birth to her young; how many weeks? Ans. Seven weeks.
J. F. K., Washington, D. C.—We know of no material which would answer your purpose. You can write to the *Field*, 316 Strand, London, Eng.
D. DeM., East Rockaway, L. I.—Please tell me what time of year wild geese lay. Ans. In late May and early June; earlier in the South than in the North.
W. G. A., Racine.—A good yacht will lie from 3½ to 4 points from the wind, and a canoe about the same. This refers to the angle at which the boat's course lies, irrespective of leeway. It is best to build

with streaks in one length, if possible, but one or two seams on a side are no serious detriment if well made, and are sometimes unavoidable.

C. C. R., Simcoe, Ont.—Please tell me the highest temperature of water that a brook trout will thrive in? Ans. Seventy degrees Fahr., if there is a good flow.

C. M. S., Olean, N. Y.—Your steamer will need a certificate of inspection, and must be run by a licensed engineer and pilot, who have been duly examined.

X. Y. Z., Salem, Mass.—Can you tell me of any party who has live quail? I want fifty or more, but if I could get half a dozen I should like to get them? Ans. We know of none now.

J. F. P., New York.—See "Canoe and Boatbuilding," for plans of canoe sails. A mast of about 9 ft. above deck, boom 8 ft. and yard 7 ft., will suit a sail of 50 ft. area. Bamboo is very good if it can be obtained.

C. B., Staunton, Va.—A. and B. shoot a match. A misses a bird and claims his gun hung fire. Is he entitled to another bird? The gun was discharged, but he claims he had started to take it from his shoulder. A. scores a miss.

T. M., Philadelphia.—Copper bronze is more expensive than other bottom paints. It makes a very handsome bottom and is also smooth, if properly applied. It can be had ready mixed for yachts of C. T. Reynolds & Co., Fulton street, N. Y.

J. E. M., Grand Marais, Minn.—We can have working drawings of sharpie made for you at a cost of about \$25. They would have to be specially made by a draftsman. You will probably find what you wish in "Small Yachts," in which book several sizes of sharpies are given.

J. W., Spencer, Ind.—Last December I killed a mallard duck on White River near this place that had the body markings of the duck and the green neck and head of the drake. Is such a freak unusual? Ans. It may have been a young male bird just changing from the young to the adult plumage.

T. S. B.—1. Please define the term "battery." Is it applied to a box sunk in marsh or beach, so that the top of the box is on a level with the surface of the ground? 2. Is a snookbox a battery? Ans. 1. It is usually applied to a floating box sunk to level of the water. 2. We have never heard it so called.

H. V., New Berlin, N. Y.—Unadilla River forms the boundary line between Otsego and Chenango counties, flows south and empties into the Susquehanna. Has any person a right to use a net in this river for the purpose of catching suckers? Ans. No. See chap. 534, laws of 1879, as amended by laws 1884, chap. 127.

ROSELLE, N. J.—1. When is the law off of black bass in New Jersey? 2. In bait fishing for black bass with light tackle is the reel held on top of the rod or underneath? Ans. 1. June 1. 2. It is held on top so as to check the line with the thumb, if you cast the minnow. If, however, you use a float and sinker, it makes no difference.

H. W. B., Binghamton, N. Y.—Will you please state some of the most essential requirements in brook trout culture: that is, the condition of water, pond or brook, etc.? Ans. A good flow of spring water, with fall enough to lead it where you wish; a series of ponds, large and small, and cheap food for the fish. Added to this, some knowledge of the business is necessary.

X. Y. Z., Bridgeport, Conn.—Please give me the best method for preserving the mounted heads of animals from moths. How would a weak solution of corrosive sublimate and water answer? Ans. The preparation commonly used by taxidermists is, we believe, a saturated solution of corrosive sublimate in alcohol. If, after drying, a white deposit remains, it can be removed with stiff brush.

FLY ROD.—Some few years ago I had a very fine fly rod presented to me. I have never used it, but expect to this summer. Consequently it must be very dry. What would you advise me to do? Would you varnish it or wet it when the fishing grounds are reached? Ans. We do not know of what material your rod is composed of, nor its condition. Take it to some rodmaker or to any of our dealers in fishing tackle.

F. S. S., Halstead, Pa.—A man who now catches pickerel in a net set on an unwatered flat contends he has a right to take any fish in any manner he chose so long as the fish is not taken in running water. Has any one a right to set a net, fyke or seine on flats covered with water, caused from an overflow of the river, and take pickerel at this or any other season of the year? Ans. The law permits fyke nets in streams not inhabited by brook trout. When pickerel or other fish taken by fyke nets have been introduced into the stream by the Fish Commissioners they must be returned to the water. The overland flat is subject to the same law as the running stream.

AWAITSOOS, Ferrisburgh, Vt.—What is the bird, described as follows: Top of head gray, edged with black on sides and front; white line from behind eyes above them to upper mandible and over it; black line from eye to lower mandible; cheeks black; bill the same, rather stout and straight; throat white with narrow black bar across it; throat about bar yellowish-white; belly and breast white, as nearly as I can make out, by "goggling it through a glass;" back brownish-gray; a runner, not a hopper, some of the black feathers above the eye are slightly raised at will, so that the head seen from in front looks a little like a small-eared owl's. I do not find that I made a note of the size, but you may say a very little larger than the English sparrow. Will some of you tell me what the birds were? They were about a barn where I foddered a flock of sheep, and were seen first March 10, 1885, then for a week or more and never since. Ans. It must be the shore lark (*Eremophila alpestris*) from description.

INFORMATION WANTED.

I noticed some articles in *FOREST AND STREAM* some time ago relative to the vast amount of quail to be found in Montague county, Texas. I wish to know something about the various kinds of game to be found in this and adjoining counties.—S. P. NASH (Philadelphia, Miss.).



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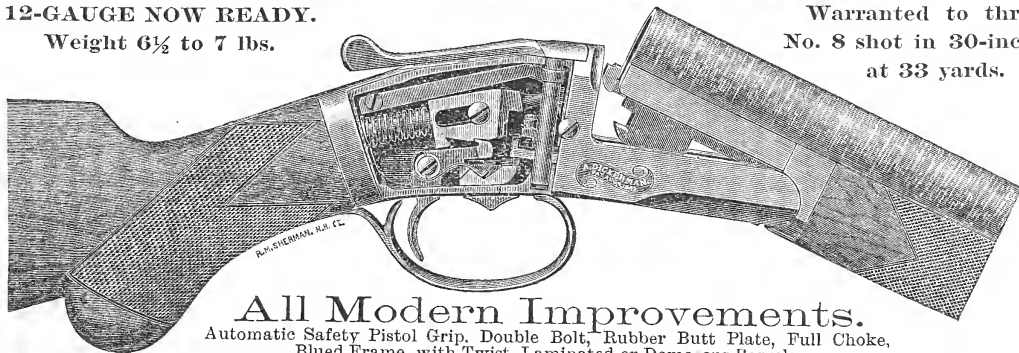
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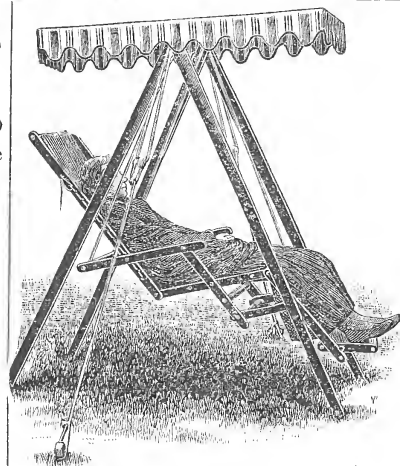


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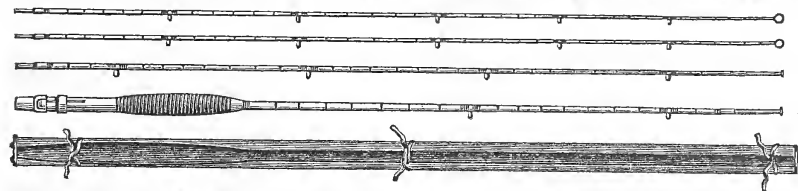
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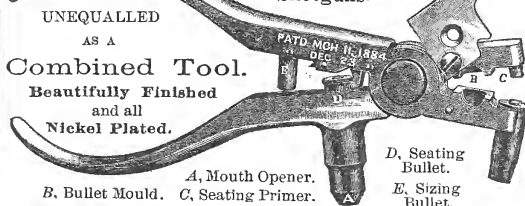
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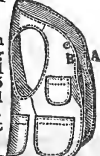
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OF THE

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SOME POOR MEN'S RICHES.

THERE are many who have inherited the hunting instinct and were born too late to find game enough in the region of their birth to make hunting worth while for the game that can be got by the most persistent seeking, and who have not inherited wealth, nor the faculty of acquiring it, so that they may go for a week, or month, or more of a year, to places where game is still abundant. Some of these sometimes wonder whether this inheritance, come down to them through a thousand generations from wild ancestors, is not under such conditions an entailed ill-fortune, a whole-some desire, given without the opportunity of satisfying it, a purse of gold that one must always carry but never spend.

Most assuredly it is an unprofitable dower if it leads one to too continual pursuit of what at best he can get but little of, mere game. But if it takes him to the woods and fields for that reasonable share of recreation which belongs of right to all, rather than to questionable pastimes among ill-assorted associates, then it is something to be thankful for. With a gun to excuse his day's outing he goes forth. His wits are sharpened to find the haunts of the infrequent woodcock or quail or grouse, that should of right be in the swamp, or field, or copse that of old their tribes possessed. All these he must search, and study how changed conditions have wrought changes in the habits of those few survivors. Their wits, too, are sharpened. The woodcock does not wait till the dog's nose is almost above him before he springs up with a twittering whistle, but flushes wild, and alights afar off. The scant bevy of quail goes off out of gunshot in a gray flurry to the mazes of the woods. The ruffed grouse carries not to cry "quit! quit!" nor strut along the dim aisles of his woodland sanctuary, but hurtles away unseen, almost out of ear shot. If by good luck one of these falls to the unaccustomed aim, if a woodcock tumbles in a shower of leaves to the ferny carpet of the swamp, if a quail drops to the earth out of a whiff of feathers, if a grouse slants from his arrowy flight and strikes with a fluttering thud upon the fallen leaves, or a woodcock started from a willowy bend of the river, splashes back into it before the powder smoke has unveiled him, how the heart is warmed with a thrill of the satisfaction of well-doing!

Without even this appeasing of the sportsman's gentle bloodthirst, there is more and better to be got of a day's

wandering with the helping burden of a gun. The companionship of Nature, the eavesdropping and spying to catch her secrets, the studying of the ways of all the little wood people, not worth, or inestimably more than worth, powder and shot. Who has ever heard the last word the jay has to tell him in her many voices? or who has tired of visiting with the chickadees, or of watching the nuthatches creeping headlong down the mossy tree trunks, or the squirrels' sancy tricks, or the ways of strange woods plants growing and blowing and seeding, and the odd freaks of trees' growths, and no end of things that he would never have heard or seen if it had not been for this wooden and iron excuse that he lugs about with him? Thanks be to its first inventor, in spite of all the woeful mischief it has wrought. How many happy days it has gone to the making of, from boyhood to old age, in the lives of those who love it. What a comfort is the ownership of a good gun, though one seldom shoots it. What a pleasure its owner has in those seasons when it cannot be otherwise used, in putting it in order for the days fondly looked forward to—days when the woods have put on their last and bravest attire of the year—days when they have cast it off and all the landscape is veiled in the gray haze of Indian summer, and days when all the fields and frozen waters are white with the first snows and the wild music of the hounds stirs the woods.

When these days have come and gone and winter winds are howling, who so much as he, born to the love of field sports with small opportunity of enjoying them, delights to read by his cheerful fireside what others more fortunate have written of their outings, and to share with them in spirit the happy hours in camps by wild lakes, the tramps in primeval forests, and hunting tours in far away lands that he may never see.

THE SENTIMENT ON SPRING SHOOTING.

IT is an encouraging sign of the times that the sentiment of the West, where spring shooting is chiefly carried on, is changing on this subject. It was formerly as much a matter of course to kill ducks in the spring as in the fall, but of late, individuals in great numbers, and in some cases the press, are protesting against the scandalous folly of this wasteful practice.

The Milwaukee Wisconsin of April 17 says:

The annual spring slaughter of ducks in Wisconsin and other Northern States has begun rather earlier than usual and appears to be pursued with more than common energy. Thousands of ducks are being killed daily. The Oskosh Northwestern states that the birds which are being killed in that vicinity are "mere skeletons." This is usually the condition of ducks in the spring, and for that reason alone the shooting of them should be forbidden by legal enactment. But another and still better reason is, that each pair of birds killed would raise a large brood during the summer if they were unmolested now. Thus every duck destroyed stands for several which might live. There are a few hunting clubs in the State which have bought or leased tracts of marsh where the ducks are allowed to live through the summer and breed without molestation. This plan makes the best of shooting in the fall at those places, and but for them the ducks would be nearly exterminated in Wisconsin.

Comparatively little spring shooting is done along the Atlantic seaboard, for the very excellent reason that there are few places where birds are to be found, and few birds to shoot, but in the West the case is different. The experience of a number of clubs in Western States has shown conclusively the advantage which may be derived from the prohibition of shooting at this season over limited areas. On the grounds of the Winous Point Club ducks are protected in spring, and as a direct result of this protection, the birds are wonderfully numerous and tame in the autumn.

It is, perhaps, hopeless to think of inaugurating the abolition of spring shooting in the East at present. The miserably foolish and short-sighted action of the Legislature of the State of New York on the deer hounding question, recently, shows how narrow and petty is the view taken by our legislators on the subject of game protection. Still, people are being educated, though very slowly, and we trust that a few years more will see game of every kind protected everywhere for all the year, except a short period in autumn and early winter. The recent change in the Canadian game laws, and the change of sentiment among sportsmen, point to an awakening on the importance of a general alteration in our laws, and as soon as the shooting public begin to think seriously on this matter it will certainly be brought to the notice of the different State legislatures in a way that will compel their attention.

MAINE AND ADIRONDACK WATERS will soon be open for the angler, and many gentlemen are anxiously awaiting the telegrams which shall announce that the ice has gone out.

FOREST PROTECTION.

IT is well understood that whatever the damage done by the reckless cutting away of our forests, this injury is inconsiderable when compared with that caused by forest fires. Those who are familiar with the mountains of the Far West have seen the fearful havoc there wrought by fire, and know a long way off the cause which gives to many a lofty mountain its curious silver-gray appearance. For years after being burned over, the dead and bleaching tree trunks stand as witnesses of the terrible destruction brought about by carelessness or malice. The loss of life and property caused by forest fires in Michigan is too recent to have been forgotten.

The importance of this matter has long been appreciated by those who have to do with large forest areas. One of the principal duties of the police of the National Park is the guarding against the spread of forest fires, and the value of their services is shown by the fact that in the Park, a country especially liable to this scourge, there were last year no forest fires of any considerable magnitude.

The New York Forestry Commission recently adopted a series of rules and regulations for the protection of the Adirondack woods, which are as follows:

First. All persons having occasion to burn a fallow or start a fire in any old chopping, wind slash, bush or berry lot, swamp, "vlaie," or beaver meadow, for the purpose of clearing or improvement, shall give five days' notice of such intention to the nearest fire warden, forester, or agent of the Forest Commission. He shall also give notice to any neighbors who may have fields or woodlands adjacent and liable to injury at least one day previous to the setting of such fires. Such fires will be permitted only when the wind is favorable, and competent persons must remain on guard until the fire is completely extinguished on the surface and in the "duff."

Second. All hunters, fishermen, loggers, guides, tourists and others lighting fires in or near the forest for cooking, warmth, insect smudges or other purposes, must clear away all combustible material from within six feet of the place where the fire is to be kindled, and must thoroughly stamp out, drench, or otherwise extinguish any such fire upon leaving it either temporarily or permanently; and hunters using firearms with inflammable wadding are hereby cautioned against allowing fires to start from such causes.

Third. Smokers are cautioned in regard to fires arising from any carelessness of theirs, and their attention is called to the penalty for negligence in causing fires. Parents and teachers are respectfully requested to instruct children to avoid lighting fires in the forests or exposed places.

Fourth. Peeling standing trees of their bark for covering camps or shanties is hereby prohibited. For such purposes the tree must be felled, and all the available bark removed therefrom before another tree is cut down. The trees thus felled must be utilized for firewood, and such fallen timber as lies in the vicinity of the camp must also be used for firewood before any green standing timber is cut for that purpose.

The fourth of these rules implies a measure of license inconsistent with any high standard of forest conservancy; and although, so long as no market exists for the timber, it would perhaps be a dog-in-the-manger policy to impose severe restrictions on the utilization of forest products by camping parties, it is desirable that restrictions be imposed on the barking or felling of pine or spruce for any purpose. Camping parties should bear in mind, too, that the sanctions implied in this rule cannot extend to forests in private hands, the owners of which have a right of action for damages for any tree felled on their property. These regulations should be carefully read and remembered by all those who contemplate camping out in the Adirondacks this summer, and advantage should not be taken of the liberal spirit in which the fourth rule is framed to perpetrate reckless waste. Sound growing timber, so situated that there is room for its development, should never be felled, for although it have no immediate market value, it may be in active demand in another decade or two.

It is well known that careless hunters start a comparatively large number of the fires which spread and involve large areas, and too much care cannot be exercised with regard to the proper selection of the spot for the fire and its thorough extinguishment before leaving it.

IN ANOTHER COLUMN will be found that portion of the report of the New York State Fish Commissioners which relates to the protection of fish and game in this State. The document is an important one and contains many suggestions and recommendations which deserve the attention of our legislators. The position taken by this report on the deer hounding question, shows that the Commissioners hold sound views on this subject. The recommendation for the appointment of a Superintendent of game protectors is in line with what we have strongly urged. The report may be read with profit by all who are interested in game and fish protection, and it deserves the prompt attention of the New York Legislature.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DAYS AMONG THE ALLIGATORS.

ON one occasion, while hunting on Lake Bisteneau, in Louisiana, I was returning through the woods by a dim path that led by a small spring of water. The spring was located half a mile from the lake, in a small ravine, on the slope of a hillside and about three hundred yards from where the drainage of the spring, scarcely perceptible in the dry season, emptied into a small and sluggish bayou that flowed into the lake. I was thirsty, and the only drinkable water to be had was to be found in the little spring in question. Many a time had its grateful waters quenched my thirst when returning from a hard day's hunting or fishing on the lake. It was in a secluded spot and but few people ever visited the place.

Often I had noticed, a little to one side and just above the spring, in a small drain formed by an inequality of the hillside, two small pools of water that never seemed to go dry, even in the drouth of summer. They were about twenty feet long, about three feet wide, and apparently only a few inches deep. They were about fifteen or twenty feet apart, with apparently no connection, as no water flowed from either, and from casual observation I supposed they were formed by the drainage water after a rain collecting and standing in two shallow pools. I had taken them for two innocent hog wallows, where I supposed the swine in the woods were accustomed to regale themselves in summer weather, in the mud and water. I had passed there dozens of times and never once suspected that danger lurked in those innocent looking holes of water. I afterward learned that it would have been anything but healthy for a hog or a dog to have made a bathing place of these little pools.

As I approached, riding, I had to pass these pools before I reached the spring, about thirty steps beyond. When about twenty yards from the upper and deeper hole, which had banks about a foot high, my attention was attracted by something dropping from the banks into the water. Looking that way, I thought I had never seen so many snakes in one place in my life. The banks and the water seemed full of them. I immediately dismounted and began an investigation of the matter. By this time all had tumbled into the water and many of them were still visible swimming about. On approaching the bank what was my astonishment on discovering that what I supposed were snakes were in reality a brood of young alligators, many of them whining like young puppies. On my approach, however, they rapidly disappeared in the most mysterious manner, and it was with difficulty that I captured one of the little rascals before all the rest were gone. I could not tell where. The one I caught was about fourteen inches long, and as vicious for his size as any venomous reptile ever dared to be. If I put a stick close to his head he would snap at it, and once getting a hold, I could almost make a whip cracker of him before he would turn loose.

I could not understand the sudden disappearance of the others, as I at first supposed I could catch the whole brood. To investigate the matter I got a stick and commenced to poke it all around in the water and under the edges of the banks wherever I thought one could hide. In doing this I could stand with one foot on each bank. Suddenly as I was feeling about with the stick under the bank on one side my stick failed to touch bottom. I reached as far as I could and still did not touch bottom. To say I was surprised is putting it mildly. I got a longer stick, and still could not touch bottom. I shot it into the hole with a plunge. It went out of sight—I was amazed. I then began an inspection of the surroundings. Just out on the bank was a lot of old rubbish composed of twigs and leaves, etc. On going to the lower hole of water I discovered a fresh track of a large alligator coming up from the direction of the bayou and entering the pool. The pool had no steep banks at all and I had no idea from its appearance it was anything but a common hog wallow with mud and water four or five inches deep, at most. What puzzled me now was I could find no trace of the alligator coming out of the hole. I examined carefully the soft ground around the margin of the water and it was very evident he had not come out. Anybody could see very plainly he had gone in there and only a short time before. It was equally evident he was in there then. Where was he? The question. The mysterious deep hole under the bank in the upper pool gave me a clue, and getting a long pole I commenced feeling about in the water which was not over four or five inches deep but too muddy to see the bottom. Suddenly my pole went down, as it had before in the other hole. A further investigation showed that this was an alligator's den. He had burrowed just below the surface of the water around under the bank from one hole to the other. How he ever kept these holes filled with water in a porous soil, and on the slope of a hill, is a question I have never been able to solve. I learned afterward that an alligator had nested in that place for many years. About the same time, I was hunting one day on Brushy Bayou, a small stream that flows into Lake Bisteneau, about seven or eight miles above this place, when I heard what seemed to be the whining of a young puppy in the dense and tangled growth of vines, bushes and trees that bordered the stream. On making my way cautiously in to the banks of the bayou a huge alligator rolled off of a log that spanned the stream and fell with a great splash into the water. Approaching nearer I discovered that the whining noise proceeded from a brood of young alligators that lay around the mouth of their den. This consisted of a hole about the size of the mouth of a large barrel that had been burrowed in the earth just above the edge of the water in the bayou. This hole was full of water to the top, and the young alligators, on the first intimation or danger, sought and found protection in its mysterious depths.

My first experience in shooting alligators was as follows: Happening to be hunting with two boys as my companions on the lake during the period of high water, we discovered an alligator floating on the water about one hundred yards from the bank. I had a short double gun, one barrel a rifle that carried a large ball for shooting deer. We concluded to try to capture the alligator, and getting into a small boat we rowed out for an interview. The saurian was unlike the politician of the present day and seemed determined not to be interviewed. Every time we attempted to approach him he would move off so as to keep at a safe distance. When floating on the surface they expose above the water their eyes which are set in a small elevation on the front part of the skull, the tip of the nose, and the top of the head from the eyes back. These are carried about an inch above the water. Some old ones expose portions of the back and tail while swimming on the surface. The one in question,

whenever we got nearer than he thought conducive to his safety, would lower himself under the water and come up again in a short time further off. After making several ineffectual attempts to get near enough for a shot, I adopted a strategy that worked finely. Paddling the boat toward him until he went under, we rowed rapidly some distance beyond where he was last seen and remained quiet, with rifle cocked and ready. I had heard they could only be killed by a shot in the eye and I wanted to be near enough to hit that organ. We had waited but a few minutes before he rose to the surface, in thirty yards of the boat, and just where I was looking for him. Before he could get his head under again I fired at his eye. He was lying broadside to me. In an instant there was a wild commotion and churning of the water into foam. In a few moments he ceased his contortions, and sank quietly to the bottom. Approaching the place we could discover air bubbles rising rapidly from the water over the place where he lay. There was in the boat a stout fish gig used for gigging the huge buffalo fish that were found in great numbers in the lake. It had three strong barbed iron prongs and a stout handle about ten feet in length. With this I felt about on the bottom until I touched the body of the alligator. The water was about eight feet deep. He did not move when I touched him and I supposed he was dead. Raising the gig above him I brought it down with all my might and felt that I had sent it home. A moment later and I was sorry I had. He was not dead by great odds. He made a tremendous lurch and I soon discovered I was in a very embarrassing predicament. It became at once a serious question whether it was best to turn him loose or hold on to him. I was afraid to turn him loose for fear he would in his contortions upset the boat. To hold on to him was no easy matter. I finally lifted him from the bottom and held him midway between the bottom of the lake and the boat. Fortunately he soon ceased his struggles, but not until my hand was blistered in holding the handle of the gig. We succeeded in towing him to the bank and found that the rifle ball had struck him in the eye, and plunging through from side to side, had put out the other eye also. He was still not dead, but made no further resistance.

Some four or five miles down the lake from this place was a wide deep hole even during the low stages of the water. The hole was about half or three quarters of a mile long and was a great place for alligators. In the summer they could be seen basking in the sun, almost any day, stretched out upon logs or in the mud along the banks, or floating lazily upon the water. There was the hull of an old sunken steamboat that lay midway the lake, and this formed the favorite lounging place of a rusty looking old fellow who was in the habit of crawling up on it for his midday nap. I was riding down the lake one bright day and discovered this old fellow lying in his favorite place on the hull of the boat. He was a wily old dog and always slept with one eye open. As soon as he discovered anyone approaching, off into the water he would roll. The boat was about 80 or 100 yards from the bank. A cluster of cypress trees stood on the bank. I was on the lookout for him, and as soon as I saw he was on the boat, I dismounted and crept along behind the cypress trees until I got to the tree nearest the bank. He was all unconscious of my presence. I had a small muzzleloading rifle. Taking aim at his body just below the shoulders, I fired. He was the most completely surprised alligator I ever saw. He rolled off the boat and into the water with a splash, and not knowing the direction of his unseen enemy he struck out in a bee line to the very place where I was standing, in a manner as if he thought that boat was filled with dynamite and the whole thing would blow up in about two minutes. I concluded the old fellow had taken offense at my unceremonious interruption of his nap and was coming to demand an explanation, and I turned to look after my horse about that time. The saurian did not want me, however, and as soon as he saw me he changed his course and started for the other bank in a double quick gait.

After this, I had some good sport hunting them at this place. I had heard much of their dangerous character, and of the impenetrability of their hides to shot, and of the impossibility of killing them unless shot in the eye. I found all of this the sheerest nonsense. I found them about as timid and as hard to approach as any wild game I ever hunted. I could rarely ever get within one hundred yards of one, if he saw me. I killed several ten feet and upward in length with one shot from a squirrel rifle, and killed them so instantaneously that they would turn belly up and sink without the least struggle. The place to shoot them is just back of the eye from one to three inches. This part is exposed, and offers the best target, while they are swimming on the surface, or floating, and if you can get a plunging shot from above them, and hit them here, they are very easily killed. The frontal bone extending from the nose, or snout, back over the top of the head is very hard and forms almost a perfect shield against ordinary rifle shot fired from in front of them. The ball striking this will be almost sure to glance and leave the alligator unharmed.

I had several times noticed an unusually large one in my trips to the lake that, in swimming on the surface, exposed almost the entire length of his body above the surface of the water. He was so wary that I had found it impossible to get in rifle shot of him. I had only an old-fashioned squirrel rifle. Every time he caught sight of me, if two hundred yards away, he would move off to safer quarters. I determined to get him if possible, and arranged a drive for him. Taking my stand cautiously on a point of land and behind a large cypress tree, on the bank of the lake, about three hundred yards below where I saw the old fellow floating on the water, I sent a negro man, whom I had taken along for the purpose, in a boat several hundred yards above him, with instructions to approach him very slowly and carefully from a point opposite to the place where I stood. As soon as the alligator discovered the negro approaching in the boat, just as I expected he would, he began to move in my direction. He seemingly suspected the trap set for him, however, for he soon got in the middle of the lake, which was about two hundred yards wide at the place, and putting on a full head of steam came down the lake like a young steamboat. When he got opposite to me I fired, and he quietly sank under the water. I was satisfied I had not hurt him, and yet, from the fact that the ball did not strike the water, I felt confident I had hit him. The bank here was high and tolerably steep with a number of old cypress trees standing on the slope. I had a companion with me, and we selected a place about half way up the bank and sat down on a log to eat our lunch. We were screened from the lake by the trunks of two or three large trees. Immediately below us the water was deep and it was a favorite place for alligators to float. The weather was

warm and I suppose we had been sitting there an hour, when I cautiously looked around the tree behind which I sat, when there, not thirty yards off, right below us, lay the big alligator we were after, quietly floating on the water. With a motion to my companion to keep quiet, I cautiously raised my rifle, and passing the muzzle past the tree, took deliberate aim at his head just back of the eye, and in an instant more the clear ring of the rifle reverberated over the lake. When the smoke cleared away we saw this huge monster turn slowly over on his back and with a shiver, sink quietly out of sight. With the aid of a long handled gig, we succeeded in raising his body to the surface and dragging him to the bank. An examination showed that my first shot had struck him on the frontal bone, in front of the eye, and glanced harmlessly off. A short time after this, I was hunting alligators on the lake near where I had killed the big fellow above. The negro was paddling the boat and I was sitting forward with rifle in hand. I discovered a large one floating, and directing the negro to paddle slowly and cautiously toward him, I succeeded in getting a long shot at him. The ball struck him in the eye, and for a time he made things lively. Reloading my rifle as hastily as I could, I made the negro paddle the boat to the place where he was cavorting about in the water, blinded and enraged by the first shot, and succeeded by standing up in the boat in getting a plunging shot at his head as he passed. The ball entered the fatal spot behind the eye, penetrated the brain, and the monster sank to the bottom dead, without another struggle.

This was during the war, at which time the great scarcity of leather and of tanner's oil, in the South, made their hides and oil very valuable. Whenever I killed a large one, my friend, at whose house I was stopping, would have the carcass hauled to the house and skinned and the fat converted into oil, which he found useful for many purposes.

On skinning the last one mentioned above, I discovered that he was the same one I had shot while basking in the sun on the hull of the sunken steamboat. He was lying at the time with his side to me and I attempted to shoot him behind the shoulder, in the region of the heart, but he had his fore leg stretched out beside him, and the ball buried itself in this, near the elbow joint, whence I recovered it.

One peculiarity of alligators is their power of emitting a powerful, musky odor. I never noticed this except when one was killed. Whenever I killed a large one and approached the spot where he sunk, the air and water seemed filled with this strong, pungent odor.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Natural History.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

THE career of the AUDUBON SOCIETY during the past week has been one of steady and gratifying progress. Additional secretaries have been appointed, and those already at work have been steadily increasing their membership. Many of our branch societies have been organizing their forces for the directing of public attention to the movement, the clergy have responded warmly to the appeal for co-operation wherever called on, and many effective sermons have been preached, which generally had the effect of startling a number of the fair hearers with a sense of the enormity of the practice, to the consequences of which they had never before given a passing thought.

The Educational Department has in some instances exhibited a considerable interest in the movement, and a few schools have been canvassed; in all cases with results indicating that the pupils were very generally impressed with the presentation of the case. Mr. Comstock, principal of the LeRoy Academic Institute, this State, heads the weekly list with a contribution of a hundred and twenty-six members, mostly pupils. Certificates of membership have been issued at an average rate of two hundred daily, and being really artistically executed, promise to become not only an evidence, but an element of success. Compensation for self-denial is found in the artistic evidence of it. With the more advanced students of our colleges a different, but equally suitable, course has been adopted; attention has been directed to the fashion of wearing stuffed bird skins for personal adornment, and to the Audubon movement for its subversion, and the students instructed to study the problem, and make it the subject of competitive themes or commencement orations. Inquiries instituted at millinery establishments confirms the view, that the almost total absence of small bird plumage is due to a change of sentiment on the part of their customers. There is a general unanimity of assertion that their purchases for the approaching season exhibit great falling off in comparison with past seasons. We hear, too, of orders given in ignorance of the movement, which have since been countermanded. In the smaller towns the milliners have been interviewing the AUDUBON secretaries and displaying a lively interest in ascertaining what ladies have joined the Society. These are results affording ample evidence of the general interest aroused by the movement, wherever it has spread; and there is every ground to hope that as branch societies perfect their organization and are able to concentrate as much effort on individual cities, as the Society is now spreading over the whole nation, success will follow in an ever accelerated ratio. The best people of the land lend the movement their earnest advocacy, and what is perhaps as much to the purpose, thousands of women of prominent social position who would not discard the fashion from principle or conviction, will not longer adhere to it when they see it condemned by people whose character and judgment they are bound to respect.

MORE TRUTH THAN FICTION.—Scene in court—A small boy, caught in the act of shooting birds, has been arrested for truancy. Officer—"This, your honor, is the young truant and bird shooter." Judge—"I am deeply distressed to see you, so young a lad, so cruel. Do you not attend both day and Sabbath school, where you sing beautiful songs about the lovely birds and their little nestlings? And does not your own mother teach you when you say your prayers at night, how wicked it is to shoot the dear birds?" Small boy—"Yes, sir." Judge—"Then you must be depraved indeed! Your extreme youth would certainly demand clemency. If you were an outcast, an orphan I—" Small boy—"Then, judge, I wouldn't ha' done it. 'Twas for mother's hat. That bird was ten times prettier 'n the one in your wife's bonnet, 'cause I seen it last Sunday in Sunday school. She's my teacher." Judge—"Oh! Oh! yes! A case of necessity, I see. You were not shooting in mere, wanton sport; discharge the boy and bring on the next case."—Portland Transcript.

THE SPARROW HAWK'S SERVICES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I perceive that Dr. Ellzey is somewhat incredulous as to the exactness of the information I gave him in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM relative to the grasshoppers of this locality, but as he intends to seek counsel of an expert and to put "Professor Riley on the stand," I am quite content, and willingly leave him to the care of the Professor, trusting that the pupil may prove worthy of so good a master.

If he will apply also for information to Mr. Theodore Pergandie, Prof. Riley's assistant, who is particularly well posted on the Orthoptera of this vicinity, he will, I think, find the statements made in my letter fully corroborated.

As the Doctor is on the right side of the sparrow question, or as he correctly terms it, the "sparrow nuisance," I shall be able to forgive him even if he puts a strain on his inclination and "forces me to the wall."

As to what the sparrow hawk did for a living in winter about Washington prior to the advent of the English sparrow, I am unable to say of my own knowledge, as that period preceded my residence here. What evidence has the Doctor that the sparrow hawk wintered here in those by-gone days? If he did—a point I am doubtful upon—I wish I could believe he lived entirely on mice with an occasional grasshopper thrown in, and that his taste for small birds began with the introduction of the English sparrow. I may remind the Doctor that there is plenty of small game to be found about here in winter in the shape of tree sparrows, field sparrows, snowbirds, etc., and a sparrow hawk ambitious for such dainties would have had little difficulty in gratifying his preferences.

I should only be too glad to accept Dr. Ellzey's statement that the sparrow hawk is absolutely harmless, but stern facts forbid it. Too many sparrow hawks have been seen to pounce upon small birds, and too many have been shot with the remains of various species of birds in their stomachs to render such a sweeping statement tenable for a moment. However unwelcome truth may be, it should not be withheld even in so excellent a cause as the establishment of the good character of the sparrow hawk, and the truth is that occasionally the little falcon is the reverse of beneficial in that he kills insectivorous birds. Let me hasten to add that the destruction of insectivorous birds by the sparrow hawk is, so far as I have been able to ascertain, an inconsiderable item as compared with the good it does, and that in making up the balance sheet the harm it does in this way weighs but a feather in the scale against the bird's beneficent habits. That the sparrow hawk lives more or less upon field mice I have freely admitted, and the farmer ought to remember the fact to the bird's credit, since there can be no doubt of the mischievous propensities of these small rodents. But while admitting this, I deny that I "overstated my case," and again assert that the bulk of the food of *Falco sparverius* in the length and breadth of the land consists of insects. Under certain circumstances and in certain localities, as the case cited by Dr. Ellzey, the bird may feed more upon mice than upon grasshoppers, or even exclusively for a time upon the former, but the observations made in no one section will justify a statement of the habits of a species as a whole, especially of a bird so widely distributed as the sparrow hawk.

It is well known that in fall, owing to a scarcity of food, birds leave their summer haunts and winter South or where food is abundant. Mice cannot be said to migrate. They are as abundant in the North in winter as in summer, and form a very considerable part of the food of several species of owls, whose especial value to the farmer is due to the fact that this warfare against mice is not intermittent, but persistent. The owls keep watch and ward when other natural checks upon the mice, as the snakes and most of the hawks, are off duty. One of the hawks, however—the rough legged—stands nearly or perhaps quite at the head of the list as a check to the increase of mice.

If, then, mice form the chief dependence of the sparrow hawk, as Dr. Ellzey asserts, will he explain why it is that the great majority of sparrow hawks leave home—which birds rarely if ever do so long as food is plenty—and go South to winter? If so large a bird as the rough-legged hawk, one of the largest of the family, finds mice enough to live upon far north of the winter home of *Sparverius*, why should not the sparrow hawk? The truth is, the majority of *Sparverius* go far enough south to find plenty of insect food, and there stay till spring assures them of plenty of their favorite fare at home.

I have no doubt that were grasshoppers abundant about Washington all winter—which I stated they were not, though some are to be found every month in the year—the sparrow hawk would be a common winter resident here instead of being, as it is, a rare one.

Dr. Ellzey appears to overlook the important fact that from an economic point of view, the destruction of grasshoppers entitles the sparrow hawk to the gratitude of the farmer no less than does the destruction of mice. This is not the case, of course, in the East, where the grasshopper is not seriously destructive; but it is the case in the West, where the insects have proved a veritable plague, and it is precisely in the grasshopper-infested portions of the far West that this little hawk is most numerous, more so than it is anywhere east of the Mississippi. In many sections of Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, for instance, the sparrow hawk is found, or perhaps I should say was found, in surprising numbers, and rarely indeed are they to be seen feeding upon anything but grasshoppers and crickets. The number of insects destroyed by these hawks and by their young—for I have seen them feeding their young with grasshoppers—is simply beyond calculation. Notwithstanding this fact, and the no less important one that when grasshoppers are abundant the large Swainson's hawk also feeds almost exclusively upon these insects, the Legislature of Colorado passed a law a few years ago offering a bounty on hawks without discrimination of species. The result was that in 1883 I found that the sparrow hawk had been almost exterminated in districts where several years before they were exceedingly numerous. What a spectacle! A great State expending thousands of dollars to exterminate birds whose value to agriculture is almost incalculable! For admitting, as must be done, that certain species of hawks destroy more or less insectivorous birds, game birds and poultry, there is no room to doubt that the economic value of the hawk tribe as a whole is very great. In one part or another of the country the various species of hawks and owls are busy the year round in checking the increase of mice and grasshoppers. In this silent and ill-requited service of man the little sparrow hawk plays a con-

spicuous part, and, as Dr. Ellzey says, it is shameful folly to destroy them.

A. W. HENSHAW.
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 24, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that Dr. Ellzey is inclined to doubt the existence of warm sunny days around Washington during January and February, and especially the presence of grasshoppers thereon, as asserted by Mr. Henshaw. He asks, sarcastically, how many grasshopper days there are between Dec. 1 and May 1, and announces his intention of calling Prof. Riley to the stand. I have a record in my note book under date of March 18, 1883, of finding three grasshoppers, of the species *Acridium abustaceum*, in lively condition, while passing through an open field near the Aqueduct bridge. At the same time there was ice under the shadow of a rock in Spout Run. One of Prof. Riley's assistants was in our party. While I have no other record, I am sure that I have seen grasshoppers in February.

HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST.

WASHINGTON, April 23, 1886.

AN OLD AND VEXED QUESTION.—When I was a boy, a long time ago, I read in the brilliant pages of "Frank Forester" that the partridge could withhold his scent at will, and I thought to myself how much more F. F. knows about hunting and shooting than any other man in the world. Lewis and Hallock repeat the same thing; and, in my humble opinion, a more fanciful thing never took hold of men's minds. It is about on a par with the idea that at the first white frost the sora, every one, turns to a frog and lives in the mud all through the winter. I have never seen a covey of birds settle and marked the spots at which they alighted with accuracy that I did not find all or nearly all if I went straight after them. But whenever I have waited to give them time to let go their scent, which I have frequently done in close cover in order to take advantage of good hunting ground between me and them, I have always been left. Like the Arabs they have folded their tents and silently stolen away, knowing full well that that is the sensible thing to do. It may be true that from excessive fright the partridge will press his feathers so close to the body as to suppress all exhalations, but I doubt it. I have all my life been hunting with intelligent huntsmen (who, however, were not up in sporting literature), and I have never yet seen one who would leave a flock of birds that had been flushed and marked down and go off after another flock so as to give the other fellows time to let off the effluvium. The truth is, hardly half of the men who hunt partridges are good at marking them down. They see 'em flying in a certain direction and imagine they are going to alight in a particular swamp or slosh or brush. Off they go and fail to find. Then they say they have all corked up their scent bottles, just as "Frank Forester" tells us is their habit. I would like very much to hear from Dr. Ellzey on this subject. He is not only a gentleman of culture and scientific information, but withal he thinks and observes for himself, and don't take his opinions at second hand.—OLD TIMER.

SPRING NOTES.—Salem, Neb., April 16.—Cranes arrived here March 18, killdeer plover March 19, golden-wing woodpecker April 3, blackbirds and robins about a week earlier, bluebirds (*Sialia sialis*) have been here nearly all winter. I saw the first turkey buzzard this season April 9. There is another bluebird sometimes seen here that is smaller and darker blue than *Sialia sialis*. What are they?—J. F. L. [Perhaps *Sialia arctica*, a common species in the mountains to the west of you, but only accidental on the plains.]

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE full report of the FOREST AND STREAM's trajectory test of hunting rifles has been issued in pamphlet form, with the illustrations and the tabular summary, making in all 96 pages. For sale at this office, or sent post-paid. Price 50 cents.

GAME AND FISH PROTECTION.

SECTION 4 of Chapter 317, Laws of 1883, provides that "the game and fish protectors shall be subject to the supervision and direction of the Commissioners of Fisheries," and directs that the Commissioners shall divide the territory of the State into protection districts, and shall assign to each protector his district, and shall have authority also to assign for temporary duty in any district a protector from any other district. The protector is to make, at the end of each calendar month, a report, giving "an account of the suits commenced at his instance, the disposition made of such suits, the result of any brought to trial, and the condition of any undisposed of," and no payment of salary or traveling expenses is to be made except on the certificate of the Commissioners that such reports have been made, and that the protector has in all other respects faithfully performed his duty.

For three years previous to the act above referred to there were eight game and fish protectors, appointed especially to attend to the enforcement of the laws for the protection of game and fish. They were selected without particular reference to geographical locality, and had equal territorial jurisdiction throughout the whole State. They were at liberty to proceed according to their own pleasure in the execution of their duties, and were in fact under no official supervision. Under such a system there was of course imperfect performance. In but few localities was there any persistent attempt to enforce the law, and what was done was of a spasmodic rather than a systematic character. Most of the protectors did, in the line of official duty, what fell in their way to do, but there was no concerted action, no directing head, and practically no official accountability. That their work was not more thorough was not altogether the fault of the protectors. Reformation of long tolerated abuses must of necessity be gradual, even when they have the support of moral sentiment. When they lack this powerful backing the task is formidable indeed.

The game laws of the State had been, up to the time of their appointment, dead letters. It was true there were game constables in every town that chose to elect them, but in most cases these officers, if not poachers themselves, were in the interest of poachers. The office was sought principally by those who wished to secure immunity for their own offending. The law, too, made it the duty of every sheriff, deputy sheriff, constable and policeman to take cognizance of this

class of offenses, but as obedience brought unpopularity rather than profit, there were few arrests and fewer punishments.

Game laws were regarded as infringements upon natural right, and until the rapid disappearance of game from the forests and fish from the waters awakened the attention of thoughtful economists, the laws were violated with impunity. In some places the choice of game constables was made in good faith, and the enforcement, which followed, of laws long set at naught, gradually led to a more wholesome public sentiment. It was to this sentiment that the passage of the law was due, creating the office of game and fish protector and the amendatory act increasing the number and making them accountable to the Fish Commissioners was the result of the defects discovered in the first three years' working.

The monthly reports in full of the protectors would take up too large a space and furnish more of detail than is necessary in a document like this. The Commissioners have, therefore, called on each protector for a summary of his work for the last year, which will be found at the proper place in the appendix.

A statement of the unlawful devices seized and of the penalties recovered during the last year, is furnished in the following tables:

NETS AND OTHER ILLEGAL DEVICES DESTROYED IN 1885.

District No.	Trout nets.	Scoop nets.	Scrap nets.	Squid nets.	Seine nets.	Fyke nets.	Trap nets.	Gill nets.	Hoop nets.	Dip nets.	Night lines.	Flat nets.	Leather nets.	Scissors.	Shad drift.	Set lines.	Spears.	Value of nets.
1	3	1	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	\$ 20.00
2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	325.00
3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	150.00
4	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	170.00
5	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	425.00
6	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	477.00
7	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1,257.50
8	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	3,830.00
9	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	567.00
10	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1,225.00
11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	330.00
12	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	\$563.50

RECAPITULATION—KINDS OF NETS AND OTHER DEVICES.

2 Trout.	3 Spears.	98 Fyke.
3 Night-Lines.	1 Scissors.	76 Trap.
3 Squat.	1 Scoop.	106 Gill.
18 Flat.	1 Scrap.	2 Hoop.
1 Dip.	3 Shad Drifts.	16 Set Lines.
1 Leader.	15 lines.	

345 of all kinds valued at \$4,688.50.

PENALTIES RECOVERED.

The following table shows the amount of penalties recovered in suits brought by protectors for the year ending Dec. 31, 1885. There are other suits pending, the penalties under which amount to upward of \$5,000:

Dist. No.	Names of Protectors.	Amounts.
1	G. W. Whitaker, Jr.	None.
2	H. Godwin, Jr.	None.
3	Matthew Kennedy.	\$38.00
4	Francisco Wood.	100.00
5	S. C. Armstrong.	110.00
6	John Liberty.	165.00
7	P. R. Leonard.	335.00
8	Thomas Bradley, and \$23.40 costs.	50.00
9	J. N. Brinkerhoff, and \$5 costs.	515.00
10	N. C. Phelps.	150.00
11	F. P. Drew.	100.00
12	W. N. Steele.	None.
13	W. H. Lindley.	75.00
14	John Sheridan, and costs.	25.00
15	George M. Schwartz.	162.00
16	S. A. Roberts.	10.00
Total.		\$1,927.00

The protectors have been hampered a good deal by the insufficient allowance for travel, a difficulty to which attention was called in the last report of the Commissioners, but which the Legislature has failed thus far to relieve. It is idle to expect that a protector can each month travel his district of perhaps two thousand square miles, in some places where no wagon roads penetrate, on the pittance of twenty dollars and forty cents. Often that amount is expended in a single trip, and the protector is powerless to make another during the month, however urgent the case may be. Discretion should be given to the Commissioners to make extra allowances for travel in such cases, and money should be appropriated accordingly. The number of protectors provided by law is sixteen. It was thought at first that thirteen would be sufficient for the duty, and that number only was appointed. The need of the full number became apparent before the end of the first year's service, and in May, 1884, the additional three were appointed. At that time a reapportionment of districts was made to correspond with the full number of protectors. These districts stand at present as follows:

First District.—Counties of Suffolk, Queens, Kings and Richmond. G. W. Whitaker, protector, South Hampton, Suffolk county.

Second District.—New York, Rockland and Orange. J. H. Godwin, Jr., protector, Kings Bridge, N. Y.

Third District.—Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess, Columbia, Greene, Ulster. Matthew Kennedy, protector, Hudson, Columbia county.

Fourth District.—Albany, Schenectady, Schoharie, Delaware, Sullivan, Francisco Wood, protector, Schoharie, Schoharie county.

Fifth District.—Rensselaer, Washington, Warren, Saratoga, and the town of Indian Lake in Hamilton county. Seymour C. Armstrong, protector, Weavertown, Warren county, N. Y.

Sixth District.—Essex, Clinton and all the town of Long Lake in Hamilton except that part lying west of the east line of great lots 4, 5, 41 and 42. John Liberty, protector, Elizabethtown, Essex county, N. Y.

Seventh District.—St. Lawrence and Franklin. Peter R. Leonard, protector, Ogdensburg, St. Lawrence county.

Eighth District.—Montgomery, Fulton and the towns of Hope, Wells, Lake Pleasant, Arietta and Morehouse, except that portion of Arietta and Morehouse lying north of the south branch of Moose River. Thomas Bradley, protector, Rockwood, Fulton county.

Ninth District.—All that part of Lewis lying east of the Black River and of the west lines of the towns of Diana and Croghan; all that part of Willmott, Herkimer county, and of Morehouse and Arietta, Hamilton county, lying north of the south branch of Moose River, and all that part of the town of Long Lake, Hamilton county, lying west of the east line of great lots 4, 5, 41 and 42. John L. Brinkerhoff, protector, Boonville, Oneida county.

Tenth District.—All that part of Oneida lying north of the south lines of Verona, Rome, Marcy and Deerfield, all of the county of Lewis lying west of the west lines of Diana and Croghan, and all of the county of Herkimer lying south of the south branch of Moose River. Nathan C. Phelps, protector, Remsen, Oneida county.

Eleventh District.—The counties of Otsego, Chemung, Broome, Cortland and Tioga, and all the towns of Oneida county lying south of the south lines of Verona, Rome, Marcy and Deerfield. Frederick P. Drew, protector, Washington Mills, Oneida county.

Twelfth District.—Jefferson and Oswego, except Oneida Lake. William N. Steele, protector, Clayton, Jefferson county.

Thirteenth District.—Madison, Onondaga, Cayuga, Wayne, Seneca, and the waters of Oneida Lake in Oswego and Oneida counties. W. H. Lindley, protector, Canastota, Madison county.

Fourteenth District.—Schuyler, Yates, Chemung, Tompkins, Steuben and Allegany. John Sheridan, protector, Penn Yan, Yates county.

Fifteenth District.—Monroe, Livingston, Ontario, Wyoming, Genesee and Orleans. Geo. M. Schwartz, protector, Rochester, Monroe county.

Sixteenth District.—Erie, Niagara, Chautauqua and Cattaraugus. S. A. Roberts, protector, Buffalo, Erie county.

The terms of office of all except Mr. Steele, Mr. Brucknerhoff and Mr. Drew expire on or about July 20, 1886; these three hold until May 12, 1887. The appointments are made by the Governor alone. The term is three years, unless a removal is made meanwhile for cause. In one respect, but in this only, can the protector system be said to have worked contrary to its purpose. It was not intended that this system should supplant all others having the same object, but that the State force should work co-ordinately with the local officers already provided. There is much of the work that may be done more promptly and at less cost by the regular criminal officers of counties and towns, or by individuals having an interest in protecting game and fish, than through the agency of the State protective force. Yet it has become the custom of sheriffs and other criminal officers in cases where complaint has been made to them of violations of which the law required them imperatively to take notice to send the complainants to the protectors.

Many so-called game protection clubs and individuals having a personal interest in the enforcement of the law, instead of using the ample means at their own command for the detection and punishment of offenders, call for the intervention of protectors. If a partridge be trapped, or a pickerel be speared in Tuckertown a message is sent to the game protector living perhaps sixty miles away, when the case might be promptly disposed of by a suit before the nearest justice, which any constable or indeed any individual has a right to prosecute in his own name. If the protector responds to the call, the cost of travel in the case may exhaust his whole monthly allowance, and when an aggravated case of deer slaughter or robbery of spawning beds is reported from some other part of the district, he has no means to pay his expenses in looking it up. There is a general, but of course a false impression, that the protector not only receives a large salary, but an unlimited allowance for travel and expenses. He gets but little aid in the way of private hospitality, even in cases when his host is the principal beneficiary by his visit. Instances have been reported where hotel keepers at prominent fishing resorts have charged a protector, who came at their urgent call, the highest rates of board and boat hire, when in consideration of the services rendered to their special interest, he should have been treated as a free guest; and as sometimes happens, in case a protector pays an official visit to a place where the public sentiment sustains poaching, he must make his own camp for shelter and look to his own pack basket for sustenance. The work of the protectors might be greatly aided by the active co-operation of a class who, though they have the greatest practical interest in the enforcement of law, are too timid or parsimonious to render assistance. There are some who hunt and fish for pleasure or health, who do all that interest and duty demands of them, but there are others, and they are much the larger portion, who clamor for protection, but will not lift a hand to aid. Cases have been reported where proprietors of fishing resorts deriving large profits from waters stocked by the State, find fault because the State does not furnish them with special protection. One instance may be cited where at a lake in which the State has deposited two million of salmon trout fry, there are eight steam yachts owned by as many proprietors of cottages. A protector cannot get one of these for love nor money, for the purpose of removing nets of which these same cottage proprietors complain, but if a poacher wanted to use one in putting out unlawful nets it would be at his service. The excuse given in such cases is, fear of the poachers. "O, I dare not let you have my boat to look up nets; my barn would be burned or my boat destroyed if I did."

In many cases where the protector needs a witness, and calls upon one who could give the necessary evidence if he would, the answer is, "O, I don't want to be known in the case; the poachers would retaliate if I told what I knew; you must find out the facts by some other means; I hope the offender will be punished, but please do not let anybody see you talking to me here; they will suspect me at once of informing on them."

These are the excuses every day made to protectors who are trying to do their duty, but are balked by the cowardice of the class referred to.

The most effective agency that can be brought to the assistance of the protectors in the discharge of their difficult duties, are local game and fish protection societies formed and conducted in good faith as such.

Of this class there are many in the State. It would be invidious, perhaps, to name any particular one as an example, but they are known to the public by their works. They are increasing in numbers and usefulness, and are doing more, perhaps, than any other means to promote a healthy moral sentiment in support of the game laws. They are the co-ordinate remedy which the Commissioners recommended in all places where other means have been found insufficient for local protection. Our letters of instruction to the protectors have enjoined on them the importance of these societies and of their keeping in active working relations with them.

If the honest, law-respecting people of any locality in the State, will unite in an organization, pledged to support the game laws and to stand firmly by each other and by the law, without fear or favor, there will be no barns burned, or boats destroyed in that locality, by poachers.

Of all classes these are the greatest cowards, except those who are afraid of them, and they will yield always before a

bold front. Wherever there is a determination on the part of good men to give the laws honest and brave support, public sentiment will not lag behind.

Not all of the professed protection societies are of the class described. There are some with good purposes but without efficiency, and others whose objects, whatever their professions, are wholly selfish. Beyond the protection of the particular game they covet, they have no interest. There are still others which under cover of specious titles are the shield of other law breakers, or are themselves law breakers. These organizations are best known by their high pretensions and small performance.

It is claimed by many that there should be a larger force of protectors. The Commissioners do not concur in this view. They believe that the State has done all in the premises that it can be reasonably asked to do.

The game and fish interest, it is true, is a public one, but much of the protection called for concerns only special interests. It is not equitable that the State should keep guards and watchmen over waters which are the chief source of revenue to keepers of public resorts, but which do not contribute to the market supply of fish. Those who reap the benefit in such cases should pay a fair share if not the whole of the cost. Nor can we conscientiously recommend in a time like the present, when the taxes on most of the lands in the State are so largely disproportionate to the income, that unnecessary charges should be put on the treasury by the creation of additional officers. The present force of protectors, if properly supported in the manner suggested, is adequate to the work to be done. Experience suggests that a different adjustment of service should be made; and this will probably be done when the appointments shall be renewed or revised next summer.

In those parts of the State where there is only small game to be protected, the local officers and clubs ought to be able to enforce the law. In the great deer country and in the region of the large waters of the border and of the interior, the bulk of the force should be placed. There are lakes like Oneida, Cayuga and Keuka, of such size and of such remarkable fish-bearing qualities that they require constant watching. Where there are lakes lying wholly in one county, or in parts of adjoining counties, they may be provided for under that clause of the game laws which gives power to Boards of Supervisors to furnish protection. The provision referred to is as follows: "Each of the Boards of Supervisors of this State shall have power to raise by tax, in the same manner as other taxes are raised for county purposes, such sum not exceeding one thousand dollars in any year, as they shall deem proper, to further aid in the enforcement of the provisions of this act."

Extract from Section 35, Revised Game Law:

These boards have authority also, given by the same section, to apply all fines (except the moities to which the prosecutor is entitled) under the game laws "Either for the employment of special detectives or the payment of rewards for the detection or arrest of offenders."

The mode of action under this provision would be for the sheriff to appoint a special deputy for service at the particular water or district to be protected or for the whole county. The compensation of such officer to be provided for by the Board of Supervisors under the ample provisions made by the law quoted. Detectives to aid the special deputies might be provided and paid by the same authority.

The Commissioners would feel relieved if the Legislature should devise some other adequate means than the present for the supervision of the protectors' force. This duty was put upon them, not by any request or wish of their own, but in the belief probably that the business was more properly in their line than in any other of the existing departments of the government. They have endeavored to discharge their duties with an eye single to the public interest and "without fear or favor or the hope of reward." They receive no compensation for their services. The time of one of their number, who was deputed to act for the whole board, has been occupied in this official labor practically to the exclusion of all other business for three years, and his ability, mental and physical, has been taxed to the full measure of his duties as a public officer and a citizen. The force is well organized, and its machinery is working smoothly and efficiently. Therefore, the transfer to a new head would not involve the labor and care it has been to the Commissioners. They have all on their hands they can be reasonably required to do in attention to the interests of fishculture, for which they were especially appointed, and have a right, therefore, to ask to be relieved from other official burdens. There should be a responsible head to this force—some officer whose special duty it should be to direct its movements and to see that all its members are faithful to their work; and such an officer should be so compensated for his services that he could afford to devote his whole time to them and be held to full responsibility for his work. A chief game protector, to be appointed by the Governor or by the Attorney-General or by the Forestry Commissioners, or to be selected from the whole force of the game protectors, would serve the purpose.

In the opinion of the Commissioners, the department of game protection should have its head in the office of the Attorney-General. So many questions arise as to the construction of laws and of practice, that the highest legal authority of the State ought to be available to secure the wisest action. This would be the more desirable as there is a reluctance on the part of many district attorneys to perform the duties which the law imposes on them in regard to suits brought by the protectors. While the majority are faithful, there are those who are indifferent. Some are overburdened with duty, which they regard as more important, and are really not able to attend to such cases, and there are a few, the Commissioners are sorry to say, whose sympathies are more with the offenders than with the law. The unpleasant duty fell to us during the administration of Governor Cleveland, of making formal complaint against two district attorneys for refusing to do what the statute plainly required of them. Pressure of business requiring first attention prevented action on these complaints during Governor Cleveland's term, but they are still pending in the executive department.

The moral effect of a prosecution is often lost by the delay in bringing cases to trial. The resources of the protectors and the patience of witnesses are exhausted in attending courts to try cases which are put off to serve the convenience or whim of a district attorney. In some counties there are cases which have been on the calendar for two years. The protector has been several times present with his witnesses, and it would puzzle the district attorney to explain why the cases have not been brought to trial. In the city of New York there have been more than twenty suits pending for two years, and the district attorney has never found time to attend to one of them. In some counties the protector has had to employ counsel on his own responsibility in order to

get his suits before the courts. In such cases, though he may succeed in getting trials and verdicts in his favor, it is uncertain whether he can hold his claim for moities of the penalties, which are so necessary to make up the shortage of his expenses. If the game laws are to be enforced, it is important that the district attorneys cooperate promptly and efficiently with the protectors. The law does not excuse neglect in a prosecuting officer any more than it does in a protector. It is useless for the latter to spend time and money in getting up cases that are never to be tried, or are put off till the chance of conviction is lost.

The ingenuity of the practical poacher in dodging the penalty of the law makes it doubly necessary that the prosecuting attorney should be always watchful. Cases occur where the shrewdest are outwitted. One is reported from Steuben county where the protector detected a man in unlawful fishing. He lost no time in bringing suit, but before process could be served, the poacher had procured a friend to complain to a neighboring justice. The willing defendant pleaded guilty, and was fined a small sum. When in the course of regular proceedings issue was joined in a court of record, the defendant pleaded the justice's judgment as a bar. Though it was apparent from the evidence that the proceedings were not only collusive, but otherwise irregular, with a strong suspicion of fraud, the court held for the defendant. The case was taken to the General Term, where the judgment was, strangely enough, affirmed, the court sustaining the technicality and overriding the merit. This was a case, too, where the district attorney performed his duty ably and faithfully. It was not his fault that "the law's an ass," but it was the misfortune of the people of the county, who had to pay the costs. There was a similar case in Oneida county lately, where judgment was given in favor of the prosecution on all the points.

AMENDMENTS TO THE GAME LAWS.

The many amendments proposed at each session of the Legislature to the game laws, and the frequent passage of some without due consideration of the merits or of their coherence to the general plan, have been a source of perplexity and confusion in the execution of these laws. The Legislature is constantly appealed to to make exceptions to useful general provisions, in the interest of particular localities. The indiscriminate granting of these applications is not wise. If a separate law were made for each county that asked it, the result would be enforcement in none. Exceptions in statutes make profitable work for lawyers, but do not promote law, and they are a stumbling block in the way of honest effort to enforce it.

Two instances occurred at the last session where haste and want of proper consideration led to serious mistakes. One was in case of salt-water striped bass, which was by inadvertence inhibited at the season when it was most serviceable to consumers. The other was to make an open season for trout in one section of the State a month earlier than in another, and thus to permit trout to be taken in one place, but forbidding its transfer, for consumption, to another. One of these errors has been corrected by an amendatory act. The other should be corrected in the same manner. Beyond these cases there is but little need of amendatory legislation. Steps should be taken, however, to eliminate from the law the inconsistencies, contradictions and crudities that have crept in in the course of frequent amendment. This may be best done by the appointment of a commission of not more than three experts, representing the different interests affected, to prepare a concise, consistent and clearly expressed code, and report to the Legislature at the next session. Such a commission need not be an expensive one. Three competent men may be found for this service who would willingly perform it *pro bono publico*, for the simple consideration of their actual expenses.

THE DEER LAWS.

No problem connected with game protection has been so difficult of solution as that of preserving the deer of the Adirondack forest. Up to a period of about ten years ago the deer laws were practically a dead letter. Jack hunting in early summer and the still more detestable practice of crusting in the winter, for the pitiful spoil of the bides, were carried on with impunity, till growing scarcity drew attention to the need of more rigorous measures for repressing these murderous methods. The passage of the law in 1880 for the appointment of State game protectors was the outcome of the situation. Even the few examples made the first year produced a check, and offenses which had been committed before with impunity were done now only by stealth. It was the interest of all classes of legitimate hunters to break up crusting, and the repression of this evil was not difficult. Under the operation of these saving influences the stock soon showed signs of augmentation. In the autumn of 1883 it was not unusual to see in the daytime deer feeding on the shores of lakes much frequented by tourists, where none had been seen before for many years. Hounding, which had been forbidden by a legislative act in 1877, had been meanwhile again legalized. It had been always the favorite mode of fall hunting, and with the replenishment of the game it grew to proportions never known before. In 1883 the woods, from the Black River waters on the south to the St. Regis on the north, resounded with the baying of hounds, and the spoil of the hunter was great. The success of this year greatly stimulated hounding in 1884, and the destruction was estimated from careful sources to have been greater than it has been from illegal modes in any previous year. Deer appeared no more on the shores of frequented lakes. The baying of the dogs had driven them to their distant fastnesses in the forest, whence they emerged only when forced out by their relentless canine pursuers.

The passage of the anti-hounding act of 1885 was the heroic remedy applied to this case. It was doubtless the only logical remedy presented and it had the approbation of the best moral sentiment. But it did not please the hunters and was especially distasteful to the "gentlemen sportsmen" who loved the excitement of the chase and could afford to pay for the noble sport of shooting a frightened and fagged deer at short range in the water. It was especially unpopular with the guides, who seemed to imagine that they had vested rights in the deer and thought they should be permitted to hunt them "for revenue only," against all comers. As it was an object of greater profit to the guide to hunt the deer in this manner, it was to his interest to discourage other modes. So the guide became the ally of the game protector and gave him information and aid in his work. But when hounding was again made unlawful, the guide became indifferent, if not hostile, and so far from aiding to punish violators, was often a violator himself. With these obstacles to encounter, it is not to be wondered at that the enforcement of the law has not been entirely successful. The protectors have done what they could, working with scanty resources in a hostile country.

The guides say, "Give us a limited hounding season and we will aid you against the poachers. Deny this and we are no longer your allies." This is the case as it stands. The pretext—it does not deserve to be called an argument—that deer may be best preserved by running them with dogs, is too shallow to be worth serious notice. It might be as well claimed that the best way to keep ducks on their feeding grounds would be to turn loose upon them each day a bevy of hawks, or that to make trout plenty in the streams it would be useful to put in a school of pickerel to keep them stirring. A further sequence to this claim would be that the farmer or cattle grower desiring to increase his stock should turn into his pasture a pack of dogs to keep the cattle lively and put them in good multiplying condition! There can be no doubt that if all the interests concerned would unite in supporting still hunting and in discountenancing all other modes, the deer would lose their extreme wildness and be accessible to the hunter at any time during the season when the flesh is suitable for food. But, unfortunately, it is one of the failings of human nature to see things, each man for himself, in the light of his own interest. In this case the public interest conflicts too much with selfish interests to encourage hope of unanimity on any measure.

It may be that less deer will be unlawfully slain if the guides, in return for a limited season of hounding, will protect them at other times. It is no uncommon thing in modern legislation to set aside principle for expediency. The Legislature will judge for itself whether such a course would be justifiable in the present case.

The Commissioners will do what the law may enjoin upon them to secure the observance of any enactment the Legislature may make upon the subject.

ECHOES FROM THE PACIFIC.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Always an admirer of your excellent journal, which has done much—indeed its full share—toward elevating and maintaining the standard of sportsmanship throughout America, I have been more than pleased to note its strenuous opposition of late to the proposed legislative recognition in New York of the despicable practice of hounding deer. If the splendid fight that you are making against that ignoble custom shall fail to impress the lawmakers of the Empire State with a sense of the justness of the cause, then indeed may the friends and advocates of game protection make up their minds to soon bid a fond farewell to the few deer that are left in the forests of the East. This thing of deer hounding is not, happily, now practiced to any great extent here in California, still it has not been brought as yet under legal inhibition, and therefore remains as one of the issues over which the real sportsmen of the State will in the coming years have to struggle against legislative stupidity or meanness or both. The general disregard of the importance of game protection is one of the things that has always been a puzzle to me. Somehow or other we have managed to keep upon our California statute books very creditable provisions for the protection of game, but at almost every session of the Legislature a few cranks come near spoiling the whole business and throwing wide open the doors to the game butchers. Four years ago a lot of grangers induced their representatives to insist upon repealing that provision of the game law which protected—or was intended to protect—wildfowl from slaughter from March 15 to Sept. 15. At the same time another set of representatives from horticultural districts demanded the withdrawal of all protection from the quail, which their constituents claimed were eating up their grapes and other fruits. In neither case was there the slightest cause for alarm on the part of the horny-handed (and thick-headed) gentry. By the time the close season commenced the grain crops were too far advanced for ducks or geese to injure them (you see our grain begins to grow in November or December), and the great army of migratory fowl was broken up and its members en route to the Arctic regions. The few ducks that remain to breed in our marshes can injure nobody, of course, during the summer.

Neither are the quail responsible for the loss of the few grapes attributed to them. The berries are eaten by other birds, while the quail go to the vineyards to feed upon the bugs and worms to be found about the vines. I venture to say that nobody has ever found a dozen grape seeds in the crops of quail in as many seasons' shooting. I have never found one. Well, the few sportsmen who took interest enough in the matter to argue with the legislators against the absurd demands of the latter's bucolic constituency, found they could make little headway against the current. The "geomany of the land" were too many for them, and they had to accept a compromise in favor of the quail. Hence the poor ducks are shot at any and all times of the year, and it is a favorite pastime of a certain class of hunters to go to the ponds in the marshes in June, July and August and slaughter the broods of young ducks by the wholesale. To the credit of the local clubs in this section and San Francisco, however, be it said, they have done all in their power to persuade men from disturbing the ducks before the 1st of October. The law still says quail must not be shot between March 1 and Oct. 1, but little attention is paid to it in out of the way places. Indeed it was only a few days ago that a railroad man, who has a young vineyard in the foothills some thirty miles from here, said to me, "Say, whenever you want any shooting this summer come up to my place this summer and kill the d—d quail. No matter what anybody says, you shoot all you want to." He was somewhat taken aback when I told him what I thought of such an invitation, and was almost speechless with amazement when I challenged him to bet a cigar against \$10 that he had ever seen a quail eat a grape. He confessed he didn't know anything about quail except that they did come into his vineyard, and that something ate his grapes. The fact that scores of other kinds of birds also live in the vineyards, and that jack rabbits come into them nightly in droves, had not concerned him much, because his neighbors had told him that the quail were the grape fiends.

One little incident will illustrate the blindness with which farmers go for these little, inoffensive and beautiful top-knotted creatures. On the opening day of the last season a friend and myself went to the foothills, some twenty-five miles off, for quail. Contrary to the rule, there had been no rain in September and the country was dry and parched, and birds very scarce. Late in the afternoon we drove to a large vineyard, owned by a mutual friend, thinking the birds might be there in numbers, where they could find water and cool shelter from the still ardent sun. We hunted that 125-acre vineyard all over without finding a bird. But we had all the grapes we could stuff into us. The great bunches of purple or white berries hung from every vine, and I can assure you the fruit tasted mighty good to us, hot, tired and

thirsty as we were. (How would you like to spend an hour or two of each day's hunt in such a place, where you would have to steer your way through rows of vines above your knees, bearing their loads of from three to five tons of luscious grapes to the acre? You could do it in this part of the State and never be ordered off the place.) Well, when we were about to go the owner expressed surprise that we had found no birds; for, he said, he often encountered them in the vineyard, and the darned things had even gotten away with tons of his grapes. We told him that we had seen evidences of ravages among the vines, but thought he must be mistaken about the quail—that we did not believe they were the cause of it. It happened that when we left the house to prospect the vineyard, a greyhound snaked out and followed us until we returned. He paid no attention to our dogs, but seemed to be on the lookout for hares. These being scarce, he put in his time tearing off bunches of grapes and eating others from the vines. We watched the brute with some interest, and found that within an hour he had destroyed not less than one hundred pounds of grapes; and doubtless this was a part of that hound's daily business on the ranch. His owner, when informed of the above fact, said he had seen the dog occasionally eat a few grapes, but had no idea he was so destructive; and, finally, he admitted that between the various kinds of birds that frequented the vineyard, the hound, and the rabbits, the damage to his grapes might be accounted for. Now, this was his first year in the country; he had bought the vineyard from the original owner, and knew nothing whatever of the habits of quail or other residents of the forests about him, but had accepted without hesitation the opinions of ignorant neighbors to the effect that all injuries done to vineyards are chargeable to the quail.

These are the kind of people who influence legislation in matters of this kind. Only a few years ago some game butchers got around a board of supervisors in one of the mountain counties and induced them to pass a local ordinance extending the open season for deer shooting beyond Nov. 1 and up to Jan. 1. They found an old and obsolete provision in our codified laws, which—by a far-fetched construction—seemed to give them the power to do. The object was to enable parties to slaughter deer in the deep snow, when the poor things could not get away. The cue was taken in other counties, and deer were killed openly, in defiance of the general State law of 1881, all through the foothills. The infection spread like cholera, and it looked for a time as if every county in the State were going to have its own game regulations, or, rather, that each was trying to outdo the other in facilitating the destruction of the wild game of the State. I fought the efforts of these creatures from the start through the public press, despite the opinions of some lawyers, who held that local boards of supervisors had the right to suspend the State law. Local journals in these mountain counties sided with "the boys" of their respective villages, and denounced me personally, and at least one of the San Francisco dailies, which gave some attention to "sporting" matters, contended that, "unfortunately, the thing couldn't be helped." But I knew I was right, that the provision in the law of twelve years before, above referred to, was a dead letter in the face of the more recent laws enacted since the new constitution was adopted, which latter expressly provides against all special legislation (for counties), requiring every law to be general in its application. The law of 1881 was general, and it declared that it would be a crime to hunt, take or kill deer "in any of the counties of this State" between Nov. 1 and July 1 of the following year.

Well, the fight lasted for a whole season, and then the matter finally got into the courts, and my side of the question was sustained. By that time the faint-hearted and the doubting Thomases were ready to fall in, and the shout went up all along the line, "I told you so!" Finding themselves beaten at this game, what did these fellows do—the ones that wanted to run deer into the snowbanks with their dogs, and then shoot or club them to death—but try to prevail upon the Legislature to amend the law so as to allow all boards of supervisors to make laws for their respective counties. All sorts of subterfuges were suggested in order to evade the constitutional provision against special legislation, but fortunately there were several well informed, upright sportsmen in the last Assembly—such men as Hazard, of Los Angeles; Coleman, of San Francisco; Munday, of Sonoma; Pyle, of Santa Clara, and others—and the bushwhackers accomplished nothing. For all that, deer are killed in the mountains at all seasons by the hide hunters. Thousands are slain every year by these traffickers in illicit merchandise, aided by the gangs of youths from the towns, who swarm through the hills in the summer camping season.

I intended to refer to the bad effects of hounding deer in the hills about here some years ago, but I find I am covering too much space. I shall, however, resume the subject in a week or two, although I doubt if any testimony can be given that will be stronger than that published in your latest numbers. There may be "music" in the baying of a pack of dogs on the trail of a deer in the woods, as some contend, but where will the music come from when the last deer shall be run down and knocked in the head? N. E. WHITE.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., April 6.

A DAY ON SHINNECOCK BAY.

HARRY and myself were to have a day off, and how to spend it had been the subject of our thoughts for the past forty eight hours. Finally I proposed a day's ducking on Shinnecock Bay, to which he readily acquiesced, as he is a thorough sportsman and a very good shot.

The arrangements were soon made. Our guide was Eugene Jackson, whose letter about the foul slaughter of our snipe in the spring has no doubt been read with great interest by the upholders of the AUDUBON SOCIETY, in a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

We arrived at Atlanticville one Friday evening, and were at once driven to Eugene's house, where after a hearty supper and a little talk about the birds we turned in. We were up betimes the next morning and ready for the ill-fated waterfowl. There was but very little wind, and we had to pole almost the whole way across the bay. As the daylight appeared we could see flocks of broadbills, coots and red-heads scattered over the bay, evidently at their morning meal. This looked encouraging, and Eugene thought we ought to have good shooting. When we arrived near the inlet, which was a quarter of a mile or more away, we dropped anchor and commenced to get the batteries ready. Eugene put out the decoys, while his men and ourselves were at work on the batteries. This took us upward of half an hour, and by that time the sun was up and the birds were beginning to fly.

Finally we ensconced ourselves in the batteries and waited for the birds. The first lot that came along were broadbills, and when our guns spoke, four dropped among the decoys, and the rest, with hurried flappings, winged their way to the westward. Then came some coots, then some red-heads, and we had good sport.

"Here comes a single broadbill," said Harry, "you take him."

On came the ill-fated canard—bang, bang—not a feather stirred, by thunder!

"Yes there is, too," said Harry, "see, he's going down; there, he's struck water!" as the bird fell with a splash, and lay still. So they came, and by noon we had thirty-four birds, red-head, broadbill, boobies and coots.

We signalled to Eugene, and he came, and gave us our dinner cans, and after sailing round and picking up our birds, he left us to do some more shooting.

It was now comparatively dull, as the afternoon flight had not begun, but about 3 o'clock the birds began to come back, and then the shooting was better, but not so good as in the morning. That afternoon we bagged about fifteen birds, mostly broadbill and boobies. When Eugene came for us, about 5 o'clock, our grand total was fifty-one birds, counting in some that Eugene had shot. We got the batteries and decoys aboard in a short time, and started for home, helped along by a brisk sou'west breeze.

I may as well say here, that, if any one wants a good guide, go to Eugene Jackson. He'll give you good board, and, if there's any shooting, you may be sure he'll give you as good as there is on Shinnecock Bay.

We were well satisfied with our day's sport, and went home feeling better for the short respite on our monotonous city life.

J. WENDELL, JR.

ABOLISH SPRING SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is not my intention to overload the waste basket that leads me to write you again, but knowing that your good paper is always in the lead in pushing any cause that is for the interest of our true sportsmen, I wish to ask if you will not lead a helping hand in stopping spring shooting of all kinds. I have just returned from a four days' pleasure trip, and will own that I was guilty of shooting ducks, but let me add that the bag made by two of us in the four days was less than that made by many in three-quarters of a day. I realized more fully than ever before the harm done by allowing the war on our game to go on in the spring.

I know that the pot-hunter will object, but what of that; he would shoot the mother duck while feeding her young, or steal the eggs and sell them before they were hatched, but I am sure that every true lover of the sport will gladly put his shoulder to the wheel and help along so noble a cause. Let us hear from our brother sportsmen from all along the line, and see if there is not some way to check this growing evil.

It is folly to argue this question in the least. If spring shooting continues we will soon have no shooting at all. What stronger or more forcible proof does any one want than the lesson taught by allowing the thieves to trap and slay our pigeons? Yet the war goes on, and in a very short time that splendid bird will be numbered among the things of the past. Look at the game markets in our large cities to-day. Count the dozens of ducks that come in, and then count the thousands of poor birds that are allowed to spoil and find their way to the dump pile. But I have said enough; let others better fitted to do the cause justice come to the front and help to keep the stone rolling. I am sure we are in the right, and have on our side the God of justice and humanity.

NIMROD.

BATAVIA, N. Y., April 13.

FLIGHT OF BULLETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reading of the erratic flight of bullets brings to my memory an incident in my own experience. In my youthful days I became the happy possessor of a single-barrel muzzle loading shotgun, "Indian Chief" we used to call it. It had been changed from flint lock to a percussion cap gun, and many a day's sport did I have with it. In an unfortunate moment one of my younger brothers suggested the idea of getting a pair of moulds and casting some bullets for it. The moulds were procured and the bullets cast. They weighed about one ounce each. Wishing then to test the powers and accuracy of the old Chief, we set to work and made a target, which consisted of an inch pine board marked off with circles and a bullseye.

We lived at that time in the village of H., and were surrounded by neighbors, the nearest of which, on the right, was a Dr. V., whose house was only a few feet distant.

After finishing the target I went out behind the coach house and placed it against a small building. A large garden and lawn separated us from our neighbor on the left. I loaded the Chief with the usual quantity of powder, and rammed the big bullet down good and solid, then stepped across the lawn and garden, aimed at the bullseye and let her flicker. The idea never entered my youthful head that the bullet would more than pass through the target. I crossed to examine my target, and was rather surprised to find that the bullet had passed entirely through, more surprised to find that it had passed through the two sides of the building, behind which stood a hoghead used as a receptacle for rubbish. Upon tracing the bullet's flight I found it had passed through two sides of the hoghead, thence through a picket on the fence dividing our lot from the doctor's.

Then my hair began to rise. I examined the side of the doctor's kitchen and saw the bullet hole there, and then I legged it for the house with my gun, told my brothers to scatter, stowed away the Chief and became intensely interested in my studies. A few moments later a ring at the door bell became more interesting, and then I heard the doctor's voice inquiring from my mother of her hopeful's whereabouts. I was summoned from my intellectual pursuits and was asked a few leading questions, the result of which was that I was invited to accompany the doctor to his house. He showed me into the kitchen, pointed out where the bullet had entered, having passed through weather-boards and plaster, and making its exit on the opposite side, passing through plaster and weather-boards again, just missing the pump on the outside, and entering the rail of a picket fence close to the pump and passed diagonally through it.

It did not need the doctor's lecture to thoroughly scare me and impress on my mind the criminal foolishness of target practice within the bounds of a village.

AL.

GRAVENHURST, April 19.

VIRGINIA COAST GROUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The cackle of the mud hen, marsh hen, American rail—all the same bird but passing under different aliases, up and down the Atlantic coast—has begun sounding her familiar note in the night time. As tradition has it: "Coming out of the clouds," alighting upon our meadows to give us, through May, countless numbers of her delicious eggs. Soon to follow we will have the yellowlegs, brownback, black-breast, robin snipe, curlew, with all the other sorts of coast birds. These will make their appearance about May 15, and remain along our shores about thirty days, affording to sportsmen shooting second perhaps to none in this country.

The chief difficulty that we find sportsmen labor under in visiting our coast is an unusual degree of impatience. They don't seem to want to wait long enough to realize what our country really presents in the direction of the object for which they come to see us. One day or so, and if not a full bag of birds, they are up and gone. The fact that tides, weather and the curious way that coast birds have of not frequenting the same feeding ground every day does not seem to present itself to them as a matter of fact.

Near our place lies the pretty little stream known as Machapongo Creek, running north and south for a distance of ten miles, bordered on each side by broad meadows, interspersed by smaller creeks, as well with mudbanks, that abound with insect life, affording fine food for the birds, and acting as an attraction to draw them, by the aid of decoys, almost to alight upon the muzzle of the breechloader. Machapongo Creek has as well fine hiding places in the tall grass growing on the points of marsh, which are naturally formed by the windings of the stream. Here the sportsman may secrete himself for hours, and if a lucky day, get fine shooting. The birds are almost constantly passing on the wing, up and down the stream, coming most frequently in easy range.

If at any time the sportsman should tire of shooting, he would have but to push his boat out in the stream and get the best of fishing. May being the month that trout fish abound in our waters in great quantities.

Again, that most rational of all amusements, fox hunting, can be had within a radius of a mile from where I am now writing. In this amusement there need not exist a fear of disappointment in getting up a fox. The dogs are as sure to raise the fox as the steak is for one's breakfast put on the ice over night. Within ten minutes' walk from this moment, with a dozen or even half dozen good dogs, our neighborhood would be ringing with the sweet sound of a pack in full cry.

There is no need of horses in hunting in our county. The country is as level as a billiard table. No streams to obstruct the speed of the dogs, nor stone nor rail fences. February being about whelping time, the young ones remain near to or in the dens to May 15, consequently the old foxes will not run a great way from home, but circle around the den, through fields and swamps, giving the huntsmen very frequent sight of the fox, with dogs running by sight, and if good ones—due to the soft, level soil—with amazing speed. The writer has seen horses of good speed lost to sight in crossing field of a couple of miles in following a good pack of dogs.

Since the construction of the New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk Railroad through our county, its accessibility is as convenient as could be desired. Eight hours from New York and six from Philadelphia, with fast express trains each way three times a day.

S. A. E.
MAPPSBURG STATION, Va., April 7, 1886.

MASSACHUSETTS POACHING.

PROTECTION sometimes fails of bringing the poacher to justice, even in staid old Massachusetts. She has a law on her statute books providing a close time for smelts, beginning March 15 and ending June 1. This law is designed to cover the spawning time of the smelt, and to prevent their being dipped and nettled to the utter depletion of our rivers and arms of the sea, where they come up in great numbers to spawn. Indeed, so full are these streams at times during the spawning season that a well-directed stone thrown in by a boy has resulted in bringing half a dozen dead fish to the top of the water.

At Quincy the smelt poacher has been in his element of late. It is estimated that several tons of these fish have been dipped and shipped to New York by the Old Colony Railroad from that town alone. From the Quincy canal, from Four River, from Weymouth River and other streams they have been taken under the cover of night. It is not the policy of the smelt stealers to ship their booty from the point where taken, but they are sent by wagons to other stations and shipped by express, thus lessening the danger of detection.

An attempt is being made to stop this poaching, but the offenders are very "sly." They work in bands of three or four; two or three guarding the roadways near, while one man uses the dip-net or seine. The guards have several times been alarmed by people passing, but very quickly have the fish and paraphernalia been put out of sight. The Fish Commissioners have been called upon once or twice to stop this poaching, but they have very little money with which to enforce the laws for fish protection. The State has made a statute, but has not provided the means for its enforcement. The law makes the possession of these fish during close time punishable to the extent of \$1 for every smelt, but the poachers are invariably worthless scamps who cannot pay a dollar. In several cases persons have been apprehended, but as "you cannot draw blood from a stone," so have these worthless law breakers got off without paying a cent.

The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association has been asked to send detectives to catch these smelt poachers, and men might readily be found who could apprehend them; but the task is a costly and thankless one where the offender when caught must be allowed to depart in peace, because he is not worth a dollar.

SPECIAL.

BAY COUNTY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—Bay City, Mich., April 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About six weeks ago the Bay County Sportsmen's Club was organized, and the 12th inst. the first annual election was held, when the following officers were elected: T. F. Shepard, President; J. R. Hall, Vice-President; F. H. Durell, Secretary; L. R. Russell, Treasurer. Directors: T. F. Shepard, President; F. H. Durell, Secretary; Benson Couklin, H. P. Warfield, C. A. Eddy. The club starts off with a membership of 175, and with every prospect of success. Had trap shooting practice last week under national rules. Have a fine boat house in contemplation.—F. H. D.

GOOSE AND TURKEY SHOOT.—In your issue of April 15 a correspondent gives his experience and success with a light gun. The methods used at that match were the same that were in vogue in this section, although I never heard of such until about two years ago. Last Thanksgiving ten turkeys were advertised for a shoot under rules similar to those detailed by your correspondent, except that a small circle—about two inches in diameter—was pinned to a board, the pin being placed in center of paper, and the pellet nearest the pin won. Our experience in loading was different from that mentioned, as we used four drams of powder and one and one-fourth ounces shot, in a 10-gauge L. C. Smith gun, and that proportion seemed to work well as we—a friend and myself—won seven of the ten turkeys. After the ten were shot off a gentleman offered to put up a turkey at a certain gap in the fence—afterward found to be fifty-five paces—at five cents per shot. A gentleman handed me a charge of No. 4 shot, and the first fire killed the turkey. Then an envelope was put on the snow, and three pellets of No. 4 were put in it at the same distance. Two years ago this method—shooting at paper targets—was much in use here, and at first a large number of guns attended, but, as your correspondent states, the numbers soon dwindled. Three of us, by taking only two chances on each turkey, won quite a large number, and after eating and dividing with neighbors, we had enough to get up a shoot, and declared quite a dividend on the investment. I never went to a shoot but that I did well, although I tried several guns and varying proportions of powder and shot. These shoots occurred during the winter, and served to vary the humdrum of the season and to furnish a topic for discussion. Game here is scarce, even the hawks seem not always particular in choice of food, as last fall Mr. P. S. Thornton, ex-supervisor, while in the field one Sunday, saw a great commotion among the crows, and going there, found a hawk eating a crow, and it was not a political crow either. Is such a circumstance unusual? I never heard of one before.—MARCELLUS.

SPLITTING ON THE SHOT.—Umpqua Ferry, Ore., April 13.—I see by FOREST AND STREAM of April 1 that "Bedford's" style of bringing good luck—splitting on the shot—is something new to you. I can't say who taught it to me, but I practiced it when a boy and saw others do it. When hunting squirrels with a smooth-bore yager, if I failed to kill the first shot I always spit upon the shot before loading for the second, and imagined the slaughter was more bloody for so doing. But if I thought the load would remain in the gun for any length of time, I refrained, for fear of rusting it with the wet shot.—YAGER.

Mansfield Valley, Pa., April 21.—I did not spit on the shot to make it throw close, but in muzzleloading days we used to oil it. It would make 'em stick together "closer than a brother," but would bunch them, sometimes seven or eight pellets striking in the same place; and it was sure death to anything a bunch like that would hit as they would separate as they struck, the result being much like an explosive ball.—J. H. B.

NEW BRUNSWICK MOOSE BUTCHERY.—Campbellton, N. B., April 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The moose this spring are very plentiful up the branches of this river, and are being slaughtered in an unmerciful manner. Indians are chasing them for their hides only; others—not deserving the name of sportsmen—shoot them for the sport they have, leaving the carcass to rot. A team came down river last week loaded with moose skins, but I could not learn how they were disposed of. The game warden, when spoken to, replied that he was not allowed any salary, and could not afford to spend weeks up river in endeavors to detect law breakers. This is how the game law is observed and protected here, and unless amends are made, the lordly moose must soon vanish from the woods of this country.—HERMIT.

HOW THE BIRDS WINTERED.—Salem, Neb., April 16.—Quail fared badly here last winter, particularly along the hedges on the prairies. The snow drifted so that they had to get out, and then, being scattered and no cover, dozens of them were frozen. Prairie chickens came through all right; they had plenty of feed, as a good deal of corn was left in the fields over winter, some in shock and some stood out ungathered.—J. F. L.

COMING OF THE GEESSE.—Campbellton, N. B., April 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The wild geese have thus far failed to make their appearance here this spring, except a stray one seen flying past now and then. The sportsmen have their ice houses and decoys in place as usual, but have not bagged one yet. Other seasons at this date scores were shot.—HERMIT.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.—IX.

THE rain held on that particular morning till near noon when it eased up to a steady drizzle; but the lake was too rough to fish, and the only haven of comfort to be found for the girls was inside the big tent, in front of which a good fire was kept going. Here also the cribbage war was resumed, the opposing generals snugly ensconced in a corner out of the wet and cold.

The note book (mental) records that this beastly weather prevailed till nearly the end of the week. Cold wind and rain every day and night, with only an occasional let up of a few hours at a time, and in consequence there was little fishing done in the lake; only enough to keep the camp "sortin' boues" and prevent a "side meat odor" from getting a too firm grip on the frying pans.

But in face of all these drawbacks the girls were cheerful and happy, which was a great comfort to us, for we had rather looked for some grumbling and a fit of homesickness to attack some of them; but I am constrained to say the growling was mostly confined to Hickory and Hyperboler, and the growls were mainly directed, in a general way, at the weather clerk.

After dinner (we had appetites if nothing else, and took three square meals a day, to say nothing of lunches), Ben cast his weather eye up and down the lake, fidgeted awhile on his seat, and beckoning me to follow said, as we left the shelter of the fly: "Hickory, I've got to do a little plain cussin' or bust. Let's go out behind Dan's tent, where the

gals can't hear us, an' hev a private cussin' match to ourselves on account o' the existin' state o' this weather."

It is needless to chronicle the remarks made behind Dan's tent, the conference ended in our going back to where our rods stood on the dry side of the big popple tree, selecting two for our purpose, and with a box of worms strapped to our side taking the road up lake along the hills for the trout stream near Alexander's point. We splashed along through mud and puddles of water, stopping here and there to pick a handful of luscious red raspberries more tempting than their fellows, that seemed to grow along the road in inviting clusters for the sole purpose of beguiling us from our mission, till we came to the stream, where it flowed through an open field and out through the deadened swamp into the lake.

A few rods from where we stopped to bait our hooks was the "destrict school house" standing on higher ground back from the stream, and while cautiously fishing a couple of small pools as a "feeler," the master, a big, full bearded, sorrel complected, pleasant-faced man, dismissed his four too-headed urchins for a recess, and came down to have a chat and to show us where he had seen a big trout dart under the bank as he crossed the stream that morning on his way to the arduous duty of trying to keep awake during the tedious school hours of the drizzly day. No wonder the hours dragged heavily on the fragile master's hands with such slim attendance, but this, he explained, was owing to the bad weather and the near close of the term. Besides this, as we learned in a ten minutes' talk, his instincts were fishy rather than educational, and he would rather meander along a trout stream, even on a rainy day, than to be peuned up in a little, cheerless log school house, punching the rudiments into the obdurate craniums of half a dozen or so of possible future presidents or commissioners of the Civil Service.

He knew every trout stream along the lake and every hole wherein lurked a big trout, and was never so happy as when poking along their brush-lined banks with "native rod and can of wums."

We felt for the master and Ben was so impressed that he was moved to remark, after we were out of earshot, "What a pity that pore feller hes to work so hard for a livin'; judgin' from the size an' build of him, 'pears to me he's mistaken his callin'—make a hellrackin' good Texas bullwhacker." He dropped in on us several times at camp afterward and we found him to be a pleasant companionable gentleman, and he found his way at once into Muller's good graces by playing a very fair game of chess, even though rusty from long disuse. In looking on at a game of crib between Dan and Muller he had rather scoffed at it and ventured that chess was about the only game worth wasting time on and spoke somewhat confidently of his prowess at the game. There were no chess players in miles of him and he evidently thought he had struck it rich when Muller produced from his trunk a board and small set of chess men and bantered him for a friendly trial of skill, but after the second game which the master won, his glory departed and he was laid out and figuratively sat down on by Muller till he was as flat as one of the philosopher's flapjacks. Many an hour these two chess cranks spent pouring over the board after school hours, when they might have been better engaged with the rod, to the evident disgust of Miss Annie, who at such times was sure to want brother Hen to go after a bucket of fresh water, or to take her and Top out a fishing, and she usually had her way, although at times it was like pulling at a stump to get Hen away from the board. Clearly, Miss Annie was not seriously impressed with the master.

The big trout hidden under the bank where the master had located him seemed to have doubts as to the toothsome-ness of our bait, and all our plans to coax him out were of no avail. If we could not catch him we had a notion we would like to get a glance at his spotted side if nothing more, and becoming a trifle "riled" at last we tried to punch him out with a piece of rail lying handy, but he knew the hiding places in the hole better than we, and I've no doubt he was snuggled away in some cranny in the grass roots under the overhanging bank shaking his fins with laughter at our vigorous but futile efforts to rout him out of his retreat. After working ourselves into a perspiration in a performance that might have delighted a pair of school boys, we left the trout to have his laugh out, and separated, Ben going down toward the lake, while I took my way up stream, fishing carefully along the winding brook in the direction of the woods, above where was the trout-looking pool I had fished in vain the past Sunday.

With all the rain that had fallen the creek was not perceptibly swollen, and the water was clear enough to see the smallest pebble on the bottom, but with the quietest of fishing I failed to start a fin. Crossing a low rail fence inclosing a small, grassy field, a few rods brought me to the pool I was seeking, at the edge of the woods where the little brook, here not over a yard wide, crept under an old brush fence and tumbled with noisy glee over a pebble riffle into a small basin two or three feet deep, just above a great tree whose roots found lodgment in either bank.

The water had washed out a deep hole directly under the trunk of the tree and then taken a sharp turn to the right and came out from under a mass of roots two or three yards below, to find its way over a shallow riffle into another smaller pool some distance away. Above the tree for a yard or two the water was unobstructed by bush or root, and into this I cautiously dropped the baited hook and let the current suck it down toward the tree, when just as it was about to go under the root I saw a trout that looked a foot long dart out and seize it and turn leisurely to go back under the tree. No room to fool with him there; no time to deliberate. A quick twitch, followed by a short but furious struggle, and he was ingloriously swung around back of me and dropped into a small puddle of clear rain water formed in a sag of the grass-grown field.

With a chuckle of intense satisfaction, not to be expressed by any form of speech known to the tongue of man, I released the hook, rebaited it with the most enticing worm in the box, and creeping quietly back, dropped it in as before, but not with the same result. A dozen times I dropped it in at the foot of the riffle and let it drift under the tree out of sight, and then pull it back with many a bewildering and inviting twitch; but not another trout seemed there to be inveigled. Discouraged at last with this fruitless "bobbing," I stepped around a bush to get a better sight at the stream below, and in doing so discovered a small opening in the closely-woven and interlaced roots covering the lower part of the pool, through which I could see the deep, quiet water beneath. Through this opening, but a trifle larger than a brimless hat, I steadied the baited hook till it touched the water a foot below. Instantly a monster trout—a monster, at least, for such a puny stream—seized it, and as instantly I yanked him, for I knew that to give him an inch of line

would be to lose him. But the hook failed to find a soft spot to bury itself in and only turned him up so I could see the whole of his beautifully-spotted side. For a wonder of wonders the hook came up with a swish through that hole without "ketchin' on to a root," but I was so "frustrated like" and nervous that it was five minutes—it seemed an hour—before I could feel steady enough to steer it safely through the opening again.

Talk about "buck ague," I've had it, but it wasn't a marker to what I went through that day, standing there in the drizzle waiting for my heart to stop trying to "knock the chaw tobacker out o' my mouth" (old Dave Edwards). But the nerves finally braced up to their accustomed reliability, the heart ticked off its usual number of beats, and I dropped bait and hook through the opening again without a tremor. I scarcely dared hope he would rise again, but with the same sudden dash the big fellow took it, and at the same instant another one that looked almost as large, darted alongside of him from somewhere under the bank and tried to take the coveted worm from his mouth, but I gave them no time to advance any views as to a proper division of the morsel or to get into a wrangle over it.

A quick upward stroke, and then "sech thrashin' an' twistin' an' wrigglin' an' cavortin'," and such furious plunges and surges to free himself from the deadly barb, were never seen, I have a notion, by mortal man. But in whatever direction he plunged, the almost invisible thread of the finest twisted silk pressed against a root woven over the pool a foot or more from the water, preventing him from getting under the bank, and the very same old rod with which Jim worked a five pound pickerel out from under the boat by main strength in 1880, on Central Lake, was working at him with the same tenacious, soul-harrowing pull, that wore the life out of the longface on that memorable occasion.

For what seemed a half hour, but in reality it was, perhaps, not longer than a half minute, the unequal fight went on, but there was no more buck ague, we were having it out in deadly strife, and the least quiver or false move on either side would quickly decide the battle. The warrior at the tip end of the rod seemed utterly at a loss to understand how a harmless looking red worm could cause him such anxiety of mind and make him hustle around at such a furious rate, while he at the butt end stood firmly his ground, with nerves as quiet and steady as a rock, but not over-confident of the outcome.

Once the old fellow took a turn around a slender root hanging loosely down in the water, and I felt a chill of defeat sweep up my spinal column, for I felt sure the frail thread of a line would part, but the next contortion worked the line clear and he came head up and open-mouthed to the top of the water, materially assisted by the spring of the staunch old rod. This instant that he forgot his wariness lost him the battle, and his life. With a quick pull that must have tested the little line to its utmost, I lifted him straight up through the opening without touching a root and swung him around over the grass back of me, where, with a violent wriggle he freed the hook and fell with a splash into the rain puddle near his mate.

I say nothing about the unsportsmanlike manner of his taking, if it were unsportsmanlike, or of the "science and skill" displayed in the struggle; let the brethren who read this settle that to their own pleasure. I will only say that after he was once fairly hooked I was dead bent on taking him to camp or "bust the tackle." There was no time for parlying; no room to let the reel whizz off ten or fifteen yards of line and then work him back with sundry flourishes of "science," and over the landing net. There was no room to use a net, besides I had none to use, and at no time during the brief controversy was there three feet of line out from the rod tip. It was a square country fight from the start, where main strength was the only factor to win, and I got him out of the pool in just the only way he could have been taken out.

Considering the line and hook used—a No. 10 salmon-trout hook and a No. 1 twisted silk line—it was a famous achievement, and I felt more elated over it than if I had struck him with a "killing fly" in fifty yards of open water, and led him over the landing net with a \$50 split bamboo. Had I been using a limber fly-rod this tale of the big trout would never have been written. And he was a glorious trout, too, for such a tiny stream; just seventeen inches long as he lay on the table at camp, and the most brilliantly colored fish I have ever seen taken from any waters. Dark backed with clean cut carmine spots dotting his sides, the whole belly, and on a line as high as the base of the pectoral fins of the very brightest vermillion, anal, ventral (not neutral, as the types have made me say in a former number of these letters, page 409, line 40 from bottom of page), and pectoral fins broadly streaked with dazzling white, with a stripe of black and red, he was indeed a living poem of glowing colors.

Sitting here now writing of the splendid old fellow, with the old "calamity box" within reach of my foot under the table, and the same old rod, with three of its slender companions standing in the corner under my eye, it comes back to me that as I stood watching that trout, who with his mate was beating the water of the little puddle into a foam, I felt I weighed within a few pounds of as much as I did after I had fought, conquered, gaffed and dragged the big maskalonge over the side of the boat on Bower's Lake, and on that occasion old Dan said I must have weighed upward of a ton.

But I spent short time in looking at the pair in the puddle, for there was another big one in the pool, and possessed as I must have been just then with the spirit of the trout hog, I wanted him too. Pulling the hook down to put on a fresh worm, I found it broken short off at the barb. Was ever noble trout in such villainous luck? A judicious stroke of his tail at just the right time would have robbed me of a year's glory. Since that day I am almost convinced there is something in luck after all.

Tying on another hook and baiting it carefully I dropped it through the opening in the roots into the water, but the other one was too much alarmed or too wary to heed any of the most enticing twitches and bewildering flirts known to the art of bait-fishing, and after trying awhile under the mat of roots and again about the tree, I was fain to give it up.

I knew he was in there and not further away than I could reach with the tip of the rod, for the whole pool might have been covered by a pair of goat blankets, but the mysterious disappearance of his mates was doubtless connected in some fishy way in his mind with the squirming worm, and he was probably all the time peering at it from a secure nook away under the bank with, figuratively, a grin of derision on his usually pensive countenance at my blundering efforts to lure him from his hiding. Or he might have been in a fit of the sulks and waiting for a little more artful coax-

ing. But trout are much like some petulant beauties of our own kind—when they won't they won't, and the more you coax 'em, the more they won't.

Wishing to take my prizes to camp alive, if possible, I took the lace cord from my overshirt, after searching all my pockets in vain for a piece of string and with it tied them to a twig overhanging the water and left them trailing in the current while I fished the stream up through the tangle of dripping woods for forty or fifty rods without, however, seeing or "feeling" another trout.

It was near an hour before I got back to the pool, but the coveted fish was still in the sulks, and would look at neither a fat worm nor a bright-colored fly that had fortunately not been torn from its place in my hat band by the "bresh," and I left the creek with the other two and took the road at a brisk walk for the camp. As I lifted them from the water, I could scarcely believe they were of the same family of fish. The larger one was a dazzle of brilliant hues, while the smaller one was a dirty blackish brown, even to the belly, and only relieved by the carmine spots on the sides. The fins, too, were of nearly the same color as the belly, with no special marking of bright color like the other one, and was withal an unattractive fish, except in plumpness and beauty of form. Yet they were both taken from the same little pool where they had been together, without a doubt, during the entire season, feeding on the same kind of food, sheltered and shaded by the same roots and banks and bushes—for it was a place the sun would not reach only for a short time in the morning—and passing their lives, from day to day, in exactly the same manner, with all the conditions of existence alike.

Writers tell us that the waters in which the trout live have something to do with their color; that certain kinds of food brighten their hues; that shaded pools and overhanging banks give their markings a dull cast, and so on, but must it be a condition that the dull, dirty colored fish pass all its life away under the gloom of the bank, and feed on other diet than his brighter colored brother, in order to be dull and dirty? Must the other one—seemingly of the same spawning—select other food and stay out from under the shadows and in the glare of the sun, that it may be clothed in gorgeous colors?

I confess it is a "category" that I can't see my way out of, nor can I quite follow the "food and shade" theory that seems to satisfy some of the better informed of the brethren. Let us have a better reason for the different shades of color and markings of trout of the same stream, for I am inclined to think, with due deference to the "theory" that it has not yet been found out why one trout's belly is a bright red and another's a lusterless brown. And it may be that some of the scientists who make life a burden to plain anglers by hunting up new names (with "priority" to 'em) for old fish, can tell why a black bass, which, when taken out of the water, was a dirty cream-white all over, could change its color within five minutes to a bright, beautifully mottled green; the change so thorough and wonderful that one might swear it was not the same fish.

But these are things beyond my ken. I am content with nature's handiwork as I find it, and see beauty and good in it in whatever shape it comes to me.

That's my creed for the woods, and I get large dividends of sport and enjoyment and solid comfort out of it with a very small investment of capital.

This may be charged up as another digression.

A lusty yell or two near where I had left Ben failed to get a response, but I overtook him and the master at the little stream near camp, in which the master said he had taken nineteen fair-sized trout a few days before the storm, but from the marks designated on his outstretched hand and wrist as the lengths of some of them, I fear the greater number would have failed to fill the six-inch eye of the law.

While we rested and freshened up the trout in the cold water of the little brook, Ben related how, after we parted near the school house, he had fished the stream clear down into the swamp till he got tired, and back again up to within a few yards of where I had tied my fish, "without a darned solitary symptom," when, thinking I had come to the headwaters of the stream, and becoming disgusted with his poor luck, he had struck for camp, "cussin' the little one-hoss crick fur a fraud." The master had just dismissed school as he came by, and they had walked leisurely down the road together.

Tossing a half-burned match into the water after firing up the briar root, he remarked, with a grave wink at the master: "That's a hellrackin' fine sucker you've got there, Hickory—that feller with the red belly—kind of a red bass, I reckon. Ye didn't catch him in that little branch, did ye?" When told where the pair had been taken and that they were left tied in the stream a few feet from where he said he had quit fishing it, his face was a study. "How I wish I'd a kep' on a little furdur to where them trout was tied," and then he humped himself and laughed till his pipe went out, and the master and I joined in from sheer inability to keep from it, as Ben told how he would have worked off another joke on "old Hickory" by stealing the trout and "hiein'" back to camp, and claiming that he had caught them himself.

"But ye kin bet yer life," as he hunted a dry place on his breeches and scraped another match, "that when I saw ye a comin' I'd a bided off somewheres an' hid till ye got over yer mad, fur it would hev bin a mighty onhealthy place to be a lingerin' around," and then he chuckled again in an absent-minded sort of way till the burning match, which he had forgotten to apply to the pipe, nipped his fingers, causing him to drop it with surprising celerity.

"That reminds me," as he stooped and dipped the scorched finger in the water to cool it, "that I didn't light my pipe at just the right time."

Rare and incomparable old Ben! may he live many years yet to "hev his fun," even at the expense of old Hickory.

With a wistful look at the trout, a look that I fancied would read if put in print, "now there goes a fool for luck," and a pleasant good day to us, the master struck off in the brush on his way home somewhere back in the woods, and shortly after Ben and I stole quietly into camp and laid the fruits of our wet tramp on the table before any of the happy family were aware of our presence.

Then we called them out to see "the biggest trout taken in that neighborhood that season," so the master had said, and Ben was soon tangled up in a graphic and side-splitting description of his experience in "swamp fishin'" near the mouth of the little branch, winding up with a solemn wink at Kit and the query, asked with a most innocent and matter-of-fact expression, "How much, James Mackerel, did you say you paid that country boy for them two trout?" (I have been at some pains since that day trying to convince little Miss Top that I actually caught those two trout myself, but

I am not quite sure that I have made any noticeable headway.

The skin of the big trout was carefully taken off and preserved for an angler friend at home; the peeled frame, with the smaller one, went to the frying pan to furnish a taste around for the girls at supper, while the others of the Jones family looked on with watering mouths, busy, however, in satisfying the cravings of a camp appetite with fried slabs from the side of a pickerel, side meat, eggs and other delicacies usually found in a well regulated camp.

KINGFISHER.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

BLACK BASS RIG.

"HOW do we fish for bass?" That depends. In the waters accessible to Toledo we get three distinct kinds of black bass fishing, and the rig employed is arranged accordingly.

First—We have three streams, one of them of rapid current, which is fished either from the shore or by wading. Here we use a light rod and small sinker, generally but one hook, and seldom any leader. These waters are scarcely ever entirely clear, and leaders are superfluous.

Second—The fishing in the channels on the St. Clair Flats in August, September and October. Here the water is very clear (too clear at times), with a depth of from eight to sixteen feet, and a current of three to four miles per hour. The rod used here is stiffer, but with spring enough to cast a single minnow and an ounce sinker twenty-five to forty yards from a multiplying reel. The line is the finest size of sea grass or braided silk, and a leader almost indispensable. The two hooks used are No. 1 or 1-0 spout or sneek—the latter has come into use a great deal in the last two years, mainly because it is regarded as the easiest shape for the mouth of a live minnow.

Lastly, comes the fishing on the reefs in the open waters of Lake Erie (May, September, October and November), where the work is done over a rocky bottom from six to twenty-five feet under the boat of the fisher, and, as a rule, most successfully in a good strong swell. The rod for this lake fishing must have backbone enough to carry a two-ounce sinker all day, without weakening or sagging, with a No. 3 or 4 braided linen line, no leader, and two to three hooks twice as large as are used on the flats. Any good multiplying reel finishes the rig, but it ought to be large enough to hold a hundred yards of line, although fifty yards are an abundance to have on the spool. [Pardon me for saying here that the man who makes an easy running quadruplex multiplier, with simply and solely an adjustable click, will meet the wants of some of the practical bass fishers in western waters. A drag is a superfluity, a "stop" is an abomination, and any long-handled contrivance for clogging the swift and simple working of a wheel is little better.]

We use two to three hooks in the lake because when the fish are biting freely, double catches are common and triple ones not infrequent. On the flats we fish with boat at anchor, in clear, quiet running water, with the bait playing over a smooth, sandy bottom, and from twenty-five to fifty yards away. But on the open lake you are constantly drifting over a rough and varying bottom, quartering back and forth over countless acres (like a hunting dog) with your boat constantly pitching in the swell. It takes strong, well made tackle here, and when you strike a school of fish the fun is fast and furious, and every second is worth a dollar. Bad luck comes like an avalanche on the man who has a weak spot in his tackle at this critical moment. JAY BEBE.

TOLEDO, O., April 17.

FLORIDA GAME AND FISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I left for Florida last October weighing about 126 pounds, with little or no appetite, a severe cough, night sweats, etc. After spending a month or more in different places without much benefit to my health, and with very little hunting and fishing, I wound up at Capt. J. F. Tucker's, about seven miles northwest of Brooksville and a few hours' drive of the Homosassa River. Here is the best fishing I have ever had the pleasure to indulge in. I had a couple of 11-ounce rods and an automatic reel with 135 feet of line, and I do not recollect of having to wait over ten seconds at any time for a strike. Never have I seen such fishing. Two gentlemen, neighbors of Capt. Tucker, in one hour caught more fish with hooks and line than they could carry home. Our fishing grounds were where the salt and fresh waters meet, and this was the best place to study the habits of the different species of fish that I have ever seen. The water is as clear as crystal and you can see your bait distinctly at a distance of 20 feet in 10 feet of water. The fish are so numerous that they do not appear to notice you, and if they should their fright is soon over. Our catch consisted of black bass, red snapper, sheepshead, channel bass, sea trout and whiting. We found the sheepshead of the gulf coast to be hard fighters, and enjoyed catching them more than any other. A 5 pound sheepshead in these waters will fight as long and hard as an 8-pound black bass. They bite so rapidly that you soon tire of catching them.

On our way to the river I have seen as many as twelve deer at one sight. This was on the Sand Hills pine growth where they can be seen at a long distance.

Captain T.'s residence was on the border of the famous Annattalga Hammock, a large portion of which he owns. It is very productive and is covered with a heavy growth of oak and hickory, and it abounds with deer, wild turkeys, ducks, squirrels, wild hogs, and a few panthers and black bears. We killed quite a number of wild turkeys, deer, ducks, and hundreds of squirrels. Willie T. killed two fine deer in one morning—one weighing 130 pounds minus the entrails. I shall not go into details as to my deer shooting, for I disgraced myself by my numerous misses. Willie T. offered to accompany me in the hammock with a well-loaded shotgun, to prevent, as he expressed it, my being hurt by those horned animals. I had killed a number of deer, and certainly did not have the "buck fever," though I made no defense on that line, for circumstantial evidence was against me. I carried my setter Duke with me and had all the quail shooting I cared for. When I left Captain T.'s for home I weighed 146 pounds, had a splendid appetite and little or no cough. I expect to make the same trip again the first opportunity. SHEEPSHEAD.

MACON, Ga., April 14.

THE FIRST SALMON.—Ottawa, Can.—Editor Forest and Stream: First salmon taken on La Have River, Lunenburg county, Nova Scotia, with fly, was March 13. Several have been taken since. Early for fly-fishing.—F. H. D. V.

THE MAINE ANGLING SEASON.

BY the time many of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM have seen these lines, the Maine trout and land-locked salmon season will have opened—May 1. Prospects on the streams in that State are earlier than usual. The very warm weather for a week past has dissolved mountains of snow and ice, and put the trout streams in good condition for the early catch. Such weather was unexpected and the season promised to be late; but even in the lakes now locked in ice, the chances are for a very early opening. One letter, from good authority, suggests that the ice will be all out of the Androscoggin lakes by May 10. This is remarkably early. But such prospective clearing of the ice is no earlier than the desires of many sportsmen, usual frequenters of the Maine lake regions. A good many of them will go to the fishing grounds as soon as steam and stage can take them; others will go beforehand and be ready for the first trips up the lakes. One Boston sportsman is bound to eclipse all the rest. He has camped for one or two seasons at The Narrows of Richardson Lake, a celebrated fishing ground with those who know it. This year he sent up his cook stove and blankets a month or more ago, to be left near his camping ground by the lumber teams. He will take his own departure in a day or two, or has already taken it, in order to go up on the ice before it becomes too rotten. At his camping ground he will wait for the ice to leave, or rather, he expects The Narrows to clear some days before his brother sportsmen can reach him and give him fine sport all by himself. Alas for such cupidity! If he desired to go mackerel or codfishing, he could do so with less trouble and exposure; and how much better is catching hungry trout with worms just released from a six-months ice prison, than is deep sea fishing for cod or halibut? If pounds of fish are wanted, then the ocean voyage would be the more satisfactory.

In Weld Pond, in the town of Weld, Maine, some remarkable good catches of land-locked salmon have been made this spring. Alas! through the ice. Salmon as heavy as ten pounds have been taken. This is all the more remarkable when it is considered that only a few years ago—the dates are not at hand—the first salmon fry were put into this pond; a tangible proof of the value of fish-culture. This spot is a particular pet of one at least of the able Fish and Game Commissioner of Maine—Henry O. Stanley. He owns a camp there, which he enjoys in summer with his friends. It is fast getting to be understood that land locked smelts—have I coined a term?—are the best, if not the natural food of the land-locked salmon, just as the minnow or dace, so well-known and so abundant in the Androscoggin Lakes, is the natural food of the speckled trout. In conversation the other evening, Commissioner Stillwell remarked that "one of the first conditions of successful fish-culture is food, and without food there is no success. In the Rangeley—or better, the Androscoggin Lakes—there are minnows by the million, and there we get the monster speckled trout or red-spots. The Sebago waters are renowned for land locked smelts, and there we get the largest land-locked salmon or black spots in the world. In Weld Pond the smelts are abundant."

The sea salmon are putting in quite a remarkable appearance in the Penobscot, just below Bangor, this year. On Friday, April 9, there were taken from a weir two salmon which weighed 37½ pounds. Four more of good size were taken on the following Tuesday. On Monday the 12th one was caught at Verona weighing 18 pounds, and the same day one of 22½ pounds. These were all taken in weirs and sent to the Boston market. Oh! for some force to stop this weir fishing. But a Maine paper says the "salmon fishery is an important industry on the Penobscot and is the source of quite a handsome revenue to down-river people." They buy them off and pension them to let the salmon alone.

Commissioner Stillwell believes that the salmon are increasing in the Penobscot, even under the poor protection the law affords in allowing of no fishing near the dam at Bangor nor at any time above the dam with nets or weirs. Last year an unusual number were caught with the fly above the dam, and there are strong hopes of this season. Salmon anglers went all the way to New Brunswick waters for no better sport than was enjoyed not far from above the dam at Bangor, Maine. Besides the waters are free to every fair angler, royalty having no rights to sell. Perhaps, under protection, the Penobscot above the dam may yet become the Mecca for the fly-fisherman. This can all be done under so good a form of protection as the Commissioners of Maine have organized for moose and deer—only two or three salmon to each sportsman in a season, to be taken with the fly only. How will that do, brothers of the salmon angle? Not enough! Then make it four or five, but stop fishing for numbers and for the market. SPECIAL.

BASS AND PICKEREL.—Amboy, Ill., April 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is very interesting to read the experience of anglers in taking bass, and reports of big bass in FOREST AND STREAM. It is surprising to see so much prejudice existing against bass in some of the Eastern States, and the statements that they are driving all other game fish from the waters where they have been planted. I have failed so far to find any logic or good proof to sustain any of those arguments. We are fighting hard here for the propagation of bass, both the large and the small mouth, considering them not only the gamiest fish for sport, but the finest for food that the waters in this State will produce. Our Fish Commission in Illinois amounts simply to no commission at all except in name, and it would be a credit to lovers of the rod and reel to have that name changed to a set-still committee. I will give my reasons for thinking that pickerel at least predominates over bass. I have never yet found any pickerel fry in the stomach of a bass, but have often found baby bass in a pickerel's stomach. I have carefully examined the digestive organs of many bass for the purpose of finding their food for the sake of procuring bait suitable to their tastes, for sometimes they seem to be quite dainty. I have often found in the stomachs of black bass, both large and small-mouth, such food as small frogs, crabs, water grubs of different kinds, flies, bees and minnows. In the white bass seldom anything but flies and small minnows. In pickerel I believe I have found every species of fish that inhabits the waters of this State, and some not very small either, with occasionally a green or meadow frog. On a fishing excursion to the Mississippi River one of the party caught a five-pound pickerel and dressed it for supper. In the stomach was a pickerel five inches long, and inside of that one was a pickerel fry fully two inches in length. On one other occasion a gentleman named Barr took a twelve-pound pickerel in Rock River, near Dixon, and in its stomach was a small snake ten inches in length.—J. SWISHER.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The trout season opened in Pennsylvania on April 15. The following is a condensation of the State laws: Sunday fishing and hunting are offenses punishable by \$25 fine. Trout fishing is legal from April 15 to July 15, but only with rod, line and hook. Bass, pike and other game fish can be caught from June 1 to the end of the year, but with rod, line and hook or troll only. Set and fyke nets (the latter a small hoop net) can be legally fished with in March, April and May, and in September, October and November, but must be placed in the open stream and not under a dam, wing, wall or sluice of any kind. Any game fish caught and retained renders the party liable to the fine. Nets found set in the water from June 1 to Sept. 1 can be taken up by any one, their contents put back in the water and the net or nets held until the owner calls for them. Dip-nets for catching bait are legal, and larger dip-nets for suckers, etc., will be tolerated so long as their use is not abused. The only nets recognized by the law are set nets as stated above, dip nets for catching bait and catching fish to stock other waters, and the warden will act accordingly. Outline fishermen who raise their lines do so for the purpose of catching bass and other game fish and are liable to the fine for so catching them. Nets and outlines have no business in the waters on Sundays. They come under the law of Sunday fishing and the owner is liable to the fine of \$25. Laying up new or repairing old fish dams is illegal under a heavy fine. There are other violations which the laws condemn, so well known that they need not be referred to. It is unlawful to kill web-footed wildfowl, such as geese, etc., between May 1 and Sept. 1.

BLACK BASS AT PEELEE ISLAND.—This famous fishing ground in Lake Erie belongs to the Dominion of Canada, and lies near to the mouth of the Detroit River. On Tuesday, April 6, a public meeting was held on the island to protest against a recent law, or order-in-council, which changed the close season by making it unlawful to take pickerel from April 15 to May 15, and black bass between April 15 and June 15. The meeting was well attended and was enthusiastic. Wm. McCormick, reeve of Pelee Island, was appointed chairman, and J. H. C. Atkinson, secretary. A committee was appointed to draft suitable resolutions expressing the sentiments of the meeting. The preamble and resolutions of the committee, which were unanimously adopted, set forth that to enforce such an order would virtually be a prohibition of spring fishing, as by far the most valuable of the spring catch were pickerel and bass, and the close season for these covers the whole fishing season; that this would not only injure the business and capital of the numerous persons engaged in pond fishing there, but would injure the business of the whole island, and stop the running of a steamer to the island, which is now mainly supported by the fisheries. While the meeting approved of the protection of fish, such as existed under the old law, it was considered that the change would work to the advantage of the Americans, because the island was so near the boundary of the two countries, being within six miles, and that as the Americans had no such close time they would catch all the fish. A petition to restore the old law was numerously signed.

SIZE OF THE CHANNEL CAT.—"Cyrtonyx" says that he has never seen a channel cat that weighed over eighteen pounds. When fishing in the Missouri River with trot lines, on a hard, sandy bottom, in a stiff current, we catch channel cats much larger than those he speaks of. One morning about eleven years ago I took from a trot line that had been baited with paw-paws three channel cats, aggregating 170 pounds. The largest one weighed 90 pounds and was 5 feet 4 inches long, and when dressed weighed 60 pounds. They are the same fish, so far as I am able to see, as the smaller ones that we catch in the small rivers tributary to the Missouri. If the large ones I speak of are not channel cat, what are they and what is the difference between them? We never catch any channel cat in an eddy in the Missouri River.—J. F. L.

CALIFORNIA NOTES.—The Petaluma *Argus* says: "After Thursday next it will be lawful to catch trout—but there will be none to catch except in out-of-the-way places. The boys in several places that we could mention have already taken out about all the trout that are large enough to eat. They say that they are tired of protecting the fish until the first day of April for the benefit of the San Francisco sportsmen, who swarm along the banks of the streams and take them all out in a short time." The Sacramento *Bee* makes the following excellent comment on the selfishness embodied in the above, as follows: "The old story—there's always some excuse for violating laws designed to protect game and fish. If everybody acted upon the theory of these boys, there would soon be no fish left in any stream."

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

DEEP SEA DREDGING ON THE U. S. S. ALBATROSS.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY F. L. WASHBURN.

THOUGH the appropriateness of discussing the above subject in the Society of American Fisheries might at first be questioned, second thought assures me that the work now being done by the Albatross will, in the near future, prove of the greatest value to fish-culture and fishery economy.

Thus assured, I ask your attention for a few minutes, hoping not to tax too severely those who are familiar with the process of marine dredging, and trusting the article may be of some interest to our western friends, whose opportunities for deep sea fishing are naturally limited.

In the first place, a word about the Albatross and the purpose for which she was built. She is a twin screw iron steamer of 1,000 tons displacement, 235 feet in length, built in 1883 by the Pusey & Jones Co., of Wilmington, Del. She was constructed for the United States Fish Commission, and intended to make extensive trips along our coast and to other countries, for the purpose of making observations on the ocean fisheries. Her work, principally, consists in determining, by sounding operations, the temperatures of the water of the sea, the nature of the bottom, and the effect of the same on the migrations and breeding of the mackerel, cod, menhaden and other varieties of economic importance to our fisheries. When the vessel can be spared from the regular work of the Fish Commission, she is loaned to the Navy Department, who use her for the purpose of observing ocean depths, surveying harbors, and especially in determining the existence of ledges and shoals hitherto unknown. Her crew numbers between fifty and sixty men. Her commander at present

is Capt. Z. L. Tanner, U. S. N., and she is officered by lieutenants of the navy.

Mr. J. E. Benedict is the naturalist in charge, and there is generally associated with him on board a scientific staff of two or more to assist him in obtaining data and preparing specimens.

The ship is admirably planned and constructed. The captain's cabin occupies most of the after part of the deck, is spacious and well furnished with everything necessary for the commander's comfort. This cabin contains two staterooms, and is lighted during the day by port holes on the side and a skylight above on the poop deck. The officers' ward room is below this, having seven spacious staterooms, a bathroom, and other conveniences not generally found on steamships. The ship is lighted throughout with the incandescent electric light, which not only makes the wardroom particularly cheerful in the evening, but also illuminates the entire deck, so that at night the vessel, as seen from the shore, looks like a brilliantly lighted ballroom. Another thing rendered possible by the presence of the electric light is surface collecting at night.

Mr. G. W. Baird, chief engineer of the ship, is the inventor of a cable to which he attaches a screen-covered electric light. This, when the vessel is at anchor, can be lowered into the water just below the surface, and the numerous young fish, marine worms, squids and shrimp, attracted by the brightness of the light, are captured by means of a hand net and transferred to the laboratory table for examination. This laboratory is amidships. There are really two laboratories, an upper and lower; the first furnished with working tables, a sink, a library of books for reference, a microscope and convenient tanks of alcohol; the second, called the "lower laboratory," is below this, has benches for chemical work, and opportunities for general carpentry and work connected with the collections. Here guns are cleaned and mended, and here too are tiers of drawers in which specimens are stored. Beneath these drawers are large metal tanks filled with alcohol, for containing the larger fish and specimens whose size prevents them from being stored in the small glass jars. Below this second laboratory, in the hold of the vessel, is still a third storeroom, of much the same nature and used for much the same purposes as the one above it.

The apparatus for deep sea sounding, which is placed on the port bow, consists of an easily running wheel supported in a frame. Over this wheel runs a steel piano wire from a cylinder or drum, which holds about 4000 fathoms. When a sounding is to be made, a brass cup is attached to the end of the wire to catch and bring up some of the bottom, that its composition may be observed. Just above the cup is a thermometer which records the temperature of the deep water. To the above-mentioned cup a heavy shot is fastened to accelerate the downward motion. When a sounding is to be taken the ship is kept stationary, that the wire may be straight up and down, and, everything being ready, the weight sinks rapidly to the bottom. The concussion caused by striking the bottom detaches the heavy weight, at the same time the cup grasps a portion of the bottom's surface, and a donkey engine turns the cylinder, whereby the wire is quickly reeled in. Each sounding station is given a number, and a record is kept of the depth of the water, the nature of the bottom and the temperature at that depth.

A long article might be written on the various appliances and mechanisms of the ship, but it would be too great a digression from the subject originally proposed. Most worthy of mention, however, are the annunciators on the upper deck, placed against the wheel house. These are two contrivances, one for the starboard engine and a similar one for the port engine, which indicate to the officer of the deck the movement of both engines. This is also an invention of Engineer Baird, as is, too, the process by which the ship is furnished with a never failing supply of pure, fresh drinking water distilled from the salt water.

Now, as to deep-sea dredging. Just forward of the wheel house, attached by one end to the foremast, is a boom capable of being raised like a derrick and swung over the side. Just below this boom is a donkey engine, and below that, in the hold of the vessel, is coiled a strong wire cable, about one-half inch in diameter and about four miles long. This runs along the under side of the boom and over a wheel at its free extremity. To this end of the cable is attached the dredge, or trawl, as it is sometimes called. This consists of a strong, baggy net, fastened to what looks like a pair of huge iron sleigh runners, kept at a distance of about eight feet from one another by means of an iron rod. It is between these "sleigh runners," in the intervening eight feet of space, that the net is placed. To these sleigh runners is also attached by ropes a stout canvas bag, the mouth of which is kept open by iron jaws. The position of this bag is just behind the small end of the net, and on the sea bottom it is dragged along after the large net, scraping up mud or sand and rocks, thus relieving the meshes of the net from a strain which would be too heavy for them.

Everything being ready for dredging, and soundings having first been taken to ascertain the depth, the net is lowered carefully into the sea, the progress of the vessel being stopped. If the sounding gave 1,200 fathoms, then 1,700 fathoms of dredge cable has to be let out, or even more than that before bottom is reached. This has to be done slowly and necessarily takes a long time. Sometimes when the water is 3,000 fathoms deep, as is often the case, four hours are consumed in one lowering and hauling. This process is also called "trawling." When the bottom is reached, the dredge is dragged slowly along for half an hour and then hoisted on board by means of the donkey engine, at first slowly, then, as it gets clear of the bottom, very rapidly.

It is an exciting moment when the huge net and canvas bag emerges from the water and hangs dripping over the deck. The net is then opened at the bottom and its contents allowed to roll out into tubs, while mud and sand and rock in the canvas bag are emptied into a large sieve on the forward deck, then to be carefully washed and examined for small marine animals.

The contents of the net which have been emptied into tubs consist of many curious forms of life from the deep sea, which are carefully picked out and sorted, each class by itself, and then placed in glass jars containing alcohol. A minute report of each haul is kept in a book for that purpose.

Sometimes the "catch" is extremely interesting, beautiful specimens of *Actinida* (sea anemones), corals; *Echinoids*, or sea urchins, varieties not found in shallower waters. Also specimens of *Ocotopus* (the cuttle fish), rare sponges, and deep sea forms of holothurians or sea cucumbers. These latter so much dislike being torn from their ocean bed that they use a power given them by nature and split into fragments before reaching the surface. Rare forms of starfish sometimes delight the eye of the naturalist who is sorting the contents of the dredge; and deep sea fish, which, on being released from the tremendous pressure to which they were subjected in the deeper water, become distended by the gases contained within them, and often burst, reaching the ship's deck in a rather dilapidated condition. Often, however, the dredge comes up nearly empty, or with but little life in it. To my question as to whether such work was not very disappointing at times, the captain replied: "Not at all; we consider ourselves fortunate if we get the dredge back safely," for it occasionally happens that dredge and many fathoms of cable are lost by the catching of the apparatus on the bottom.

When the bottom is supposed to be so rocky that lowering the dredge would be unsafe, "tangling" is resorted to, which consists in dragging over the bottom large bunches of hemp rope attached to iron bars. These bunches of rope catch and hold in their strands small marine animals with which they come in contact. In the April 2d number of *Science* Mr. Benedict has described the method of surface collecting, so I need

do nothing more than refer to it here. It consists in dragging a large but fine-meshed net from the end of a swinging boom along the surface and through the water just below the surface. It is often done on the port side while dredging is going on on the starboard side. This secures all the surface life found in the seaweed and just below the surface of the water. Varieties of *Tentennarius*, a little, brown-mottled fish frequenting the masses of seaweed, are caught thus in large numbers, as well as small crabs, which also live in the seaweed; a great many marine worms, various kinds of molluscs and other forms lower in the scale of life.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PACKING EGGS FOR FOREIGN SHIPMENT.—Mr. W. Oldham Chambers, secretary of the National Fishculture Association of England, in his history of fishculture, *Land and Water*, March 27, says: "We may well take a lesson from the American system of packing, which is very simple, but most efficacious in attaining the desired end, which is to diminish as much as possible the rate of mortality through injury. In the first place, the ova are placed into trays, consisting of calico [canton flannel] stretched upon wooden frames, which are deposited one above the other in the center of a large box, each tray being interlaid with moss. Around the pyramid of trays, which are fixed firmly into position, a partition is reserved, serving as a receptacle for ice and sawdust—two most important factors in transmitting ova. On arrival at their destination the eggs can be readily unpacked by removing the trays from the box, clearing away the moss between each, and turning the ova en masse by means of water into the hatching troughs. The originator of this capital method is, I believe, Mr. Fred Mather, of New York. I am able to testify to the fact that not more than thirty eggs out of every thousand sent me at various periods have perished during the journey from New York to London, which is an evidence of the skill displayed in packing them."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES. FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 22.—Eight annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Ooster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

May 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Tenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent, P. O. Box 1812, New York.

May 18, 19, 20 and 21.—Third Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club, St. Louis, Mo. Geo. Munson, Manager.

May 25, 26 and 27.—First Dog Show of the Ninth Regiment, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. W. H. Tuck, Secretary, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

July 20, 21, 22 and 23.—Milwaukee Dog Show. John D. Olcott, Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3616.

OUR HARTFORD REPORT.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am a staunch advocate of fair and honest criticism, but criticism is one thing and a deliberate attempt to besmirch a judge's reputation is quite another, therefore I cannot allow this last instance of personal animosity toward me as displayed by your reporter in his account of the Hartford show to pass unnoticed. His reference to the note which I made in my book regarding the quality of fox-terriers in the open dog class, I care nothing for, for the simple reason that I question whether he understands or recognizes fox-terrier quality when he sees it; but I still maintain there are few shows in England where so much quality has been seen in one class. Splaugar was a very good second to his litter brother Splinter, who won at Brighton, Baccanah won first prize at the Crystal Palace show, Valet first at Birmingham, Shovel was a champion in England and Stableford Joe and Scarsdale both scored winning brackets there, and Nick, although he may be as your reporter very lucidly puts it, "light in middle and full in body," whatever that may mean, is a terrier of much more than ordinary pretensions. His ill nature culminated when he heard that I had bought a collie puppy and had afterward given it first prize in its class. This of itself would be an offense against good taste were there not attendant circumstances which place the matter in a totally different light. It is true I bought the puppy Tramp. It is also true that there were only two dogs entered in the class, and that both belonged to one and the same owner, and that I could have bought either of them at the same price, I chose that which I thought was the best, and paid for it with the understanding that all prizes which the dog might win were to revert to the original owner. Was I, then, because I bought the dog, to withhold the prize which was rightfully his? Your reporter further says that I bought the puppy for the Hempstead Farm Co. This is a wilful misstatement. I had no commission for the Hempstead Farm Co. or any one else, but seeing what I thought a fairly good puppy at a reasonable price, I bought it. Mr. Terry, who, as you are aware, is the president of the Hempstead Farm Co., Limited, arrived at Hartford late in the day. I told him I had purchased a puppy and asked him to go and look it over. This he did, and coming back expressed his admiration of the dog and a desire to become his owner. To this I readily agreed, and that, as far as I was concerned, I supposed would be the end of the matter.

Is it not carrying spite and jealousy, or whatever may be the impelling motive, too far, to allow attacks of such a personal nature to appear in the columns of your paper, and especially in the report of a dog show? Surely this is not "educating the public as to the points of merit peculiar to each breed," but simply making your columns the channel for an unwarranted and unjustifiable expression of ill will, which you, as the editor of a paper priding itself on its impartiality and truthfulness, should strive to discourage.

NEW YORK, April 23.

JAS. MORTIMER.

[Although Mr. Mortimer has been connected with dogs and dog shows for some years he does not appear yet to have learned that the judges and the animals on exhibition are legitimate subjects for criticism. We are not singular in our opinion of Splaugar. At the Hanley (Eng.) show last year, where there were 774 entries, with nineteen in the open dog fox-terrier class, Splaugar did not get a mention. The well-known judge, Mr. L. P. C. Astley, awarded four prizes, six vhc. cards and three hc., but gave nothing to Splaugar, the winner at Hartford. As we have stated, the open dog class at Hartford was a fairly good one, but by no means deserved Mr. Mortimer's extravagant praise. Our statement about the collie puppy bought by Mr. Mortimer appears to have been inaccurate only in alleging that the dog was bought for the Hempstead Farm Company, whereas he was bought by Mr. Mortimer for himself and afterward sold to that company.

Our authority for our statement was the owner of the dog, Mr. Smith of Hartford. We have refrained from expressing our views on this transaction, but if Mr. Mortimer desires them they are quite at his service. We are quite ready to leave the public to pass on the motives which prompt our remarks on dogs and dog shows. They need no defense or excuse.]

NORTH CAROLINA AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL CLUB

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

A desire for better dogs, and more especially better trained dogs, has induced several of the leading sportsmen in this State to organize an amateur field trials club, open to all non-professionally trained dogs; the object being to induce our sportsmen to learn how to train and handle their own animals. The organization of this club has not yet been perfected, but the chief matters of importance, such as securing hunting grounds, posting it and stocking it with birds, have been attended to and everything will be in order for the trials next fall, just after the Eastern field trials close at High Point, N. C.

The land of the North Carolina Field Trials Club is situated north and northeast of Raleigh, N. C., beginning about four miles from the city, and runs along and between several small streams, including much of the very best shooting ground within reach of the city. It contains in all from 3,500 to 4,000 acres of old field and stubble.

This tract of land has always been considered the best hunting ground in our vicinity, and now that it has been thoroughly posted, planted with small patches of peas, wheat and oats along the creek banks, and nearly two hundred quail put on it, we expect in a year or two to have the finest field trial grounds in the South.

Our sportsmen are beginning to appreciate a dog with a pedigree, and are learning to breed dogs with an eye to speed, nose, endurance and style. Formerly a dog was only required to find birds and remain steady until you came to him. Now we have inaugurated a different school for the dogs and we are determined to have them well trained. With our small beginning we intend to push on each year, adding to our grounds and bettering our dogs, and before long we will extend an invitation to our Northern friends to come down and try dogs with us.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 17.

SPRATTS BISCUITS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The letter of Mr. Cleather in the last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* opens the door for testimony in support of the statement with which he finds fault. Mr. Cleather, like a good many of my countrymen when they first arrive on this side of the Atlantic, proceeds to air his superior knowledge and alleges that American dog owners are ignoramuses. I rather doubt the good policy of a person in his position taking this step, but that is his lookout. *FOREST AND STREAM* in reporting New Haven show drew attention to the effect Spratts biscuits had on the dogs, and I for one was very glad to see the remarks. Mr. Cleather pays *FOREST AND STREAM* the very high compliment of insinuating that the remarks referred to were dictated by rival manufacturers. Those who know the independent policy of your journal are not likely to be much misled by Mr. Cleather's mistaken views, while those whose dogs suffered, as mine did, cannot but thank you for running your editorial department entirely free from considerations affected by the advertising department. Perhaps we do not know when a dog is purged in this country, and even if we do make a correct guess we are such complete novices that we cannot tell the cause. That is what we are to understand from Mr. Cleather's letter.

I would like to ask that gentleman whether he was at New Haven, and how long a time he spent at Newark show. We can then arrive at some estimate of his opportunity for bringing *FOREST AND STREAM* up with such a round turn.

I will tell my experience with Spratts biscuits. I tried them in England and liked them very well, my dogs relishing and doing well on them. I have also tried biscuits imported by Mr. de Luze and found nothing wrong with them. Knowing that the dogs I proposed exhibiting at Newark and New Haven would be fed on these biscuits, and with the view of accustoming them to that food, I purchased a bag of Spratts biscuits and proceeded to mix some with their usual food, changing the method of feeding as is customary when feeding with these biscuits. I ought to say that my dogs were perfectly healthy and were not old toothless plugs, but strong, well-developed ten months puppies. Looseness of the bowels, at once resulted, but that being usual with a change of diet, I persevered giving a reduced quantity of biscuit. The dogs would pick out everything else from their dishes and only take the biscuit as a last necessity. The passages were never quite natural during the period of probation, and in that condition the dogs went to Newark. There they all started purging, and I did the best I could by giving them bread and milk and bread and meat. Next week came New Haven, and here matters assumed a serious aspect. The purging continued and the passages had the unpleasant smell so well known at dog shows with biscuit fed dogs. I had to leave before the show was over, so the dogs had nothing but the contract food to wind up with. When they got home they were a sorry sight. The dog Heather was passing pure blood, and the bitches, though not so bad, were still in horrible condition internally. The latter I got round by exercising the greatest care, but the dog, I regret to say, succumbed. If any one wants to experiment with the balance of my bag of biscuits they are welcome to them, but no more of them for me, thank you.

Now that Mr. Cleather has opened the door for a relation of American dog owners' experiences with Spratts biscuits, I hope that the subject may be well ventilated.

JAMES WATSON.

A DOG OF ROMANCE.—New York, April 19.—Editor

Forest and Stream: In Mr. F. Marion Crawford's recent novel, "A Tale of a Lonely Parish," one of the leading characters is the dog Stamboul. He is said to be a Russian bloodhound, taller than the tallest mastiff, of a slate color, with closely cropped ears and a fine smooth coat. He is also described as following with great speed a trail twelve hours old, baying sonorously, and killing a man so quickly as to leave it doubtful whether he "hurt him much." Now I should like to know if there is any such dog in the world. I seem to recognize the slate color, huge size and cropped ears as belonging to the well-known Siberian or Ulm dog, commonly called "bloodhound." But was that dog ever known to follow a cold trail, or to bay after the manner of a true hound? The book is, of course, interesting and well written; but novelists ought to be very careful to get the details of their work technically correct. The late George Eliot, for example, used to submit the law of her novels, before publication, to "counsel learned in the law;" whereas Anthony Trollope evolved his law from his inner consciousness. The method of the former was that of the conscientious artist, that of the latter fell short of this standard.—S. H. [The advice of our correspondent to novelists is most excellent; but we very much fear that "poetic license" in the future will still continue to override both common law and common sense.]

PEDIGREE BLANKS.—We have prepared two series of duplicate pedigree blanks, one blank providing for pedigree to fifth generation, the other to third. The former fills a page size of Kennel Record Book page; the latter, same size page, with four on. Price of each, twenty-five cents per dozen pages. The blanks will be very convenient for furnishing pedigrees with sales, etc.

THE CLEVELAND DOG SHOW.

[Special Dispatch to *Forest and Stream*.]

CLEVELAND, O., April 27.—The attendance at the show to-day was good. The arrangements are excellent. There are several new dogs here that are good enough for almost any company. Judging commenced at 2 o'clock and has progressed slowly. The following awards have been made:

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*CHAMPION*—Dog: Absent. *Bitch*: Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Queen Alice.—*Open*—Dogs: 1st, R. P. Morgan's Mandan; 2d, John Davidson's Scottish Chief; 3rd, Reserve Kennel's Prandau. Very high com., J. Denny's Brandon, F. Milham's Blue Hope. High com., J. Cockrell's Tasso, C. W. Fromm's Dash and North, M. Martin's Count. *Bitches*: 1st, H. & D. Bryson's Lillian; 2d, Mrs. E. C. Franklin's Vixen; 3d, J. Donoghue's Jeannette. Very high com., J. Davidson's Swan; R. B. Morgan's Bess M. and Fannie M.; F. Milham's Jealousy, and D. O'Shea's Rosey. High com., R. B. Morgan's Akron Girl, and L. Cobough's Daisy.—*PUPPIES*—Dogs: 1st, A. Sander's Dude; 2d, T. G. Davey's Canada. Very high com., S. B. Conklin's Doc C. Two classes were made of the dog puppies. In the second class—Dogs: 1st, Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Blue Prince; 2d, R. T. Kennedy's Prince Royal. Very high com., C. E. White's Earl of Britton. *Bitches*: 1st, J. Denny's Nantabala; 2d, Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Sparle. Very high com., G. Volker's Lady, P. Wolfender's Bink Bonney, and T. Donoghue's Dart Gladstone. High com., F. Milham's Jealousy.

POINTERS.—*LARGE*—*CHAMPION*—Dog: Absent. *Bitch*: B. F. Seitzer's Lady Croxeth.—*OPEN*—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Whealen and Sander's Pap Smizer and Kingshot. Very high com., Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Sweep. High com., C. T. Eggle's Young Meteor. Com., B. F. Seitzer's Planet. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, Istone Kennel's Rump and Lass. Very high com., Whealen and Sander's Diana.—*SMALL*—Dogs: 1st, W. C. Nelson's Tippecanoe; 2d, Whealen and Sander's Rumpy. Very high com., P. Wolfender's Don, and Istone Kennel's Doncaster. High com., Whealen and Sander's Bullseye, and W. K. Huntington's LeRoy. *Bitches*: 1st, St. Louis Kennel Club's Kewick; 2d, Istone Kennel's Lillie Bang. Very high com., and high com., J. R. Daniel's Fan and Daisy Donald.—*PUPPIES*—Dogs: 1st, C. T. Eggle's Young Meteor; 2d, W. L. White's Shot. High com., J. Lewis's Frank Sleaford. *Bitches*: 1st, T. Donoghue's Lemmie Croxeth. Very high com., J. B. Bosworth's Dinah. High com., G. M. Hubbard's Belle. Com., W. C. Meyer's Topsy.

DOG SHOW SECRETARIES AND SPECIALS.—Editor

Forest and Stream: Mr. Wade, while commenting upon the above subjects last week, re the late Pittsburgh show, asks: "Does it help the honesty of the transaction to accept the entry and then shamefully deny their own published rule by refusing the protest that follows, as was done in the St. Bernard puppy class?" The facts are more damaging to the club, Mr. Wade, than you have stated. The owner of the St. Bernard dog did not enter him in the puppy class. He brought and showed the dog to Mr. L. F. Whitman, who purposely put him into the class where he would most lightly win. President Gregg made himself a party to this brazen fraud by telling Mr. Hanford, the representative of Mr. Tucker, "This is a poor place for protests; we will have nothing to do with them." "When the superintendent and president 'stand in' to beat an absent exhibitor, what is he going to do about it?" This pertinent question was propounded as we traveled East after the show. The answer was, "Stay at home." I assure you, Mr. Wade, it is not so easy to "punish" Philadelphia exhibitors. We are like the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer—sharp. We fight with facts on our side, and when the lie is passed, as it was at Pittsburgh, the Philadelphian proves it on the other man. A word about the indiscriminate accepting of special prizes to be given to certain dogs really without competition. It is a growing evil and should be stopped at once. It gives judges, reporters and all concerned twice the amount of work, besides bringing into prominence for the moment worthless dogs that as quickly sink into oblivion.—V. M. H.

WILKESBARRE DOG SHOW.—The premium list of the Ninth Regiment's inaugural bench show of dogs has been issued. The show will be held at the armory, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., May 25, 26 and 27. The entries close May 15. The judges, as indicated last week, are: For mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlanders, greyhounds, collies, bulldogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers, pugs, foxhounds, toy terriers, miscellaneous, spaniels and others, Mr. Jas. Watson; pointers and setters, Mr. R. M. Lindsay, of Scranton, Pa.; English and Irish setters, Mr. W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa.; beagles, to be judged by the A. E. B. Club standard, Mr. T. W. White, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. The premiums are \$10 and \$5 for the more important classes, \$7 and \$4 for St. Bernards, spaniels (field, black and any color), foxhounds, beagles (two classes) and collies, and \$5 and \$3 for pointers, English and Irish setter puppies, and for fox-terriers, bulldogs, all other terriers and pugs. The Adams Express Co. will turn all dogs free that are sent by their company. The committee have decided to make a class for Italian greyhounds.—WILKES.

ENTRIES FOR THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—Editor

Forest and Stream: I am sorry that the list I gave you of the dogs at the coming show was hardly a correct one; this is partly excusable from the fact that it was hastily and roughly estimated. Following is, I believe, a correct list: Mastiffs, 44; St. Bernards, 51; Newfoundlanders, 11; Great Danes, 11; greyhounds, 24; deerhounds, 15; pointers, 97; English setters, 102; black and tan setters, 35; Irish setters, 67; Chesapeake Bay dogs, 1; Irish water spaniels, 1; Clumber spaniels, 5; field spaniels, 13; cocker spaniels, 59; foxhounds, 14; beagles, 31; basset hounds, 4; dachshunde, 10; fox-terriers, smooth, 81; wire-haired, 8; collies, 100; bulldogs, 22; bull-terriers, 25; black and tan terriers, 6; hard-haired, 2; Dandie Dinmont, 2; Irish terriers, 8; Skye terriers, 8; pugs, 30; Yorkshire terriers, 19; toy terriers, 8; King Charles spaniels, 13; Blenheim spaniels, 3; Japanese spaniels, 5; rubys and Prince Charles, 8; Italian greyhounds, 6; poodles, 15; miscellaneous, 18.—JAS. MORTIMER, Supt.

POOR OLD FELLOW.—Cleveland, O., April 23.—Editor

Forest and Stream: I have an old black and tan dog with me now which has reached the remarkable age of twenty-one years. The usual evidence of old age, viz., failing eyesight and hearing and a general feebleness. His teeth are worn away even with the gums. One peculiarity is very marked, when he sits upon his haunches his back assumes that semicircular form peculiar to the cat when in the same position. Old Prin, as he is called, survived a severe attack of mange the past winter and really appears to be gaining strength every day. Is not this a rare instance?—WATT.

NEW POINTERS COMING.—New York, April 26, 1886.—

Editor Forest and Stream: The Westminster Kennel Club have purchased from Prince Albert Solms the well known light weight pointer Naso of Kipping. Naso has been very successful on the bench and in the field, having won four first prizes at the Crystal Palace, and several first prizes in field trials. He has also proved a successful sire, his son, Naso of Upton, having won first prizes at Birmingham and Crystal Palace, Eng. They have also purchased the heavy weight bitch Kate VIII., in whelp to Priam, and Glauca, by Fluke—champion Glee.—JAMES MORTIMER, Superintendent.

ST. LOUIS KENNEL CLUB.—Graphic will not be shown at St. Louis and the club will therefore enter for competition their pointer dog Robert le Diable. It was their intention to have entered him "not for competition" had Graphic put in an appearance, as under Major Taylor, who judged at Pittsburgh, and is to officiate at St. Louis, Robert won over the Graphic Kennels' entry. Entries for St. Louis close May 8 and not May 2, as incorrectly stated. Entries are said to be coming in very satisfactorily.

"HISTORY OF THE MASTIFF."—Mastiff lovers will rejoice to learn that copies of Mr. Wynn's "History of the Mastiff" are now accessible to book buyers on this side of the water. We have received a small consignment of this excellent work, which is for sale at this office at \$2.50 each. We shall review the work at the earliest moment possible.

which I, for one, will never be able to explain.—C. A. R.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE REMINGTON FAILURE.—A Utica dispatch, of April 22, states that "Judge Williams, of Watertown, has granted the motion asking for the dissolution of the corporation of E. Remington & Sons, of Ilion. Addison Brill and A. H. Russell were appointed receivers. Papers were filed in the County Clerk's office of Herkimer county on that day, and soon after the individual and partnership assignment of Philo and Eliphalet Remington to Charles Herter, of Ilion, was also filed. This arrangement is understood to carry down the Remington works, which the Remingtons were the chief backers. There has been little work done there for some time and there are said to be attachments upon much of the property in the agricultural works. Upon the armory works, where the business of cartridge making, sewing machine manufacture, and type-printer manufacture was also carried on, there are understood to be no mortgages or liens of any kind. The judgments secured against the corporation are less than \$15,000, and it was to stop these piling up and to give all the creditors an equal showing that receivers were secured. The receivers are only temporary appointments by the Court. Upon filing a bond for \$50,000 they are authorized to take possession of the works and wind up the business. The "order system" has long prevailed in Ilion, and it is feared that many of the storekeepers there will go down with the corporation, which has supplied almost all of the business of that place." The failure seriously affects not only Ilion and the adjacent towns, but this city as well, where large amounts of their paper are held. The suspension has been inevitable for a long time. When the Remingtons had large contracts for arms, they got money and spent it freely, making no provision for a rainy day. The manufacture of sporting goods, the agricultural works, and the type-printer factory enabled them to live along, but times have been by no means prosperous. The liabilities of the concern are about \$1,000,000, mostly in paper. Only about \$12,000 are in judgments. For years the firm has never had a pay day, and men got their wages in orders on the concern. The merchants took these orders in payment for goods, and when they had a sufficient amount they exchanged them for the Remingtons' notes, which were frequently renewed, and have accumulated until now they aggregate about \$300,000. There were 800 men employed in the works, and the majority, if not all of them, have been paid during the last four or five years in orders only, and have not seen a cent of money. The out-of-town creditors are iron, brass and coal dealers. The plant is valued at \$1,500,000, though it inventoried last January at \$2,000,000. The type-printer works were sold a few weeks ago, and the new proprietors at once established their own plant, and the frequent renewal of the notes, Mr. A. H. Russell, speaking of the affairs of the firm, said: "The plant, of course, are not yet formed. One of the strongest efforts will be to pay the employees in money. I have not had an opportunity myself to look over the correspondence, but I am assured by the Messrs. Remington that they have not known a time in the history of the business when the outlook for arms contracts for foreign governments was as good. No contract is absolutely in hand, but there are very good prospects, and, as is well known, money has always been made on these."

A TEXAS OPINION.—Fort Clark, Tex., April 14.—Editor Forest and Stream: I wish to thank your correspondents Milton P. Peirce and J. S. D., for their prompt response to my letter of April 1. I myself think that 42 inches is too long a barrel, but the gun mentioned was the only well-made gun of the kind that I saw, and I had to take it or none. I wanted a rifle of somewhat larger bore and shorter barrel, but found none except cheap flimsy things. I am not now in a place where I can have it altered, so will have to let it remain as it is. I always thought that kid made the best patching because, when oiled, it stretches around the ball and leaves no wrinkle or fold. I see that "J. S. D." agrees with me. I see that the muzzleloading rifle gets a better send off in your issue of April 8. I think that your correspondent goes in rather strongly for it, and I don't pretend to say that the breechloader is as accurate as the muzzleloader, for any close target shooting, for I don't know; but I do know that the Ballard rifle will hit turkeys at 175 yds. or turkeys' heads at 50 yds. It may throw a wild ball once in a long time, but not often. I know mine will shoot into an 8 in. bullseye at 200 yds., and it is a mighty small turkey that lets much of an 8 in. circle show round him. I am obliged to believe that the fault was in the men, not the breechloader. As Mr. Nye, of New York, says, the breechloader is the best. FOREST AND STREAM trajectory test showed that the breechloaders shot wilder. Some of them did, but FOREST AND STREAM distinctly said that in most cases the aim had to be changed between shots to keep from spoiling the targets for close measurement. Not so very bad for "wild shooting guns," is it? He also says that a 42-caliber breechloader will not shoot accurately with as short a ball as 230 grains. I know that a .45 with a 300 grain ball half in the shell and 85 grains of powder will shoot accurately up to 200 yds., and they shoot closer than I can hold with a red hot 42-caliber like a muzzle-loader as well as most men, but I want to give the breechloader its due.—CHARLES L. SMITH.

NEWARK, N. J., April 21.—The match between teams representing Newark and New York, which took place at the New York rifle range, has been decided. Under no pretense will they shoot in this city, claiming that they were never fairly treated when they did shoot here. A meeting of riflemen was held at the Essex range last Monday evening, with J. Danity chairman and John H. Huegel secretary. A committee, consisting of J. Coppersmith, F. Snellen and A. C. Neuman, was appointed and instructed to arrange a match for \$50 a side; ten men per team, twenty shots per man; one-half the score to be put on a Newark range, and the other half on a New York range, the side scoring the greatest number of points in the two shoots to take the stake. The New York riflemen thought the unfair, preferring to keep all the advantages of range, etc. on their own side. Having been beaten twice by a Newark team is probably the reason for their declining to shoot here again. They informed the committee that they would think the matter over, provided a match could be arranged without necessitating their coming to this city. The teams, when the match is open, and if the ones who were victorious to make a match, should fail to do so, it is hoped that some one of the crack teams or clubs of the metro will take up the gauntlet. A meeting of the riflemen interested will be held at the Essex range to hear a further report of the committee.

In the competition for position on the Newark team, which was begun last evening at Hengel's range, John Coppersmith scored in ten targets 49-15, 49-15, 50-17, 48-13, 49-15, 49-14, 49-16, 50-14, 50-15, 50-18, a total of 493 Creedmoor, or 1,132 ring count. Godfrey Snellen scored 49-13, 50-18 and 50-14 in three targets. The competition will be continued on Monday and Friday evenings, until each competitor has shot ten targets. All riflemen are invited to compete.

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH.—Gen. Wingate talking with a reporter says of the prospects for the British match: "We have committed the British Association, asking them to send over a team this summer, and have received a reply formally acknowledging its receipt, but that is all. I hardly think we will succeed in bringing about another contest in 1886. There is no doubt that since the last international contest, a marked improvement has been made on this side of the water at the 800, 900 and 1,000-yard ranges, and the English team will have to beat it's previous records to retain the championship. Already from all parts of the West the best shots at Creedmoor. Each State will have its own competitors. The Western men will take the lead in high scores, but no doubt some of our old-timers will succeed in getting a place on the team. The only trouble in the way of a match is the apparent lack of funds at the disposal of the Englishmen."

SAN FRANCISCO, April 18.—There was but a light attendance of marksmen at Shell Mound Range to-day, the majority of the shooters having gone to Schuetzen Park to participate in the benefit given there to the widow and family of the late Alois Schneider. Sergeant-Major Waltham, of the Second Artillery, in a practice shoot, made the following scores: 200 yds. 44-44-45-45-42 300 yds. 44-45-45-44-41 500 yds. 43-43-43-43-47 700 yds. 55-45-45-45-47-91 The following scores were made by members of Company C, First Infantry, in a practice shoot at 200 and 500 yds.: Pembroke 43-40-83 Rudcock 36-43-79 Drers 43-43-86 Poulter 42-36-78 Snook 42-45-87

MANCHESTER, N. H., April 17.—The most successful and interesting regular shoot which Manchester riflemen have held for months took place at the range this afternoon and indications point to a lively season for the sport. The day was bright with half a point of wind blowing from the west. The following scores were completed, although they do not represent the whole number of riflemen in attendance: Practice Match—Rounds 7, possible 35, Creedmoor count: W H Thomas 3 5 5 5 4 4-29 Medal Match—Rounds 10, possible 100, decimal count: E Cole 5 10 8 8 4 7 5 8 5-58 Handicap Match—Rounds 10, possible 100, decimal count: N Johnson 8 9 10 7 6 4 9 10 5-75 Frank Jay 6 6 7 8 4 7 7 9 5-65 Practice Match—Rounds 10, possible 100, decimal count: Frank Jay 9 10 10 10 6 7 10 8 7-67 O B Holdridge 7 9 10 10 7 8 8 8 8-80 O M Henry 7 8 6 9 10 7 10 8 6-80

BOSTON, April 24.—The rifle matches were shot at Walnut Hill to-day. The new 500 yards for military rifles was opened and several competitors made good scores. The wind proved rather to much for the rest shooters, and most of the scores in that match were unfinished. Following are the best scores made during the day:

Victory Medal Match, D.										
J Francis	7	9	9	10	7	9	9	6	10	8-84
A Duffer	6	9	9	10	5	10	7	7	10-83	
R Reid	8	8	8	7	6	9	8	10	8-81	
E B Souther	6	9	7	9	9	9	8	9	7-76	
W Henry (Mil.)	2	8	7	5	9	3	5	6	7-80	
Decimal Off-Hand Match.										
J B Fellows, A.	9	10	6	10	10	6	8	8	8-85	
E B Souther, C.	9	6	5	9	9	8	9	8	10-92	
G B Yeutechi, A.	9	8	8	7	8	7	9	8	7-89	
N F Tufts, A.	10	6	5	6	9	9	9	6	6-84	
N P Bates, C.	6	6	6	7	7	8	7	8	5-69	
A L Brackett (Mil.)	4	10	6	2	5	10	10	6	5-75	

Rest Match.

N Washburn, F.	9	9	9	10	10	10	10	8-96
D L Chase, A.	10	8	10	8	10	10	9	9-93
S Wilder, A.	10	10	9	8	9	10	10	8-92

Creedmoor Practice Match (Mil.).

E C B Erickson	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4-42
L Grant	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4-40
W S Simmons	3	3	4	4	4	4	4	4-40

Special Military Match.

W Charles	7	9	10	7	10	8	9	8-84
W Henry	6	9	7	9	7	9	8	10-73
L Herbert	7	5	8	6	8	5	4	7-62

State Militia Match, S. M.—(Winners of Bronze Badges).

A L Brackett	20	20	20	20
J E Darnody	20	20	18	20
W S Simmons	19	19	21	20

500 Yards Match.

D L Chase, A.	455455555-48	F Carlet (Mil) E.	515543555-45
L Grant (Mil) E.	554555554-46	A L Brackett (Mil) A.	532455254-36
S Wilder, A.	554555554-47		

MASSACHUSETTS VS. MAINE.—The Waltham Hillside Club shot a match on April 24, at its range, with the Houlton (Me.) Club. The score of the former is as follows:

Decimal Standard Target—200 yds.

E O Dennison	9	7	8	8	7	9	8	10	4-75
E A Emerson	8	4	5	8	8	10	8	8	6-73
R B Edes (Mil.)	6	7	7	9	6	4	6	4	10-72
J H Munroe	6	10	4	7	7	8	10	7	5-71
W H Stone	9	7	8	5	8	6	7	9	10-72

HAMILTON, April 23.—A match between the Victoria Rifle Club, of this city, and the Toronto Rifle Association, of Toronto, was fired at the Victoria Club ranges, Ainsliewood, to-day. The weather was sultry, and a strong and very unsteady wind from the right made good shooting difficult. Notwithstanding all this, a few remarkably good scores were made, although the shooting was, on the whole, rather below the average. The conditions of the match were 12 marksmen from each club. Smaller rifles ranged, 200, 500 and 600 yds., seven shots on each range, Wimbledon targets and regulations. The following are the scores:

Toronto Rifle Association.					The Victoria Rifle Club.				
200	500	600	yds.	Total.	200	500	600	yds.	Total.
Thompson, W.	23	28	80	Zealand, J.	31	29	20	80	
Mowat, J.	32	30	17	Morris, J.	29	28	21	78	
McDonald, J.	21	24	15	Adam, J.	24	24	23	75	
Foreman, J.	26	25	23	Pain, J.	27	21	24	75	
Bell, J.	26	25	23	Ross, J.	25	25	15	69	
Lewis, J.	29	23	20	Godwin, J.	30	20	17	67	
Mitchell, J.	28	13	25	Robertson, J.	26	19	20	65	
Duncan, J.	27	25	16	Hancock, J.	25	25	13	63	
Lanskill, J.	33	15	24	Murdoch, J.	25	18	17	60	
Anderson, J.	35	20	20	Gibson, J.	29	20	11	60	
McDonald, J.	32	22	17	Panton, J.	25	24	9	54	
Kennedy, J.	36	20	20	Margetts, J.	25	18	4	47	
	327	274	245	846		325	275	196	796

WELLINGTON, Del., April 12.—The regular club matches took place at Schuetzen Park to-day. At the first match the prizes were divided by score classes. After deciding the ties the prizes were awarded as follows: Robert Miller first, Charles Heinel, Sr. second, William A. Bacon third, H. B. Seeds fourth and William F. Seeds fifth. The following is the full score at 200 yds., Creedmoor target. Manz was allowed one point and was the only member of the militia present.

W B Bell, Bal	43144-19	J Manz, Spg	03341-15
W A Bacon, R S	34454-20	A Chapman, Bal	54455-23
W F Seeds, Bal	34443-18	R Miller, R S	54519-33
H Simpson, Bal	34340-14	C Heinel, Jr	45321-21
I W Seeds, Bal	25443-16	W McKendrick, Win	55344-23
C Heinel, Sr, R S	44445-21	C Carleton	53444-18
F S Jackson, Bal	34544-20	W Hartlow, Win	47342-18
J Scott, R S	41544-21	W S Simmons, Bal	43355-19
H B Seeds, Mav	44434-19		

At the second match the Massachusetts target was used, and although a more severe test, some fine shooting was developed. After deciding the only tie that occurred, the prizes were awarded as follows: First, Robert Miller; second, Charles Heinel, Sr.; third, C. Carleton; fourth, Jerome B. Bell; fifth, John Manz. The full score is as follows, out of a possible 60:

Jerome B Bell, Bal	8	9	8	10	10-45
William A Bacon, R S	9	3	8	8	10-38
William F Seeds, Bal	10	9	7	6	8-10-38
H Simpson, Bal	4	8	9	10	4-35
Irwin W Seeds, Bal	9	6	5	9	2-37
Charles Heinel, Sr., R. S.	11	12	9	11	8-32
Robert Miller, R S	9	12	11	9	9-32
Charles Heinel, Jr., R S	11	3	11	9	2-26
John Scott, R S	2	12	10	5	10-30
H B Seeds, Mav	12	9	10	7	5-43
John Manz, Bal	5	12	7	10	11-45
Arthur Chapman, Bal	11	11	10	7	4-43
C Carleton, Bal	11	11	10	7	4-43
William McKendrick, Win	6	11	10	9	4-42
W H Hartlow, Win	3	6	10	5	2-26

WORCESTER, Mass., April 22.—At the regular meet to-day of the Worcester Rifle Association, at Pine Grove Range, the following scores were made at 200 yds.

Record Match.

Brown	10	8	8	5	6	6	8	6	9	9-75
Mathews	9	5	9	9	5	7	5	9	10	7-75
Jones	6	6	9	9	6	8	5	8	7	9-73
Ellsworth	6	6	6	6	9	9	7	5	6	8-71
Lark	10	5	6	10	5	4	7	9	8	6-70
Leighton	10	10	5	4	9	4	9	5	8	8-63

Practice Scores.										
Mathews	8	10	8	6	7	7	10	9	9	10-84
Prown	9	8	8	7	10	10	7	6	7	10-82
Clark	8	9	6	7	6	8	10	9	6	10-79
Ellsworth	9	6	10	6	10	6	9	6	8	9-79
Leighton	9	10	9	10	7	8	6	4	7	7-79
Smith	8	7	8	9	5	7	6	5	7	7-69
Barnards	6	6	5	5	6	5	8	4	5	5-53

HAVERHILL, Mass., April 17.—Standard target:									
S B Johnson	5	7	5	9	10	6	8	8	4-53
B Wright	6	10	6	8	5	6	9	9	8-76
F Brown	4	10	7	8	4	5	6	10	9-71
E Brown	4	8	8	8	5	5	5	6	5-10-64
C Bliss	4	9	7	6	5	10	4	5	8-5-63
A Edgerly	4	9	7	4	5	7	7	8	4-7-62
J Busfield	10	5	10	5	3	7	7	8	4-5-60
F Merrill	5	10	7	6	3	6	4	4	4-5-63

HAVERHILL, Mass., April 24.—Badge match, Creedmoor count:

*W D Palmer	444544555-45	A Edgerly	344544445-40
+C Bliss	454445444-43	F Merrill	335444454-40
+C B Wright	544444544-43	S G Jackson	454324443-39
S E Johnson	454455444-43	J F Brown	544545444-39
J Busfield	445445444-41	L W Jackson	534443233-36

*Handicapped.

Record Match, Standard Target.

W D Palmer	9	8	7	7	10	6	10	9-84
W Worthen	10	7	4	6	5	9	7	8-71
A Edgerly	9	5	7	4	7	10	6	8-63
J Busfield	6	5	5	5	10	5	6	10-64
J F Brown	10	6	4	5	5	8	6	9-64
L W Jackson	7	5	7	4	6	7	5	8-62
F Merrill	7	8	4	5	6	8	6	5-58
	8	6	4	5	4	9	5	4-57

GARDNER, Mass., April 22.—There was a large attendance at the last regular meet of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatack Range. The standard American target was used, the shooting was off-hand, distance 200 yds. Totals of the two strings were as follows: 1st string, 91-170; G. F. Ellsworth, 82, 85-167; I. N. Dodge, 82, 79-161; G. Warfield, 74, 85-159; W. C. Loveland, 78, 79-157; G. C. Goodale, 78, 78-159; C. M. Edgell, 71, 66-137; C. Crabtree, 60, 65-125; E. L. Taft, 57, 52-109; Fred Swain, 54, 52-106; D. E. Warfield, 45, 59-104.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., April 23.—At the regular club shoot to-day, 200 yds. off hand, Hiram target center, bright light, wind moderate from 8 o'clock, some very good scores were made, I. e., good for us, but very poor for such men as J. A. Huggins, of West Elizabeth, Pa. H D DeLisle 6 8 7 10 8 10 8 7 8-80 R H Burns 7 8 8 6 8 8 8 8 7-76 J R Brown 8 5 9 9 10 6 7 9 6-74 F L Norton 9 4 9 8 6 10 7 8 5-74 "Pinafire" 6 7 5 6 8 8 6 7 4-63 E B Kapp 6 5 6 10 4 8 6 4-63 ZERO.

LONDON, April 23.—Australia will send a rifle team to take part in the Wimbledon contests in July.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries.

THE OHIO TOURNAMENT.

SPRINGFIELD, O., April 21.—What is proving to be the best tournament ever conducted by the Springfield Shooting Club commenced to-day on the Perrin farm, south of the city. The occasion is the formal opening of the new range at that place with a two days' clay-pigeon tournament, open to any non-professional in the country. The first day opened most auspiciously, with a large attendance of visiting marksmen, four or five hundred spectators, delicious weather, and favorable conditions generally. Among those present from surrounding cities are Messrs. S. H. and McLeish, of Columbus; Underwood and Hornberger, Bellefontaine; Simmerman, Thomas and Allen, South Solon; Ackerman, Lima; Keifer, Dayton; Wendt, Kenton; Wickersham and others. Jamestown: McHenry and Ball, Xenia; McCarty, Huntsville; Mumma, Medway. Some very good shooting was done, the home club taking a large share of the laurels. In the fourth match, detailed below, John Strong won the club medal (which must be won three times to be owned), making a total of 15 out of 20. The contest for the medal was of course a club affair. The leading scores are as follows:

First match, 7 single Ligowsky, \$1 entrance, three purses, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

Aston	101111-6	Simmerman	0110011-4
McCartney	1110010-4	Wickersham	111011-6
Leffel	11101-3	Thomas	011011-5
Craver	011010-4	McLeish	010101-4
Wilson	111011-6	Allen	00111-5
Smith	111100-5	Wendt	011010-4
Hornberger	111111-7	Ackerman	111111-7
Seibert	1110101-5	Keifer	111011-5
Mumma	011011-5		

First, divided by Ackern and Hornberger; second, Aston, Wickersham and Wilson; third, Allen and Keifer.

Second match, 7 single blue rocks, 25 entries, entrance \$1:

Aston	111001-4	Keifer	1100011-4
McCartney	011001-4	Allen	00110-4
Leffel	011011-4	Perri	111111-7
Mumma	011111-6	Gray	1110100-4
Ackerman	111111-7	McLeish	110101-4
Wendt	011101-5	Peters	010101-4

First, divided by Ackerman and Perrin; second, Mumma; third, Wendt.

Third match, 7 single new American clay birds, \$1 entrance:

Underwood	1101011-4	Wickersham	101111-6
McCartney	111110-6	Rice	111101-6
Wilson	001111-5	Strong	0111

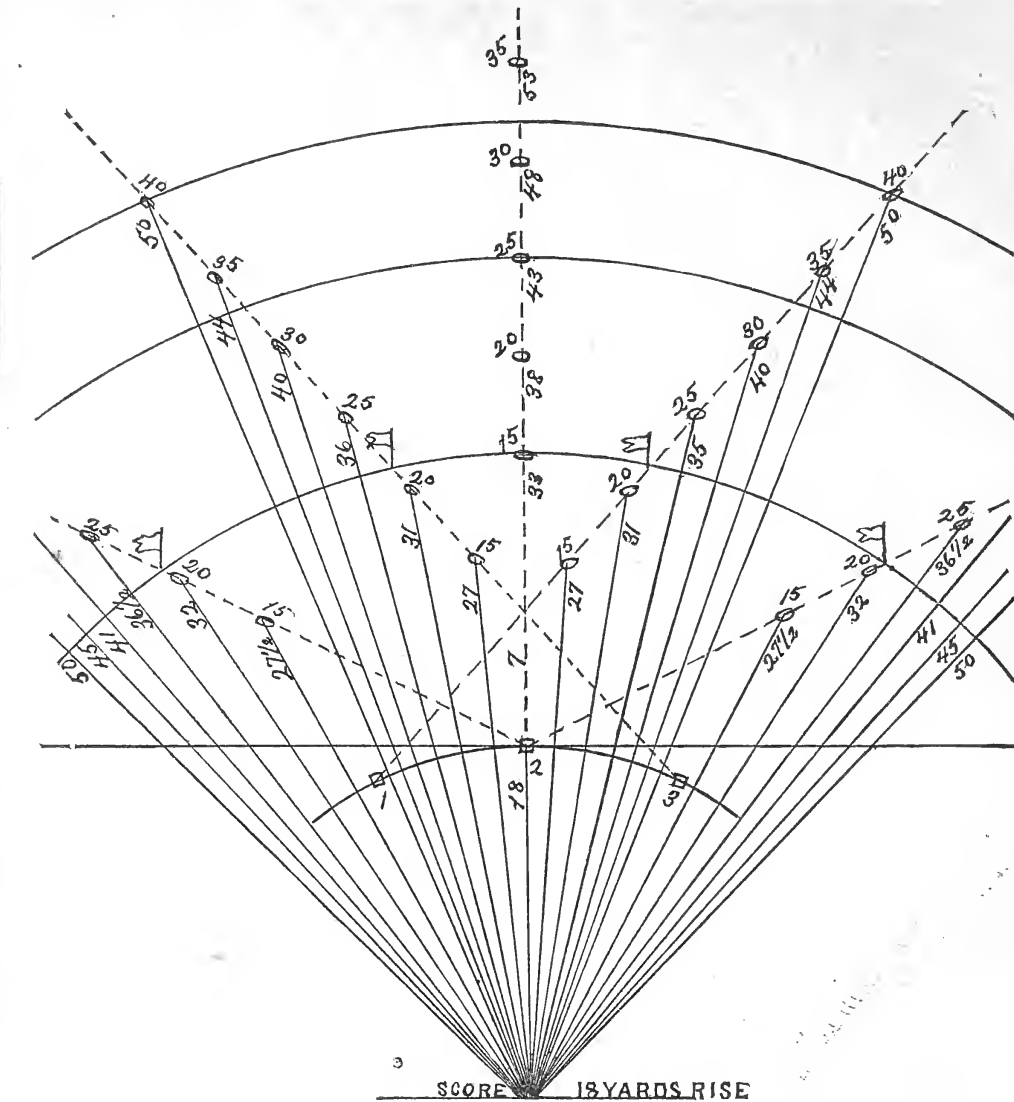
Perrin first, Ackerman, Kiefer and Hinkle second, Leffel and Wickersham third.			
Fifth match, 5 single Ligowsky:			
Aston.....	11100-3	Allen.....	11111-5
Wilson.....	01101-3	Rice (C).....	10110-3
Wendt.....	10111-4	Stiles.....	00111-3
Strong.....	11111-4	Wick.....	11110-4
Mumma.....	01111-4	Ackerman.....	11111-5
Perrin.....	11111-5	Snyder.....	11110-4
McCartney.....	11111-5	Ross.....	10111-4
Perrin first, Strong and Wickersham second, Wilson third.			
Sixth match, 3 pair blue rocks:			
Hebbard.....	01 11 00-3	Leffel.....	10 10 11-4
Strong.....	10 00 11-3	Wendt.....	11 11 11-6
Ackerman.....	10 10 10-3	McCartney.....	10 10 11-4
Wilson.....	10 10 11-4	Quail.....	10 10 11-4
Hinkle.....	11 11 10-5	Monahan.....	11 10 10-4
Snyder.....	01 01 11-4	Young.....	10 10 11-4
Perrin.....	11 01 11-5		
Wendt first, Perrin and Hinkle second, Wilson and Leffel third.			
Seventh match, 10 single Ligowsky birds, \$1.50 entrance, citizens' donation prizes:			
Ball.....	1000100110-4	Hinkle.....	1101110111-8
Scott.....	101011110110-6	Hebbard.....	1110011011-6
Young.....	01010101010-4	Slack.....	1001110011-6
Aston.....	010101010011-5	Monahan.....	0101011001-5
Strong.....	1111110100-7	Jones.....	0010001011-4
Leffel.....	0100111100-5	Wendt.....	1110111101-7
Lessner.....	1010111010-6	Rice, C.....	0111111111-9
Ackerman.....	1100111001-6	Croft.....	1110111001-7
McCartney.....	1110111010-7	Stiles.....	0100111011-6
Quail.....	1100111011-6	Ross.....	0101010001-4
Wilson.....	1010101111-7	May.....	1000011110-5
Perrin.....	0000110111-3		
Rice, first prize, Ed. Volzht's silver cup, valued at \$25. Hinkle second, Wilson third, Scott fourth, Aston fifth, Ball sixth.			
Eighth match, 3 Cleveland blue rocks, \$1 entrance:			
McCartney.....	101-2	Quail.....	011-2
Wilson.....	101-2	Rice.....	111-3
Perrin.....	011-2	Aston.....	111-3
Hinkle.....	110-2	Lessner.....	110-2
First, Aston and Rice; Hinkle second, Monahan third.			
Ninth match, 5 single Ligowsky, \$1 entrance:			
McCartney.....	11111-5	Perrin.....	11111-5
Aston.....	11111-5	Snyder.....	11110-4
Rice.....	10110-3	Wilson.....	01101-3
Hinkle.....	11111-5	Ross.....	01011-3
Aston first, Strong second, Wilson and Rice third.			

THREE TRAPS OR FIVE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You treated my article on protection of game birds in Kansas with such marked courtesy, that I am encouraged to communicate with you again upon a very different subject, and trust you may find it interesting and instructive. Flying target trap shooting is purely an American institution, requiring the best skill, the clearest perception, the coolest judgment and the quickest handling of a gun of any trap shooting ever yet devised. The day of live pigeon trap shooting is rapidly and surely passing away since the departure and loss of the wild pigeon, for tame pigeon trap shooting is very tame indeed from any style of trap and from any sportsmanlike standpoint. There is a slugging kind of crudity about tame pigeon shooting which I can never bring myself to like, and therefore never heartily endorse. I intend in this article to deal with trap shooting at artificial birds, but more particularly the arranging of traps to secure perfect 5 angle shooting from 3 traps instead of 5, as required by National rules. My object is also to assist young clubs and beginners, and enable them to mark out and establish the lines of flight, and then show them how to make them permanent, so that once having secured the exact position of score, traps and angles of flight, they may be enabled, without any further trouble, to maintain them so long as they may use the same shooting ground. For the purpose of more clearly illustrating my views, and making all the points plain to inexperienced shooters, I send you herewith a drawing of 3-trap shooting versus 5-trap shooting at 5 angles, corresponding as nearly as possible to the lines of flight and distances established under the National rules. Let me say right here that all kinds of American trap shooting should make the National rules apply, and do away entirely with State and local laws, so that from Maine to California, yes, even unto Alaska, there would be but one method of trap shooting, but one style of holding a gun, and but one system of distances, handicaps, etc. If we can have nothing else original, let our trap shooting be purely so—purely American.

In my plan of 3-trap shooting I do not propose to make any changes or offer any suggestions touching the 5-trap shooting, for I think it is about perfect; but it is only suited to great matches, can only be carried out on a large club, and is only a matter of time, and is not suited to the hundreds and thousands of smaller clubs throughout the country. I am writing for the benefit of the younger clubs whose small number of members enjoy the pleasant recreation of trap shooting, but who are not able to lay in a stock of 5 traps. In fact, many of them can only purchase one trap; and as there are so many different kinds of flying targets, the clubs for various reasons may be constrained to have two or three different kinds of traps, and certainly could not purchase five of each kind. Good angle-shooting from live traps is the limit of the National rules. The traps are set in a circle, having for a center the 18 yard score or rise, and each trap is 8 yds. apart (National rules, 5 traps, 5 yds. apart). The traps are numbered from left to right—1, 2, 3—the even number being center trap. Trap 1 throws a right half quartering bird and trap 3 throws a left half quartering to correspond. Both of these lines of flight cross the straightaway or straight outlying line exactly 7 yds. from the center trap (this is the limit of the National rules). By setting your end traps so as to secure as nearly as possible this crossing of lines, you have established a permanent basis. Now mark the exact lines on which your traps are set, and set them ever after on exactly the same square and your angles will be perfect. Of course to give new ground for the pins occasionally it will be necessary to move the traps a little, but be sure you retain the same square. Now, to permanently mark these two half quartering lines, drive a small stake in the ground on the lines of crossing 7 yds. from center trap. Then take a line 33 yds. long, keeping one end on the score and the other on the straightaway line, 15 yds. from the center trap; make your circle to the right, and when you reach the point which forms a true line from you to trap 1 over the stake at the 7-yard crossing point, drive in a small stake with a hole in the end, and put a small flag in it for a marker, as shown in the plan. From this flag continue on your circle to the right, to a point 18 yds. from the stake, line from your flag just set, and there drive another stake, and insert your flagstick. Return now to the point of beginning on the straightaway line, and establish your stakes and flags at the points on the left, corresponding to those on the right. You will by this time find your four flags about equally distant from each other on the circle described, thus giving an equal division of angles. Were you to continue your circle about 13 yds. further on each end and establish flags you would find a line running through the center trap, and thus forming two right angles with the center trap as their vertex described. The National rules do not allow, or rather condemn, screens to protect the trapper, and this may be safe with experts handling the gun, but it is not safe with ordinary club shooting. With the close-shooting guns of to-day in the hands of careless and inexperienced shooters, no trapper's life is safe at 18 yds without an iron screen or a 2 in. plank 36 in. high and 30 in. wide. The correct rule in trap shooting is for each man to stand at the score and shoot at birds from each of the 5 angles before giving place to the next shooter, and so on in turn; hence the time is wasted under the National rules here loaded at one time for each shooter, and the trapper hides himself somewhere by usually unworking in the ground like a fox, or he comes back on a line with the score until the traps are emptied. It very often happens, however, that birds break in the traps and have to be replaced while the shooter remains at the score. The trapper rooting in the ground for fear of being shot, cannot see all of these breakages, as his eyes are only in the front of his head, and much time is wasted before the reloading of the trap takes place. The shooter is still at the score waiting, and often gets nervous and angry before he can get his five shots. Should he miss his bird after all his weary waiting, he is very apt to say something half naughty, and I don't blame him one bit. My 3-trap shooting almost cures this evil in the 5-trap system; for as the trapper sits on the ground with his feet in a hole for comfort, close to the center trap, covered by a screen, he sees in a moment if any breakage occurs, and reloads the traps at once. Another point, there being three different flights from the center trap where



he sits, any mishap there is soon remedied and the shooting goes on, very much to the relief of the shooter. This I consider a very important point in favor of the three traps, and that together with the saving of two traps is worth something to any club, poor or rich. One trapper with three traps as I have described can do as much as two trappers with five traps. This is another saving, and gives security to the trapper. I have thought it best in making the drawing to place the targets upon the lines of flight 5 yds. apart, beginning with 15 yds. from the traps up to 25, 35 and 40 yards, and the figures over the targets determine the distances from the traps. The lines of fire are drawn to each bird in its flight, supposing it to be hit at some one of the points of flight designated, and the distances are carefully given and marked on each line of fire. This is to me a very interesting study, and I believe will be of great service to those who have not had an extended practice in this kind of shooting. They will see perhaps for the first time the necessity for a study of the angles, and then bring their practice into play. Take for instance a bird 25 yds. from the trap on a half quartering line, and they will see that it is but 36 yds. from the score, while the straightaway bird at the same distance from the trap is 48 yds. from the score. The plan shows that the birds thrown over any of the right and left angles will give the shooter 7 yds. longer time than the straightaway bird; and as the right and left quartering birds are harder to hit than the half quartering birds, set your center trap one notch easier, thus evening up the speed or flight of the birds on the 3 lines from the center trap. A lightning shot will catch the bird at 15 yds. from any trap, a first-class shot will smash it at 20 yds., a very good shot will get there at 25 yds. a good shot will be blazing away at 30 yds., a poor shot will fool along until the bird reaches 35 yds., and he who expects to break his bird at 40 yds. from the trap, being from 50 to 55 yds. from the score, will find the judges calling out "lost bird" unless he has a first-class, hard-shooting gun. Poor shooters are not generally blest with the best guns. I would advise every beginner at trap shooting to shoot quickly even if he misses, for in the end he will, with study of flights and steady practice, make the best shot. Learn first to handle your gun with freedom and grace. Throw it up to your shoulder with confidence and firmness, as you cry "pull" throw your elbow well up as the gun comes to your shoulder, press it well against your shoulder, swing your gun with the bird, shoot as you swing, and the moment you get on to the bird, for the motion of the gun being much faster than the movement of the bird, you will naturally shoot ahead of the bird just about the distance required. Don't be afraid about shooting ahead, for in nine cases out of ten you will find yourself behind the bird instead of being ahead of it. Of course, this does not apply to the straightaway birds, but you are more likely to under-shoot them than the others. Hold well up on to the straightaway birds within 30 yds. of flight, but after this you must be a little under. Now let me repeat so as to impress it upon the beginner. Shoot the instant you get on to the bird; don't wait for another aim, but shoot at once, even though you may miss many of them. The longer and smoother the flight of the bird the more likely you will be to daily along with it, expecting still a better aim; but remember, every yard of flight takes it away from you and lessens the chances of putting at least 3 pellets into it.

I desire in closing this rather long letter to acknowledge my appreciation of the many artificial birds now in use, from the glass ball to the Macomber metal target, which I like. All are good, but as a rule too hard shooting for common shooters. It is a mistake, and I am glad to see the American clay bird company of Cincinnati, under the guidance of that crack shot and true sportsman, J. E. Miller, press to the world a target somewhat larger, with a slower flight, just suited to the wants of seventy-five per cent. of all the clubs. All these saucer-like targets still leave an opening for a finer inventive genius to supply a want in trap shooting; something to take the place of live pigeon shooting is what I mean. There is now in process of perfection by W. C. Hinman, of our Leavenworth Gun Club, a target that will, in originality of conception, lay in the shade all known inventions, and I am now at liberty to let you know all about it. Are you listening? It is a metallic pigeon, with a head, tail, back, wing, neck and body so nicely adjusted that three pellets of 7's or 8's at 45 yds., hitting any part thereof, will disjoin the wing, and bring it tumbling to the ground. It will be known as "The Human Metallic Pigeon, Leavenworth, Kansas." The pigeon is made of spring brass so far as wings, back and tail are concerned, and is as pretty as a picture. Some of our boys went out the other day and banged away at it with 6's, 7's and 8's, knocking it every time, but after a hundred shots the pigeon was ready for another flight, and will stand any number of shots. The pigeon is assured, and also a powerful trap invented to throw it smooth and even a distance of about 25 yds. and from 2 to 12 ft. high. The rise will be 25 yds., National rules for live pigeon shooting. O, it's a daisy. Mr. Hinman showed me last evening a letter from England making him a very handsome offer for the invention. Some American firm ought to make a good thing out of it. In live pigeon shooting the trapper has to come back at least in a line with the score to get his birds; with the Human metallic pigeon the trapper will be screened as in my three-trap shooting, and go out for his pigeons the same distance he would have to come back for live

pigeons; and the trapping of the pigeon is so easy as to waste no time. The trap will throw the five angles National rules. You will hear more of this bird very soon. THOS. MOONLIGHT, LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

WELLINGTON, April 24.—The regular weekly shoot of the Wellington Gun Club was held to-day, with the following result: First, 6 clay-pigeons: Pond first, Swift second, Stanton and Williams third. Second, 5 blackbirds: Adams first, Pond and Swift second, Sanborn third. Third, 6 clay-pigeons: Sanborn and Swift first, Stanton second, Pond third, Schaefer and Falser fourth. Fourth, 5 blackbirds: Stanton and Pond first, Swift and Williams second, Adams and Littlefield third, Falser fourth. Fifth, 5 blackbirds: Stanton first, Shumway and Williams second, Swift third, Warren fourth. Sixth, 6 clay-pigeons: Adams first, Pond, Swift and Sanborn second, Snow third, Stanton and Shumway fourth. Seventh, 5 blackbirds: Parker and Wilson first, Swift, Schaefer and Warren second, Snow third, Sanborn and Stanton fourth. Eighth, 6 clay-pigeons: Stanton first, Pond second, Swift and Warren third, Shumway and Wilson fourth. Ninth, 6 clay-pigeons: Adams, Swift and Warren first, Sanborn second, Pond third, Suchfield fourth. Tenth, 5 blackbirds: Pond first, Schaefer, Warren and Sanborn second, Williams third, Swift and Stanton fourth. Eleventh, 5 clay-pigeons, straightaway: Adams and Schaefer first, Shumway and Falser second, Swift and Williams third, Snow and Parker fourth. Twelfth, 6 clay-pigeons: Swift and Wilson first, Adams, Williams and Shumway second, Schaefer and Pond third, Sanborn fourth. Thirteenth, 5 blackbirds: Pond first, Schaefer and Wilson second, Swift and Snow third, Shumway fourth. Fourteenth, 6 clay-pigeons: Schaefer first, Shumway, Williams and Adams second, Wilson third, Pond fourth. Fifteenth, 5 blackbirds: Schaefer first, Snow second, Swift and Parker third. Sixteenth, 3 bats: Shumway, Stanton and Sanborn first, Pond and Warren second, Bradstreet and Littlefield fourth. Seventeenth, 5 clay-pigeons, straightaway: Shumway first, Stanton, Warren and Adams second, Snow third.

CINCINNATI, April 20.—The shoot of the Price Hill Gun Club was largely attended. The weather was delightful, bringing out a number of spectators, who witnessed some of the finest shooting ever seen on the hill top. Ten traps were in operation, giving the members all the shooting they wanted. The old American clay bird No. 2 was used, and the way J. E. Miller, B. Teipel and Al. Bandle smashed them was wonderful. Miller making a record of three straight scores of 20, while Teipel followed, making two straight. Such shooting is seldom seen, and these three marksmen may well be called the "big 3," for all are big-six feet and over—and know how to shoot. The following are the scores:

First shoot, 20 single American birds: J. E. Miller 20, J. E. Maynard 15, D. Bemis 11, Bing 7, Mark 15, Shott 15, O. Topf 13, Keller 12. Second shoot, 20 single American birds: J. E. Miller 30, J. E. Maynard 12, D. Bemis 11, Bing 10, Mark 13, Shott 12, O. Topf 16, Keller 8, Clement 11, Al. Bandle 19, B. Teipel 19. Third shoot, 20 single American birds: J. E. Miller 30, Maynard 11, Bemis 16, Bing 10, Mark 13, Shott 11, O. Topf 13, Clement 12, Al. Bandle 18, B. Teipel 17, Carpenter 16, Blarney 14. Fourth shoot, 20 single American birds: Miller 17, Maynard 11, Bemis 13, Bing 12, Mark 13, Shott 13, Al. Bandle 19, B. Teipel 30, Clement 9, Pettit 7, Carpenter 14, O. Topf 15. Fifth shoot, 20 single American birds: Al. Bandle 19, Shott 16, Mark 12, Bing 9, Bemis 13, Maynard 10, B. Teipel 20, Clement 9, Blarney 12, Carpenter 14. Sixth shoot, 20 singles: Maynard 12, Bemis 17, Bing 12, Mark 13, Shott 14, Topf 15, Blarney 18, Al. Bandle 18, B. Teipel 18.—W. A. LOCKMAN, Secretary.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—Sixth annual tournament, Du Quoin, Ill., May 11, 12 and 13. Tue-day, May 11.—Shoot No. 1—7 single glass balls. Shoot No. 2—10 clay-pigeons. Shoot No. 3, Association Special—10 single clay-pigeons and 10 Peoria blackbirds. Shoot No. 4—5 live birds, 26 yds. rise, use of both barrels. Wednesday, May 12.—Shoot No. 5—10 single Peoria blackbirds. Shoot No. 6—5 double clay-pigeons. Shoot No. 7, Association Special, Gold Medal Contest—10 Peoria blackbirds and 10 clay pigeons. Thursday, May 13.—Shoot No. 9—7 Peoria blackbirds. Shoot No. 10, Team Shoot, any 2 to compose team—5 double blackbirds to each man. Shoot No. 11, Association Special, Citizens' purse of \$75 in gold—10 clay-pigeons and 10 Peoria blackbirds. Shoot No. 12—10 clay-pigeons. Special Prizes.—For best general average in shoots Nos. 3, 7 and 11, an elegant silver basket. For second best average in same shoots, 64 pounds Orange ducking powder. For third best, 64 pounds dead shot powder. All matches will be governed by the newly printed rules of this association. Ties will be shot off at 21 yds. rise, unless all contestants agree to lengthen the distance. All matches will be class shooting. If plenty of live birds can be obtained, more live bird matches will be arranged. A cordial invitation is extended to all reputable sportsmen in Southern Illinois to join the association. Officers of the Association: C. A. Hobbs, President; Joseph Victor and A. C. Reuss, Vice-Presidents; Don Onstott, Treasurer; C. P. Richards, Secretary.

CINCINNATI, O.—The trap shooters of this city are agog over the new season trophy which is to be shot for by the gun clubs of this city, comprising the Cincinnati, Independent, Cosmoopolitan, Price Hill, East End and Cincinnati gun clubs, in a series of clay-pigeon matches for one of the handsomest gold medals ever shot for in this country. Mr. A. Bandle, who donates the medal, has made the following conditions to govern the contest and entries: The medal to be open to any teams of five men from any regularly organized gun club organization in Hamilton county only; each club to name its five men and two substitutes two weeks prior to the opening shoot, and thereafter to shoot five of the seven men originally named; the match to be at 20 single American clay-birds each man, 18yds. rise, National Gun Association rules to govern. The medal is to be known as the "Bandle Trophy," and shot for on the 22d of each month, beginning April 22, on the grounds of the Independent Gun Club, after which one match will be shot on the grounds of the different clubs entered for competition. Both H. McMurtry (McDuff) and A. Bandle are barred from competing.

CRESCENT GUN CLUB.—Waltham, Mass., April 26.—A gun club has been organized here to be known as the Crescent Gun Club. The objects of said club are to promote trap and wing shooting. The following officers have been chosen: President, E. Davis; Treasurer, C. Palmer; Secretary, R. G. Marshall; and Directors, C. Palmer, H. Whiting and N. Scribner. The club have purchased traps and entered upon active duty (or sport) last Saturday. The score made was poor, owing partly to defective traps and inexperienced trappers. We look for some good sport this summer, as the boys are quite enthusiastic and much friendly rivalry exists. We have elected Mr. John Higgins, one of our best shots, to the dignity of captain of the team.—*RAIL-BIRD.*

FIRST GERMAN GUN CLUB OF NEW YORK.—At the March meeting it was decided to have a pigeon shoot every month instead of, as hitherto, quarterly. The first of these shoots came off on Wednesday, March 17, at Schwalenberg's Park, Long Island City. Birds were sprung from five traps, 21yds. rise, 7 birds per man, both barrels. The effect of contrary winds can be seen in the scores: Geetz 2, J. Graus 3, Bockelman 3, Novak 5, P. Neusch 3, Pfander 6, Robeno 4, Goerlitz 5, Meyer 3, Pfaff 3, Schwalenberg 5, Carvin 3, Opperman 4, A. Neusch 2, Maish 5. The prize, which was a sum in cash, was won by F. W. Pfander—6 out of 7 killed.—F. B.

SAN ANTONIO, April 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to make the following announcement respecting the ninth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association, which will be held at San Antonio commencing May 18 and lasting 4 days. Don't fail to visit here, as you will have the finest sportsman's tournament ever given in this State. Fourteen matches will be on our programme, including team and individual match for the championship of the State. Six live bird and 8 artificial target matches, the latter consisting of red birds, blue rocks, American birds, clay-pigeons and blackbirds; 3 and 4 elegant specials in each match, also large purse for best average. Programmes will be ready April 18, and mailed on application.—A. THIEL, Sec'y.

OHIO.—At the meeting of the Central Ohio Shooting Association held April 23, it was decided to hold the first association shoot at Columbus May 18 and 19.

OTTAWA.—The St. Hubert Gun Club tournament has been postponed to June 29, owing to the difficulty in getting live birds.

MIDDLESEX VS. JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.—A very enjoyable time was had on the grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, Marlon, on the 21st inst. The first of a series of matches between the Middlesex Gun Club and the former took place, 20 men each club, 25yds. rise, 8 birds per man, J. C. H. G. C. rules to govern (that is gun to be below elbow until the bird is on the wing), use of both barrels, but second barrel to count but half bird. The day was everything one could wish. The sportsmen were out in full force, there being representatives from nearly a dozen other clubs from Jersey, Long Island, New York and even Connecticut. The birds were an exceedingly good lot, having been selected by "old South Paw" especially for the occasion, and there was not a duffer or a squealer in the lot, which may account to a certain extent for the low score of some. The chowder prepared under the supervision of oater Carmody was of course, first class, and the encomiums on the same were loud and often, some 50 gallons being put "where it would do the most good." Jerry Maher was captain of the J. C. H. team with Mr. Stevens in same capacity for the Middlesex; Henry Siegler, referee; Major J. S. Hutchinson, judge for Middlesex; Geo. B. Eaton, ditto for J. C. H.; G. F. Sutherland, of Jersey City Evening Journal, official scorer, with Al Heritage grand master of ceremonies "and all over the ground." Everything passed off in the most friendly and satisfactory manner, particularly so for the Middlesex, as they expected (they were sold by a far greater number. But as the Middlesex was only for the birds and a good time we opined the Middlesex went home well satisfied, having lost the match by only 7 birds against the champion club of the country. As in all matches, especially where so many are engaged, some have better luck than others in regard to hard or easy birds. This was especially the case with Dr. Bird, J. R. Vorhees and Mr. Robinson. But the shooting of the third squad of the J. C. H. was simply abominable. The squad that was considered the strongest and most reliable proved to be right the reverse. Cummins, always good for 8 or 7, got only 4; Townsend, an old shot, almost a professional, got but 4½; and Outwater, another professional, couldn't hit an elephant. Quinlan, too, generally sure for 7 straight, retires with only 5, and Geo. Baier! What under the blue heavens was the matter with him? One of the Jersey's most even shooters scores 5 goose eggs in succession and gets but 2 out of his 8. But then we felt proud of "old reliable" No. 1 (Uncle Billy H.), and No. 2 (Uncle Billy S.). They are all ways safe to bet on, and the stakes come to the right side. Some of the members of the Middlesex had exceeding hard birds, among whom especially were Vorhees, Smith and Squires. Of course, there were some excellent good kills on both sides and they were heartily cheered. It is but justice to say that the Middlesex Club lost two dead birds scored against them in their throwing up the gun above the elbow before the bird was on the wing. Had they been promptly changed they would have lost more. It is a good rule to enforce, for how would a sportsman look in the field, and with his gun up near the armpit, before he sees his game? Upon the whole the boys had a good time, and we hope to be present at the return match on the new grounds of the Middlesex not far in the future, where, in all human probability, the result will be reversed, and more so, for they are all good fellows and know how to handle their breechloaders. Al's setter Duke did the retrieving, and as usual, did it well. The following is the score as shot in squads:

Jersey City Heights.			
First Squad.		First Squad.	
Vorhees...0 0 0 0 1 1½	0-1½	Eams...1 ½ 1 0 ½ 1 0 1-5	
Forbes...1 0 0 0 1 1-4½		Leroy...1 0 1 1 1 1-7	
Clark...0 1 1½ 0 ½ 1-5		Holcomb...0 1 1 1 1 0 ½ 5½	
Gaddis...1 1 1 0 1 1-6		Hughes...1 1½ 1 1 1 1-7½	
Robinson...1 0 0 0 0 ½ 0-1½		Bird...1 0 ½ 0 0 1 0-2½	
Second Squad.		Second Squad.	
Kramer...1 1½ 1½ 1½ 0 0-4½		Borkery...1 ½ 1 1 1 1½-7	
Chapman...0 0 0 1 0 1½ 1-5		Cannon...1 0 0 1 1 1-5	
Greely...1 1½ 1 0 1 1-6½		Headen...1 ½ 0 0 1 1-5½	
Day...1 1 1 1 1 1-8		B Payne...1 0 0 1 1 1-8	
Rodolph...1 0 1 ½ 1 1½ 0-8		Burdett...1 1 0 1 1 1-6	
Third Squad.		Third Squad.	
Williams...0 0 0 1 1 1 1-5		Cummins...0 ½ 1 1 0 ½ 1-4	
Jobs...0 0 0 1 1 0 ½ 1-4½		Townsend...0 1 0 1½ 1 1-4½	
Dickins...1 1 1 1 1 0 1-7		Siegler...1 ½ 1 1 1 1 0-6½	
Smith...0 0 0 0 ½ 1 0-2½		Outwater...1 0 1 0 0 ½ 1-2½	
Shepherd...1 0 1 0 0 1 1-5		Quinlan...1 0 1 1 1 0 0-5	
Fourth Squad.		Fourth Squad.	
Miller...1 1 1 0 1 0 1½-5½		H v. Lengerke...1 0 1 0 1 1-6	
Terry...1 1 0 1 1 0 1-6		Sieb...1 0 1 1½ 1 0 0-4½	
Craft...0 ½ 1 1 1 1½ 1-6		Baler...1 0 0 0 0 0 1-2	
Squires...0 0 1 0 1 1½-3½		W Payne...0 1 1 1 1 1-7	
Campbell...1 0 1 1 1 1 1-7		J v. Lengerke...1 1 1 0 0 1-6	
Killed. Missed.		Killed. Missed.	
Total...98 62		Total...105 53	

STANTON GUN CLUB, April 20.—Twenty single clays, 3 Ligow-sky traps, 16yds. rise, National Gun Association rules:
Allen...0110101010101011-13
Nelson...1111111111111111-18
Cochran...0100010101010101-10
Cushling...11111101 00111011-15
Crowder...1010101010101011-11
W. White, 5yds. rise, 11111-5.
Whittle, Summerson and Bargman will shoot in a team match at Hagerstown, Md., in May.

WINCHESTER, Ind., April 14.—The Winchester Gun Club held their first annual shooting to-day, and scored as follows:
W Norton...111001010-6 S D Coats...1100000100-3
Ed Diggs...1010101010-5 M C Nelson...0000100001-3
C Rockette...110011100-5 Rech Wells...1100000001-3

NEW ENGLAND TRAP SHOOT.—The first day of the tournament of the New England Trap Shooters' Association, was held at Walnut Hill April 21, under very favorable conditions, both of weather and attendance. As will be seen by the scores appended, Mr. Stark won the individual badge on a clean score. The scores:

1. Six clay birds, 3 traps.—Eager first, Snow, Renaud and Bates second, Tinker and Dickey third, Nichols and Gray fourth.	
2. Three pair clay pigeons—Cooper and Stark first, Eager second, Faulkner and Nichols third, Williams fourth.	
3. Six blackbirds, 3 angles—Curtis and Stark first, Allen and Williams second, Snow third, Nichols and Dickey fourth.	
4. Three pair clay pigeons—Cooper first, Bates second, Lovejoy and Williams third, Allen fourth.	
5. Three pair clay pigeons—Cooper first, Buffington second, Nichols and Eager third, Williams fourth.	
6. Seven blackbirds, straightaway—Eager and Faulkner first, Stanton second, Lovejoy and Cooper third, Bates and Allen fourth.	
7. Nine clay pigeons, 3 traps—Cooper and Dickey first, Bates and Lovejoy second, Tinker third, Buffington fourth.	
8. Three pair clay pigeons—Stanton first, Dickey second, Adams and Eager third, Lovejoy and Curtis fourth.	
9. Six blackbirds, 3 angles—Pond first, Aldoes second, Dickey and Stanton third, Renaud and Curtis fourth.	
10. Badge match sweep—Stark first, Stanton and Charles second, Faulkner, Buffington and Bates third, Eager and Lovejoy fourth. Conditions—9 singles and 3 pair of doubles:	
Stark...11111111-9 11 11 11-6-15	
Stanton...11111111-9 11 11 11-5-14	
Charles...11111111-9 11 11 10-5-14	
Bates...11111111-9 11 10 0-4-12	
Buffington...11111111-9 11 10 1-5-13	
Faulkner...11011111-8 11 10 1-5-13	
Eager...11011111-8 11 10 1-6-12	
Lovejoy...10011111-8 11 10 10-4-12	
Dickey...10001111-6 11 01 11-5-11	
Allen...11101110-7 10 11 10-4-11	
Lawson...11101111-8 10 10 10-3-11	
Pond...11010111-6 11 10 10-5-11	

11. Three pair clay pigeons—Williams, Stanton and Kirkwood first, Papanti, Faulkner and Tinker second, Bates and Buffington third, Lewis fourth.

12. Seven blackbirds, straightaway—Stanton and Kirkwood first, Knowles and Snow second, Bates, Dickey and Kirkwood third, Faulkner fourth.

13. Nine clay pigeons, 3 traps—Adams, Stanton, Stark and Allen first, Bates second, Hall third, Lovejoy fourth.

14. Three pair clay pigeons—Dickey first, Lewis and Bates second, Eager and Faulkner third, Nichols fourth.

15. Six blackbirds, 3 angles—Adams, Stark, Allen and Buffington first, Dickey second, Nichols and Knowles third, Charles fourth.

16. Miss and out, clay birds, 21yds.—Eager and Cooper divided.

17. Three pair clay pigeons—Curtis and Bates first, Stanton and Williams second, Buffington and Allen third, Faulkner fourth.

18. Seven blackbirds, straightaway, 21yds.—Dickey and Lovejoy first, Knowles second, Bates third, Buffington fourth.

19. Six clay pigeons—Russell, Kirkwood, Allen and Snow first, Cooper and Lovejoy second, Williams and Lawson third, Aldoes fourth.

20. Three pair clay pigeons—Curtis first, Stanton and Eager second, Bates and Knowles third, Aldoes and Dickey fourth.

21. Six clay pigeons—Stanton, Dickey and Snow first, Lovejoy, Cooper and Stark second, Eager third, Hall fourth.

22. Seven clay pigeons, straightaway—Lovejoy and Cooper first, Curtis and Bates second, Stanton and Knowles third, Eager fourth.

The tournament was finished on the 23d. The challenge team badge was won by the M. R. A. team. The standard of the shooting was as good as the average at large meetings and some excellent scores were made. Following are the records:

1. Six clay pigeons—Stark and Cooper first, Holden and Dickey second, Buffington and Swift third, Charles and Nichols fourth.

2. Three pair clay pigeons—Holden first, Suow and Swift second, Eager third, Sturtevant and Lovejoy fourth.

3. Five blackbirds straightaway—Swift and Stark first, Charles and Snow second, Lovejoy and Eager third, Nichols and Holden fourth.

4. Nine clay pigeons, three traps—Holden and Stark first, Eager second, Schaefer and Stanton third, Swift fourth.

5. Three pair clay pigeons—Buffington and Schaefer first, Dickey second, Eager third, Nichols and Lovejoy fourth.

6. Six blackbirds, three angles—Lovejoy first, Gilman second, Holden third, Dickey fourth.

7. Team badge match, sweepstake—Schaefer and Stanton first, Dickey and Faulkner second, Law and Lovejoy third.

8. Three pair clay pigeons—Schaefer and Eager first, Stanton, Nichols, Cooper and Stark second, Charles and Knowles third, Buffington fourth.

9. Seven blackbirds, straightaway—Buffington, Cooper and Dickey first, Adams second, Knowles third, Loring and Eager fourth.

10. Six single and three pairs clay pigeons—Eager and Stark first, Buffington and Hall second, Stanton and Dickey third, Gilman and Schaefer fourth.

11. Six blackbirds, three angles—Eager first, Dickey, Swift and Gilman second, Bailey and Schaefer third, Short and Hall fourth.

12. Nine clay pigeons, three traps—Stark and Gilman first, Dickey and Law second, Smith third.

13. Three pairs clay pigeons—Stanton, Schaefer and Eager first, Stark second, Buffington third, Lawson and Nichols fourth.

14. Five blackbirds, straightaway—Dickey, Adams and Knowles first, Snow and Pond second, Bartlett, Faulkner and Bailey third, Nichols fourth.

15. Miss and out, blackbirds, 21yds. rise—Swift first.

16. Seven clay pigeons, straightaway—Lawson, Stanton and Swift first, Dickey, Schaefer and Pond second, Eager, Faulkner and Gilman third, Snow and Bartlett fourth.

17. Six clay pigeons—Eager and Dickey first, Cooper and Swift second, Stanton and Knowles third, Nichols fourth.

18. Three pair clay pigeons—Eager and Stanton first, Dickey and Schaefer second, Lawson, Short and Faulkner third, Swift and Nichols fourth.

19. Five blackbirds, straightaway—Swift and Dickey first, Stanton and Knowles second, Pond and Adams third.

20. Novelty match, six clay pigeons—Eager first, Adams and Gilman second, Knowles and Stanton third, Short fourth.

21. Six clay pigeons—Knowles and Dickey first, Nichols and Swift second, Pond and Adams third.

22. Seven clay pigeons—Stanton and Snow first, Pond and Dickey second, Adams third.

Gold Team Badge Match.
M. R. A. Team...011101010-6 11 01 11-5-11

Lawson...10111110-7 01 00 11-3-10
Lovejoy...11101000-5 10 11 11-5-10
Curtis...11111111-9 10 11 11-4-13
Dickey...01011011-6 11 11 11-5-11-53

Wellington Gun Club Team.
Stanton...11101111-8 00 11 11-4-12
Bailey...01101111-7 01 01 11-4-11
Snow...01101001-11 11 11 00-9
Francis...11000001-5 11 11 00-9-9
Schaefer...11110111-8 10 10 11-4-12-53

The Massachusetts Rifle Association team will hold the challenge badge until it is completed for again.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., April 18.—The Forester Gun Club held its first monthly shoot of the season at Agricultural Park to-day, 16 of the members participating. The club departed from its usual practice with one barrel, and adopted Hurlingham rules—both barrels, 30yds. 12 birds each. The pigeons were a fair lot, and, as a strong wind was blowing, carrying the birds swiftly in a right quartering direction, the shooters were compelled to be quick and to use good judgment. As it was the first shoot of the club under these rules, the score was unexpectedly good, being as follows:

W E Gerber...111111010-10 Rushtaller...1111100111-10
J W Todd...0111111001-9 J Gerber...0110111111-10
Schroth...1011001010-9 O Miller...1111100010-7
H Gerber...1110111111-11 Hamilton...1111000001-7
Kane...10011111010-8 Coffey...1111111110-11
Holz...1000001000-4 W B Miller...1001010001-4
Anker...1110100001-7 Watson...1111111011-11
Kilgus...1010101000-9 Zaver...0101011111-7

H. Gerber, Coffey and Watson shot off their tie on 11 at three pairs of birds each, Gerber killing 2, and Coffey and Watson 4 each. The last two shot off again, and Watson won, killing 5 to his opponent's 3.

SOUTH MANCHESTER, Conn., April 23.—The Manchester Gun Club opened the season to-day with the following scores:

M White...1110111001110111-16
F E Watkins...1110110010101011-14
O Treat...1011111010100001-12
W B Cheney...10001101100110011-12
W C Cheney...111011010001101001-11
J Shewry...111110000000000101-9
Hyde...111010000010001110-9
G Ford...11100100100000101-10

The next meet will be on Tuesday, May 4, and every second Tuesday throughout the summer.—W.

TOPSHAM, Me., April 22.—The annual shoot of the Riverside Club was held to-day, and everybody had a good time, the club being represented by 18 shooters, besides a good number of spectators. The day was perfect, but the average scores were not quite up to the usual point, it being the first shoot of the season. There were two matches shot, the first being the regular match at 20 birds, all single shooting, consisting of 10 blue rocks and 10 clay pigeons, for the club badges, three in number. The second, a match at 25 single clay-birds for 1,000 Cimax shells, donated by Mr. Chas. W. Dimick, of Boston.

Shoot No. 1.	
Keene...11100111101100101-12	G Strout...01001000001000101-7
G Strout...00011010101101010-12	C Goud...1011010000101100011-11
S Strout...01000111001010001-9	Greenleaf...100100000100001011-9
Alexander...11101011111111110-18	Crocker...00110000010101110-9
A Goud...00100210110110100-11	Winslow...100011100110001111-12
M Hall...1100001010101101010-11	Simpson...1000001000010010100-6
A Hall...1110100110100111101-12	Cornish...11010001000010101-10
Purinton...00111010010010001-10	Tate...000110100000000101-6

Ties shot off in No. 2: Alexander first, Winslow second, M. C. Hall third.

Shoot No. 2.	
Keene...111001111101010101100-16	Goud, G. H....000110101011110110100-15
Alexander...11101101010111111111-23	Goud, A. Q....110111100001111110101-17
Hall, M. C....11010111010111111111-20	Hall, A. E....11010101010111101111-17
Purinton...11010101010111101111-17	Winslow...11000100010101111111-17
Simpson...110101011101010001100010-13	Cornish...100010001100001010111-12
Strout, S....1110011010010101101010-16	Alexander first, M. C. Hall second, Purinton third, ties on 17 divided fourth.—CHAS. GOUT, Sec'y.

MOBILE, Ala., April 20.—The monthly shoot of the teams of the Y. P. G. Club, captained by Messrs. Weems and Pollard, resulted as follows:

Capt Pollard...111111110-9	Capt Weems...000000000-0
Wagner...1100010100-4	Lott...0000000001-3
Shelton...0000100010-2	Vizard...111010111-8
Cowart...0001000001-2	Fountain...110001011-7
Ladd...1000000000-1	Alvarez...0000101000-2
Tunstall...010010000-2	Hill...000001000-2-20

The shoot was for the gold medal and was won by Capt. Pollard.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 15.—There were three clay-pigeon shoots at the Bay View House to-day between Coykendall, Anderson, Dunshie, Hamilton and Fanning. The first was for five birds, \$2.50 entrance money, with single pot, which resulted as follows:

Coykendall...0101-3	Hamilton...101010-3
Anderson...10010-3	Fanning...101010-3
Dunshie...1011-4	

The second, under the same money conditions, with 10 birds, was as follows:

Coykendall...01011110-7	Hamilton...10101111-8
Anderson...010000100-2	Fanning...10011011-7

Then came another shoot with 15 single birds and \$5 entrance fee, with the following result:

John Fanning...011011011011-11	James Fanning...1000110001010-5
Hamilton...01000110101010-7	

JOIN THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—Send 10 cents, for handbook giving all information, to the Secretary, MATT R. FREEMAN, General Manager, F. C. ETHERIDGE, Secretary and Treasurer, Macon, Ga.

Board of Directors: Dr. L. E. Russell, Springfield, O.; C. M. Stark, Winchester, Mass.; J. Von Lengerke, New York City; Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I.; Wm. G. Cooper, Savannah, Ga.; E. A. Crawford, Tallahassee, Fla.; M. R. Freeman, W. H. Parker and F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

Mohican Races every Thursday through the season.	
May 1.—Brooklyn C. C. Challenge Cup and Paddling Race.	
May 15.—Brooklyn C. C. Sailing Race.	
May 22.—Knickerbocker C. C. Spring Regatta.	
May 29, 30, 31.—Connecticut Meet, Calla Shasta Grove.	
May 29, 30, 31.—Hudson River Meet, Coddington's Dock, Roundout.	
May 30.—Mohican Cruise, Susquehanna River.	
May 31.—Pittsburgh Regatta.	
June 12.—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.	
July 10.—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.	
Aug. 7.—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.	
Aug. 15-20.—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.	
Sept. 4.—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.	
Sept. 18.—Brooklyn C. C. Sailing Races.	
Sept. 25.—Brooklyn C. C. Challenge Cup.	

THE A. C. A. MEET.</

B. paddle $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, sail $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, paddle $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, sail $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, paddle $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, sail $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 3 miles.
 No. 13, 11:00 A. M.—Paddling Class II. (canoe and load must weigh at least 120 pounds), 1 mile.
 No. 14, 11:30 A. M.—Paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV., decked, 1 mile. (Canoes for this race must be decked half their length.)
 No. 15, 2:00 P. M.—Sailing Class B, no limits in rig or ballast, 3 miles.
 No. 16, 2:30 P. M.—Sailing Class A, no limits in rig or ballast, 3 miles.
 No. 17, 3:00 P. M.—Sailing unclassified canoe, no limits in ballast or rig, 3 miles.
 No. 18, 3:30 P. M.—Hurry-scurry race, 100yds. run, 20yds. swim, 20yds. paddle.
 No. 19, 4:00 P. M.—Tournament and gymnastics.

The second day of this programme will be Tuesday, August 21, unless weather prevents or some of Monday's races are postponed, in which case Monday's programme will be finished if possible and the remainder of the day be devoted to special races or sports, and the second day will be Wednesday, Aug. 22. In absence of wind the paddling races will sail at their appointed time. Punctuality will be insisted on, no race will wait for any members. Any event delayed by lack of wind or by reason of the preceding one not having finished, will be postponed to the same hour next day, and the next event started at its appointed time. All A. C. A. rules will be enforced.

The "all-round record" with five prizes will be based upon all events in this programme except Nos. 3, 4, 6, 9, 14, 17, 18, 19—that is, upon 6 paddling, 1 sailing and 1 combined. Every classified canoe (except Class I.) will be eligible alike for 2 paddling, 1 sailing, 2 sailing, and 1 combined. For 20 members may bring and use another canoe besides the one allowed under Rule II. for other events.

The committee recommend as desirable subjects for special prizes under Rule V., long distance races, sailing races for open canoes and paddling race for decked canoes, portage or obstruction races, and sports to afford amusement.

J. B. McMEICHAUGH, Chairman,
 S. T. FAIRBANKS,
 READE W. FAIRBANKS,
 Regatta Committee.

THE CANOE EXHIBITION.

IT has always been the custom among those who are strangers to canoeing to picture the canoeist as a solitary and misanthropical hermit, whose chief delight is to wander off alone, and who cynically scorns the company of his fellow beings. So far from this being the case, however, if he is distinguished for one virtue rather than another, it is for his broad philanthropy, which shows itself so fully in the desire to induce others to share the sport which he prizes so highly. The invention of new and complicated reeling gears, of folding frying pans and multitudinous centerboards; the elaboration of various devices to increase his comfort and to enhance the beauty of his canoe; and the striving for that *ignis fatuus*, the perfect canoe; all these are the passions of the canoeist, but he does not leave them all to his heart's content; the conversion of the bright ones who toil mechanically at the oar or seek pleasure in the deceptive and treacherous catboat. Neither age, sex nor station offer any protection from a canoeist in reach of converts. A man has been known to risk the life of an innocent and elderly father-in-law, and to duck him ignominiously in the vain effort to convert him to a belief in a 25in. canoe, while sweethearts and pretty cousins by scores have fallen victims to the canoe fever. The canoeists of New York have long been foremost in this industry, and the introduction and for many years the keeping alive of American canoeing was due entirely to the New York C. C., and of late the fellow clubs have been no less active. This year will undoubtedly be the greatest that canoeing has ever known, either here or abroad; the prospect of two important series of races has attracted general attention to the sport, and many throughout the country have expressed a desire to know more of it. The many inquiries that have come to canoeists about New York, suggest that a few of the Knickerbocker C. C. (the idea of a general exhibition of canoes and canoe goods of all kinds; the idea was laid before the club and received a general approval, and a meeting of canoeists from the vicinity of New York was called, at which the date and details were arranged, and all was finally settled. To Com. Fowler and the other officers of the Knickerbocker C. C. the inception and successful carrying out of the idea is mainly due, while they have been ably seconded by other canoeists about New York, and as the idea was laid before the Com. Fowler is known not only as a thorough and active canoeist, but as the efficient head of a large and flourishing military school, the Columbia Institute. Located in the center of the city, at the Forty-second street station of the Sixth Avenue elevated railroad, the school occupies a large three story building, the second floor containing class rooms, while the third is a large hall, used as a drill room and gymnasium. Advantage was taken of the Easter holiday to clear away desks and seats and to make the hall available for the exhibition. The time was necessarily short and Saturday only was fixed, but it was afterward decided to keep the exhibition open on Monday April 26 as well. Circulars were sent out requesting exhibits, and they were divided under the following heads, each in charge of one or more specialists: Sailing canoes, C. Bowyer Vaux. Paddling and racing canoes, M. G. Foster, C. Cox. Cruising canoes, K. W. Brown. Canoe and shore tent, arranged for sleeping, J. F. Newman. Canoe and camp cookery, Capt. C. Smith, and Bro. C. V. R. Schuyler. Canoe appliances and inventions, R. P. Martin, F. A. Renton. Regatta and club trophies, R. B. Burchard. Manufacturers and builders exhibits, E. W. Brown. Canoe photography and stereoscopic views, L. W. Seavey. Canoe literature, W. P. Stephens. Canoe costume, A. W. Dumie. Music, vocal and instrumental, R. J. Wilkin. Allotment of space, J. L. Greenleaf. Hall decorations, E. C. Delavan, W. L. Green. Placards and labels, Wm. Whitlock. Boy's first canoe, J. L. Greenleaf. Canoe and shore tent, J. F. Newman. Artillery, J. L. Greenleaf. Unclassified exhibits, E. Fowler. The managing committee were Messrs. Fowler, Stanton and Seavey, K. C. C.

One great difficulty experienced was the lack of time, all the members of the committees being active business men as well as canoeists, and their leisure just now being so occupied with the fitting out of their own boats that little time could be spared for the exhibition. Notwithstanding this drawback, unavoidable at this season, the display was a most interesting one, and a convincing evidence of the prosperous condition of this newest of outdoor sports. Besides the gentlemen directly concerned, canoeists at a distance displayed a great interest, and contributions of flags, photographs and trophies were received from many. Most of the prominent clubs were represented by members who visited New York especially to attend the exhibition, among them the Cleveland, Toronto, Amsterdam, Newburgh, Sing Sing (Shattemue) Bayonne, Newtow, (Jantne), Rochester, Hartford, Springfield, Oswego and Trenton (Green).

The large hall of the Institute, with its ceiling lofty enough to allow large sails to be set, was decorated with flags and banners, both large and small, contributed by many clubs. On the south wall was the most interesting display, several hundred small flags, all won in club and Association races, souvenirs of most exciting contests with sail and paddle. The largest exhibit was that of the victorious Snake, in the place of honor, while next in size and position came the old Dot. The walls were also decorated with paddles, a number of original boating sketches contributed by *Outing*, and a collection of working drawings of canoes and cruising boats. The raised platform at the north end of the room was devoted to photography. Around the three sides were displayed a large number of photographs of canoe scenes, the A. C. A. meets, the various local meets and different cruises, while on tables was a collection of photographic apparatus. This included a camera, a camera, an Anthony's, a very small camera, folding and carried in the pocket, with holders, tripods and other appliances. A special novelty was a vest camera, the case of circular form about 5in. in diameter and 1 1/2in. thick. It is suspended under the vest by a cord around the neck, and the lens and plate adjuster are each in the shape of buttons, so that the apparatus is invisible. The plate is circular and is so arranged that eight pictures, each 1 1/2in. square, may be made on it in succession. In the foreground was a large number of books on canoeing and yachting. The Forest and Stream Publishing Company displayed their series of hand books on canoeing and camping. Messrs. Bretano contributed a number of American and foreign works, and others were received from Roberts Bros., of Boston, and Harper & Bros., New York.

Foremost among the canoes was the Idlewild, exhibited by Mr. H. C. Squires, a new Rushton canoe of the same model as Mr. Gibson's new Vesper, the design of which latter canoe was the Forest and Stream. Much speculation has been indulged in by canoeists as to this new model and her performance. The idea of a flat floor and no ballast finds favor with a large number, who are watching carefully for the trials between this boat and the deeper ones of the Sunbeam and Lassie type. As she lies on the floor the appearance is disappointing and met with little favorable comment from the canoeists present. Both bow and stern below water are very full, the bilge is carried far forward and aft with a hard turn, and the boat looks very large and full, and it may be made for the position, and she may show to better advantage on the water. The deck is handsomely finished, but the appearance of the bottom is marred by the shapes of the planks, which are such as to show the lines of the hull to poor advantage. The rig of this boat, which is owned by Mr. Dunnington, B. C. C., is of the Mohican pattern, 75 and 20ft. She is handsomely fitted on deck with tiller, seat, etc., and

very finely finished in all parts. Near by is a large case of brass work of all kinds for canoes, making by far the most complete assortment yet shown. Among other novelties are several varieties of blocks and brass bands for booms and yards, and a new and ingenious holder for a pennant allowing it to turn freely without fouling. All of these are made by Mr. Rushton from his own designs. On the east side in the same exhibit were shown on the east side of the room, 10 and 20-pound samples of the light-weight canoes for which he is so famous. The first, while light and strong, is fitted only for such work as it would receive at the hands of an expert; but the 20-pound boat of the same size, may be used by any one for gunning, fishing or exploring, and is still so light as to be easily carried on the shoulders. With the canoes were also of some single and double paddles of Mr. Rushton's make. Down stairs were two canoes from the same builder, an open rowing and sailing boat and a Mohican No. 1 canoe, both of the usual fine finish. The former was rigged with one boom and gaff sail.

Next to the Idlewild is Com. Fowler's new Ideal, the Viking, fresh from Everson's shop. This new model is one of the handsomest in appearance that Everson has yet turned out, and with lines full rather than hollow, but very clean cut, she promises to become more popular than any of his previous models. The present boat is shown as the "Married Member's Canoe," and attracts general notice by her sails. These two cruising lateens are of a bright Turkey red, ornamented with a white sea horse. Though novel, the effect is not displeasing for variety, though nothing can exceed the effect of a pure white sail on the water. The canoe is very comfortably equipped with cushions and rugs, a seat being made forward for a lady. For cruising and racing, which form part of her intended use, she is fitted with two brass centerboards.

Such canoes and the two Inertia, exhibited by her owner, Mr. E. W. Brown, K. C. C. She is fitted with her regular suit of cruising lugs, and is heeled at a good angle, with looms a little off, while on the weather deck is seated a member of the Eden Musee C. C., with sheets and tiller in hand. Inside is packed a full equipment of stores, bedding, etc., as used in cruising.

Along the east side of the room are two of the Ontario Company's canoes, a very light and handsome racing paddler, of smooth build, and another of the same size, but of a different design, being lighter and graceful, but the zebra-like appearance, the sides being of inch strips of dark and light wood alternately, is not pleasing to a canoeist. With the two are some very light maple paddles, by the same makers.

The next boat is a large open Canadian canoe, shown bottom up, with Rough's patent centerboard and rudder attached. This is a deep wooden fin, fastened to the bottom by brass straps from each gunwale. The fin is of triangular shape, like the exposed portion of a canoe's keel, and is held in place by a rudder is hung, operated by a wire cord leading to each quarter.

A most curious relic is a dugout about 8ft. long, from the southern coast of California, in appearance much like a big chopping bowl. Mr. G. S. Settle, of Newark, N. J., has on exhibition two pairs of double paddles of very neat shape and excellent finish. On the walls near by are two comic sketches, in colors, of canoe life, by Mr. Peebles, Bayonne C. C., while near the north end is a model and sail plan of Mr. Dehman's sailing boat, mentioned some time since in our columns. This boat is a double euder, 15x17, of shoal draft. The sides are of one board each, flaring out, bateau fashion, while the bottom is rounding, instead of flat, the cross section at every part being a segment of the same circle. The rudder is of the balance pattern, with a small skag as a guard. The centerboard is not shown, but is a new device of Mr. Clapham's. The rig is a sharpie yawl without jib. The actual boat is very light in construction, weighing but 300 lbs.

In the center of the hall is a large showcase containing an exhibit of silverware by the Gorham Co., with some badges and trophies by other makers. The Pittsburgh, Hartford, Rochester and other cups are shown; but the most prominent features of the exhibit are the large cups designed by Mr. Geo. Marcus and made by the Gorham Co. for the New York and Brooklyn canoe clubs, the latter of which we have previously described. The former is in the form of a pickaxe, the leading idea of the design being the life of the American Indian. The latter is not graceful, following closely the squat and bulky form of ancient Indian pottery; but in the originality of its treatment and its departure from the conventional, the effect is very pleasing. Around the top is worked a bent withe of hickory, lashed on with leather thongs in true Indian fashion, while the handle is a branch of a tree. Around the bowl is shown a pine forest, rising sharply above a river, up which a fleet of tiny birches is paddling, while above, on a blacked ground, is the Indian of the New York Canoe Club, holding the Indian Cup. With the cup is a bag of tanned deerskin, ornamented with Indian symbols and totems, in keeping with the main design.

In the most prominent is Mr. P. Martin's new sliding gunter, similar in general arrangement to the old, but much improved in detail. Near it is Mr. Stoddard's new nuzzon, used in 1885, another variety of the gunter. A small working model of Mr. Stoddard's first sail is also shown.

Among the fittings the Radix Company take a leading place with an exhibit of three boards, two for canoes and one of their new and larger boards for sailboats. A finely finished Atwood board is also shown, an improvement on the old one, while in another part of the hall is a section of a canoe with one of Joyner's curious oscillating centerboards, designed to keep a vertical position at all times. The section of canoe shows plainly the method of manufacture followed by Mr. Joyner, the edges of each plank being rebated, made but a few inches apart and out. The boat seems to be very strong, and the smooth surface is an advantage. Mr. Joyner also exhibits one of his drop rudders with his patent attachment. Mr. Barney, Springfield C. C., shows one of his rudders and clutch tillers while Mr. Ruggles, of Charlotte, N. Y., has a rudder hanging of the well-known Clyde pattern. The Kitiwake shows a compact folding seat for a canoe. 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A MOSQUITO RACE AT BOSTON.—On April 24 a race for small boats was sailed off City Point, over a four-mile course to the buoy off the Marine Park pier, round buoy 2 to channel buoy off K street, and around the buoy off the pier, and back to the starting point. The prizes for first class were three, \$5 cash, a pair of rowlocks, and an anchor; for the second, \$5 and an anchor. The times were: First Class—13ft. and not over 15ft. over all.

Name and Owner.	Length.	Corrected
Baby, C. A. Borden.....	13.02	4 51 48
Lizzie, H. McDonough.....	13.08	4 57 55
Tot, E. S. McElroy.....	13.10	4 58 46
Wizard, James Bertram.....	13.06	4 54 12
Lady May, W. J. Tilley.....	13.06	4 55 59
Frolic, E. Lawley.....	14.10	4 59 41
Second class, under 13 feet over all.		
Brunette, W. C. Cherrington.....	12.02	5 01 58
Maggie, W. H. Buckley.....	12.04	4 59 17
Bunt, W. H. Ransom.....	12.11	4 57 37
Etta, R. T. F. Caldwell.....	11.13 1/2	4 55 54

The winners in the first class were the Baby, Wizard and Lady May; in the second class the Etta and Bunt. The judges were Captain William A. Andrews of the dory Nautilus, Charles A. Borden and Joseph Golden.

RIVERSIDE Y. C.—This club, of Jacksonville, Fla., held its annual meeting on April 16, electing the following officers: Commodore, W. S. Wightman; Vice-Commodore, John P. Varnum; Secretary and Treasurer, L. D. Hosmer; Fleet Captain, W. L. Davis; Flag Officer, F. V. Wightman. Executive Committee, J. H. Stead, H. B. Woodward, Geo. L. Drew. The by-laws, sailing rules and constitution will be carefully revised at once, and the club house will be much improved. The next meeting will be on April 30, at 7:30 P. M.

MIRAMICHI Y. C.—A new club with this name was organized on April 12 at Newswale, N. B., with 30 members, the officers being as follows: Commodore, J. C. Miller; Vice-Commodore, J. L. Steward; Rear Commodore, C. J. Butcher; Secretary-Treasurer, F. Kennedy; Trustees, J. C. Miller, James Miller, G. Watt and P. Wheeler; Measurer, T. Crimmon. The burgee is of blue and white, with letters M. Y. C. A club book will soon be issued.

NEWARK Y. C.—The opening sail on May 16 will be to Bay Ridge to inspect the Atlantic. The fleet will leave Newark at 9 A. M., and there will be a scrub race each way. Most of the yachts are ready, all the cabin sloops being painted white this season.

A SHOALSLOOP.—A centerboard yacht 30ft. long, 11ft. 2in. beam and 15in. draft, is now building at Canarsie from designs by her owner, Mr. Samuel Robbins, of New York. She will have both jib and mainsail and cat rigs.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C.—The yachts are being launched and fitted out rapidly. Last week the Whim and John Demarest were set afloat. A large number of the club fleet have had iron keels added this season.

NEW JERSEY Y. C.—June 14 has been named for the 15th annual regatta of the club. Com. Dilworth has lately added to the fleet the yacht Wayward, late of New Haven, purchased by him from Mr. C. B. Warner.

NEWARK Y. C.—Three of the boats of this club, the Vixen, Emmy C. and Winifred, are ready to race any three yachts of another club of 26 to 28ft., an average of the times of each trio to decide.

CYTHERA.—Mr. Stewart's yawl was spoken on April 4 in lat. 42 north, long. 11 west, by the steamer Roslin Castle. On April 9 she arrived at Funchal, Madeira, after a passage of 19 days from England.

ANOTHER PROPOSED CRUISE.—The New England Y. R. A. are talking of a large cruise from City Point this summer, visiting Marblehead, Rockport, Portsmouth, Newburyport and Isle of Shoals.

THE SALE OF "248."—The large steam yacht, built by Cramp & Sons last year, and known only as No. 248, has been sold to Mr. S. V. Harkness, who will use her on the lakes.

GEN. PAINE'S YACHT.—All is ready for launching, the painting and rigging is completed, and the yacht will be launched about May 6. The name will probably be Mayflower.

THE GOELET CUPS.—Mr. Ozden Goelet has notified the New York Y. C. that the cups offered by him will be ready by July 1. They will be raced for at Newport, as usual.

MUMM'S YARD.—In consequence of ill health, Mr. John Mumm has leased his yard and business to Messrs. Guion & Costigan for five years.

SHONA.—Mr. Sweet's new purchase arrived in Boston last week and is now at Beverly. She will race in Boston waters this year.

NORTH END Y. C.—Boston is to have a new club with this name. It starts with a good fleet of small boats.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

AMATEUR.—Use yacht drill (1/2 doz.) for sails of 17ft. boat, highting it twice.

W. S. C., Jamestown, N. Y.—Write to E. & C. Von Culin, Delaware City, Del.

D. C. G.—See "Canoeing in Kanukia." Mr. R. B. Burchard, A. C. A., has cruised down the St. Lawrence.

J. M. F., Philadelphia.—See files of the FOREST AND STREAM for the past year for articles on gasoline and other stoves.

E. B., Boston.—Where can I get photographs of dogs; prize winners? Is there any one who sells them? Ans. We know of no one who has them for sale.

S. T., Centerville.—1. Does extremely frosty atmosphere affect a rifle for accurate target shooting? 2. I have a Hotchkiss rifle I want to put a graduated peep sight on it, but if I put it on the tang it will be in the way of the bolt. Would it give good satisfaction to place it

back of the grip about where a person usually places the stock against the face? Ans. 1. No. 2. Yes, if suitable to position assumed by you in shooting.

J. D. G. and W. C. R., Fond du Lac, Wis.—We cannot give size of jib from the figures sent. If you will refer to "Small Yachts" you will find the method of calculation fully explained.

T. F. T., New York.—Would you be kind enough to give me the name of one or more of the Fish Commissioners of New Hampshire? Ans. They are: Geo. F. Riddle, Manchester; Luther Hayes, Milton, and E. B. Dodge, Plymouth. The latter is also the superintendent.

F. B. D., Ovid, Mich.—For caulking a light boat use a light caulking iron and wooden mallet. Raw cotton is used for such work in preference to the oakum used on large vessels. It is spun into a thick strand and sold in rolls. The strand is first opened by driving in the iron. The strand of cotton is then driven in firmly, painted over and the seam puttied up.

C. V. B., Albany, N. Y.—1. Can you tell me where there is good trout fishing anywhere near the Adirondacks? 2. What month is the best for trout fishing? Ans. 1. West Canada Creek, Herkimer county, reached by way of Remsen or Prospect, N. & P. R. R., or go to the Filton Chain, via Booneville and the Forge House, or on the north side to Meacham Lake. 2. May and June.

R. H., Vinsted, Conn.—It is always best to rub down paint with pumice stone rather than to scrape it. For the latter purpose a paint burner or torch may be had at the paint store. Alcohol or naphtha is burned giving a hot flame, which must be followed closely by the scraper. Use white lead and linseed oil, mixed with lamp black to a lead color for the priming coat, thinning with a little turpentine.

D. D. P., Hicksville, O.—Can you conveniently give me any information as to the colonization of California quail. Will it probably succeed here or at my home in Northwestern Ohio. I have released four pairs in this vicinity and have three pair left that I am in doubt whether to release here or to take to Ohio. I would prefer to have them in Ohio if they are likely to thrive and to stand the winters there? Ans. They would be quite sure to do well in Tennessee and probably in Ohio, but the experiment should be tried on a large scale, and as much protection as possible afforded the birds for the first season or two.

A. R. G., Centerville, N. Y.—1. Is a stream stocked with trout from the State fisheries, by parties who went to the expense of getting them here, private or public fishing? 2. When does the trout season commence in Sullivan and Ulster counties? 3. What sized sign boards must a farmer put up to prohibit fishing and hunting. Ans. 1. The fishing is as much public as it was before. The owner of land through which a stream runs may forbid fishing on his part of the stream, and if all the owners through whose land it runs combine they can protect the entire stream by forbidding trespassing. 2. May 1. 3. Sign boards must be at least 1ft. square and at least one board to every fifty acres.

\$343,000 was paid last year for claims under the life policies of the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn., and \$1,292,000 to life and accident claimants together.—Adv.

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Send bore of gun for sample.



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Introduced by us for the coming season, we wish to call attention to our

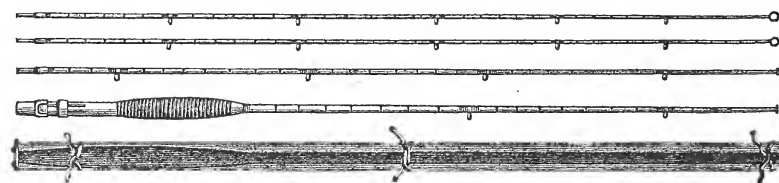
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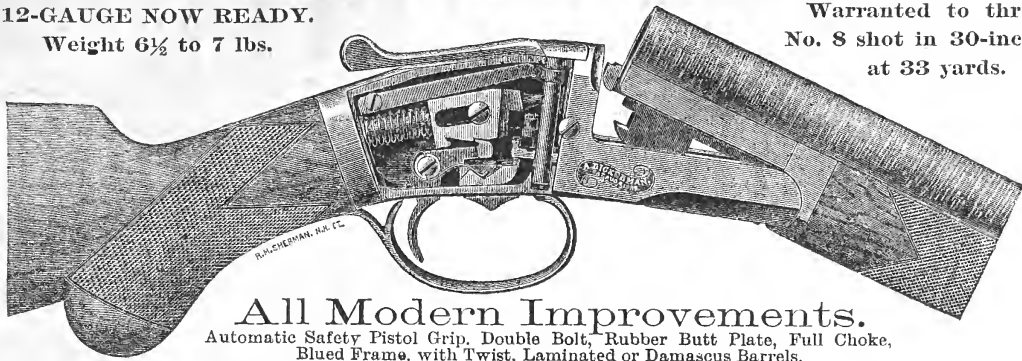
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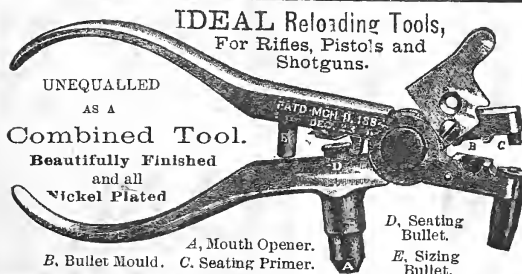
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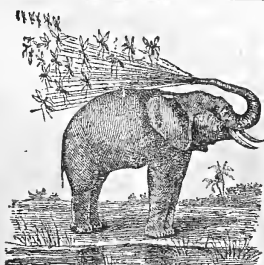
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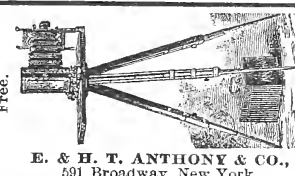
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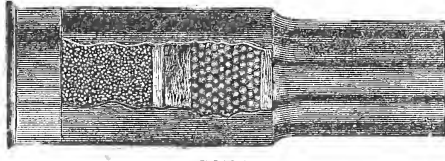
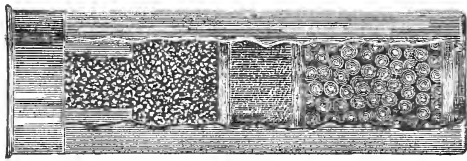
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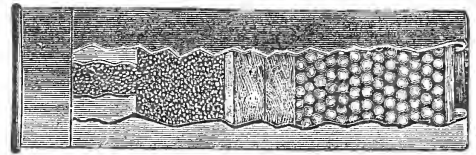
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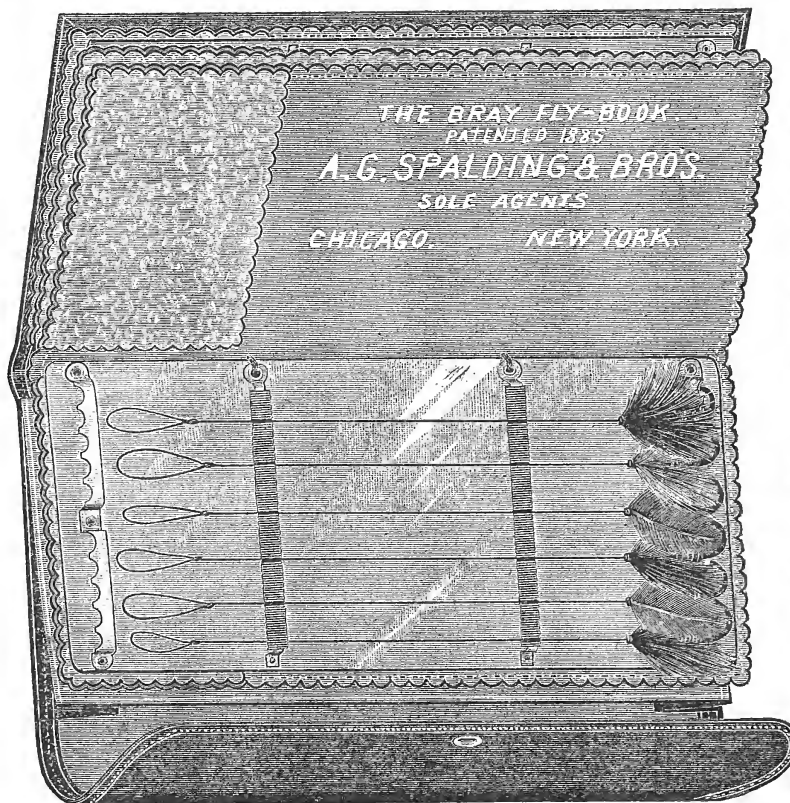
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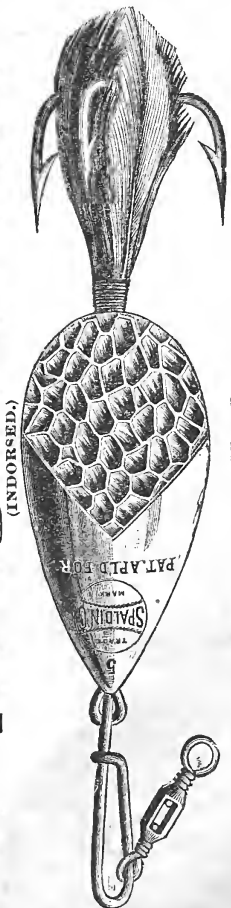
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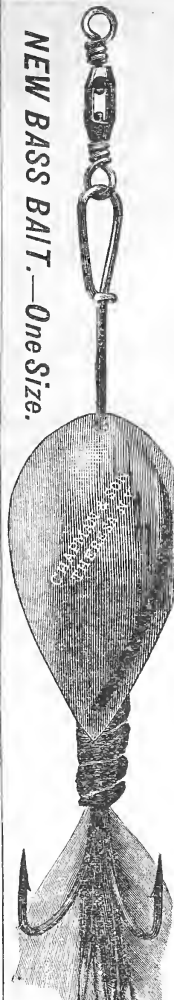


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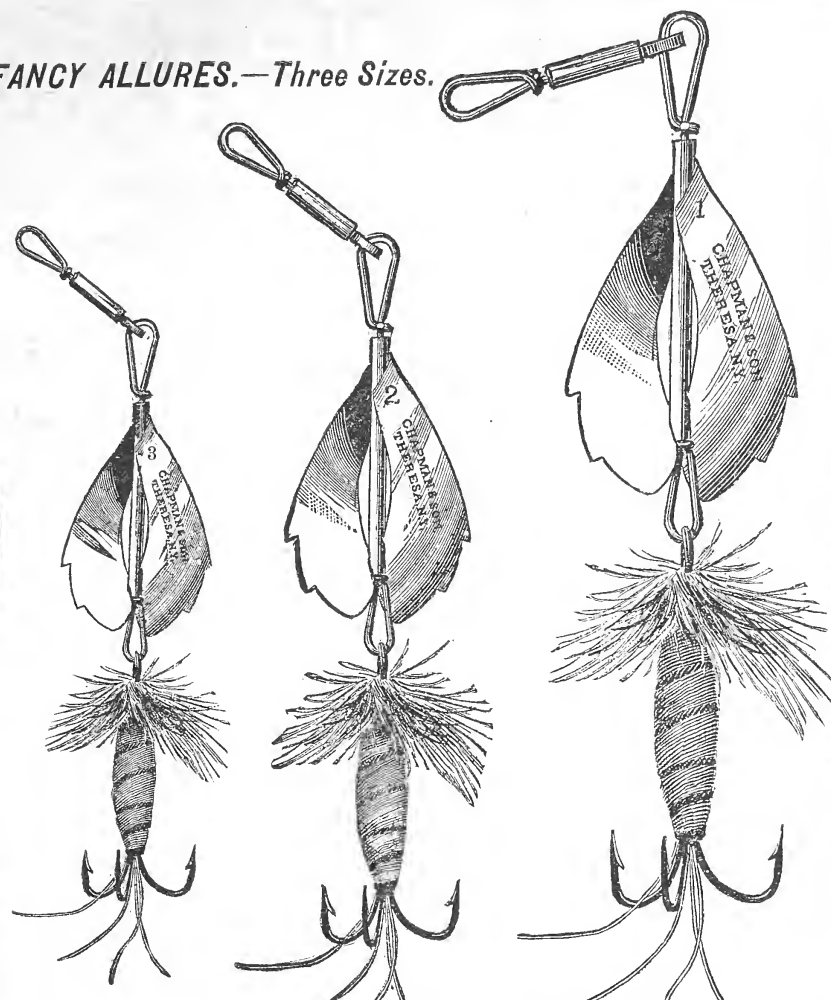
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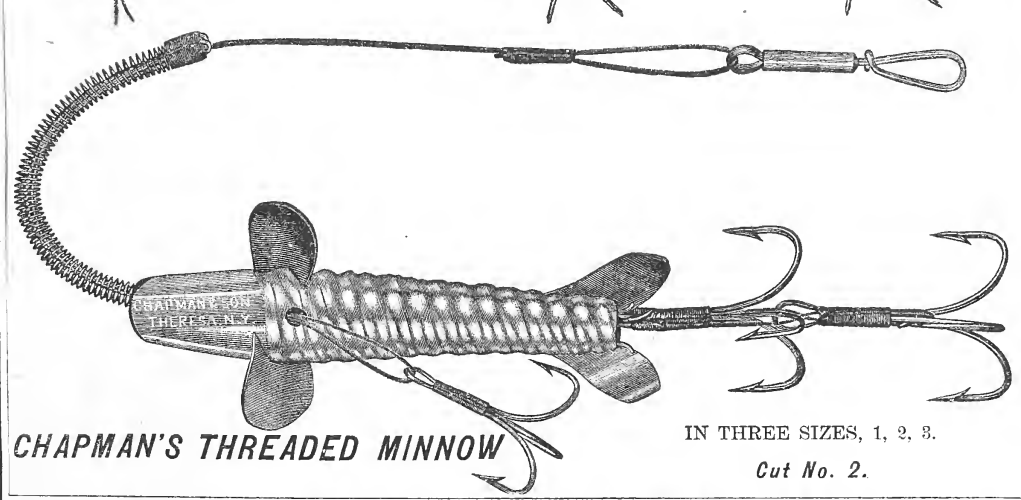
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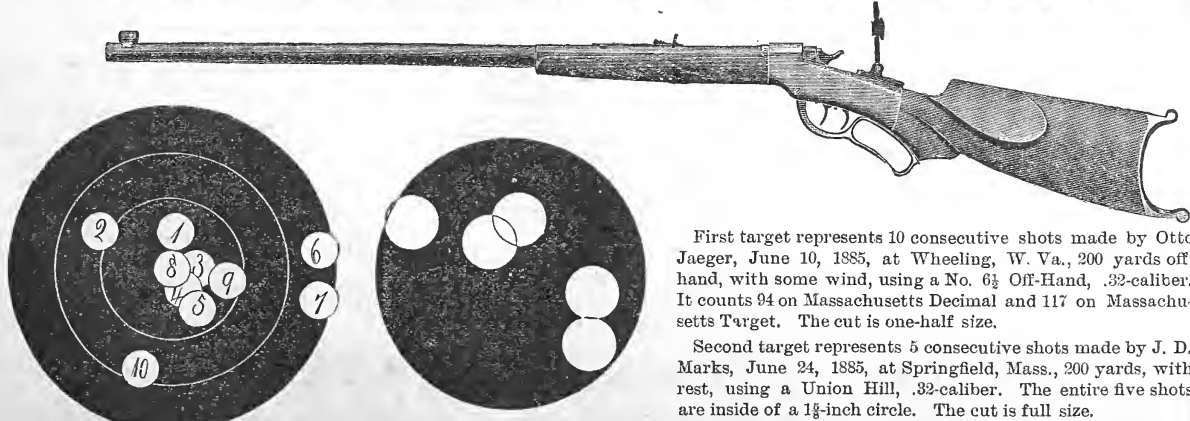
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE NEW PARK BILL.

IN a bill, reported by Senator Manderson on Friday last, we have an outline of the action recommended by the Senate Committee on Territories with regard to the Park.

This bill (S. 101) was introduced in the Senate Dec. 8, 1885, and was read twice and referred to the Committee on Territories. In its original shape it was imperfect, and we called attention then to some of its faults. It is now reported by Senator Manderson with a number of provisions struck out, and with several important additions. In this form it is recommended to the Committee on Territories for further consideration.

When it is reported in its final shape we shall lay before our readers the full text of the bill, but for the present the following abstract is enough.

Section 1 defines the boundaries of the Park, and authorizes the boundary lines to be surveyed. They are to be as follows: Beginning at a point on the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude, where that parallel is intersected by the western boundary of Wyoming, thence due east to its point of intersection with the meridian of 110° west longitude; thence due south five miles, thence due east to the meridian of 109° 30' west longitude; thence due south along said meridian to the forty-fourth parallel, thence due west to its point of intersection with the west boundary of Wyoming, thence due north along that west boundary to the point of beginning.

Section 2 is wholly new and treats of jurisdiction, providing that the Park shall be under the sole and exclusive jurisdiction of the United States; but that, if any offense be committed in the Park, punishment for which is not provided for by any law of the United States, or by any regulation of the Secretary of the Interior, such offense shall receive the punishment provided by the laws of Wyoming for a like offense in that Territory, and that for the present the Park shall constitute a part of the Third Judicial District of that Territory.

Section 4 sets aside the territory embraced within the Park as a public pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people of the United States.

Section 5 authorizes the Secretary of the Interior to make and publish such rules as he may deem necessary for the preservation "of all timber, mineral deposits, natural curi-

osities or wonderful objects within said park, and for the protection of the animals and birds found" in it.

Section 5 prohibits the hunting, killing, wounding or capturing of any animal or bird, except dangerous animals, when it may be necessary to prevent them from destroying life or inflicting injury, and the capture of fish except by means of hook and line. It provides penalties for violations of the act, makes possession of dead bodies or parts thereof *prima facie* evidence of a violation of the act, provides that persons or transportation companies receiving for transportation game or fish which they know or have reason to believe were taken in violation of this, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 6 authorizes the Secretary of the Interior to lease small plots of ground for building purposes.

Section 7 authorizes the President to appoint a "Commissioner learned in the law," who shall be the judicial officer of the Park, and shall hear and try cases of violation of the law or of the regulations of the Secretary of the Interior, and gives him power to hold persons charged with the commission of felony. The Superintendent and the Park police are vested with the powers of U. S. marshals, or deputy marshals, and are also authorized to arrest, without process, any person taken in the act of violating the law or the Government regulations.

Section 8 provides for the payment of costs and expenses incurred under this act, makes the violation of the regulations established by the Secretary of the Interior a misdemeanor, and establishes penalties.

Section 9 authorizes the erection of a jail within the Park.

Section 10 authorizes the appointment by the President of a superintendent, and the appointment by the superintendent, subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, of fifteen Park policemen, defines their duties and powers, provides that no growing timber nor hay shall be cut without the written permission of the superintendent, specifying time and place where it may be cut, and the amount.

Section 11 authorizes the appointment by the Secretary of War of an officer of the Corps of Engineers, who shall have charge of the improvements in the Park, and provides that all sums received by the Secretary of the Interior from rents, or from fines and forfeitures for violations of law and regulations, shall be applied to these improvements.

Many of the provisions of this bill are excellent, and it is by far the best and most intelligent attempt at improvement in the government of the Park yet brought forward. It is not without grave faults, but it is a great advance over previous bills. It is so difficult in the present confused state of things in Washington to obtain consideration for any bill in which there is neither money nor politics, that we may think ourselves fortunate if so good a bill as the one recommended shall pass. This bill, we understand, is in some sense a compromise, efforts having been made to conciliate all opposition.

The bill still contains a clause which virtually permits transportation companies to traffic in illegally killed game and fish without punishment. The words in lines 26 and 27 of Section 4, "Knowing or having reasonable cause to believe that such animals, birds or fish were" destroy the whole force of the prohibitive clause, and, as we have before remarked, will prevent the conviction of any one under this act. If the clause read, "Any person or persons, or stage, express or railroad company, receiving for transportation any of the said animals, birds or fish killed or captured in violation of this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor," etc., the transportation companies would be forced to know that the game or fish which they took was legally killed, so that if questions were asked they could show themselves free from blame. They would therefore accept no meat about which there was a doubt, and the violators of the law would soon lose their market. We reserve any extended comments on the bill until we see it before the Senate in its final shape.

The enlargement of the Park, the definition of jurisdiction so far as it goes, the prohibition of hunting, the appointment of a Commissioner for the Park, the increase in the number of the police, and the enlargement of their powers of arrest, are all excellent provisions, though in many cases the act fails to satisfy those who are best acquainted with the Park, because it does not go nearly far enough in the direction of protection and improvement. At the same time it must be acknowledged that the recommendations of the friends of the Park have been patiently listened to and in many cases adopted.

It does not seem likely that any very serious alterations will be made in the bill in committee, and we hope before long to see it appear before the Senate for action.

LONG ISLAND STREAMS.

THE famous trout streams of Long Island are threatened with extinction. The bill before the New York Legislature to tap the brooks and sink wells in the counties of Queens and Suffolk threatens, if it becomes a law, to dry up the streams which give value to the surrounding property. We have before referred to the fact that they have taken the fountains which supply Lake Massapequa, one of the most famous trout waters of the island. We now learn that Mr. Pearsall Dorlon, of Hempstead, has begun an action against the city of Brooklyn for \$3,000 for damage done to his property through the draining of a trout pond by the Brooklyn Water Works Company, which has driven a well and established a pumping station near his pond.

There is no doubt that the growing city of Brooklyn needs water, and there is just as little doubt that the trout streams of the south side of Long Island will be but a temporary alleviation of the city's needs, and that, within five years after consuming all the brooks on the south shore, Brooklyn will then invade the north side of the island with its driven wells and pumping stations. This would bridge over the difficulty for perhaps five or ten years, when there would be a cry for more water, just as has been the case in the city of New York, which has absorbed the streams of Westchester county and now is wondering where the next supply will come from. Eventually these cities must be supplied from the Adirondack region at a great cost of labor and time. This work, if begun now, would require eight or ten years to complete, but would furnish an unlimited supply, especially if taken from those streams which flow into Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence.

The worth of Long Island trout streams can hardly be computed in money. Much of the value placed upon some of the most beautiful lands on the island is based upon the spring brooks which flow through them. Some of these are owned by clubs and others by individuals, who would regard their property as practically ruined if these streams were diverted from their natural courses. If the evil ended there it would be great enough; but the great number of fishermen and oystermen in Great South Bay would find their occupation gone when these streams ceased to flow into the bay. The large oyster beds which give employment to hundreds of men, and have made a name for themselves all over this country and in many parts of Europe, would be things of the past. The Great South Bay itself without the supply of fresh waters which now flow into it, and swell the receding tides which keep its only inlet open, might be closed up, as Shinnecock Bay has been, and become a stagnant pool. After all this ruin has been effected, Brooklyn will then find her increasing population still thirsty and will be sighing for other streams to conquer.

Now is the time, before Long Island is ruined, to consider plans which will furnish a supply of water sufficient for a city of three times the size of Brooklyn. At its present rate of growth that city may reach those dimensions during the lifetime of men now mature.

RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.

FROM here, there and everywhere over this country come indications of a very lively season before the butts and before the trap. Dozens of traps are upon the market and each maker reports a heavy sale and still heavier demand. Flying targets to be hit by the marksmen are put forth in a score of forms, while every little village and large town maintains its coterie of shooters, or better still a few clubs, ready to push this delightful outdoor sport through the medium of rivalry.

In the rifle field the attention paid of late years to the proper arming and drill of the State troops has its natural result in calling the attention of many men to the attractions of ball practice at the target.

The fact is that in the growing American love for field sports, for the reinvigoration which comes to those who get out into the open air and away from the brain-racking turmoil of the shop and office, in all this new life the merits of the shotgun and the rifle has been recognized. They afford a gentlemanly sport, free from many of the associations which make not a few of the open-air pastimes obnoxious to lovers of fair play. The man who takes his rifle for a short or long-range practice gets a delicious breath of fresh air. He may spend an afternoon free from any violent effort, yet with just enough of muscular exercise to send him home with a keen appetite, a bright eye and an assurance of a good night's rest. He knows that his success depends on the care with which he maintains a clear head ready to guide and direct a steady hand. This means care in his

habits in eating and drinking, of working and sleeping. Very soon he finds that he is enjoying better health, that he can despatch business with greater ease and yet find time for an occasional run out to the range. Such time spent is not time lost, and every year more and more of our citizens are making this discovery for themselves and acting upon it, hence the growth of the gun club and the rifle club, until our columns, crowded with the brief returns from many points, tell how many there are already in line for the season's sport.

With the prospect of having no great international rifle match during this year to overshadow all the smaller efforts, the present attention to the art of precision in firearms is all the more noteworthy. It is not in the line of a sudden fever or spasm, fanned up by the efforts of the newspapers, rather it is, as we have pointed out, the due development of the idea that it is good to have sport, and for men of sedentary habits beyond the age for active athletic endeavor, the use of the rifle or the gun completely fills the bill for a rational outdoor pastime. Nor is it a mere relaxation for the body. There is a wonderful interest readily excited in a thinking mind in studying out the cause and effect, the effort and result in all matters of marksmanship. A man may grow in skill, and this growth and improvement may safely be assured to him who will exercise care and thought in all his efforts. Every one may not become a leader in a certain line of sport. There is a natural aptitude or physical formation which marks certain ones as champions. Not so in shooting. With good weapons, proper practice, compelling success to spring from failure, there is no reason why any man should not rise into the front rank. If he does not it is generally because he will not.

A CENTURY OF EXTERMINATION.

IT seems quite probable that this Nineteenth century may be unpleasantly memorable in centuries to come as that in which many species of animate and inanimate nature became extinct. It has witnessed the extinction of the great auk, so utterly swept off the face of the earth that the skin, or even the egg, of one is a small fortune to the possessor, and it is almost as certain as death that in the less than a decade and a half that remain of it, the last wild bison will have disappeared. Reduced from the hundreds of thousands of twenty years ago to the single thousand or so of to-day, it needs not a third of the time to compass their complete annihilation. It is not improbable that the elk and the antelope will be overtaken by almost as swift a fate, and have passed away before A. D. 1900. The skin hunters, and, impelled by quite as ignoble and a more savage impulse, the game butchers misnamed sportsmen, are making almost as speedy way with them as they have with the buffalo.

In the untamable wilderness of the north, the moose and caribou may endure for many years to come, but this hope can hardly be entertained for the common deer, hedged as they are within their narrowing ranges by civilization, and mercilessly hunted by all methods in all seasons. They may outlast the century, but they will have become woefully scarce at the close of it, even in such regions as the Adirondacks, that seem to have been set apart by nature especially for the preservation of wild life, unless some better and more unselfish feeling takes hold of the people who should be foremost in protecting them.

The wild turkey is passing away, and it is a question of but few years when he shall have departed forever. In some localities the next noblest of our game birds, the ruffed grouse, has become almost a thing of the past, and in some years is everywhere so scarce that there are sad forebodings of his complete disappearance from the rugged hills of which he seems as much a belonging as the lichened rocks, the arbutus and the wind-swept evergreens. Out of all New England but one little island, and out of all the Eastern States, the besom of destruction has swept his kinsman, the pinnated grouse.

The woodcock is being cultivated and improved and murdered out of existence with clearing and draining and summer shooting, and unseasonable shooting is doing the same for many kinds of waterfowl. In the Eastern States a wild pigeon is a rare sight now, and has been for years; the netters and slaughterers have done their work too thoroughly.

And now gentle woman is making an end of the song birds that she may trick her headgear in barbaric and truly savage fashion. The brighter plumaged small birds are becoming noticeably scarce even in those parts of the country that the milliners' collector and the pot-naturalist have not yet invaded, and such as the scarlet tanager, never anywhere numerous, are like to be soon "collected" out of living existence. If they are to be saved, it is by no dallying, nor slow awakening of popular feeling in their behalf.

There will be pine trees, no doubt, for centuries to come, but who that live twenty years hence will see one of their grand monarchs of the woods towering above all other forest growth, or see any ancient tree, however storied or precious for its age and beauty and majesty and mystery of long past years, if it is worth the cutting for timber or fuel?

An old man may be glad that his eyes are not to behold the coming desolation, but he must be sad when he thinks of the poor inheritance of his children.

THE DOG SHOW SEASON is drawing to a close. It has been a very successful one.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A NIGHT AMONG THE KEYS.

IT WAS early, very early in the morning, when the forward hands, acting as cook for the time, turned out, and, in bare feet and with no unnecessary noise, proceeded to make a fire in the sand-box on the lee quarter of the sharpie, and brew a pot of strong coffee. For Captain Tarpon, after the manner of those who have lived long in the tropics, winds himself up for each day's run by a small cup of black coffee, taken the first thing in the morning. Lacking this, he is apt to get in a snarl and run down before night; and the cook, being aware of this, had a hand full of dry wood prepared over night and went about the deck silently until the coffee was ready, hot and black. Then he went below, where the captain was sleeping soundly, and sang out "coffee-e." At the word Captain T. opens his eyes, stares around vaguely, and finally, getting his bearings, reaches for the coffee and the tobacco bag with brown sugar in it and a tin spoon sticking out of it. Swallowing his coffee at a temperature that would skin an ordinary mouth, he follows the cook on deck, casts an eye to windward, to leeward and overhead, gets a pull on the dandy sheet, and hoists mainsail and jib; and, by the time the cook has swallowed his coffee, is walking the sharpie up to her anchor. The tide is full, the light breeze fair, and the upper rim of the rising sun is fast beginning to gleam through the orange groves and turkey oaks that adorn the little town of Dunedin as the cook lays coffee-pot and cups aside to take up the role of forward hands or crew. The anchor is speared and the captain performs the unsailorlike operation of shoving her nose off with a setting pole that the jib might fill, while the crew takes the wheel (represented by a crooked live oak stick), and the sharpie begins to go as she looks, straight toward the tall tripod that marks the entrance to Big Pass, five miles distant.

There is no need to follow the tortuous channel with its puzzling array of tripods, red boards and black crosses, which often fog even old coasters, for there is a rise of four feet on the shoals, and the sharpie only draws sixteen inches with her centerboard up. We can give her two feet of board safely, to hang on by. Very pleasant summer sailing it is on these inner waters, protected on one side by a line of keys and on the other by the main land. Not adventurous. No exciting thrashes to windward. There is danger—of getting stuck on the mud flats—and a light, serviceable setting pole becomes an indispensable nautical instrument when sailing among the Florida keys. From the North Anclote Key to Punta Rassa it is nearly all inside work, and the less water a cruiser draws the better for the comfort of the crew. Anything of the cutter type would be apt to spend half her time beam-ended on the flats. About the best cruiser I know on this coast is a yacht owned at Manatee. She is 19 feet long and has 10 feet beam, works well to windward and is very fast.

An hour of smooth sailing took the sharpie past the tripod at the entrance of the Pass. Fifteen minutes more and she swung to her anchor at the head of the Pass, with her stern line fast to the last mangrove at the outer end of the Pass, where there was a broad, free outlook over the crisp salt waves of the Gulf and a clean white beach within stepping distance of her starboard gunwale. The tide was flowing through from seaward, and large schools of mullet were swarming in to feed on the flats, carrying a visible wave ahead of them as they came, and constantly leaping out of water to escape the redfish and tarpon that prey on them night and day unceasingly. And these, too, have their turns at aerial gymnastics when the sharks, that attend on every school of mullet, make an indiscriminate dash at the whole array. The leap that a tarpon will make with a shark after him is almost marvelous; and I think he generally gets away, leaving his enemy to take it out of redfish and mullet.

As the intention was to spend an entire day and night at the Pass, stores were landed, and the captain volunteered to get breakfast while the crew took a plunge in the bright, clear water that was bubbling past the beach. "Don't go out in deep water, and keep an eye to windward," said the captain. "These passes are the hunting grounds of sharks." The crew "shucked" himself and plunged under the counter of the sharpie, came up, shook the water out of his eyes, and struck out for the beach at his best speed and with much splashing withal. For he had seen the black, sickle shaped fin of a man-eater coming his way swiftly, and he is a man who has a high respect for his legs, depends a good deal on them, in fact; so he landed rather hastily, and as he turned to look, there were the ugly jaws and cruel eyes of a shark within a yard of the beach. The crew muttered "dammm!"

"But nothing else; the time for words was o'er."

Provision boxes, blankets, guns and canoes were snugly berthed in the shade of leafy mangroves, and the captain had the breakfast ready by 8 A. M. There was nothing specially notable about the breakfast, unless it may be the appetites with which it was eaten. Bacon, eggs, hardtack, butter, potatoes and coffee. But in outing there should be fish or game at each meal, as the crew ventured to remark. He also mentioned the fact that he had good fishing tackle along, and intended to launch the Bucktail after breakfast for an hour's trolling up and down the channel. The captain volunteered some advice. "You can try it if you like, but, if I were you, I wouldn't. You can hook a redfish, no doubt, and he is as likely to weigh thirty to forty pounds as less. Then what becomes of your tackle? And if you hook a smaller one that you can handle, the sharks will mitten on to him as soon as they see him in trouble, and way goes the whole business. Wait till the tide goes out and you will see the flats speckled with beach birds, snipe, plover, curlew and others. Working the Rushton as you do with the one-handed paddle and sitting flat on the keelson, I should think you might sly up to a flock of birds and rake enough at one pop to supply the camp all day. Meantime we can take in some surf bathing and pick up all the shells we want on the outer beach."

The proposition seemed so reasonable that it was assented to at once; and dishes were quickly cleared, stowed away and a dense smudge started to windward of the camp to drive the key mosquitoes, which were getting bad, and the party started for the head of the Pass.

On rounding the point where the channel begins a sight met the eyes of the crew that made him clutch his gun nervously and long for the power to make himself invisible. For on a long, low sand spot that ran off from the shore diagonally, there was such an aggregation of shore birds as one seldom sees. There was a fine and varied assortment. Snipe, plover and curlew, brown and white sickle bills,

sheerwater, willet, etc., all flanked by a solemn-looking line of pelicans. But there was nothing whatever to blind the approach of the gunner, and a man—even a small man—looms up so ridiculously large on a background of white sand. The crew dropped flat and spread himself thin as three shilling molasses, but in vain. They took flight while he was far out of shot and left the shore birdless. A couple of hours were spent very pleasantly gathering shells and splashing in the surf and then back to camp. The tide was already running out strongly, and wherever the flats were bare the birds were gathering rapidly. They came from all quarters and seemed quite tame, not having been fired at probably, though one shot would be pretty certain to chey the whole gathering and clear the flats of birds for half a mile in every direction, not to return until next tide. Under such circumstances it seems a pity to shoot, unless the camp be a trifle short on meat.

There was an extensive flat on the opposite side of the channel that seemed to be a favorite feeding ground for willet and plover, and when the tide was low and the birds had gathered in hundreds at least, the Rushton was launched and the crew began to work her slowly and silently over the flats. Sitting low and using only the small one-handed paddle he was able to get within thirty yards without scaring a bird. Then the paddle was left overboard to tow by its bit of fish line while the gun came slowly to its place, and then there was a roar that sent every bird out of sight in about one minute, all, save five unfortunates that got left on the sand. These were fat and tender, and they were sufficient for present use. The crew paddled over to camp, lamenting that only willet and plover were to be had, while on a distant flat there was a grand flock of roseate spoonbills, looking like a company of soldiers in pink uniform. They are the finest shore birds on the coast, but wary and difficult to approach. They are called pink curlew on the gulf coast.

The dinner was a success; and then came the question of how best to fill the time until evening. It may be well to explain that the key, at the south end of which the sharpie was anchored, is about fifteen miles long, and bears the euphonious name of Hog Island. The island is nowhere more than a mile in width, and at the middle narrows to a few yards, with an easy carry across from the bay to the open coast. It is a favorite resort for sailing parties from Anclote and Tarpon Springs, who usually land at the carry, and spend the day picnicking and gathering shells on the outer coast. Like most of the Florida keys it is largely covered with mangrove thickets, but near the south end the land is higher, and here there is a strong growth of live oak and pine, grapevines and cabbage palmetto. This is the pleasantest part of the island, but the distance being rather too great for a day's outing, parties usually land at the carry, six miles above the Pass. To the northward of Hog Island there is open water for five miles, and a strong westerly wind sweeping in from the gulf makes it rough on the bay for small boats or canoes. North of this open space lie the Anclote Keys, the largest of which is six miles in length, with a high, pine-crowned rise and a well of good water. The surf bathing here is excellent, but every party that goes out to the keys for an outing seems to have "shells" on the brain, and the beach at Anclote Keys is not a good place for gathering shells.

Both at Hog Island and Anclote may be seen the charred remains of a very small settlement. A quarter of an acre of rough clearing, blackened stumps, half-burned logs, etc., denote that somebody has had the temerity to brave the key mosquito in an attempt to live on the keys. You wonder at this, until you are told significantly that there may be worse things than black mosquitoes, that the Southern Confederacy in its last years enforced the conscription without mercy or conscience, and that these keys made the very best of hiding places. Here the refugee could smoke the pipe of safety as he calmly watched the searching party row out from the mainland. When they came too near for fun he had only to walk off to a hiding place where a score of men could not find him in a month. But they could and did find his camp, and burned it, usually. Sometimes, not often, they caught him, and it was a hanging matter when they did. If the Confederate service was worse than a life on the keys of the gulf coast it must have been bad enough, that is, in mosquito time.

July and August are the mosquito months, they will tell you. But the black mosquito is omnipresent and ubiquitous. He will come buzzing around your head in a warm camp on nights when the thermometer stands at 28°, and you need not take the trouble to put up mosquito bars. He will go through the cloth like a flea, and he always gets to business on the instant of his arrival. He is poisonous, virulent, persistent, and oh, so numerous. He renders the Florida keys uninhabitable, which, but for him, would be most delightful summer resorts. In short, the black, or key mosquito, is the demon of the mosquito kingdom.

The cook did not know this, though he thought he knew all about mosquitoes. He had fought them in Michigan, in Jersey, and even in the Amazon Valley, and had always pulled through in pretty good shape with the aid of punkie dope and nets. Was it likely he was going to be beaten on a shallow, skiffy coast like this? And so, setting aside wider and wider knowledge, he insisted that the sharpie should anchor in the channel, some 300 yards from the nearest key, where one could see the sun set goldenly, gloriously, over the tumbling breakers of the outer reef, and watch the immense schools of fish that come in through the pass with each incoming tide.

"We will anchor just where you say," said the skipper. "But I think you will pine for wider water."

The sharpie dropped quietly down the channel, and was anchored just as the cook desired. And the sunset was a glorious one; and the fish came on in ponderous, dense schools, so heavy that speed seemed impossible, and escape from their numerous foes a helpless attempt.

Also, as darkness came down on the face of the waters, it brought such clouds of black, active little mosquitoes as that misguided cook had never before seen. He tried a smudge, but the vessel was short of the proper material for smudging, and the insects did not mind it in the least. Then he got out an open sack of mosquito netting rigged with a shir string to close around the crown of the hat, while the lower end was to be tucked snugly under the coat collar. And in five minutes the little demons were plentier inside the netting than out. Then he tried the fly medicine, composed of tar, castor oil and pennyroyal. This he considered unfailing, and he gave himself a most liberal coating on every inch of exposed skin. The mixture was sticky, and in a few minutes his face and hands were black with the countless thousands that got mired therein; and still they came, thicker and faster. They filled ears, eyes and nostrils; they got in their irritating work in spite of any fly medicine, and they

made life a burden grievous to bear. Lastly, that unhappy cook tried swathing himself head and ears in his blanket. This was more nearly effective than anything else, but when the blanket was drawn snugly enough to keep out the insects breathing became very difficult, and at the least opening for air they swarmed in with fresh vigor.

The cook wilted. "Captain," he said, "I think I am beaten."

And the skipper responded, "I told you so," a phrase that has comforted the afflicted since the days of Job.

All night that miserable cook sat on the port quarter of the sharpie, swabbing himself with strong brine and smoking strong tobacco. His only consolation was in watching the countless schools of fish that were every minute leaping and slapping about the vessel; and this soon became monotonous; it was the same thing over and over again; first, a slowly advancing, phosphorescent wave, suddenly breaking into thousands of glinting, shining white sparkles as the reddish charged the mullet, the tarpon made a dash at both, and the sharks wound up the confusion by dashing at the whole on general principles; then silence.

"And this," mused the cook, "is going on this very hour all along the gulf coast, and has been going on daily for God knows how many centuries. And yet, the mullets kept their numbers good until the arch destroyer—man, the white man—entered the lists with modern appliances and inventions for scooping the luckless fish by millions. Already the oldest and most observant of the old fishermen along the coast will testify that the supply of mullet has diminished more than one-half, and there is no more need of the law against using the mullet as manure. The difficulty at present is to get sufficient for the food supply; and the coast fisheries often fail in that. And like the salmon and brook trout of the East, or even the mackerel and lobster, the mullet must go."

"It is not that the strong devour the weak, or the big fish eat the little ones; that is Nature's law of compensations, and her balances always hang level. The savage man lives for the most part on fish and game, but Nature counts him in as a leading factor, and the woodfolk and water kelpies keep their numbers good for long centuries—until civilized men come to the front, and then? They vanish like the mists of the morning, in spite of all laws for their preservation. It is true that from the days of Pharaoh to the present time the strong have devoured the weak,—and—dammit," he interjected, as a black cloud of mosquitoes fresh from the nearest key swept into his face, "the weak have had their innings about as often. But lice and frogs are respectable compared with key mosquitoes. I wonder is the afterguard really asleep, or only shamming?"

For the skipper had swathed himself tightly from crown to heels in that wonderful blanket with the blue check and was stretched to his full length on the after-house, snoring peacefully. Lying on his back, with his feet elevated perpendicularly, he looked in the dim starlight like an Indian mound, with a pair of headstones at the wrong end of it. "When he is sufficiently asphyxiated," muttered the cook, "I'll roll him overboard." But he did not asphyxiate. He had served time on a North Sea whaler and had studied the mysteries of suffocation in Esquimaux igloos; wherefore, after sleeping for more than an hour he was able to emerge in a fresh condition, considering the weather, and to take a smoke, a cooling wash in the sea water, and another nap. This he repeated at least three times before a faint rosy glow in the east gave "hint that the sun would shortly come that way." Then he arose like a giant refreshed, folded the marvellous blanket, and prepared to get the sharpie under way, while the cook started a fire in the sand-box and brewed a pot of strong, black coffee.

It is five miles from the head of Big Pass to the anchorage off the bluffs of Clearwater Harbor, and with a light sea breeze the sharpie glided over the smooth bay like a white-winged ghost, and turned to look at her anchor with the ease and grace of a—wild goose.

Then the cook paddled ashore in the light canoe, intent on getting even. Skirmishing along the bluff among the live oaks he soon gathered a supply of dry punk, and came back prepared to rout the enemy by final and effective smudging. Something like a peck of dry, pulverized mulch was built into a pyramid on the biggest frying-pan, moistened with sea water, set on fire and taken below, chock forward to the eyes. Below decks the air was turgid with the little black demons, and there was an incessant metallic, low hum, like the sighing of a harp string. But it did not last. Never since the first decked vessel was launched was the hold of a ship more thoroughly filled with a dense volume of smoke than was the cabin of the sharpie on that morning. The key mosquito can stand more smudging than any other winged insect; but there is a point beyond endurance even for him. Slowly, in a black, buzzing cloud the enemy rose through the fore hatch or fell back *en masse* through the companion way. He hung like a dark mist on the quarter of the vessel for awhile; but it came too thick, and with heartfelt reluctance he let go and drifted landward.

The cook took heart of grace to get up a good breakfast, and willingly fell in with the proposition of a final run ashore at Clearwater; for there were some old coasters whom he wished to interview, and the skipper had kindly agreed to look them up for an introduction—the mode of which, as it struck the cook, was, to say the least, a trifle unique. It was about like this: "Cap'n Topliff, let me make you acquainted with my friend 'Nessmuk,' who is down here for a cruise in the lightest canoe ever built of cedar. He and I represent the two extremes—the Head and the Tail—of American canoeing."

"H'm-m," mused the cook, "He and I, the Head and the Tail."

"Very good; but it must be 'very self denyin' o' you,' this constant allusion to yourself as 'The Tail,' my dear captain."

Clearwater has natural advantages which render it very popular as a winter resort, not only for Northerners, but for Southern people as well, who come there from malarial districts to recuperate. It is high, dry, healthy, and has the unusual advantage, for a gulf coast town, of being easily accessible by water. It is handy to some of the finest keys, and also to good shooting for beach birds. But the hunting for deer, turkey and even quail is poor. There are two good hotels and—high prices.

A well-known Boston yachtsman sums up the advantages of Clearwater Harbor about like this: "I like Clearwater because it has the finest outlook of any town on the coast; there is capital sailing, either inside the keys or on the open gulf, and it is a place you can always get away from."

Late in the day the skipper and cook met on board the sharpie and prepared to stand up the coast with the flood tide. The former had visited all his Clearwater acquaint-

ances; the latter had buttonholed every old coaster, wrecker and sponger at all available, and had listened to some strange yarns; what is more, he had believed them. As a rule, the old coaster is the most prosaic, matter-of-fact, unimaginative being you can meet on the outskirts of civilization. Mud flats, mangrove swamps and saw-grass marshes are not conducive of romance. It takes a mountain man to develop a grand lie. The ghost of Munchausen dwells in the Rockies.

As the sharpie glided quietly along the coast while the sun was making a very creditable exit behind the tumbling breakers beyond the keys, the skipper asked with a grin: "And where shall we anchor to-night?" And the cook answered, sadly: "Anywhere, anywhere—off from the keys."

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., Aug. 25, 1885-April 10, 1886.

Natural History.

THE BIRD AND MAIDEN.

[Inscribed to the AUDUBON SOCIETY.]

SWEETLY in the quietude
Of a leafy solitude,
In the after glow of day,
Like an angelus of old time,
Echoed clear a rippling rhyme
From a song bird on a spray.

And a maiden came, demurely,
To the woody way securely,
As in cloister walks the nun,
And she heard with no evadence
Every trill and every cadence,
'Mid the shadows falling dun.

Plaintive grew the wilding note
From the pretty singer's throat,
Pensive grew the maiden's mien—
Now she paused with look agast,
As the startled bird flew past
And no more was heard or seen.

From her head a branch had riven,
And a vengeful toss had given,
Hat on which a bird was placed:
Bird like that whose vesper song
Lured her feet thus far along—
Stood the maiden as disgraced.

For she rock'd the cruel fashion,
That with her had grown a passion,
Thus to wear the sweet birds slain,
And by contrite pangs reproved,
Tenderly the bird removed
From the hat where it had lain.

Then a grave she deftly made it,
And within she gently laid it,
In the silent sylvan shade.
And returning thence she pondered
Of the lives her sex had squandered,
Of the desolation made!

Prithce, women, look and listen
Where the dew-sprent daisies glisten,
Where the woodland shadows fall!
Miss ye not the flash of wing,
Miss ye not the gladsome ring
Of the birds' entrancing call?

Plitful and plaintive note
Ye may hear from hermit throat—
'Tis the requiem for the lost!
O forsake thy cruel quest,
Spare the birds and guard the nest,
Or ye cannot count the cost.

O. W. R.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

ALTHOUGH the movement set on foot by this Society for the protection of our birds is universally approved as a whole, every clause of our pledges is objected to in turn by the offenders against that particular clause. The boys who find their recreation in bird nesting, and who flatter themselves that making collections of eggs is a scientific pursuit, approve warmly of pledges one and three, but suggest that bird nesting for scientific purposes should be exempted. Another body of our supporters suggest that pledge one should exempt all noxious birds, by which is generally understood hawks, vultures, owls, crows, jays, etc., while many ladies are not without a protest against what they consider the too arbitrary provisions of the third pledge. Some of them are content with claiming exemption in respect of the feathers already in use, a claim with which one can sympathize readily in all cases in which discarding their feathers involves an expenditure of importance to the persons concerned; but others go further, and argue that although it is a shame to sacrifice ten million birds annually to meet the demands of fashion, it were a sin and a shame, now that a year's stock of skins has been accumulated, that the ten million lives needlessly sacrificed should be sacrificed in vain. These last plead of course that existing stocks should be utilized, and further slaughter put a stop to by penal legislation. To the reply that penal legislation will be ineffectual, as long as the demand is continuous, they turn a deaf ear. They understand reason of course—what American woman does not?—but they will not listen to it.

The AUDUBON SOCIETY has set itself a great task, but it is evident that it can achieve nothing if it yield to every plea for exemption. It is not a body of unreasoning sentimentalists; the movement was inaugurated by scientific men on purely economic grounds. They see evil, very serious evil, threatening to amount to a national calamity in the annual destruction of from ten to twenty millions of birds to gratify the passing vagaries of the generation. They have not taken up the question as to whether there is anything shocking, cruel, or revolting in the needless sacrifice of this enormous measure of bird life. That is a point for the consideration of the moralist, and it is a point well worthy of consideration in the training of children, whether they can be made participants in a needless sacrifice of life without blunting their finer sensibilities. But setting this aside, it is evident that this destruction expanded to meet an almost universal demand, has already been carried far beyond the recuperative powers of nature to replace. In our own country the concurrent testimony of old residents all over the land is, that all the once familiar species of birds are disappearing. The demand exceeds the source of supply, a condition which cannot fail to lead to the almost total extinction

of our birds, with all that is involved in so serious a disturbance of the balance of life. It is not merely that ten millions of birds will eat billions of insects in a year. That is easily calculated. The unknown quantity, the problem for which the present fashion is preparing a practical solution, is the extent to which insects, now comparatively rare and unnoticed, would multiply and ravage the land if the birds which prey on them were utterly or nearly annihilated. To arrest this destruction of our birds is the object of the AUDUBON SOCIETY, which calls on all who have hitherto been thoughtlessly contributing to bring about a condition of things, the evils of which are inestimable:—to pause before it is too late. The greatest drain upon our birds is for feather millinery. Excepting only the ostrich feather for which no artificial substitute could be provided, and the wearing of which is encouraged by the AUDUBON SOCIETY, as tending to support an important industry, and to perpetuate these birds, which would soon be extinct if they were not domesticated, there is no other class of plumage indispensable to millinery. Good artistic effects can be produced by choice varieties of feathers, but equally as good effects can be produced with the products of the loom and other artificial substances, and the first important consideration is to awaken popular sentiment to the desirability of a change of fashion before the nation shall be visited with a just retribution for reckless disturbance of the economic laws of nature.

To the egg collectors for scientific purposes we say: Do your part to arrest the threatened wholesale destruction instead of aggravating it, that your boys after you may be able to study ornithology from living specimens, and not have to read of the now familiar song birds of the grove as recently extinct species.

The destroyers of noxious birds, as they choose to style all predatory birds, stand on somewhat different ground from the egg collectors and the plumage wearers. They take the stand that noxious birds are of no value in the economy of Nature, but are destructive of the species we are mainly desirous of preserving. To a very limited extent this is true; but while the evil these birds perpetrate is readily appreciable, the advantages they confer on man are not at all patent to the casual observer. That shrewd observer Eliza Slade says he knows no American bird that is not more beneficial than prejudicial to the farmer, and such would be the general verdict if every one observed as carefully and dispassionately as he. All these so-called noxious birds prey to a certain extent on small reptiles; but they also prey to a very considerable extent on reptiles, mice, and the larger insects, which but for them would increase madly and perpetrate untold havoc on the farmers' crops. To the destroyers of predatory birds we say: Join the Audubon movement and aid in checking the present wholesale destruction, and stay your hands from the attempted extermination of your pet aversions until the old conditions are restored, after which the AUDUBON SOCIETY will gladly investigate all charges against hawks, crows or jays, and give an unbiased verdict according to conscience.

If the Audubon movement encounters passing difficulties, these are liberally compensated for by the daily evidences we receive of a general readiness to make sacrifices to principle. The two letters we publish to-day, one from an intelligent schoolboy, the other from a simple New England maiden, indicate traits of character which the nation may well be proud of. As long as such types of humanity shall be common in the land, there is little fear but that the nation will pass triumphantly through all the difficulties that beset the unparalleled development that awaits it. That such types are common, the success of the Audubon movement bears ample testimony. We are not simply collecting in one fold all the friends of the movement, but are making converts to it on a large scale among those with whom conversion means in all cases a measure of self-denial.

One secretary writes: "There is no difficulty in getting any required number of pledges signed, but I make members only of those who have been persistently violating the pledges." Another secretary contributes, among others, a red Indian as captive of her bow and spear, and although her little daughter attempted to discount the conquest by remarking that it was a tame Indian, there is food for reflection in his having become a member of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. On the same day we enrolled an actress of distinction on the Boston boards on our list of members, and the movement is advancing in an ever accelerating ratio. Our confidence in the ultimate results lies in the fact that wherever we secure an energetic and influential secretary, success follows in the ratio of energy displayed, and although a great many ladies are bargaining for the privilege of wearing out the feathers on hand, we believe that the fashion has received a blow from which it will not again rally.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I desire to be secretary in the village of Elmwood if no one else has applied for that position. As soon as I have finished this letter I will burn up all the feathers I have.

BERTHA PAINE.

P. S.—My mother and I have stripped our hats and bonnets of feathers of every kind and burned them. B. P.

ELMWOOD, Mass., April 13.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having seen so much in the newspapers this last few months about the AUDUBON SOCIETY and the cause for which they are working, I resolved to give up collecting birds and their eggs. So, after consulting some of my companions, we resolved to try and become members of your Society and to aid in trying to protect our birds. So please send me circulars of information and about one dozen pledge forms.

LOUIS J. TOWNSEND.

BLOOMSBURG, Pa., April 26.

A meeting of the Sorosis was held on Monday last at Delmonico's. The chairman, Mrs. S. E. Youmans, introduced the question for discussion which read as follows:

Resolved, That the destruction of the native birds, for which women are largely responsible, is an injury to the welfare and beauty of our country.

A report of the meeting states: The first paper was by H. H. Miller (Olive Thorne), "June with the Birds," which was an earnest protest against the sacrifice of bird life. The next paper was "A Birdless World," by Hester M. Poole. Mrs. Poole offered the following resolutions:

Whereas, The destruction of our native birds, largely for purposes of adornment, has reached an extent calculated to alarm the lover of nature and the agriculturist, be it

Resolved, That the undersigned members of Sorosis and their friends pledge themselves not to use the plumage of native birds in any manner whatever;

Resolved, That we forward our names to the AUDUBON

SOCIETY to be enrolled among the members of that society. This bird-killing question was agitated in Sorosis two months ago, and many availed themselves of the opportunity of signing these resolutions. A letter was read from Miss White, an officer of the AUDUBON SOCIETY, in which she said if no more birds were killed in this country it would take four generations to replace the birds that had been destroyed in the last four years. The ladies condemned the English sparrows as foreign intruders and a nuisance.

A TAME SQUIRREL.

"KELPIE," who writes of pet squirrels, brings to my mind the hours of real enjoyment I have had with the king of all pets, a tame gray squirrel. When a boy, my brother and I caught one about half grown, and after a few weeks' confinement we allowed him to come out of his cage and play in the kitchen, first making sure that all doors and windows were made fast. It was not long before he became quite tame, and would allow us to handle him without showing any resentment. As winter approached he discarded his cage altogether, and it was amusing to see him demolish old newspapers to make himself a nest in a large kettle which was kept under the sink in a back room. Boy like, I imagined he would sleep cold there, so after much coaxing my mother consented that I might take him to bed with me, and from early winter till the warm days of April I did not retire for one night without my Curly nestled by my side, warmly tucked under the clothes. If by chance his inclination led him to take a run about the farm house chamber, he never forgot which side of the bed I lay on, and always came creeping under the clothes and remained till I was dressed, and then would perch on my shoulder for me to take him down stairs.

Then the music would commence. First the dog and cat had to be looked after, and I doubt if ever any poor dumb animals lived in more mortal terror than did that dog and cat. Many were the times I have taken the part of poor Tabby as Curly would be running her in the back room, over the sink, around the big arch and oven, over the big cupboard, till the poor cat would be nearly winded. If, perchance, poor Major so far forgot himself as to go to sleep by the open fire, his dreams were always haunted by the spirit of a wicked squirrel, and he would always awake with a yelp, and the shadow of a tail as it flitted under the table told the cause of his troubled dreams. If we had company Curly did not need any introduction. He would take his stand of observation, and after a thorough inspection his first thought would be to show them what he could do. Talk of the spoiled child of the family, that squirrel was master of that house and yet as gentle as a kitten. No animal lives, I believe, so playful and that shows so much cunning.

Pumpkin seeds were his weakness. If I wanted him to go to the barn with me, a few seeds closed in my hand furnished an attraction which he could not resist. The old ink peddler who was showing his samples on the kitchen table was surprised to hear a crash and to find while his back was turned that his squirrelship had made love to the choicest sample, and only failed of capturing it by its being too heavy for him to carry.

Of all my pets, of which I have had many, none will ever take the place of that squirrel. As the warm days came, and the snow disappeared, with windows and doors thrown open, he would get lonesome, and would try the wood pile, then the fences, always being careful to see that the coast was clear for a shelter in the house, should danger approach, but he gradually went further till he would be gone an hour, then a half day, then all night, at last he was gone a week, and when he returned he showed that the natural instincts of his animal nature was fast developing and it seemed too cruel to confine him again, so we let him go, and it was not until late in September that he came back, perhaps to take up his abode with us again. But the mischievous curiosity of a tame crow was more than he could stand and he disappeared again only to be seen thereafter occasionally in the woods. MILL.

EELS IN WATER PIPES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While looking on at the flowing of a street hydrant, corner Broadway and Walker street, I was much amused by seeing an eel over two feet long make its appearance, and squirm up Broadway in the company of cabs, trucks, etc. It was finally captured by a laborer, who carried it off in triumph. Has this fish attained its growth in our water pipes? If so, how could it manage to exist on our clear, clean Croton?—ERNEST F. THOMAS. [Eels have been known to live in water pipes for a long time and to have grown while there. They love to hide and can find food in the dark.—ED.]

TAME RUFFED GROUSE.—*Morris, Ill., May 1.*—I saw a pheasant or ruffed grouse on the 25th of last month at the farm house of S. Hage, in our township, that has been a frequent visitor in the door yard for the last three years. The bird has become so tame by kind usage that it will take food from the hand and jump up on the lap of a person without any apparent fear. It is not so familiar with a stranger, however. It is without doubt a female, for the black feathers on the neck are wanting. In the hot season and when its food is plenty it absents itself for months at a time.—M. H. CRYDER.

SPRING NOTES.—*Fairhaven, Vt., April 5.*—The season here is very far advanced, being fully three weeks earlier than last year. Robins made their first appearance on the 16th of March, about dusk. Crows, ravens, bluebirds and blackbirds are all here, making the barren woods and marsh ring with their notes. Ducks and geese have been going north for over two weeks. Only one duck was shot that I know of and that was a fish duck and had a young sucker over seven inches long in his throat.—NED.

IT IS A LIBERAL EDUCATION.—While I had a lame back I availed myself of my enforced idleness to faithfully read the back numbers of *FOREST AND STREAM* since Sept. Sometimes they accumulate as in this instance, but sooner or later I read them from cover to cover. I am more and more impressed with the value of this paper, which I have taken since its first issue. It contains a world of information for the scientist and the layman; its character is of the highest order, making it, aside from being the best paper for the American sportsman that is published on the globe, an excellent family paper, as an educator of the young. In fact, if one reads it faithfully and understandingly, he or she will receive a liberal education. "Yo" and Nanny are particularly happy in their present series, but one cannot discriminate where all are so good.—C.

Game Bag and Gun.

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IN THE WILDS OF ARKANSAS.

[Extracts from a letter written by a sportsman to a sportsman and here printed for other sportsmen.]

ON Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26, a party of sixteen, including two cooks, boarded the 4 o'clock west-bound train at Elkhart, Ind., bound for Brinkly, Ark. There were two cut-in-two boats, six tents, boxes and barrels of provisions, guns and dogs. And such a lay-out of dogs one does not see a second time in a lifetime! Three setters in which setter blood predominated, though mine showed unmistakable signs that some of his ancestors had been badly frightened by a pointer; a half-bred spaniel bitch, a French dog of unnameable breed, two hounds, and a "flee." We arrived in Weiner, Poinsett county, Ark., on the 28th, in time for breakfast. I had been told at Cairo by the agent of the Texas & St. Louis Railroad that the fire had traveled over hundreds of miles of prairie and forest, including the territory about Weiner; also that a deputy sheriff had been collecting \$12.30 from every man who landed there with a gun, as a license fee for non-resident shooters.

On arrival I immediately interviewed the constable, who was at the same time the station agent and postmaster, in regard to the license; looked over the law in his book where the page showed unmistakably that he had showed it to several before. He said he could see no way to avoid paying the fee.

I hired a mule team and lumber wagon, drove fourteen miles across country to Harrisburg, where I met the sheriff, who, in Arkansas, is the collector. He appeared to be a pretty good sort of fellow, listened to my arguments on points of law, then gave me a written statement over his official signature, that in his opinion only those who followed shooting, etc., for profit, and not those who came in for a few days' sport should be made to pay a license fee. We were never molested. When I got back that night I wrote a long letter explaining the matter to the General Passenger Agent at Texarkana, and simply suggested that should the railroad company see fit to discharge their agent at Weiner, Mr. George Phillips—a native—would fill the bill. When we came away Mr. Phillips was the station agent.

Sunday we went into two camps about a half mile apart. Quail were to be found in fair numbers, but the deer people who reside on the edge of the prairie had put out strychnia (a native called it "strike 9") to poison wolves, and as it was put where the quail were, our dogs were in danger of getting it, and so we decided to move camp. K. and C. went to find ducks, as there was no water, consequently no ducks, where we were, while Tom and I, taking blankets and provisions, shouldered our guns and made a break eight miles into the woods, where deer and turkeys were said to be very plenty. We started after dinner following the "blazes" and along toward night arrived at a clearing of perhaps forty acres; there dwelt in primitive style Mr. M. S. Cox, formerly a captain in the Confederate army, an Alabamian, and jolly good fellow to boot. Adjoining him was Philip Hanes and his sixteen-year-old son, who had come from Ohio a year before on a hunt, found good land cheap and had never been back. The two lived in a crude log hut, doing their own work, for the mother was dead. Hanes turned out to be a whole-souled man—one who can be relied on, and the best woodsman I have ever met. He can call a sitting turkey off his nest, while the gobblers blush with envy at his beautiful notes, especially when he slaps the ground with his old hat, imitating the noise made by them while fighting. He carries a .45-75 Winchester and doesn't need a rest to shoot it, in fact he is old "Deer Slayer" himself.

About this time you are saying, "Why in thunder don't he get down to hunting?" Well, hold on, I cannot put the top rails on the fence first.

That night H. steered Tom and me to a place where deer sometimes passed, but they didn't pass then. On our way back to H.'s, Tom, who was a few rods to my right, called out, "Come here, Doc, quick, and see what I have found." Sure enough, he had found—C., on a stub ten feet from the ground, where he too was looking for deer, and K. was near at hand. They had started for the St. Francis region, but hearing from a reliable source that there were no ducks there, and that we had gone where game was plenty, concluded to join us. They stopped with Cox, while Tom and I spread our blankets in Hanes's bunk on a pile of millet straw, and slept the sleep of tired hunters.

Early the next morning, after a brief breakfast, we followed H. three miles N.E., where he perched me on a bent hickory, ten feet from the ground, and Tom about forty rods away, while he, bidding us keep still and look out sharp for deer, loped off into the slough (slew in the vernacular) just to see if there were any turkeys about. Standing on a log in mid air with nothing more exciting than expectation is not calculated to unstring one's nerves very much, and so when, after a half hour's waiting, I heard H.'s Winchester crack, I was all eyes and ears. Soon I saw four big turkeys flying toward me, but they turned off and lit within rifle range, too far away for my open bore shotgun. While I was debating whether to get off my roost and attack the turkeys on their's, Hanes's gun spoke again and another bird came toward me. Hastily changing shells in my right barrel, 5s for solid ball, I caught her away above the tree tops. Not a fatal shot I feared, for she lit on the first limb in her way, and whether her teetering motion meant fall or fly I didn't wait to inquire, but sent a charge of buck shot which was enough to settle the question, for she fell, not with a "dull, sickening thud," but ker-plump! Hastily loading again, I was just in time for another that flew almost directly over head, but at great height, so that the 5s did not do her up very bad, as she jumped for a run as soon as she struck the ground, about eighty yards away. Again the buckshot went on their mission, and another turkey would pluck no more grasshoppers from the "sweet potato vine." And still those four sat in the tree unmindful of the holocaust of death around them. Sliding carefully down from my perch, I made my way toward them as carefully as possible; but about then they got word to go on an important business trip across the "slew," and they still live, I presume. I picked up my birds and put them at the root of the hickory and resumed my elevated perch, when Hanes

appeared with two nice birds, one a gobbler. He was somewhat surprised at seeing the fruits of my firing, but not as much as was Tom, who came up then and wanted to know what we were wasting ammunition on. He hadn't seen anything to shoot at but squirrels. Then H. took us into the slough, where K. and Charley Cox joined us, the latter with a fine gobbler he had shot only a few minutes before. H. placed us in ambush and began "yawping." Yawp answered. Bang! bang! from K.'s gun, and we were all on hand to witness the death of two more, and K. said: "There they are. Killed one with each barrel. Would have killed another if I'd had another barrel. Take 'em if you want 'em, Tom. I've no use for them." But "alle samee," he was ready to lie low again while H. called. This time the bird came shyly toward me, and as he presented his breast, I gave him a charge of five's at forty yards, and such a flopping and pounding as he made! A good twenty-pounder with an elegant beard—a noble bird! This ended the hunt for the turkeys, and no more game came to bag that day. But how tired and hungry we were when we got back to camp! I had dined on three little crackers and a few persimmons, and when Hanes said supper was ready, Tom, K., and I were not long in responding.

Now about that supper in the log hut. Our friends say that hunger had so sharpened our appetites that anything would have relished—allowed. But I leave it to you to decide if we did not have a good meal. H. skinned the turkeys, cut out their breasts, sliced them across the grain like steak, rolled them in flour and fried them in butter. I baked buckwheat cakes (Hecker's self-raising flour) and Tom made coffee. A can of nice peaches furnished dessert. There! What matters it now that we had no snowy linen spread upon the rough boards that formed our table? That our chairs were made from "shakes" and our coffee cups and plates were tin? What mattered it then? I have eaten a Christmas dinner at the finest hotel in London, I have dined at your famous Palmer House, I have eaten old-fashioned New England dinners at home—down East; but I had never eaten such a meal before. Even now my mouth waters for the savory viands.

The next day we sent Charley Cox down to our camp, carrying three turkeys to the boys with word to get a team and join us, which they did the next day. Two tents, twelve feet apart, facing each other, a fly stretched overhead between them and a smaller tent just to west of the fly, formed kitchen, bedroom and hall. Just east of the fly was an enormous white oak stump, against which we built our camp fire. Fuel was abundant and dry, so we did not lack for a cheering fire. Near by was a shed partly filled with corn fodder, on which lay our dogs, a good well of water near by was a valuable adjunct to our happiness, and when the shades of evening came and supper was over we would light our pipes and tell yarns around the camp-fire, or indulge in a friendly seven-up till time to retire. For beds we had laid poles on the ground, on these put thin shakes left by the lumbermen, over these cornstalks, then millet straw and topped off with straw ticks and woolen blankets. Not a bad bed, especially to a fellow who had tramped all day.

From this time we gave most of our attention to deer which were very plenty. Our shotguns were not just what we needed for them, but we managed to get in one or more nearly every day, while a big wolf and a couple of wildcats came to hand for variety. The tanned and mounted skins of the two cats now adorn the floor of our parlor for rugs and call out many questions regarding the trip. The day the wolf was killed, C. and I were still hunting for deer. C. whispered to me that there was a fawn ahead a hundred yards or so, as he had seen it run, but had been unable to get in a shot owing to the thick black-spice brush. He suggested that we should separate a few rods and keeping a sharp lookout would probably get a shot. So, moving noiselessly along we watched. Soon C.'s rifle cracked and with a "Come on Doc, I've got her," he shouldered his gun and started forward. Next I heard him say "No I haven't either. There she goes now." But he couldn't get in his work then as the spice was too thick. Where she fell was a big puddle of blood, and at every jump the blood had spurted. We had not over twenty rods to go before we found her—not a fawn, but a big she wolf, too weak to run but sandy enough to show an elegant set of teeth. C. kept her attention to the front with a stick while I slipped around and knocked her in the head with my hatchet. We "toted" her to the nearest smoke, a hickory log on fire, and hung her up, then blazed a line due south a half mile to a wagon trail, so that we could find her again, then resumed our tramp.

When night came we had covered twenty-four miles, the natives said, as we had been a mile beyond Prince's Camp, in Craighead county. We saw only one deer, a few turkeys, and lots of signs, but did not raise hair or feathers again. Each one had some particular experience of his own to narrate, and to this day when a group of the boys get together the stories are told over, jokes cracked, and all agree that it was the jolliest experience of our lives.

You may have noticed in the papers last fall a little article saying that millions of squirrels were crossing the Mississippi River near Memphis, going west. Well, I think we got right among them, though natives say they were no thicker than usual. People here will scarcely credit the stories we tell about them. Any pleasant day four men who will try can kill a barrel full of them—all grays. Beaver and otter are there quite plenty. Bears there were none.

At the other camp, eight miles from us, quail shooting was quite good. We missed the ducks, as we all enjoy shooting them very much. As the season was an exceptional one we shall expect them next year in their usual numbers. Already the boys are calculating for next fall. Eby, an old Canadian Dutchman (70 years), is after a Winchester; going to practice all summer. K. is going to try a rifle, while I am going to fix good sights on my shotgun, believing that I can make good work with it shooting a solid ball, 12-gauge, and the "Kay" buckshot cartridges seem to work fine in it. If I cannot satisfy myself with it, shall get a rifle, for I want deer shooting. There is a charm about it that outweighs all other kinds of sport. I know that quail shooting over a fine-working dog is the true sportsman's delight; I know just how it is to tumble the incoming mallard, the swift-winged teal and the bluebill, but—I want some deer shooting.

When, finally, we broke camp, loaded our tents, boxes of venison and equipage into a wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen, and started for home, it was like leaving home. Not one, even the cook, but would have been pleased to stay. O, that grand, glorious forest! But there were interests at home demanding our supervision, dear ones awaiting our return, and we had to go. A half-dozen settlers were on hand to bid us good-bye and urge us to return. They were truly

sorry to see as go, for we had dwelt in harmony. Cox was almost inconsolable. A dozen letters from there since our return have proved their sincerity. K. sent the little girls flannel dresses. I added a big package of picture cards. Edgerly a suitable remembrance for Cap. Turner, and we feel sure of a hearty greeting when we visit their clearing again. Several invite us to come right into their cabins, and it is doubtful if we take tents again. I met Mr. J. O. Pelton at Calio on our down trip who was on his way to Reelfoot Lake, Tennessee. He would have joined us had he not made arrangements that prohibited. He wrote me in January, giving a very fine description of the place. He is still there. Quail and ducks are very plenty, and good board can be had at the hotel for \$16 per month. F.

A FIRST OUTING.

IT is on the 14th of August, the eve of the opening of the duck shooting, that we hurry our traps into the canoes, and after putting our dogs on board, embark ourselves.

How long and expectantly through the dark winter evenings we had dreamed over the open grate fire of the delights of that day? How anxiously had we wondered how the new guns would shoot, how the young dogs would work, how the new canoe would "run" with a load, and how the new tent would suit? And at last the longed-for time had come and we were off.

It was a stormy evening, and not without misgivings for our safety did we cast off from the boat house floats, and dip our paddles for the start. The boat house bay, sheltered by high bluffs, was calm enough; but on passing out into the stream, we saw that it would be "touch and go" on the trip down.

For the first three miles the wind was almost right ahead, and only by working with might and main, could we induce our craft to make way against it. But the river taking a turn brought the wind nearly astern, and hoisting our balanced lug we flew before the breeze. A few minutes brought us to the end of the island which had been partly sheltering us, and on getting into clear water below, the wind lulled for a moment, but only for a moment. In the distance we saw the waves flattened by a squall, and the water turning black as night. Hale, seeing the danger in time, hurriedly let go the halliards, stowing the sail just as the squall struck us. Over! over! went the canoe, and for a moment we thought our last moments had come; but luckily the squall blew past as suddenly as it had come, leaving us none the worse, with the exception of badly demoralized rigging and a shock to the nervous system.

For several miles we trusted solely to "elbow grease" for motive power, still feeling rather shy of the sail; but as the wind moderated we again hoisted it and scudded along at a great pace, "speeding" a little with the paddles. In two hours we reached the first opening of the L— Islands, our destined shooting ground, turned in, and paddled down the "channels" to "the old camp ground."

How lovely was the scene! The setting sun east a golden light over the thickly wooded islands, among which we swiftly glided, enjoying an ever varying picture. The Laurentian Mountains to the north, tinged with blue, forming a majestic background. Verily it was worth coming far to see.

Impressed with the quiet loveliness of the evening, we took in our paddles and drifted with the stream, dreading, almost, to profane its beauty by disturbing the stillness of the surroundings. But camp had to be made before dark, so, after a drift of a quarter of an hour, we again take up our paddles and set earnestly to work, endeavoring to make up for lost time. At length we reach the last turning, after rounding which we will be in sight of the camp ground. Horror of horrors! What do we see? Two canoes drawn up on our landing, two tents pitched on our ground, with the smoke of a camp fire lazily creeping through the tops of the tall trees. Blankly we gaze at each other. It is the only good camp ground on the islands, and all campers know how disagreeable it is camping near strangers; but as we approach the landing we recognize a familiar figure, and inwardly muttering that things do not look as gloomy as before, we ran the canoe ashore, jumped out, and in a moment were shaking hands with Tyler, in whose company we had often shot. He introduced us to his friends, and they good-naturedly helped us to land our cargo, and carry it up to the contemplated site for our tent.

In ten minutes everything was snug. The tent up, traps in, fire lighted and supper cooking. The dogs were rushing about, crazy with delight. It was their first trip, and everything was new and strange to them. They are Clumber spaniels, Johnny and Drake. That the trip now being described may not be their last, as well as first, by very many in the same company, is the earnest wish of their masters.

An enormous meal disposed of, we feel at peace with all mankind as we lie by the camp-fire watching the stars as they come out; but the dogs growl and we hear footsteps approaching from the other camp. Our friends come over to pay us a visit, so we make them welcome, and soon are all lying around the fire chatting. As a matter of course, yarns are swapped, and many and marvellous are the tales conjured up by the firelight. A most readable and wonderful addition would they make to the Camp-Fire Flickerings of FOREST AND STREAM, and oft is the heading, "That reminds me," of that interesting column repeated as each succeeding tale wakes another still more strange, no one liking to be beaten at story-telling.

There we sit till the hours wane from large to small and from small to large. Our guests do not move, and in common courtesy we cannot tell them to begone; but at last that point beyond which forbearance "ceases to be a virtue" is reached, and we mildly suggest that, as it will be time to start for the shooting grounds in an hour, it would be advisable to snatch a wink of sleep; so, to our relief, they take the hint and go, and we hurriedly tumble into our blankets and in a moment are sound asleep.

In an hour I woke and striking a match, looked at my watch and saw it was time to be stirring, so shook Hale and told him to get up. Hurriedly dressing and taking a handful of biscuit to eat by the way, we shouldered our guns and "heeling" the dogs, went over to the other camp to waken them. We then walked on through the woods to a marsh at the back of the camp. Each taking a side, we made the dogs work between us among the rushes to put up the lurking ducks from their hiding places. They worked to perfection, as if they had been at it for years, and our delight at their prowess knew no bounds.

Hello! what's that? Johnny has caught a scent and soon puts up a duck, which is promptly dropped. The dogs show unsteadiness here, as what dogs out for the first time will not; but soon they steady down and set to work again. The

wading is very heavy and the water comes alarmingly near the tops of my wading boots. At last I step into a hole and go in up to my arm pits, wetting all the cartridges in my vest. What is to be done? They are paper shells and sure to be spoilt. But remembering that it's "no use crying over spilt milk," I try to put on a cheerful face and trudge along, no longer caring how deep the water is.

The mist is so thick over the marsh that I cannot see two yards ahead, and in vain try to sight several ducks whose quacks I hear as the dogs put them up. Suddenly I see two flashes at the other side, and Hale's hammerless speaks twice and he whistles for the dog to retrieve two ducks which he has shot. The mist seems now to be doubly dense, and though the ducks are flying about in numbers, we cannot see to shoot at them. At last a flock alights in the pond in front of me, first I snap one hammer, then the other, but with no result. I try two more cartridges, but it is "no go." The flock, tired of waiting, I presume, continues its flight, leaving, as I supposed, one of the number. Quickly slipping in two new cartridges I aim with deadly intent. This time the cartridge did explode and I have the satisfaction of blowing to pieces a stump, which in the uncertain light I had mistaken for a duck.

Remarks, more vigorous than complimentary, are hurled at me from Hale's side of the marsh, and I pocket my mortification, vowing vengeance on ducks in general, always supposing the cartridges to be "so disposed." After several disappointments from misfires, and after slaughtering but one more duck, which fell to Hale's fire, we take our way down the marsh again, the dogs working as before, I helping them, being as wet as mortal man can be. Soon the dogs put up a bird, "snap" goes the first, but "bang" says the left, and over topples the duck. Further on another flash, and another disappointment. Poor Hale is in great distress, as all the birds seem to get up near me, and I am unable to shoot them.

It is now growing late, so we return to quarters. We find the other camp tenantless, its occupants being still absent. Before getting breakfast ready, I cannot resist working a marsh to the left of the camp, in the midst of the thick woods, so call the dogs and go to it.

The dogs immediately begin working with a will, and soon put up a duck from a pool at long range. I pull on him, but both cartridges miss fire, and he goes off unharmed. I now notice that the dogs are working very excitedly, and run back into the woods; the cause of their anxiety, a fine black duck, comes flying out. Snap! goes the right barrel, but the left does its duty, and over topples duckey among some thick bushes, from which Johnny dislodges him. He was a huge fellow, and I felt proportionately elated.

The puppies now strike another scent and again follow it into the woods, I unwisely following them. Soon I see them "roading up" a duck which is hurrying to the pond. I run as fast as I can to get a shot, but am only in time to see it fly off, out of shot. I had hardly ceased anathematizing the bird, when a huge blue heron sailed majestically over my head. I pull on him and he drops into the water, when the dogs retrieve him. Blue herons are so destructive to fish that we kill them whenever we have an opportunity.

I now work down the other side of the marsh, but without success, so leave it and go back to the canoe. Seeing Tyler and his chum across the channel, I paddle over to swap yarns. They had had bad luck, only having bagged one duck. I succeeded in wheedling half a dozen cartridges out of Tyler. Just as he handed them to me I heard Hale from the camp point shout, "Mark, duck," so slip in a cartridge as I see a duck flying past. Snapping the breech, I cut loose at very long range, and have the gratification of seeing him drop into the water with a broken wing. He dives immediately, so I take the canoe and paddle after him. When he comes up I fire again, fairly burying him with shot, but he seems to bear a charmed life, for down he goes again. He leads me a dance for a quarter of an hour, when I lose patience from the effects of wet and hunger combined, and paddle back to camp. A huge meal is soon disposed of, and I take off my wet things and have a lay off. After a rest of an hour we again dress and start out in search of birds, this time in the canoe. On pushing off from the landing Hale saw a duck in the water where I had shot the one before breakfast. We paddled up, and a dose from the Greener put an end to its career. It was the one I had wounded. We paddled about for two hours without getting a shot, and then returned to camp. On landing I took the dogs back into a cover where cock are often shot. For some time they bustle about without getting a scent, but at last I saw from their excitement that they had found something. The "something" in the shape of a fine cock was soon flushed and "grassed" with the first barrel. This good fortune added new vigor to our energies, both canine and human, and we worked all the covers but without putting up any more birds.

I then went back to camp and found Hale lying in the tent feeling very seedy. The great heat had affected him. Thinking it best to leave him alone, I took the dogs back to the marsh which we had worked in the morning. Again they got on a scent which they followed into the woods, and again, stupidly, I went after them with the same result, the duck escaping unscathed.

A little further up the marsh the Clumbers put up a snipe, which was bagged. A few steps more and another is flushed and missed with the right, but floored with the left. Soon they spring another, which is beautifully missed with both barrels. On reaching the head of the marsh I hide with the dogs in the bushes.

Ten minutes, a quarter of an hour pass, but nothing comes. At last, whirr! and a blue-winged teal alights in the pond. When I am alone I always take pot shots, and on returning to camp tell long stories about the length and difficulty of the shot, etc.; so, when the teal settles I take careful aim, and—snap! The treacherous cartridge misses fire. The duck, alarmed, flies off, but not in time to escape the contents of the left, and he comes down with both wings broken. After an exciting chase Johnny catches him, and he is bagged.

I now return to camp and find poor Hale very ill. We hold a council of war and decide upon returning home; so I begin to pack up while he lies in the shade of the trees, Caruthers, one of our friends of the previous night, assisting me. At last the canoe is loaded, and, after making Hale comfortable in the how, we say adieu to our friends and push off.

It was heavy work for one man paddling the loaded canoe—she is an eighteen-foot Peterboro yclept Mud Turtle—against the swift current. After going a couple of miles H. felt better, and insisted on paddling; needless to say I was not sorry, as I was getting a wee bit tired after my exertions.

We had sixteen miles to paddle against a current, which in many places runs like a mill race, and in all parts is very

swift. We had paddled down the previous evening, as has been related, in two hours and a quarter, had sat up till half past two the past night, had had one hour's sleep, and then gone out for the hardest kind of shooting, i. e., marsh wading, and had been at it till four that afternoon, so it will be seen that we would have done a good deal in thirty hours by the time we reached home.

After going eight miles or more we landed, had a snack, and laid off for an hour, when we re-embarked and continued our journey. It was a lovely evening. The broad river, two miles wide in parts, was smooth as glass, and the white habitan cottages on the north shore, with their background of blue mountains, formed a picturesque scene.

Paddling steadily, we reached the boat house at 9 o'clock, and two weary sportsmen and two not less weary dogs, trudged home through the deepening twilight and hurried to their "downies" with as little loss of time as possible.

F. M.

OTTAWA, Canada.

FIELD NOTES FROM GEORGIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Believing that sporting items from away down south in "Dixie Land" might be interesting to some of your Northern readers, I have, in the language of the Georgia Crackers, concluded to "drop you these few lines" in relation thereto. The hunting season for all game, with all true sportsmen, closed here April 1. Only a few Northern sportsmen visited this immediate section during the season, and they were well pleased with the sport, the climate and our people. We had large quantities of quail and doves, and while a quantity were killed, there are many now mating here. We had a good many snipe and woodcock, which were not hunted at all, our dogs not being trained for them. Your correspondent could in the early spring hear the bating of snipe and woodcock any night from the piazza of his dwelling, and saw several woodcock that had killed themselves in flight against the telegraph wires near the house. We had only a moderate quantity of ducks in the streams here during the past season, and consequently only a few were killed. When we do have ducks, and especially in the Ogeechee and Savannah rivers, it is our finest shooting, and they are hunted in this way: The Central Railroad of Georgia runs up the valley of the Ogeechee River and near the river for a number of miles, and sportsmen send their small canoes up on the cars and float down the crooked, narrow and swift flowing stream and shoot the ducks on the wing as they rise from the water.

Two of our local sportsmen, Col. Dick Berrien and Col. Bunnie Bell, of Miller, Ga., took a shooting trip of this kind down the Ogeechee from Miller, Ga., to this place during the cold spell of weather in January last; they killed fifteen ducks and one otter that they got, and say that they killed thirty-five ducks that they could not get owing to the thickness of the ice near the banks of the river, a very unusual thing in this climate; the time consumed in this hunt was one day and the distance floated down the river about 45 miles.

The Savannah River is accessible in the same way by steamers. We have a few deer and wild turkeys in the river swamps. We have one gun club in the county, the Scriven County Gun Club, Col. N. P. Wade, Sylvania, Ga., President; its membership is small, but is made up of gentlemen. Your correspondent was never at any of their practices, but is informed that the members shoot well. We also have many sportsmen who are devotees of the chase and have many packs of the finest foxhounds in the State, and Reynard is run to the death when once they get straight after him; running wildcat in the jungles of the swamps is also a favorite sport.

Fishing in the Ogeechee River with nets for white shad, suckers and a fish called here red horse is the only sport at present. The river is well stocked with the following named fish: Rockfish, trout, jack, grindel, blue bream, red-breasted perch, speckle perch and catfish. The season for pitching (I believe you Northern sportsmen call it casting) for trout, red-breasted perch and blue bream opens here about the 1st of May, and we have very fine sport indeed. These are game fish and the finest table fish in the world, except possibly the rockfish. We catch trout by bobbing, as we call trolling—a metallic bait with a short line on the end of a stiff fishing cane. We do not use a wooden fish-pole, as you do in the North. We use either a Bermuda cane or a large cane cut from the canebrakes in the Savannah River swamp. We capture the rockfish, the king of all fresh-water fish, either by fishing with a large live perch as a bait or by spearing them in the early fall, when the rivers are low. They can be seen plainly with a light at night, and many of them weigh as much as 40 pounds.

The fame of our rivers for fish, the accessibility and nearness to the railroad stations, telegraph and mail facilities and means of obtaining ice, sends us in the summer many disciples of Izaak Walton from our Southern cities. And many no doubt would come from the North were they not driven off by the scarecrow of grown people, imaginary malaria. We have no malaria here; we have the brightest skies, the fairest women and the bravest and most generous of men, and our laws and customs are the freest of any place on the planet. Life, liberty and property are protected and respected, and any white person, be he bent on sport with rod and gun, or pleasure, or business, can pass at will through and over our lands and highways with every assurance of security from violence or insult.

We wish our Northern friends to visit us on sport, pleasure or business; they will be kindly and cordially received and we will, if we can, sell them land and make them permanent fixtures, anyway for the winter months. We have cheap lands, a generous soil, and the mildest and pleasantest of climates, and we invite you to come to Georgia and buy land and go to truck farming and grow watermelons for the Northern markets. A watermelon crop we believe to be more profitable than an orange crop and much safer from injury by frosts and cold.

HENRY C. KITTLES.

ROCKY FORD, Ga., April 12.

HOW SHALL I LOAD.—Rome, N. Y., April 29.—Through your columns I would like to have the opinions of different sportsmen on the subject of wadding powder in shot shells, and to be definite I will put the question thus: Which will give the best penetration and pattern with least recoil, a shell loaded with 3 drams powder and 1 of shot, with 2 pink-edge wads on powder and 1 card board on shot, or a shell with same amount of powder and shot, wadded with one ½ felt wad on powder and 1 card board on shot? Colt and Parker advise 2 pink edge on powder and 1 on shot, while the best English gunmakers use one ½ felt and 1 card board on each side of it and a card board on shot.—C. C. G.

ALONG THE TENNESSEE.

"CANO arma virumque," arms, men and dogs. The men were John Jones (his real name) and the writer. The arms were a twelve-bore Remington for Jones and a ten-bore E. James & Co. for the writer. The dogs were Jones' Nel and her pup Jennie, and T. J. Latner's Nel, distinguished as big Nel and little Nel, Latner's being little Nel—all good lively Irish setters, but their lineage is almost as little known as that of Melchizedek. Chattanooga was our starting point, and a boat twenty-five feet long and six feet wide, with a cabin six by fifteen was our means of conveyance. A large step stove with its accompaniments, ample bedding, provisions, ammunition etc., being stored within, we set sail (without sails) on Dec. 20, down the river.

Next day we hunted on Rankin's farm opposite Shellmound, and had royal sport shooting birds over level stubble and sedge grass. The first covey was found by Jones' Nel and he scored a double. The writer fired once and missed. Bagging his birds, Jones motioned on and in a minute she was on a dead point again. The writer scored a second miss as the second bird went off. Having shot prairie chickens in Kansas, sage hens and blue grouse in Oregon, how strange it seemed that a little quail should unnerve me. Subsequent shots were more effectual, and from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M. we bagged thirty-six quail, Jones having twenty-two and the writer only fourteen. We had three days' fine shooting at that place (Mr. Rankin having kindly allowed us to hunt his place), and averaged about thirty-five birds per day without much fatigue.

Our next point was four miles below Bridgeport, Ala., and there we had royal sport for three days, shooting over large level fields of sedge grass. If any of your readers have never hunted over sedge grass, allow me to suggest to them to make a trial hunt of the kind, and they will not regret it, if they hunt where birds are moderately plentiful. This kind of shooting, however, must be done when the weather is dry and cold.

We stopped two days at Caldwell's Ferry, about forty miles below Bridgeport, where we carried a light canoe to a lake about a quarter of a mile from the river. Up to this time duck killing had only been occasional, here they were in flocks of a hundred or more. We explored the lake pretty thoroughly and found it covered with heavy timber, except an area of deep water about one hundred yards wide and six hundred yards long. Half an hour before sunset the writer took position in the forks of an ash tree, and Jones in the canoe went about four hundred yards away. In a few minutes the ducks were flying over very high, and only about three were killed before sunset, after which they commenced whizzing by, in small groups at first, but later in bunches of thirty to fifty. For fifteen minutes the woods resounded with the terrific roar of 4 drams of ducking powder giving deadly momentum to 1½ ounces No. 4 chilled shot. I held up when darkness came on, and Jones arriving just then wanted to know "how many Indians were there," "which side whipped," and so on. Paddling around we found sixteen dead ducks and divers others fluttering around on the water, but the night being very cold and dark, we left at once. Returning next morning, we found four more dead and the remains of some that the coons or other animals had eaten. Two more evenings of such noise and firing induced them to seek more quiet resting places. Jones had killed six from the boat, and the writer had used twenty-eight shells, killing all but three on the wing, and all singly. Quail were plentiful in the bottoms, but generally crossed water when flushed, therefore our bags of quail here were small. Our next halt was at Buck Island, where Jones killed a turkey and ran himself out of breath after one that he had winged. Here we killed a large swamp rabbit that weighed seven pounds and a few ducks, and pulled out again for Guntersville, where the thermometer showed eight below zero, but our cabin and stove were equal to the occasion, and we did not suffer. The water having frozen when the river was high and then receded, left acres of ice upheld by saplings and small trees. Under this ice ducks would go out to feed in large flocks, and around Henry's Island, while the weather was so cold, we had fine sport for several days. From Guntersville we went to within four miles of Decatur, and found birds very plentiful. Here we killed sixteen woodcock, the first, except one, on our trip. Only two that we saw got away. This was the end of our journey, and we stopped hunting there.

We learned some things worth knowing on the trip: First, our cabin was about eight feet high, seven would have been better for width of boat; second, always have a steering oar, whether used or not; third, do not be very strict with a timid, untrained young dog; fourth, dogs stand hard service better on corn bread diet than on wheat bread; fifth, if your gun is an E. James & Co. ten-bore, four drams Orange ducking powder is better than less, and one and an eighth ounces of shot is better than one and a quarter ounces; sixth, do not think to kill three-fourths of the ducks you shoot at in group forty to fifty yards off; seventh, always feel more confident of killing a duck on the wing forty yards away than on the water the same distance; eighth, do not expect to have all the sport we had without some troubles, little hurts, feet wet, ravenous appetites, crippled game escaping, etc., etc.; but these the true sportsman expects and prepares himself for them.

FIFTH WARD.

HARD TO KILL.—Tallahassee, Fla.—A short time ago, while driving through the pine woods near this place, I discovered two red foxes that had been driven from their home by a fire which was raging through the woods. It was the work of an instant to slip a couple of shells in the No. 10. One was loaded with 12 small buckshot, and the other with 1 ounce of No. 8. Reynard stood about 30 yards distant watching the process of loading with the utmost composure. At the report of the gun and on receiving the contents, he tore through the woods at fearful pace apparently unhurt. After running 300 yards he sprang several feet in the air and fell dead. On examination, it was proven that the humerus of the right front and the femur of the left hind leg was shot entirely off, and two more shots had passed entirely through his body. His mate, after receiving the charge of shot, went like a flash, and as a friend remarked at the time, is probably going yet. It seems wonderful that any animal should be able to run such a distance after being so badly shot.—H. A. KLINE.

A REMINISCENCE.—Ashtabula, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I find many things that are useful in your valuable paper. I try them when I have an opportunity and retain those of value, discarding the rest. The shotgun has long been my solace and joy. Having learned to shoot on the wing when but few shots of the kind were in the country, I have followed it more or less for years, and could tell of many a bag of "Bob Whites" which would make lovers of

the gun and dog eager to imitate, and when the first fall of snow comes and whitens the ground, I would with some chosen few lie off to the mountains and in our snug cabin that we had built in the fall away from the haunts of men and the trouble and turmoil of the busy mart, seclude ourselves, and each night bring to camp the trophies of the chase, and after supper with pipes aglow would hunt the forest over again. There is music in the deep and silent forest which none but they who love it know. There is but little game where my lines of life have now been cast. The quail have all disappeared before the murderous pot-hunters, a few squirrels in the interior of the county, very few ducks and an occasional grouse, and to get trout we go to the tributaries of the Alleghany River, where they are fairly plenty yet, by going back from the haunts of civilization. We will soon have fair fishing here at the harbor and out in the lake, and next month black bass will be on hand. I look for the return of snipe every day if the weather holds, and then I will see what virtue there is in powder and shot. It will soon be time to overhaul my tent and traps to see if they are in order for the summer camping.—G.

NORWICH ROD AND GUN CLUB.—Norwich, Conn., April 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Norwich Rod and Gun Club was organized March 18 under very favorable circumstances. Its object is the protection of fish and game and rifle and gun practice. The following officers were elected: J. D. T. Blackstone, President; Archibald Mitchell, Vice-President; Z. R. Robbins, Treasurer; A. M. Cutler, Secretary; L. B. Aling, Jas. H. Arnold, Frank E. Patterson, Directors; Frank T. Brown, Attorney. The club started with 75 members and has now 125. They have secured ample grounds, conveniently located. Thursday is the club day, and as they have the most approved traps for ball and clay-pigeon shooting, as well as rifle ranges of 100, 300 and 500 yards, they are prepared to extend a cordial invitation to the members of other clubs to join them in shooting on any Thursday during the season. They also ask the co-operation of other similar organizations in the enforcement of the game laws, the protection of game and fish being the main object of the club.—J. D. T. BLACKSTONE.

Sea and River Fishing.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.—X.

WE went to bed early that night to escape the mosquitoes, the pests having taken advantage of a break in the rain to come in from all directions in swarms and clouds until, as Dick M. once remarked on Black Lake about the "croppies," (punkies) "there was no such consistency as livin' with 'em." The girls, however, were better prepared to resist the attacks of the blood suckers than were the rest of us, and for the benefit of any sister of the craft who may take a notion to go to the North Woods, I may here write how we circumvented the "varmints."

Our girls were each provided with a piece of headgear in shape of a straw hat with a good wide brim to it, as every woman should be in a summer camp. From among the calamities was fished out a strip of mosquito netting which was cut into squares of about two and a half feet. One of these squares hung over the hat and the loose folds drawn in comfortably tight about the throat with a piece of cord or fish line completes the circumvention and the festive skeeter is barred out, much to the placement of the wearer of the hat and the disgust of the skeeter. This contrivance will be a source of much comfort also to the opposite gender, always provided they don't smoke or "chaw tobacco," and will allow about the same time to elapse between drinks as did the two governors of the Carolinas—a good while. The device is not new perhaps nor patentable, and all are welcome to use it without fear of a suit for infringement, and I venture they will say it beats "smears" and "fly unguents" out of sight. It may be noted, however, that its usefulness would depart before fishing three rods through the "bresh" along the banks of an average trout stream.

The morning dawned cloudy and windy and cold, with some more rain, a fact which moved Hyperbolic Jones to remark, as he cast a weathery look up and down the mist-covered lake, "Reminds me o' California; guess the rainy season has set in fur a fact." This promised another lazy, sleepy day in the tent for the girls and another day of persistent pegging at the cribbage board on the part of Muller and old Danny, the score having closed the evening before with Dan enough games ahead to make him "sassy." Breakfast over, a fresh fire was started in front of the big tent and business resumed at the old stand: the girls laughing and chatting or reading a book or magazine brought along especially for rainy days, while Dan and Muller began where they had left off, with a freshly sharpened pencil to keep the score.

Jim hid himself in a big rubber coat and wandered aimlessly off up toward the woods, as Ben guessed it, "to hev a little cussin' match on his own hook on account o' the wether, an' he wanted to git out o' earshot o' the gals so he wouldn't disturb the meetin'," but more likely he wanted to console himself with a surreptitious smoke, out of the range of Mother Jim's gentle eye. He came back after a while and balanced himself on a camp stool to watch the game, but tiring of this soon he stretched out on a blanket and relapsed into one of his periodical spells of reticence to ponder no doubt on the sweets of matrimony as a salve to the smarts and snubs incident to the engineering of a "weakly newspaper" largely devoted to the interests of "the party"—and Jim.

The morning dragged on to near 10 o'clock, and still raining; the philosopher of the kitchen whistled cheerily under the big fly, despite the weather, as he industriously burnished up the silverware (f) or scoured the knives and forks by jabbing them repeatedly into the sandy soil, and Ben and I stood around the fire, swapping sides now and then to keep out of the smoke, hatching a scheme to fool the other big trout in the pool above the school house, after giving him a day or two in which to get over his scare.

"Kit, ain't it about time for our morning lunch?" came from the back part of the tent in Bob's mellow tones, and directly the twins came out under the shelter of one rubber poncho and tripped over to the kitchen to wheedle the philosopher into building them a ham sandwich, or teasing him till he disclosed the last hiding place of the maple sugar. Then little Top came out and scudded across with shawl over head, and then Miss Annie, and last Fanny and Mother Jim seemed to realize that it had been a good while between meals, and soon they had the philosopher surrounded and he was fain to surrender and open up his store of "cold wittles" and impart the "combination" that led to the sugar

During the "rainy season" when the girls could not fish, this performance took place with frequent regularity, twice a day or oftener, besides the three square meals, and the keeper of the fryin' pans was kept busy hustling around to meet the oft recurring demand for "lunch." But Al was good-natured and obliging, and with all the trouble the torment put him to he was always ready to open his department and wait on them with cheerfulness.

"Tell ye what, Hickory," said Ben, and then he stooped and pulled a burning splinter of wood from the fire, with which he proceeded leisurely to light his pipe, blinking solemnly at each puff as though weighing in his mind something of great import; "tell ye what, ef them gals keep on destroyin' grub like they hev in the last few days, you an' me'll hev to take a couple o' boats an' go down to old Cooterey's (Couturier's) after some more provender, or git him to move his grocery up here where it'll be a leetle more handier. When one o' em hollers lunch the rest 'pears to git hungry in less'n a second, and they make a raid on the sutler. But, bless their hearts"—here another raid was made on the fire for a burning brand, as the brier root had gone out while he was talking—"it does me good to see the Joneses a-livin' so high, fur they never was used to the very best o' everything nobow," and the twinkle in his old eyes proclaimed that all the solemn blinkings and deliberate puffings at the "source o' comfort" were only premonitory symptoms of a mild attack of "the Jones family," these attacks, however, always taking a new form.

The girls were having a merry time over their lunch under the big fly; Jim had struck a balance between matrimony and politics and gone to sleep; "it's a go," came from the seat of war at the crib board in Muller's baritone, and Hyperbolic and the skipper stood around the fire in the rain, with watery eyes, changing places frequently, that neither might get more than a rightful share of the suffocating smoke that pursued us no matter on whichever side of the fire we might come to a temporary anchor.

The chatter (or chi-r-r-r, as brother "Bigosh" writes it) of a kingfisher bowing to us from his perch on a limb of one of the birches hanging over the water a few yards above the camp, seemed to start Ben on a new trail, and as he dodged a puff of smoke from the fire he opened on it with "Hickory, 'pears that you an' me haint got sense enough to go in out o' the wet, an' as it looks like we're about the only two old loons in the camp that's tough enough to shed rain, I move we go a fishin'." As a sensible motion of this kind was never lost in a camp of the Kingfishers for want of a second it was at once before the house and carried unanimously, and there was no need to resort to the "Cincinnati method" of counting votes, as there was only two to count. While Ben bailed out one of the boats I got the rods and a bucket of frogs, hastily collected a few scraps of cold comfort from the provender box for a lunch, and we were off up the lake before the Joneses were fairly aware of what we were about. As we pulled away from shore we heard Bob say, "there they go again, two of the biggest old fish cranks in Michigan," and Ben in his dry way, as he reached for the frog bucket, "stonishin' how near the truth that gal kin come once in a while when she's away from home."

We took a short cut across Horton's Bay, and when just off the point where a patch of big "bush weeds" grew up from the bottom, where the old mossback told us he lost his spoon, line and float, Ben said quietly, "Whoa, Hickory, stop 'er," as a sudden jerk took two or three yards of line off his reel, "there's a fish back there that's never heerd o' me, or he wouldn't be so brash in tamperin' with that frog. Look out there ole fellow"—to the fish, as Ben stood up and the boat came to a stop—"when I tech ye up with ole 'quintessence' here [a name he had given his rod] ye'll think yer jaw's come unsundered."

The line had stopped running and Ben said, "PICKEREL, I reckon; an' as ole brother King used to say, he's jest a layin' there a 'demasticatin' that frog to git the taste o' sunfish out o' his mouth."

As I pulled the boat out in the lake two or three lengths, an advisable move always when a fish is struck near a belt of weeds or grass, Ben let the line run free till the fish started again when he brought "ole quintessence" around with a sweep that must have loosened all the joints in the fish's frame, and the fun began.

He came to the surface with a great swirl and started straight down the lake toward camp, but Ben's dander was up, and jamming his hat down on the back of his head that the wind might not get a lift on it, he set to work in dead earnest to hold him up, at the same time proffering the advice, "You'd better wait a while ole boss, fur the Joneses aint a lookin' fur company jest now."

A stroke or two of the oars sent the boat further out, and with a pull that caused "quintessence" to take the shape of a new moon, the fish was pulled up and swung around away from the big weeds and "muskrat grass," heading in our direction at a pace that took the liveliest kind of turning to keep the line tight enough to be sure he was still on the hook.

When near the boat the sight of Ben seemed to bewilder him and instead of going under it, as Dick M. says "they almost always invariably do," he sheered off and went for the grass inshore and quintessence was again called on to avert a catastrophe. And the rod was equal to the emergency—a sprout of Japanese cane nine feet long, tough as a splinter of swamp hickory, jointed in two piece and weighing about nine ounces; the best of all rods, as I believe, for honest reliable work on bass, pickerel and maskalounge that was ever fashioned. I have one of the same material under my eyes as I write this, weighing but five ounces, that I would not hesitate a moment to risk in a clear, square fight ("bitin' an' goug'n' barred") with a forty pound maskalounge, and be reasonably sure of coming out on top. But there are rods and rods, the plant wad to flip the feathered sham when trout are sought; the twenty-foot cane pole, beloved of the pensive catfish slinger; the native rod, the sapling of ungraspable butt, the dude rod, the Henshall rod and a score of others—and every angler to his own notion.

As the fish went by we caught a glimpse of him, but he was swimming so deep and the water was so rough that we could not make out whether it was a pickerel or maskalounge but sure it was not a bass.

"Like as not it's the same feller that walked off with the ole mossback's whole outfit the other day, an' he's swallered the float jest to keep frum towin' it around," said Ben, as he straddled the after thwart and balanced himself for the coming struggle.

When a strong fish makes a rush for a bank of weeds a cool head at the butt end of the rod is better than main strength, and as the tip of old quintessence came down alarmingly near under the unusual strain, Ben said quietly, "Yank the boat up the lake a piece, Hickory; so's I kin git a

kind of a side winder on him, an' I'll astonish him so he'll forgit all about that patch o' muskrat grass he's a steerin' fur," and as the boat was yanked in the desired direction the side winder changed his course up the lake, and under a stubborn pull he was gradually worked up to within reach of the gaff.

"Ef it aint a durned snake" (one of several names for pickerel), said Ben in disgust, "but it's good enough for the Joneses, spechally when they're about out o' meat," and as he was led a little nearer a well directed stroke of the gaff lifted him in the boat, and a scientific whack with the "pickerel club," administered by Ben with a precision acquired by much practice, put an end to his 'proclivities fur sunfish,' as he put it. It was a handsomely marked fish of near seven pounds, but a trifle lacking in game qualities, and Ben did not feel much glorified over the capture.

Fifty yards further along the grass belt he astonished another smaller one by "unjintin' his jaw," and as he smote his head with the club he remarked gravely, "More brain food for the Joneses," and as the hook was released with a dextrous twitch, "We kin stan' a heap of it."

"Curious," he went on, as he passed his hook carefully through the jaws of a fresh live frog, threw it overboard, and let fifty or sixty feet of line run off the reel, "that some people hev an idee that catin' plenty o' fish makes brains fur 'em. Now my notion is that sich people as them don't hev much more brains to start with than a mud turkie, an' the more fish they eat the less they know. I rasscled with a fish diet myself a good many years ago till the scales begun to sprout out on me an' then I let up on it fur fear I'd turn into a suckermoojen, but I've bin eatin' more or less o' 'em ever sence, an' I don't see that I'm a durned bit smarter'n I was before I cornered the fish market. I eat fish now 'cause I like 'em, but I don't take any stock in 'em as brain food. An' besides," here he turned the click on his reel, laid the rod carefully down with the tip pointing over the stern, and after some difficulty in lighting the brier root, repeated, "an' besides, there's plenty o' grub that's more susteinin' than fish, sich as beans an' corned beef, an' taters an' side meat, et settery; an' speakin' o' plain vittels—that was a daisy batch o' corn bread Al baked fur us this mornin'."

After a long pause, during which he puffed meditatively at his "source o' comfort" and gazed abstractedly at the belt of bulrushes along which we were passing, he faced around with, "Whenever I eat corn bread it reminds me of a 'coincidence'—as blessed old Dick M. would say—that happened to me once away down in Texas, an' ef ye don't mind hearin' it, an' I'll tell ye spell ye awhile at the oars, I'll tell ye about it jest to kill time till we find a more fishy lookin' streak o' water than it is along here."

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

THE TROUT OF SUNAPEE LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in reading the letters lately published in your valuable paper regarding the large trout of Sunapee Lake, N. H., and, while I do not pretend to explain the large size or variety, would beg to say a few words in the matter. The town of New London, lying on one side of Sunapee Lake, was my birthplace and my home for some twenty-five years. I was for a time engaged in a country store at George's Mills, and quite well acquainted with many people living at Wendell Harbor, both places being at the upper end of the lake; was also acquainted with some of the people living along the lake shore, and I can well remember of hearing from parties at these places about the large trout then being taken from the lake.

The time to which I refer was now some thirty years ago. I think at that time and down the lake from George's Mills trout were taken of weight from six to ten pounds. It is quite clear to my mind that very large trout have always lived in Sunapee and also in very many of the smaller lakes, or ponds, as we used to call them in those days. A case in point. In New London and within a quarter of a mile of my home was a most beautiful sheet of water, called, and rightly, Pleasant Pond. It is about two miles long and about one mile wide. At the upper end three small brooks came down through the hills and entered the pond. These streams were at certain seasons quite well supplied with brook trout, some of very good size. We used to see sometimes up the largest of these brooks in the fall of the year some very large trout, and were told by the older people that there were in the pond and had always been, trout of immense size.

One July day while crossing the pond with a friend, the water being smooth as glass, we had got about half the way across and were resting, our attention was called to the swallows after the flies on the water, and by seeing one of the birds caught by something and taken below. I can remember that we then thought it must be a big trout that had caught the bird, and we then decided that we would before the ice broke up next spring try for trout in deep water with live bait. I well remember the day in March following, it being the day of the annual spring election. My chum and myself, instead of going to "town meeting" with all the rest, started to try for our trout. Having arrived at what we thought about the right place, we cut a hole to determine the depth of water; found it about twenty feet; put on a good lively minnow and fixed line to bush set in the ice, letting down about fifteen feet of line. We then proceeded to cut holes and set some four more lines, when on looking at the first one I saw the bush was down, and it being a warm, still day I concluded we had better see what was the matter. I went to the hole, and looking down saw the line hanging straight and no motion. Taking hold of it I found there was a heavy weight on it, drew it up carefully, and into the hole came the head of a big trout; reached down and got hold with both hands and threw him out, then threw my cap and shouted loud and long. My companion coming up we held a grand war dance around our captive, and decided to leave the lines set and go up town to show and brag about our fish, and it was something to brag about, as he weighed 54 pounds, good honest weight, and was in every way a most splendid fish. It had so completely played itself out before I got to the line that there was not a motion made until after I had him out on the ice, and then but very little.

We left our lines until the next day, and on cutting them out took off one trout of about 2 pounds and a chub of 14 pounds weight. I have it from those still living near the same pond that almost every season they get some trout of very large size. Now without having anything to say about the particular species of the Sunapee Lake trout under discussion, I do not doubt but that very large trout have always existed, not only in Sunapee, but in very many of the much smaller lakes and ponds in New Hampshire, and that at the proper time, with all conditions favorable, these same large 6 to 10 pound trout could have been taken in Sunapee for the last seventy years or more.

WATERTOWN, Wis.

S. S. WOODARD.

THE OPENING OF THE TROUT SEASON.

NOT within thirty years has the ice left the Adirondack lakes as early as it has this spring. Gen. R. U. Sherman reported the ice off the Bisby Chain nearly a month ago. Mr. F. A. Walters, superintendent of the Adirondack hatchery of the N. Y. Fish Commission, reports that the oldest inhabitants do not remember an earlier season. Mr. A. R. Fuller reports Meacham Lake clear of ice and fishing begun on May 1. All this may mean a longer season for good fishing, which usually begins in the Adirondacks from May 15 to June 1.

From Maine we learn from Major Lovejoy, of the hotel at Bethel, that the ice is out of Umbagog Lakes and Richardson Narrows, and will be out of the South Arm before the 10th, and that fishermen are going to Middle Dam by way of Bethel and Upton, while the steamer will move by the 4th.

Now that New York State has two opening days, one for Long Island and one for the rest of the State, there has been no customary display in the markets. The dealers all had some fish and Mr. Blackford had a few flowers and trimmings, but nothing like what he has treated the public to in previous years, when he has given up his whole business to show trout from all parts of the country and even from Europe. He had a lot of sixty live trout from a private pond on Long Island, twelve of which averaged two pounds each. At Washington Market, Messrs. Knoll & Prichard had an exhibit of trout and some paintings of fish by A. Wyderfeld. At midnight before Saturday there were 10,000 pounds of trout coming into the city by express. They were mainly from the preserves of Long Island and Rhode Island, with a few frozen Canadian fish.

The dealers in fishing tackle are very busy fitting out anglers for the woods and in filling orders for country customers, and all things point to a large catch of trout this season.

FISHING AT NIPISSING.

"C. H., Birmingham, Conn., writes for information about fishing in vicinity of Pembroke, Ont. We were up that way last August on a fishing trip, and while we did not try the fishing there, to judge from our experience further up the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, we have no doubt that the fishing a little back from Pembroke is good. The Ottawa River is several miles wide there, and is called Allumette Lake. Pembroke are quite a lumber depot, and a place of considerable business. There are about 3,000 inhabitants, and this is about the last place that contains a bank (and postal money order office) on the C. P. line till you get to Winnipeg.

We went directly to North Bay, on Lake Nipissing, and put in part of one day fishing there. Not very successful, however, but we "sampled" the pike, bass and "pickerel," the latter being in reality pike-perch. There seem to be none of our common pickerel there, and pike-perch take that name in that locality. Nipissing is a large lake, forty to fifty miles long and fifteen to twenty wide. There is good fishing in this lake in the right season, but a guide to the best places is necessary. North Bay has five or six hundred people and is growing. The stores there are very good and campers can get almost everything requisite, and at reasonable prices. From North Bay we went back four and one-half miles to Trout Lake, where we went into camp. Trout Lake is one of the loveliest lakes I was ever on. It is twelve miles long, with very irregular shores, making innumerable bays and coves. The water is clear and deep, and there are many islands of all shapes and sizes. We engaged Dick Jessup, the only settler living on the lake, as guide, and went down the lake seven miles and camped on what is called "Big Camp Island." We came for good fishing and we found it. And why shouldn't it be good? It is the natural home of bass, trout, maskalonge, etc., and it has never been netted or fished to any extent.

We were in just the right time for black bass, and in trolling we could catch all we had a mind to. We were sure of a strike every few moments, and as one or two fish were all we could eat in a day, we called the rest "lucky dogs," and after weighing them, threw them back for some one else to catch. After a few days we did most of our trolling with a small spoon, fine silk line and fly-rod, and though more would get away, the sport was much better. With large tackle the bass would run from two to five and six pounds, and plenty of them.

Maskalonge are there, but in August you only get a stray one now and then. We caught eight, the largest fifteen pounds (forty-two inches long), the others between five and fourteen pounds. I caught two or three small maskalonge, five and six pounds, on a fly-rod (with small spoon), and it was great sport with such light tackle. We also caught pike, plenty of pickerel (pike-perch), the latter were the most plenty next to the bass.

Lake trout were plenty, but were in deep water while we were there. The largest we caught weighed ten pounds. Dick called them "salmon," and they are a beautiful fish and good eating. Brook trout were plenty in the smaller streams, but were small and darker colored than those here. We caught a number of what they call "ling," a new fish to me. They look to be a cross between a catfish and lamprey eel, a very repulsive-looking creature. These we did not eat. We enjoyed fishing for bass with a fly and live bait in a rocky river. Bass took the fly there better than anywhere else. I hooked a large size green frog through one of his hind legs and tossed him into a deep pool in this river; he sat there serenely a moment, and as I glanced away there was a rush and a swirl, the frog was gone and I had a large fish hooked. Notwithstanding I handled him with the utmost care I did not save him, for he bit the wire gimp off above the hook and was gone. I do not know what kind of fish it was as I did not see it, but it was a large one.

As for hunting, it is good in the fall; the law is off Oct. 15, I believe. Deer and moose are quite plenty. We saw places where the tracks were as thick as in a barnyard; also saw tracks and signs of bears. A few weeks before we were there some Indians were encamped on a little island near our camp, and they got two moose and three deer, probably by floating, as we saw the remains of their jack as well as the hoofs and bones of the moose and deer. They smoked the meat and "portaged" it out. We think any one going to that locality would find it a very enjoyable trip. They will find the Canadian Pacific people pleasant gentlemen, willing to give any information and to do all they can to make their journey pleasant. One of the most weighty reasons for our going to Nipissing, which is directly north of the celebrated Muskoka region, was the fact that you can reach there from New York city or almost any point in New England by losing but one business day; for instance, leave New York

city on Montreal train after business hours (4:30 P. M.) on a Saturday and arrive at Montreal about 9 Sunday morning. Leave Montreal Sunday morning about 9 and train reaches North Bay late that night and you can go into camp Tuesday. At North Bay stop at Snyder's hotel, which is the best. Do not expect too much of a town but two years old, but you will find the people jovial and pleasant. This region was all a wilderness about two years ago, and settlers are not very thick yet. R. B. Jessup, of Trout Lake (his post office is North Bay), has boats and canoes, tent blankets, etc., and could probably be engaged as guide.

B. AND H.

TARPON FISHING WITH ROD AND REEL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The tarpon, or silver king as it is commonly called, may justly be described as a tropical fish, though found in a semi-tropical climate and waters. In substantiation of this proposition, I may state the fact, which came under my own observation, that the cold snap of last January which did so much damage throughout the South to the fruit, also killed or was the immediate cause of the death of thousands of these fish. I did not visit the scene of this devastation until about March following; but at that time I counted hundreds of the carcasses of this fish upon nearly every beach I visited, stripped of their flesh by the buzzards, hawks, coons and other animals and birds that seek the shores for their food. The tarpon are found in nearly all the waters of Southern and Southwestern Florida and the keys and waters of the Gulf of Mexico, are found in the more southerly portions thereof, where the waters are warmest, early in the spring or throughout the winter, and migrate into the more interior waters as the warm weather approaches, and in summer swarming in all the rivers and bayous of the Gulf and Florida coast.

This fish is said to grow to a very large size, though my own experience did not carry out the fables told of them as to size and weight. I had the experience of capturing some eight and of seeing nearly as many more captured by others, and of seeing and estimating for myself some ten or twelve others which I hooked but did not capture; and as a result of this observation I am led to the belief that from six to seven feet is about their maximum length and that about 150 pounds would be their maximum weight, both of which should, and probably would, be quite satisfactory to any of our expert striped-bass anglers if they could but see, as I have seen, and feel, as I have felt, them hooked on the ordinary tackle of our striped-bass fishermen.

The tarpon, though cautious and wary, is not timid, and with ordinary care can easily be induced to take the bait; and any one at all familiar with what is necessary in capturing the striped bass of our Eastern waters, can readily hook as many as he can safely take care of, provided he hooks them well, and by his skill prevents them from getting away. The object of my trip to Florida was to demonstrate if these fish could be captured with the ordinary tackle used by our Eastern club fishermen in their pursuit of the striped bass, and to see if patience, skill and perseverance could be made successful as against weight, activity, power and endurance. This I have successfully accomplished, for, while I have taken some eight of these monsters, I have used nothing but my striped-bass tackle, which is of the lightest kind used by any of the bass fishermen, consisting of Nos. 9 and 12 bass lines, the ordinary full-size bass reels, a light-six-foot split bamboo rod weighing fourteen ounces, and 10-0 knobby hook, increased one size for convenience, simply to accommodate an increased size bait.

The mullet used for bait are much larger than our menhaden, and are used in exactly the same way, and I made a success of chumming as in striped bass fishing, and the only drawback that I found in the capture of tarpon was in a proper and suitable snell to stand the action of their iron and shear-like jaws. Close examination shows the head of this fish to be a curiosity. The mouth, when closed, resembles the eagle's beak reversed, and one would be led to suppose that it was very small, as compared to the size of the fish; but it possesses a sort of folding power, and when fully opened it presents a monstrous cavity, quite sufficient to take in a man's head. The gills are of immense size and capable of great distention, and when the fish leaps from the water, as it always does on being hooked, it presents a spectacle at once grand and imposing, and the continuation of those efforts during the time he has the power to make them, render this fish and its capture at once an awe and delight. He leaps from the water when hooked, and with mouth open and gills distended shakes himself as I have never before seen any living object do, to rid himself of the hook, and in a majority of cases, sooner or later succeeds.

I have had them, as I supposed, securely hooked, and, after half an hour's tussle, when I thought them nearly captured, have had them make a rush and take line enough from me to get sufficient headway to leap from the water and by one of those tremendous shakes throw line, bait and hook ten feet in the air and then gracefully move away. In some cases I have had them leap from the water, from one to six feet clear, thirteen times before they lost power to do so, after which many attempts to leap would end in their getting only part way out of the water.

The brilliancy of the spectacle of this fish, with a head completely covered with a coat of the most brilliant pearl, and the sides from the gill down covered with frosty silver, leaping six feet out of the water, far enough to allow the turning of a complete somersault, and repeating this momentarily, must be seen to be appreciated, for it cannot be accurately or effectively described—it is awe-inspiring and sublime. The notion which is entertained by some English sporting journals, that to capture fish of more than two and a half pounds' weight to the pound of tensile strength of line, has in this experience been entirely exploded; for in my captures a fish weighing 125 pounds has been captured by a line having a tensile strength of less than twenty-five pounds; this is five to one instead of two and one-half to one.

Punta Rassa, Fla., and the adjacent waters of the coast of West Florida, were the field of my operations, though other waters of the Gulf abound with these fish. To reach the waters of this beautiful giant of the deep is not difficult, and the accommodations, though in most places plain, are comfortable, and where I had the good fortune to go I found the attendance good. The fishing is done from boats, and in not very deep water.

The flesh of the tarpon is good to eat, and I am informed that in some cases the beautiful scales are manufactured into very handsome and pleasing jewelry ornaments. A preserved specimen of the largest of my captures can be seen at Edward vom Hofe's, 97 Fulton street, New York.

BILLY BOWLEGGs,

PUNTA RASSA, Fla., April 12.

MAINE TROUT SEASON.

THE ice is out of the Maine lakes, and the trout season of 1886 is fairly started. The ice left the Umbagog, the lowest of the Androscoggin, April 30. Moosehead was clear May 2, so that the first steamer ran up to Kineo on that day. Monday evening brought the news by wire that Richardson Lake had just cleared, and that the boats were running. The other Androscoggin lakes cleared about the same time, eight or ten days earlier than last year. So the suggestions in the FOREST AND STREAM that the ice would break up early have been correct, and hereafter we shall all put more confidence in the opinion of experienced guides. The season opens auspiciously, and with the usual desire among trout fishermen to be first on the ground. But cold weather early in the week has rather dampened the spirits of some of the early birds from Boston, and they will wait a few days longer. Still the trains out of the city have carried a number of rod and line sportsmen, but cold fingers and damp and leafless woods will be their reward.

The desire is strong to go early, but the season is too immature by far. The purpose is to take big trout, almost always by trolling, for there is seldom any fly-fishing in Maine till the temperature of the water begins to change. In the taking of large trout the record goes to show that it has not been done by those who rush off before the snow water is done. In my memory the trout above six pounds have nearly all been taken as late as Decoration day or thereabouts. The celebrated Whittier 9½ pound trout was taken somewhere about the middle of June. Mr. Harrison Gardner took his 8-pound trout May 30. Mr. R. A. Tuttle has taken several large ones about that date. As soon as the ice goes out a multitude of small trout may be had at the mouth of the streams, but for large trout and certainly for bodily comfort, I should go later. To those not familiar with the Maine woods, or to those who have only been there in mid-summer or autumn, it may not be amiss to say that winter lingers long in the lap of spring in that State. Snow may be found in abundance in the woods till the middle, and sometimes the last of May. I have seen deep drifts there as late as the middle of June even. But the trees usually begin to be in leaf in the lake regions by the last of May.

SPECIAL.

FISH SLAUGHTER IN VERMONT.

THE disciples of the rod and line in this section are rejoicing over the appointment of Charles H. Lotrass, of the Champlain Rod and Gun Association, as fish warden for this State. He is a thorough business man and turns upon the law breakers when they least expect it. He also has been warden in New York State for over a year, so now he can work on both sides of Lake Champlain. During the past season he took over sixty nets and seines from those waters, most of which run in the marshy breeding grounds at the head of the lake. It is hoped and expected that he will give no little attention to Lake Bomoseene, which is a beautiful little sheet of water eight miles long and nearly two wide in the widest part. About two miles of the upper part of this lake is a large marsh of over two hundred acres, making a splendid breeding bed for pickerel and the large-mouth black bass, which were quite numerous in the lake a few years ago. For a number of years it has been the practice of a party who live there to set a large net in the channel, while they were running to and from this bed, and most of those which managed to get by the net without being caught, met their death by the cruel spear when they were on the spawning beds. In the spring I have seen four boats at a time rigged with jacks being silently pushed by a man in the stern, while the other stood in the bow with spear in hand watching for bass. (I say bass, as they are more likely to find them, as they are not so cunning in concealing themselves as the pickerel.)

I have also seen exposed for sale in our village no less than fifty of these fine bass at one time, all of which bore the marks of the spear. The bass usually captured in this way are females, and every one so killed lessened the number of bass by hundreds. It is thought that over 500 were taken by this party last spring. If there were not a number of other small marshes in the lake the bass would be entirely annihilated in a short time, and it is earnestly hoped that our new warden will bring this business of spearing and netting to a stop at once, and in a couple of years we will again enjoy good fishing with the rod and line.

The fishing through the ice has been unusually good this winter, it has been so mild. But the men who do this are mainly another lot of pot-fishers who catch the fish for market, and over one ton have been caught and sold this spring, some of the finest ones going to your city. A great many have been very large, the largest of which I had any knowledge weighed 23½, others weighed respectively 22, 19½, 18½, 16½, 15, 14½, and a good many from 8 to 13, while those from 4 to 8 were more than three hundred. NED.

FISHING IN THE POTOMAC.—Washington, D. C., April 22.—From observation and reports received, I am able to state that better bass fishing was never had in the Potomac than sportsmen are having now. Strings of from five to fifty are now brought in from Little Falls and Great Falls and other points, while further up, at Point of Rocks, Harper's Ferry, Sir John's Run and other well-known places, the catches have been something remarkable, both for number and size. A letter just received from the south branch of the Potomac states the bass never were more numerous, that bait is very scarce there in consequence, and that anglers must come well prepared in this respect. Small catfish seem to be the most taking, but chubs, smelt, canal minnows and other small fry are used with success. Have not heard of any fly-fishing. The catch of Potomac shad is very large and the fish are unusually fine. Herring are also reported as good as usual in size and quality. Striped bass are running up, and sportsmen are taking them at various favorable points with excellent luck.—BURNETT.

SALMON ANGLING IN MAINE.—A Maine paper says: "A few days ago Mr. Henry A. Wing caught a fine salmon in the Mattawamkeag River. The fish was taken with a small rod, and is the first of the kind which has been caught here in a long while. Salmon are moving up the river in large numbers, and the prospect is that many will be taken with rod and line. The people feel much gratified to think the rivers are once more becoming populated with the 'king of fish.'" We also learn from good authority that a twenty-four pound salmon was taken with a rod in the Penobscot below the water works dam of Bangor, last week, by Mr. Fred Ayer. Beside the fish taken by Mr. Ayer, we learn that two more were taken on Friday last, three on Saturday, and one took the hook but was lost.

FISHING IN FLORIDA.—Cedar Keys, Fla., April 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been here for some time with a friend from Canada, and we have kept the hotel in fish ever since we came. We have had lots of fun catching sheepshead. I suppose they took this name from having a mouth like a sheep. On April 11 three of us took a sail out to Snake Keys, an island five miles from Cedar Keys. We sailed a mile further in the Gulf, and I noticed trout about us. As there was a piece of mullet in the bottom of the boat and I always carry my line in my pocket, I thought I would try a cast. Well, I made a cast of fifty feet out, and the bait had only struck the water when something took my bait. I let the fish have some more line and then checked him, and had fine sport pulling him in. It was a trout of about 3½ pounds, a beauty. My friend could not stand the temptation, so he felt for his line and found he had one in his pocket; but he lost a number of fish, as his line was not heavy enough and would break every now and then. For two hours we had lots of sport, but then had to take up anchor and start for Cedar Keys, as there was a storm coming up. We hated to leave, as they were still biting freely. The wind blew very hard and the Gulf got very rough and ugly; but we had only one thing to do, and that was to keep on, for the longer we stayed out the more likely we were to be swamped. We had to keep bailing all the time. We got in safe and carried our fish to the hotel and took the house by surprise, showing sixty-seven trout and one bluefish. They weighed 137½ pounds. That was the best sport in fishing I ever had.—H. A. B.

COIL LEAD OR SHOT.—Ashtabula, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Living as I do among the fastness of the everlasting mountains of the Alleghanies, where their evergreen tops pierce the blue vault above, where the bounding deer roam at will, and where in the deep valleys the pure mountain streams rush headlong on their way to the mighty river, it has been my solace and joy to spend many weeks in decoying to my line the speckled trout, which it is the delight of all lovers of sport to lure to their hand. I see in the issue of March 18 some one advocates coil lead instead of shot for sinkers. I cannot understand why an idea so long abandoned should be again brought forward. I used it for years, until I tried the shot, since then I have never returned to that primitive mode of sinkers. My reasons for not liking it are many. It is not decided enough in its action when eating my hook. When trying to place the line at a given point the lead is so distributed that the wind will take it from the place intended, whereas the shot has less surface for the wind to act upon, and therefore your cast is more perfect. I used to find the coil lead an abomination and a nuisance, it was constantly getting off from my line, or becoming foul, and when on the line it made a stiff and unpliant spot where I wanted the most elasticity. I always put the shot above the loop on the line, which leaves to the leader and hook, with a gut, a free action, while the line is held at will by the shot. In swift running streams I seldom use a sinker, I think the fly has more of its natural appearance than when held under water, the current being sufficient for all purposes.—G.

FISHING FOR LAND-LOCKED SALMON.—Bucksport, Me., April 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The question, what is the best fly and bait for land-locked salmon, also season and time of day? may be answered thus: For a fly the silver doctor is the greatest favorite. The butcher is another that some have found successful; also an unnamed fly of private make, with a yellow body and a gray mallard wing, and another called Montreal, but not the original Montreal—nearer a golden pheasant. There is a great variety of opinion as to bait. Fly-fishermen do not like to talk about bait, though the fact is the most of the fish taken at Grand Lake Stream and all those now taken at Sebago are victims of bait. The natives at Grand Lake use a piece of pork rind. Some use a shining and tough piece cut from any fish. If smelts run in the stream where land-locked salmon are expected, a small smelt or piece of a large one is recommended. The season of fishing is from the breaking up of the ice till some time late in June. The April and May fishing is mainly trolling with fly or bait, mostly the latter. Whipping is not very successful until after the cherry is in bloom and the black flies bite vigorously, at Grand Lake Stream after the 1st of June generally, say from June 5 to 20. There is some fishing in September, which is best in case of high water in the streams, but this rarely compares well with the May and June fishing. As to time of day, early morning and late afternoon are best. Some find the silver doctor best in the morning and a gray miller in the evening.—C. G. A.

THE LARGEST TARPON.—Mr. W. H. Wood, who took the first tarpon with rod and reel one year ago, has been at it again. He has recently sent one of these fish to New York which measured 6 feet 5 inches and weighed 140 pounds, and the mounted skin is now in the window of Thomas J. Conroy, 65 Fulton street, where it attracts crowds. This, largest of all game fishes, was taken a few miles from Key West, Fla., on 900 feet of 15-thread linen line, an O'Shaughnessy knobbed 10-0 hook, a 3-foot link chain, a 5-foot bamboo rod and a "Silver King" reel. The great strength of the fish compelled Mr. Wood to lift his anchor and let the boat follow the fish. A similar rod, reel and line are in the window at Conroy's.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.—Syracuse, May 3.—Last week Game Protector Lindsay pulled twenty-two trap nets out of Oneida Lake in twenty-four hours, a good day's work. Mr. Henry Loftie caught twenty-two brook trout on the opening day which weighed five pounds. He says he lost one that would have weighed two pounds, but does not understand why the boys grin when he states this fact.—SALINE.

Fishculture.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

WE have the following figures of the work done at the three hatcheries in the State for the past season, up to May 1. At Caledonia they are still taking eggs of the rainbow trout, and at Cold Spring Harbor some other hatching work is in progress, but not reported. At the Adirondack hatchery, at Lake Brandon, the figures include eggs placed in the streams after the breaking of the dam, which ended operations in the building:

CALEDONIA STATION.
(In charge of Monroe A. Green.)
Egg Shipments.

Warren County.—Schroon Lake hatching house, 250,000

salmon trout, 100,000 whitefish, 150,000 California mountain and rainbow trout.

Dutchess County.—Wagner's and other brooks, 25,000 brook trout; New Hamburg, 1,500 brown and 25,000 California trout. New York County.—To E. G. Blackford, to be sent to Germany, 20,000 rainbow trout; to be sent to France, 10,000 rainbow trout.

Essex County.—Adirondack hatchery, 875,000 salmon trout and 75,000 California mountain trout, for Adirondack Club at Newcomb.

Fry.

Allegheny County.—Canada Creek and tributaries, 20,000 brook trout.

Cayuga County.—Salmon Creek tributaries and North Brook, 25,000 brook trout.

Chenango County.—Willie Brook and tributaries, Fly Creek, Blue Brook, 44,000 brook trout.

Cattaraugus County.—Conewango Creek and tributaries, Trout and Hooper brooks, Sam and Ischua creeks, 65,000 brook trout.

Chautauqua County.—Cold, Crooked and Dyton brooks, Will Creek, 21,000 brook trout.

Columbia County.—Roosman, Link, Harlemlville, Crayville, Groat, New Suydam, Ecclestyne Spring, Indian and Pulven brooks, Steinvile Creek, 83,000 brook trout.

Delaware County.—Trout, Peeks, Platner, Steel, Bennett, Bradley, Loby, Griswold, Baker, Bogart, Baxter, Fish's, Tyler's, Cadosia, Chase's, Beers, Marion, Theirl, East, West, Fall Mill, Elk, Glenbury brooks, Little Delaware, Willis and Hyer creeks, 200,000 brook trout.

Dutchess County.—Shunpike, Deep Hollow, Shekonoko, Amenia, Sherman, Stone Church, Edmond, Belding, Wells brooks, Lansmankill Creek, Washart Lake, 110,000 brook trout, 12,000 salmon trout.

Fulton County.—Bennetts, Connors, Blackart, Parson and Lofton creeks, 30,000 brook trout.

Franklin County.—Ragged Lake, 75,000 salmon trout.

Genesee County.—Oatka Creek, 15,000 brown trout.

Green County.—Plattkill and other streams, 28,000 brook trout.

Herkimer County.—Fulmer, Willard, Flat, Chatman, West Canada, East Canada, Beaver, Cold, Limekill, Little and Big Sprite creeks and brooks; Fulton Chain of Lakes, Little and Big Moose Lake, Moss Lake, Canachagala and Bug lakes, 8,000 brown, 127,000 brook, 105,000 salmon trout, 14,000 hybrids (half brook, half salmon).

Hamilton County.—Spring Creek tributaries in Fulton Chain of Lakes, 50,000 salmon trout and 50,000 brook trout.

Jefferson County.—Centenary and Cold brooks, Sandy and Felt Mill creeks and tributaries, 36,000 brook trout.

Livingston County.—Hemlock Lake, Mill and Spring creeks, 205,000 salmon trout, 50,000 whitefish, 6,000 brook and 16,000 brown trout.

Monroe County.—Lake Ontario (at Charlotte), Tennis, Hoffman, Spring and Oatka creeks, 350,000 whitefish, 10,000 brook and 50,000 brown trout.

Onondaga County.—Onondaga Creek, Bishop, General Patrick, Don, Lowers, Hartup, Putnam and Edward's brooks, 35,000 brook trout.

Otsego County.—South Columbia Brook and Clark's creeks, 25,000 brook trout.

Oneida County.—White Sugar, Gntf, Mill (and tributaries to Black River), Sauquoit, Cummings, Christie and Langworthy creeks, Baker and Read brooks, Jock's and South lakes, Unadilla River (west branch), 125,000 brook trout, 60,000 salmon trout, 6,000 hybrids (half brook, half salmon).

Orange County.—Thompson Ridge, 30,000 brook trout.

Ontario County.—Canandaigua Lake, Irondequoit Creek, 381,000 salmon and 15,000 brook trout.

Steuben County.—Tributaries to Cohocton River, 10,000 brook trout.

Sullivan County.—Beaverkill River and tributaries, Little Beaverkill Creek and tributaries, Neversink River and tributaries, Delaware River tributaries, East and West Mongaup, Black Joe, Conklin, Simpson, Narvoo, Benson's, Brown, Russell's, Horton, Appley's, Bennett's, Willowcasac, Sprague, Benson Meadow, Little Beamville, Salsbury, Patsy, Sawmill, Spring and Lawrence brooks and creeks, 285,000 brook trout, 7,000 salmon trout.

Suffolk County.—Cold Spring hatchery, 110,000 brook trout. St. Lawrence County.—Jordan Lake, 25,000 hybrids (¼ brook, ¾ salmon trout).

Tioga County.—Owego Creek and tributaries, 25,000 brook trout.

Tompkins County.—Six-Mile, Willow and Enfield creeks, 24,000 brook trout, 6,000 brown trout.

Ulster County.—Dry Brook and tributaries, Furlow Lake and tributaries, Wawarsing Creek, 115,000 brook trout.

Wyoming County.—Tonawanda Creek (east stream), East Coy Creek, 84,000 trout.

Washington County.—Blair's Brook and White Creek, 30,000 brook trout.

Warren County.—Lake George, 950,000 salmon trout.

Yates County.—Keuka Lake, 520,000 salmon trout.

Recapitulation.

Brook trout.....	1,682,000
Lake or salmon trout.....	3,490,000
Whitefish.....	530,000
Rainbow trout.....	280,000
Brown trout.....	96,500
Hybrids.....	45,000

Total.....6,132,500

COLD SPRING HARBOR STATION.

(In care of Fred Mather.)

State Work.

Brook trout hatched at station, 130,000; fry received from Caledonia, 110,000.

Brown trout, 65,000 hatched from eggs received from Germany and taken at the station; 8,000 distributed to Clenden Brook, Warren county, to date.

Hybrids, 300 from male sailbling and female brook trout received from E. B. Hodge, Commissioner of New Hampshire.

Tomocods, 2,872,000 hatched and planted in Cold Spring Harbor.

Smelts, 2,100,000 hatched and planted in the harbor.

U. S. Work.

Whitefish, 1,000,000 hatched and planted in Great Pond, near Riverhead and in Lake Ropkonkoma.

Penobscot salmon, 500,000 hatched and planted in tributaries of the Hudson, the Oswego and Salmon rivers.

Landlocked salmon, 84,000 hatched for Lake Brandon, or as previously called Little Clear Pond in the Saranac region. Lake trout, 150,000; 100,000 distributed and remainder kept for future distribution.

Shad, 850,000 shad fry now in process of hatching from 1,250,000 eggs sent from the Central hatching station, Washington, to be planted as may be directed by Mr. Blackford.

Recapitulation.

Brook trout.....	240,000
Brown trout.....	65,000
Hybrids.....	300
Tomocods.....	2,872,000
Smelts.....	2,100,000
Whitefish.....	1,000,000
Penobscot salmon.....	500,000
Land-locked salmon.....	34,000
Lake trout.....	150,000
Shad.....	850,000

Total.....7,811,300

ADIRONDACK HATCHERY.
(In charge of F. A. Walters.)

Placed in streams, frost fish eggs.....	500,000
Placed in streams, brook trout eggs.....	40,000
Placed in streams, lake trout eggs.....	250,000
Planted in lake, lake trout fry.....	80,000
Total.....	870,000
This makes the grand total as follows:	
Caledonia, all kinds.....	6,132,500
Cold Spring Harbor, all kinds.....	7,811,300
Adirondack, all kinds.....	870,000
Total.....	14,813,800

HATCHING SHAD.—The United States Fish Commission's steamer Lookout arrived in the Delaware River off Gloucester City on May 1, to commence the work of artificially hatching shad and stocking the stream with them. The Fish Hawk, a larger steamer, commanded by Lieut. Piefmeyer, of the Navy, which did the work last year, will arrive in a few days to relieve the Lookout, and will remain upriver until after the close of the season. It is proposed to place fifty million young shad in the river from these vessels. The Lookout already has one million eggs in the incubators, and the first spawn will be liberated in about four days. The eggs are obtained from the largest and finest female shad just as they are drawn from the water in the big seine net at Thompson & Guy's fishery. The Government officials have the first pick and pay a stipulated price for each fish used. The hatching process consists in placing the eggs in jars containing water heated above the normal temperature of the river, and keeping them constantly in motion. In from four to seven days the young shad break through the eggs and are placed in the river to start on their perilous journey to the sea.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES. FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.
Nov. 22.—Eight annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

May 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Tenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent, P. O. Box 1812, New York.
May 18, 19, 20 and 21.—Third Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club, St. Louis, Mo. Geo. Munson, Manager.
May 25, 26 and 27.—First Dog Show of the Ninth Regiment, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. W. H. Truck, Secretary, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
July 20, 21, 22 and 23.—Milwaukee Dog Show. John D. Olcott, Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **3616**.

THE CLEVELAND DOG SHOW.

THE third dog show of the Cleveland Bench Show Association was held at Cleveland, O., last week. Previous shows at Cleveland have proved very satisfactory to the exhibitors as well as the association, and we are pleased to note that this show will compare favorably in this respect with any that has been held. The Tabernacle, in which the show was held, is of good size and well ventilated, but is badly lighted. The benches were well arranged, and the management was first-class, except that there were not attendants to do the necessary work in its proper time. The dogs were well cared for, and the exhibitors warmly praised the management for the care taken of their interests and for the efficient and cordial manner in which their wants were attended to. There were 365 entries, with 30 absentees. The quality in most of the classes was good, the English setters being remarkably fine. One of the local papers solemnly announced that "taking all things into consideration there is not a poor dog in the show." We have no knowledge of where the reporter draws the line, but presume that it is at the "yaller dog," as the judge failed to find a worthy recipient of the special offered for this kind. There were quite a number of dogs that made their first appearance in public. Some of them made the knowing ones open their eyes, and we have no doubt that this operation will be repeated if these dogs put in an appearance at future shows, no matter how hot the company.

Judging did not commence until 2 o'clock on Tuesday, and was not completed until late on Thursday. The management thought that the public would like to see the dogs judged, and this was the reason for the delay. We can assure them, however, that this is a mistaken idea. We have taken great pains to obtain information upon this point, and are certain that a very large majority of the public who visit dog shows are far more anxious to see the "best of its breed" than to witness the process of selection. It is also true that, until the cards are put up, the display of dogs to most of the visitors means nothing, but when the animals are graded according to their merit, the man who knows nothing about the characteristics of the different breeds can compare the blue with the red, and so on through the class, with opportunity at least to learn something. Then again the exhibitor, or at all events, the lucky one, is anxious for an early display of the prize he has won, as he takes a pardonable pride in the success of his favorite and the consequent words of praise bestowed upon it by the visitor. The weather, except a few showers on the last day, was all that could be wished, and the show was visited by a larger number than has attended any of the previous shows held here. The judges of the different classes were Mr. B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa., English setters; Major J. M. Taylor, Cleveland, O., Irish and black and tan setters; Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich., pointers; Mr. J. H. Naylor, Chicago, Ill., all other classes.

Only two protests were made. Mr. Seitzer very foolishly protested Keswick II. on account of late arrival. The rule requiring entries to be present the morning of the first day is a very necessary one, but in case of unavoidable delay it has been the custom to waive its provisions, and as Keswick arrived before the class was judged, the committee very properly refused to sustain the protest. Messrs. Whitehead and Wright protested the Irish setter puppy Frank as being over age, but it was proven to the satisfaction of the committee that he was eligible, and the protest was not sustained.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—(MR. WILSON).

There were many very fine animals in the English setter classes, and several of them are good enough for any company. The judge did not handle them at all well. He let no bad ones into the money, but some of the best were entirely overlooked, and others were rated below their merits. We are sorry to

have to disagree with the decisions of Mr. Wilson, as we know him to be a conscientious, painstaking judge. Outside indications are not always reliable in assisting one to form a correct idea of the worth of an animal, and we are confident that had the judge made a more careful examination and comparison of the dogs, he would have arrived at different conclusions in some instances at least. In the champion dog class, Paul Gladstone, the only entry, was absent. In the bitch class the beautiful Queen Alice won over her only competitor, Liddersdale. Juno A., also entered in this class, was absent. The open dog class was the best we have seen this year. Mandan, the winner, is a stylish looking dog, of beautiful color; he is a trifle coarse in head; having rather a wide, short skull; he is also faulty in thighs, and might be better in feet; he was shown too thin. Scottish Chief, placed second, was much the best in the class. He is a trifle narrow in head and might be better in thighs, but otherwise he is about as good as the best. Pendragon, winner of third, is a well-formed dog of good size, with a fair head, good body, legs and feet. Brandon, vhc., has a good body and capital legs and feet; he is much too thick and short in head, lacks quality and is very bad in tail. Blue Hope, also vhc., is just a fair dog without much quality. Tasso, he, is a fine upstanding dog, with capital shoulders, body, legs and feet, and a beautiful tail. He is a bit wide and short in skull, and a trifle out at elbows; his neck is also a little too short. Dash and Count, both hc., were lucky. Knight of Snowden, unnoticed, was looking much better than at Newark. Craig, also unnoticed, is of the same type as Knight of Snowden and nearly as good; he has a good head, is well put together, with capital legs and feet. Scottish Chief should have been first, Knight of Snowden second, with not much to choose between Pendragon, Mandan and Craig for third. Tasso and Blue Hope were near enough to these to merit vhc., Brandon was worth hc., and Count a single letter. The bitches were better even than the dogs, and we are sorry to add that they fared worse. Lillian, the winner, is a well-known field trial performer. She has a beautiful head and neck, fair body and loin, with capital legs and feet, and shows much quality. She lacks in chest, is too straight in stifle and is off in tail. Vixen III. was placed second. She is too plain in head and lacking in quality for the place in such company. Third went to Jeanette, a nice bitch not well shown. Swan, vhc., is a good all around bitch with a good flat coat; her head would be improved with more stop. Bess M., Fannie M., vhc., and Akron Girl, hc., are all well made, but coarse and lacking in quality. Jealousy, vhc., is just a fair specimen. Rosey, also vhc., is a fair bitch, with a good head. She is a trifle light in chest and long in back, and has open feet. Daisy, hc., we failed to find. Novlette was the best bitch in the class. How the judge could overlook her many good points and evident quality we cannot comprehend. Heather Bell, Abbess and Helen Douglas, also unnoticed, are much the same type as Novlette, and very close to her in merit. Novlette has recently arrived from England, and is a first-prize winner at the Crystal Palace, Darlington and other shows. She was shown too fat, but was in good enough form to win. Either the English judges and many of our best known breeders are wrong or Mr. Wilson is wrong. The class should have been led by Novlette, with Heather Belle second and Abbess third. Helen Douglas, Lillian, Swan, Vixen III. and Jeanette were all worth the three letters. Bess M., Fannie M., Jealousy and Rosey should have been content with two letters each. At the head of the hc. division we should place R. B. Morgan's Addie M., unnoticed. She is a strong, good bitch, well made and with capital legs and feet. J. King's Daisy, also unnoticed, deserved a c. There were sixteen entries in the dog puppy class. The secretary had stated that where more than ten were entered in a puppy class the class would be divided. This of course only applies to classes where dogs and bitches compete; but through mistake this class was run in two sections, divided in the order in which the entries were received. Prince Royal H., winner of second in the second division, was much the best in the two classes. Doc C., hc., in the first division, came next. Dnde has a good head, but is shallow in chest and out at elbow. Blue Prince is a fair specimen only, with a weak head, short neck and straight stifle. Grouse is also a fair puppy, with a weak head. Sport, unnoticed, deserved mention for his good body, excellent legs and feet. In the bitch class, Nantahala, placed first, is faulty in head and ears, and round in barrel; second was her place. Second went to Sparkle, a coarse bitch, out elbow and not straight in forelegs; she was worth hc. Dart Gladstone, vhc., was the best of the lot; she has no very serious faults. Lady and Blink Bonny, both vhc., deserved their cards, as did Jealousy, hc.; she was very close to them. Nellie and Nettie, both unnoticed, showed more quality than anything in the class, and should have had one or two letters each.

IRISH SETTERS.—(MAJOR TAYLOR).

The Irish setters, as a whole, were the poorest lot that we have seen at any show this year. In the champion dog class, Echo, Jr., had an easy win over Brush. Zella Glenduff, looking well, had a walk over in the bitch class. There were only five shown in the open dog class. They were properly placed. Mickey C., placed third, except for a broken foot, was the best of the lot. In the bitch class, first went to Laura B., a very nice big bitch with plenty of bone. She is very well made, but a little too much of English type. Cora, winner of second, is a very promising puppy, but not good enough to beat Lorna, placed third. Noreen IV., vhc., was looking well, and deserved the place. Clara Belle, also vhc., received all she deserved. She has a short head and is too heavy in body. Her good coat and color gave her the place. Nellie C. is a fair little bitch shown out of coat and feather. The dog puppies were nothing extra. Frank, the best one, is just a fair puppy, with too much white on chest. In the bitch class, first went to Cora, winner of second in the open class. There was nothing else in the class that we fancied.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—(MAJOR TAYLOR).

There were no entries in the black and tan setter champion classes, and but two in the open dog class. Both of these were winners of first and second here two years ago. They have fallen off from their form then, and the judge withheld first and placed them second and third, their relative position two years ago. Dash, placed second, has grown coarse and wide in front, and is out at elbow. Mr. Brown was much too fat. He has grown throaty and wide, and shows age. In the bitch class, first went to Lottie, a very nice bitch, with rather a plain head and poor tail, but otherwise very good. Second went to Jess II., a fine big bitch with a fair head, and of good coat and color. She is not quite straight on her forelegs. Duchess C. has an Irish head, and is of Irish type. Bell, unnoticed, deserved the two letters. She is a fair light weight, with too much tan on head. First was withheld in the puppy class, and second given to Dash. We failed to find him in his stall. He should be much better than the remainder of the class to be worth the place.

POINTERS.—(MR. DAVIDSON).

There were forty-two pointers entered and all were shown except five of the Graphic Kennels and Jetsam, the Pittsburgh winner. Taken as a whole, the quality was above the average. Robert le Diable was entered in the champion class over 55 pounds, but was not for competition. He has improved since we last saw him. In the corresponding bitch class Lady Croxteth, looking well, was alone. In open dogs first and second went to Pap Smizer and Kingshot, litter brothers. They are very well made with good legs and feet, both are a trifle weak in head. Sweep, vhc., we failed to find in his stall. Young Meteor, hc., is rather a nice puppy, but too wide in front. Planet, c., was in bad condition. He appears to be a good dog. His worst fault is his open feet. In the bitch class first went to Romp, sister to Lady Croxteth, but a year younger.

She is nearly as good as Lady. Second went to Lass, well known. She was much too fat. Diana, vhc., is quite a fair bitch, except that she is too snipy and a bit straight in stifle. There was one entry in each of the small champion classes and both were absent. In the open dog class first went to Tippecanoe, a taking looking dog with fair head, neck and chest, good loin, quarters, tail, legs and feet. His ears are up a bit high and he is a trifle wide in front. He might be better in shoulders. Second went to Rumpy, a well put together dog of considerable quality. He has a fair head that would be improved with more stop. Don and Doncaster, both vhc., deserved their cards. Le Roy, hc., is a taking looking dog with good neck, shoulders, chest and tail. He is weak in head and light in bone. Bull's Eye, also hc., is a fair dog, a bit leggy. Spot, unnoticed, deserved a card for his good body, capital legs and feet. In the bitch class first went to Keswick II., winner of second at Pittsburgh. She is quite a nice bitch. Her worst faults are a flat skull, not depth enough in chest, and a bad gait behind. Lillie Bang, winner of second, is a niceish lemon and white; she deserved the place. Fan, vhc., looks like a good one, but she was too fat to show. Daisy Donald, hc., was nursing a litter and not in form. The dog puppies were a poor class. Young Meteor, the winner, was much the best. He was hc., in the open large class. The others were not very promising. The bitches were better, although we noticed nothing likely to win in the future in good company.

SPANIELS.—(MR. NAYLOR).

There were seven Irish water spaniels shown. Count Bendigo was alone in the champion class. He was looking well. In the open dog class first went to Patsy O'Connor, a rangy, workmanlike-looking dog, with good head, ears, topknot, legs and feet; his tail has been hurt, which will account for its bad carriage. He also has a large white spot on chest. Second went to Champion, of good shape and a nice head; he was off in coat. Ononoo, vhc., is well known. O'Duff, hc., is fairly well formed, but is too leggy and shallow and was short in coat. In the bitch class first went to Little Sioux, a nice bitch with a good head. She is a trifle short in body and was off in coat. Gypsy, winner of second, is well formed. She has a mustache and considerable feather on her tail; her coat was also ragged. There were no entries in the champion field spaniel class. In the open class first went to Hornell Mikado, one of the handsomest black and whites that we have seen. He is fair all round, except that his tail is carried too high. This was his first appearance. He is to be at New York to take the measure of the cracks. Second went to Peerless Gloss, a very nice dog of cocker type. Rocco, c., has a good head, coat, legs and feet, but is too short in body. Bob S., unnoticed, is of fair type and deserved a notice. The two others show a water spaniel cross. Black Beau, Jr., and Hornell Dan were absent. The latter is a capital dog. He gnawed a hole in his thigh the first day and was not shown. Hornell Silk, looking better than at Newark, was alone in the champion cocker class. In the open class for other than black first went to Vic. She is faulty in head and ears and too short in body. Hornell Belle II., winner of second, has a grand body and a beautiful coat. She is a trifle faulty in head and has chorea; but for the latter we would place her first. Hornell Nance, vhc., is faulty in head, but has a good body and the best of legs and feet. The two others were not worthy notice. Kino, winner at Pittsburgh, was first in the class for blacks. He is a nice little dog, a trifle too short in body and stands too wide in front. Hornell Jock, winner of second, is a little faulty in head and ears, but is good in body. Hornell Dinah is a bit light in bone, and was not in good condition. Ruby, hc., is good in body, but stands a little too high. Roy, c., is weak in head and light in bone. Mikado, winner in the open class for field spaniels, also won first in the puppy class. But one other was shown. He was a mongrel and second was very properly withheld. These classes were well judged.

FOXHOUNDS.—(MR. NAYLOR).

In the champion foxhound class Roxey II. was alone. In the open class Ranger was first, and Abe, a handsome black and tan with white feet, was placed second; he is too leggy and is rather shallow. We preferred Leader, vhc., for the place, he is better all round, except in beauty. The others were a workmanlike looking lot. There was no uniformity of type in the class, and not one that approaches the type called for by the standard.

BEAGLES.—(MR. NAYLOR).

There were nineteen entries in the beagle classes, with only one absentee. In the champion class Bunneman, looking well, beat Mischief. The open dog class brought out a capital hound in Rackett; he was bred by Gen. Rowett, and has a grand head and an immense chest; he seemed to be slack behind, which is perhaps owing to his thin condition; when in good form he will undoubtedly be a hard one to beat. Driver, placed second, is a workmanlike looking dog, but not of so good type as Bob, vhc. Bob is a bit leggy, and might be better in muzzle, otherwise he is good. Banker, also vhc., is rather coarse. Boxer, c., might be improved in coat, brush and muzzle; in other respects he is quite good. The bitch class also brought out a new comer in Dot, the winner. She is an excellent bitch. Her worst fault is a trifle too much length of body. Piney, placed second, is a serviceable looking bitch, also a little too long in body and out at elbow, and is light in eye. Minnie, vhc., is very pretty. She is weak in muzzle, and might be better in brush. Queen Bird, hc., is well made, with a good body. She lacks in muzzle and ears. Millie, also hc., is an excellent bitch. She is somewhat snipy and a bit out at elbow. Maida, c., is a little long cast, and a trifle out at elbow. She also lacks in coat. Stella, also c., lacks quality. In the under 12 inch dog class, Marchboy II. was alone, the other entry being transferred to the large class. Marchboy should have been entered in the champion class, as he has won three firsts. He has lost flesh during the campaign, and this magnifies his worst fault, lack of substance. There were but two shown in the bitch class. Fairy, placed first, we did not like so well for the place as Magnet. The latter is bad in forelegs and feet, but better than Fairy in all other points. Maida II. was the only puppy shown. If she gets a good coat and brush with age she will do to show again. Both of the packs shown were very good. The one placed first contained four first winners. The classes were well handled.

DACHSHUNDE.—(MR. NAYLOR).

This was an excellent class, the most "sorty" lot we have yet seen together. We thought them properly placed.

FOX-TERRIERS.—(MR. NAYLOR).

Only four fox-terriers were shown. Stableford Joe, looking better than we have seen him, was alone in the open dog class, and his kennel mate Lyra, also looking well, won in the bitch class. Busy, her only competitor, winning second. The latter has a fair head and good legs and feet; she is not clean enough before the eyes and stands too wide in front. First was withheld in the puppy class, and no fault could have been found had the second, given to Lert, been withheld also.

GREYHOUNDS.—(MR. NAYLOR).

With the exception of first and second there was nothing worthy notice. Belle, the winner, is quite a nice bitch, with a fair head, good neck, chest and loins, and shows quality; she is too straight behind and her feet might be improved. Major, second, is well known.

DEERHOUNDS.—(MR. NAYLOR).

There were only two deerhounds shown. Fly, placed first, is just a fair specimen. Garfield, given second, looks the better of the two, but his ugly disposition prevented examination, and he was properly placed in the rear.

MASTIFFS.—(MR. NAYLOR).

The only entries in the champion classes, Homer and Rosalind, were absent. The open dog class brought out a very fair

dog in baby. He was much the best in the class. He is too long in head and light in bone and might be better in feet. He has a good body, which would be greatly improved with more flesh. He is evidently well bred, although unfortunately his pedigree is missing. Caesar II., placed second, we do not like. Captain, vhc., is a very dark brindle, almost black; he is of fair type and immense bulk. Prince, hc., should have been second. He is not first-class, but much above the average, and the best red we have seen for a long time; he is rather light and leggy, and could be improved in head. In the bitch class Bal-Gal and Ilford Cambria had a very close thing of it. Bal-Gal's good condition pulled her through, but she did not have much to spare. Ilford Cambria is litter sister to the well-known Ilford Caution. She has a fair head and is well-formed. She was not shown in good condition, being much too thin. There was only one puppy worth notice, Ashmont Tiger, a nice brindle, much like his sire Ilford Cromwell. He is not quite deep enough in muzzle and has a ring tail. He is rather timid and did not like to go into the ring, whereupon Mr. Fellows, of spaniel fame, who had become somewhat acquainted with him, took him in charge and showed him nicely. When the ribbon was handed him, Mr. Fellows very blandly remarked to the judge, "If you are as good a judge of spaniels as you are of mastiffs, I am all right." It is perhaps unnecessary to add that he retired amid the plaudits of the audience.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. NAYLOR).

There were eighteen St. Bernards entered and all were present. First Choice, looking well, was alone in the champion rough-coated class. There were no entries in the bitch class. In the open dog class, Rene won first. He was in good condition. Humbolt, placed second, is a fair dog, a trifle long in muzzle and a bit large in ear; he also has an open coat. Julien, vhc., is also a fair dog of good size, with more than an average head, and is well marked. His expression is not just right, and he is a little weak behind. His bad condition undoubtedly lost him second place. Jumbo, hc., is a big, coarse, eight-months' puppy, with a small head and snipy muzzle. He may improve with age. In the bitch class there were only two—litter sisters. Norma, placed first, is a fair specimen, lacking in bone and short of coat. Jumbo, hc. in the open class, was the best of a poor lot of puppies. There were no entries in the smooth-coated champion classes. In the open dog class Montreux was alone. He is a good dog, with badly carried ears and tail. There was only one bitch entered; not a good specimen. The puppies were no better than the rough-coats, and we noticed nothing that promises to be first-class.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. NAYLOR).

Mr. Naylor very properly reversed the decision at Pittsburgh and placed Bruno over King Leo, giving them first and second. Lear, vhc., we thought just about as good as King Leo; he is a young dog with good head and coat, and promises to be as good as his sire, Bruno, when mature. Carlo, the winner at Hartford, was also vhc. Aside from these there was nothing else in the class worth mention.

COLLIES—(MR. NAYLOR).

There were only nine collies entered and one was absent. Ben Nevis, looking well, was alone in the champion class. Why he was allowed to compete after having been disqualified by the New England Kennel Club we cannot understand. Such violation of one of the most important rules of the American Kennel Club cannot be overlooked. In the open dog class, Clifton Hero won first. He is a nice dog with a beautiful head and ear, good body, legs and feet, a fair amount of bone and a beautiful, well-carried brush. He is too soft in coat, a trifle overshot and has dew claws. He beat Ben Nevis for the special. We cannot agree with this decision, as Ben is better than him in everything except head and should have won easily. Second went to Yarrow, the winner here two years ago. He is still a good dog but has grown coarse in head. In the bitch class, Beauty, the winner, is a well-formed animal with a good head, disfigured by badly-carried ears. She has but just arrived in this country and was in horrible condition. Juic, her only competitor, received all she deserved. The puppies were nothing extra.

BULLDOGS—(MR. NAYLOR).

Only two bulldogs were shown. King, in the dog class, won at Boston and Hartford. We overheard one critic severely rate the judge for awarding King a prize, as he is undershot. Nana, in the bitch class, owing to her long face, could get no higher than second.

TERRIERS—(MR. NAYLOR).

There were thirteen entered as bull-terriers, and all of them were on hand for the fray. Yankee, placed first in the large class, is a big, coarse dog with a "Dudley nose," heavy head and coarse tail. He should have exchanged places with Maud Lee, placed second; she is quite a nice bitch, a trifle heavy in head. Of the others, in both classes, the less said the better, as, judging from their looks, it would take but little to start a fight. Mr. Naylor, the judge, placed on exhibition a capital lot of Scotch terriers, among them was Niel Gow, a varmint-looking one as we have seen in many a day. This was his first appearance. When he is shown for competition it will take a wonder to beat him. The two that were shown for competition did not receive notice. There was only one black and tan shown, a good terrier, fairly well marked. Three of the five entries in the Dandies were owned by the judge, and not for competition. Bobbie Burns, the winner, is a nice Dandie, not quite round enough in body. Elsa, placed second, beats him in this respect, but is a bit too short. Erin, looking better than we have ever seen her, was alone in the Irish class. Flora II. was absent in the Skye class, and the others were transferred to the Yorkshire class and given another chance. We thought the judge very liberal in this as well as in his distribution of cards, as there was only one decent Yorkshire shown. There were two fair toys, Midget, a pretty black and tan, receiving first. There were no toy spaniels shown. The two Italian greyhounds were much too large. In the class for poodles first went to a fair white, with good curl. Second was given to Curly, by name, but not by nature.

PUGS—(MR. NAYLOR).

Dan O'Shea helped out the entries in the pug-classes with a couple of foxhounds and a beagle, but they were transferred to their proper classes, leaving twelve to face the judge. Joe, looking well and fat, was alone in the champion dog class. In the bitch class the Mohawk Kennel entered Bo-Peep, but she was not in condition, and with the consent of the managers Judy was substituted. Toby, a big dog, lacking in wrinkle, mask and trace, was the only entry in the dog class. In the bitch class, first went to Peggie, a fairly well shaped bitch; she might be better in wrinkle, mask and trace. Second went to Toby, a nice puppy with capital wrinkle. Tiny, hc., received all she deserved; she is long in body and faulty in markings. Toby, winner of second, won first in the puppy class. Rubie F., a cobby, promising puppy, was entitled to her reserve card. Chiquita, vhc., is also well formed, but has bad ears and lacks trace. Tony May, hc., has a nice body and fair wrinkle and mask, but has a wild looking eye and badly carried ears.

MISCELLANEOUS—(MR. NAYLOR).

In the miscellaneous class first went to the well-known bobtail sheepdog Sir Lucifer. Second and third to a pair of promising young basset hounds. Vhc. and hc. also went to Teaser and Lill, a pair of the same breed, a little shorter in body than the others. The dog has some characteristics of the dachshund. Si, entered as a Siberian bloodhound, should not have been noticed; he is a mongrel with some St. Bernard blood in his veins.

GERMAN MASTIFFS OR GREAT DANES—(MR. NAYLOR).

Six good animals were shown in this class. Cesar, placed first in the dog class, is an immense brindle, one of the best we

have seen. He is a trifle straight behind, which is his worst fault. He would show better with more flesh. Second went to Nero, an uncropped blue, but little behind the winner in merit. General, vhc., was transferred from the miscellaneous class where he was entered as a Russian bloodhound. He is a fair specimen, a bit wide in front and weak in muzzle. Columbus, c., would have been better placed but for his deformed forelegs, caused by being broken. Pluto was absent. In the bitch class Flora was absent and Lady Gray, a very nice blue, was alone. Barring a weak muzzle she is a very nice specimen. Below is a full list of

AWARDS.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: Absent. Bitch: Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Queen Alice. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, R. B. Moran's Maud; 2d, John Davidson's Scottish Chief; 3d, Reserve Kennel's Pen-dragon. Very high com., J. Denny's Brandon, F. Milham's Blue Hope. High com., J. Cockrell's Tasso, C. W. Fromm's Dash and North, M. Martin's Count. BITCHES: 1st, H. & D. Bryson's Lillian; 2d, Mrs. E. C. Franklin's Vixen; 3d, J. Donoghue's Jeanette. Very high com., J. Davidson's Swan; R. B. Morgan's Bess M. and Fannie Morgan's Akron. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, F. Morgan's Jealousy, and D. O'Shea's Rosey. High com., R. B. Morgan's Akron; 2d, J. A. Spence and L. Coughlin's Daisy. Bitch: 1st, A. Sander's Duke; 2d, T. G. Davey's Grouse. Very high com., A. high com., S. B. Conklin's Dash C. and Doc C. Two classes were made of the dog puppies. In the second class—Dogs: 1st, Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Blue Prince; 2d, R. T. Kennedy's Prince Royal. Very high com., C. E. White's Earl of Britton. BITCHES: 1st, J. Denny's Nantahala; 2d, Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Sparle. Very high com., G. Volker's Lady F. Wolfender's Blink Bonney, and T. Donoghue's Dart Gladstone. High com., F. Milham's Jealousy.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. Bitch: H. E. Chubb's Zella Glenduff. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, R. C. Van Horn's Patsy; 2d, C. Hanitch's Dash; 3d, H. E. Chubb's Mickey C. B. 2d, J. A. Spence and L. Coughlin's Daisy. Bitch: 1st, J. M. Leekley's Laura B.; 2d, J. A. Spence and L. Coughlin's Daisy. Very high com., W. H. Wright's Nellie. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, W. C. Schneider's Frank; 2d, H. F. Conley's Bush. High com., S. T. Oswald's Pat and W. B. Wright's Concord. BITCHES: 1st, J. A. J. Sprague's Ora; 2d, very high com., G. Randerson's Cleveland Belle and Little Daisy. High com., Mrs. T. R. Whitehead's Kitten. Com., C. E. Wilbur's Gipsy.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, withheld; 2d, R. R. Rhodes's Dash; 3d, Miss L. Walton's Mr. Brown. BITCHES: 1st, F. W. J. Ball's Lottie; 2d, E. Davis's Jess II.; 3d, withheld. Com., Mrs. G. Griffin's Dandies. PUPPIES: 1st, withheld; 2d, E. Clobitz's Dash. Com., R. W. Wehrle's Lang and C. E. Grover's Peter.

POINTERS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—Dog: Absent. Bitch: B. F. Seitter's Lady Croxteth. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Whealen and Sander's Patsy and Kingsholm. Very high com., Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Sweep. High com., C. T. Engel's Young Duke. Bitch: 1st, B. F. Seitter's Planet. BITCHES: 1st and 2d, Istodone Kennels' Romp and Lass. Very high com., Whealen and Sander's Diana. SMALL—Dogs: 1st, W. C. Nelson's Tippecanoe; 2d, Whealen and Sander's Rumpy. Very high com., P. Wolfenden's Don, and Istodone Kennels' Doncaster. High com., Whealen and Sander's Bulseye, and K. W. Huntington's Lecky. BITCHES: 1st, St. Louis Kennel Club's Reswick; 2d, Istodone Kennels' Little Bang. Very high com., and high com., J. R. Daniel's Fan and Daisy Donald. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, C. T. Engel's Young Meteor; 2d, W. L. White's Shot. High com., J. Lewis's Frank Steadford. BITCHES: 1st, B. F. Roach's Net; 2d, T. Donoghue's Lemmie Croxteth. Very high com., J. B. Bosworth's Dinah. High com., G. M. Hubbard's Belle. Com., W. C. Meyer's Topsy.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—T. Donoghue's Count Ben-digo. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Stocky & Chisholm's Patsy O'Connor; 2d, J. J. Fleck's Champion. Very high com., W. Elmer's Ononoo. High com., W. R. Huntington's O'Duff. BITCHES: 1st, T. Donoghue's Little Sioux; 2d, Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Kennels' Gypsy.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Mikado; 2d, Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Peetle's Gloss, Jr. Com., C. E. Curtiss's Rocco.

COCKER SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR—CHAMPION—Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Silk. OPEN—OTHER THAN BLACK—1st, Cannonshurp Cocker Club's Vic; 2d, very high com., Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Belle II. and Hornell Nance. BLACK—1st, Cannonshurp Cocker Club's H. Street and Macnet. PUPPIES: 1st, E. E. Shaner's Hornell Jack and Hornell Dinah. High com., S. H. Foster's Ruby. Com., R. M. Parmelee's Roy. PUPPIES: 1st, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Mikado; 2d, withheld.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—D. O'Shea's Roxy II. OPEN—1st, D. O'Shea's Ranger; 2d, Capt. J. Bright's Abe. Very high com., F. Bailey's Leader. High com., C. B. Jordan's Bessie. Com., H. L. Stanton's Moody and Sankey.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—A. C. Krueger's Bannerman. OPEN, OVER 12IN.—Dogs: 1st, A. C. Krueger's Racket; 2d, E. Shaner's Driver. Very high com., Mrs. G. H. Hill's Banker and E. E. Shaner's Bob. Com., J. Bergold's Boxer III. and W. C. Scott's Riot. UNDER 12IN.—Dogs: 1st, W. F. Streeter's Marchion II. BITCHES: 1st, A. C. Krueger's Fairy; 2d, W. F. Streeter's Marchion. PUPPIES: 1st, E. E. Shaner's Maida II. Pack, five or more. 1st, A. C. Krueger; 2d, E. E. Shaner.

DACHSHUNDS.—1st, Istodone Kennel's Prince; 2d, Mohawk Kennels' Waldine III. Very high com., Istodone Kennels' Wallexia and P. Merker's Solomon. High com., A. S. Williams' Gipsy; F. Koster's Rover and Mohawk Kennels' Lena. Com., P. H. Moran's Prince.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, F. Hoey's Stableford Joe. BITCHES: 1st, F. Hoey's Lyra II. H. Howell's Busy. PUPPIES: 1st, withheld; 2d, M. Lewis, Jr.'s Lert.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, J. F. Nicholson's Belle; 2d, S. S. Parvin's Major. Very high com., T. H. Miller's Spring. High com., J. H. Salisbury's Lita and Lady. Com., W. S. Ketselman's Burt.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, E. P. Waterson's Fly; 2d, J. Kruger's Garfield.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—Absent. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, R. J. Aston's Baby; 2d, C. C. Cook's Casar II. Very high com., F. W. Stockey's Captain. High com., D. & J. Wilson's Prince. BITCHES: 1st, Ashmont Kennels' Bal-Gal; 2d and high com., R. J. Aston's Ilford Cambria and Maidstone Nellie. PUPPIES: 1st, E. J. Patterson's Ashmont Tiger; 2d, J. G. Drescher's Flora. High com., J. C. Corn's Reginald.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—Dog: J. W. Burgess's Rusty Choice. Bitch: J. W. Burgess's Rusty Choice. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. W. Burgess's Rusty Choice; 2d, H. W. Weidman's Humbolt. Very high com., T. H. Neuber's Jubin. High com., Mohawk Kennels' Jumbo. BITCHES: 1st and 2d, Mohawk Kennels' Noma and Clio. PUPPIES: 1st, Mohawk Kennels' Jumbo; 2d and high com., H. J. Siller's Alma and Arnold. SMOOTH-COATED—CHAMPIONS—No entries. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, M. Van Winkle's Montreux. BITCHES: 1st, withheld; 2d, E. J. Siller's Gemini. PUPPIES: 1st, E. J. Siller's Ada; 2d, J. C. Weidman's Arno. High com., W. Horrocks's Annie.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, D. O'Shea's Bruno; 2d, W. C. Myers's King Leo. Very high com., D. O'Shea's Lear and B. F. Lewis's Carlo. Com., W. Sellers's Watch.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—Dog: Sans Souci Kennels' Ben Nevis. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. A. Long's Clifton Hero; 2d, C. A. Otis, Jr.'s Rene; 3d, H. W. Weidman's Humbolt. Very high com., T. H. Neuber's Jubin. High com., Mohawk Kennels' Jumbo. BITCHES: 1st, withheld; 2d, E. J. Siller's Gemini.

BULLDOGS.—Dogs: 1st, J. P. Barnard's King. BITCHES: 1st, withheld; 2d, J. P. Barnard's Nana.

BULL-TERRIERS.—LARGE—1st, W. H. Harvey's Yankee; 2d, J. Lewis's Maud Lee. Very high com., G. H. Kimberly's Maxey. SMALL—Prizes withheld. High com., and com., T. Gray's Jack and Daisy II.

TERRIERS.—SCOTCH AND HARD-HAIRED—Prizes withheld.—BLACK AND TAN—1st, Mrs. B. F. Lewis's Smart.—DANDIE DYNAMITOS—1st and 2d, J. Roe's Bobbie Burns and Elsa.—IRISH—1st, D. O'Shea's Erin.—SKYES—1st, E. Etzenger's Migit; 3d, H. F. Kennedy's Trux.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—Dog: Mrs. J. H. Hill's Joe. Bitch: Mohawk Kennels' Judy. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Miss Nettie Short's Toby. BITCHES: 1st, G. Gillivan's Peggie; 2d, Mohawk Kennels' Toby. High com., W. C. Meyer's Tiny. PUPPIES: 1st, Mohawk Kennels' Toby. Very high com., reserve, G. Gillivan's Ruby F. Very high com., W. Hatch's Chiquita. High com., G. McBride's Tony May.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—LARGE—1st, W. Etzenger's Maud; 2d, Mrs. W. H. Hill's Joe. Very high com., J. Krieger's Dandie and W. B. Wright's Daisy. High com., J. Krieger's Brownie and Mrs. G. H. Hill's Ginger. Com., W. Wellman's Penney and W. B. Wright's Budgy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Mrs. A. H. Stanley's Chula; 2d, E. J. Huebschman's Fero.

POODLES.—1st, A. Sanders's Lillie; 2d, J. G. Drechsler's Curly. GERMAN MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Dr. G. Nicolai's Cesar and Nero. Very high com., E. E. Holden's General. Com., Col. F. Frick's Columbus. BITCHES: 1st, Dr. G. Nicolai's Lady Gray.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Glencoe Collie Kennels' bobtail sheepdog Sir Lucifer; 2d and 3d, Istodone Kennels' basset hounds Nimrod and

Fanchon. Very high com., J. H. Smith's basset hound Teaser. High com., A. Smith's basset hound Lill and H. Zeimer's Si.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best brace English setter puppies from Cleveland, S. C. Conklin, Jr.'s Dash C. and Doc C.; best from Canada, T. G. Davey's Laddersdale; best bitch with field trial record, Lillian; best puppy, Dude; best kennel, John Davidson; best dog in Cuyahoga county, Pen-dragon; best bitch, Queen Alice; best dog puppy from New York, C. O. Black's Lorne. Best brace Irish setters, Elcho, Jr., and Lorna; best dog, Elcho, Jr.; best bitch, Zella Glenduff; best puppy from Cleveland, Frank; best puppy, Frank; best with field trial record, Patsy; best dog in open class, Patsy. Best Mack and tan setter dog, E. Clobitz's Dash; best puppy, the same; best bitch, Lottie. Best kennel pointers, Istodone Kennels; best dog, Pap Smizer; best bitch, Keswick II.; best from Cuyahoga county, Le Roy; best dog puppy, Young Meteor; best in open small class, Keswick II.; best rough bitch, Lass, with Lady Croxteth, Romp and Tippecanoe; best bitch puppy, Net. Best Irish water spaniel in America, Patsy O'Connor; best from Cleveland, the same; best in open class, Little Sioux. Best kennel spaniels, Hornell Spaniel Club; best field spaniel from Cleveland, Rocco; best cocker, Hornell Silk; best field spaniel from Cleveland, Ruby; best stud dog, Hornell Silk. Best foxhound dog, Ranger; best bitch, Roxy II.; best matched brace, Moody and Sankey. Best beagle dog in open class, Racket; best bitch in open class (two) Fairy; best dog under 12in., Bannerman. Best dachshund dog, Prince; best bitch, Waldine III. Best brace basset hounds, Nimrod and Fanchon. Best fox terrier in open class, Stableford Joe; best bitch, Lyra; best puppy, Busy. Best greyhound, Belle. Best deerhound, Fly. Best kennel mastiffs, R. J. Aston; best bitch, Fern de Rotherud. Best puppy, Ashmont Tiger. Best kennel rough-coated, Bal-Gal; best puppy, Mohawk Kennels; second best kennel, E. S. Siller; best puppy, Jumbo. Best Newfoundland, Bruno; best from Pennsylvania, King Leo. Best collie, Clifton Hero; best puppy, Dumoni's Mac. Best bulldog, King. Best bull-terrier, Yankee; best bitch, Maud Lee. Best black and tan terrier, Smart. Best pug, Duke Dimont. Bobbie Burns. Best Irish terrier, Erin. Best dog, Joe; best from Cleveland, Tohy. Best Yorkshire, Maud. Best toy, Migit. Best Italian greyhound, Chula. Best German mastiff, Cesar. Best non winner in miscellaneous class, Teaser. Largest kennel from Canada, D. O'Shea. Largest number in best show condition, B. F. Lewis.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

THE tenth annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club opened on Tuesday last. The number of entries was a great improvement on that of last year, there being over a thousand dogs entered in the catalogue.

The judges announced were as follows: Pointers, Mr. J. M. Tracy, Greenwich, Conn.; English setters, Mr. B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Irish setters, black and tan setters, Mr. H. Clay Glover, New York; mastiffs, St. Bernards, English bloodhounds, Newfoundlands, deerhounds, greyhounds, Great Danes, spaniels, bulldogs, bull-terriers, and all other terriers except fox-terriers and pugs, Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto; collies, beagles, dachshunds, basset hounds, Dr. Downey, Newmarket, Md.; fox-terriers, Mr. W. Rutherford, New York; foxhounds, A. Belmont Purdy, Hempstead, L. I.; Chesapeake Bay dogs, Isaac Townsend, New York; poodles, John G. Hecksher, New York; miscellaneous classes, J. F. Kirk and W. W. Tucker.

Some changes were made from this list. Mr. Wilson telegraphed that he was detained by illness, and his place was taken by Mr. Donner for all English setters except champion dogs, in which Rockingham, Foreman and Plantagenet met. Mr. Donner had already once judged these animals, and by consent of all hands Mr. John S. Wise took the class for judgment. Dr. Perry, of Boston, judged mastiffs, and Mr. W. W. Tucker, St. Bernards. Foxhounds were judged by Mr. Bache Cunard. No Chesapeake Bay dogs were present.

The arrangements at the show were of course good. There is no place for a dog show like the Madison Square Garden. The weather for the first two days has been most propitious, and the attendance is fair. Considerable dissatisfaction was expressed at some of the decisions. We reserve our extended comments on the dogs until next week, and give now only a full list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—Dog: Winlaw Kennels' Homer. Bitch: Winlaw Kennels' Prussian Princess. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, R. J. Aston's Baby; 2d, J. L. Winchell's Boss; 3d, E. H. Moore's Ilford Caution. Very high com., E. Morgan's Vulcan. High com., R. H. Derby's Pharaoh and Shaw & Bates's Dictator. Com., Winlaw Kennels' Hector. C. F. Fairleigh's Bismarck and E. R. Coleman's Jag. BITCHES: 1st, C. F. Fairleigh's Bismarck; 2d, R. J. Aston's Ilford Caution; 3d, Scarsdale Mastiff Kennels' Regina. Reserve, Shaw & Bates's Hilda V. Very high com., Winlaw Kennels' Queen II. High com., J. L. Winchell's Bess and J. Oakley's Wana. Com., F. Ulenhant's Venice and Helen M. Cowley's Lorna. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Scarsdale Mastiff Kennels' Sir Roderick; 2d, A. Whitman's Ajax. BITCHES: 1st and 2d, Scarsdale Mastiff Kennels' Lady Florence and Regina II.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—Dog: E. R. Hearn's Duke of Leeds. Bitch: E. H. Moore's Miranda. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. H. Moore's Merchant Prince; 2d, Mrs. A. M. McGregor's Bosco II.; 3d, W. J. E. Hearn's Duke. Very high com., W. J. E. Hearn's Nero, W. Russell's Barney, Miss Edna Ward's Og, Coffin, Zimmer & Co.'s Prince Leopold and Chiquette Kennels' Rudolph II. High com., G. K. Goulding's Rip Van Winkle and C. F. Donohue's Schoonover. Com., H. E. Newell's Duke. BITCHES: 1st, J. S. Sheppard's Lady Ahol; 2d, E. R. Hearn's St. Bride; 3d, Dr. F. W. Young's Empress. Very high com., Buena Vista Kennels' Stella, Hospice Kennels' Sheila, D. P. Foster's Lady Clyde and Miss Ethel A. Watson's Margery.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, C. F. Fairleigh's Bismarck; 2d, P. Foster's Lady Ahol; 3d, S. Hallcock's Byron. Very high com., H. Muller's Hero. High com., S. P. Slater's Carlos. Com., A. J. Massey's St. Triphon. BITCHES: 1st, Wagner & Fotheringham's Lucy; 2d, W. W. Wall's Gipsy. Very high com., R. H. Derby's Ilse.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHAMPION—Dog: 1st, E. R. Hearn's Don II. Bitch: E. R. Hearn's Leila. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Hospice Kennels' Hector; 2d, J. Stillman's St. Botolph; 3d, J. E. S. Hadden's Cara. Very high com., H. H. Chittenden's Ernst, Garrett Roach's Barkis and Millbrook Kennels' Berg. High com., J. S. Luke's Noble II. Com., Hospice Kennels' Bitch. BITCHES: 1st, W. J. Enrich's Flora II.; 2d, J. Stillman's Belle of Sterling; 3d, E. R. Hearn's Alma II. Very high com., Hospice Kennels' Tony.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, C. Whitney's Cardinal; 2d, E. Stevenson's Leo. Very high com., Coffin, Zimmer & Co.'s Noble II. BITCHES: 1st, E. D. Mix's Cryl; 2d, Hospice Kennels' Queen of Sheba.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, D. O'Shea's Bruno; 2d, J. W. Burke's Major. Very high com., W. G. Martin's Juno II. Com., W. Seligman's Guy.

GREAT DANES.—1st, J. B. Miller's Tiger; 2d, A. Morello's Bismarck; 3d, J. B. Miller's Tigress. Very high com., J. J. Timolat's Jumbo. High com., J. W. Clark's Cafe-au-Lait. E. Magnus's Nero and G. Von Skal's Flora II. Com., O. Shmidt's Hector and H. G. Martine's Nero.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—Dog: H. W. Smith's Mennon. Bitch: H. W. Smith's Wendie. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, H. W. Smith's H. H. Huntington's Haquin; 2d, G. H. Goulding's Joe Juniper. Very high com., and high com., Miss W. L. Butler's Rajah and Rawl. BITCHES: 1st, H. W. Huntington's Leuistette; 2d, J. M. Thornton's Juno. Reserve, H. W. Huntington's Hawthorne Belle. Very high com., Miss Mary Cummings's Lady Maid. High com., F. H. Platt's Pretty Puss. PUPPIES: 1st, H. W. Smith's Sister in Black; 2d, W. Blackham's Dora. Very high com., F. H. Platt's Bold Brigand. High com., G. V. Goulding's Priory and F. H. Platt's Ahwaga Chief. Com., F. H. Platt's Jay.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—J. E. Thayer's Chieftain. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and high com., Clovernook Kennels' Eras and Heather; 2d, E. D. Morgan's Bevis II. Very high com., Mrs. Frank Loring's Brian. BITCHES: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Wanda; 2d, Clovernook Kennels' Mercia. High com., J. E. Thayer's Heather Belle. PUPPIES: 1st, Clovernook Kennels' Storma.

POINTERS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—Dog: St. Louis Kennel Club's Robert le Diable. Bitch: Graphic Kennels' Revel III.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, F. R. Hickcock's Tammany and Duke of Bergen; 3d, C. W. Littlejohn's Fritz. Reserve, L. & W. Rutherford's Dandy. Very high com., C. A. Parker's William Tell and F. W. J. Enrich's High com., Nervink Lodge Kennel's Drake. Com., Miss Breese's Joe Hindoo. BITCHES: 1st, J. B. S. Holmes's Seph G.; 2d, A. H. Aldrich's Nell; 3d, Nervink Lodge Kennels' Jilt. Very high com., C. W. Tuttle's Vera and J. P. Swain, Jr.'s Nana.—SMALL—CHAMPION—Dog: Graphic Kennels' Bracket. Bitch: Graphic Kennels' Meally.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. H. Odell's Consolation; 2d, C. J. Peshall's Nick of Naso; 3d, Dr. J. A. Well's Puck. Reserve and very high com., L. B. Breese's Bang Grace and Castor. High com., Somerset Kennels' Siam Bang and J. L. Grubbs's Kennel's Drake. Bitch: 1st, St. Louis Kennel Club's Keswick II.; 2d, Graphic Kennels' Bloomie; 3d, J. N.

Flossy. East Lake Kennels' (West Jefferson, O.) pug bitch *Flossy* (K.R. 2250), April 20, six (two dogs), by Walter D. Peck's Bradford; light and dark fawn.

Krueger's Myrtle. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) imported beagle bitch Krueger's Myrtle (Minster-Handmaid), April 18, five (three dogs), by his Bannerman (Marchboy-Dewdrop).
Pet. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Pet (Racer-Vic), April 20, five (one dog), by his Bannerman (Marchboy-Dewdrop).
Fairy. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Fairy (King-Music), March 7, four (one dog), by his Bannerman (Marchboy-Dewdrop).
Florida. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Florida (Chief-Raah's Becky), March 22, eleven (five dogs), by his Tim (Biz-Hazel).
Sal. G. W. Amory's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Sal (Dick-Ruby), March 7, four (three dogs), by his Bob (Bang-Princess Kate).
Bernice V. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Bernice V. (A. K. R. 3008), April 23, ten (six dogs), by his Merchant Prince (A. K. R. 3251).
Lilly II. Lever's (Philadelphia, Pa.) black and tan terrier bitch Lilly II. (Cupid-Burton's Lilly), March 23, six (five dogs), by his Vortiger (Viper-Gipsy).
Old Gold. J. C. Motley's (Danville, Va.) English setter bitch Old Gold (A. K. R. 2105), April 22, ten (seven dogs), by Pace & Holland's Monarch (Dashing Monarch—Salem).

SALES.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.
Don. Black and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 1885, by Black Mack out of Simcoe Flirt, by Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., to C. V. V. Sewell, Tarrytown, N. Y.
Junio W. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 9, 1883, by Obo II. out of Darkie, by Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., to C. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont.
Hebe. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 28, 1885, by Obo II. out of Belle, by Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., to H. G. Charlesworth, Toronto, Ont.
Woodstock Nora. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June 1885, by Obo II. out of Dinah, by J. W. Kelly, Woodstock, Ont., to Andrew Laidlaw, same place.
Little Red Rover. Red cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 1885, by Obo II. out of Dinah, by J. W. Kelly, Woodstock, Ont., to Andrew Laidlaw, same place.
Zanita. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 17, 1884 (A. K. R. 1886), by Will H. Merrill, Haverhill, Mass., to Lynn Breeding and Boarding Kennels, Lynn, Mass.
Black Beau, Jr. Black field spaniel dog, whelped March 19, 1885, by Brahmin out of Woodland Queen, by J. Luckwell, Woodstock, Ont., to A. E. Kendle, New York.
Nero. Mastiff dog, whelped Dec. 24, 1885, by Bruce (A. K. R. 1763) out of Jessie (A. K. R. 1023), by F. C. Grimes, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H., to E. F. Johnson, Reading, Mass.
Hero. Mastiff dog, whelped Dec. 24, 1885, by Bruce (A. K. R. 1763) out of Jessie (A. K. R. 1023), by F. C. Grimes, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H., to E. F. Johnson, Reading, Mass.
Princess. Mastiff bitch, whelped Dec. 24, 1885, by Bruce (A. K. R. 1763) out of Jessie (A. K. R. 1023), by F. C. Grimes, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H., to G. A. Weston, Bellows Falls, Vt.
Duke II. Black and tan, white spot on breast, Gordon setter dog, whelped Jan. 23, 1885, by Duke I. out of Maud, by C. P. Pinckard, Cambridge, Mass., to Geo. C. Crockett, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tom II. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Jan. 6, 1882, by Tom out of Flora, by G. A. Colman, Charlestown, Mass., to F. M. Harris, Worcester, Mass.
Count Noble-Spark whelp. Lemon belton English setter dog, age not given, by B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa., to A. E. Burch, Washington, D. C.
Bob-Judy B. (A. K. R. 3181) whelps. Blue and tan Yorkshire terriers, whelped Jan. 5, 1886, by Fred DeLoe, Brooklyn, N. Y., a bitch to Gene Hilfrich and a dog to Frank Hanshaw, same place; a dog and bitch to Chas. York, Bangor, Me., and a dog to Frank J. Haas, Elmira, N. Y.
Obo, Jr.-Belle whelps. Black cocker spaniels, whelped Jan. 20, 1886, by Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., a bitch to C. V. V. Sewell, Tarrytown, N. Y.; a dog to E. McGinnis, New York, and a dog to W. E. Phillips, Newark, N. J.
Bessie Obo whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 30, 1886, by Lynn Boarding and Breeding Kennels, Lynn, Mass., to C. H. Dole, same place.

PRESENTATIONS.

Boy. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Aug. 10, 1884 (A. K. R. 2576), by Evan T. Sprague, New York, to Chas. Bassini, Newark, N. J.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I read in your April 15 number a card from Mr. W. V. Lowe, who states that the National Rifle Club will hold a meeting at Vernon, Vermont, on the 26th and 27th of May, 1886.
I am pleased to hear that the old club is still alive and will do some shooting. As Mr. Lowe states I believe it to be the oldest organization of its kind in this country, if not in the world. I have known of its existence for the last quarter of a century. Most if not all of its original founders have passed away and their places are filled by others.
I also note he states that a number of crack experts who shoot with breechloading rifles are to be present and compete in the shooting. As the shooting of various members of the club with muzzleloaders has always been regarded as the highest attainable point of excellence for extreme accuracy up to and at the distance at which they shoot, I, of course, it will be interesting to learn whether the improved modern breechloading rifle has been improved sufficiently to beat or even equal the old time gun.
Mr. Lowe states that muzzleloaders are used by the members of the club exclusively, that is no doubt correct at the present time, still, I have known breechloaders to be used in the past, at the matches of the National Club, and also of the New York State Rifle Club, an organization similar to it. I have, however, never known or heard of a breechloader winning first place but once in thirty years.
As the shooting is open to the world, i. e., to any one who pays the entrance fee and conforms to the rules, it is hoped that all shooters who have faith in their pet guns will come forward to take a hand. "From time to time I read articles and letters in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM, from which I am forced to the conclusion that the writers thereof never saw a really first class M. I. rifle shot."
I would advise all such to attend the coming shoot, as in all probability, if the weather is at all favorable, they will see some shooting done that will be hard to excel with any kind of gun. I am also pleased to see an increasing tendency toward string measurement, as without question it is the only correct way to test the shooting power of either the rifle or the shooter. "In the recent past a Creedmoor target as large as a small barn was thought good enough; then it was reduced, then reduced again, and for the past year the country has been agitated about targets that would suit all kinds of shooting."
It will never be found, as far as accurate close work is concerned, that string measure is adopted. Again, not long since, it was thought by some discreditable to shoot from a rest. I have even heard some shooters claim that better shooting could be done off-hand than could possibly be done from a rest. I would be pleased to shoot against some of these gentlemen myself under such conditions. G. J. ROMER.
PEERSKILL, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I have read with considerable interest the various articles that have appeared from time to time advocating the respective advantages as to trajectory and accuracy of muzzleloaders and breechloaders. Some of your correspondents are apparently basing their claims of the superiority of the muzzleloader on a statement of facts and figures to my idea are not very highly creditable to any kind of a rifle. Mr. Merrill, in your issue of the 8th inst., for instance, tells us that with his muzzleloader and a rest at a distance of 32 rods or 176 yards, he killed four turkeys out of twenty shots, and from this wonderful performance he argues that he would soon have won all the balance of the turkeys. It has been a long time since I was at a turkey shoot, but at the last one, if my recollection serves me rightly, turkeys were put up at 40 rods and 200 yds., for off-hand shooting, and I collected that one man killed two out of five shots, or just double Mr. Merrill's performance at nearly three times the distance, and did it with a Sharps breechloader, too. While in Utah a few years since, I had a common military Sharps hammerless .45-70, costing, I believe, \$18, with which I have frequently put 6, 7, 8, and in one instance 14 consecutive shots in an Sn. bullseye at 200 yds. off-hand.
I think it quite possible that a muzzleloading hand-made rifle, carefully rifled by hand, and if not found satisfactory, re-rifled, loading with patent muzzle and carefully patched bullet will, at a distance of say 50 yds. and at a small target, shoot with more accuracy than most of the factory-made breechloading rifles; but that at this or any greater distance, they will shoot with any more killing accuracy at living game I do not believe. I know that I have owned several of the latter class that would bring the game every time at a reasonable distance when held right.

N. Y. STATE PRACTICE.

ADJ-GEN. JOSIAH PORTER has issued the orders for the season's practice by the militia of the State of New York. The experience of previous years has been utilized in the preparation of the scheme of practice. Forty rounds per man will be used, and a system of duplicate score cards, one to be filled out by the officer in-charge immediately after practice, will prevent anything like irregularity in the returns. The plan of practice, classification, etc., as prepared by Gen. C. E. Robbins, head of the rifle department, are incorporated in the order, and provide as follows:

CLASSIFICATION.

The third class shall consist of all who do not appear on a range for practice. The second class consists of all present for practice, without reference to qualifications in previous years, and the practice in this class will be at 100 yds. standing; on a third class or No. 3 target, and at 200 yds. kneeling, or sitting, on a third class or No. 3 target. The first class consists of those who score 25 and upward in the second class, and the practice in this class will be at 200 yds. standing, No. 3 target, and at 500 yds. lying prone, No. 2 target. A score of 25 and upward in the first class constitutes a marksman, and entitles the maker to receive the State decoration. A score of 42 and upward in the first class constitutes a sharpshooter, and entitles the maker to receive a silver bar. All officers and enlisted men, who practice, must shoot through the regular classes, and are prohibited from shooting for a second or higher score in a class in which they have already qualified. The record must stand upon the first qualifying score made. No score by officer or enlisted man will be recognized, unless made at a target to which he has been regularly assigned, and where his name has been previously entered on a score blank.

FIRST GENERAL PRACTICE.

(a.) The practice will commence with class firing in squads, under a competent non-commissioned officer or other duly designated instructor at each firing point, and the whole under the supervision of an inspector of rifle practice, subject to the orders of the commanding officer present. Five consecutive shots will be fired at each distance. This practice will be continued to the end by all present without reference to the scores recorded, except that those who fail to qualify in the second class may be restricted to two shots for practice at each of the higher ranges. The practice of 500 yds. may be postponed until after the course of firing in ranks. In regular class practice no officer or enlisted man will be permitted to fire more than five consecutive shots at any one distance on the same day, except the necessary sighting shots to ascertain elevation, windage and the condition of pieces, which may be fired by officers or well instructed men, under the inspection and approval of an inspector of rifle practice. Trial practice classes will not be permitted. At the first distance of either class (i. e., at 100 or 200 yds.) a score of 12 or upward is considered as qualifying, and second practice may be allowed to such men as fail to qualify at either distance (as above), provided time will permit; but trial practice shall not be allowed in any case. If, however, the entire tour of duty, including volley and skirmish, has been performed, and time still permits, such practice may be had as the inspector of rifle practice deems proper. Those who have qualified at 200 and 500 yds., but not at 100 and 200, may make their scores valid by practicing through the second class without shooting in the first again.

In regular practice each enlisted man will shoot with the piece issued by the Ordnance Department of the State, and brought by him on the ground, unless the same is declared imperfect by an inspector of rifle practice. In that case the man may shoot with the nearest approved piece in the ranks.

(b.) Volley firing, 5 Rounds.—Firing in ranks at 100 yds. shall then be taken up in the following order, the squad or company being formed in single rank: Fire by squad (or company), 3 rounds. Fire by squad (or company), kneeling, 2 rounds.

(c.) Firing as Skirmishers.—The troops shall be exercised as skirmishers from 325 to 100 yds. and return; firing on the advance, 1 round 300 yds., and 1 at 200 yds., and 1 at 100 yds. on the retreat 1 at 150 yds., and 1 at 250 yds., great care being taken by each company or squad, that the men are deliberate and cautious, that no accident may happen.

Officers should use discretion and tact, varying the drill according to their ground and targets, deploying men and taking such distances as targets and range will allow; each body of troops to be so divided that no more may be exercised at one time than can be readily handled on the range, a second class target being used. As soon as the last (fifth) shot is fired, assemble on the right (or left), thus leaving the front uncovered, so that the second squad or company may be deployed during this time the marking can be done. Commanding officers are particularly cautioned to use great care in handling their men, having the element of safety in view at all times.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

FAIRMONT, Minn., April 27.—Five members of the Fairmont Guards (Co. D, 2d Regiment M. N. G.) spent the afternoon at the range and used the standard American target, 200 yds., off hand, Springfield military rifle, 6 pounds trigger pull.

Match No. 1.										
Corp Walker	8	5	8	6	6	7	8	63		
Sergt Payne	6	5	6	6	6	6	4	58		
Private Livermore	3	4	6	3	5	5	6	10-49		
Private Warren	7	5	6	7	9	6	5	6-62		
Lieut Bird	6	5	6	4	8	6	5	7-56	288	
Match No. 2.										
Walker	5	7	10	7	7	9	7	8-77		
Payne	6	5	6	5	6	10	4	6-62		
Livermore	3	7	5	5	5	8	3	58		
Warren	5	7	5	5	8	3	4	9-58		
Bird	8	6	5	9	9	9	5	4-60	324	
Match No. 3.										
Walker	6	8	6	7	6	9	5	8-10-74		
Payne	8	9	8	6	9	6	7	10-77		
Livermore	9	3	8	4	4	6	7	4-32		
Warren	5	4	10	5	7	9	7	6-64		
Bird	8	6	5	10	8	6	5	6-67	334	
Match No. 4.										
Walker	6	10	9	7	8	9	7	7-77		
Payne	8	10	7	8	6	10	6	7-77		
Livermore	6	10	6	5	4	4	9	9-63		
Warren	6	7	8	6	4	6	7	6-74		
Bird	9	6	10	6	9	6	5	7-71	352	

TARGET HINT.—Jamestown, N. Y., April 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A great deal has been said concerning a new short-range target that will answer for off-hand and for rest shooting. I have just made up a target from the Massachusetts decimal, covering the lines so as to leave those between 3 and 4 and 4 and 6, leaving the lines in the bull, and placing it on the Creedmoor target. The count in the bull is 10, 9, 8, 7, being inch rings. The first ring outside the bull is 2 inches wide and counts 6; the next ring 3 inches, counts 5; next one, or outer part of Creedmoor center, 1 1/4 inches wide and counts 4; the balance of the target being Creedmoor, counts 3 and 2.

The target formation runs:		Creedmoor.	
Count.	Radius.		
10.	1 inch.		
9.	2 inches.		
8.	3 inches.		
7.	4 inches.		
6.	5 inches.		
5.	6 inches.		
4.	7 inches.		
3.	8 inches.		
2.	9 inches.		
1.	10 inches.		

By this target we preserve the Creedmoor target, also the division in the bull of the Massachusetts target, and get a target large enough for the poorest and fine enough for the best.—R. H. BURNS.

FITCHBURG, Mass., April 28.—Members of the Fitchburg Gun and Rifle Club went out to the River Street Range to-day. Out of a possible 30 the following number of clay-pigeons were broken: George A. Colony 23, E. N. Cummings 23, G. W. Weymouth 19, A. W. Baker, Jr. 14, J. O. Converse 10, C. R. Burleigh 8.

NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB.—The spring meeting of the club will be held at Vernon, Vt., May 26 and 27. A general invitation is extended to all interested in rifle shooting. Any one can become a member and entitled to all the privileges of the club by paying the entrance fee to the match for prizes. The standard weight for rifle barrels being 15 lbs., all over must give the following odds: From 15 to 20 lbs., 3/4 in. to the pound for every 10 shots. From 20 to 30 lbs., 1/2 in. to the pound for every 10 shots. From 30 to 40 lbs., 1/4 in. to the pound for every 10 shots. Ten per cent. will be allowed to parties shooting from shoulder. Ten per cent. will be allowed for rifles shooting from 10 lbs. and globe and peep sights. The first string will be called at 10 o'clock on Monday. The second string 10 A. M. Thursday; third string 2 P. M. Thursday. A silver medal will be given by Mr. Hiram W. Smith for the best 30 birds. Distance 40 rods, time rules.—JOHN WILLIAMSON, President; N. S. Brockway, Secretary (Bellows Falls, Vt.).

BOSTON, May 1.—There was a fair attendance of riflemen at Walnut Hill to-day, and the delightful weather conditions made the short range men happy. The scores:

Victory Medal Match										
J Francis	9	9	9	9	9	10	7	7	10	86
R Reed	9	7	9	9	9	10	8	7	7	80
D Juffey	10	9	10	10	10	8	8	7	7	85
W H Lemons	10	9	5	6	9	10	7	8	10	81
E B Souther	4	10	7	9	8	8	6	9	9	78
Deciding Off-Hand Match										
C B Edwards, A	5	6	8	8	10	7	8	7	8	74
N F Tufts, A	6	8	10	5	8	7	9	6	10	75
J R Missam, A	5	7	8	6	9	8	8	7	8	74
E B Souther, C	10	7	7	6	7	5	5	5	7	73
Special Military Match.										
W Charles	9	9	6	8	8	7	8	9	5	10-79
W Gassam	5	7	8	8	10	6	10	5	9	77
W Henry	8	5	7	4	5	7	8	7	6	89
Rest Match.										
D L Chase	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10-99
N Washburn	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	97
D Chardon	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	96
H J Foster	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	91
Team Match—First Team.										
Reed	7	8	10	9	8	6	9			89
Francis	7	8	10	8	10	8	6			83
Frye	5	6	8	7	3	9	4	8	10	66
Edwards	4	6	7	10	7	8	6	6	4	65
Brackett (mil)	6	6	7	6	4	5	7	4	4	56-7-63
Ball	6	8	6	9	7	5	2	7	4	55
Second Team.										
Henry (mil)	8	7	7	6	4	5	6	8	6	69-15-74
Charles (mil)	7	5	7	5	6	5	5	6	7	67-15-72
Carter (mil)	6	6	8	4	8	6	5	6	6	63-15-72
N F Tufts (mil)	8	8	7	8	7	8	5	6	4	67
White (mil)	3	7	6	7	6	10	5	4	5	60-17-62
H Joseph	4	4	5	6	6	5	5	10	8	59
500 yds. Match.										
H J Foster	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-49
W Henry (mil)	5	5	1	5	5	5	5	5	4	4-45
A C White	5	5	4	5	5	3	4	5	4	3-44
State Militia Match.										
J E Dandody	19	19	23	22						22
A C White	21	22	22	22						22
A L Brackett	21	21	21	21						22
C C Foster	23	22	22	22						22

WILMINGTON, Del., April 28.—The attendance at the club matches this afternoon was small. After deciding the ties of the first match the prizes were awarded as follows: First to Robert Miller, second to C. Carleton, third to Joseph E. Seeds, fourth to J. Scottwell. The full score is as follows, at 200 yds., Creedmoor target:

R Miller, R. S.	4545-23	J Manz, Bal.	4533-19
W A Bacon, R. S.	4433-23	C Heinel, Jr., R. S.	4433-19
J Scottwell, R. S.	4334-20	C Carleton, Bal.	4334-20
F W Seeds, Bal.	3444-19	S E Seeds, Bal.	3554-21
F Oakes	4345-19	C Heinel, Sr., R. S.	5445-22
J W Seeds, Bal.	2454-19		

The prizes of the second match were won as follows: C. Heinel, Sr., first, J. W. Seeds second, R. Miller third, J. Manz fourth. The following is the full score at 200 yds. on Eame's standard union target, out of possible 50:

R Miller, R. S.	76710-21	J Manz, Bal.	3747-25
W A Bacon, R. S.	64675-38	C Heinel, Jr., R. S.	56623-28
J Scottwell, R. S.	53750-19	C Carleton, Bal.	22475-20
F W Seeds, Bal.	34576-25	J E Seeds, Bal.	55475-26
J W Seeds, Bal.	6572-20	C Heinel, Sr., R. S.	5577-31

The prizes of the third match were won as follows: C. Heinel, Sr., first, J. E. Seeds second, J. Manz third. The conditions were the same as for the second match. The score was as follows:

R Miller, R. S.	5
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HAVERHILL, MASS., RIFLE CLUB, May 1.—Standard target, 200yds. off-hand.									
H Tuck	9	7	8	5	9	8	7	7	8
W Worthen	6	6	8	8	4	7	9	7	8
C Brown	5	5	6	7	8	6	9	10	—
E Brown	7	8	9	5	8	8	10	—	—
R Griffin	6	9	10	5	4	6	7	6	—
J Busfield	4	5	8	5	9	4	7	5	—
C B Wright	7	6	4	5	4	6	8	4	—

MANCHESTER, N. H., April 30.—The best scores made at the rifle range this afternoon were by W. Morris and C. W. Lyman. It was the first Friday shoot held by the club, and Mr. Morris did the closest shooting in all his experience. The scores were, out of a possible 100, in the handicap medal match, as follows:

W Morris	8	8	8	7	8	6	5	10	6
C W Lyman	8	4	8	9	10	10	8	7	8
	6	9	9	7	9	10	7	6	—
	5	6	8	10	7	7	9	10	5
	10	8	4	6	9	7	5	8	9
	5	9	7	10	9	10	6	6	—

MARKHAM, Ont., April 26.—Much talk has finally resulted in the organization of an enthusiastic rifle club, the object of which being already enrolled—with the object of improvement in the art of shooting off-hand. The target known as the standard American, 26in. in diameter, has been adopted, and is well liked generally, although at 300yds. some of the old 'uns get a surprise—want to rest on something. The following are the officers: President, C. W. Crawford; Vice-President, D. P. Ross; Captain, H. Megill; Secretary, John McGaw; Treasurer, M. Speight.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo.—I used several kinds of ammunition last season in Wyoming, in my Sharp's .45 cal., ranging from 110 grains powder and 550 grains lead down to a Marlin .45-285, including a 500-grain Express ball, and found the Marlin .45-25 to do the best in the test, as it did. You are entitled to great credit for the good you have done the cause of rifle shooting by this test.—R.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

BROOKLYN, April 21.—The fourth regular shoot of the Fountain Gun Club was held to day at Prospect Park Fair Grounds, and attracted quite a good attendance and a larger number of entries than in the previous shoots. Boudan had again supplied a good lot of birds, although some of them hung in the trap and had to be walked up. The wind was blowing from right to left of the traps, giving the shooters plenty of time to use their second barrel, and enabled some of them to make good scores. Dr. Weed, who won in Class A, killed 5 of the 7 he was credited with his second barrel. J. Rathjen, 25yds., killed his 7 straight with his first barrel, but made sure of one bird by giving it an extra dose with the second. This is Rathjen's second win this season in his class. W. Stuart, although not shooting up to his regular form, still had no difficulty in defeating his two moderate opponents in Class C. The following is the full score:

Class A.									
Dr. Weed, 27yds.	111111	—	7	J Rathjen, 25yds.	111111	—	7
W. Jones, 27yds.	111110	—	6	H McLaughlin, 24yds.	011111	—	6
A Schwartz, 27yds.	110111	—	5	C Chappel, 25yds.	110110	—	4
Dr. Wynne, 28yds.	101101	—	5	Dr Edwards, 24yds.	114100	—	4
A Eddy, 27yds.	100101	—	4	C Kendall, 25yds.	010010	—	3
Class B.									
W Stuart, 23yds.	100111	—	5	J Sawyer, 21yds.	100010	—	2
L Lake, 21yds.	000110	—	3					

WESTMINSTER CLUB.—A small gathering of gentlemen assembled on the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I., May 1, to see the pigeon shoot between Mr. William Chauncey Floyd-Jones and Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., members of the club, for a wager of \$1,000 each. The Westminster Club rules governed the match, which consisted of supply 100 birds and to shoot at the same number, 100yds. rise, both barrels to count. The birds were sprung from five traps, and Mr. Jones won, killing 86 within bounds. Five fell dead outside. Mr. Lorillard killed 81 out of the possible 100, and 5 fell dead out of bounds. A heavy northwest wind was blowing, and the birds, though tame when they were carried in, flew in rather zig-zag shape. Jones took the lead from the first and held it. He was the favorite in the thing, but notwithstanding this fact considerable money changed hands. After the shoot a dinner was served in the dining-room of the club house. Among the well-known sporting gentlemen who went to see the shoot were: Mr. Colman Drayton, Mr. Howard Jeffray, Mr. De Forrest Grant, Mr. Travers, Mr. Van Buren, Dr. Knapp, the Messrs. Wagstaff, Mr. Charles McAlister, the Philadelphia champion wing shot, and Mr. Watson, who has twice been defeated by Mr. Floyd-Jones. The winner's friends are much elated and talk of matching him against either Mr. McAlister, Mr. Drayton or Mr. Edger Murphy, who is now on his way back from his very successful sojourn at Monaco. Mr. Lorillard's friends think he did very well, indeed, shooting so close in a contest with an experienced hand.

TORONTO, April 27.—The following are the scores in the tournament, Canada blackbirds, held near D. Blea's, West Toronto Junction, commencing on Good Friday and concluding to-day:

Boys competition (under 15), 10 birds each, 9 entries—J. Jennings 5, M. Crothers 5, T. Sawdeu 5. In the shoot off Jennings won, with 3 straight birds.

Competition No. 2, 20 birds each, from 5 screened traps, 30 entries: J. Humphrey 16, J. Townsend 14, W. Felstead 13, T. Kidd 12, C. Rogers 11, A. Kay 10, 13. Consolation competition for non-prize winners, at 10 birds each—G. Thomas 6, J. Jennings 5, B. Clarke 5.

Team shoot, 15 birds each:

Louden's Team.									
T Louden	9	D Blea	10	J Jennings	9	E Wakefield	12	A Ellis	11
W Bugg	13	C Sinclair	9	E Brown	10	T Charlton	10	52	

McDowall's Team.									
W McDowall	12	J Townsend	8	R J Kidd	10	J Humphries	9	A Wyntess	6
G Thomas	10	J Douglas	11	C Lockhart	10	C Cockburn	9	46	

Owl Team No. 1.									
J Wells	11	G Wilkinson	7	C Smith	7	A Dunu	10	C Unwin	6
C Lockhart	10	C Menis	6	J Montgomery	11	A Roe	5	38	

Shooting off ties, 5 each man: Louden's team 10, Blea's team 10. Second tie: Louden's team 8, Blea's team 7.

Double bird competition, clay-pigeons, 8 pair:

W Felstead	12	W McDowall	7	A Ellis	11	W Clark	10	6	
W Smith	10	J Wells	10	D Blea	9	F Wakefield	5	5	
T Louden	9	F Brown	9	W Bugg	8	C Lockhart	8	2	

7 winner in this competition secures as prize a handsome diamond medal.

SARATOGA, April 28.—The regular weekly meeting of the Saratoga Gun Club was held to day at the Glen Mitchell grounds, one mile north of the village. Owing to the rainy weather but few members were present. Ligowsky birds and traps (screened), all directions, 18yds. rise:

H M Levenson, Jr.	11111111	—	10	J A Manning, Jr.	11101101	—	8
G George Bird	11111111	—	10	Wm Shepard	11011011	—	7
Wm H Bookes	11110111	—	9	W M Levenson, Jr.			

WINCHESTER, Ind., April 27.—The Winchester Gun Club shot a match at Ligowsky clay-pigeons, Ligowsky trap, 20yds. rise, 40yds. boundary, N. G. A. rules.

Nells	110001110	—	6	Pockett	111111100	—	8
North	000110101	—	5	Cheney	110030010	—	4
Coats	01010111	—	7	Diggs	111111110	—	9
Morgan	00100101	—	4	Sands	110101011	—	8
Nelson	100001010	—	3				

LEOMINSTER, Mass., May 1.—The Leominster Gun Club has been organized by the election of the following officers: President, F. Gorham; Vice-President, C. W. Burbank; Secretary, H. E. Andrews; Treasurer, A. G. Powers; Directors—A. W. Woods, E. F. Blodgett and George L. Rice.

WORCESTER, Mass., May 1.—The series of prize shoots at the South End Range, under the auspices of the South End Gun Club, closed this week. There were five events, the first was Feb. 2. The events were first, five glass balls; second, five Macomber targets; third, five blackbirds; fourth, three pairs of dobles, and fifth, five clay-pigeons, with a possible total of 156. The successful competitors with the prize and score are as follows: W. S. Davis, 125, prize \$30; E. T. Smith, 113, prize \$16; G. J. Jones, 112, prize \$12; Alba Houghton, 110, prize \$10; M. D. Gilman and Corren, 105, prize divided, \$10; J. P. Tongos, 103, prize \$8; L. R. Hudson, 100, prize \$7; W. R. Dean, 97, prize \$6; H. W. Webber, 96, prize \$5; M. O. Whittier, 92, prize \$3; H. B. Franklin, 82, prize half a keg of powder. The Executive Committee of the club have announced for another series of these meets, the first to be May 11. The prizes, three in number, will be divided into three prizes and will include \$30 and the entrance fee of \$3 required of each shooter who competes. The events are seven glass balls, four Macomber targets, five clay-pigeons, three pair dobles, five blackbirds, six straightaway clay pigeons.

WELLINGTON, Mass., May 1.—The weekly shoot at Wellington to-day was well attended. The winners of first prizes were: Six pigeons, Adams, Schaefer and Wilson; 6 blackbirds, Wilson and Adams; 6 blackbirds, Jones; 6 pigeons, Sanborn, 6 blackbirds, Stanton, Wilson and Schaefer; 5 blue rock birds, Stanton, Schaefer and Sanborn; 6 pigeons, Schaefer; 6 bats, Schaefer and Swift; 5 blue rock birds, Sanborn, Swift and Snow; 6 pigeons, Wilson; 5 blue rock birds, Edwards and Schaefer; 6 bats, Moore, Adams and Swift; 6 blackbirds, Edwards; 6 pigeons, Moore; 6 blackbirds, Sanborn; 6 pigeons, Wilson and Moore; 3 pair blackbirds, Stanton and Schaefer; 5 pigeons straightaway, Schaefer; 5 blackbirds, McCoy, Swift and Stanton; 6 bats, Adams.

NEW ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIP.—The challenge match for the Massachusetts State Glass Ball Association individual gold badge was shot on the grounds of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, at Walnut Hill, May 5. O. R. Dickey, of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, was the holder of the badge, and Messrs. W. L. Davis of the Worcester Club, John Butum, of the Wellington Club, C. M. Stark and E. W. Law, of the Boston Gun Club, and W. H. Allen, of the Brocton Club, challenged him.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 30.—The Colt Hammerless Gun Club made the following scores at their shoot to-day, all shooting being done at 15yds:

E C Howe	11010111111111	—	13	J Melrose	11110001100100	—	8
A Howe	00111110001101	—	10	J Cook	0001011010101	—	8
A Mcullen	10010101101111	—	10	W Johnson	01001011010000	—	8
M Cook	01011110010101	—	9					

Mr. E. C. Howe won the club medal.

JOIN THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—Send 10 cents, for handbook giving all information, to the Secretary MATT R. FREEMAN, General Manager, F. C. ETHERIDGE, Secretary and Treasurer, Macon, Ga. Board of Directors: Dr. L. E. Russell, Springfield, O.; C. M. Stark, Winchester, Mass.; J. Von Lengerke, New York City; Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I.; Wm. G. Cooper, Savannah, Ga.; E. A. Crawford, Tallahassee, Fla.; M. R. Freeman, W. W. Parker and F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga.—Adv.

Dachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

There are still many clubs not represented below, and some of the dates in the table are not official. We ask the aid of club secretaries and others in completing and correcting the list:

MAY.									
16. Newark, Opening.	8. Quincy, Club.	10. Great Head, Club, Winthrop.	10. Hull, Novelty, Hull.	10. Corinthian, Club, Marblehead.	10. Sandy Bay, Pen. Rockport.	10. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.	10. Great Head, Ladies', Winthrop.	10. Hull, Cham., Hull.	15-17. Amer. (Steam), Annual.
15. W. Middle, Open, East River.	9. Quaker City, Opeuing.	9. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport.	9. Knickerbocker, Spring Reg.	9. Onondaga, Opening, On. Lake.	9. S. C. Y. C., Opening, N. Y. Bay.	9. New Haven, Opening Sail.	9. Toledo, Pennant, Toledo.	9. Brooklyn, Opening, N. Y. Bay.	17. Sandy Bay, Cor., Rockport.
14. New Jersey, Annual.	8. Atlantic, Opening Sail.	8. Corinthian, San Francisco.	8. Newark, Annual.	8. Great Head, Open, Sweepstake, Winthrop.	8. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	8. Williamsburg, Regatta.	8. Portland, Annual, Portland.	8. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport.	17. Hull, Cor. Pennant, Hull.
13. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	7. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	7. Williamsburg, Regatta.	7. Portland, Annual, Portland.	7. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport.	7. Quaker City, Annual.	7. Brooklyn, Annual, N. Y. Bay.	7. Great Head, Pen., Winthrop.	7. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	17. American, Newburyport.
12. Portland, Challenge, Portland.	6. New Jersey, Annual.	6. Quaker City, Annual.	6. Brooklyn, Annual, N. Y. Bay.	6. Great Head, Pen., Winthrop.	6. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	6. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	6. Williamsburg, Regatta.	6. Portland, Annual, Portland.	16. H. J. Kidd, 12.
11. Quaker City, Annual.	5. Great Head, Open, Sweepstake, Winthrop.	5. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	5. Williamsburg, Regatta.	5. Portland, Annual, Portland.	5. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport.	5. Quaker City, Annual.	5. Brooklyn, Annual, N. Y. Bay.	5. Great Head, Pen., Winthrop.	15. A Kay, 13.
10. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	4. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	4. Williamsburg, Regatta.	4. Portland, Annual, Portland.	4. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport.	4. Quaker City, Annual.	4. Brooklyn, Annual, N. Y. Bay.	4. Great Head, Pen., Winthrop.	4. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	14. J. Townsend, 14.
9. Portland, Annual, Portland.	3. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	3. Williamsburg, Regatta.	3. Portland, Annual, Portland.	3. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport.	3. Quaker City, Annual.	3. Brooklyn, Annual, N. Y. Bay.	3. Great Head, Pen., Winthrop.	3. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	13. T. Kidd, 12.
8. Portland, Annual, Portland.	2. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	2. Williamsburg, Regatta.	2. Portland, Annual, Portland.	2. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport.	2. Quaker City, Annual.	2. Brooklyn, Annual, N. Y. Bay.	2. Great Head, Pen., Winthrop.	2. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	12. J. Townsend, 14.
7. Portland, Annual, Portland.	1. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	1. Williamsburg, Regatta.	1. Portland, Annual, Portland.	1. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport.	1. Quaker City, Annual.	1. Brooklyn, Annual, N. Y. Bay.	1. Great Head, Pen., Winthrop.	1. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	11. A Kay, 13.

JUNE.									
5. Great Head, Open, Sweepstake, Winthrop.	24. Sandy Bay, Pen. Gloucester.	24. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop.	24. Quincy, Club.	24. Great Head, Club, Winthrop.	24. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.	24. Hull, Cruise, Eastward.	24. Sandy Bay, Ladies', Rockport.	24. Corinthian, Ladies', Marblehead.	24. Corinthian, Club, Marblehead.
4. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	23. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	23. Williamsburg, Regatta.	23. Portland, Annual, Portland.	23. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport.	23. Quaker City, Annual.	23. Brooklyn, Annual, N. Y. Bay.	23. Great Head, Pen., Winthrop.	23. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	23. Portland, Challenge, Portland.
3. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	22. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	22. Williamsburg, Regatta.	22. Portland, Annual, Portland.	22. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport.	22. Quaker City, Annual.	22. Brooklyn, Annual, N. Y. Bay.	22. Great Head, Pen., Winthrop.	22. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	22. Portland, Challenge, Portland.
2. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	21. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	21. Williamsburg, Regatta.	21. Portland, Annual, Portland.	21. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport.	21. Quaker City, Annual.	21. Brooklyn, Annual, N. Y. Bay.	21. Great Head, Pen., Winthrop.	21. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	21. Portland, Challenge, Portland.
1. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	20. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	20. Williamsburg, Regatta.	20. Portland, Annual, Portland.	20. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport.	20. Quaker City, Annual.	20. Brooklyn, Annual, N. Y. Bay.	20. Great Head, Pen., Winthrop.	20. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	20. Portland, Challenge, Portland.

SEPTEMBER.									
2. Boston, Cup, City Point.	3. Quincy, Club.	3. Dorchester, Club, Harrison.	3. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.	3. Corinthian, Cham., Marblehead.	3. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.	3. Newark, Open.	3. Quaker City, Cup, 2d Class.	3. Great Head, Club, Winthrop.	3. Hull, Cruise, Eastward.
1. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	1. Hudson River, Union, Opeu.	1. Williamsburg, Regatta.	1. Portland, Annual, Portland.	1. Sandy Bay, Cup, Rockport.	1. Quaker City, Annual.	1. Brooklyn, Annual, N. Y. Bay.	1. Great Head, Pen., Winthrop.	1. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	1. Portland, Challenge, Portland.

THE LAUNCH OF THE ATLANTIC.

SATURDAY afternoon was a general holiday at Bay Ridge, flags flying, crowds of visitors hurrying down the street from the dummy road, and yachts and boats afloat about the two basins. The east wind was blowing heavily, hurrying about a fleet of canoes under reefed muslin, whose maneuvers were eagerly watched by a large crowd on the shore and bulkheads. About 3 o'clock a yacht bound down the Bay rounded into the Atlantic Basin and anchored in her berth in the tier, the Athlon, fresh in paint and lugging a new time the auction of the spectators was attracted to such a small yacht which warped out of Mumm's Basin, ran up jib and mainsail, and started for a reach up the Brooklyn shore. This was the new Ellsworth boat, Arab, on her trial trip, with one of her owners, Mr. Lawton, on board, and Captain John Van Buskirk at the wheel. With boom to port she went staggering along under the whole sail, as yet too new to reef, with her deck at an angle that would have done credit to the narrowest cutter. With the breeze that was blowing she should have carried one reef in her rig, and even then the initial stability considered by some as indispensable for comfort would have been conspicuous only by its absence. Coming down again, she ran below the bulkhead, affording an excellent opportunity to see her. Pressed as she was, she drove down deeply by the head, and heeled until her boom feathered the water. Allowance must be made for the large sail spread, and the absence of proper trim incident to a trial trip, but it looks now as though, even with reduced canvas and well-adjusted ballast, the new boat would in a breeze heel badly and run down by the head, with a corresponding diminution of speed.

While the spectators displayed a lively interest in these side shows it was not to see canoes or small boats that they came by dozens and stood about for four hours in the raw east wind. There was one point in the middle of the yard on which all eyes centered eagerly: one boat which was criticised and commented on, adversely or favorably as the case might be, by the combined "talent" of New York, Brooklyn, Bay Ridge, Gowanus, Bayonne, and adjacent parts. Finished to all appearance as far as hull is concerned, there stood in the center of the crowd of five or six hundred the boat from which so much is expected, the yacht Atlantic, the fourth of the great quartette which is to meet soon in the trial races.

Last season introduced a new and interesting element into the international races. Hitherto the defenders in each race had been distinctly New York, but in 1885, for the first time, New York was pitted against Boston, with the result now so well known. This year not only will two Boston boats be in the field, but New York will have two as well, the work of different designers, which fact has created a strong feeling of rivalry between the friends of each party. Thus the interest in the contest is almost tripled, the three issues involved being between America and England, Boston and New York, and between the three designers whose boats are entered for the trial races.

To classify the Atlantic would be a difficult and thankless task. Judged by the standards that have so long been acknowledged in America, she is a very good boat, with a comparatively good hull, a very successful effort, the Graving, now hauled out almost beside her, she is no way a typical American centerboard yacht, and on the other hand she is not a cutter, though only a very short time since she would have been pronounced one by those who are building her. What she should be called matters little now, the main points are, what is she and what will she do?

The Atlantic is 95ft. 7in. over all, 8ft. waterline, 33ft. 2in. extreme beam, and 8ft. 6in. estimated draft. Her ballast is of lead, 35 tons later, shaped to the form of the hull, and 19 tons stowed inside. The centerboard works through a slot in the center of the lead keel. The keel rockers up sharply into a plumb stem with a forefoot well cut away, while aft it turns up more gradually to meet a stempost raking about 1ft. in 4. The side view shows a high stem and stern, the sheer coming down fairly from the stem to a point well aft of midships, and then springing up sharply. The overhang is long, ending in a very small triangular counter, and the entire after end is down in shape to the point, showing very narrow on deck and cocking well up in the side view. The midship section is well aft, and is of a V form up to the waterline, being very full below, and the bulk of the boat seems to be massed about it. The hull is fair in all parts, but the body of the boat appears very bulky compared to the ends. The bow is a long tapering wedge, with very little hollow, but looking very sharp, being cut away rapidly from the large bulk amidships, and relatively is very much shorter, and also much fuller above the water than the bow. On deck the breadth is distributed in much the same proportion as the great wide water aft, a long thin bow with no signs of fullness at the plank sheer, and from midships aft a quick tapering in, almost to a point.

The yacht looked at her best, as far as form goes, when on the ways just previous to launching. The bottom was of a dark green, verdigris, the topsides black, a gold stripe around the gunwale, and a good deal of gilt forward. The long bowsprit, a clean round spar, was in place and stayed. The bowsprit leads to an iron ball, bolted onto each side of the bowsprit, and a plan that looks less for the simple and strong than the common method of attaching the bowsprit shrouds is about one-third the length of the bowsprit from the stemhead, and of good width, the shrouds leading in from it almost parallel with the bowsprit. The preventer shrouds are not yet in place. The chainplates are all on, with the deadeyes attached.

The ways had been laid for some days and the basin had been specially dredged to receive the new craft, and by Saturday noon all was ready in anticipation of a very high tide, due to the easterly winds that had blown for several days. The spreader was decorated only with an American flag aft, the club signal forward, and a gilt horseshoe hung from her bowsprit at the stem. At five minutes before 5 P. M. the first of the wedges were driven under the heels of the poppets, and soon after the keel blocks were removed and the yacht rested on the ways alone. Some time was lost in digging away the earth aft, but by 5:30 a number of guests were on her decks, the gang planks were removed and all was ready. It was just eight minutes later when she began to move, and gathering way, slid rapidly down into the water, entering smoothly and easily, heaving slightly as she left the edge of the beach and floating out into the basin. As she left the ways, Vice-Com. Swan's four-year-old daughter Ethel broke a bottle of wine over the bow. As she lay on the water, the painted leadline was about 1ft. above the water and a little more forward. The spars, rigging and sails are all ready, and the work of rigging and fitting out will go

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

XXI.

WITH the advent of the sun next morning, the Coot was got underway and proceeded to pick a course through the narrow winding channel leading out of the lower entrance to Millford Haven. By so doing a return over old ground and some seven miles were saved. The Haven itself is broad with 10 ft. of water, but nearing the lower end, the bottom shoals to 1 and 2 ft., a narrow gutter like lead with 6 to 10 ft. carrying you out to sea through a break in the beach. This is not staked nor defined and the charts are on too small a scale to be of much assistance. A boat drawing over 8 ft. should take a local pilot. The Coot managed to shoot the entrance after stirring up the sand in some places. At low water the chart indicates only 3 ft. on the bar which would make it 4 to 4½ ft. on the flood. To me there seemed to be rather more water. Once across the bar the depth suddenly increases to 7, then to 10 ft., which may be carried down the shore until the Wolf Trap Spit is reached. This has several 5 ft. spots half way between the light and the beach, hence you must give the beach a good berth. Below the light house, which is of the screw pile kind, you can sheer it again in trying for a harbor. Horn Harbor can be entered with 4 to 5 ft. and is the proper place to try for, unless willing to round New Point Comfort and sail five miles up Mob Jack Bay for East River, where twenty feet can be found.

I had been told that Deep Creek, just round the Point could shelter the Coot, and so when the cold northerly wind failed, boxed about in a clin and light air and head all the afternoon seeking to get in. In doing so a strong flood set into Horn Harbor was encountered, obliging a long board out into the Chesapeake. After several hours of tedious doldrums, the Coot was coaxed up to New Point and made a close round according to the chart. After crossing some strongly marked tide rips, she suddenly struck where 7 ft. was expected. This led to an investigation. I found a long bar of hard sand extending out to the eastward between two lines of tide rips.

On the bar there was hard 3 ft. As the soundings on the chart were taken twenty-six years ago, this bar may have formed since. It also extended to the westward of the cape, nearly out to the red can buoy, although 14 ft. should have been found according to the chart. There were many very small lumps, over which the Coot could just pass. In making Mob Jack Bay, the can buoy should be hugged pretty close. Around it the water quickly deepens and the Coot went away with lifted sheet for her proposed harbor, the sun already having sunk below the trees in the west.

Approaching the sandy cape the boat hook was kept going and soon brought up in 3 ft. whereupon the yacht was rounded up and anchored while I pulled ahead in the skiff to hunt for a channel. None could be found, a flat of hard sand with 2 ft. of water extending all along and barring retreat into the attractive little cove. With darkness upon me and no indication to sail five miles up into East River and out again in the morning, I determined once more to trust to luck for the night and hold on right there after close reefing the sail. This was the third time the desperate chance of escaping a lee shore in a winter gale was taken and for the third time good luck stuck by the boat. There was a sweep of 10 to 25 miles for wind and sea according to the quarter from which it might come, and the situation was not much relished. Later on I learnt that some of the creeks in the large light to the northward could shelter an 8 ft. draft less than 5 ft. but this I mention with reservation, not knowing how trustworthy the information. Large boats generally make for the Potomac River in this neighborhood, but without wind that was out of the question and a harbor there would have taken me out of my course. Daylight is necessary to make out the buoys marking the narrow cut across York Spit, the water shoaling very abruptly on both sides. Plenty of water can be carried across the Spit lower down however, which will be my course if New Point has been kept close aboard.

The moon rose in all her silvery splendor and the night seemed calm though very cold. Early next morning a brisk icy wind struck from the northward. A haze about the sun and mist rising in the south-east betokened a change before the day was over. This might bring wind and sea ahead and leave the Coot in sore straits, as the nearest practicable harbor would be in Hampton Roads around old Point Comfort, twenty-four miles away. It was necessary, however, to clear out from the meagre protection afforded by New Point and take chances on slipping into Back River as a last resort. The entrance is readily made in moderate weather, but in an on shore wind, a nasty sea tumbles up on the shoals surrounding the tortuous channel, and should you miss the latter, a small boat like the Coot would find herself on an ugly lee shore without the power of beating off. The idea of making Back River was soon given up, as the wind veered into N. E. and came down in hard squalls, turning up a dangerous sea in which I did not dare venture inshore. To make the most way, whole sail was got on and the boat went foaming and boiling on her southerly travels, burying lee waist and flying over the sea as New Point's lofty white tower was dropped in her wake.

For a while everything went well, though the hardening of the blow into a gale forced me to round up and haul out second cringle while the sea assumed a threatening aspect. To the southward it looked decidedly dirty and had a harrier been within reach the Coot would have run for it might and main. There was no choice but to keep at it, after getting on to York Spit. Here the shoaling of the water caused the longer seas so far met, to mount into towering, curling masses, steep and hollow, which piled after the little Coot with a roar. To look back as the foam-crested billows threw the skiff from side to side, almost tossing her bodily aboard, then letting her drop out of sight into the succeeding hollows with a fierce snap on the doubled painter, was enough to make one's head turn dizzy. I did try to bear away for Potomac, but found it impossible to keep the boat off, let alone running dead before the sea without jibing and wrecking the whole rig. At each high roller, the Coot would round up till the wind was brought abeam in spite of helm, and tending sheet and board. Barely was I able to miss ramming the lighthouse on the Spit. But the boat was making wonderful speed all the same and

when the Spit had been crossed a perceptible smoothing in the sea set in. The involuntary luffing had also lifted the boat so far to the eastward as to clear the shoal water about Back River. For half an hour things took a favorable turn, though the sun had become obscured in portentous steam and the wind kept veering more to the eastward.

When it settled N. E., it came out with renewed vigor, this time a full gale in its force, lifting the caps of the seas and driving them along in a heavy shower of spray. The Coot's sail threatened to go out of the holt ropes. Steering had been a great labor and the air was wintry enough to stiffen me from head to foot. Along we flew, the minutes seemed to grow into hours, and one narrow escape from broaching to followed another so quickly that I began to grow used to the trouble, though wishing myself well through with the job. The worst was yet to come. Back River Light had been made and passed. Fifteen miles had been reeled off and seven remained to Old Point. It looked as though we should pull through, if the rig would hold out. The skiff I expected to lose, but strange to say, though indulging in the most frightful antics, sheering square across the stern like a shot out of a gun, spinning along on her side, gunwale to, and turning up the seething waters like a plow does the sod, she escaped all damage and did not ship more than a bucket full the whole trip. I had given her an extra length of painter and doubled the parts and lashed the oars to the thwart.

The gale outside had been nearly S. E., and when the capes of the Chesapeake were opened, the full effect of the ocean swell made itself felt in a way which boded literally the engulfing of the Coot. Huge rollers poured in and grew steeper and steeper, their hoary masses breaking in seas of boiling foam as they tumbled in upon the Horseshoe shoal, which the Coot had reached. It would have been too far out of the course, and more than boat and myself could stand to trim in sheet and head up to round the tail of the Shoe, so we were obliged to cut across inside the Thimble light. This drove us over some 8 and 9 ft. spots and into 14 ft. generally.

For six miles the Atlantic rollers were breaking in an endless boil

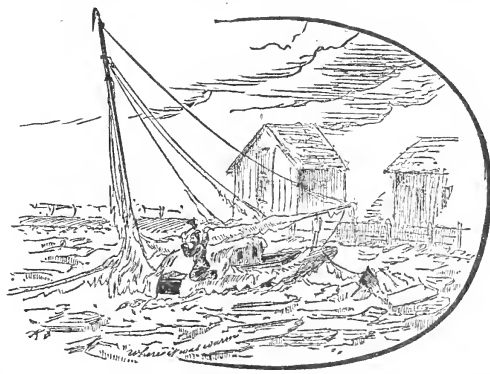
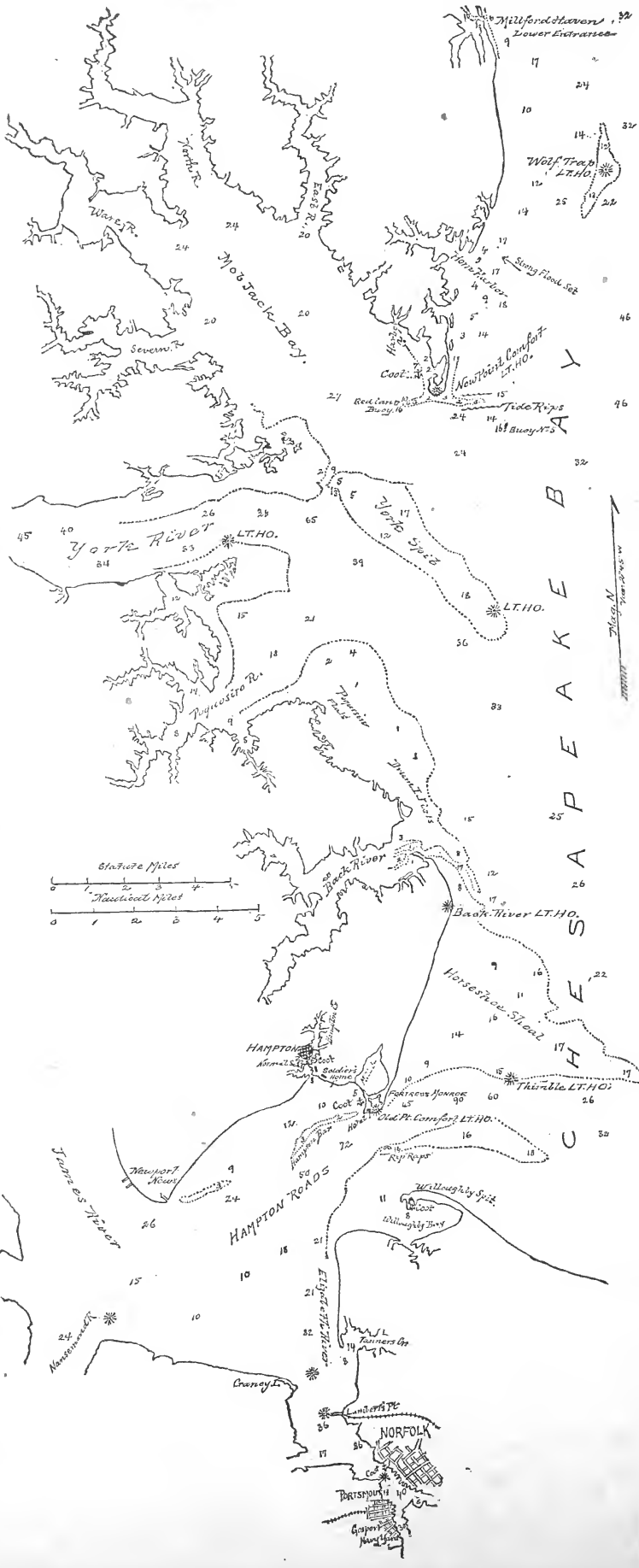
of foam. They would rise so steep and thin as to become a transparent green. Then with a crash, after a moment's poise, the tops would tumble and sweep along with hurrying force and rapidity, impetuous streams of hissing froth. These would lift the Coot under her haunches, propelling her along on the wave front as though she were a feather. They would force her nose down and under, till she buried stem, mast and even up to the cabin house. She would then screw out with irresistible force and broach to, rolling to windward into the next hollow with such a swing that a capsize to windward impended. The boom would be whipped half way up the mast and drop with a thud that was like the report of a gun and send my head into my mouth for some immediate disaster on the canvas and sheet.

I certainly was frightened, but not fright in the ordinary sense. Reason told me that such a state of affairs could not last. The margin of escape was too narrow not to be crossed sooner or later. Time and again I managed to get the boat off in the last second and prevent the next huge sea from tumbling bodily aboard. Had such a thing happened, the cabin and decks would have been stove to atoms, the boat filled and sunk in an instant. The tiller and sheet were the tools with which disaster had to be resisted. The tiller bent like a reed, the tenon in the rudder's head was on the point of giving way. The sheet and boom might have gone any moment, for the boom dipped half its length in the lee rolls and fell many feet after the roll to windward. The sheet would bring up on the blocks with a check they could not long withstand. Three times I was thrown into the lee scuppers of the cockpit and had to scramble back to the helm to keep the boat away. Seas broke aboard, but the violent tossing served to keep her pretty clear. She did not get much down below.

I was well high exhausted and frozen. The welcome pier of the Hygeia Hotel had been opened, vessels could be descried riding comfortably at anchor in comparative shelter and the haven for the Coot was not far away. I looked astern and saw a green monster, bigger than any yet encountered, rushing toward the Coot with implacable fury. On it tore with tumult and confusion at its head. This was a critical one and no mistake. I grasped the tiller tightly, braced with a fresh brace, kept one eye on the ruffian following me up and met him with helm beforehand. Something lifted the Coot high into the air. A momentary sharp tug at the helm, then the boat was suddenly let down easy as on a cushion and nothing remained of the huge sea. It was the last of the lot, for the Coot had slid off into seventy feet of water. The sea was still villainous but longer and regular, so you could figure on ways and means to evade the worst.

Abreast of Old Comfort Light, the wind had a northerly vein and in the sea the Coot had to be jibed, tacking being out of the question. It was done by getting in sheet, seeing it clear, easing helm over very slowly and then letting the boom go out on a spin like lightning. The small patch of sail enabled this to be consummated with success. When the Coot drove between the buoy on Hampton Bar and the government pier, there was a very audible sigh of relief aboard the yacht. Smooth water and a weather shore was something to be thankful for, and Old Point proved a Comfort indeed.

It was shortlived, a few hours saw a shift to the scene. Anchor was let go of the ordnance shops in 6 ft. Sail stowed and a hot stove and grub. It had been blowing 50 miles at the capes and 40 in the roads on the climax of the gale, just as the Coot reached into safety. Everybody about the Point is an old tar of some sort. Pilots and seafaring men opened their eyes in wonder when they learned that the Coot had come across "the Shoe" in the height of the storm and survived the kind of sea they are well able to appreciate. Coasting schooners, a square rigger and numerous oyster smacks had gone ashore and life had been lost, though none of them were exposed like the Coot; and all well maimed in the bargain. I don't quite understand myself how I got through the mess. It certainly was not the fault of the boat.



Provisions were at a low ebb; so were the finances of the establishment; concluded to take out an existence on some sage and snail Norfolk next day where funds were in waiting. This was a lamentable miscalculation, for I missed reaching Norfolk by two months. Toward evening the gale abated in short order and a mysterious calm set in.

At midnight I awoke. The boat was pitching bows under. It must be a gale from the N.W., as nothing could raise such a disturbance. Upon opening the cabin door, the sky was as clear as a bell, a howling northwester was in full possession, the Coot on a lee shore at last, tilling a few lengths from a dock, and worst of all, it was freezing at a great rate, the mercury being down in the twenties. At daybreak it was blowing a hurricane. Could not communicate with the shore owing to high sea and cold. Crumbs of remaining grub were apportioned into homeopathic doses. For three days the gale held on. The last day I was down to a mouthful of hard, not a drop of oil for the stove and no tobacco.

That night the blockade was raised. The wind fell, the ice packed into the light and froze fast before morning. The Coot was nearly rail-to, down by the head, encased in a solid armor of ice, so that nothing but the cabin doors could be distinguished. She was literally buried. As fast as the spray flew aboard the intense cold solidified it in an instant. In this way layer was imposed upon layer, till the boat could no longer be distinguished, resembling a hillock of ice. The skiff had been sunk under her burden. She was stopped out first and an expedition undertaken to the shore. At Old Point stores were procured and carried off. Then with a hatchet I set about cutting the Coot clear of her encumbrance.

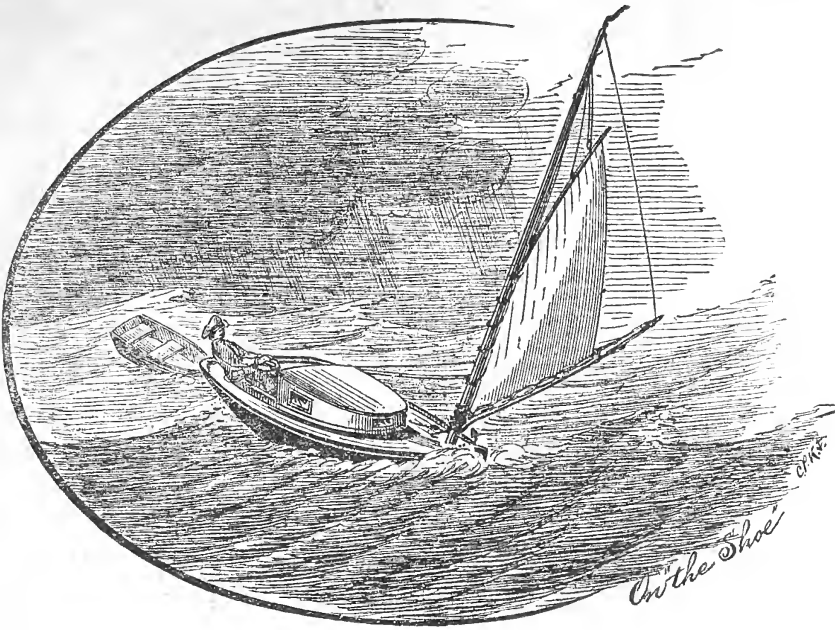
All was well for the next ten days, while the ice held fast. When it broke up, the old battle against the drift had to be fought with scarce any rest night and day. Ice out of the James river followed down and only after four days' incessant labor, could I get the Coot under way and sail into Hampton Creek for protection during the remainder of the winter. Many vessels dragged ashore during this freeze, and that the Coot with two little rope cables should have escaped right alongside the big vessels is one more marvel of the cruise. She was fearfully cut and wounded in the encounter and was about being carried out to sea, when a lucky turn in the cake of ice set her free. Once in Hampton creek, in a snug berth, all danger from drift ice ceased.

YACHTING NOTES.—Deloit will be shipped for New York on Monday next... Shona.—Mr. Charles Sweet, owner of the Clara, was incorrectly mentioned as the owner of the 5-ton Shona. Mr. Sweet owns only the Clara and is in no way interested in the other craft... Happy Thought, keel sloop, of New Haven, has been sold to Messrs. Van Wart, of New York, and will be enrolled in the Knickerbocker Y. C... Uncas, steam yacht, Mr. J. Buchanan Henry, has been sold to a Boston gentleman for \$1,400.

AMERICAN Y. C.—The design for the International Challenge Cup has been decided upon, that offered by Tiffany & Co., being the one selected. It will be 8 ft. 5 in. from base to top and will cost 10,000. The competition will be open to yachts of all nations.

MAYFLOWER AND PURITAN.—Gen. Paine's yacht will be launched at 11:30 A. M. to-day. Puritan has been cleaned of the blacklead and will be painted white again. Her bowsprit has been reduced 1 in. in diameter at the outer end. She will be fitted out at once.

To a faithful dog belonging to Mr. Schwartz, the proprietor of a jewelry store in Cherry street, Rahway, N. J., he, and his wife and two children, owe their lives in all probability. Between 4 and 5 A. M. yesterday Mr. Schwartz was awakened by the dog jumping on his bed and excitedly licking his face. He was several minutes before he could realize the situation. Smoke filled every part of the bedroom. Half unconsciously from its effects he hurriedly aroused his wife and then ran to the room adjoining, in which his two children were sleeping. He took them from their bed and with great difficulty groped his way down stairs and out of doors.



Canoeing.

CANOISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, rapids, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.



SECRETARY—Dr. C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member of the A. C. A., together with the sum of \$3 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the commodore. Money should be sent by registered letter, or money order on Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

FIXTURES.

Mohican Races every Thursday through the season.
May 1—Brooklyn C. C. Challenge Cup and Paddling Race.
May 15—Brooklyn C. C. Sailing Race.
May 22—Knickerbocker C. C. Spring Regatta.
May 29, 30, 31—Connecticut Meet, Calla Shasta Grove.
May 29, 30, 31—Hudson River Meet, Coddington's Dock, Roundout.
May 31—Mohican Cruise, Susquehanna River.
June 1—Pittsburgh Regatta.
June 12—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.
June 13—W. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Erie.
July 10—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.
July 10—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.
Aug. 7—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.
Aug. 15—W. A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.
Sept. 4—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.
Sept. 18—Brooklyn C. C. Sailing Races.
Sept. 25—Brooklyn C. C. Challenge Cup.

THE WESTERN A. C. A. MEET.

THE W. A. C. A. have issued a neat pamphlet containing a list of members, the constitution, sailing rules, camp rules and programme of the coming meet to be held at Ballast Island from July 8 to 24 inclusive. The membership roll now numbers 77, including 4 ladies; 21 coming from Cleveland, 30 from Cincinnati, 13 from Chicago and 18 from Sandusky. The constitution, by-laws and sailing rules, except as noted below, are substantially identical with the A. C. A. The classes and programme are as follows:

PADDLING.

Class I. Length not over 18ft., beam not under 24in. and not over 25in.
Class II. Length not over 16ft., beam not under 20in. and not over 30in.
Class III. Length not over 17ft., and beam not under 20in.
Class IV. Open canoes, single or double-bladed paddles.
Class V. Tandem canoes.

SAILING.

Class A. Length not over 18ft., and beam not over 25in.
Class B. Length not over 17ft., with a limit of 23½in. beam for that length. The beam may be increased ¼ of an inch for each full 6in. of length decreased.
Class C. Length not over 18ft. and any beam. Time allowance allowed according to Tredwen's Measurement.
The general programme has been arranged subject to changes in accordance with the weather, at the discretion of the regatta committee.

THURSDAY, July 8—Formation of camp.
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, July 9 and 10, general cruising and visiting among canoes and the islands.
SUNDAY, July 11—Church service 10:30 A. M.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, July 12 and 13—Two days' cruise among the neighboring islands, under command of the commodore. First and second prizes offered for best equipped canoes arranged for cruising, displayed and operated on this cruise.
WEDNESDAY, July 14—Canoe races:
Race No. 1—9:30 A. M. Paddling; Class I., 1 mile.
Race 2—10:00 A. M. Sailing; Class B., 3 miles. No limit to ballast or rig.
Race 3—1:30 P. M. Sailing; Class A., 3 miles. No limit to ballast or rig.
Race 4—3:00 P. M. Paddling; Class II., 1 mile.
THURSDAY, July 15—Canoe races:
Race 5—9:30 A. M. Paddling; Class III., ½ mile.
Race 6—10:30 A. M. Sailing; 3 miles. Open to all canoes, with time allowance calculated as per table.
Race 7—1:30 P. M. All classes; 3 miles. Sail first mile, paddle second, sail third.
Race 8—3:00 P. M. Double paddling race; two men; Class V., 1 mile.
Race 9—4:00 P. M. Classes I and A; 300 feet; upset race.
FRIDAY, July 16—Grand canoe hop at Wehr's parlors.
SATURDAY, July 17—Canoe races:
Race 10—9:30 A. M. All classes; 2 miles. Open to novices only.
Race 11—11:00 A. M. Paddling; Class IV., 1 mile.
Race 12—1:30 P. M. All classes; sailing, 3 miles, with time allowance calculated as per table.
Race 13—3:00 P. M. Paddling portage; Class I.
Race 14—4:00 P. M. Hurry scurry race, open to all canoes; run 100 yards, into canoe and paddle 200 yards.
[17:30.] Meeting for general business and to elect officers for ensuing year.

SATURDAY, July 17.—Canoe races:
Race 15—9:30 A. M. All classes sailing, without ballast; 3 miles, with time allowance calculated as per table.
Race 16—11:00 A. M. All classes, sailing; 2 miles; sail 1 mile, paddle 1 mile.
Race 17—1:30 P. M. Class C, sailing; 3 miles, with time allowance calculated as per table.
Race 18—4:00 P. M. Classes III. and B; 300ft., double upset race.
MONDAY, July 19.—Canoe races:
Race 19—9:30 A. M. Sailing; Class A., 3 miles, without ballast, open to prize winners only.
Race 20—11:00 A. M. Paddling; 1 mile, Class I., open to prize winners only.
Race 21—11:30 A. M. Paddling; ½ mile, Class III., open to prize winner only.
Race 22—12 M. Paddling; ½ mile, Class IV., single-bladed paddles.
At 5:00 P. M. The presentation of prizes at headquarters.
8:00 P. M. Venetian carnival. Each canoe is expected to bring Chinese lanterns with which to decorate his canoe, and Roman candles for the pyrotechnic display.
TUESDAY, July 20, and continuing week, general cruising and visiting to the neighboring islands, and general good time.

CAMP RULES AND GENERAL INFORMATION.
1. A member of the Executive Committee will be appointed daily, by the Commodore, to act as officer of the day.
2. The occupants of each tent are expected to put their tent and the surrounding space in order by 9 A. M. each day.
3. No visitors will be allowed in camp before 10 A. M.
It is left to each canoe to see that the above rules are carried out. Members who expect to take their meals at the hotel are requested to forward their names to the Secretary by the first of July. A branch post office will be established at headquarters. Mail should be addressed to Canoe Camp, Ballast Island, via Put-in-Bay, Ohio. Tents will be pitched to the liking of each individual or club, under the supervision of the Superintendent of Camps. Invitations to the Canoe Hop will be restricted to the canoes and their immediate friends. The number of invitations will, of necessity, be limited, and it is especially requested that all who expect to attend will procure their tickets from the Secretary on or before noon of the day of the ball.
Meals can be obtained at the hotel by those who do not desire to cook in camp. Ballast Island can be reached by daily boats from Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo and Detroit. Information regarding time of departure can be obtained from the Secretary. Camp supplies can be obtained at Put-in-Bay at moderate prices. Canoes will be carried free of cost on the steamers, provided owners are with them. Headquarters, Commodore's tent, Assembly Room, Ballast Island Club dining room. Secretary's office at headquarters. The Committee desire to impress upon you the importance of giving notice, through the Secretary, of your intention of being present, your date of arrival and size of tent, so that preparations can be made for your accommodation. Address all communications to W. H. Eckman, room 31, City Hall, Cleveland, Ohio. The officers for the ensuing year are: Commodore, Geo. W. Gardner, Cleveland, O.; Vice-Commodore, Geo. B. Ellard, Cincinnati, O.; Rear Commodore, Geo. W. Munger, Chicago, Ill.; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Eckman, Cleveland, O.; Executive Committee—Geo. W. Gardner, Cleveland, O.; Geo. B. Ellard, Cincinnati, O.; Geo. W. Munger, Chicago, Ill.; W. H. Eckman, Cleveland, O.; W. C. Brown, Cincinnati, O.; J. W. Hepburn, Toledo, O.; O. A. Woodruff, Chicago, Ill. Regatta Committee—G. H. Gardner, Jas. O. Shiras, H. D. Crane. Superintendent of Camp, Chas. R. Melville.
[It will be noticed that the paddling rules allow one foot more length than the sailing classes of the A. C. A., which will disbar any canoes built up to the full limit of this rule from the A. C. A. races, should they at any time desire to enter. There is also no provision made for the 25in. boats which promise again to become very popular in the East, and they are handicapped in the same class with a 16x20in. canoe. Under these rules such a canoe as the Lassie would have no reasonable chance. The sailing classes A and B are identical with the same A. C. A. classes, but the committee have added a new class C, with a time allowance based on Mr. Tredwen's girth rule, open to canoes not over 18ft. long, but with no limit of beam or depth. There are many good reasons against time allowance in canoe racing, but in spite of them the establishment of the present class is a good idea, for a time at least. It will bring in all the old sizes of canoes outside of classes A and B, and after one or two seasons' trial it shows just what limits should be laid down for this new class to encourage the building of larger boats which can still be efficiently paddled. The programme offered is a good one and promises plenty of variety. No finer location than the Put-in-Bay Islands could be desired by canoeists, and the efforts now making in the West should attract a large number. Eastern canoeists who may have the leisure will find no pleasanter place to spend a few weeks, and we can assure them, from a personal experience, of a warm welcome from their fellow paddlers of the West.]

A BID FOR AN "ACCIDENT."

ONE day last week two canoeists on a Staten Island ferry boat were surprised to see out in New York Bay, near Robbins Reef and from one to two miles from shore, a small white canoe, in the cockpit of which a lady was seated, while on the deck, well out to windward, was a young man, handling the sheet and tiller. There was a strong breeze blowing, and the canoe was carrying a good amount of sail. As no case of drowning has thus far been reported, we may conclude that the venturesome couple reached shore safely, in which case the experiment will probably be tried again until it comes to a disastrous end. It should be well understood that canoe sailing, unless in some special circumstances, is no sport for a lady. If she can swim, can sail a boat, and is perfectly self-possessed, or if the boat is a large one and in the hands of a competent sailor, there is little danger in good weather, if constant care be exercised; but to take out in a small canoe a person who is ignorant of the great risk, and worse than helpless in case of the least emergency, is an offense that should be severely punished. We have had occasion to allude before to this class of small, badly-modeled and built canoes used recklessly about Staten Island, Bayonne and Elizabethport, and in spite of our warning a canoe was capsized last fall through the rig that no expert would venture out with, and the occupant, not a club member, was drowned.

In the interests of canoeing it is the duty of the clubs in these various localities to look up such cases as that reported above, and if possible to put a stop to risks which not only endanger innocent persons, but inflict serious harm on the sport. The occasion seems to warrant a repetition of the warnings so often given by old canoeists to novices. Do not use a canoe unless you are certain that it is of suitable size and model, either for sailing or paddling.
Do not attempt to sail a canoe unless the model and rig have been

approved by a practical sailor, and even then do not go out alone until you have some knowledge of boat sailing, unless you are a good swimmer and the water is such that no danger from tides or boats need be apprehended. It is generally possible to obtain a little coaching from an old sailor; if not, take a very small sail in smooth water and practice until it before trying a larger rig. Do not take a lady, even for a paddle, in a very small or cranky canoe, and do not attempt to move about or to sail with a lady aboard unless under the conditions given above. These rules apply as fully to small row and sail boats as to canoes, and an observance of them may prevent serious consequences.

EXPENSES OF REGATTA COMMITTEE, 1885.

THE following account of expenses is a copy of the one sent to the Secretary of the A. C. A., by the Regatta Committee of last year. By their request we publish it:

American Canoe Association:		ALBANY, N. Y., April 19, 1886.
To R. W. Gibson, Dr.		
FOR DISBURSEMENTS BY REGATTA COMMITTEE IN CONNECTION		
1885.		WITH THE REGATTA 1885.
March—	Paid to clerk for stamps for measurer's certificates, etc.	\$4 73
March—	Paid to clerk for stamped envelopes for flag circulars.	6 70
March—	Paid to clerk for envelopes.	2 40
March—	Paid to clerk for express charges, 50c., 25c.	75
March 13	Paid Van Benthuyzen, printing 600 circulars (flags).	4 75
April 8	Paid Van Benthuyzen, printing 50 measurer's certificate books and blanking.	7 75
April 16	Paid Van Benthuyzen, printing 150 circulars (flags).	3 25
July 2	Paid Van Benthuyzen, printing and padding 400 slips (entry blanks).	1 25
July 2	Paid Michael for stencils.	5 50
July 2	Paid Meyers for flags (padding and second prize).	12 00
July 2	Paid Lawrence for painting flags.	14 00
July 2	Paid Mitchell for sticks for flags (padding colors).	1 00
July 2	Paid at Clayton for books and paper for records.	1 85
Total		\$65 92

THE ROYAL C. C.—The first match of the season took place at Hendon on Saturday, the 17th inst. With a view to bring in some of the cruising canoes, the sail area was on this occasion limited to 75 sq. ft. Pearl, E. B. Tredwen; Diamond, H. Church; Nina, F. T. Miles; Sabrina, Rede Turner. Nautilus, Kitten and Minnie were also entered, but did not start. Nina was first away, followed by Diamond and Pearl, Sabrina being away to leeward. The vessel proceeded to the buoy in the light, where Pearl stole the inside station, and obtained the lead running down the lake. In the boat to windward, however, Nina held a much better wind than Pearl, and again assumed the lead, rounding the Eastern buoy just a minute to the good. Nina managed to hold her own on the next run down, and kept ahead until nearly on completion of the second round, when Pearl crossed her to windward. On the next board Nina's skipper unfortunately did not take the rails which were down into the water a sufficiently wide berth, and stuck fast for some time. The vessel proceeded to the buoy, where Pearl stole the inside station, and obtained the lead running down the lake. In the boat to windward, however, Nina held a much better wind than Pearl, and again assumed the lead, rounding the Eastern buoy just a minute to the good. Nina managed to hold her own on the next run down, and kept ahead until nearly on completion of the second round, when Pearl crossed her to windward. On the next board Nina's skipper unfortunately did not take the rails which were down into the water a sufficiently wide berth, and stuck fast for some time. The vessel proceeded to the buoy, where Pearl stole the inside station, and obtained the lead running down the lake. 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THE TRIAL RACES AT THE MEET.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* In reading Mr. Whitlock's letter, I noticed that the Regatta Committee are thinking of having the trial races for the A. C. A. trophy during the first week of the meet. If this were done, I think it would be debarring quite a number who are not in positions where they can take their holidays during August, and who find it very difficult to get away even for one week of the meet, but who always turn up for the last week and enjoy the wedding of the ash and handling of the sheet during the three busy days. As these races will be among the principal races of the meet, because the trial for a place among those doughty ten will be well worth seeing, I think the committee should try to arrange it so that it all came off during the last week, and if any of the races through lack of time have to come off before the last seven days, let it be some of the minor events. (It will be a difficult matter to arrange the trial races for the race week, as it will disturb the entire programme. If any wish to enter the trial races and cannot possibly be present by Friday, perhaps some special arrangement can be made to suit them, but it is not probable that many will be so situated.)

BOSTON C. C.—The Boston C. C., of Boston, Mass., was organized June 30, 1885, and incorporated Dec. 31, 1885. The officers for 1886 are: Commodore, Arthur J. King; Vice-Commodore, Arthur H. Forbush; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles H. Worcester; Assistant Secretary, Gilmer Clapp; Directors, Arthur J. King, Charles H. Worcester, Walter H. King. The club propose to make their headquarters on the Charles River at Riverside, where they are building a club house and camp.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

F. M. D., Dunkirk, N. Y.—The proposed law for steam yachts was published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 24, 1885.

J. P. P., Hartford, Conn.—Use boiled linseed oil mixed with terebinthine. We know of nothing lighter or better for a canvas boat.

STRIP.—We do not recommend the method for large boats. It is not as strong as a good frame planked over, especially for a sailing yacht.

A. D. F.—You will find the lines of a 14ft. keel yacht in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Oct. 19 and 26, 1885; also this and other small boats, with directions for building, in "Small Yachts," published by the *Forest and Stream* Publishing Company.

ROSELLE.—1. On what part of the Susquehanna is the best black bass fishing to be found? 2. On what part of the Delaware is the best black bass fishing to be found? 3. Does — make a first-class split bamboo rod? **Ans.**—1. From Danville to Towanda, on the east branch. 2. From the Water Gap down to Lambertville. 3. Yes.

N. C. L., Salem, Mass.—Please tell me if land locked salmon in New Found Lake in New Hampshire can be caught with a hook. If so, what bait should be used. What time do they take most salmon in Sebago Lake above Portland? What bait do they use, and how

do they fish for them? Have they been tried in the lake first mentioned? **Ans.**—See article in this issue by C. G. A.

J. J. G., Steubenville, O.—Is 'any handicap allowed open-sighted rifles—not military or special military—as against globe and peep sights at 200 yards, off-hand? **Ans.**—No.

Cedar, New York.—Please inform me what is the best way to stiffen up the ferrules of rods that have been in a room with furnace heat all winter? Will putting in a cellar have the desired effect? **Ans.**—No. Ferrules are put on with shellac, and if the rod is swollen in a damp place they will loosen again when the rod dries. If not very loose, heat the ferrules and melt the shellac, or send the rods to a rod maker.

J. W. F., North Middletown, Ky.—1. At what place in Louisiana did Mr. P. make his famous snipe shooting? 2. What year was it and what time in the year? 3. What number of snipe did he kill? 4. Was it done in so many hours or was it from sunrise to sunset? 5. How many guns did he use and what kind? 6. How did he carry his ammunition? 7. What assistance did he have? **Ans.**—A number of the above questions we are unable to answer, but the following facts are authentic. 1. Franklin Bayou Teche, Louisiana. 3. 366. 6. By negroes following him on foot. 7. Answered in 6.

SOME OTHER MAN is always the one you think will get hurt by accident, and the "other man" thinks it will be you. If he is right, you will be sorry you didn't insure in the Travelers, of Hartford—or your family will.—*Adv.*



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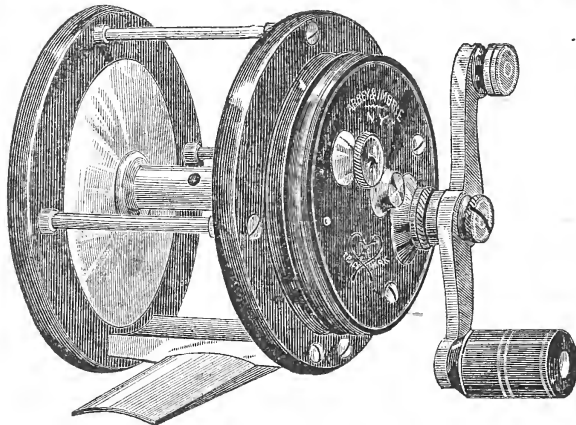
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QUADRUPLE MULTIPLYING.

Nickel Plated, with Slide Click and Slide Drag.

Nos.	0204c	0206c	0207c
Yards.	40	60	80

DOUBLE MULTIPLYING.

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Nos.	94c	96c	97c	98c	99c
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EXTRA FINE "IMBRIE."

Hard Rubber and German Silver, with Adjustable Click.

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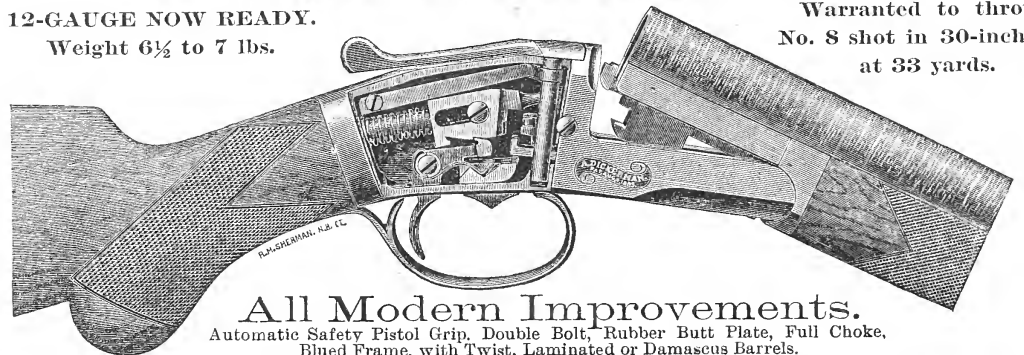
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All Modern Improvements.

Automatic Safety Pistol Grip. Double Bolt, Rubber Butt Plate, Full Choke, Blued Frame, with Twist, Laminated or Damascus Barrels.

The Top Snap is utilized as the lever for cocking the hammer as well as breaking up the gun. The leverage is so adjusted that the gun is broken up and hammer cocked as easily as an ordinary gun with simple top snap is broken up. By the same movement of the top snap the safety bolt is forced under the forward part of the trigger, locking the latter firmly into the bent of the hammer. The Safety Button is located just in front of the trigger, and is fully protected by the guard (as shown in cut). Pronounced by the trade and sportsmen generally the **Finest Single Gun Made.** INTERCHANGEABLE RIFLE BARRELS OF ALL CALIBERS furnished for these guns if desired. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

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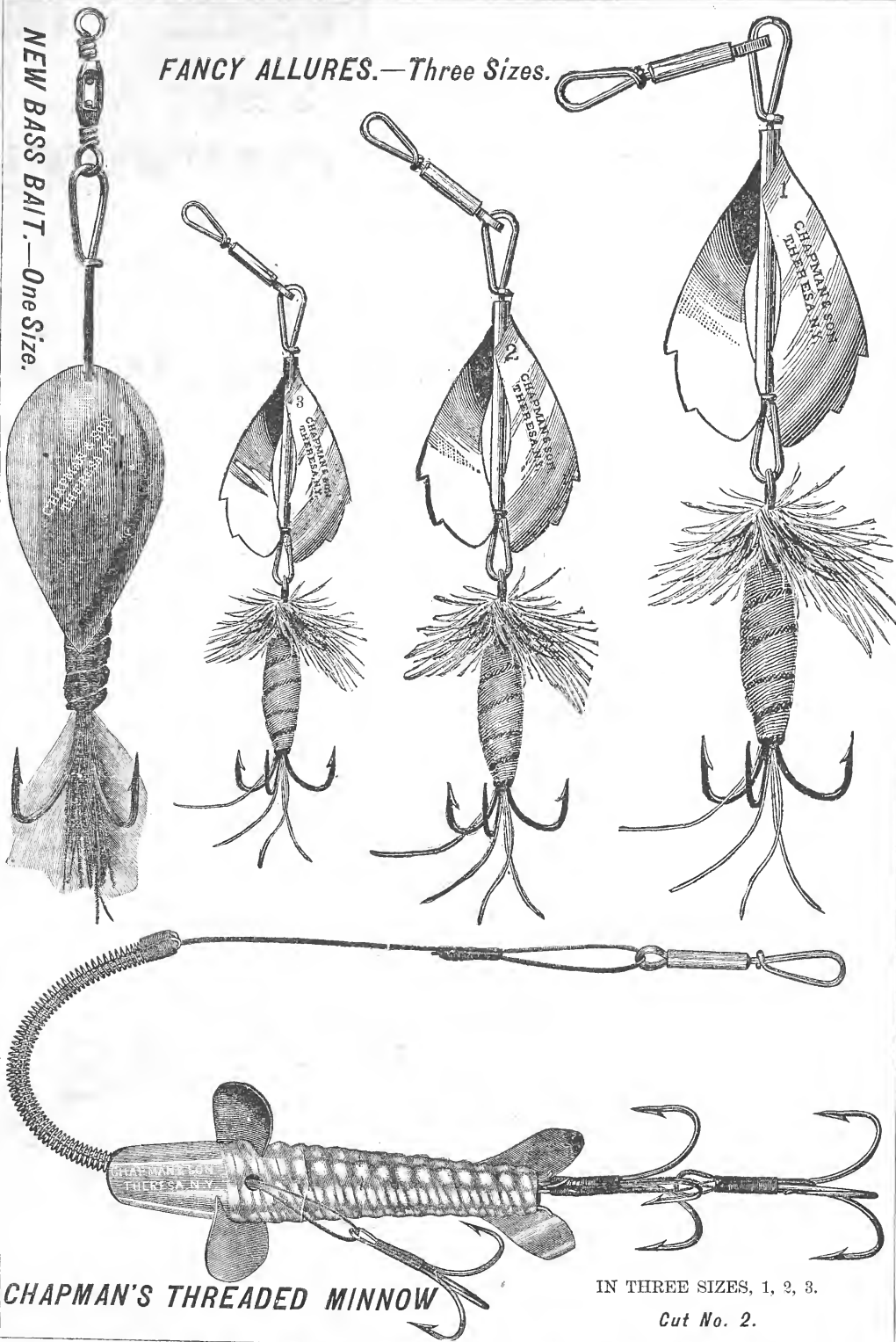
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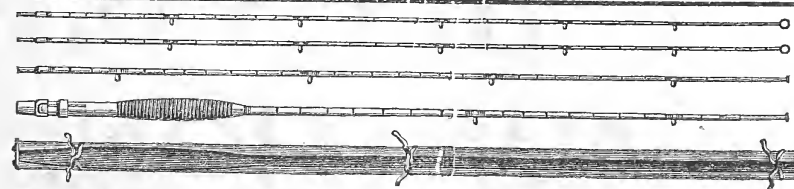
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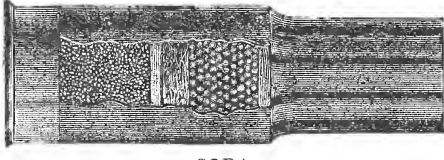
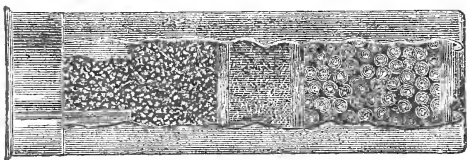
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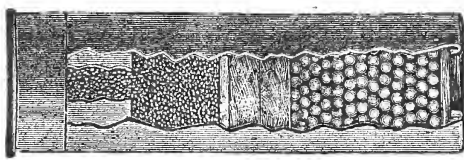
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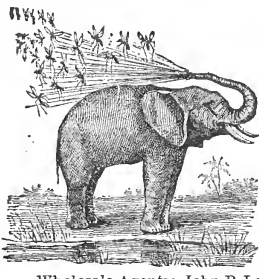
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE RAILROADS AND THE PARK.

THE Senate Committee on Territories has favorably reported the bill authorizing the granting of a right of way to a railway through the National Park to Cooke City. This favorable report is signed by four members of the committee, while a minority report, presented by Mr. Mander-son, is signed by three.

The majority report consists mainly of the two favorable reports by committees of the Senate and House, which we have reviewed and shown each to be a tissue of misrepresentations. We remarked weeks ago, that these documents furnish abundant evidence that they were prepared by the same hand, and there seems to be little doubt that this hand be- longed to General Armstrong, some time Railroad Commis- sioner, and now a mine owner of Cooke City. This individ- ual has shown remarkable energy in pushing forward this railroad scheme, and is credited with having tried to bully the friends of the Park into ceasing their opposition to his plans by saying to them, in language more forcible than elegant, "If we don't get our railroad, we'll bust the Park." It remains to be seen whether this magniloquent threat of "busting the Park" will so alarm Congress and the people of the United States that they will tamely submit to see their pleasure ground taken away from them, to see it cut up by railroads, to see it dotted with towns in which are machine shops, dwellings occupied by railroad hands and saloons, to see its forests and its prairies burned off, to see its game destroyed or driven out of the reservation, so that it may fall an easy prey to the hide hunters and meat butchers.

In this majority report the false statements as to the length of the line in the Park are repeated. General Anderson again refers to the difficulties of crossing the range between Clark's Fork and the head of Soda Butte Creek, as if there were a steep divide there, whereas it is perfectly well known that the divides are very slight and easily surmounted. General Anderson has never been over the country, but the members of the U. S. Geological Survey have, and the char- acter of the divides can be ascertained from their reports or from the men who made them. Major George O. Eaton, an interested mine owner, says in this report that all that the miners of Cooke want is a railroad, and that one from Bil- lings would suit them just as well as any other. Let the miners of Cooke possess their souls in patience. A road will

be built from Billings, the surveys are being made, and the money for building the road has all been promised. It is a road that does not pass through the Park.

The friends of the Cinnabar & Clark's Fork Railroad scheme are evidently hard pushed for ammunition, for they introduce in their report a quotation from a petition signed by sixty-six citizens of Cinnabar, who ask for this railroad grant. To any one who has been to Cinnabar, this is really laughable. Cinnabar has only four or five houses in all. These are the railway station, a stable for Wakefield & Hoffman's horses, a saloon and one or two cabins. Probably there are not a dozen voters in the town, and every rancher, teamster, cowboy, brakeman, and probably woman and child, in the whole region must have put his or her name to the document to make up the "sixty-six citizens of Cinna- bar."

The minority report is signed by men who have given themselves the trouble to look into the matter and to take the opinion of those intelligent and disinterested persons, who are best acquainted with the National Park and its re- quirements. Against the railroad we find men like Secretary Lamar, General P. H. Sheridan, Mr. Arnold Hague, Lieut. Dan C. Kingman and Mr. W. Hallett Phillips. Letters from these gentlemen giving incontrovertible reasons why the railroad should not be built through the Park, have been written in support of the minority report, and we print them this week. They should be carefully read by every one who is interested in the preservation of this wonderland.

Recent advices from a surveying party now engaged in an examination of the Clark's Fork route, give a very favor- able report of the line along the cañon, the only place on the whole route where it has been pretended that there are any difficulties to be overcome. The practicability of the Clark's Fork route seems thus to be assured. The party, when we heard from it, had been only two days in the cañon, and had already surveyed a line where the grade, for a dis- tance of seven miles only, is 171.4 feet to the mile, with very light work, and there is every prospect that further investi- gation and the running of other lines will result in the dis- covery of a much more moderate grade. It is usual in run- ning new lines through a mountain country to look about for some time before the best and easiest line is found. Suppose, however, that no grade easier than 171 feet to the mile can be found, there is nothing very alarming in this. It is true that it is steeper than the maximum grade on the Northern Pacific main line, but it is 54 feet less than the maximum on the Denver & Rio Grande R. R., and 79 feet less than the temporary line over the Mullan Pass. It is not a heavy grade for a mountain road, and it is less important here, because all the heavy freight to be hauled from the mines will pass down the grade, while only empty cars or very light trains will go up the hill. There seems little doubt that a road from Billings will before long be an accomplished fact, and this being the case, it would be insane to permit a railroad to enter the Park.

The tremendously strong lobby which is working in favor of the Cinnabar & Clark's Fork R. R. has been a good deal of a puzzle to the people who have been watching it, and who are familiar with what it has accomplished.

We have good reason to believe that the strength of this movement, for some time so mysterious, lies in the fact that the Northern Pacific Railway Company is backing the pro- ject. We are informed, on authority which we cannot but trust, that this is the case, that this grant will be utilized by the Northern Pacific people to run a line into the Park, so as to secure considerable additional passenger traffic, that there is no intention of building the road to Cooke, but that it is merely the entering wedge to enable this company to gain a foothold for a railway in the Park. Once within the boundaries of the reservation, it is believed that it will be easy to get permission to build a little further in one direc- tion, and a little further in another direction, until the whole Park is gridironed with tracks, and its usefulness and its beauty destroyed forever.

Already this corporation has a strong hold on the National Park. Theirs is the only railway which runs to its borders. A powerful syndicate of its stockholders have obtained leases for hotel and other privileges within the Park. Yes- terday the franchise and leases of the National Park Im- provement Company were to have been sold at public auction in Evanston, the county seat of Uinta county, Wyoming Territory, and it was the reported intention of the Northern Pacific people to bid them in. These leases include the exclusive transportation privileges in the Park.

We do not at present care to express an opinion as to whether it is desirable to have the national pleasure ground so entirely in the power of a great corporation. But we in- sist that neither the Northern Pacific nor any other corpora- tion shall push a railroad into the Park. Let them be con- tent with what they have, and leave to the people their Park undisturbed by the scream of the locomotive and the rumble of the train. We have already resented the attempts of monopolists to seize this pleasure ground, and there are more people interested in the Park and ready to fight for it now, than there were when we first took the matter up some years ago.

Congress cannot afford to turn over this Park to a cor- poration.

A PLEA FOR THE UNPROTECTED.

WHEN one goes out for a day's shooting he is a little apt, especially if young, thoughtless and too ardent, to shoot at many things that when alive harm no one, that when killed are of no worth to him but as proof of his skill with the gun; not even that. Why not spare them? The world is pleasanter for all of us the more happy wild life there is in it. Why kill for the mere sake of killing or the exhibition of one's knack of killing?

When one is duck shooting on inland waters, sitting alert in the bow of the skiff with his gun ready for the expected gaudy wood duck, or plump mallard, or loud quacking dusky duck, or swift-winged teal, to rise with a splashing flutter out of the wild rice, and there is a sudden beating of broad wings among the sedges with a startled guttural quack, and one's heart leaps to his throat and his gun to his shoul- der, and then—only an awkward bittern climbs the Septem- ber breeze with a slow incline, there is a vengeful tempta- tion to let drive at the disappointing good-for-nothing. But why not let the poor fellow go? If you dropped him back (as the poorest and most poking shot might) into the marsh to rot unprofitably there, disdained even by the mink, unat- tainable to the scavenger skunk, what good would it do you? If he disappointed you, you disturbed him in his medita- tions, or in the pursuit of a poor but honest living. Or per- haps a great heron too intent upon his fishing or frogging, or dozing in the fancied seclusion of his reedy bower, springs up within short range and goes lagging away on his broad vans. If you kill him you will take him home to show, for he is worth showing even then. But if you wish your friends to see him at his best, bring them to him and let them see how well he befits these sedgy levels—a goodly sight, whether he makes his lazy flight above them or stands a motionless sentinel in the oozy shallows. The marshes would be lonely without him, or if one desires the charm of loneliness, does not his silent presence add to it?

A kingfisher comes clattering along the channel. As he jerks his swift way over the sluggish water he may test your marksmanship, but as he hangs with rapid wing beats over a school of minnows as steadfast for a minute as a star for- ever, needing no skill to launch him to his final unrewarded plunge, why kill him! In such waters he takes no fish that you would, and he enlivens the scene more than almost

On the uplands, where the meadow lark starts out of the grass with a sharp, defiant "zeet!" and speeds away on his steady game-like flight, remember before you stop it or try to, of how little account he is when brought to bag; and re- member, too, how when the weary days of winter had passed, his cheery voice welcomed the coming spring, a little later than the robin's, a little earlier than the flicker's cackle; and what an enlivening dot of color his yellow breast made where he strutted in the dun bare meadows.

In some States the woodpeckers are unprotected, and are a mark for every gunner. Their galloping flight tempts the ambitious young shooter to try his skill, but they are among the best friends of the aboriginalist and the fruit grower, for though some of them steal cherries and peck early apples, and one species, perhaps, sucks the sap of trees, they are the only birds that search out and kill the insidious, destructive borer.

any other frequenter of it, never skulking and hiding, but with metallic, vociferous clatter, heralding his coming. Then his still mid-air poise, the same in calm or wind, and his unerring headlong plunge, that one never tires of watching nor ceases to wonder at.

When one wanders along a willow stream with his gun, cautiously approaching every lily-padded pool and shadowed bend likely to harbor woodduck or teal, and finds neither, and his ears begin to ache for the sound of his gun—if a green heron flaps off a branch before him, he is sorely tempted to shoot the ungainly bird, but for what? If the

gun must be heard, let it speak to a stump or a tossed chip, either as difficult a target as he, and let the poor harmless little heron live. Uncouth as he is, he comes in well in the picture of such a watercourse, that has done with the worry of turning mills, left far behind with their noise and bustle on foaming rapids among the hills, and crawls now in lazy ease through wide intervals, under elms and water maples and thickets of willows.

In some States, too, the hare is unprotected by any law, and it is the common custom to hunt it even so late as April, for the mere sake of killing, apparently, or perhaps the charm of the hound's music, which makes the butchery of Adirondack deer so delightful a sport to some, adds a zest to the slaughter of these innocents—though, he it said, there is no comparison in the marksmanship required. Alive, the northern hare is one of the most harmless of animals; dead, he is, in the opinion of most people, one of the most worthless. So worthless that hunters frequently leave the result of all their day's "sport" in the woods where they were killed. Yet the hare is legitimate game, and should be hunted as such, and only in proper seasons, and not be ruthlessly exterminated. A woodland stroll is the pleasanter if one sees "Br'er Rabbit" there in his brown summer suit, or white as the snow about him in his winter furs.

Where there are no statute laws for the protection of game and harmless creatures not so classed, an unwritten law of common sense, common decency and common humanity should rule sportsmen, and be powerful enough to protect all these. The fox is an outlaw; it is every one's legal right to kill him whenever and however he may, and yet wherever the fox is hunted with any semblance of fair play, whether in New England with gun and hound, or elsewhere with horse and hound, the man who traps a fox, or kills one unseasonably, or destroys a vixen and her cubs, bears a reputation but little better than a sheep stealer's.

A sentiment as popular and as potent ought to prevail to protect those that, though harmless, are as unshielded by legislative enactments as the fox, and much less guarded by natural laws and inborn cunning. The truest sportsman is the most merciful, and is never a wanton slayer.

WILD PIGEONS have been nesting in the woods of Forest and Warren Counties, Pa., this year, and the netters and gunners have been reaping an unexpected spring harvest. When the birds appear all the male inhabitants of the neighborhood leave their customary occupations, as farmers, bark-peelers, oil-scouts, wild-catters, and tavern loafers, and join in the work of capturing and marketing the game. The Pennsylvania law very plainly forbids the destruction of the pigeons on their nesting grounds, but no one pays any attention to the law, and the nesting birds have been killed by thousands and tens of thousands. Formerly the usual market demand has been augmented by a large demand for live birds to be shot, for purpose of game protection, by State game protective associations, but of recent years, the birds being unattainable, the demand for them has ceased, and now the consumption of nesting pigeons is confined to the markets. Had some of our State societies been told of the Pennsylvania nesting, there is no reckoning the tremendous impetus that might have been given to game protection by another Coney Island spring pigeon killing tournament.

THE NEW YORK GAME PROTECTORS.—The bill before the New York Legislature creating the office of chief of the game protectors passed the Assembly last week almost unanimously. The bill in its present shape fixes the salary at \$1,200 per year with an allowance of \$600 for traveling expenses. This accords more nearly with the views of Gen. R. U. Sherman, secretary of the N. Y. Fish Commission, upon whose shoulders the burden of supervising the game protectors has fallen, and whose request to be relieved from this labor has been heeded. It is well understood that Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls is pressed by his numerous friends for the position, and we do not know of a better man. We hope that the bill may become a law, and that the Governor may appoint Mr. Cheney.

"PISCO."—Capt. L. A. Beardslee, of the U. S. S. Powhatan, has just returned to the Brooklyn Navy Yard after six months of West India service. Capt. Beardslee's last communication to the FOREST AND STREAM, it will be remembered, was a relation of the Powhatan's rescue of the maroons of Ronador. Soon after that Capt. Beardslee was engaged in the relief of the homeless citizens of Key West at the time of the great conflagration; and the efficiency with which he performed the difficult task has won for him much praise from the press.

"PUBLIC OPINION" is a new Washington weekly which gives the collected opinions of the press of the country on current events and the questions of the day. The journal starts out well and promises to be a success. It is under the management of Mr. Jerome Burnett and associates.

THIRTY-TWO PAGES.—Owing to the demand for space in our advertising columns this week, the present issue consists of thirty-two pages. The business-like character of the advertising pages of this journal affords a fair indication of the condition of the trade to-day.

THE REPORT ON THE PARK RAILROAD.

VIEW OF THE MINORITY.

MR. MANDERSON, from the Committee on Territories, submitted the following views of the minority, to accompany S. 980:

The undersigned beg leave to dissent from the views of the majority of the Committee on Territories, in reference to S. 980, granting the right of way to the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad Company.

* * * Instead of the distance through Yellowstone Park traversed by this projected railroad being from ten to twenty-five miles, it will be seen, by reference to the letters hereto attached, from those having full knowledge of the facts, that the distance traversed is from forty to sixty miles, and that the probabilities are that the length of the projected railroad will be about fifty-six miles.

The undersigned, believing that the construction of this road would be decidedly injurious to the purposes for which the Park was established, and that there are other routes over which a railroad can be constructed from points on the Northern Pacific road to the Clark's Fork mining district, report adversely to the bill, and urge that it be indefinitely postponed; and in support of this view call careful attention to letters from the Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior; Lieutenant-General Sheridan, Major J. W. Powell, Director of Geological Survey; W. H. Phillips, Esq., special agent for investigating Yellowstone Park, of the Interior Department; Prof. Arnold Hague, of the Geological Survey; Lieut. Dan. C. Kingman, Corps of Engineers, United States Army, and others having knowledge of the facts. A careful reading of these letters from gentlemen who have personal knowledge of the facts will, we believe, quite conclusively show that it is extremely undesirable that a railroad, as projected, should be permitted to be built.

We first attach the letter of the Secretary of the Interior, and the accompanying documents, all of extreme value in the consideration of this bill:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

WASHINGTON, APRIL 22, 1886.
SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 3d inst., inclosing Senate bill 980, and report No. 204, in relation to "granting the way to the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad Company" through Yellowstone Park reservation, with request that this Department will furnish for the use of the Committee on Territories all of the data and information in its possession. The delay in responding is explained by the inclosed documents, which were obtained mainly through correspondence incident to your inquiry.

The Park, as you are aware, was established by act of Congress, March 1, 1872, and in the language of that enactment (sec. 2474 R. S.) "dedicated and set apart as a public Park or pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people; and all persons who locate or settle upon, or occupy any of the land thus set apart as a public Park, except as provided in the following section, shall be considered trespassers and removed therefrom."

"Sec. 2475. Such public Park shall be under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior, whose duty it shall be, as soon as practicable, to make and publish such regulations as he may deem necessary or proper for the care and management of the same. Such regulations shall provide for the preservation from injury or spoliation of all timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities, or wonders, within the Park and their retention in their natural condition. The Secretary may, in his discretion, grant leases for building purposes for terms not exceeding ten years of small parcels of ground at such places in the Park as may require the erection of buildings for the accommodation of visitors; * * * he shall provide against the wanton destruction of the fish and game found within the Park; * * * he shall cause all trespassers upon the same to be removed therefrom, and generally is authorized to take all such measures as may be necessary, or proper to fully carry out the objects and purposes of this section."

In the second session of the Forty-seventh Congress (see p. 625, vol. 22, Statutes at Large) the following legislation looking to the preservation of the Park in its "natural state" was had:

"* * * Two thousand dollars to be paid annually to a superintendent of said Park, and not exceeding \$900 annually to each of ten assistants, all of whom shall be appointed by the Secretary of the Interior, and reside continuously in the Park, and whose duty it shall be to protect the game, timber, and objects of curiosity, and the balance of the sum appropriated (\$40,000 was the total amount) to be expended in the construction and improvement of suitable roads and bridges within said Park, under the supervision and direction of an engineer officer detailed by the Secretary of War for that purpose."

"The Secretary of the Interior shall lease small portions of ground in the Park, not exceeding ten acres in extent for each tract, on which may be erected hotels and necessary outbuildings, and for a period not exceeding ten years; but such lease shall not include any of the geysers or other objects of curiosity or interest in said Park, or exclude the public from the free and convenient approach thereto; or include any ground within a quarter of a mile of any of the geysers or the Yellowstone Falls, nor shall there be leased more than ten acres to any one person or corporation; nor shall any hotel or other building be erected within the Park until such lease shall be executed by the Secretary of the Interior, and all contracts, agreements, or extensions of time heretofore made or given in regard to said Park or any part thereof are hereby declared to be invalid; nor shall the Secretary of the Interior, in any lease which he may make and execute, grant any exclusive privileges within said Park, except upon the ground leased."

"The Secretary of War, upon the request of the Secretary of the Interior, is hereby authorized and directed to make the necessary detail of troops to prevent trespass or intruders from entering the Park for the purpose of destroying the game or objects of curiosity, and for any other purpose prohibited by law, and to remove such persons from the Park if found therein."

A similar appropriation was made by the Forty-eighth Congress, second session (see Statutes at Large, vol. 23, p. 499): "For every purpose and object necessary for the protection, preservation and improvement of the Yellowstone National Park."

I quote the statutes in this connection to show the spirit of the legislation had in regard to the Park, and that the dominant idea in Congress in reference to the matter has been the preservation of the wilderness of forests, geysers, mountains, etc., so to speak, and the game common to that region, in as nearly the condition in which we found them as possible, with a view to holding for the benefit of those who shall come after us something of the original "Wild West" that shall stand while the rest of the world moves, affording to the student of nature and the pleasure tourist a restful contrast to the busy and progressive character of the life of the past American enterprise. These assurances will be long repeated in the growth in population and civilizing influences of the Territories of Idaho, Wyoming and Montana, that now border on the Park, and that even now are aspiring to the dignity of Statehood.

The data of surveys in this Park and the region immediately north of it is too meager to enable this Department to answer with any degree of positiveness your inquiry as to military and scientific practicality of the proposed road except the one comprehended in the provisions of the bill in question, but I would respectfully suggest in this connection that the line proposed by the "Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad Company" is a creature of the draughtsman rather than of the engineer, and is not, so far as I can ascertain, a deduction from instrumental survey, supported by notes of topography and levels, and estimates of excavation, fill and grade.

Several other routes are suggested by military and scientific authorities of high repute, whose letters and reports upon the subject I send you, as practicable and feasible, and though these lines have not been subjected to the test of instrumental scrutiny, they are at least as familiar to engineers, geologists and border hunters as the one seeking recognition in Senate bill 980, and while longer and perhaps more expensive in the demands of construction, I do not think that that question should have consideration in view of the aims and objects of Congress in the legislation of 1872 and subsequent years, and the hopes engendered in the hearts of the lovers of science and nature by the burning of a restless civilization, before whose relentless advance the forests, the plains, and even the mountains in their wild aspect, are disappearing, particularly when for the purposes of this legacy to posterity a reservation was made of rugged rocks, bitter waters, inaccessible forests, boiling fountains, and plains, and on the whole a region that, but for its selection by the Government for the people of to-day and the future, would have been rejected by all men and corporations animated by thirst for gain or the selfish frenzy of speculation.

The Lieutenant-General commanding the army, in a communication

that I inclose, says: "The railroad from Cinnabar to Cooke City, following the route proposed, will traverse about 45 miles of the Park and be at the road's most southern point, the junction of Soda Butte Creek with the East Fork, about 13 miles south of the north line of the Park, and the Mammoth Hot Springs, the road will not pass in the immediate vicinity of any of the objects of scientific interest, but it would pass through some of the best grazing and meadow lands in its northwestern corner."

The General, in the above frank recital, gives some good reasons for the company's anxiety to secure a line through the Park, and excellent reasons, in my opinion, for rejecting the application. The fact of the line penetrating 13 miles south of the northern border, its passing in the vicinity of the Mammoth Hot Springs, and its virtual capture of some of the best grazing and meadow lands, are all strong arguments against the granting of its application if the theory that suggested the reservation still holds good, and comprehends the maintenance of its original and present characteristics.

The conclusion of General Sheridan's letter shows that he also holds this opinion, for he says: "A railroad through any portion of the Park is, however, not in harmony with the objects for which this reservation was created, and if permitted in this case, will, I much fear, be used as a precedent by the advocates of the various other roads already projected through different sections. Under the present circumstances the objects of the Park are being well fulfilled. The game is collecting in large numbers, and, if not disturbed, will probably continue to do so in the future. These conditions should then, as far as possible, be maintained. With reference to other lines of communication, that by Boulder Creek may prove possible. This route was traversed by an officer of the army in 1878, and is then reported that he deemed a railroad by this route practicable."

Lieut. Daniel C. Kingman, first lieutenant of Engineers, United States Army, in charge of preparing roadways, bridges, and Government improvements generally, at Yellowstone National Park, in a letter under date of March 25, replying to a communication from the editor of FOREST AND STREAM, expresses surprise that his report of 1882 has been quoted in any way favoring the construction of railroads for any purpose whatever within the Yellowstone Park. "I have," he says, "always been opposed to the construction of railroads in the Park. I have given this subject the most careful thought and study, and I should regard their introduction as the most serious injury that could be inflicted on the Park, and the construction of the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad would be especially deplorable, because it seems so unnecessary. There is every reason to believe that the route of the Stillwater (lying wholly outside of the Park) is a better one for a railroad to follow than that via the Yellowstone River and Soda Butte Creek."

Under date of April 10, 1886, Maj. J. W. Powell, Director of the United States Geological Survey, forwarded a communication to this Department, which I inclose herewith, replying to some of the inquiries suggested by your letter of the 3d instant. * * * Commenting upon the various routes, and reasoning from the meager engineering data at hand, Maj. Powell says: "The Boulder and the Yellowstone Park route is shorter; can be constructed more cheaply per mile; has less elevation to overcome, and could be maintained and operated at much less expense than either of the other routes."

These conclusions would have force and weight if addressed by a chief engineer, employed on preliminary survey, to the board of directors of a company contemplating an economical investment in railroad construction between given points, but they are not entitled to count trenching upon the precincts of the Park, heretofore so carefully hedged and guarded by Congress and this department. In this connection it seems to me we have no right to consider the questions of distance, grade, or cost, particularly as instances here, where all are within feasible bounds. Such surveys and data as we have—and the information is as meager in regard to one route as another—demonstrate the practicability of connecting the Clark's Fork mining district with the Northern Pacific without trenching by rail on the portion of the Park and, this being the case, it is not for the Department to make estimates of relative cost or consider the matter of relative speed as dependent upon ease of grades, in an instance where speed is not a consideration, and the grades are not excessive as compared with those of many mining and commercial lines in mountain countries, being about 55 feet to the mile on the "Stillwater Route," and about 33 feet to the mile on the "Clark's Fork Route," while it would cost 100 feet to the mile on the Yellowstone Park Route. It must be observed, also, that the distance for the Park route is estimated as nearly as possible upon air line assumptions, while in respect of the others, wide latitude is taken to cover deficits in information and exploration. Further, if we consider the fact that the Park route extends for all its length, except about 15 miles, through a country where "the road would be of easy construction," and yet obtains in an estimated 55 miles an altitude of 10,000 feet, the inference of enormous grades to be accepted, somewhere, suggests itself.

In answer to your inquiry, transmitted through this office as to the importance of the mining district in question, Major Powell says: "No thorough information exists in this office relating to the importance of the mining region at Cooke City. It is known that mineral lodes have been discovered in this district of country and have been worked to some extent. None of the workings have been made, and it is believed that much ore is now piled upon the ground. But the exploitation of the region seems not yet to be sufficient to warrant expression of opinion in relation to the ultimate extent of the mining industries that may be developed therein."

It will be seen that the importance of the mining interests in this district are far from being demonstrated by any data in the possession of this office, and that no scientific authorities of the Government and the doubt is expressed by both as to the ultimate importance of Cooke City as a mining town in the event of the most favorable outcome or the pending "prospecting"; but admitting its importance and future greatness, is it not possible that the researches of the near future may disclose like deposits of mineral wealth in the Territory of Idaho immediately bordering on the west line of the Park, and in Wyoming territory near its south and east lines, and will the demands that now come to Congress in behalf of the Clark's Fork mining district," in Senate bill 980, if favorably considered, be annually echoed from other mineral districts with equal claim to recognition, until the Park shall be, if equal justice be done to all petitioners, webbed with the arteries of intercourse and commerce, and cease to exist as the creature of the legislation of 1872, that "dedicated and set apart as a public park and pleasure ground, for the benefit and enjoyment of the people," this rugged, romantic, beautiful wilderness and wonderland?

In connection with other documents forwarded herewith, I send you a number of extracts from a representative journal of the American lovers of field sports and students of forestry, the FOREST AND STREAM, to show the deep interest that is being taken in the question under discussion by an immense class of our most thoughtful and intelligent fellow-citizens, and the anxiety and suspicion with which they regard the overture of the corporations now being made for the purpose of securing Congress for authority to penetrate the Park with railroads. In the event, however, that the judgment of your committee shall so far incline to the repeal or amendment of the legislation of 1872 and subsequent Congresses as to favor the granting of the right of way proposed in Senate bill 980, I would respectfully suggest that the grant be restricted to such limits as are absolutely essential to road-bed and slopes of cuts, and bases of "fills."

This amendment is suggested rather in the interest of timber preservation, economy of land, and with a view to guarding against that appearance of utter desolation usually incident to a forest right of way from which the timber has been cut or culled for a distance of a hundred feet on either side.

If the grant is to be made upon the simple ground of affording an outlet for the products of the mines of the Clark's Fork district, there is no apparent necessity for stations at intervals more frequent than ten miles. I would respectfully suggest amendment in this particular, and that the grant of land at stations be limited to sites for depot buildings, wood or coal sheds and water tanks. * * * And that the structures erected by said railroad company within the Park shall not in any instance include machine shops, repair shops, supply stations, hotels, restaurants, eating houses, stores or any building except a depot, including telegraph or telephone office, residence or station agent and one building for the residence of the station agent, and said right of way and locations for depot grounds shall not in any instance include objects designated as natural curiosities or matters of interest to tourists, or be surrounded or inclosed by fences, walls or hedges that shall obstruct the view of any contiguous objects, or bar the passage to them of pedestrians or vehicles.

If the purpose of the projectors of this enterprise is fully disclosed in bill 980, their object is not in any degree thwarted by any amendment suggested in the interest of the people and in furtherance of the views expressed so forcibly in the legislation creating the Park, and the property grants asked for naturally excite distrust in those usually sought and accorded in the interest of local trust, progressive enterprise and the aggregating population—three conditions that antagonize the letter and spirit of the law establishing the reservation.

If "right of way" should be granted, I respectfully suggest that it

should be "right of way," plain and simple and so circumscribed as to guard against peopling the Park in the interest of personal or corporate gain of speculation; otherwise it will result at an early day in establishing a condition of affairs that may necessitate abandonment of the original theory of a national park or such a contraction of territorial limits as will surrender to the "Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad Company," and the other corporations in whose interest their bill practically blazes the way, all the lands and settlements in the reservation contiguous to their several lines.

The demand for grants at depots and sidings, of tracts 2,000 by 400 feet in extent, representing areas of 800,000 square feet, or more than 18 acres, in each instance, would, if conceded, enable the company to absorb and control every "oasis" of meadow land through which their lines can be twisted or diverted; or, cutting these tracts in center, or diagonally, practically possess a large number of acres than the grants comprehend, by rendering the other portions of the valleys useless because inaccessible to others. In fact, it is questionable whether any of the valleys of the Park will be more than equal to the demand of a general right of way, 300 feet in width, and a right of way of switches of 400 feet in width. The grant sought would include, and may be intended to include and absorb, the best meadow and grazing lands in the Park, referred to by General Sheridan, Geologist Hague, and Special Agent Phillips, in the letters that accompany this report. Very respectfully,

L. Q. C. LAMAR, Secretary.

Hon. Charles F. Manderson, United States Senate.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
WASHINGTON, April 6, 1886.

SIR—In reply to your request for information as to the necessity of granting to the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad the right of way to build a road through the Yellowstone Park and the effect such a road would have upon the reservation, I take pleasure in laying before you such information as I have gathered and at the same time presenting my objections to any railway in the Park.

The Clark's Fork mining district lies just outside the northeast corner of the Park. It is situated high up in the mountains, near the headwaters of the Stillwater and Clark's Fork rivers and Soda Butte Creek. The district as yet is small and undeveloped. It may have a brilliant future, but as yet it is but a hope. Every mining engineer knows that the number of mining locations held has very little to do with the importance of a district. I first visited the district in the autumn of 1883. I again visited the district in September 1885, and found that the mining developments had progressed far less than I had been led to suppose. So far as I was able to judge, upon careful inquiry, I think there were not more than one hundred miners actively employed in the district, and most of these were doing what is known as prospecting work. In no one mine were there more than three or four men at work. Considerable ore has been taken out, but it is mostly of a very low grade and will have to be smelted in the district. From present developments I fail to see how the Clark's Fork mining district could support a railway.

No careful surveys for railway routes have as yet been made, although much misinformation has been scattered broadcast about the impracticability of reaching the district in any other way than through the Park.

Three routes, however, have been proposed—one by way of Stillwater River, from Stillwater, on the Northern Pacific Railroad; one from Billings, Mont., by way of Clark's Fork; and one by Soda Butte and the Third Canyon of the Yellowstone River, passing through the Yellowstone Park for about fifty miles, nearly the entire length of the road.

It has been stated that the mines are all situated on Soda Butte Creek, and to reach them a railway from the north or east would have to cross a high mountain range. This I consider an error. It should be understood that although Cooke City is situated on Soda Butte Creek, it is only a small settlement and inconveniently located for nearly all the recent mining developments of the district. All the more important of the recent developments are situated either on the opposite side of the watershed on the streams tributary to the Stillwater and Clark's Fork, or else within a few hundred feet of the summit of the mountains, such a railway a mining town would be equally as well situated on either the Stillwater or Clark's Fork. From all I can learn I am inclined to believe that the route following the valley of the Stillwater will prove practicable. I have not examined it personally, but more accurate surveys have been made of it than of the other lines. I am told that it is feasible to build the road to within fifteen miles of Cooke City. It should be borne in mind that all the recent mining locations are from three to six miles from Cooke City, highest up in the mountains. The road would be about fifty-four miles in length. Stillwater, the junction of the branch road with the Northern Pacific Railroad, is about 125 miles nearer Saint Paul than Cinnabar.

I have personally examined the Clark's Fork Valley for forty miles east of Cooke City, and I am of the opinion that if the mining interests demand a railway, a road could be built from the mines to Billings, Mont., which would be far more serviceable than a road through the Park. There is this route one very rugged place known as Clark Fork Canyon, a deep gorge six miles in length, but I am told that it is quite possible to avoid it. The route, at least, so feasible that accurate surveys should be made before granting a right of way through the Park.

I am well acquainted with the country through which the railway would have to pass in going from Cooke City to Cinnabar. My own work has compelled me to study the Third Canyon carefully, and I have no hesitation in saying that it would be a very costly matter to build the road for 20 miles from Gardiner to the East Fork of the Yellowstone River. It has been estimated by the friends of the Cinnabar & Cooke City Railway that this road could be built for \$1,000,000. It seems to me that if the output of the mines at Clark's Fork could stand such an expense, either of the other routes should be chosen.

In my opinion there are many persons who are interested in obtaining this right of way through the Park who desire to use the road for the purpose of transporting travelers who annually visit the Park in the summer. Having a right of way, and the one granted by Congress, they anticipate receiving large revenues derived from tourists. Upon the completion of the road we should see glowing inducements held out to tourists of a railway ride through the Third Canyon of the Yellowstone and the charming valley of the East Fork. The granting of one or two hundred feet on each side of the track would necessarily include Soda Butte Spring, the water of which is already much sought after by many people, and the only one in the Park which has yet been found to possess curative properties. In my opinion it would be a mistake to allow this spring to pass beyond Government control.

I cannot but believe that the establishment of a railway in the Park would prove a permanent injury to the reservation, and tend to subvert the purposes for which the Park was originally set apart. The danger arising from forest fires would be very great, and the large game would disappear, as it has everywhere else, with the appearance of railways. With a railway to the Park fifty miles in length, with stations every seven miles, disagreements difficult to settle would immediately arise between a powerful railway corporation and the management of the Park.

A railway means the settlement of large number of people living in the Park, over whom the Department would have but little control. It would require constables, justices and courts, and finally the people would ask for political privileges. It should be the aim of the Department to permit a few people as possible to reside permanently in the Park other than those engaged in the accommodation of visitors. A railway in the Park is, in my opinion, the beginning of the end. The demand of others claiming equal rights would grow with years, and in time the Park would have to be thrown open to settlement.

By preserving the Park intact for the next ten years it will take such a firm hold upon the country that the people will never consent to its desecration for purely personal ends. It belongs to Maine and Florida quite as much as to Wyoming and Montana, but in time the latter Territories will derive the greatest benefit.

With this letter I inclose a communication from Lieut. D. C. Kingman, in charge of the improvements, Yellowstone National Park. His letter is addressed to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM, who kindly furnished me with a copy. ARNOLD HAGUE, Geologist.

Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of Interior.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 6, 1886.

DEAR SIR—Understanding that your opinion has been requested by the Senate Committee on Territories through a letter from Senator Manderson, dated April 3, as to the effect of permitting the Clark's Fork & Cinnabar Railroad to penetrate the Yellowstone National Park, with your kind permission, I will state in short why, in my judgment, the enactment of such a law would inflict a serious blow to the interests of the Park.

By the organic act organizing the Park, it was set apart to constitute forever a great National Park or reservation, for the benefit and enjoyment of the whole people. As expressed in that act, it was to be kept in a state of nature, free from settlement, occupancy, or sale. The only erections to be allowed within its limits were to be such houses as should be needed for the accommodation of the visiting public. Besides the expressed objects in the act, it is universally conceded that the two main objects attained in the dedication of this wonderful region were the preservation of the great forests within its limits and the large game of the West, which had been almost exterminated everywhere except in the country proposed to be embraced within the Park.

The objects contemplated by the act have in a great measure been attained. Not only from all portions of this country, but from all portions of the world, the people have come to behold the wonders of nature contained in the Park and to seek escape from the trammels of civilized life surrounding them at home. The main wonder and joy to them has been to behold everything that was beautiful in the Park in a state of nature; that the fair picture contained no blot of man's hand.

By the bill under consideration, all this is proposed to be changed. For the benefit of a private corporation, the pleasure ground of the whole people is to be invaded. Where they used to hear the plaintive cry of the elk will now be heard the shriek of the locomotive. The face of nature is to be scarred with a railroad, and one of the fairest portions of the Park surrendered to a corporation for that purpose, upon which may be erected, in the language of the bill, "station houses, depots and machine shops." This railroad will run 50 miles through the Park, penetrating the wonderful canyons, cutting through the forests, and over the finest grass country in the Park, and pursuing its course along the beautiful Yellowstone River.

That the building of a railroad would be destructive of the beauty of the Park will be conceded by all. No less clear is it that the project is opposed to the main purposes for which the Park was set apart. Already a railroad reaches the very gate of the Park, and since it has reached that point, they would have it penetrate within "the sacred precincts."

In my report on the Park, made to you last September, and which has been communicated to the Senate and printed as Sen. Ex. Doc. 51, present Congress, I say at page 7: "Inter-stated parties have for some years brought to bear a constant pressure upon Congress and the Department to induce action in favor of a railroad through the Park. This railroad is sought ostensibly for the purpose of bringing to market the ore from Cooke City, a mining camp adjacent to the northeast boundary line of the Park."

"If there is one object which should be kept in view more than any other, it is that of preserving the Park as much as possible in a state of nature. A railroad through it would go far to destroy its beauty, and besides it is not demanded by the public. The roads are being improved yearly, and soon will make every portion of the Park easily accessible. The distance between the points of interest is not great, and transportation is good and plentiful."

And from the consideration that a railroad is not needed in the Park, and that the preservation of the game and the forests would be unattainable should a railroad be allowed within the limits of the Park. I think the department should strenuously oppose the project. And I further observe that the country through which the railroad would run was one much frequented by game, and that if the object of protectors of the railroad was simply to reach Cooke, I was satisfied that the object could be practically attained by a route which would be wholly outside the boundaries of the Park.

It is needless to point out to you my observation that the game will be utterly driven away from the Park should a railroad be permitted. The road would run through one of the widest portions of the reservation within which the herd of buffalo, sole remnant of the once mighty herds, now roams.

Nor need I dilate upon the damage to the forests which would result should the bill become a law. Owing to the dryness of the climate during most of the year, forest fires are very easily caused, and once started do immense injury. A railroad would be the means of greatly increasing the dangers to the forests from fire.

In the report made at this session of Congress by the House Committee on Expenditures for Indians and Yellowstone Park (Rep. No. 1076, page 53) it is said: "The preservation of the forests, which clothe with verdure the valleys, rugged declivities, and mountain peaks of the whole region, is of special moment. It is made very clear by the scientific views presented on this subject in the testimony of these forests. It is, therefore, in the judgment of the committee, of the highest moment that these forests should be protected from destruction either by fire or the axe. To this extent, having in view at once the beauty of the Park as a delightful resort to the people and the value of the great reams of water that issue from the mountains, as well as the benign influence of the forests on climate and health, this Park should receive the special care of the Government."

Another consideration of importance is that if a railroad is allowed, the difficulties which the Department already labors under as to the management of the Park will be greatly increased. It will be possible to avoid more or less settlement along the line and the introduction of a large number of people connected with the road. New rules and regulations will have to be made, and when made, with the present force under the superintendent, their enforcement will be very difficult, if not impossible.

The general views which I have submitted I have not entered particularly into to question to the most desirable route to Cooke City, nor as to the value of the private interests proposed to be benefited by the railroad. The people of the whole country are concerned in having the Park preserved for the purposes for which it was originally dedicated, and no considerations of private interests should be allowed to interfere with such preservation.

It is to be regretted that the Committee on Railroads in submitting its report should have been so much influenced by the statements of interested parties.

There is but one opinion, as far as I know on the subject among the officers of the Government who occupy important positions in the Park, and that is that the granting of the desired right to run the railroad through the Park would be most detrimental to its interests. General Sheridan, who is thoroughly acquainted with the Park, I believe, shares this opinion, and I have grounds for saying, would be glad to communicate his views to you when requested. It is to be hoped that the Senate Committee on Territories will give the bill the consideration its importance demands. Very respectfully yours,

W. L. H. PHILLIPS,

Late Special Agent for Investigations in Yellowstone National Park.

Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior.

WE DO NOT attach the voluminous extracts from FOREST AND STREAM, and the maps referred to in the letter of the Secretary of the Interior, fearing that this report may be of too great length, but return them to the files of the Senate that they may be considered and given the weight that their importance demands. We also file clippings from the *Spirit of the Times* and other newspapers, showing the view taken by an observing public of this projected railroad.

Upon the proposition that there is an available railroad route from the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Clark's Fork mining district by way of the Stillwater River, we file with the Secretary of the Senate a map showing that route. This map was prepared by a civil engineer of the town of Billings, Mont., who made personal exploration of the route. From a late letter of the present efficient superintendent of the Park, we extract the following, showing the danger to the timber in the Park from the construction of railroads within its limits:

Another material point is the spread of fires from the locomotives. This country is so high and dry that it would be impossible to prevent the firing of the Park, and in less than three years' time there would scarcely be a green tree on the headwaters of the Yellowstone, to say nothing of the Park. Last fall I extinguished sixty odd fires, resulting from the carelessness of campers, and the railroad would be an hundred times worse. To save the timber on the headwaters of the Yellowstone, Missouri and Columbia rivers should be of itself sufficient to prevent the granting of the right of way to any railroad company.

For the numerous reasons herein presented, we believe the bill under consideration should not pass.

CHARLES F. MANDERSON.

BENJ. HARRISON.

GEO. GRAY.

A Hamburg newspaper gives the following account of a curious and exceptional incident which occurred in the collection of a dealer in wild animals in that city. For some time past one of the largest elephants, brought over by some Cingalese, had showed signs of furious delirium, and it was at length decided to kill the animal, which was valued at 12,000fr. An Englishman had once offered to give 1,000 marks, if the occasion presented itself, for the privilege of shooting the enraged beast. The sportsman was thereupon summoned by telegraph; but in the presence of the raging animal he became frightened, and gave up the intention of bringing it down with shot. Strangulation was then resolved upon as a means of despatch. Chains were passed around the neck of the elephant, which had been bound, and the two ends of the chains were drawn tightly by means of tackle. Ten minutes afterward the colossal creature had ceased to live.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A WEEK ON MICHIGAN LAKE.

PRETTY Lac Vieux Desert, the "old deserted planting ground," had been visited by Beecher and myself last year's season. We found it to be the source of the Wisconsin, and also that of much pleasure and trouble. We camped independently—independent of several indispensable, for instance. We carried heavy packs through swamps, between Twin Lakes and the railroad track. We had scandalous fights with mosquitoes. We had "boots that didn't fit," etc., but when after a few weeks our sore heels were healed, we concluded that we had had a jolly time of it and that this summer we would try again. So we did, and the writer years to relate about it, although nobody asked him to and nothing happened either. But to write something about nothing has been indulged in and tolerated before this.

It was the morning of one of nature's perfect days in August that we three—Hector, Mr. B., and myself—boarded a train of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western Railway, in order to get to Marenisco, L. S., Mich., the station lying nearest to Pre-que Isle River and its source, the Presque Isle Lake, which latter was to be this trip's happy hunting ground.

To the eye of the land-seeking immigrant the scenery along this route may present a pleasing change of hardwood timber (indicating fine farming soil) of numberless small streams, winding rivers and bubbling brooks, of prosperous farms, and extensive pine forests, but when after Antigo, the long, narrow aisle begins, within whose limits the train thunders along up to Ashland—the surrounding primeval woods, beautifully interspersed by lakelets glimmering through the emerald foliage of the fragile birch, the stately maple, or the slender pine, and then these crystal depths disappearing like a flash, soon to be replaced by others still more fascinating, most of them sleeping in undisturbed seclusion; the heart of the angler and pleasure-seeking sportsman bounds in anticipation of luck, such as Izaak Walton would have longed to experience.

At Eland we noticed, for the first time on this trip, some Injuns. But the season for them wasn't open yet. There was no James Fennimore-Cooper style about them. In fact, they appeared so slimy that B.'s remark seemed plausible, that if thrust against a wall they would stick to it. Between Scott and the State line we gazed with elegiac recollections upon the places that witnessed our privations on the former tour. At Watersmeet we met George, a half breed, who had extended to us some favors a year ago. At 3 P. M. the city of Marenisco burst upon our vision. One solitary section house stood there all alone, hard by the turbulent, fast-flowing Presque Isle. Walking down the track about a mile, we came to a sawmill, the owner of which very kindly loaned us his boat, with which we at once began to ascend the river. We hoped to make three miles before sundown. However, these hopes were not fulfilled. The only things filled full were our boots, although the shoemaker had solemnly pronounced them watertight. After having paddled for two hours against the current, and pushed over shallows and pulled over rapids by wading in the water, and cutting and bruising our hands, we had a mile and a half behind us, for miles the same work before us, dusk around us and hunger within us. Just this side of a new series of rapids the gondola was therefore moored, an idyllic ravine was selected as a bed chamber, a thick layer of hemlock boughs was provided, and soon the steaming coffee and sizzling bacon were taken from the flickering camp-fire. After smoking the calumet and cheating at a little six-six, we wrapped ourselves up in our blankets, and the murmuring, talkative Presque Isle and the monotonous song of the mosquito speedily lulled us into peaceful slumbers. As pleasure the evening's toil had not been a success. It had procured less charm than harm, less bliss than blisters. Next morning we brought back the craft. Going down stream was comparatively easy. Out of gratitude I pencilled one of the rapids. Owing to the tortuous flow of the Presque Isle only a small piece of it could be seen at a time, which, in connection with the large rocks strewn about and the leaves of the shrubs and trees hanging down to the margin of the water like a flowery carpet, the more enhanced the picturesqueness of the scene. Under way a quill pig was ticed by Hector. I dropped it, and kept a handful of quills as a token of remembrance. After several bashful attempts to capture speckled trout we neared the mill. The intention had been to be absent four days, but the man was not surprised to have his boat returned so soon, as he had pointed out beforehand the slight difference between seeing and ascending these mimic cascades.

Having thus gained another experience, we lustily tramped back to our duffle and had pork and beans at the section house. Soon the train approached that took us to the next station southward, Gogebic, Mich.

On account of the delay of a train, we were obliged to pass three tiresome hours in this forsaken place. These three hours were destined to become fateful to Hector, our beloved water spaniel. As he had nothing to do, and leisure being the first step to mischief, it was not long ere he, the unapproachable, had fallen a victim to the enticing artifices of an unprincipled though graceful specimen of the same persuasion. She led him further and further into the swamp, till nothing could be seen or heard of them. Finally, when we thought it proper to express our longing for him by shouting, whistling and scolding, he didn't respond. For an entire hour I then crept about the tamaracks with a hickory stick in order to guide him to a sense of his guilt. Alas, all in vain! He was gone but not forgotten. Leaving order to retain him on his return until the following morning, we entered the stage to Lake Gogebic. Fourteen persons, lads and lassies, were packed like sardines in that vehicle; four able-bodied horses could seldom do more than proceed at walking gait with that old broad wheeled box trundling behind, the road was awful, the miles were a deal longer than in Wisconsin, and for all that we only paid \$1.50 in advance. Although the hotel and its management seemed *comme il faut*, we preferred oscillating waves and the mild breeze of a warm summer night, and even the bill of the ever-present mosquito to the bill of the hotel man. We hired a trim little klunker-built and rowed along the eastern shore of the lake. On the way my companion sighted a monster raccoon, but the retiring orb of day was just preparing to bestow upon the towering crowns of the sighing pines a lingering kiss of farewell, and as we wouldn't miss that spectacle, even for a coon, we had to forego the pleasure of a more intimate acquaintance. We discovered a cove of ideal beauty, and within its shady recesses a natural bower so inviting, that we were persuaded to turn our prow to the sandy beach and

commence housekeeping. Our mattress was easily cut from the trees, and supper was appreciated more than at home. Late in the evening we enjoyed another boat ride on the now rather ruffled waters of the "lake of the falling leaves."

The rosy tints of Friday morning's dawn found us breakfasting, for at 7 o'clock the hotel team was to convey our bundles to the station. That attended to, we resume seats once more in the skiff and ferry over to the Point, a distance of about three miles. Were it not for the liaison of that wretched cur, we might now go out with that elegant steamer puffing past us, to the other end of Gogebic, fifteen miles north. Leisurely gliding along the cool waters, one cannot but admire Gogebic's rare loveliness. Rocky shores, wood clad hills, secluded nooks, forests of gigantic evergreens, radiant sunshine, and glittering waves invite to dreamy languor, out of which a sudden pull at the line rouses us. (Right here would be a chance to speak of an amazingly big haul, but I'm just like the father of my country: I cannot tell a lie. That black bass weighed perhaps a pound and that's all.) After an instructive ramble about the woods at the Point, time was up, and the landing oared for. We bade a reluctant good-bye to Gogebic.

At the depot waited our poodle, willing to be forgiven and wagging a joyous welcome. All united, the snorting steam horse hurried us down to the far-famed Eagle Waters.

After securing a convenient, servicable flat-bottomed at a very reasonable price, how did we value it, that there was no necessity for carrying our traps, that we could simply lay them down in the boat while lazily cruising up the quiet Eagle River. The first lake was Yellow Birch. Excellent! The second, Duck. Exquisite! The third, Otter. Exceedingly romantic! The fourth, White Eagle. Ex—well, its attractions induced us to stay. Our attention was directed to a bold eminence stretching along the eastern bank, and, as the receding light of day urged a prompt decision, our boat was directed there also. A few squirrels were shot, dressed and hid, and before the nocturnal shades had enveloped us, all preparations for the night's rest had been accomplished. Dark clouds advised us to improvise with oilcloths a tent, which was fastened to the earth by ropes and pegs. Then we said good-night.

At 5 of the succeeding morning part of the environing dewy landscape was reconnoitered. After a ten minutes' stroll another sheet of water—Scattering Rice—was espied. On the ridge an empty pine tar can, partridge feathers, chips, tent-poles, a tag with the name Rev. T. G., etc., bore evidence that others before us had considered this charming region "good medicine" for overwrought body and mental weariness. But at present we seemed to have nature "devoid of modern improvements" all to ourselves, and were not sorry for it, for this, to my view, belongs to the very acme of camping.

Midnight it had become cooler and cooler. Gusts of wind rushed through the branches, first singly, then in quick succession, the sun was veiled more and more by the blue-gray clouds that rolled by. Nearer and nearer growled the thunder, and slowly fell the first drops, coming faster and faster until they had degenerated into a complete deluge. At first we betook ourselves to the underbrush, and endeavored to look at the funny side of the thing, but failing to find it and things appearing rather suspicious, an oilcloth was spread between four trees. Here we squatted for two full-sized hours till the last dry thread had been well moistened and the pipes had gone out. Seeing no chance here to become wiser, and especially wetter men, we resolved, after a counsel of war, to hasten over to the north side where, the evening before, we had perceived a pile of boards. Five minutes' hard pulling brought us there. A location was chosen, boards were dragged, nails were searched out, we measured, hammered, pounded—within an hour we were sheltered. Well, the exultation. Even old Sol squinted from behind the clouds again. A hearty dinner dispelled the remainder of uneasiness.

Turn our sylvan residence was furnished in princely style. A floor was laid, the roof was improved, nails were driven whereon to hang pans, tin cups, pails, clothes pouches, guns; colossal armfuls of browse were hewn and drawn to camp. In short, nothing was left to wish for. We could afford it.

The rest of the cloudless afternoon was spent in courting a huge fire. One piece of raiment after the other was impartially stripped off and dried. Were I afflicted with an irrequiet, humorous vein, how should I now chucklingly narrate about Mr. B.'s singed pants or scorched rubber coat; but charity forbids and I'll forbear.

Toward evening several wall-eyed pike were hooked in the waveless, pine-encircled Scattering Rice. We had not often disentangled our line from the over-affectionate pond lilies though, before we heard the dwarfish steamboat Eagle whistle behind us and visitors alighted in the neighborhood. Shortly after a skiff, containing two anglers, floated into the S. R. Interchanging the news of the day with them, fishing was recommenced. Birch-bark canoes on different parts of the lake showed that these waters were also frequented by the noble redskin. One of these sons of the forest I accosted. He went up the Deer Skin Creek that night to kill a deer. On White Eagle, not far from our abode, the steamer anchored, and its occupants, four ladies and two gentlemen, awakened the slumbering echoes of forest, hill and dale, with chatting, singing, shouting, screaming and yelling.

The next morning, ere Phebus's golden chariot wheeled into sight, I feverishly pursued the causes of a tickling sensation, of which I had zealously but vainly struggled to rid myself since the stars had begun to fade. They relished me extremely, the frisky darlings. They and their scientific name escaped me, but an Indian once described them as "heap bite an' no see'em," hence their local appellation, "no-see-ems." They are hateful, detestable, voracious—but why portray them!

I went hunting. Discovered a lonely, sinuous, undulating road, from which I could occasionally, where the dense leafy screen permitted, gaze down the steep banks upon the river. Leaning on my trusty breechloader, the faithful dog at my side, the mists that hovered over the pebbly shores sluggishly departing, as the rising sun cast brightest and warmest over the world; the gentle morning wind breathing through the verdant curtains of the white birch; yonder, part of Otter Lake's glassy surface shimmering across; afar off, the hoarse notes of the wary loon; around me solitude and serenity. This was the picture on that morning. It will forever form one of the pleasant reminiscences of the Eagle Waters. I tried to sketch, but it could not be done; the no-see-ems were too fiendish. I jumped to my feet and wandered on.

When I arrived at home, Mr. B. returned from Deer Skin Creek with one fish. We put it under the planks, breakfasted hastily, and set out trolling. Doubling a certain point we came upon an Indian camp of six tepees. The

bucks sat and smoked, one of the squaws cleaned venison, some papposes amused themselves with a dog, and on a scaffold was strained a deer skin. Here I actually caught an Indian washing himself. Further on we surprised some woodducks that dallied on a log perfecting their toilet. At our salute they dropped a courtesy till below the water, and are probably still smiling at our impetuosity. Returning after noon with some pike, we were entertained by one of the campers from yesterday. When preparing dinner we looked for the bass. It had disappeared. My colleague suspected the spaniel, but, having educated that dog myself, I was certain that he wouldn't touch a fish unless it were "well done." His innocence shortly afterward emerged from the pile of lumber in shape of a black mink. I rubbed the pillerling little bandit's skin with salt and delight, and he now adorns my school room in a glass case with tobacco in him, till the moths get him. That's Hector's curse.

Toward eventide we were out on another piscatorial excursion and lugged homeward three handsome pickerel. One of them I estimated at eight pounds to please Mr. B., who caught it. (Between the reader and myself, it was a six-pounder.) After a delectable repast of tea, corn-cake and pickerel, reclining on the bed of leaves, yarns are exchanged. This, after a while, ceases. You stare reflectively on the fantastic pictures, traced in grotesque designs on the pile of wood that the greedy element consumes, the eye follows idly the weird shadows dancing on the sombre background while

"Viewless hands the æolian organ play."

the scintillating Orion leads to reveries of gas-lighted streets, peace and good will toward all rule the heart; the musing thoughts wander from the melodious lullaby of the waves, splashing against the boat and the stones at the landing, to the music and din of city life; before your mental vision there arises home.

At daybreak the chit of the red squirrels and the lances of the no-see-ems aroused me. The spaniel flushed partridges twice, while I sauntered along the forest-hidden path, but—they can fly fast, can't they?—but when a third time he treed three more, up to which he looked with great expectations, while they inquisitively peeped down, probably wondering at the nervous excitement of his tail, I satisfied his wish and their curiosity with neatness and dispatch. Toward evening we started for Cranberry Lake. We had read so many glowing accounts of hunting the deer, where these beauties coyly step down to the pellucid shallows to bathe their lithe forms and to nibble of the water lilies, that we made up our minds to secure a look at them. Let nobody be shocked at the idea of a deer hunt out of season. There is no cause for alarm. What is virtue without temptation? We were not tempted. Those deer probably never read those accounts or else must have mis-ed us. When the pennyroyal and other preventives were used up we started for White Eagle and reached our hearth at 11 P. M.

While at supper Hector occasioned a noise in the bushes and presently swept down the declivity chasing a muskrat of enormous size. As we could not fire during the scramble, for fear of hitting the dog, he had an ugly job of it. Before he was through with her he had quite a lacerated lip himself. We finished our meal, which had turned cold, and soon there reigned at the dying embers the silence of a well-merited repose.

Tuesday, at sunrise, we noticed quite a number of fresh deer tracks, beginning not thirty rods from camp and continuing for miles along the road. With a rabbit and a ravenous appetite we wended our way toward our hut. While resting at the wooded slope, with a grand view of White Eagle and Otter, there passed up the thoroughfare a birch bark, the individuals in which did not perceive us. Two Indian women paddled, while their lords sedulously practiced *dolce far niente*, and, judging from their laughter, related some good ones.

Conformably to previous arrangement we were to leave to day. Our hotel was broken up, and the boards were returned. My blanket, care-worn and aged, was suspended to a tree. It has presumably been adopted by the Indians, and this winter, perhaps, serves another term in the wigwam of the Chippewa. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, says the Latinist.

The capricious White Eagle, the magnificent Otter, the curling expanse of Duck, the attractive Yellow Birch, they were all once more powered by our keel, and Eagle River station was reached hale and hearty, just in time for the M. L. S. that, on wings of steam, brought us back. 793-11.

Natural History.

THE SPARROW HAWK.

Editor Forest and Stream.

I shall have to kill two birds with one stone; all the "scientific fellers" are about to get after me, I perceive. I have discussed the sparrow hawk as I observed him in Maryland, Virginia and Louisiana, and I have found his habits to be the same in all those places. I have never seen any difference in the numbers observed at different seasons in either of those States to warrant the conclusion that there is a general migration of the species in the Atlantic coast States southward in winter.

I suspect that I have spent as many days abroad in the field in pursuit of fish and game as any man of forty-seven years of age in these parts. Moreover, I did for years a very large medical practice in Piedmont, Virginia, which kept me in the saddle some part of every day in the year, many times all day, often carrying dog and gun for a shoot going and coming. In reply to Mr. Henshaw's doubt, therefore, as to the sparrow hawk wintering here long before the advent of the sparrow nuisance, I have to assure him of my personal knowledge of the fact, and while I pay due and respectful attention to what that learned gentleman says and thinks, I know that he is wrong in supposing that the sparrow hawk has not always been a winter resident hereabouts. He asks what evidence I have of it, I reply, my own eyes.

I still adhere to my own opinion that the sparrow hawk feeds in the States named above largely, and well nigh exclusively on field mice. I have, in my personal experience, never seen in my lifetime ten small birds seized by sparrow hawks. I have found the remains of small birds in no specimen ever examined by me, and I have examined not a few. I remain of opinion, notwithstanding what Mr. Henshaw thinks, that the sparrow hawk is now and has been since I was a small boy, a common, and not a rare, winter resident here. I am of opinion that the great majority of sparrow hawks do not leave here for the South in winter, as Mr. Henshaw thinks. The sparrow hawk in the grasshopper cursed regions of the West may feed chiefly or almost exclusively

on grasshoppers in grasshopper season and when the snow falls may go to the South, but such beyond question is not the case here.

I beg Mr. Henshaw to understand me correctly as to the utility of the destruction of grasshoppers. The point I make is that of the thousands of millions of them in a given locality, the few that sparrow hawks destroy neither amounts nor can amount to a perceptible check upon them. To speak of the number of grasshoppers destroyed by a sparrow hawk as "simply incalculable," is to put it in a manner "I do not understand," not being a "scientific teller" accustomed to the precise language of science. If the fishculturists can tell in a minute how many hundred thousand fry are in a pail of water, an ornithologist ought to be able to "calculate" how many grasshoppers a sparrow hawk will hold and how often his contents change in twenty-four hours.

There is no one fact in natural history more apparent to me than that the habits of species vary very widely in different and even in neighboring localities, nor has sufficient importance been attached to this fact by professional scientists. Due attention to this fact would save us outside barbarians the mortification of many an exhibit of ourselves.

Let me say to Mr. Henry Litchfield West that upon his authority I accept the 18th day of March, 1883, as "a warm sunny day in January and February" when brown old grasshoppers were abroad, if "*Acridium albustaceum* in a lively condition," be a "brown old grasshopper," and this I call one grasshopper day between Dec. 1 and Jan. 1, when an "enterprising" sparrow hawk may have had "brown old grasshoppers" for dessert. Next! M. G. ELLZEY, M.D.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF SPECIES.

BY DR. R. E. C. STEARNS.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

THE geographical distribution of species is one of the most inviting fields which nature offers to the student. Once entered upon, every path is found to lead to new and attractive vistas, and to point the way to curious and interesting phenomena. At every step we receive delightful impressions, and from every side hints and suggestions as to nature's methods.

Through the establishment of the United States Fish Commission and of Fish Commissions in many of the States, as well as by the organization of societies and various private enterprises, the propagation of food fishes has become an important protective resource, and the economic aspect of ichthyology has been made familiar to a great number of persons. Incidentally, too, but to a smaller extent, the scientific side has attracted increased attention from a class of persons who would not have become interested in the biological aspect if the latter had been presented to them first. With the selection of species for propagation and distribution, there naturally followed the investigation as to the habits, habitat, etc., of each selected species; and one inquiry led to another, for in order to insure success from the business standpoint, it is necessary to pursue as closely as possible the various steps, and follow the various methods and order that nature follows. So a knowledge of the character or peculiarities of the environment or native haunts of the selected species has to be obtained.

Preceding the distribution and planting of the young fish, occurs the inquiry and consideration of the factors or physical character of the region in which it is proposed to make a plant and so on. In this way much special and abstract knowledge is accumulated and brought to public attention, and more general notice; the laws of life are better understood, and the relation of species to species, and of all life to its environment, is made more clearly perceptible and more widely known. It will be seen by the foregoing that fish propagating operations and enterprises, both from the scientific and natural history side, as well as from the economic point of view, are incidentally useful as promoters of public education.

I am sure it will not be an uninteresting digression if we turn for a few moments from the consideration of the distribution of species by natural methods, that is to say by the hand of nature, as well as that intentional and artificial distribution by the hand of man, which is such an important and interesting part of modern fish-producing operations, to take a glance or side view through the collateral vista of unintentional, accidental, or more properly incidental distribution, and see what or where it leads to.

The transplantation of animal and vegetable species from their native haunts to some other part of the earth, more or less distant from their indigenous habitat, as an incident of traffic or commercial intercourse and enterprise, has many peculiar and striking illustrations. We have a notable example in the geographical distribution of the common rat. With the extension of commercial intercourse and international trade, the brown rat or as it is often called the Norway rat, as a species, became more and more cosmopolitan. At the beginning of the last century this rat, a native of India, made its appearance in Europe, having stolen a passage on the ships engaged in the India trade.

It first appeared in England in 1730, and twenty years later it had reached France. In Europe it drove out the black rat which appeared in that continent during the middle ages; the black rat coming from no one knew where, having previously driven out the native mouse which was the only representative of the family known to the ancients. At the present time the brown rat is everywhere, pretty much; on the main lands of the globe and the islands of all seas, wherever commerce sends its ships. So too with the cockroaches (*Blattella orientalis*), a very cosmopolitan and very disagreeable form of insect life. These two familiar species are exceedingly active animals, and make their way on board of vessels or hide in packages of merchandise, and are thus carried on board of ships or cars, their inconspicuous size enabling them to steal a passage.

Again we have other illustrations of unintentional distribution by man, where the trees, plants or seeds of one region are sent to another. Upon the trees and plants thus transported there often occur forms like the scale bark lice, *Aspidiotus* and *Lecanium*; also the eggs of various insects. Many seeds contain the grub, maggot or larva of insect forms. If the roots of the trees or plants are protected by a ball of the earth in which they grew, and the earth if protected, by a cover of bagging, from crumbling away and separating from the roots, a precaution which is usually practiced by careful nurserymen, both earth and bagging afford a hiding place for small animals, such as insects (and larvae of insects), worms, slugs and other small forms. If traffic, through the facilities of its machinery, assists in distributing plants that are useful to man, by the same system it contributes to his discomfort and pecuniary loss. It is

within the period of five years, 1874 to 1883 inclusive, embracing counties in four parts of the State, ranging quite one hundred miles in longitude and over fifty in latitude. They were first seen as early as May 17, and latest on the 28th of the month. Only one season, 1882, was omitted during their appearance with us, while since the last seen in 1883 two years have gone by without a record.

The study of those birds which have increased from the encroachments of civilization on field and forest, offers a wide opportunity for observation, and the facts to be derived from a pursuit of this nature are extremely interesting. It may seem strange to many that more species have been added to our State through the advancement of civilization, than there have been removed from our midst by the many ways of lessening their numbers and thereby driving them away. Perhaps twenty species that were once abundant with us have been removed through hunting and other means of extermination. Many have been totally exterminated in our more populous portions, and this loss is irreparable in many ways as regards our game birds. However, I think I may safely say that where twenty have left us, at least twice as many—probably more—new species have appeared, which visit us as a result direct from our advancement in country improvements.

61. *Oporornis formosa* (Wils.) Baird.—Kentucky warbler. This is an extremely rare bird either in Michigan or other States at this latitude, and a record of this nature is necessarily unexpected. In 1875, while actively engaged in collecting, I secured one day a large number of specimens, and, as the weather was extremely warm, I found it impossible to preserve them all. At the time I was busily engaged in my heated task of skinning, after a hard day's tramp, I was called away, and on my return found several specimens past recall, among them one of these birds, which I examined carefully but could not save. The specimen was poorly marked and I had no others of the species with which to compare it, and doubts often assailed me as to its identity. But after the beginning of my acquaintance with Dr. H. A. Atkins, that true lover of nature, lamented by all collectors in the State, I became convinced that my specimen was the Kentucky warbler, for I found that the species had been taken even north of my own field of labors. The Doctor wrote me that he had taken a male July 24, 1877. At the time he shot it, it kept in the tops of the tamarack trees and repeated its curious little notes, *whit-ishee, whit ishee*.

The tops of the tamaracks seem rather against the record, as we might expect this species, like the other member of the genus and as with the yellow-throat and mourning, to confine itself to the underbrush, and this is what shook my confidence in my own analysis; but with an authority like that of Dr. Atkins, I am now satisfied that the embracing of the Kentucky warbler in our list is proper.

BIRDS AND TREES.

SINCE the roads have become passable and comfortable this spring (or what we by courtesy call spring) I have tramped over some old familiar roads (now, alas, becoming unfamiliar from causes I presently will state) and have been surprised and saddened at the contrast they presented with their pleasant condition long since.

A few years ago one of these roads was notably a rural and secluded one, winding through dense growths of pines and maples and ash trees, consequently well shaded and comfortable to man and beast. From hedge and forest came the songs of birds and their pretty forms were seen, flitting hither and yon, enlivening both seen and shadow.

Now in place of the trees are barren wastes of arid brush, charred and unsightly stumps over which fires have swept, and sandy shadeless stretches of dreary road. As a natural consequence the song of birds is hushed wherever this wholesale and ruthless devastation is made, but the few "clumps" of trees that have been spared are sadly destitute of bird life and song. I have, within a month, frequented these roads in early morn and at dewy eve with like result—solemn silence and saddening sights.

Even my dog seems to notice the change as he bolts to slake his thirst at what was once a wayside spring, or trickling stream, now a sandy hollow or dry and cheerless channel. His questioning crest-fallen appearance at finding no water is piteous to behold and accords well with the wide-spreading and desolate scene.

At this season in a wild section of country, one expects to hear the joyous notes of mating and nesting birds, but on a late tramp in the early morning I heard but the plaintive note of a pewee for a distance of nearly four miles. The fact is significant and deplorably so.

The AUDUBON SOCIETY has not been formed a minute too soon, and its influence cannot be too wide-spread and beneficent. It is the bounden duty of every lover of nature to be its zealous ally, and by every means to advance its interests and to aid in the suppression of the cruel slaughter of birds.

What may be done to stay the indiscriminate felling of forest trees? This is a moot question and pertinent. It is evident that something ought to be done.

The institution of "Arbor" days is good and timely, but let us spare as well as plant, let us wisely thin out as well as ruthlessly exterminate all trees.

On many miles of country road the only shade to be had is that cast by the unsightly telegraph or telephone poles, and the doleful or strident sound of their wires is a wretched substitute for the gladsome song of birds.

The independent and fearless course of FOREST AND STREAM in re birds and trees is commendable, and should have the support of all who love

* * * "to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been."

O. W. R.

VORACITY OF THE BLACKSNAKE.—Mifflintown, May 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I not only vouch for the truth of the following statement, but can substantiate it by at least a dozen men who were eye witnesses of the fact. On last Friday, ex-Sheriff Shivery, who has men peeling bark on the ridge about two miles west of Mifflintown, discovered a large blacksnake on the side of a tree about fifteen feet from the ground, head downward, with the end of his tail in a hole in the side of the tree. He called his men to see the, to him, singular sight. They eventually killed the snake, and as he was very thick, one of the party suggested that they see what was in it. On opening him, five young gray squirrels and two young flying squirrels were found in his stomach. The gray squirrels had only been swallowed a short time, and in all probability he had found them in the tree that he was on when discovered. This is no snake story, but a veritable fact.—J. E. H.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE full report of the FOREST AND STREAM's trajectory test of hunting rifles has been issued in pamphlet form, with the illustrations and the tabular summary, making in all 96 pages. For sale at this office, or sent post-paid. Price 50 cents.

A TENNESSEE VALLEY HUNT.

MR. SCHUYLER HARRIS, of Harris Station, North Alabama, was a gentleman of the olden time, and a prince among hunters. A man of fortune and many broad acres, he possessed an ideal Southern home, in the valley of the beautiful Tennessee, the most picturesque of Southern rivers, where the roses bloomed in beauty, the magnolia burdened the air with its perfume, and the pecan waved its fruit-laden boughs in the fragrant air. Though advanced in years, Mr. Harris was as fond of sport as a boy, and seemed never so happy as when he had gathered a few young and ardent hunters around him in his hospitable home, for a few days' hunt in the fall of the year. It was a rare treat to me to make one of the party on occasions of this kind, and I rarely ever failed to accept the oft repeated invitation to come down for a hunt when the autumn frosts had stripped the forests of their leaves and notified the hunters that the time had arrived when wild ducks were feeding in the southern streams, the children of Bob White were as large as their parents, the wild turkeys were fat and ready for the spit, and the dun-birds had rubbed the velvet from their horns and were paying their lordly attention to the meek-eyed does. I never came back from a trip of this kind without a sense of enjoyed recreation, and invigorated in both mind and body.

To the south and west of Mr. Harris's, along the Tennessee River, extended a dense forest, interspersed with almost impenetrable cane brakes. Through the midst of this forest, about half to three-quarters of a mile from the river and parallel to the river's course, for many miles flows a sluggish slough. The gum, the water oak and other fruit-bearing trees spread their giant boughs above the water of this slough, and these, fastened, as they often are, with the black and purple clusters of the wild grape, "casting their bread upon the waters," make here an attractive resort for the mallard and other ducks. The canebrakes afford a safe retreat and protect from extermination that glory of the American forests, the wild turkey, while squirrels in untold numbers sport among the trees and grow fat on the rich nuts which nature supplies with lavish hand for their support. An occasional deer might now and then be found, sleek and fat, lurking among the brakes. Just north of this swampy forest, and following the course of the river east and west, lay a belt of rich, cultivated land, in the midst of which was Mr. Harris's home. The fields around were a famous place for Bob White or quail or partridge, whichever his name may be, for whatever doubt there may be on this subject, there is none, and never can be, as to his character and quality as a game bird. Still further north, and beyond this belt of farming land, lay the post oak barrens, a wooded tract extending for many miles, and too poor for settlement. These barrens were the favorite haunts of the deer. Thus it was at the time of which I write, on which occasion I enjoyed a week of varied and most delightful sport.

The first morning after my arrival, for some reason Mr. H. could not join in the hunt, and Mr. W. N. Richardson and myself determined to try the ducks and squirrels down on the slough. He was armed with a Remington rifle and I with a 7½-pound 12-bore breechloading Scott gun. On the way we were joined by Mr. Lucas, a famous duck hunter of the neighborhood, who was armed with a heavy 10-bore double gun, said to be the best duck gun in the country. I have never been convinced that large caliber and much weight in a gun contributed either to the pleasure or success of a hunt. I have always observed that with a 12 bore gun of good quality and of the proper proportion in the barrels, weighing from 7½ to 8 pounds, I could do as good execution on either small or large game as I ever saw done with a 10-bore of any weight. My little Scott was a model, and I was anxious to test its killing capacity with the big No. 10 duck-killer. Soon after reaching the slough, Mr. Lucas and myself were standing together on the bank looking for ducks. Just then we saw a flock of ducks of a peculiar kind not often seen here, high above the trees, coming directly over us, traveling in steady flight in the form of the letter V. We had just been discussing the relative merits of our respective guns. Mr. L. thought the ducks out of range and made no preparation to shoot. As they came over us I raised my little gun and fired. To his utter astonishment the leader of the flock drooped his head, closed wings and fell from his lofty elevation, striking the water some hundred yards away whence it was nicely retrieved by Mr. L.'s dog. The great height at which the duck was killed brought forth from Mr. L. an emphatic exclamation of surprise and of admiration for the killing qualities of my gun. It was early in the season and ducks were not plentiful, though we made a very respectable bag. When we closed the day's sport, Mr. Richardson had ten squirrels, Mr. Lucas six ducks and two or three squirrels, and I nine ducks and half a dozen squirrels.

Late in the afternoon, while hunting along the bank of the slough looking for ducks, I heard the *put-put* of a wild turkey close by in the cane. Sending in Mr. L.'s dog on a scout, a large flock was flushed and scattered. Soon afterward a hen turkey rose from the switch cane and flew by me. I fired at it as it passed, and at the crack of the gun the turkey dropped both legs, spread its wings, and sank nearly to the ground. But just as I was congratulating myself on killing a nice fat turkey, it made a desperate struggle and recovered sufficiently to fly across the slough and beyond my reach. There was no means of crossing, and I lost my turkey.

The next morning, with our party reinforced by Mr. Harris and Mr. John Tanner, Jr., of Athens, Ala., we returned to the slough for the double purpose of making a drive for deer and of hunting the turkeys that had been flushed and scattered the evening before. Mr. Richardson was to make a wide circuit with the hounds and drive from below, while the rest of us were to be stationed between the river and the slough to intercept any deer that might be started. Just as we were approaching the place where we expected to make our stands, we discovered ahead of us about two hundred yards the flock of turkeys. Before they could run off in the cane, which was close by, Mr. Harris put his horse to a run and soon had the turkeys scattered in every direction. Selecting our positions we remained quiet for a short time and then began to call for the scattered turkeys. Mr. Tanner

was a young man who had quite a brilliant record as a wing-shot on quail, but had no experience with turkeys or deer. Mr. Harris took him in charge for the purpose of giving him a shot at a turkey.

Soon after we began to call we were answered by turkeys in different directions. In a few minutes the loud report of a gun in the direction of Mr. Harris announced that a turkey had responded to his call. Several others were yelping in different directions and I was in momentary expectation of a shot. Just then we heard Mr. R. with the hounds coming up the drive. He had started no deer and I was annoyed to think that he was coming up just in time to spoil our sport with the turkeys. As I was in the act of leaving my place of concealment, thinking my chances for a shot gone, I heard the patter of feet in the dry leaves rapidly approaching. I supposed it was one of the hounds, as they were very near, but just then a black and glossy hen turkey ran out of the switch cane not thirty yards away, coming straight toward me. In a moment it was fluttering in its death struggles on the ground. Before I had time to move a fine young gobble, flushed by the approaching hounds, came flying by and fell to my second barrel.

Mr. Harris and Mr. Tanner then came up with a fine young gobble, called up by Mr. H. and killed by Mr. T. While the others were resting and eating their lunch, I strolled down into the drive, and in walking about in the switch cane, flushed a hen turkey, at which I fired as it flew away. It went on, apparently unhurt, but in a little while I discovered it was rising rapidly in its flight—a sign of a death wound. Describing an upward curve, it rose above the tops of the tall trees, and then making an almost perpendicular flight for a few feet, it suddenly ceased its struggles in the air and fell back dead, striking the earth with a heavy thud. There were no ducks in the slough that day and we turned our attention to the squirrels, of which we made a good bag.

Early the next morning we were off to the barrens for a deer drive. Stationing Mr. Tanner at the best stand, and myself at a stand close by, Mr. Harris and Mr. Richardson went into the drive with the dogs. The drive was a short one, and hardly had we hitched our horses and taken our places before we heard the hounds on the trail of a deer. Mr. T. and myself were stationed on a road that ran through the woods, and Mr. T. was cautioned to stand at a certain tree on the side of the road which was pointed out to him, while I was placed a little further on, just beyond a little knoll that hid him from my sight. After a few minutes of trailing, one hound suddenly burst forth in a united chorus of voices, and on they came. Every dog gives tongue, and the very woods resound with the music of their mingling voices. Ah, what a moment this is to the expectant hunter. He knows the deer is up, and may dash by him at any moment with the speed of the wind. With eyes and ears intent, and ready gun, he awaits the oncoming of the noble game. There, they turn to the left toward the railroad. If they cross that our chances are gone, for they will go to the river. Suddenly they change their course again. Here they come now, like Pandemonium turned loose, straight for my stand. I can almost hear the deer crashing through the brush, and every nerve is tense with expectation. Just before they come in sight they turn toward the other stand, and I listen to hear Mr. Tanner's gun sound the death knell of the buck.

They have crossed the road and no sound of gun. With astonishment I walk over to his stand and ask him why he did not shoot. Imagine my surprise when he told me he had seen no deer; that the deer had walked out of the drive before we got to the stand, and showed me the track of a small deer that had evidently walked across the road the night before. I told him I had hunted deer a good deal and never heard hounds run a trail that way before. Thinking the deer might return, I went back to my stand just as Mr. Harris rode out of the drive. He was greatly disappointed that we had not killed the deer. I told him what Mr. T. had said about the deer walking out before we got there and showing me the walking track. He was too old a hunter to be put off that way, and told me to go back and I would find another track, that those dogs were not running any walking deer. I returned and asked Mr. T. to show me where the dogs crossed the road. He pointed to their tracks, and there in the road, not twenty feet from the tree where we told him to stand, were the tracks where the great, spreading hoofs of an enormous old buck had buried themselves deep in the ground in his headlong flight before the hotly following pack. The mystery was explained. Mr. T. had never before seen the branching antlers of an old wild buck coming straight toward him in the woods, and, as he afterward admitted, he "went a piece up the road" about that time. We had no little fun at his expense that night, and promised him that the next time we would run out a smaller deer or give him the protection of a larger tree.

The next morning Mr. Tanner and I exchanged stands and both were fortunate. He killed a small yearling deer and I a very large and fat doe.

The third day of the deer driving a joint hunt was arranged between our party and a number of gentlemen from Athens, Ala., headed by the noble old veteran of the chase, the Hon. Luke Pryor, whose ardor age has not diminished, and who knows no enjoyment like that of the chase, and no music like that of the well kept pack as they follow the track of the swift-footed deer. We were to meet on half-way ground. There were two roads crossing each other at right angles, one running north and south and the other east and west. The standers were to occupy these roads at places where the deer were known to cross. The party from Athens to take the north and south road and ours the east and west road. The Athens party had the advantage of stand, as the deer usually crossed the north and south road first and afterward the other. Mr. Pryor was to drive south from Athens with his pack, and Mr. Richardson north with his, so as to meet on the half-way ground. Mr. Pryor is an early riser and got the start of us. When our party reached the place where we were expected to stand we found him already there. His hounds had started several deer and ran them through the first stands where his party got several shots but failed to kill. They then crossed to our stands and we were not there. He was provoked and disappointed, as he had a right to be. However, he succeeded in calling off several of his dogs, and directing us to take our stands, said he would go back and join Richardson and drive through again. We promised to remain at our posts until he came through.

It was not a flattering prospect. It was a cold, bleak day, and the sun was struggling to shine through the hazy atmosphere. Wrapping my overcoat about me, I sat down in the leaves on the sunny side of a tree and tried to keep warm. I had been there perhaps an hour, scanning the woods from time to time lest some straggling deer might approach unseen.

when in the distance I saw the noble form of a splendid buck emerge from the thick undergrowth. He was coming directly toward me, but was 200 yards away. He knew he was approaching a place of danger, and as soon as he entered the open ground he stopped, and with head erect looked long and anxiously in the direction where I sat. I was in plain view and knew that my only chance for a shot was to remain motionless. He was a splendid fellow, and as he stood with his branching antlers lifted high, with eyes intent and nostrils snuffing the air for token of danger, he was a picture for an artist. I almost held my breath, knowing full well that his eager eyes would catch the least motion and that he would be off like the wind. Apparently satisfied, he moves forward, and with quick and graceful bounds comes onward to his death. Changing his course as he approached so as to pass about thirty or forty yards from where I was sitting, I waited until he was in point blank range, when I raised my gun quickly and fired. With a terrific burst of speed he rushed by me and across the road. I was cramped by my position and encumbered by my overcoat, but managed to fire the second barrel as he crossed the road. He disappeared like a flash in the thick woods beyond the road. Just then I heard, for the first time, the notes of a single hound approaching on the track. Looking in that direction I saw a piece of reckless riding that would have done credit to the dare-devil accomplishments of a wild Comanche. Mr. Pease, one of the hunters from Athens, had just at the wrong time for him and the right time for me left his stand on the other road for a few minutes, and in his absence the old buck passed. There was a horse tied near by that had been driven to the ground hitched to a buggy. Loosing the horse, he sprang on his bare back, and gun in hand and hatless, he came dashing through the woods like a madman. He was keeping up with the hound that was following the deer. I told him I thought I had wounded the deer and not to lose sight of the hound. On he dashed across the road and into the tangled brush. In a moment more I heard him yell like an Indian. He had found the deer dead about one hundred yards from the road. He was a five-point buck, and I brought his antlers home with me as trophies of the hunt.

H. E. JONES.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF CAMPING.

DENVER, Col., April 28, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have several times thought of coming to the support of "Nessmuk" in his discussion of the camping outfit question. But I do not know that he needs any help. He has so far decidedly the best of it. It is all very nice to go "roughing it" in a palace car or a fifty ton yacht, but "Nessmuk" and I can't go that way, and thousands of others are in the same unfortunate fix. And yet I fancy we can get more real solid enjoyment out of our way of doing it than is realized by our fine haired friends in their buffet coaches and mahogany cabins. They might not enjoy our way so intensely as we do, and therefore we cheerfully concede them the right to carry along a four-post French bedstead and a full service of silverware if they want to. There is a good deal in the spirit and more in the experience to enable the camper to enjoy life.

My camping has been more or less for thirty-five years, and reached from Florida to Puget Sound. Some years it has not covered much time, in others it has been most of the year. In it all I have never driven crotched stakes in the ground and built a bedstead thereon, and I have always been firmly of opinion that the fellow who did it was a consummate fool. Nor will I sleep in a wagon if there is ground under it upon which to spread my blankets. When out doors always sleep on the earth for comfort. Make your bed there as comfortable as time and circumstances will permit. If the ground is cold, or wet, or covered with snow, you must provide some kind of a foundation. It may be of hay, straw, weeds, brush, corn stalks or fence rails, but in any event stick to the ground. Don't roost on a perch like a chicken and get every breath of air that blows and chills you from every side. Balsam fir boughs make the best bed of all beds; the tips broken off short and laid shingle fashion, bottom side up from head to foot. All the fir, hemlock, juniper, cedar and pine, may be substituted in the order named as to choice. Cherry, willow, alder or any such shrubs follow next. If the ground is smooth and dry, and it can generally be so found in this western country, it is plenty good enough. Under any circumstances, when camping try to so provide yourself as to sleep warm, and the nearer you get to the ground the easier that is accomplished. With a comfortable night's sleep you can endure almost anything the next day. Once, a long time ago, after pitching my tent, I was examining the ground for my bed when I found a very small rattlesnake—a young one. That was the only snake adventure I ever had in or about my sleeping place, and I never knew anybody else to have a similar experience.

About shelter; a square of canvas sufficient for a "dog tent" is good enough for anybody, though not as handy as a wall tent or a Sibley. I have lived all summer with nothing better, and other summers with nothing at all. He is a poor woodsman who in a forest of any kind cannot very quickly provide himself with shelter from rain or snow. It may be of palmetto leaves, of branches of trees, or of bark from the trunk of a tree. The favoring trunk of a tree may keep off the storm, or in a rocky country a shelter can often be found under a projecting ledge or in a shallow cave. A good thing always to carry along is a rubber poncho for each person. It is good to roll around the bedding when en route to protect it from wet and dirt; or to put over one's shoulders when traveling in rain or wet snow. When night comes, if the ground is wet and the heavens dry, spread it under your bed. If the reverse, reverse it. With two small stakes at opposite sides of a bed for two, to support two corners of a poncho, the other two corners being stretched backward and held to the ground by a couple of stones or chunks of wood, a very good shelter is provided for your heads and shoulders. Then another poncho spread over the blankets to your feet, and you two can sleep blissfully through any ordinary rainy night. Use only woolen blankets for camp bedding. Let Arctic explorers have the fur bags and feather ticks. In camp outfit, be governed by your ability to carry it. I have made a successful and entirely satisfactory expedition with a tin cup and pocket knife. Meat can be broiled on a stick. Flour can be transformed into dough in the mouth of the sack and baked on a flat stone, a chip or a piece of bark before the fire, but a cup is positively needed for the coffee. Under such circumstances the addition of a frying pan enables you to revel in positive luxury. In it you fry your meat, bake your bread and can make your coffee. The tin cup is

then superfluous. After the necessities add anything you want and can carry. In provisions, bread, meat and coffee are important though not indispensable. It is more comfortable to have them, and unless you are a first-rate rustler it is quite essential that you have plenty of something. After a few weeks the more you have of it the better you will be satisfied, and yet it is quite possible to live off the natural resources of the country for a considerable length of time. Indians do it.

Again, I have gone camping with wagon trains loaded with luxuries—wall tents, spring mattresses, arm chairs, cupboards, four story South African broilers, and china table service, and we had dinners of eleven courses after dark every day—after starving to death all day—and had a high old time generally. This way did seem more comfortable, and stylish, and all that at the time, but the other was decidedly the more satisfactory—after it was over. You have something then to look back to—a kind of triumph over difficulties and hardships overcome, so to speak. Hence "Nessmuk's" great satisfaction, and also that of W. N. B.

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your communication from "Nimrod," of Batavia, Ill., about "Spring Shooting," stirs me to add a word in support of his proposition. Spring shooting is an outrage in every sense, and the worst folly for all who care for the future. To day I was vexed at the appearance on the bill of fare at my favorite restaurant of plover and curlew, and I would not think of ordering either of them were they the most toothsome morsels between Boston and Fox River.

I wish metaphorically to shake hands with "Nimrod," and to condole with him over the disappearance from his waters of the great flights of fowl, which in the days of my boyhood made the river between Batavia Bridge and Snyder's Dam as fine a reach of water for a day's sport as one could wish for. I wonder if "Nimrod" knew the river then. It was before the timber was cut from the banks and the islands below the mouth of Mill Creek, and before the railroads and excavations of the quarrymen had made their havoc.

I would not dare to tell from memory the bags of game made in those days by Mr. Morris, and Tom Meredith, and the Belden boys, and other famous shots; nor even what backloads of greenheads and teal fell to the awkward aim of one schoolboy, whenever he could secure a "Saturday down river."

It was in the days when ducks were sometimes shot flying low over Batavia Bridge, when prairie chickens not infrequently alighted on the roofs of the village houses, and when great whirling flocks of them could be seen in autumn from the doorstep of the school house, and when down river among the islands, it was a frequent thing to start up such myriads of ducks that they seemed to darken the air, and the number of species represented would hardly now be credited. It was when deer were still shot in the "Big Woods" and wolves still occasionally prowled on the prairie, and when in spring great flights of pigeons, in long extended lines, reaching out of sight both ways over the prairie, would go roaring over, startling us with the hurtle of their wings, at short intervals for two or three days at a time.

This great abundance of wild life is gone, and it cannot be helped. But something may yet be done to preserve the remnant of it that is left.

To discourage spring shooting and to cause it to be esteemed the improvident and unsportsmanlike thing it is, will be the first step toward this preservation.

AN OLD BATAVIAN.

BOSTON, MASS., May 1.

MY FIRST TRIP TO MAINE WOODS.

AUGUST 20, 1853, with a relative, whom I will designate as L., I arrived at the Franklin, now American House, Bangor, en route to Moosehead Lake. Here we met Johnny M., who was to be our guide. We tarried over one night and started next morning by wagon, in company with two more wagonloads of red-shirted lumbermen, who were on the way to the upper waters of the west branch of the Penobscot thus early to "open up" for the ensuing winter's operations. A jolly, roystering crowd they were, shouting, singing, and dancing juba on the wagon floor continuously.

We dined at Oxford, if I recollect aright. Soon after leaving the town, and where the road lies at the base of a wooded hill, we met several men with guns, who informed us that a bear hunt was taking place and they were surrounding the hill. Soon after the report of several guns announced the death of bruin. This, to our youthful mind, was very exhilarating. At night we stayed at Monson. But little of the hotel or its surroundings is remembered. One thing I cherish in this connection is that I inscribed my name immediately next that of Bayard Taylor, one whom I had learned to love for his charming essays and foreign letters. I inquired for him, and learned with regret he had just departed.

We stayed the following night at the Lake House, Greenville, and next morning went on board the little steamer Moosehead for passage up the lake. We made a brief stop at the Hines House and warmed ourselves at its large, open fireplace, on whose broad mantle shelf were many specimens of backwoods bric-a-brac that pleased our youthful fancy.

About the middle of the afternoon we landed at the foot of the long narrow pier at the Northeast carry. Our duffle was transferred to a truck or car that ran on a wooden tramway and was hauled over to the landing on the river by a single ox. Our party kept to the rear. On reaching the stunted growth of timber, but a short distance from the pier, we came upon a large flock of grouse feeding upon the low-growing raspberries, who paid not the least attention or seemed in the least afraid. This was a revelation. We had often heard of, but never seen the like. L. and I immediately opened our gripsacks, spread out our ammunition upon the tramway and kept up a murderous fusillade for a few minutes. But the sport soon failed. Gathering up the twenty odd birds we proceeded to camp. As we reached the little clearing on the river we beheld another sight that sent me wild. The lumbermen were ranged along on the bank at the landing and were lifting out the trout continuously. Setting down rifle and grip at the door of the log camp, I hurried down and was soon having a hand in the game. Supper being announced we went to camp and did ample service with knife and fork.

At that time one camp was used for sleeping berths, one on each side extending the whole length, with a tall "ram-down" stove in the center of the camp and a deacon seat on each side. Soon after supper the stove cover was used as a frying pan and the catch of trout was cooked and eaten before bed time. The lumbermen were up and away before daylight. Our party enjoyed the novelty of a browse bed,

and only turned out as the sun's rays came through the chinks. We went outside to sit a while in the sunshine, for it was quite cool and a heavy frost covered the ground. We were about to go in, when a monster moose—the first wild one L. or I had ever seen—came out of the woods which grew close to the further side of the tramway, and entering a gully came out into the clearing. The road was supported on trestle-work at that place some eight or ten feet high, yet the moose, a bull, had to lower his crest to pass under. At first we were too surprised to act, but as he came into full view we went for our rifles, but when again outside he was out of sight, beyond the narrow clearing.

In the course of the day we started in a canoe, a birch, for Lobster Pond, where we were to camp two weeks. About two miles down stream we came to the outlet of the pond which was a couple of miles further. The thoroughfare was dead water. We had seen all along tracks innumerable of moose, as well as of bear and wolf. On rounding a bend we came upon a cow and calf moose. The former at once leaped up the abrupt bank and in a second was out of sight in the thick growth of white birch. The calf fell back in its efforts to follow, then started up stream. L., sitting with rifle in hand in the midship, had a good chance for a shot but failed to improve it. I held the bow paddle, but exchanged it for my rifle just before the calf went out of sight around another bend in a thicket of alders. Johnny swung the birch just in time so both could shoot. The game went out of sight but was found dead on the next stretch with one bullet wound. Cutting out the meat and shouting engaged our attention awhile. As we came into the pond a shout, sounding like "halloo, you!" greeted us. I suggested going ashore, as in all probability some one was in distress. At this the guide, a backwoodsman, gave a quiet chuckle and kept on the course. I was about chiding him for his inhumanity, when he explained that it was a bear, whose halloo was incited by the scent of the meat. On the opposite side, about a third of the way up, was a cove with sandy beach and a huge pile of dry drift wood. Here we pitched camp long enough to jerk the meat. On the thoroughfare were large meadows of wild grass and their margin was cut in frequent places by moose paths. Every day and night we saw or heard moose, but though near enough often, never tried to shoot another. We had been told at the camp how a man the year previous had killed over seventy moose for their hides, leaving the meat to rot. This had a due effect upon us. We would not kill to waste.

That was a very dry season, and the streams had shrunk so as to leave a wide margin everywhere, and all the shores were completely tracked up by moose, bear and wolf, and many other animals. Every night the wolves were howling about us. One night while camped at the head of the pond the pack had congregated nearly at the end of a big moose path, and we gave them a shot from the two rifles and an old musket carried by Johnny, which was loaded with buckshot. In the morning we found blood and hair to show we had warmed them. Our staples now gave out about the time we set out to return, but in the two weeks we had lived a hundred years, and it was the commencement of the life in the woods for the writer. His companions, alas, have long since gone to the happy hunting ground. Good men and hunters, and generous, steadfast friends. Peace to their manes. The return trip was devoid of startling events, only, as we came in view of Bangor at set of sun, a fine deer crossed the road out of a little clump of brush, cleared the fence by several feet and was out of sight ere the rifles could be gotten out of their covers. In those days deer were "thick as hoppers" in the immediate vicinity of Bangor, but none were found in the vicinity of Moosehead Lake, so I was informed, nor were there many caribou.

I forgot to state that on the boat, returning down the lake, was a hunter-farmer from Suncook, having quite a large bundle of moose hides, a calf moose which he shot that morning in the river just below the "carry" and a magnificent set of antlers which he sold at Greenville for the then munificent price of five dollars.

About ten years ago, while camping on the Moluncus, I met Sam Smith, of Veazie, a veteran hunter and lumberman. We swapped yarns, as hunters will, and I related, among other things, my trip as here given, dwelling, at length, on the great number of moose I found. I was some in doubt how he would receive it, but was relieved when he replied, saying, "O, lordy! that's true enough. Why," said he, "I was booming logs that very fall at the head of 'Suncook,' and one day in September, when moose were 'traveling up,' I counted fifty-two, and wasn't looking for moose neither." Sam, too, dear fellow, has gone to his rest to the deep regret of many, and none who knew him will doubt the truth of his statement. And what of that noble game? Alas! too, going, going, and soon will be gone.

CORPORAL LOT WARFIELD.

CAMP REYNOLDS, N. B., May 1, 1886.

NORTH CAROLINA DOINGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I carefully oil and clean my guns and lay them away, recollections of the past season's shooting and outings crowd upon me, and I feel like reviewing them and writing them up, thus affording myself some pleasure in the retrospect, and it may be a moment's relaxation to some of your readers.

The past season's shooting has not been much for me to brag of in the way of big bags or fine shots, though I have managed to get lots of solid enjoyment and unalloyed happiness out of it. My outings up to February, 1886, were more numerous than usual, but game seems to have been educated up to the point of being self-protecting; and this knowledge, of which it avails itself by remaining in thick cover during the best of the open season, when more guns are in the field than at any other time (that is during December and January), together with our game laws, which are beginning to be respected, promise us plenty of quail (or partridge) shooting for years to come. The birds were seemingly abundant during the months of October and November, and some fine bags were made; but in December and January they retired from the fields and betook themselves to the depths of the thickest and most impenetrable woods, and during those two months one might do a great deal of hunting and have very little shooting. Most of our local shots therefore retired from the field, and very few birds were killed. In the months of February and March I only made a few excursions after birds and found them in abundance, but owing to poor health on my part and the extremely robust condition of the birds, my game bag was but poorly filled; so, early in February I concluded to give it up, and only took my dogs out a few times afterward to keep them under control. Thus many healthy, fine birds have been saved over to multiply for next season's shooting.

During the early fall of 1885, together with some congenial

companions. I made a visit across the Albemarle Sound to East Lake for the purpose of deer hunting, with Bill Bass-night, the great bear hunter. We bagged only two deer, but had lots of fun fishing, camping out, etc. It was then too early for bear shooting, so we didn't see Bill in his favorite rôle. One of our party gave him two fine hounds and I gave him a pup, and in a letter from him some time in December he says he has killed twelve deer and fourteen bears with them already, and begs us to come again. Which pleasure we will probably avail ourselves of the coming summer. During the months of October and November we had some good bear hunting near this place, and killed ten very fine specimens of our common hog bear.

But the outing over which I lost most sleep, thinking and planning, was a trip to Currituck Sound for the double purpose of shooting geese, ducks and swan, and going over to the banks near Kitty Hawk on a deer hunt. Two congenial spirits from Washington, D. C., met me at the hospitable residence of Mr. A. J. Forbes on the evening of Dec. 8, and before retiring that night our plans were laid for the morrow's sport. I had taken my favorites, Monroe and Crowder, along, and it was agreed that, as the wind was quite high and ducks scarce and wild, we would get a boat and join forces with Captain Barrett, of Powell's Point, and go across to Mrs. Gallop's on a two-days' deer hunt, not forgetting to take along old Uncle Jim, an old colored man, who knew every foot of the ground over which we were to hunt, and where lay, to quote Wimsatt, the "big buck of Currituck."

The next morning opened dark and lowering, with a threatening looking cloud rising and flying from the southwest, and occasional mutterings of thunder. However, our plans had been laid and we set out, made a run of about six miles to a landing, where we met Capt. Barrett and son, with Uncle Jim and two hounds. We had now quite a party—Capt. Gregg and Mr. Wimsatt, of Washington, Capt. Barrett and Sam, Uncle Jim, myself, and four hounds all packed away in a Currituck canoe. After a short parley over the weather prospect, the wind blowing strong from the southeast, having veered, we boarded our frail craft and with Capt. Barrett at the helm sailed for the banks, the weather growing worse all the while. Pretty soon a dense fog set in and the wind blew great guns. After a run of about an hour the Captain sighted the mouth of the creek in which we were to anchor, and attempted to make it, but to our utter discomfiture we found that our centerboard had in some manner been carried away, and we could do nothing at all with the craft. The weather grew worse all the while, a terrible thunder storm coming on us, and the rain pouring down by bucketsful. After vainly trying to make the creek and nearly capsizing, sails were lowered, the anchor cast, and we resigned ourselves to our fate and the storms. Phew! how it did rain, and how the wind did blow! We were wet through. Oilcloths, sails, etc., seemed to be no protection, and finally Wimsatt and Capt. Gregg said they could stand it no longer, and would make a break for the shore; so taking the Captain's small boat, which he brought with him from Washington, they struck out, and after hard pulling and terrible effort they struck shoal water, and leaping out waded ashore, pulling the boat after them. They immediately struck for Mrs. Gallop's house, about a half mile away, where they soon changed clothing, Mrs. G. providing for them from her son's wardrobe, and dried and warmed themselves before a roaring fire.

In the meantime what of us who were left? For four long cold hours we sat and shivered, the dogs whining around us, with no protection from the raging storm. In vain we tried to be merry; the wind took away our breath as we tried to laugh. I tried the lunch basket, but the rain soaked the grub and it didn't taste good. Monroe crawled up in my lap as I sat crouched down against the mast, and Crowder tried to get in also, but falling sat down beside me, and we contributed to each other's warmth. After hours of weary waiting the storm abated somewhat, and two small boats came off for us, and we finally left the boat anchored and made for the shore, soon reaching the house where the Captain and Mr. W. had warmed up, and recovered their wonted spirits and flow of good humor. My! but didn't that fire feel good, and didn't the hot coffee cheer us up? Ask those who have been through like experience. The dogs were tied up and fed, and we ensconced ourselves around the open fire place and made ourselves comfortable until a late hour, then retired and sank to sleep, such sleep as is known only to tired hunters and weary seamen, the soft downy feather beds adding everything needed to induce the deepest forgetfulness. On arising the next morning the clouds still hung heavy and looked threatening; but after a hearty breakfast we untied the dogs, and taking boats went up the creek some distance, ran the boat ashore and proceeded to our stands, which were to be pointed out to us by Capt. Barrett, Uncle Jim having gone ashore some distance below with dogs. Soon we were on our way, and the Captain had placed us where he thought we "would do most good."

We have hardly got settled down before we hear Monroe's bugle note, followed by the deeper notes of Crowder and the others and they are coming toward us, but the wind is blowing directly to them and before the deer gets to us he gets the wind and strikes across, running near enough for Captain Gregg to see, but not to shoot him. Passing between the Captain and me he strikes south for a half mile or more and then turns back and runs past Wimsatt, just out of range, but in sight, and makes a straight run for Uncle Jim who is following on toward us. Pretty soon we hear a roar, but the dogs keep on and we know that Uncle Jim's old cannon has failed to do its work. The dogs have now gone out of hearing and as the old darky comes up he is greeted with the question, "What did you fire at?" "De biggest buck in dis woods, sah, but I didn't tech him; doan know what the matter was, but he wa'n't over twenty yards away; guess I se too shore on him!" Thus our big buck had escaped—Wimsatt had never shot a deer and was all aglow, as this was his first sight of a live wild deer in his native forest. To make a long story short, we started and ran no less than six deer that day and got neither hide nor hair of one, as we did not follow them to the water where they all took refuge. The rain coming down harder and harder we finally left disgusted and took boat for the house.

The next day was but a repetition of the first. Never saw so many deer in one piece of woods, but got none at all. On this last day we concluded to quit about noon, and had started out blowing our horns for the return of the dogs that had gone off after deer, when chancing to look over his shoulder Wimsatt saw a fine deer standing on top of a high knoll about fifty yards away, and turning quickly he fired. But the deer was too quick for him, and he didn't see her again. He called to me, then on the edge of a swamp, to "look out," but I could see nothing of her until she sprang

in the bushes, when I sent a .38 bullet after her, but guess it was a clean miss as I saw no blood signs. We were now thoroughly disgusted and concluded to return to Forbes' and have some duck shooting; so returning to the house we found dinner awaiting us, and while the others prepared to pack up, eat dinner and get the boat ready, I struck for the sound, a quarter of a mile away, to try my hand on a swan with my .38 rifle. I soon reached the fringe of bushes growing near the water, and peering through saw several fine swans floating lazily on the water and cackling to each other. Raising my rifle hastily I overshot my mark, and the swans immediately took wing, but having a repeater I kept firing until I cut out two fine ones, the last one being fully a half mile out when shot—accidental shot, perhaps. A couple of boys rowed out and got my swan, and I returned to the house feeling that I wasn't "skunked" after all. After dinner we set sail, bade our hostess adieu, and returned to Mr. Forbes that night. Mr. Wimsatt was completely disgusted by this time, so took steamer for home that night. Capt. Gregg and I remained, thinking to try our hand on geese the following day, as Mr. Forbes had some excellent trained decoys; but "man proposes," etc. The following day was so inclement that the professional shooters could not go out, and thus our shooting was not to be thought of. The next day was Sunday, and we sat indoors and listened to the patter, patter of the rain until 12 o'clock at night, when we took the steamer for home, Capt. Gregg leaving me at Elizabeth City, where he took the northern bound train. We have planned for another excursion next fall and hope to do better. "Wells" had my fullest sympathy in his article on "A Wild Goose Chase." I "had been thar." A. F. R.

BELVIDERE, N. C., April 20.

HOW TO LOAD.—New York, May 6.—In reply to "C. C. G.'s" inquiry in your issue of to-day, I would say decidedly that in most guns he will get better pattern, penetration, and less recoil from two pink-edge wads on powder than from one three-eighths felt wad. This applies to black powders. The reverse is the case with wood powder, provided there is a hard card wad first put in on the powder. This should be done in any case to prevent grease coming in contact with the powder.—BEDFORD.

LONG ISLAND QUAIL.—Quail have wintered well in the neighborhood of Southampton, Suffolk county, L. I., and those in charge of preserves were only obliged to feed twice during the winter.

Sea and River Fishing.

HOW TO CAST A FLY.

Dear Uncle:

Are you coming up here this summer to fish, because if you are not I wish you would tell me how to throw them flies with which you caught the big trout on the Little Diamond. You promised to show me when you came again, but mamma says you are going to Paris this summer and will not come here. So if you will only write me all about it I will try and learn myself. Your affectionate nephew,

WALTER.

COLEBROOK, N. H., March 1, 1885.

My Dear Walter:

I am delighted to note that the angling spirit still holds a place in your heart, for there is no recreation that will afford you more innocent pleasure. It will fill your cheeks with nature's signboard of health, make a good man of you and bring you nearer to your Creator. Obey your mamma, Walter, and go a-fishing and your maubhood will be healthy, happy and honorable. With the instinct of an angler in your bosom you have only to turn about to gratify your desire. A few miles eastward from your home nestle the beautiful Rangeley Lakes, from whose waters the largest brook trout known have been taken. Rising in the Notch and tumbling over a hundred cascades until it broadens into a charming little river that passes at your very door, you have the Mohawk of the north. It is a glorious stream from which vast numbers of trout have been lured. This river shall be your school room in which to learn fly-casting, and the box I send you to-day contains your implements of warfare. On opening it you will find a bamboo rod ten feet long, weighing nearly seven ounces, a No. 1 click and drag reel, a line of silk, made waterproof by enamelling, leaders and a variety of flies. Each is the best of its kind, and with ordinary care will serve you many years. Take good care of them, my lad, for they are worthy of your every attention and affection.

When the weather is pleasant and there is no wind, walk up the Notch road to Wellman's farm, where the bridge crosses the Mohawk. A short distance above the bridge, in the center of the river, there is a broad rock with a flat surface. Wade out to it and rig your tackle. Of course your leader has been soaked in water over night and straightens at once. Loop a fly on the end, which we will call the "tail" fly, and fasten another fly to the leader two feet from the "tail" fly. This we will call the "dropper." Reel out fifteen feet of line and let the swift current float it down stream. When its full length has gone down, raise the tip of your rod slowly until the "dropper" just clears the water. There, the whole secret of fly-casting lies in casting your flies so they alight on the water in this position, and but little more line will ever be required to do effective work. You have doubtless read of casting flies eighty or ninety feet, but these long casts are merely for display, and are never used in fishing. If a fish rose at a fly at this distance he would rarely be hooked, and if he were hooked it would be purely an accident, while if the fish was saved it would be a still more remarkable accident.

While the flies are down stream give your rod a lively inclination backward until the tip is above and a trifle back of your head. This will throw the line straight back, and when it lies out straight in the air behind you, send your rod forward and the flies will shoot straight ahead. Let them fall on the water, raising your tip to guide them and draw them toward you. Do not let your line touch the water when the flies fall in the forward cast, if you can avoid it, and never, under any circumstances, in the backward cast. Keep your flies in the air behind you and on the water in front of you, and when you are drawing them toward you do not let the tip of your rod come nearer than an angle of 45 degrees before retrieving and making another cast. If the tip of the rod is over your head and your flies are on the water, you would, in case a fish rose, either miss your fish or, if hooked,

you might break the rod. Besides, you cannot retrieve your line to make the next cast while the tip of the rod is above your head. I could write a large volume on this subject, for there are many pretty points in fly-casting; but I will simply advise you to practice daily for a month, watching and correcting your errors, and then ask Lawyer S. to go out with you and see how you can cast a fly. He will readily do so, for he is an expert and rejoices at the very sight of a rod, and he will advise and coach you far better in ten minutes' actual work than I could in a dozen long letters.

When you have learned to cast flies with some little skill, go over to the Diamonds, get one of Heath's boats, anchor in a good place, and try to catch a trout. You will find that casting flies and catching trout are not precisely one and the same thing. I feel rather sure that some splendid fly-casters whom I have seen would make very tender fishermen. You will read in books that the instant you see a rise, "strike." Don't do it, at least not yet. For the present, when you get a rise, wait until you feel your fish, then a light "strike" will fasten him or her, as the case may be, securely. You are but a beginner and your enthusiasm will very likely cause you to forget the delicate nature of your apparatus. If you "strike" hard you are likely to break your rod, or if the fish is small you are liable to send him sailing through the air over into the next county. Therefore "strike" just hard enough to fasten your fish and play him in the water until he turns over exhausted. If he pulls too hard, of course, you will give him line, but make him earn every inch. When he seems very weary you can reel him in, but look out for his last break, for every fish, no matter how tired he may seem, will make a final vicious rush for liberty when it is brought near the landing net, and his capers in this last frantic struggle are dangerous and often end in his escape.

You have doubtless read of the beautiful and perfect arch formed by your rod while playing a trout in the water. If you desire to make these arches a study fasten your tail fly to a gate post and pull; but if you are fishing don't let the beautiful arch worry you. As long as a fish is hooked and pulls, you will necessarily hold your rod up and play the fish on the rod, and the bend in the rod will remain as long as the fish remains. When the fish escapes, your rod, especially the one I have sent you, will straighten at once. In such a predicament, that is to say, after you have hooked and had lots of fun with a good fish, if he should escape all you need do is to exclaim, "There now!" and continue casting and wait for the next victim. Do not get angry, at least do not display anger. You will be tempted to exclaim "Hang it all!" and "Blame it!" and "Jiminy Pelts!" but don't do it. Swallow your bubbling sentiments cheerfully, if possible, but somehow under any circumstances. Pretty soon you will become familiar with the loss of a fish, it will become easier, and you will be master of the angler's greatest virtue, patience. This, with practice, will soon make an accomplished fly-caster, and then, when you start on a day's outing on a stream, discard your worms, minnows, grubs, grasshoppers, bugs and all the other nasty things, and take only a few pretty and artistic flies. You will at once see the great difference between fishing with the fly and murdering fish with bait. One is clean and artistic, the other repulsive and dirty. At certain seasons the bait fisherman may be more successful, but at others the fly will prove by far the best, if not the only lure, while on the whole, I consider it immeasurably the most honorable method of catching trout. Your affectionate uncle,

KIT CLARKE.

New York, March 10.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN TROUT STREAMS.

DENVER, Col., April 28, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Hollow Rib," of Hastings, Ia., asks for information about trout fishing along the Denver & Rio Grande Railway in this State. He can hardly go amiss of good fishing along almost any of its lines. Taking the main line hence to Salt Lake he will reach the trout country at Salida, and find them plentiful in the South Arkansas and all the smaller tributaries of the Arkansas. Continuing west over the main range at Marshall Pass he will reach the headwaters of the Gunnison, and follow down that stream, with good trout streams coming in from right and left every few miles all the way to Grand Junction at the crossing of Grand River. After passing the great valley of the Grand and Green he will find trout in all or most of the mountain streams of Utah to Salt Lake City. Returning to Salida he can turn north up the Arkansas to Leadville, and fish Lake Creek, Twin Lakes, Clear Creek and numerous others. Beyond Leadville he can take the Eagle River branch and go by rail far down that stream, which is one of the best for trout in the country. Coming back to Leadville he can take the Blue River line to Dillon, at the junction of Ten-Mile Creek, Blue River, Swan River and Snake River, in all of which, and in scores of their tributaries within easy reach, he will find as good trouting as he need ever hope to enjoy. Coming further back to Pueblo he may there take the San Juan branch of the road over the Saugre-de-Christo range of mountains to San Luis Park. There he can fish the Rio Grande River along the railway track from Alamosa to Wagon Wheel Gap, to say nothing of South Fork and many smaller tributaries. Having exhausted that field he can come back to Alamosa and take the Durango line, reaching thereby the network of tributaries of the San Juan River, said to abound in trout, but of which I cannot speak from personal experience. In short, "Hollow Rib" can take the Rio Grande Railway and it branches and put in an "open season" trouting, and every day a new stream. It is not necessary to wade to fish any of these streams. Some fishermen wade from choice, and it is occasionally very handy to do so, but I never yet have been obliged to wade a single Colorado stream in trouting.

W. N. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noticing "Hollow Rib's" inquiry in your issue of the 22d, as to trout fishing localities along the line of the D. & R. G. Railway, I venture to give the results of my knowledge on the subject.

In the immediate vicinity of Salida are the following, all good trout streams. The South Arkansas, part of which, in the shape of ditches, runs through town, and its branches, Poncha and Silver creeks and North Fork. Above town, thirteen miles distant, is Chalk Creek, and further, at Buena Vista, Cottonwood Creek; Pine and Clear creeks, near Granite and Twin lakes, near Leadville. Crossing Marshall Pass, a trip that should be taken owing to its scenic attractions, with Sargent's as a base of operations, are Marshall and Tomichi creeks. At Parlin, twenty miles below, Quartz, Cochetopa and Tomichi. From Gunnison, the Gunnison

and Taylor rivers; from Sapinero, Sapinero or Soap Creek, a fine stream, and the Gunnison; at Cimarron, both branches of the Cimarron and the Gunnison in the Black Cañon. I should have mentioned Lake Fork at Sapinero. I have fished all these streams and can pronounce them excellent. The proper time to go is after the spring rise, when the streams are clear and not too full. For flies I would suggest coachman, governor, brown hackle, peacock body; gray hackle, peacock body, in the order named on small, say No. 8 hooks, except in the Gunnison River, where No. 6 is more suitable. All the streams can be fished from the banks, but your correspondent will find wading more satisfactory. He will find that the officials of the road and especially at Salida, are courteous and accommodating, and will willingly afford him any additional information he may require. KOKOMO.

SALIDA, COL., April 27, 1886.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.—XL.

ATTELL in the rain gave us a chance to shed our hot rubber coats, and when we had changed place, Ben settled down to the oars and the "coincidence," and I give it in his own words but not in his inimitable manner, as near as I can now recall it. When I had trimmed boat to his liking, he began:

"Several years ago I got a letter from my brother William that lived in a little town away off in Northern Texas, invitin' me to come down an' spend the winter an' hev some sport a huntin' with my neffew Harry, who had a cow ranch on the Little Wichita River, about 120 miles from the town where he lived. He said there was jest slathers o' deer in the woods along the river an' in the hills not fur from the ranch, an' wolves an' kyotes an' jack rabbits on the prairies till ye couldn't rest. The bait was too temptin', an' I made up my mind to go.

"But I'm a leetle ahead o' the houn's—started the story without a preface, ye might say—an' I might as well tell ye what was the main reason that started me. Ye see, the winter afore that I'd got into the habit o' hitchin' a boss to the buggy every day or two an' drivin' to town to hev some fun with the boys—a gang o' town fellers that I was acquainted with—an' we generally, six or eight of us, got into one pertickular saloon an' set an' played sell-out seven up till we got our hides chuck full o' a mixtur' o' malt lickens an' blue ruin. Lots o' times it would be after midnight when I got home, fuller 'n a goose, an' I git up next mornin' with a head on me bigger 'n a country school house, an' several nights, ef my boss hadn't a had more sense than the driver I'd failed to show up at feedin' time. Well, the day I got this letter it was late in the fall, the crops was all in and housed, the farm work all over, an' I'd got to goin' to town agin an' tamperin' with the flouin' bowl. Goin' home that night with a lighter head on than usual, I got to thinkin' things over, an' I concluded I'd paid about my sheer to 'ards the new house the gin slinger was a-buildin', besides hev'ing right smart o' stock in the sparkler a-glistenin' on his shirt buzum, an' techin' up the boss kinder mad-like at myself, I said, 'Ren R., yer a cussed fool fur the want o' sense—an', mind ye, I said it a heap stronger 'n that—an' the best thing you can do is to shake the gang an' go to Texas an' get the on-rectified corn juice out o' ye and keep it out."

"Ye see," he went on after filling and lighting a fresh pipe, "I hev to tell ye all this afore I kin git a good start to Texas."

"Next mornin' I got up dryer 'n a fish, but I'd made up my mind the night afore jest what I was a goin' to do, an' as my head was not so big but what I could git it through the door, I went out to the pump an' let about a half a bar'l o' water sizzel down my throat, an' from that day to this I've not teched a drop o' anything strong enough to confuse a hossfly, 'thout it's coffy an' tea an' sich like home-made floods."

"Brother Jack an' his wife an' me talked it all over that mornin', an' as Jack an' a hired hand or two that we generally kep' through the winter could git along with the stock an' what little work there was to do about the farm in winter time, they thought it would be a good scheme fur me to go, 'specially if I kep' on 'tendin' the seaneens in town."

"I went to town that day, an' after paralizin' the boys by refusin' to drink with 'em, I bought some things I'd need, ye see I didn't hev to buy a gun fur I had as good a Winchester as ever was turned loose, an' next day was off fur the Southwest, dry as a contribushun-box, but feelin' a heap better 'n I expected."

"I reckon the gang an' the head sawyer o' the gin mill missed me from my usual place at the costive board, but I'd had enough o' his buzz saw whisky, an' the move I was makin' would be money in my pocket ef nothin' else, fur ye can bet yer last fish hook, Hickory, that ye never draw out any dividends from money that ye invest in a gin slinger's buidin' associashun; the more ye put in the less ye take out."

Just here a thoughtless big-mouthed bass interrupted the story by a savage pull at the frog trailing away astern, and at the end of a few minutes' vigorous remonstrance with him for the breach of good manners, he was towing alongside the boat with a stringer through his lower jaw, to take his turn in the frying-pan next day as a brain sharpener for the family. Ben reached for the stringer, raised the fish out of water to 'heft' it, and dropping it back remarked, "three-pounder, I reckon, an' a right smart fighter fur one o' the open-faced kind."

"Well," he continued, after wetting his whistle with a tin cup of water dipped from the lake, "I arrived at my brother's in due course o' time, an' he was as glad to see ole Ben as ef he'd found a soap mine, an' I was mighty glad that I was about at the end o' my journey, fur I was nigh about clean bushed, as Jim says, but after a few days rest an' a heap o' talk about ole times when we was youngsters together I felt in middlin' good trim an' got ready fur a start to the ranch."

"I bought a rackin' good little hoss, or pony I'd call him [by some unaccountable oversight Ben left off the usual prefix to "rackin'"], a big navy pistol an' a scalpin' knife of unusual dimensions, an' I felt heeled fur killin' deer, buffalow, wolves, injuns, or any other species o' wild animals that might git in my way."

Then he told about his long ride to the "cow ranch," and described in his humorous way the peculiarities of the four "cow punchers" and the cook, who with himself and nephew "are a couple o' lean lookin' dogs without any leadin' traits o' character less it was bein' always hungry," were to make up the "family" and pass the winter in this isolated region, near a hundred miles from another habitation.

For near an hour he rowed slowly along the line of bulrushes and grass fringing the shore, now and then stopping

for me to make a east or two inshore at a likely-looking spot, recounting in his droll way the many days of great sport he had with deer, wolf and sneaking coyote, and each day's hunt with any special feature of interest in it was told with such accuracy of detail and with such realistic descriptive power that at times I fancied I was an actual participant in the glories of the day.

Then, as we passed a patch of yellow water lilies reaching out into the lake from the grass line, came a sharp dispute with another "snake," which ended di-astrously for his snakeship, in that he was shortly doing a ground and lofty flopping feat in the boat, snapping his vicious jaws together on the gim, and glaring savagely at us with his snaky eyes. When quiet had been restored by a smart rap of the club, Ben dropped the oars and lighting the brier-root for not less than the twentieth time since leaving camp, he went on without removing it from his mouth.

"I'll leave out several o' the least interestin' chapters o' this tale, an' jest say that I had more sport there at the cow ranch than I ever had on the face o' this livin' earth, 'less it was when I ketched that big muskylunge over in Central Lake last year."

"Deer was plenty, an' it was no trick to go out an' kill more 'n we could use, an' knockin' over a wolf or kyote every once in awhile was worked in as pastime to keep us from killin' too many deer; but"—with a solemn blink of his eyes—"but the injuns must a got wind that I was a comin', fur not a solitary one o' 'em showed up while I was around, an' I didn't git to use my big scalpin' knife only to peel the hides off the game I killed."

"I hunted most o' the best days an' loafed around the ranch in bad weather, and eat deer meat and jack rabbit stews an' slept good o' nights, till I got as fat an' lazy as a possum in a paw paw patch, an' afore I thought the winter had fairly set in it was mighty nigh time for me to hustle home an' put in a few licks at the spring work on the farm."

"I hadn't brought my trunk nor no dude clothes with me, so I strapped my wardrobe on behind the saddle, said goodbye to Harry an' the other fellers, an' one mornin' afore daylight a solitary horseman might hev bin seen pursuin' of his way across the prairies, with his outwater a-pintin' a leetle south o' sunrise."

"Just about dusk, after ridin' between eighty an' ninety miles, I pulled up at the only house between the ranch an' the little town, where I intended to stay all night an' rest myself an' the pony, fur it had bin a long pull on the little feller; but he was a clean stepper and a stayer from 'way back on his gran'father's side, an' he'd made the whole distance on a few bites o' grass about noon an' a drink o' water once 'n a while without turnin' a hair."

"I hollered to see ef anybody was at home, an' a woman opened the door an' asked what was wantin', an' I told her very politely who I was, where I come from an' where I was goin', an' asked ef I could stay all night an' git somethin' to eat for me a' my hoss."

"She said she could git me some supper, but I couldn't stop over night unless her husband got back from town. She expected him back in an hour or two, an' I could eat some supper an' wait that long anyhow. A bite to eat an' a rest was good enough fur Ben, even ef I had to move on afterward, an' it wasn't many minutes till the pony was stripped an' picketed out, fur there was nary a sign of a shed or stable in sight, an' I was settin' in the house with my mouth a-waterin', waitin' fur the promised supper."

"The lady said they hadn't much of a variety in the way o' entables, but ef I could git along with some corn bread an' bacon, an' some molasses an' a cup o' tea I was welcome to it. I told her that corn bread an' side meat was one o' my best bolts when I was a-travelin', an' as fur tea, I was a heap fonder of it than the beethen chinee that makes the turkle tracks on the tea boxes."

"When I said that I noticed a small smile lurkin' around the corners o' her mouth, an' she didn't 'pear quite so skittish as when I first went in the house, an' I kinder felt then that I was in fur the best in the ranch. Tell ye, Hickory, there's nothing like playin' a little strategy on the wimen folks, 'specially when yer a-talkin' fur somethin' to eat."

"The first proceedin' she made to 'ards supper was to git out a shaller east iron skillet with a handle an' three legs to it, wipe it out with her apron an' set it on some coals she raked out from the fireplace, fur there was nary stove in the house, an' then lean the lid of it up agin one o' the dog irons to git it hot. Then she got some corn meal in a pan from somewhere 'baek in the corner an' set in to mixin' it into a tolerable stiff dough, an' when it was the right thickness, she scooped out a big han'ful an' patted it an' tossed it back and forth from one hand to 'other, an' then patted it agin till she got it into a ball about as big as my fist, an' then she laid it down on the table."

"About this time I noticed a cradle a settin' jest back o' me, an' d'rectly there was a commotion in it an' then a squall, an' in about a second there was some o' the tallest kickin' with a pair o' chubby legs an' a sawin' of the air with two fat little arms an' fists a goin' on in that cradle that ever was seen on the face o' this livin' earth, an' the squallin' was increasin' with every kiek."

"Hush, baby," sed Mistress Jones—I forgot to tell ye the folkses name was Jones, some o' the original Jones family, I reckon—'hush, baby!' don't cry now till I git the gentleman's supper ready.' The gentleman was me, mind ye," said the blessed old sinner, with a wink and a comical twist of his sun-browned face that would have made a Digger Indian laugh."

"She was a patten' the second corn dodger jest then an' I hitched over an' went to rockin' the cradle to see ef I could pacify the baby an' keep the supper proceedin' from comin' to a full stop."

"Sho, little feller,' sez I, ye see I took the chances on it bein' a boy by the way it yelld. 'Sho now; don't cry, little snoozer; don't ye see yer mammy's a makin' patty cakes fur the gentleman?"

"I kep' a rockin' an' talkin' taffy to the little sardeen till I reckon I must a rocked a little too hard, fur I felt his head bump agin the side o' the cradle an' then he jest turned himself loose an' squalled with renewed vigor. Great hoss ches'nuts! how he yelled, an' I rocked with increased vehemence."

"Jest then his mammy had begun to pat dodger number three, but she dropped it on the table an' in less'n a second was sittin' in a cneer alongside o' the cradle, an' had the little fellow yauked out an' spread out on her lap a layin' flat on his stummick."

"She jerked the little loose calico slip that stood fur a whole suit o' clothes up over his head, and there he lay as bare as the back o' my hand, an' a kickin' an' a yellin' fit to kill. Whack! she took him jest about aft o' the dorsal fin, ef he'd a bin a trout. Clip, clip, whack! without givin' him time

to ketch his breath, an' at every lick the dough flew clear over to the fireplace."

"The performance didn't last more 'n two seconds an' a quarter, but when it was over the little feller looked like he'd bin a sittin' down in the bread pan, an' his mother pulled the slip back to its place an' socked him down in the cradle an' sez quiet like, 'There, now! I guess you'll stop bellerin' till I git the gentleman's supper ready.'"

"I reckon he'd bin there before fur it knocked all the squall out o' him, an' he snuggled down as quiet as ef he'd swallowed a whole bottle o' soothin' syrup, or a pint o' parygorick."

"I felt kinder sorry fur the little cuss, for he wasn't more 'n fourteen or fifteen months old, an' at the same time I was nearly a bustin' to laugh at the way the dough flew. When she put the little man back in the cradle Mistress Jones went straight back to the table an' grabbed up the unfinished dodger, without washin' her han's, mind ye, an' patted an' tossed it this a way an' that. [Here Ben let the oars trail while he went through the motions of tossing and patting a corn dodger, in such an utterly ludicrous manner that I laughed till I was forced to lay the rod down that I might employ both hands in holding my aching sides, Ben joining in at last out of pure sympathy.] like she was in a hurry to make up fur lo-t time, till she got it into the ight shape."

"She laid No. 3 'longside o' the other two," Ben went on when we had come to our senses, "an' I kep' on rockin' the cradle easy like fur fear the kickin' and squallin' would break out agin, but ye kin bet yer last claw tobaeker I kep' my eye on that pertickular dodger, fur I didn't jest like the experience it had jest bin through."

"There was only dough left fur two more, an' when they was finished she greased the skillet with a piece o' bacon rine an' put 'em in one at a time an' patted 'em down flat till the bottom o' the skillet was kivered; an' me a keepin' a peeled eye on No. 3 by makin' a landmark o' the skillet handle. But when she put the lid on an' shoveled some coals on it an' turned it around two or three times while they was a bakin', I forgot which s de o' the handle No. 3 was on, an' lost the bearin's o' the durned thing altogether."

Here the yarn seemed to end, as Ben rowed along for several rods seemingly lost in thought without saying a word, and smoking placidly the while as was his wont."

"Did you eat any supper, Ben?" I finally asked.

"Conorse," he said, rousing himself, "a little thing like that don't amount to nothin' when yer hungry, but I was jest a tryin' to think which side o' the skillet handle that cussed corn dodger was on. When the table was set an' the tea made an' the bacon fried, I sailed in, an' I don't believe I ever eat a meal on the face o' this livin' earth that tasted better 'n that did. Ye see, I'd made up my mind not to eat No. 3, but I'd lost the bearin's of it, an' ef I'd a left one o' 'em it would hev bin jest my luck to leave No. 1 or 5, so I eat the whole five so as to give the one I was the most concerned in a fair show with the rest, an' they all tasted jest alike. I done some monstrous braggin' on that supper as it disappeared, but when the table was cleared I come mighty nigh spillin' it all an' makin' a cussed fool o' myself, fur I was jest a goin' to say that it was good enough fur the Joneses, fur they never was used to the very best o' everything, nohow; but I ketched myself jest in time, an' choked it back, but it was sich a narrer escape that it made me sweat."

"After supper, when I was a thinkin' I'd hev to saddle up an' move on, Mister Jones himself come an' I got permission to stay all night. I went out an' hobbled the pony an' turned him loose to rustle 'round after the rest o' his supper, an' next mornin', after walkin' a half a mile after him, I saddled up, thanked the folks fur their hospitality to me an' my hoss, said goodbye an' rode on to the little town before noon."

"I stayed at my brother's a few days, sold the little hoss, an' then he rode with me to Sherman—at the end of the railroad—to take the hosses back, an' we made the whole distance o' ninety miles in one day. In a few days I was back at the farm wadin' into the spring work like I was a seinin' fur minners. An' the trip done me a heap o' good, only for one thing," said Ben, soberly. Here he removed a pair of blue tinted spectacles from his nose that he usually wore when on the water, wiped his eyes with great deliberation with a voluminous silk handkerchief secreted somewhere in his overshirt, and after replacin' specs and handkerchief and picking up the oars, continued, "Ever sence that trip it 'pears like my eyes hev been kinder weak an' watery, an' I reckon I must a strained 'em that night a-tryin' to keep track o' that durned Texas corn dodger."

The "coincidence" was told, and could it be told on paper in old Ben's inimitable manner, with his ludicrous motions of shaping the dodger and administering the "soothin' surup" to the "little sardeen," and with his serious deliberations of speech, the reader would doubtless have occasion to hold his aching sides, as I did, but an effort to do justice to his quaint droll rehearsal of the "fun he had in Texas" would be as futile as an attempt to paint a streak o' moonshine.

KINGFISHER.

CINCINNATI, O.

TIM AND THE SEVEN PONDS.

TELEGRAMS say the ice has gone from Moosehead Lake.

No doubt this is the best lake in Northern Maine for the sportsmen that prefer to fish in deep water or troll for large trout. The steamboat nuisance has not so badly infested it as it has the once noble lakes of the Rangeley region; nor have high water and low water, new dams and broken dams, as spoken of by your recent correspondent, demoralized the trout and guides so the fish cannot be found. This doubtless is regarded by the State Commissioners as a grand provision of man and nature to restock these Androscoggin lakes. They have become so much depleted they needed rest.

But for greatest number of trout, ranging from 6 ounces to 2½ pounds in weight, and for the greatest amount of sport to the fly fisherman, the Dead River region has no equal. This is clearly proved by the fact that "old-timers" have bid adieu to other waters and turned to Tim and the Seven Ponds. This is true of Bostonians. Very large parties leave soon for these ponds, and still larger numbers are preparing to go about the last of this month or early in June. Those best posted say the ponds will open about two weeks earlier than last year. Mr. Lambert, the favorite landlord at Tim Pond, has been there nearly a month putting wharves, boats and camps in better order than ever before. Edgar Smith and wife are to have charge at Seven Ponds, and their thousands of friends know what this means. A new hotel has been built at Kingfield, furnished in grand style for a country hotel, and is to be run by a man well known and popular in that section of the country. This, as I have said in your columns, has been a great need since the old "tavern" of the place was burned. Thousands with me will rejoice at this

item of news. I am informed on good authority that a competent man proposes to run a stage daily from Kingfield to Smith's Farm. Smith has been ill, but "Ken is himself again."

From a recent conversation with one of the efficient Commissioners of Fish and Game for the good old Pine Tree State, I learn that grand sport is promised to the lovers of salmon fishing at Sebago and on the Penobscot, and when the season opens there will be "no end of fun" for those who like myself gain health and happiness in fighting the gamy black bass in the chain of ponds extending from Monmouth, through Winthrop, Readfield and Mt. Vernon, to Belgrade. Manchester and Gardiner have some of the oldest stocked ponds, but are a little off the line I have named. Maine has now great wealth in all which attracts a true sportsman. Later on I may have something to say of ruffed grouse and large game.

Boston, May 5, 1886.

NOTES FROM EAGLE'S NEST.

TO-MORROW signals the "trout opening" in this vicinity and a hundred rods will bend over the flashing waters of the west branch of the Delaware here, and in over twenty pretty trout streams which are now flashing down our hills close by. For the first time in many years at this date all the snow and ice is gone, the trees are leaving out, the grass is green, the apple trees in blossom and all nature on the broad smile. Where will be my rod to-morrow? Resting in its case beside my rifles and shotguns in the armory. Why? Ten weeks will be reached to-morrow since I have been so near to bliss as I am now, propped up in my invalid chair near the window where I can look out on my green lawn and see the sparkle of my trout brook at the "Pines." Ten weeks of suffering—lingering between life and death—ill fit me for this correspondence, but I can't let the season pass without a note to the dear old paper which has cheered me even in my darkest hour. I do not know now when I will be able to get nearer to the bright water to listen to the long cherished music of forest and stream.

And now, I wouldn't "tell tales out of school" if it was not to prove that our streams, repeatedly stocked by two citizens, dead within two years, John Griffin, John Bennett, and myself, are strangely full of trout.

As early as the 10th inst. Mr. E. S., one of your subscribers and an evident lover of rod and gun, encouraged by my physician to wink at the law, brought to my sick room six speckled trout, the largest ten inches long, the smallest six or more inches. It was a four-day feast, yet he caught them within sight of Eagle's Nest and in a twenty-minute tramp from his store. Bless him for thinking I might love to look on a trout, even if unable to enjoy it. Four days' rations were in those trout, anyway.

And since this little luck loving schoolboys have sent in to "Old Uncle Ned" proof that the alder rod is as good as the split bamboo, and a red worm as potent as an artificial fly.

Dell Maynard, while spearing suckers at night, by accident struck a beauty trout that weighed one pound and a quarter and measured near fourteen inches long. It was sent to cheer and strengthen the invalid. I grieved to see such glorious yellow meat borne away, but I was too sick to eat. I think "Ned Buntline, Jr.," my little five-year-old, could tell a different tale, for he is a chip of the old block and likes to catch fish and eat them, too.

Now, I have got to hold on. I have written as long as I can hold my pen, and must fall back on my "beam ends," as the captain of the Coot would say. From all I hear—and I have many visitors—fishing has not been so promising for years as it is now in Delaware and Sullivan counties.

E. Z. C. JUDSON ("Ned Buntline")

STAMFORD, N. Y., April 31.

POACHING IN SARATOGA.

Editor Forest and Stream.

The following is from a Saratoga paper of to-day:

The Schenectady Gazette has the following, which should engage the attention of our sportsmen: "It is reported that parties are illegally catching black bass in Saratoga county. What are our game clubs for? What are State protectors of game and fish appointed for? It is about time something was done to stop the wholesale slaughter of black bass in Saratoga county by men who use spears, nets and other illegal devices to deplete the lakes and streams in that county of black bass. We are informed that parties have a 'rack' built in the rifts of the creek near East Line and are capturing black bass by the wagon. A few arrests and convictions might prove beneficial." Why don't the town game constables look into this matter?

"Why don't the town game constable look into this matter?" Because it is a well-known fact that in many of the towns of Saratoga county no man can be elected to the office of town game constable unless it is well ascertained that he will wink at infractions of the law. I have heard of one who not only does this, but actually engages in illegal fishing and shooting. In Saratoga county many trout streams are fished with nets in order to supply the hotels. It is said that in July and August "chicken partridges," the young ruffed grouse, are to be found in the ice boxes of the larger hotels.

And what is to be done about all this? There is no public sentiment against it; it would be next to impossible to procure information or secure a conviction. Each man will say "Well, if I don't do it somebody else will, and I don't see why I should not." And so it goes on. Meanwhile this devil-born selfishness is cutting away the limb upon which it is sitting, for year by year fish and game are growing more and more scarce, not because of the destruction of their habitat, but because of the violation of the protective laws by selfish men and the connivance of those whose duty it is to see the laws enforced.

[If the local authorities will do nothing, application should be made to the State game protector of this region. If he cannot or will not act, write to Gen. R. U. Sherman, who will certainly help you if it be in his power. If the bill to appoint a superintendent of game protectors ever becomes a law and a good man shall be nominated for the place, we may hope that outrages, such as those detailed above, will no longer be practiced openly.]

FISHING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—The Malone *Palladium* says: "The roads leading from Malone into the wilderness were never better at this season than they are this year, and if first reports indicate anything the waters in this vicinity have not been more amply stocked in recent years with trout eager to reward the efforts of the angler. Many parties from Malone and a few from abroad have already tested rod and reel in the neighboring waters, and from Meacham and Chateaugay Lake in particular come reports of remark-

able catches. Two rods at Meacham have taken in five hours full twenty-five pounds of speckled trout. At Chateaugay Lake the catches have been made mostly by trolling and the salmon taken have been large both in number and in size. One speckled trout weighing over five pounds has also been caught.

TROUTING IN CALIFORNIA.—San Francisco, May 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* But few trout have been taken in our streams to date because but few anglers have fished them because of the high water and discoloration. The streams in San Mateo county have not been flooded, and consequently fishing has been good. I went down there last week with a party of three, and we fished Tornillas and San Gregorio creeks and filled our creels. These streams are bushy, and fly fishing is difficult and often impossible. These streams are little visited, and therefore they afford better fishing than those which are better known. I learn that Sulphur Creek, in Sonoma county, promises well, but the best fishing near San Francisco is said to be at Crystal Springs, where some of our local anglers have distinguished themselves.—SAN MATEO.

TO COOL WATER.—In a recent book of African travel, mention is made of a linen bag used to hold water, which by evaporation becomes ice cold. Could any African traveler explain how the bag is made and of what precise material?—X. P. [The principle of cooling water by evaporation is a very familiar one, but we should be glad of any information as to the particular mode above alluded to. Old army men and campaigners on the plains will remember how often they have cooled water by wetting the felt with which their canteens are covered. So, too, with the porous crockery used in Mexico, South America and India. In the Southern States this method of cooling water is extensively employed.]

WEST CANADA CREEK.—This once famous trout stream of Herkimer and Hamilton counties, N. Y., still has chances for the angler, owing to repeated stocking by the State and individuals. Mr. John J. Flanagan, president of the St. Lawrence Angler's Association, writes, under date of May 5 from the Mountain Home, that trout are biting lively in the creek and fairly in the lakes. Mr. Flanagan finds Wilmurt Lake too high a climb for his 300 pounds weight, but he has taken several fine trout from the creek. This is a fine stream for both wading and boat fishing, and is easily reached from Herkimer, Prospect or Remsen. Quite a number of anglers are at Ed Wilkinson's, and most of them have done fairly.

HOW GOT HE THERE?—One of the most prominent dairymen of Orange county, N. Y., has a spring on his farm in which for years he has kept a fine brook trout. The dairyman is a most upright and conscientious man, and was grieved to get the following note from a New York man: "The trout you sent me in one of the cans of milk was very fine, thanks; but wasn't that a queer way to send it?" When the dairyman explains it to his neighbors that the trout jumped into the can they grin and say, "O, yes," and this is what puzzles him and us. Perhaps the cow drank the trout, who knows?

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.—A ten-pound salmon was taken last Monday in Gravesend Bay, by John B. Denise, a fisherman of Coney Island. We saw the fish at Middleton & Carman's, in Fulton Market, and looked it over carefully to see if there was a brand of "Cold Spring Harbor" on it, but could not discover it. The fish no doubt is one planted in the Hudson by order of Prof. Baird and was on its way back. It was labelled "The first salmon from the Hudson and probably the last," but all of the inscription may not be true.

MASSACHUSETTS TROUTING.—Ayer, Mass., April 30.—Some trout have been taken in our neighborhood. I am usually quite successful, but have not tried them as yet. Partridges wintered finely about here.—W. F. F.

Fishculture.

AMERICAN CARP CULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

THE regular spring meeting of this Association was held at the St. Charles Hotel, in Philadelphia, on Tuesday, the 4th inst. Universal regrets were expressed because of the absence, for the first time, of the honored president, Judge Parry, by reason of severe sickness. Dr. J. H. Brakeley presided. The following board of officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, William Parry; Vice-President, Dr. J. H. Brakeley; Secretary, Milton P. Peirce; Treasurer, Samuel K. Wilkins; Directors—S. T. Davis, Joseph Pyle, Edwin Tomlinson, George Hamel, Sr., Amos Ebert, Dr. J. H. Brakeley, Dr. E. G. Shortridge. [The president and secretary are *ex-officio* directors.]

An important resolution was passed respecting the establishment of a monthly journal.

Information having been sought by members of various State Legislatures concerning a close time for carp in public waters, and inasmuch as such waters throughout the country are rapidly becoming stocked with millions of surplus young carp from thousands of ponds, and there being as yet no laws regulating the same, it was

Resolved, That this Association respectfully recommend that the taking of carp in public waters, by any process whatever, be prohibited throughout the Northern States between the last day of March and the first day of October, and in the Southern States for such longer period as experienced carp culturists there may deem necessary, probably with the addition of March and October to the close season.

A committee was appointed, with Dr. S. T. Davis as chairman, to make such arrangements as they may deem proper for a carp dinner upon the occasion of the fall meeting in 1886.

The Association desires it more generally known that they are not a company for speculative purposes, but a national organization for the mutual benefit of carp culturists, their only income being derived from membership fees, the same (and much more in addition) being expended for the issue of documents—no person connected with the organization receiving salary or emoluments of any kind. The membership fee is \$1, and any person interested in carp culture may become a member.

MILTON P. PEIRCE, Secretary,

44 North Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A GOLD MEDAL.—Fish Commissioner E. G. Blackford was on Saturday morning visited by a delegation of the members of the Assembly under the leadership of Hon. E. P. Doyle, for the purpose of presenting a gold medal which had been bestowed upon him by the Department of Fishculture of the Lower Seine, France. This medal was sent by the French Government to Governor Hill, and by him placed in the hands of this delegation to present to Mr. Blackford. The inscription on the medal is, "Mr. Blackford, Commissioner of Fisheries of the State of New York, Departement De La Seine-Inferieure La Commission de Pisciculture, 30 Novembre, 1885."

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

A MEETING of the New York Fish Commission was held at the hatching house, Caledonia, on Wednesday, May 5. Messrs. R. B. Roosevelt, E. G. Blackford, W. H. Bowman and Gen. Richard U. Sherman were present. The meeting was called for the purpose of considering the report to the Legislature which has been prepared, and also to inspect some land which adjoins the grounds of the State that have been thought should be purchased in order to get a more convenient entrance to the hatchery.

The report was read and agreed to, and it will be presented to the Legislature within a few days. It will be larger than any previous one and will be a valuable document, giving details of the work done at all the hatcheries, and will be more than a mere account of waters stocked and a list of shipments of eggs and fry. It was decided that it was inexpedient to purchase the property adjoining the grounds at Caledonia, as the owner demanded too high a price for it. It was also voted to authorize Gen. Sherman to employ a secretary to the Fishery Commission. Reports were received from the different hatcheries, showing a large increase in the work.

After the business was disposed of, the Commissioners rigged up their rods and tried the wild trout in the stream, and took brook trout, brown trout and rainbow trout. The Commissioners expressed themselves pleased at the condition of the hatchery and ponds.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 22.—Eighteenth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

May 18, 19, 20 and 21.—Third Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club, St. Louis, Mo. Geo. Munson, Manager.

May 25, 26 and 27.—First Dog Show of the Ninth Regiment, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. W. H. Tuck, Secretary, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

July 20, 21, 22 and 23.—Milwaukee Dog Show. John D. Olcott, Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sept. 14, 15, 16 and 17.—First fall dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3689.

NOTES FROM THE OCCIDENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Accept my most cordial greetings. My Federal duties have prevented me from writing to your journal on many subjects which interest lovers of good dogs, but I have read its glowing pages every week with real pleasure. This very moment I am greatly gratified by reading that Beaufort, the grand pointer owned by my valued friend Mason, has won the champion ribbon at Newark against Graphie. I never saw the latter, but consider Beaufort the best large pointer I have seen in many a day. With the exception of one or two minor points he comes nearer to my idea of what a dog of his kind ought to be than any pointer I remember. What those points are I will not say, as you may think me too hard to please and hypercritical. And Mason will say I want a dog made to order! Beaufort is certainly a splendid specimen of the modern pointer, and far in advance of Croxteth *et id omne genus*.

I am glad Americans are purchasing some of England's best St. Bernards and mastiffs. Merchant Prince must be a noble animal from all I have read of him, and only second to the grandest dog I ever saw and which I persuaded Mr. Hearn to import—Rector. He may not have been perfect as a typical St. Bernard; but his vast size (I measured him 35½ inches at shoulder at Crystal Palace, London, in 1881) and majestic carriage entitled him to be called the king of the canine race. Had I been the happy possessor of much gold and abused silver, Mr. "Fritz" Emmet would never have been a mourner over the grave of that lost love, for Rector would have been mine over and above any dog I ever saw, of any breed, and at no matter how long a price.

In vain have I endeavored to induce some of our wealthy citizens here to invest in No. 1 specimens of man's most faithful friend, the dog. Absolutely in vain have been all my efforts. A man here who will give a few hundreds for a mastiff, a St. Bernard, a setter, a pointer, a Newfoundland, or even a greyhound—fond as some of our people are of coursing—is looked upon as fit for Barnum or for an asylum!

There is some talk of a bench show, but where the dogs are to come from—except from the East—I "dinna ken!" There are some fair setters and greyhounds here, a very few noticeable pointers, and so far as I know (and I have pretty accurate knowledge of them) not one mastiff, St. Bernard, Newfoundland, deerhound, field spaniel, bulldog, bull-terrier, (except my Kitten) or type of any other breed which could under a good and conscientious judge win even lie in an established and reputable Eastern bench show.

I tried to induce some men of means to bring Memnon and Mother Demdike, those two grand greyhounds, out here, the price being quite reasonable. No, not one could be persuaded to touch them. Apropos of greyhounds, I recently induced a friend to purchase of Mr. H. W. Smith, the owner of Memnon and Mother Demdike, five puppies by Friday Night out of Demdike. They arrived here recently in the most pitiable and filthy condition imaginable. They were almost starved, were so weak they could scarcely stand and the box they were expressed in was not large enough for three of their size. Such a cruel piece of work on the part of the sender and the expressman of Wells, Fargo & Co. in charge, deserves severest condemnation. It will deter me from ever again inducing any friend to transport puppies from the East.

A man who is not kind and considerate, where the welfare of our little four-footed friends is concerned, would be pitiless with children at the same tender age. I may be laughed at, but the comfort of my dogs must be guarded with almost as much solicitude as I would extend to human beings.

There are many lovers of the horse here, revelling in lucre, whom I am trying to interest, too, in fine dogs, and to get them to import the best specimens of several breeds. They have fine "ranches" on which to create kennels. A man who doesn't love horses and dogs, and women and children, has got an infernally mean streak in him somewhere, don't you think? The fact is, people here generally seem to manifest a total indifference to good dogs. They display ignorance about them that is really laughable, and appear to think that the man who does own them, or knows anything about them, is a queer kind of a fellow anyway. In my opinion a man can show great brain power, and all kinds of talent, or genius, and yet know a thing or two about the canine kingdom. "A man's a man, for all that," don't you agree with me? Out here by the Western Sea you can almost count on your fingers the men who take a real interest in this subject, or who read the papers

devoted to that kind of literature, and know a bull-terrier from a fox-terrier, or don't call a deerhound a staghound.

Why, I just this moment sent a messenger to the Bohemian Club to borrow for five minutes its copy of your paper (or one devoted to similar subjects), my own having been lost, and the response came back to me, "They are not taken any more, no readers." I was amazed, because from the luminous pages of FOREST AND STREAM I derive not only pleasure and amusement, but profit and instruction on many subjects linked with outdoor life, and which "greater than me" can afford to peruse. Why, your columns on natural history alone are worthy of the scholar's study. I never spent a couple of hours over the "North American Review," or "Macaulay's Essay's," or "Baxter's Saint's Rest," or the endless accounts of unquenchable and incomprehensible "Shiloh," that I didn't want to woo recreation and comfort in the pages which tell me, as well as do yours, of sports afloat and ashore. I think it is Balzac who says, "If those who are the enemies of manly sports had the direction of the world, they would take away the spring and youth—the former from the year and the latter from human life."

But I am wandering, and only intended sending you a few lines of kindly greeting. I hope we will have a bench show and that a judge or judges from the East will be requested to visit us. The fact is, people who have been living here for the past five and twenty or even for the last ten years without crossing the Sierras, have no idea how great an improvement there has been in all breeds of dogs, and unless they have very recently paid visits to the Westminster Kennel Club show, or some other of equal fame, their knowledge of dogs and dog lore cannot be valuable, to say the least, and their judgment as to points must have fallen into "innocuous desuetude."

STUART TAYLOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 1.

THE NEW YORK SHOW.

THE tenth annual dog show, under the management of the Westminster Kennel Club, opened in this city on Tuesday last and closed Friday night. It was held at the Madison Square Garden, a place better suited to the purpose than any other that we know of in this country, for there is always room in it, and it is always light and well ventilated.

The show was excellently managed. The dogs were benched in the usual fashion, and were kept well provided with clean straw and fresh water. Their comfort was well looked after. They were fed on Spratts Patent biscuit. On one point the management was open to very severe criticism, and much annoyance was caused by, and complaint made of, the order in which the dogs were benched. Exhibitors were allowed to place all their dogs together no matter what the classes to which the different animals belonged. Thus in looking through what he supposed to be a certain class, the visitor would suddenly come upon dogs of a different class, and would find the numbers running in most eccentric and unexpected fashion, to his utter bewilderment. This method has to be recommended only the fact that it saves a keeper a few steps in caring for the animals, and that it pleases the owner, who likes to see his dogs together. The men whose duty it is to take the animals into the judging ring suffer, however, and the reporters who also have to find the dogs, and above all the intelligent visitor, who desires to compare certain dogs in the class, is greatly inconvenienced by the confusion. This sort of thing should not be tolerated. The dogs should be benched in order, the classes and the numbers following one another in regular rotation. With the exception of this unfortunate mistake, the management was very creditable, and Mr. Mortimer is entitled to high praise for his share in it. The first three days of the show were pleasant, but on Friday it rained, which somewhat cut down the attendance of that day. On the whole, however, the attendance was fair, and many well known New Yorkers dropped into the show every day.

The quality of the different classes varied greatly, as will be seen from our remarks on the dogs. Some of the classes which are usually best were this year quite ordinary, and others, which are usually poor, were much above average.

We regret to have to speak of the judging, which was, on the whole, the worst which we have ever seen at a dog show, and created almost universal dissatisfaction. The trouble began with the printing of the catalogue, in which Mr. Kirk was given as the judge, among other classes, for mastiffs and St. Bernards, while the fact is that Dr. Perry judged the former, and Mr. Tucker the latter. Mr. Kirk was very unfortunate in many of his decisions, though it was pleaded in his behalf that too many classes had been assigned to him, and that he was obliged to hurry through them in one day in order to return home. This excuse, however, gave no special relief to the exhibitors. Mr. Tracy made terrible work with the pointers, and Dr. Perry was unfortunate with his mastiffs. The setter judging, with one or two exceptions, was fairly satisfactory, the collies and fox-terriers the same, and the St. Bernards were well handled; but the miscellaneous class was judged in most extraordinary fashion. It was the opinion among those best qualified to judge that very many of the classes were slaughtered. There were a great many sales at the show, among them several champions. Robert le Diable is said to have brought \$800, Molly Bawn \$400; Trux's price is confidential.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF ENTRIES.

BREEDS.	1877	1878	1879	1880	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886
Mastiffs.....	26	13	20	36	24	96	61	40	42	44
St. Bernards.....	17	16	14	33	24	52	64	97	73	92
Berghounds.....	8	5	5
Newfoundlands.....	12	13	20	25	7	20	8	15	17	11
Greyhounds.....	18	23	15	15	28	28	20	16	19	24
Deerhounds.....	9	4	5	7	4	11	5	18	14	15
Pointers.....	131	83	128	144	125	144	112	149	100	96
English setters.....	203	123	157	335	160	172	159	150	77	102
Black and tan setters.....	65	64	73	74	91	58	56	35	36	35
Irish setters.....	149	108	158	135	97	99	97	105	84	81
Chesapeake Bay dogs.....	7	3	4	1	..
Irish water spaniels.....	11	17	8	7	10	17	6	3	1	1
Field spaniels.....	32	18	31	41	43	56	8	13	20	19
Cocker spaniels.....	45	31	39	59	59
Boxhounds.....	14	48	9	9	18	13	10	13	5	14
Beagles.....	6	5	15	13	36	13	10	22	26	31
Basset hounds.....
Dachshunds.....	16	11	8	9	17	12	6	11	19	10
Fox-terriers.....	25	26	45	63	69	60	56	78	50	89
Collies.....	8	19	16	31	50	60	71	72	85	103
Bulldogs.....	10	10	8	19	15	14	23	20	17	12
Bull-terriers.....	11	29	36	94	23	24	15	19	34	25
Skye terriers.....	23	17	15	16	19	12	14	14	7	8
Irish terriers.....	4	3	5	..	5
Rough terriers.....	10	4	4	11	..
Black and tans.....	13	20	13	9	6	14	8	6	9	8
Dandie Dinmonts.....	10	3	3	6	5	6	4	3	6	3
Bedlington terriers.....
Yorkshire terriers.....	..	39	56	26	30	18	22	35	80	79
Toy terriers.....	21	12	9	18	5	10	10	11	13	8
Pugs.....	27	30	23	33	22	32	40	47	31	23
Toy spaniels.....	8	13	13	9	13	15	10	16	18	29
Italian greyhounds.....	6	14	9	10	10	..	6	5	30	15
Poodles.....
Miscellaneous.....	23	8	27	38	23	18	26	11	28	19
Retrievers.....
Great Danes.....

We give below a detailed account of the dogs and the judging:

MASTIFFS—(DR. PERRY).

The quality of these classes was not quite so good as it was last year, and, as usual, the best specimens exhibited were bred in England. With first-class stock at their disposal, American breeders should succeed in producing better speci-

mens than Homer and Boss. Of the puppies exhibited this year none will equal in good looks the dogs just named, and this looks as if there was something wrong. With this hint to the mastiff breeders we pass to the dogs themselves. Homer, Prussian Princess, Rosalind and Lady Gladys are of correct type, in good condition. The open dog class contained fourteen entries, and the quality was above the average. With the champion dogs to set the type, Dr. Perry should not have made any bad mistakes, but he was not fortunate in his selections. He did not award prizes to poor dogs, but he did not keep to type, and several of the dogs selected for leading positions cannot possibly be first-rate if others, such as Prussian Princess, Rosalind and Lady Gladys are of correct type, as we believe they are. Baby, placed first, has few good points, and we can assure those who regard him as a crack that they are woefully mistaken. He is a dog of fair size, stands well on his legs and is a good mover. This is all that can be said in his favor. His muzzle is too long and lacks in width; his skull, too, is faulty, and his ears are too big. He stands too high on the legs, is very light in bone and faulty in feet, and there is a lack of substance all through him. Add to these faults a rather boudy expression and our readers have a truthful description of Baby; vhc. was his place. Boss, placed second, is a more massive and better-boned specimen than Baby, and after cutting him for his faulty muzzle and expression, there would be left several points in his favor. We would have placed him third. Ilford Caution, third prize, should have scored rather an easy win. Pharaoh, hc., should have been second. He is not a big dog, but shows more true mastiff character than either Baby or Boss. He is above the average in head, and is a well-formed dog of good substance and bone. His eyes are rather light and his ears are too large. Vulcan, vhc., is long in coat and faulty in head; a c. card would have been quite sufficient for him in this class. Bismarck, c., is a very poor specimen; he is very faulty in head and feet, and shows little character. Dictator, hc., although small is of good type and deserved his card. Hector, c., is a better dog than either Vulcan, Bismarck or Jag. The last named is faulty at both ends. Lady Gladys showed far more character than anything in the bitch class. This is a good specimen. She has a better skull than any bitch in America, has a good frame, plenty of substance, and a fair amount of bone. She is faulty from the hips down, and would be improved by more depth of muzzle. Ilford Cambria, second prize, is too long in face, and is light in bone and faulty in feet. She is a big bitch and has a good body. We would have placed her third. Hilda V., vhc. and reserve, was our choice for second place. This bitch is well known. Regina, third prize, is faulty in head, vhc. was her place. Venice, c., is too long in face. Lorna, c., is boudy in head, heavy in ears, crooked in forelegs, and she lacks character. Queen II., well known, was our choice for the reserve card, and we thought it a very close thing between her and Ilford Cambria for third place. Dog puppies were not a good lot. Sir Roderick, placed first, scored an easy win; he is faulty in muzzle and lacks in volume of skull. Ajax, second prize, will never make a good one; he is long in head, domed in skull, and has a bad tail. The bitches, although not a good class, were better than the dogs. Lady Florence, first prize, and Regina II., second prize, are faulty in head. The other entries are not show dogs and commendation cards were withheld.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. TUCKER).

The quality of these classes was about the same as at last year's exhibition, and the dogs were nicely handled by Mr. Tucker, who made quite a favorable impression as a judge. Duke of Leeds, well shown, had no difficulty in beating Ocho for the champion prize for rough-coated dogs, and Miranda, in the corresponding bitch class, scored a rather easy victory over Mr. Heam's old favorite Gertie. These dogs are too well known to require further comment. Of the seventeen entries in the open dog class Merchant Prince was much the best, and Bosco II. was well placed second. Courage II. and Rudolph II. came next. The former, in better shape than his opponent, was rightly placed third, but we think Rudolph a trifle the better dog. A full description of these dogs may be found in our report of the Newark show. Nero (Ehrich's), vhc., is faulty in head, and the same may be said of Schoonover, hc., and Barney, vhc. The latter is good in bone. Og, vhc., is a fairly good dog, not very strong in any point and not very bad. Prince Leopold, vhc., whose good looks were overlooked at Newark, well deserved his vhc. card, but Duke, c., was rather fortunate in receiving mention. He is faulty in head, ears and tail and shows little St. Bernard character. The ten bitches entered did not make a very strong class. Lady Athol, too long in face and light of bone, made a good first, and St. Bride, faulty in head and out of condition, was just about second best, although she was closely pressed by Margery, whose color is against her. Sheila, described in our Newark report, was vhc. Lady Clyde, vhc., lacks character and her color is not good, still she was in her right place. In the champion class for smooth-coated dogs Don II., in good condition, easily beat Verone. He was very badly shown. Both are well known, the former being the better dog. The magnificent Leila was alone in the bitch class. In the open dog class it was a close thing between St. Botolph and Hector, the latter rather better in head and with youth on his side, was properly placed first. Cora, third, is cheaky, faulty in ears and straight behind. Trust, vhc., gets worse in head as he gets older. Barkis, vhc., is faulty at both ends and so is Berg, vhc., in addition to being light in bone and bad in feet. Pluto, c., is leggy, light and faulty in expression. Flora II. was the best of six bitches and Belle of Stirling, faulty in head, was rightly placed second. Alma II., of good type, but small and faulty behind, was third best. Tony, vhc., has bad shoulders and is light in limb, cheaky and small. She shows character. The puppies were a poor lot and nobody seems able to breed a dog that can approach in good looks the imported stock. Barry, first, was the best of the rough-coated dogs; his best points are his coat and color. He is faulty in head and eyes. The second prize winner (three months old) lacks character. Byron, third prize, was absent when we called on him. Hero, vhc., is faulty in head and color. St. Triphon, c., has a very poor head and shows little character. Carlos, hc., is very faulty in head and ears. The two last-named were hardly worthy of notice. The three bitches were a very seedy lot. Lucy, first prize, is faulty in head and is very light in limbs. Gipsy, second prize, is of poor color and has a bad head. Ise, vhc., has a most peculiar head. She is very short in skull and too long by half in muzzle. We would have withheld the prizes in this class. The smooth-coated dogs were little better than their rough-coated brethren. In the dog class, Cardinal, faulty in head ears and expression, was placed over Leo. Here we cannot agree with the judge, for although Leo is but three months old and Cardinal eleven months, the youngster shows far more character and is better in head, bone, color and markings. Noble II., vhc., is not worth a card in any company; he has a very bad head. Cryl, first in the bitch class, is only moderate, and Queen of Sheba is not likely to be heard from at future shows. Mr. Haines showed some fairly good specimens in the puppy classes, but they were not exhibited for competition.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. KIRK).

With the exception of the first and second prize winners, the class was very poor. Bruno, placed first, has the best of Major in size and bone, but the latter is of better type and is much better than Bruno in coat, tail and body, and is quite his equal in head and ears. Rocks, vhc., is faulty in head, eyes and ears. Juno II., hc., is faulty in head, coat and eyes; she is too small. Guy, c., is faulty in head, eyes and coat.

GREY DANES—(MR. KIRK).

The best class we have seen at New York. Tiger, first prize, is much above the average in head, size and limbs, and is a

good-looking dog. Bismarck, second prize, is of fair size, but his head is not nearly so good as the winner's. Café-au-lait, hc., was third best. Tigress, vhc., is a fairly good puppy, but she is much too long and flat in loin, and her feet are faulty. Hector, c., is too small for a show dog. Nero, hc., and Jumbo, vhc., are faulty in head and expression. We did not see them off the bench, and they may have had faults that escaped our attention.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. KIRK).

There were 24 entries in these classes, and the average quality was about the same as at the other spring shows. The two champions, Memnon and Mother Demdick, were in wretched condition, and had we been the judge we would have disqualified both. Harlequin scored a very easy win in the open dog class, and second prize should have been withheld for want of merit. Joe Juniper, placed second, has wretched head and ears, is very straight behind and heavy in neck. He is a big coarse dog, sadly deficient in greyhound points. Rajah, vhc., and Rawhe, hc., are not show dogs, but they are better specimens than Joe Juniper. Louise, a black bitch, shown in elegant condition, was first in the next class. She is very faulty before the eyes, straight behind, and too long from the hocks down; she is too stout in body for her strength of limbs, and we would have placed her second. Juno, second prize, is a very poor specimen, scarcely worth a commendation card; she is weak in muzzle, full in eyes, light in bone, weak in pasterns, has bad feet, and is very faulty behind. Hawthorne Belle, vhc., was just about the best in the class; she was fully described in our New Haven report. Lady Maud, vhc., is very faulty in head, ears and eyes; she did not deserve a card. Sister in Black that was first at Boston and second at Hartford, was first in the puppy class, and was the best of a bad lot. Dora, second prize, although a poor specimen, was just about good enough for second prize; her head is very bad. Misting, hc., was not worth a card; a very poor specimen. The same may be said of Bold Brigand, vhc.; he is flat in loin, shallow in body, slab-sided, and very faulty in head and ears. Ahwaga Chief is a strong dog, faulty in head and lacking in character; he deserved his card.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. KIRK).

Chieftain, Roy, Mac and Perth were the entries in the champion class, and Mr. Thayer's grand dog scored an easy win. Bras, first prize in the open class for dogs, was fully described in our Hartford report; he has improved in condition, and while he is better in head than Bevis III., second prize, the latter is his superior in almost every other point save size. Bryan, vhc., is faulty in head, eyes and coat. Heather, well known, was hc. Mr. Kirk made a fearful blunder in the bitch class. Wanda was a very easy winner and Heather Belle, hc., was much the best for second place; she is faulty in head and stands too high behind, but shows character, and is a bitch of fair size. Mercia, second prize, is a very poor specimen; she has a wretched head, is small, faulty in coat, and shows little deerhound character; a commendation card should make her feel very happy. Storma, faulty in ears, ribs and loin, and not first-class in other respects, was the only puppy shown and was given first prize.

POINTERS—(MR. TRACY).

Ninety-six pointers were entered, with sixteen absentees. With the exception of the show held in 1878, this is the smallest number of pointers ever shown at New York, being four less than last year. These figures include the dogs shown by the club. There were quite a number of very fine animals shown, notably the exhibit of the Graphic Kennel. Aside from a score or so of the really good dogs present, the average was not equal to that of previous shows. Next year we shall expect to see a great improvement, especially in the puppy classes. Last year and the year before the pointer judging was remarkable for the many erroneous decisions made, and we regret to add that there was no improvement this year in this respect. In FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 23 is an article entitled "Ancient and Modern Setters," written by Mr. Tracy, in which he says, "The uniform lesson of old pictures is that our best types of setters existed as long ago as any record can be traced." In summing up he says, "Surely if every ornamental point as well as every useful point in the breed is a heritage from the distant past, we ought to so frame our standard as to guard all of them from change or innovation." This in a great measure will apply to the pointer as well as the setter, especially so in some of the more important characteristics of the breed. We failed to find, however, in some of the animals selected for high honors, much resemblance to the pictures of the past or present time. If Mr. Tracy could get his pointers as nearly right in the ring as he does on canvas, we should have no occasion to find fault with his decisions. In the champion class for large dogs, Robert le Diable was placed over Graphic. This decision we cannot indorse. Robert has filled out and does not lack so much in substance as when shown here last year, and is improved in appearance thereby. He is a very good dog, but not good enough to beat Graphic. Our description of him in our report of the New York show last year, with the exception above noted, holds good to-day. He is also tied up in shoulders, which can be readily seen when he gallops. Our opinion that he is not the best of his kind is not weakened by the fact that he was sold during the show by a club whose ambition it is to possess the best kennel in the country. In the bitch class, Revel III. was alone. She was in elegant condition, as were her kennel companions. In the open dog class Tammany was placed first, Duke of Bergen second, and Fritz third, with Danby, William Tell and Tempter, vhc. All are well-known and have been frequently described. Fritz was the best of the class, and should have been first, with Tammany second and William Tell third. Danby and Tempter were well placed. Duke of Bergen was just about worth the three letters. Drake, not looking his best, was hc. Frank, the Flock-Finder, also deserved the two letters at least, for his good head, chest, legs and feet. He is a big dog with plenty of bone. He is somewhat coarse and too throaty, but one of the best movers in the class. In the bitch class Seph G., placed first, has a fair head, body and legs. Her ears are carried badly and she lacks depth of muzzle. She is also light in bone, has moderate feet and a coarse tail that has been docked; vhc. was about her place. Jilt, placed third, was looking well. She was the best in the class and should have been first. There was not much to choose between Nell, Nan and Vera for second place. The latter is a good looking bitch, a little off in back and too straight behind. In the champion light-weight class for dogs Bracket won the prize and his kennel companion Meally won in the bitch class. In the open dog class Mr. Tracy placed Consolation over four better dogs. Mr. White, who bred this dog, publicly announced previous to the judging, that he had made a change in business, but would also "indulge to a limited extent in the continuance of a favorite theory of pointer breeding, which he has been studying for some time past. His dogs will not be for sale, however, and will be confined to the number needed to carry out the experiment." As he had sold Consolation it is to be inferred that the goal of his ambition was not yet obtained. After the wonderful merit of the dog had been discovered by the judge, however, his breeder paraded him before the public as the culmination of his fondest hopes, the result of long years of study and experiment. We have bred many pointers and occasionally one would turn up approaching in form this wonder, but, like Mr. White, we soon got rid of all such specimens. We have never seen a dog of this stamp that possessed both speed and endurance. There are exceptions to all rules however, and we are informed by gentlemen in who we have the utmost confidence, that this dog can go and stay. He is a small dog, hardly good looking with good neck, loin, tail, legs and feet. His head is not good, his chest is shallow and he is too narrow at hips, he is badly out at elbows and stands very awkward in front. He should have been

content with her, even in this company. Nick of Naso, second, showed more pointer character than any in the class, he should have been first. Puck, winner of third, is fair in shoulders, chest and fore feet. He is weak in head, with ears set too high; he has a deformed last rib, is weak from hocks down, and is not straight in front; he should not have received a card. Bang Grace, reserve, was worth the place; he has filled out and improved. Castor, vhc., was one letter higher than he deserved. Tom Peter, hc., was the second best in the class. He is quite a fair all round dog, with no serious faults except that he is a trifle weak in head; he was in working condition. Slam Bang, hc., was lucky. He is bad in head and ear, very throaty and only passable at other points. Doctor, the best in the class, was ruled out as over weight. He has a fair head, good shoulders, chest, loin, legs and feet, and a good tail. In the bitch class first went to Keswick II. A description will be found of her in our report of the Cleveland show; we had a better opportunity to see her move here; her gait behind is very bad and indicates weakness. For this reason we should place Blo-mo, winner of second, over her; the latter is a nice little bitch, good in body, chest, legs and feet and tail. She is a little off in head and might be better in bone. Jill, placed third, was worth about nc. She is fairly well formed, but is weak in head, a trifle wide in front, and lacks character. Jon, reserve, should have been third. She is fair in head, shoulders and chest, and very good in loin, bone, legs and feet. She is a bit wide in front and straight behind. Next to her we liked Young Beulah, vhc., a nice lemon and white, with a pretty head, good body, chest, legs and feet; her ears might hang better, and she is a trifle wide in front and coarse in tail. Lalla Rookh was looking well and deserved her card. Happy Medium, also vhc., was looking fairly well. Virginia received the three letters, but with her poor head and bad condition he would have been sufficient. Jane, hc., is a pretty bitch, well worth her card. Beldame, c., would not have disgraced another letter. In the dog puppy class, over 12 and under 18 months, first went to Consolation, winner in the open class. Rosedale, second, is not a good one. His head is only fair, with too small eyes; he is slack in back and has open feet. Nixon, reserve, is a big, coarse dog, not square enough in muzzle, too wide in front and straight behind; he is fairly well formed, and deserved second. First prize should have been withheld. Ros, vhc., is a fair looking dog, weak in muzzle, with bad eyes and lacking in character; he also had a tumor on his chest. Queen Fan was alone in the corresponding bitch class. She is a nice little bitch, a bit weak in head, with good neck, shoulders and body, and fair legs and feet. In the class for puppies under 12 months first went to Penelope, a handsome, fairly well-made one with the best of feet. She promises to turn out something good. We liked Sir Anthony better for the place; he has the best head and shows more quality than any in the class. He is a very promising youngster. He is a trifle faulty in shoulders and tail. His litter brother and sister, Beau of Portland and May F., respectively vhc. and hc., are also nice puppies, and worth their cards. Two of this litter, also entered, smothered in their box on the way. Monte, placed second, is quite pretty and promising; he is a bit lathy, but has plenty of bone and may come out all right. Virgilus, vhc., is also quite promising. Taken all through, the puppies that were noticed were a very fair lot.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. DONNER).

There were 103 entries this year, against 76 last year and 154 two years ago. The average quality was better than last year, and take them all round they were a fair lot. In the absence of Mr. Wilson, the regularly appointed judge, the managers appointed Mr. J. O. Donner to act in his place. Mr. Tallman, although perfectly satisfied so far as the other classes were concerned, objected to him as judge in the champion dog class upon the ground that he had previously judged the dogs entered, and that the result was a foregone conclusion. Although visitors are entitled to no voice in the matter, the selection of judges being entirely within the province of the committee, the managers, however, allowed the competitors to select a judge that was mutually satisfactory, and they agreed to abide by the decision of Hon. John S. Wise, who decided that Foreman was entitled to the blue. He was in better form than we have seen him this year. Rockingham was also looking well and should have won. Old Thunder was shown, but not for competition. He carries his years well and was fat, but showed lack of grooming. Mr. Donner took the remaining classes, and with two or three exceptions, handled them very well. In the open dog class, Rock, winner of third last year, was placed first. He was shown a trifle low in flesh and his coat was not at its best, neither did he move at all well. Gus Bondhu, looking better than we have ever seen him, was placed second. He is better than Rock, and should have had the place. Mack B., third, and Mandan, reserve, are also better than Rock. He should have been content with the reserve card. All are well-known. Bob White and Glen Rock, both vhc., are also well-known. Count Ranger, also vhc., is a taking color, and has good loin, legs and feet. He is rather plain in head and a bit shallow in chest. Patch, hc., is fairly well made, with good legs and feet. Buckeye II., also hc., is rather a nice dog with a plain head. Clyde T. also received the two letters; he is a fair specimen with an ordinary head and straight stifle. Shot, c., we failed to find in his stall. Dan, c., is a big dog with many good points; he would not have disgraced the two letters. Carl Dale, also c., deserved his card for his good head. Prince Imperial, Prince Jester, Roderigo and Knight of Snowden were absent. The bitch class brought out two good ones in Daisy and Cora of Wetherall. Daisy, placed first, is a very taking looking animal; she has a nice coat and is of good color, with a beautiful neck, the best of shoulders, good chest, bone, forelegs and feet, her ribs are just the least bit too much sprung, giving her the appearance of being slightly round in barrel; her head is not a good one, too short in skull for width, too full in cheek and lacking in stop; she might be better just behind top of shoulder and has a weak spot at back rib; there is not bend enough at hocks, which are not quite clean enough; she also carries her tail badly; she shows lots of quality, and take her all round she is a very nice bitch; the faults mentioned, except in head and tail, not being great in degree. Cora, placed second, should have been first, as she is the better bitch; she has a wonderful head, good neck, shoulders, chest, back, loin, legs, feet and tail; she is well balanced and moves easier than Daisy; she is out of coat and the lack of it on her chest gives her the appearance of being a bit leggy; she is not quite so well sprung in ribs as we like to see; she has recently arrived from England and was not in first-class form; should she show up in good shape next year we shall look to see her sweep the deck. Rosey, placed third, was in better condition than at Cleveland, and deserved her place. Dashing Belle, reserve, was looking well. Bess M., vhc., is well made, but coarse. Chesten, also vhc., was shown too thin; she is well formed, with a plain head, Daisy Laverack, well known, also received the three letters. Leindor, heavily marked with black, was hc.; she received all that she deserved. Mirth Elgin, a very fair lemon and white, also received the two letters, as did old Cornelia, looking very well for her years. Alice Dale received only a single letter; one or even two more would not have been out of place. Drncy, unnoticed, did not show up at all well. She is a very well-made bitch, with capital legs and feet; she is a bit plain in head, but just about as good as any of the vhc.s. Addie M., also unnoticed, was nearly as good, and Fannie M. we thought worth a card. Lillian was absent. In the dog puppy class, over 12 and under 18 months, first went to Draco, a good-looking son of Dash III. Ned, placed second, has a plain head, but otherwise he is quite fair. The reserve went to Prince Dash, winner of first at Newark. He was looking fairly well and

came very close to the winners. Druid's Rock, hc., was shown too thin. Warwick, also hc., is a bit leggy and lathy, but may improve. Shot, c., is a strong coarse puppy. The bitches were few and poor. Vhc. was all that the best one could do. The class for dogs and bitches under 12 months was better in numbers and contained several quite promising ones. First went to Daisy Foreman, greatly improved since New Haven, where she received vhc. Countess Leah, placed second, is a nice bitch, a bit shallow in chest. Reserve went to Chintz, a well built, rather coarse dog, not in good condition. Gath Dale, vhc., promises well and was worth his card. Prince Rockingham, also vhc., was lucky by one letter. He has a good coat, a moderate head, good legs and feet and loin. He is too straight behind and has a broken tail, and wants a year to mature. Lulu also received three letters. She is well known. We liked Rock Glen, hc. He also needs a year to fill out, when we shall expect to see him higher up. There was nothing else in the class that calls for special notice.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS—(MR. GLOVER).

There were 38 black and tan setters entered with three absentees. In the champion class Argus was absent, and Royal Duke had a walkover. The open dog class was a more even looking lot than we have seen in the ring in some time. Mont, winner of first, is a new comer. He is a nice dog, with a fair head, well put together, with good coat and color and capital legs and feet. Second and third went to Phil and Don, both well-known. They were looking well. Friedlander's Don, reserve, is a fairly well-made dog, with good head, legs and feet. Bruce, vhc., won third here two years ago. He has grown coarse and his coat was not in good condition. Jim, hc., has a good head and lots of bone. He is heavy at shoulders and out at elbows, and might be better in feet. Dash, c., is fairly good with a sour expression, and a little off in color and markings. Macbeth, also c., is a nice-looking dog with a fair head. He is a trifle shallow in chest. The bitches were not so good as the dogs. First went to Madge, looking better than we have ever seen her. Jip, winner of second, is a moderate specimen with too much tan on head. Crenmore, winner of third, was vhc. at Newark. Perley won in the champion class here two years ago. She has grown wide in front and does not move well. She was shown too fat. There was nothing else in the class worthy notice. The puppies were not a very good lot. The winner has a fair head with plenty of bone and good legs and feet. If he goes all right he will do to show again. These classes were well judged.

IRISH SETTERS—(MR. GLOVER).

There were sixty-seven Irish setters entered, seventeen less than last year. All were present except four. In the champion dog class Elcho, Jr. beat Blarney and Chief. All were in good form. The famous Berkley, looking very well, was also in this class, but not for competition. In the bitch class Reeta and Trix were not for competition, leaving the battle to Molly Bawn and Faun. The former won and soon afterward changed owners. The price paid was \$400. In the open dog class first went to Bruce, looking his best. Burke, winner of second, has greatly improved since last year. He is a bit wide in skull and lacks stop, but otherwise is quite good. Third went to Tim, notwithstanding his bad condition. We should like to see this dog in good form, as we think him about as good as the best. Glenclaire, vhc., is a grand young dog not yet fully mature; he was several pounds heavier than at Hartford, and was greatly improved in appearance. We thought him fully as good as Burke, and had he been given equal second with him, no fault could have been found. He has not quite stop enough and carries his tail too high. Gerald, also vhc., beat Glenclaire at Hartford, but cannot do it when they are in equal condition. Chief II. got all he deserved. He is not quite up to the others. Glencho Boy, hc., is better than Chief II. and might have exchanged places with him. Patsy also received hc., just about his place in this company. Glen Elcho and Pat Glencho, both hc., were well placed. In the bitch class first went to the well known Hazel; she was looking well and deserved the place. Lorna, looking well, was second. Rue, placed third, we thought good enough for second. She has a nice clean cut head and has no serious faults. She is a little light in color, but as she is only a year old she will undoubtedly improve in this respect. If nothing befalls her we shall expect to see her well to the front another year. Jessie, looking well, was given vhc. Rose of Killarney, also vhc., was lucky. She is a pretty little bitch, but not good enough for such company. Daphne and Nellie, both hc., are much better and fairly deserved another letter each. Bessie Glencho, also hc., has a good head and deserves the card. Nellie Husted, unnoticed, should have been in the money. Meg, c., is too short in head. Youbee and Miss were absent. The dog puppies were a very ordinary lot. The two winning bitches promise to make something good. Mr. Glover handled these classes fairly well.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.

There was only one entry in this class and she was absent.

SPANIELS—(MR. KIRK).

The spaniel classes filled unusually well. There were seventy-nine entries, with only six absentees. The Irish water spaniels had one representative—a poor specimen. The Clumber classes were well divided up, there being a champion class and an open class for dogs and one for bitches, but the Clumber men did not support them as expected, there being only five entries. Newcastle took his champion honors easily; he was looking well. Punch, second in the open class, had to our mind, a clean win over Bateman, who got first; Bateman's short body and short ears handicap him; Punch is improving. In the bitch class Tyne received first over Kolena, a very small specimen, poor in head. The class for champion field spaniels dogs contained but one entry, Black Prince; he was in good show form. The corresponding bitch class contained only Newton Abbot Lady; she was looking better than we have ever seen her. In the open class for dogs and bitches Black Beau, Jr., won, under his new name. Second went to Dush II., a much improved dog from his last year's form; his ears are a bit short and body perhaps a trifle long in the wrong place, but otherwise, if shown in better condition and with his tail docked, would press the winner closely. Reserve went to Lady Abbot; she would be improved with a little more substance; she has a nice coat. Jim, vhc., is light of eye and high on his legs, but has an unusually fine coat. Hornell Mikado is a black and white with many good points; we have criticised him before; he got vhc. Black Joe, hc., is short-bodied and high on the legs. The class for champion cockers contained four entries. Black Pete won hands down. Silk is much improved. Marion and Brahmin were shown well. In the open class for dogs, liver or black, first went to Doc; we have described him before. Obo, Jr., received second, and Ned Obo vhc. We do not agree with the judge in this decision. Obo, Jr., is short of ears and out at elbows, while Ned is a compact little dog, with plenty of substance, a good coat and a fair head, barring his being undershot. Sweep, hc., has a nice coat, but ears set on too high. Hornell Jock is poor in head. In the bitch class Woodstock Nora was placed over Miss Obo II., a mistake, we think. While Nora beats Miss Obo a bit in body, the latter's beautiful head should have carried her through. Good bodies are easier to breed than good heads. Vhc. reserve went to Suzette, a nice bodied little bitch, but a little weak in the head and lacking substance. Belle, vhc., has a poor head. In the class for other than liver or black first was won by Little Red Rover. He made his debut at Newark and improves on acquaintance. Second went to Hornell Belle III. Her body is good, but her head is bad; her coat is good, but rather short. Don, vhc., deserved his card. He is a bit high and off in head. Prince Hal, c., should have fared better, and Blarney, a liver and white of the working type, should have had a card. The dog puppy class contained several good ones, and was well judged.

Premier honors went to Doc, Little Red Rover and Hornell Mikado coming next in the order named. They all were in the open classes. Gath we did not think much of, and Romeo might have had another letter. In the bitch puppy class Woodstock Nora won, with Suzette second and Lady Abbot the reserve. They are three nice puppies and were well to the fore in the aged class. Vhc. went to Young Belle. She is good in body, but high on her legs and snipy. Juliet, hc., is high, but has a fair head. Vere, c., lacks substance. Taking the spaniels all in all, they were a fair lot, with many individual good ones. The number entered has never been equalled in this country.

FOXHOUNDS—(SIR BACHE CUNARD).

There were fourteen entries in this class, which was divided into dogs and bitches. They were the best lot we have ever seen here. The Essex County Hunt showed a couple, the Meadow Brook Kennels two and a half, and the Montreal Hunt two couple, all typical hounds, and a workmanlike looking lot they were. Those of the Montreal Hunt were in the pink of condition for work, with muscles as hard as iron. The others had more flesh and were perhaps in better show form. The dogs were well placed. Airy, vhc., is a bit long between couplings and too flat-ribbed or he would have been better placed; his head and stern are about as good as any. In the bitch class Scandal, winner of first, is not so good in chest and stern as Hasty, placed second, but has a trifle the best of her in head. The legs and feet of all the winners were well worth studying, as better are seldom seen.

BEAGLES—(DR. DOWNEY).

There were thirty-one beagles entered, with five absentees. This number has been exceeded but once, in 1881 there were thirty-six entries. The quality all through was better than we have before seen at New York. In the champion class Little Duke won over Bannerman and Mischief. Both of the former are getting soft in coat and need a season's work. In the open dog class Rattler, well-known, was placed first. Racer, Jr., winner of second, is a very nice puppy. If he improves as he ought he will beat anything in the class next year. Trailer, looking well, except that he was too fat, received third and Leader, in good condition, was vhc. Both of these dogs are well known. Jupiter, also vhc., is a nice dog, with a good head, except that it is too coarse below eye, good body, coat and loin and excellent legs and feet. Tony Weller, unnoticed, deserved mention. With the exception of a little too much length between couplings, he is a fair little hound. The bitch class brought out the newly imported Myrtle. She has won several prizes in England, among them is a first at the Crystal Palace. She is the best importation we have seen. She is weak in head, too small in eyes and ears and not quite right in coat. Otherwise she is very good indeed. She was shown too fat. Jessie, placed second, crowded the winner closely. She has a better head and is about as good in other respects. Chase, looking fairly well, made a very good third. Virginia, vhc., is quite a fair bitch, except that she is too snipy. Vixen, hc., we thought just about good enough for another letter. Rye, unnoticed, we also liked for the three letters. Except that her ears are badly carried not much fault can be found with her. Magnet, also unnoticed, was heavy in whelp and should not have been shown. There was not much to choose between the two puppies, neither are good. Theo, the winner, is bad in head and bowlegged, while Belle is round in barrel and a bit sway-backed. The classes were well handled. There were four basset hounds shown. Bertrand and Nemours, both well-known, were first and second. Jacques, unnoticed, was worth a card.

DACHSHUNDE—(DR. DOWNEY).

There were ten entries in this class, which was divided. In the dog class, Rubenstein, the Hartford winner, was much the best in the class. He is a long, low dog, good in crook, bone and skin, and above the average in head. Downy, placed second, is quite a fair dog, too tight in skin. Diana, the winning bitch, also won at Newark. The quality of the class was above the average.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. W. RUTHERFORD).

There were two entries in the champion class, Fennel and Belgrave Primrose, and the judge, true to his old love, gave the prize to Primrose. Fennel was shown much too fat, but we cannot indorse the award. Richmond Olive was alone in the bitch class. The open dog class was above the average, and contained some good specimens. Bacchanal, first prize, occupied the position he should have held at Boston and Hartford. He is the best dog in America. Valet, second, is a nailing good dog without any conspicuous fault, when examined point by point, but when taken as a whole he is found very lacking in terrier character. It was the same with old Rattler; nobody was able to find a very weak spot in him, but he was never quite a "terrier." Shovel, third prize, is faulty in skull and stands too high in front, but he shows far more true terrier character than his kennel companion, and we would have placed him second and Valet third. Rustie Flash, vhc. and reserve, has a bad eye and is too big and coarse. Regent Vox, vhc., is leggy and light and faulty in head. Baby Jack, vhc., is well known. Mixture Agent is long cast and faulty in skull. Banquo, hc., is too big and faulty in skull and eyes. Somerset Mike, hc., is faulty in head and lacks character. Spot, c., was out-classed in such company. Regal, c., is faulty before the eyes, has poor feet and a sleepy expression. Clover Turk, hc., is too big and is faulty in head, ears, and expression; his legs and feet will do. Diadem, first in the bitch class, is a recent importation and is backed by a first class English record. We expected to find a much better specimen. She must have been at her best when a puppy or from that time up to two years old. She has grown very cheery, is a trifle round in skull and does not carry her ears at all well. Her feet are by no means first rate, and she is light in bone and faulty in eyes. She is of nice size, has a good body, a working jacket, carries herself well, and is a terrier. Marguerite, second prize, was fully described in our Hartford report. We would have placed her third on this occasion. Delta, third prize, is a wreck and should not have been noticed for the very simple reason that a broken up dog without a tooth in its mouth is incapable of doing a terrier's work. What Delta once was, and what she now is, are two very different things. We would have placed Nina, vhc. and reserve, second. Clover Fidget, hc., is light in bone, faulty in feet, wide in front and does not carry her ears well. Clover Belle, vhc., faulty in head and ears, is well known. Lulu, hc., is light in limb, faulty in body, and deficient in character. There were eight entries in the class for wire-haired dogs and bitches and the quality was fairly good. Bundle, placed first, has been a good bitch, but her day is gone, and her bad mouth should have put her back. Trophy, second, is fairly good, faulty in loin, wide in front. He should have been first. New Year's Day, vhc., would have been our choice for first, had he been in condition, but he was in poor form, having lost most of his coat in Philadelphia. Mystic has a bad mouth for a youngster, and is not straight in front. Clover Turk, hc. in the open class, was first in the puppy, and Cocaine, faulty in head and ears and light in middle, was second. Yankee, c., was much the best puppy in the class. He is rather too cloddy all over, but was away ahead of the rest. Mac, c., is a big leggy dog, with bad ears and eyes, and he shows very little character. This was a poor class. Nellie was much the best of the bitches. She is rather light of limb, wide in front, and faulty in expression. The others are not deserving of notice and the class was about the worst we have ever seen at a large show.

COLLIES—(DR. DOWNEY).

Much dissatisfaction was expressed over the awards in these classes; but with the exception of the absurd decision in favor of Robin Adair over Royboy, we failed to find more

than a few mistakes, and conclude that the awarding of almost every prize to a member of the W. K. C. had something to do with the complaints. There were two entries in the champion dog class, and if ever there was any doubt as to Dr. Downey's ability as a judge of collies it was removed when he placed Robin Adair over Royboy. Lady of the Lake was much the best of the three bitches shown in the champion bitch class. The open dog class was a good one, and Glengarry, a very nice young dog, was very properly placed first. We fear he is growing coarser in head, and that he is at his best; but we hope not, and especially so as one of his owners, although very successful with his bitches, has been unlucky in buying and breeding good-looking dogs. Success, second prize, was in his right place. He is a bit faulty at both ends, but is of good type and is a good dog. Craft, third prize, got more than he deserved; the place belonged to Nullamore, vhc. Craft has a very scanty coat, but Nullamore excels in that essential, and is a much better dog. His head is faulty and he does not move well. Joe Nettles deserved a card. Aramis, hc., is very faulty in head and coat. Kolly B. is soft in coat. Con, not mentioned, is a better dog than either Nigger or Aramis. Laddy, although not in very good condition, should have been noticed. First in the bitch class went to Daisy Dean, faulty in head, ears and coat. Lass o' Gowrie, short and soft in coat and in bad form, should not have been second. We preferred Fairy—too strong in head and heavy in ears—for the place. Lass o' Lowrie, third prize, has bad ears and is very soft in coat. Mavis, c., is a poor specimen, being very faulty in ears, loin and feet; she stands out at the elbows. Norma, a well-bred one, has bad ears and is swayed back. This was a poor class. In the class for dog puppies Glengarry had a very easy win. Sigma, second prize, is faulty in hocks and soft in coat. We liked Balmoral, not noticed, as well as anything in the class outside of Glengarry, but the judge overlooked his many good points and gave him to two worse specimens from same kennel. Gifford, vhc., is a niceish puppy, too straight behind and faulty in ears. This was a fairly good class. Lady Ellis, a sweet little bitch, scored an easy first in the next class; it is a pity her hocks are so bad. Mabel, given second, is not so good in head as her kennel companion, but was properly placed. There was nothing good looking behind them.

BULLDOGS—(MR. KIRK).

Boz, Ben, Robinson Crusoe and Tippoo made the champion class a good one. We like Tippoo's grand head better than Crusoe's, but the last-named is not so leggy and was in capital condition. Boz is always a hard dog to beat, and holds his own in the best company. Bellissima was alone in the bitch class. She is a host in herself. Bendigo, first prize in the open dog class, is not one of our sort. He has bad eyes, terrier ears, and his elbows are not thrown out as they should be. Dick Fuller, was our choice for first, and Hamlet, short in face, but lacking in chop, was about second best. Bellona was about the best of the bitches but she is sadly deficient in volume of skull and muzzle, and is too long in face. Norwich Bess, second prize, is much better in skull than Bellona, but her muzzle is very shallow. Rose, third prize, is a long way removed from first-class form. The puppies were a poor class; every one is too long in head. Boz II., hc., may make the best dog of the lot.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

Count and Victoria were the only entries in the champion classes for heavy-weights, and there was nothing very brilliant in the open classes. Earl, faulty at both ends, was the best of the dogs, and Judas, very faulty in head, was second best. Lord Nelson, a patched dog, is faulty in head, and the same remarks apply to Punch, vhc. Anthony, hc., was not in good shape; he is cheeky and faulty before the eyes. For reasons that must have been apparent to Mr. Kirk as to the lookers on, Modjeska should not have taken a prize. White Violet, second, should have been first. She was described in our New Haven report. White Rose, hc., should have been second. She is faulty in eyes and before them, out at elbows and is not good in tail. Little Maggie was the best of the light weights. Bess, second, is only eight months old and will be over weight when matured. She is faulty in muzzle and eyes. A Chicago paper has just discovered that bull-terriers should be narrow in chest, consequently Mr. Kirk's decision in favor of Bess for second prize is certain to be indorsed. Nellie, third, is out at elbows, full in eyes and very faulty before them. Bess, second in this class, was properly placed first in a wretched class of three puppies.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

Queen, a niceish bitch, was placed first; she is weak in muzzle, too leggy and light, and has no thumb marks. Bessy, second prize, was the best terrier in the class; she is a trifle cheeky and wide in front, but is a good bitch. Squaw, vhc., is above the average in good looks; she is too cheeky. Britts is too smutty in color and his head is very faulty.

SCOTCH, HARD-HAIRED, DANDIE DINMONT, IRISH, BEDLINGTON AND SKYE TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

A brace of Airedale terriers were shown in the first class; both are faulty in head.

Of the three Dandies entered we failed to find a really good specimen, although Badger II. is above the average; his coat is too soft. Kelpie is faulty in head and coat.

Irish terriers were badly judged. Sheila, first prize, is very faulty in head, ears, expression and coat, and was not looking well. Evictor, second prize, was away ahead of the class; his head is not quite right, but in coat, color, body, legs, feet, size and carriage, he smothered his opponents and was the only dog in the class with a decent beard. Garryowen, c., has grown all wrong. Erin, hc., is too weedy, but was about second best, and Tina, c., faulty in head, short of coat, and light in bone, was little, if any, behind Sheila.

Sentinel, the well-known son of Pioneer and Dusky, was alone in the class for Bedlington dogs, and the same owner's good bitch Tynesider II. was the best of the bitches. Domino, second prize, is a nice bitch, but is not so good as the winner in head, eyes, tuft, bone or shoulders. Cinder, c., was outclassed in such company.

Jim was alone in the champion class for Skyes, and Phenix, first at this show last year, was again first in the open class. Topsy, second prize, is short in coat. Teenie, roached in back and faulty in coat, was placed equal with Topsy; we like the last-named better. Chaucer, c., is fluffy in coat. Tazzie, vhc., is soft in coat. Mopsey, hc., is faulty at both ends and is soft in coat.

PUGS—(MR. KIRK).

Mr. Kirk's awards in these classes were very badly received by a large majority of exhibitors. He was evidently in a hurry to get home, and the result was injustice to exhibitors and bitter complaints against himself. Pugs have never been a specialty with Mr. Kirk, and knowing this, he should have been very careful in handling them; whereas, he rushed his classes, and awarded at random prizes to every type of dog under the sun. Master Tragedy, first prize, although not yet in good condition, was the best dog in the class. He was fully described in our New Haven report. James G. Blaine, second prize, is not a good one. He is faulty in muzzle, wrinkles, ears and color. Sancho, third prize (breeder and pedigree unknown), is not a show dog. Punch (Kisteman's) vhc., is not a show dog and was not worth a card. He is a big, smutty, bad-headed specimen, and is very faulty in head and ears. Moss, in the next cage, although not noticed, is a better dog, poor specimen as he is. Pert, c., is a big, leggy animal, faulty in eyes, ears and tail. He was not worth a card. Punch (Burke's), c., is another wretched specimen, big, leggy, and very faulty in ears, eyes and tail. Surles's Duke II. and Rob Roy were each given hc. cards. This is all wrong, as Duke II. is a much better dog than Rob Roy and was about second best in the class. Punch (Cassidy's), c., certainly is a better

dog than Kisteman's Punch or Burke's. This must not be taken as a compliment, for he is very faulty in muzzle, wrinkles and trace. Jim Crow, an ordinary specimen, very faulty in head, ears and markings, is a better specimen than several of the more fortunate ones. Scamp, hc., is a better dog than Sancho, third prize, or Punch, vhc. He is faulty in muzzle. What's That, first prize in the bitch class, was correctly placed, but the balance of the class was slaughtered. Beauty, second prize, is a big, leggy specimen, faulty in ears and very smutty. Tra-la-la, hc., should have scored a very easy second. This bitch is well known. Fannie, hc., is faulty in muzzle, eyes, carriage of ears and in trace. Nellie D. c., is a wretched specimen, and is not worth a card in any company. Her ears are as long as a beagle's, she is smutty in color, and has a head more like a fox-terrier than a pug. Mr. Kirk could not be serious in commending such an animal. Flora, third prize, is a very poor specimen and should not have been noticed; she has a bad head, whit- toes, faulty ears, white vent, is leggy and stands badly on her forelegs. What's That, the first prize winner, is faulty in ears, coat, trace and markings. The puppy class contained a lot of mongrel-looking animals, and the prize should have been withheld. Tiny was absent.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

The first prize winner in the class for dogs is neither a blue and tan or a silver; he has white legs, tanned ears, a light face and a blue back. Ben, second prize, is short in coat and faulty in color; he should have been first. Young Hero is rather long in back and is short of coat and light in color; he should have been second. Lancashire Star, third prize, is short in coat, long in back, and faulty in color, too dark on the back, and not rich enough in tan on head and legs. Billy, vhc., is short of coat, and has no head color. Priz, c., has a bad head, is leggy and faulty in coat, color and back; he was not worth a card. The winner in the bitch class is neither a blue and tan or a silver, but was about the best of a wretched lot. The second and third prize winners, two poor specimens, faulty in coat and color, should have been changed places.

TOY TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

This class was very badly handled. Prince, first, entered as blue and tan, is a mongrel and the same may be said of Monarch, second prize. The last named is a white animal with a round skull, full black eyes and the coat of a wire-haired fox-terrier. We questioned the owner as to the breed of the animal in question and he replied: "I give it up." So do we. Dot, c., winner of first at Boston and New Haven, is at least a dog of recognized breed and should have been first. Thos. Moody's highly commended black and tan terrier should have been second, and Dot II., hc., was next best. Fanny, vhc., is not so good as the highly commended dog from the same kennel.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. KIRK).

Jumbo II., the well-known English winner, was absent. It was easy to see that of the others in the class, Roscius, hc., was much the best. This dog was first at Birmingham and the Royal Aquarium show last year, and his successful career was continued at New Haven and Hartford. Clifton Belle, first prize, cannot compare with him in good looks. She is faulty in skull, muzzle, ears and color. Milwaukee Charlie, second prize, was rightly placed. He is not nearly so good, either in skull, muzzle or eyes, as Roscius. Duke, hc., was third best. His hind parts are faulty, or we would place him over Milwaukee Charlie. It is a farce to place a bitch like Dolly, vhc., over Roscius. She beats him in two points, size and ears. The two Blueheims were properly placed. Jap, c., was the best Japanese spaniel in the class, and in the class for rubys or Prince Charles spaniels, Sister Sally, hc., a fairly good specimen of the former variety, should have won. Lilly, first prize, is a moderate Prince Charles, faulty in head, feather and trill. Nora, second prize, is not very good in head. We like her as well as the winner.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. KIRK).

The winner in this class is not an Italian greyhound but a mongrel terrier. Fanny, second prize, was in wretched condition. Zephyr, hc., is a plain white puppy. Dido, c., is as big as a Waterloo cup winner. The prizes should have been withheld.

POODLES—(MR. HECKSHER).

Styx, a very grand specimen, was first in the dog class. This is one of the best dogs we have ever seen. Fritz, second prize, is a fairly good specimen although much below the first-class form of the winner. Jack, vhc., is not close enough in curl. All prizes were withheld in the bitch class. Jet II., vhc., was good enough for first prize at the same show last year, and we are not aware that she has deteriorated. In the class for poodles other than black there was only one entry and the prize was awarded although the dog is not nearly so good looking as Jet II.

MISCELLANEOUS—(MR. TUCKER).

The judging of these classes was the greatest farce we have ever witnessed. Mr. Tucker, who frankly admits he knows nothing about the dogs exhibited, should not have allowed himself to be prevailed on to judge them. Of the eighteen dogs exhibited, most of which were mongrels, only two were considered unworthy of notice. Sir Lucifer, a bobtail sheep-dog, Kuma, a fairly good Chow Chow, and Belle Tinker, the best retriever we have seen in this country, should have been placed "equal first," and commended cards should have gone to Mr. Brasher's Dalmatians. Don, vhc., is a mongrel mastiff, and should not have been allowed to compete in the class. Wallie, Bruno and Boz are mongrels, and we venture the statement that neither their owners or the judge can give the breed to which they belong. Jim, entered as a "terrier," was second in the light-weight class and was afterward disqualified. The judge then gave second prize to a mongrel Pomeranian that had not been noticed the first time he passed on it. We thought that as Lulu, vhc., a poor white English terrier, had been placed over the Pomeranian when the class was first judged she should have been able to repeat the victory a few minutes later on in the day—another illustration of the glorious uncertainties of dog show awards.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Many of the awards of the special prizes followed the decisions in the regular classes. Our comments upon the dogs will show that some of these decisions were wrong, and consequently the awards of some of the special prizes were wrongly given. Some persons not well up in St. Bernards claimed that Merchant Prince should have beaten Duke of Leeds; they were wrong, however, as the latter is much the better dog. Sir Anthony was entitled to the special for the best pointer under eighteen months, and Graphic was clearly the best pointer in the show.

The special for the best English setter belonged to Rockingham as did that for the best setter of any breed, won by Elcho Jr. The latter rightly won over Daisy, but could not have beaten Rockingham. The special for the best fox-terrier went to Diadem. We think it would puzzle the judge to explain why. The fight really lay between Richmond Olive and Bacchanal and the bitch should have won. Diadem is of better size than Olive and beats her in length and strength of back. Olive has much the best of it in skull, muzzle, eyes, carriage of ears, legs, feet and bone and is undoubtedly the better terrier. The special for the best field or cocker spaniel should have gone to Miss Obek II.

We published last week a full list of the awards. With the exceptions noted below they were correct: In Newfoundland W. A. Lally's Rocks was vhc. and Juno II. hc. In English setter dogs, L. Shuster, Jr.'s Clyde T. was hc. In collie bitches, A. R. Kyle's Mavis was con. In miscellaneous class over 25lbs., E. Dexter's Belle Tinker was first instead of vhc. In

small class, M. W. Bronson's Fritz was second and Nellie was third instead of vhc.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Eastern Field Trials Club medal for dogs placed at field trials in America. Best pointer dog, Bang Grace; bitch, Lalla Rookh. Best English setter dog, Foreman; bitch, Daisy Laverack. Best Irish setter dog, Chief; bitch, Meg.

Best kennel pointers, Graphic Kennels. English setters, Blackstone Kennels. Irish, Claire-Reeta Kennels. Black and tan did not fill. Best black English setter, C. Eldridge's Turk. Best pointer under 18 mos., Consolation. Best English setter, Daisy. Best Irish setter, Elcho, Jr. Best black and tan setter, Royal Duke. Best rough-coated St. Bernard, Duke of Leeds. Best smooth-coated, Leila. Best mastiff, Lady Gladys. Best collie, Glengarry. Best field or cocker spaniel (two), Newton Abbot Lady. Best fox terrier, Diadem. Best brace of field spaniels, Black Prince and Newton Abbot Lady. Best kennel mastiffs, R. J. Aston. Best mastiff bred in America, Boss. Best mastiff sired by Homer, Pharaoh. Best kennel St. Bernards, Hornetaze Kennels. Best pointer sired by Graphic, Sir Anthony. Best sired by Bang Bang, Consolation. Best English setter with field trial record, Foreman. Best kennel English setters, Blackstone Kennels. Best English setter sired by Rockingham, Prince Rockingham. Best English setter dog under 12 months, Prince Rockingham. Best English setter, Daisy. Best k-mel black and tan setters, Chas. S. Fitch. Best Irish setter, Elcho, Jr. Best collie dog, Glengarry. Best pair dachshunde, Herzog and Diana. Best Blenheim spaniel, King Victor. Best pug, Bradford Ruby. Best beagle in open classes over 12 inches, Rattler. Best pointer, Robert le Diable.

American Fox-terrier specials (members only).—Best fox-terrier in champion classes, Richmond Olive. Best dog, in open class, Bacchanal. Best bitch in open class, Diadem. Best dog puppy, Clover Turk. Best bitch puppy, withheld. Best wire-haired, Fyke. Best American bred (two) Baby Jack. Best in show, Diadem.

Best kennel collies, Hempstead Farm Co. Best collie bitch, Lady of the Lake. Best St. Bernard, Leila.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

A REGULAR meeting of the executive committee of the American Kennel Club was held at the Hoffman House on the afternoon of May 5. In the absence of President Smith Mr. L. L. Morgan was called to the chair. The clubs represented were as follows: New Haven, L. L. Morgan; Philadelphia, W. H. Child; Pittsburgh, W. Wade; Cleveland and New Jersey, C. J. Peshall; Hartford, A. C. Collins. The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted. The treasurer was not present and had furnished no report. Dr. H. M. Perry having appealed from the sentence of disqualification passed upon him by the New England K. C., Mr. A. C. Collins was appointed a committee of one to collect the evidence in the case and submit it to the A. K. C. at its next meeting. A committee was appointed to collect the evidence respecting the charge brought against L. F. Whitman for retaining special prize money intrusted to his care for payment to the winner of the prize. The application of the Rhode Island Kennel Club for admission to the A. K. C. was referred to the committee on credentials. Mr. Osborn offered his resignation as secretary, which was accepted with the thanks of his associates for past services. Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh was elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. Peshall gave notice that at the next meeting of the A. K. C. he would bring forward a motion forbidding the appointment of any person to act as a judge at a show given by the club of which he is a member, or who is directly or indirectly interested in any dog entered in his classes. Mr. Morgan gave notice that at the next meeting of the club he would move that the offices of the secretary and treasurer be combined. The secretary was instructed to notify the N. E. K. C. that no notice had been taken of his communication respecting the entries of Sensation and Watty at its show of 1885. The championship rule was amended so as to authorize show committees to transfer a dog from the open to the champion, which had become qualified subsequent to the date of the closing of entries. Rule 2 was also amended by making it read, "And, if known, its date of birth," etc. Also the striking out of the word "first" in the sentence calling for the giving of the previous name when a dog's name is changed. The next meeting of the club will be the annual one for the election of officers, and will be held at the Hoffman House on May 29, at 8 P. M.

SPRATTS BISCUITS.—St. Louis, May 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read Mr. Watson's letter in your issue of the 26th ult., relating his experience in the use of Spratts dog cakes. For the past three years I have used these biscuits almost exclusively in feeding my dogs, and during that time not one has been in the least degree sick. On the contrary, they are in good condition at all times, and eat their allowance of these biscuits with seeming relish. I regard them as a wholesome, cheap and convenient food, and think Mr. Watson's dogs were sick from some cause other than eating Spratts biscuits.—J. A. LONG.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Governors of the Eastern Field Trials Club was held at the St. James Hotel, New York, on Tuesday evening. Messrs. Chas. F. Watson and John Simpkins were elected members, and Mr. D. C. Bergundthal was unanimously elected a life member. The names of six other gentlemen were proposed for membership. After mutual congratulations upon the brilliant prospects of the Derby, the Board adjourned to the second Tuesday of September.

KENNEL NOTES.—Owing to the crowded state of our columns during the show season Kennel Notes have accumulated on our hands. We hope, however, to be able to publish them all in a short time, and trust our readers will excuse the unavoidable delay.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.—The entries for the Derby of the Eastern Field Trials Club number one hundred and four, with probably more to come in later mails. We hope to be able to publish a full list next week.

THE WAVERLY DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The New Jersey Kennel Club claim Sept. 14, 15, 16 and 17, 1886, for their fall dog show, to be held at Waverly, N. J.—C. J. PESHALL, President.

HARTFORD DOG SHOW CATALOGUES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On receipt of three cents for postage, we will send catalogue of our late show.—HARTFORD KENNEL CLUB, A. C. COLLINS, Secretary.

THE ST. LOUIS KENNEL CLUB.—May 7, 1886.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The St. Louis Kennel Club is not a member of the American Kennel Club.—A. P. VREDENBURGH, Secretary A. K. C.

A curious story comes from Toulouse of a laboring woman who, during her work in the fields, was in the habit of leaving her baby in a shady corner, returning to give the child the breast as opportunity occurred. To protect the child from harm, the dog (a bitch) was left in charge. The mother noticed after a time that the child no longer exhibited the same impatience for the breast as formerly, although its general condition was excellent, and its indifference could not be attributed to a failing appetite. One day, on returning to take charge of her offspring, she was astonished to see the dog standing tranquilly across the child and sucking it. The mother, who saw no objection to the proceeding, allowed the habit to continue, and the child seemed to thrive on the milk of its novel nurse. The dog exhibited a truly maternal tenderness for the child, and as the child grew older this tenderness was heartily reciprocated.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, May 8.—The attendance at the range at Walnut Hill today was small owing to the inclement weather. The wind blew from 2 o'clock north of the day. A team match was shot between the Arlington Heights Rifle Club and a team from the M. R. A., which resulted in victory for the latter by 13 points. The date of the spring meeting of the M. R. A. has been made June 17, 18 and 19. Following are the scores:

Decimal Off-Hand.		8	10	8	10	8	10	9	6	10	87
J. Francis, D.	8	10	8	10	8	10	9	6	10	87
C. E. Berry, A.	8	6	9	10	9	10	10	10	7	87
R. Reed, D.	8	10	6	7	10	9	10	6	8	84
W. H. Oler, D.	7	8	10	9	7	8	9	9	8	84
J. R. Misan, A.	8	9	10	8	5	7	10	9	7	81
G. Lemmon, A.	8	7	9	7	9	8	8	7	6	76
N. F. Tufts, A.	9	5	10	7	10	6	5	8	7	73
W. Henry, D. (mil)	7	7	6	10	7	9	5	10	7	70

Team Match.											
M. R. A. Team.											
R Reed	7	10	4	7	9	6	6	9	6	10-74
H Severance	8	6	10	7	6	8	4	4	8	5-71
N F Tufts	5	8	6	7	6	9	5	9	6	9-69
J Francis	6	9	7	4	7	8	4	9	6	5-66
J R Misan	7	8	3	6	5	7	9	4	8	5-62-342
Arlington Heights Rifle Club.											
G G Franklin	10	6	9	7	7	9	5	7	5	8-73
A F Davis	7	4	8	4	6	5	10	6	9	7-70
F W Thomas	10	6	5	6	6	7	8	4	7	7-66
C T Parsons	6	4	6	6	9	4	7	4	5	4-60
J C Holmes	8	2	6	4	5	5	7	7	8	57-336

SPRINGFIELD, May 4.—The second in the series of 50-shot rifle matches between J. L. Paine, C. C. Trimmer and G. E. Morrison, of the Topeka (Kan.) Rifle Club, and L. H. Mayott, S. K. Hindley and T. T. Cartwright, of the Rod and Gun Club here, was won by the Topeka club to-day by the score of 1020 to 1029. The first match having resulted in favor of the Rod and Gun Club, 1038 to 1022. The scores were:

Topeka.											Rod and Gun Club.				
J L Paine.....	65	69	81	70	81	386	T T Cartwright...	73	72	71	64	361			
G E Morrison.....	65	60	70	76	78	349	L H Mayott...	67	75	72	64	342			
C C Trimme...	61	65	58	71	71	325	S K Hindley.	64	69	66	62	326			

The American field target was used. Messrs. Hindley and Cartwright also shot a 20-shot match, Massachusetts target, with Dr. E. L. Spencer and Charles Henty, of the Bunker Hill (Ill.) Rifle Club, and were defeated by a score of 418 to 392. The scores were:

Dr Spencer.....	115	106—221	S K Hindley.....	103	94—197
Charles Hintey.....	103	94—197	T T Cartwright....	106	89—195

Dr. Spencer used his new .35-caliber Bullard Arms Company's single rifle and made 14 consecutive bullseyes. His first score of 115 was a full score, Creedmore count. The 115 is the best 10 consecutive shots that is known to have been made on the Massachusetts target in a match.

THOMASTON, Conn., May 1.—Owing to illness have been unable to forward scores of Empire Rifle Club until this late date. Hope to be more prompt in future. The opening shoot was held April 3. Hunnam decimal target, off-hand, 200yds.: Dunbar 75, Lemmon 72, Carr 67, Williams 59.

April 10.—Lemmon 80, Thomas 78, Canfield 68, North 62, Williams 52, Carr 50.

April 17.—Dunbar 76, Williams 74, Lemmon 71, Thomas 66, North 65, April 24.—Thomas 79, Lemmon 76, Bennett 73, Canfield 73, North 66, Dunbar 64, H. Canfield 63, Fox 61, Gilbert 61, Carr 57, Williams 54.

May 1.—A good light, but a tricky wind, veering from four to seven o'clock: W. H. Dunbar 79, E. Thomas 74, F. A. Perkins 71, G. A. Lemmon 69, P. North 61, Carr 57.

A team match of three men each closed the day's shoot. E. Thomas's team: E. Thomas 40, F. A. Perkins 48, F. Carr 30—108. W. H. Dunbar's team: G. A. Lemmon 38, W. H. Dunbar 37, F. P. North 31—106.

May 5.—Teams of 8 men each, 15 shots per man, off-hand, 200yds., Hunnam target. The match was shot during a heavy thunder shower, the wind blowing from all points of the compass.

DE MARSH, D. 8 5 8 6 7 9 10 8 9 7 9—108
E. Nothnagle, D. 6 10 9 6 7 9 5 4 7 4 7 6—97
Dr. F. A. Rice, D. 7 6 5 4 7 5 10 8 4 4 9 10—95
W. H. Beardsley, D. 5 5 5 8 4 5 3 7 8 7 10 6 7 9—95
G. E. Betts, D. 3 10 9 4 4 3 6 6 7 10 6 9 5 7 4—93
R. S. Bassett, D. 10 6 4 5 6 5 6 7 6 8 8 3 9 5 6—92
D. H. Ferris, D. 10 8 3 10 3 5 4 6 9 6 9 6 5 8 4—90
P. M. Beers, D. 7 4 7 6 4 7 6 4 6 3 8 3 4 4—83—753

Scores of Empire Team.
G. A. Lemmon, D. 8 8 4 7 8 10 4 8 9 7 10 7 10 7—117
E. Thomas, D. 8 8 10 7 8 5 4 10 3 7 7 7 7 4—100
W. H. Dunbar, D. 9 4 8 5 6 6 8 5 6 8 6 8 7 4—96
F. A. Perkins, D. 6 3 6 3 6 6 5 8 10 8 9 8 9 3 6—95
G. P. North, D. 4 6 9 6 6 5 6 10 10 5 7 6 5 5—94
G. C. Canfield, D. 7 4 5 4 7 6 9 7 6 6 5 4 7 1 5—84
E. W. Bennett, D. 5 4 5 6 5 6 4 7 9 4 6 5 4 5 0—81
C. F. Williams, D. 5 5 6 6 4 6 5 5 7 5 6 6 6 6—77—744
Canfield shot under a disadvantage by disabling his gun and using a strange one during part of the match.—32 Cal.

WILMINGTON, Del., May 5.—The regular weekly matches of the Wilmington Rifle Club took place this afternoon. Conditions at first match, Creedmore target, 300yds., off-hand, and prizes divided by score classes. After shooting off ties the prizes were awarded as follows: First to H. B. Seeds, second to R. Miller, third to J. Mahoney, fourth to H. Heisel and fifth to W. C. Seeds. The following is the full score:

H. B. Seeds, D.	4445—21	H. Heisel, D.	4434—18
C. Heisel, D.	4345—21	J. Mahoney, D.	4443—18
W. A. Bacon, D.	4353—20	W. C. Seeds, D.	3344—17
R. Miller, D.	4444—20	W. H. Hartore, D.	2943—15
J. E. Seeds, D.	4444—20	W. S. Simmons, D.	4043—15
J. W. Seabury, D.	4413—20	P. Chandler, D.	2923—11
J. Mahoney, D.	4514—19			

The conditions at second match were: Massachusetts target, 200yds., off-hand, and prizes divided according to the highest scores. After deciding this the prizes were awarded as follows: C. Heisel, Sr., first, Robert Miller second, H. B. Seeds third and W. H. Hartore fourth. The full score is as follows:

Brown 98, Perry 96, Watson 62, Koppes 64—602.												
BOSTON, May 3.—The Boston German Rifle Club held its first shoot of the season to-day at its range at Clarendon Hills. The distance is 200 yds., and in the following scores the first three shots were at rest and the other three off-hand, Massachusetts targets:												
A Kocb.....	11	13	19	7	13	7—65						
F Hbbner.....	11	13	17	7	13	7—64						
J Kimmell.....	11	13	11	11	10	7—65						
G Kraft.....	11	13	10	12	8	9—65						
A Pillow.....	9	12	10	6	10—56							
C Hottelmann.....	10	10	9	11	11	9—58						
E Alther.....	10	9	10	8	13—58							
W R Schaefer.....	12	11	11	10	6	6—56						
J Wierberg.....	11	10	9	4	8	8—50						
H A Klucken.....	10	11	11	3	9	6—50						
H Loeser.....	10	8	10	11	1—50							
R Klucken.....	11	11	6	8	2—48							
J Harms.....	11	9	8	6	0—47							
O Paehler.....	11	10	9	7	5	0—43						

GARDNER, Mass., May 6.—At the last regular meet of the Gardner Rifle Club they shot a telegraph match with the Jamestown (New York) Rifle Club. The shooting was a standard American target was used. The shooting was off-hand, 200yds., the wind was blowing strong at the time. The totals were as follows: Gardner team: Matthews 82, Goodale 81, Loveland 77, Dodge 72, Newton 68, Ellsworth 67, Nichols 67, Warfield 65, Crabtree 65, Knowlton 61—705. Jamestown team: Martin 76, Ayres 74, Moore 72, Hazeltine 70, Burns 70, Allstrom 69, Brown 68, Perry 66, Watson 62, Koppie 64—682.

BOSTON, May 3.—The Boston German Rifle Club held its first shoot of the season to-day at its range at Clarendon Hills. The distance is 200yds., and in the following scores the first three shots were at rest and the other three off-hand, Massachusetts target:

A. Kocb, D.	11	13	13	11	11	7—65
F. Hubner, D.	11	13	13	11	11	7—64
J. Kimmell, D.	11	13	11	11	10	7—63
G. Krafft, D.	11	13	12	12	8	6—63
A. Pillow, D.	9	12	10	10	6	10—59
C. Hotelmann, D.	10	10	9	11	11	5—58
E. Alther, D.	10	9	10	8	13	5—58
W. R. Schaefer, D.	12	11	11	10	6	5—56
J. Wilfert, D.	10	11	10	9	4	8—50
G. A. Klucken, D.	10	10	11	11	6	9—50
H. Loser, D.	10	10	10	10	11	1—50
K. Klucken, D.	11	11	11	6	8	2—48
J. Harms, D.	11	11	9	8	6	0—45
O. Peubler, D.	11	10	9	7	5	0—42

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., May 6.—The Schuetzenverein did some good shooting at Belden's Range in West Springfield this afternoon. The range will be open every Thursday for shooting and any one desiring to practice at the general target for the June rifle "fest" at Riverside Grove will be welcomed. The best scores were:

F. R. Bull, D.	20	22	16	18	21	15—194
G. E. Barnes, D.	20	22	16	18	21	15—193
M. W. Bull, D.	20	16	17	16	18	17—190
S. Bowers, D.	18	17	23	18	12	5—190

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., May 6.—The local shooting club had its first meet at Lookout Range, Smith's Ferry, to-day, a score of marksmen being present, including members from the Amherst and Easthampton clubs. This is the record of off-hand target shooting indulged in:

NEWARK, N. J., May 6.—John Coppersmith last evening at the Essex range, made the following fine score in 100 consecutive shots: 50-117, 50-115, 50-116, 50-118, 49-115, 50-116, 49-116, 40-114, 49-114, 50-116; a total of 493 Creedmoor, 1,160 ring count. To-day at the Shooting Park, in 100 consecutive shots, at 300 yds., he made a total of 2,173 points.

NEWARK, N. J., May 6.—John Coppersmith last evening at the Essex range, made the following fine score in 100 consecutive shots:

50-100, 50-110, 49-115, 50-110, 49-110, 40-114, 49-114, 50-116; a total of 493.

Creedmore, 1600yds. to-day at the Shooting Park, in 100 consecutive shots, at 300yds., he made a total of 2,172 points.

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH.—Gulf Hammock, Fla., May 3.—Editor Forest and Stream: I noticed in your issue of April 22, I cannot quite acknowledge your claims to produce the best both long range and military weapons and the best men. In my opinion the English under the tutelage and experience of Mr. Wm. Metford were the first to produce a good muzzleloading long range rifle, the Americans through the aid of the Sharps Rifle Co., produced what was at the time the best breechloading long range rifle in the world, closely followed by the Remington-Blond Co. But I totally deny that the Americans have shown that they can make a military breechloader which is at all equal at 1000yds. to Mr. Metford, and they have until lately, at any rate, ignored his progressive spiral twist which is essential to the success of any long range rifle used without cleaning out between shots, and if used in this country it is certainly an imitation of his. Of course there may have been improvements on it, but I think not in the form of barrel, though the polish of the Sharps barrel when under the regular firing of the British is unequalled. With regard to international matches I should like to make a suggestion. An annual match is too great a strain on riflemen, both in the way of expenses and personal work, and a match every two years would leave the intervening year for rest, practice, and improvement in weapons. I also think it would be much better if matches took place alternately on opposite sides of the Atlantic, irrespective of the winners of any competition. This would give every fourth year a competition at Creedmore or elsewhere in America, and every fourth year a competition at Wimbledon. I hope these suggestions will be taken from an old shooter. I very much regret to hear of the serious illness of my old friend and captain, Sir Henry Halford.—ONE OF THE BRITISH RIFLE TEAM OF 1877.

CREEDMORE.—At the regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association May 4, it was decided to open the Creedmore range this season to all comers without charge. Formerly not but the members of the Association were allowed to shoot over the range. T. gets will be paid for as in the past. The qualification and champion marksmen's class matches have been set for May 22 and June 5, 6 and 26. The first prize in the champion's match will be a gold marksman's badge, presented this year by the association. The cost of entering either match will be 50 cents. The British Rifle Association has as yet sent no reply to the challenge of the American Association, and in that unsettled condition of affairs on the other side it is thought by the directors as unlikely that a team from there will visit America this year. The rifle practice in the National Guard—First and Second divisions—will be commenced at Creedmore on May 17, the Fourteenth Regiment of Brooklyn taking the lead. The Thirty-second follows on the 20th, and the Thirtieth on the 24th. The Twenty-first and Twenty-second are ordered for the 27th of May. The Twenty-third and Forty-seventh regiments will practice on June 3 and 7. The First division will commence practice on May 18th, and continue on the 21st, 25th and 28th, and June 4, 8, 10, 11, 14, and 15. The assignments of regiments for these days have not yet been announced. Every officer and enlisted man, excepting members of the batteries and musketeers, are required to visit the range at least once during the season for general practice, and, after having once visited either match will be 50 cents. 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M. Pasteur's failure to save the life of a Russian peasant who had been bitten by a wolf does not in itself prove that his method of inoculation for rabies is worthless, for the treatment may have been begun at too late a day, or virus cultivated from dogs and rabbits may not be effective in the case of persons bitten by wolves, even if it be of any value when introduced into the systems of persons bitten by dogs known to be mad. There is some difficulty about proving the efficacy of inoculation by positive evidence. A great deal was said about the Newark children who were bitten during the terrible epidemic of rabies that raged for weeks in the *Herald* office. They were inoculated, but it has since been conclusively shown that the biting dog was not mad. Doubtless many other persons who were in no greater danger have been inoculated, but their good health proves nothing. One or two inoculated persons have died of hydrophobia, and they were in all probability bitten by dogs that were really mad. These persons gained nothing by inoculation. M. Pasteur is laboring in an unselfish way for the relief of mankind. Nevertheless, there are indications that he is more successful in saving persons who are not in danger—like the Newark children—than those who are in great need of protection. Freedom from rabies in the case of any inoculated person proves nothing unless it can be shown beyond a doubt that the biting dog was mad, and even when this can be shown, success in a few cases is not a test of the value of inoculation, for only a small proportion of those bitten by rabid dogs ever have hydrophobia.—*N. Y. Times, March 24.*

FIXTURES.

3.	Knickerbocker Cruise.	4.	Forest Hill, Club, Hudson.
3.	Oswego Cruise, Charlotte.	5.	Beverly, Open, Nant.
3.	Hull, Club, Hull.	6.	Corinthian Cham., Marblehead.
3.	Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	4.	Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
3.	Newark, Cruise.	6.	Newark, Open.
3-6.	Quaker City, Reg. and Cruise.	6.	Quaker City, Cup, 2nd Class.
5.	Archmont, Annual, Racatta.	3.	Great Head, Club, Winthrop.
5.	Boston, Open, Point.	11.	Hull, Cham., Hull.
5.	Sandy Bay, Open, Squam.	11.	Corinthian, Sweepstake, Marblehead.
5.	Beverly, Open, Sweepstake, Mon. Beach.	11.	Sandy Bay, Sweep., Gloucester
5.	Toledo, Pen., Toledo.	17.	Toledo, Feu., Toledo.
5 to 6	Interlake Y. R. A. Cruise	19.	Quaker City, Review & Cruise.
5 to 6	Interlake Y. R. A. Cruise	18.	Sandy Bay, Club, Rockport.
6 to 11.	Interlake Y. R. A. Cruise to Put-In Bay.	20.	Great Head, Club, Winthrop.
		25.	Buffalo, Club, Lake Erie.
		23.	Beverly, Club, Nant.

	Puritan.	Mayflower.
Length on deck.....	95ft.	100ft.
Length on waterline.....	80ft.	85ft.
Extreme beam.....	22ft. 7in.	23ft. 6in.
Least freeboard.....	8ft.	8ft. 2in.
Draft amidships.....	8ft. 2in.	8ft. 2in.
Draft, heel of sternpost.....	8ft.	9ft.
Area midship section.....	80 sq ft.	82 sq. ft.
Displacement.....	105 tons.	110 tons.
Ballast on keel.....	27 tons.	37 tons.
Ballast inside.....	19 tons.	11 tons.
Ballast, total.....	46 tons.	48 tons.

In construction the two boats are very similar, but the Mayflower has been more thoroughly strengthened, and at the same time is somewhat heavier above water. The deck plank run fore and aft. The

Mr. Burgess has also designed a centerboard cat of 22ft., another of 20ft., both to carry outside lead, an 18ft. cat for a Philadelphia yachtsman, and a centerboard cat 20ft. long for Mr. George McManus now building by A. D. Story at East Boston.

The knowing ones can discern the origin of all these queer make-shifs and the bay craft. The pungleie is of Baltimore clipper descent, with a rocker keel, drag and raking post like the British racing cutter. She is never painted black or white, but a light buff with green wales in the north and with brown wales elsewhere. She has a long eye, always called a buryer, and a long, straight, narrow keel. The vessels of the same style, but of the eastern shore of Maryland. Smaller vessels of the same style, with each side hewn out of solid log and the five ends patched out, are a specialty of the York River. They are painted white with black wales and smart, saucy, handy little clippers they are. Above 40ft. the cabin is in the run surmounted by

the usual small house. Under 40ft. It is in the forward end, just abaft the foremast, the hatches to the hold being amidships in either case. A rail of gas pipe is run around the after end of the boat, as bulwarks or waist are dispensed with, the decks being flush and the sea allowed to sweep across to its heart's content, while the clipper with her load of oysters goes pegging away to windward with the stately swing of a cutter. A 60ft bugeye will draw not over 2½ft. aft, and can be trimmed to less, although the northern boats used in deep water dredging are often keels with drag and considerable draft. It is indeed very dirty weather when a bugeye shirks putting to sea.

Hampton, burned by General Magruder during the war upon the approach of the Union troops, has blossomed forth with fresh life, thanks to the oyster trade. Many neat little cottages and frame buildings mark the new era. A canning factory, crab fishery, menhaden fishery, shipyard, the colored Normal School, the Soldier's Home and traffic from Fort Monroe keep up the life of the place. It also boasts some very fair stores and a church built of brick imported from England during colonial days. On Sundays the harbor is crowded with smacks, among them representatives from Statter Island and Long Island Sound in search of seed or loads for Northern markets. The Old Dominion Steamship Co. runs five boats to Norfolk at a steep price. During the ice blockade the Louray rendered some valuable service in picking up frozen darkies in their "kummers," as the canoe is termed, fighting her way through the ice to their assistance. I saw a party of three rescued after considerable labor. They had been out all night, thermometer at 8 degrees, and were icicles from head to foot. Hot coffee and sandwiches were served out to them while they thawed out by the cabin stove and retained their experience in good humor. The average white man would have frozen to death three times while these hardy mariners looked upon the whole thing as a joke. The African may like a warm climate, but he can withstand the cold as well. He may be seen in mid-winter bobbing up and down in a tiny canoe, anchored in the swell of a fierce northwester while he works the wet tongs and hauls forth the oyster from sunrise to dark, more severe and exposed labor than many white men would face.

I will not attempt a description of Norfolk. It is a bright city with a great future, and in my belief destined to become one of the chief marts of the continent. Its prosperity does not depend upon one staple, like Charleston upon cotton, but lumber, coal, oysters, fish, trucking, corn, wool and manufactures all contribute a fast increasing quota to the trade in cotton. With ample water front and water, a temperate climate, rich soil and unsurpassed connections by water and by rail, the advantages of Norfolk as a shipping point are becoming appreciated the world over. Every time I revisit the city fresh evidence of healthy growth presents itself. Were the inducements of the section of which Norfolk is the center more thoroughly placed before the emigrant from abroad, I fancy he would not hesitate between the Arctic regions along the northern boundary with their overproduction of wheat and the easier and more remunerative opportunities of the central belt of this country. The notions that south of Mason and Dixon's line there is no welcome for the settler and less security and respect for the law is a nonsensical piece of Northern provincialism, which has no foundation in fact. Nowhere have I found law and order more strictly and conscientiously enforced than throughout the Southern Atlantic States, and nowhere else is the majesty of the law held in such respect. It is a relief to the Northern man to find a portion of his country where the best and most responsible citizens hold office, and where the administration of public affairs is not given over to an alien rabble.

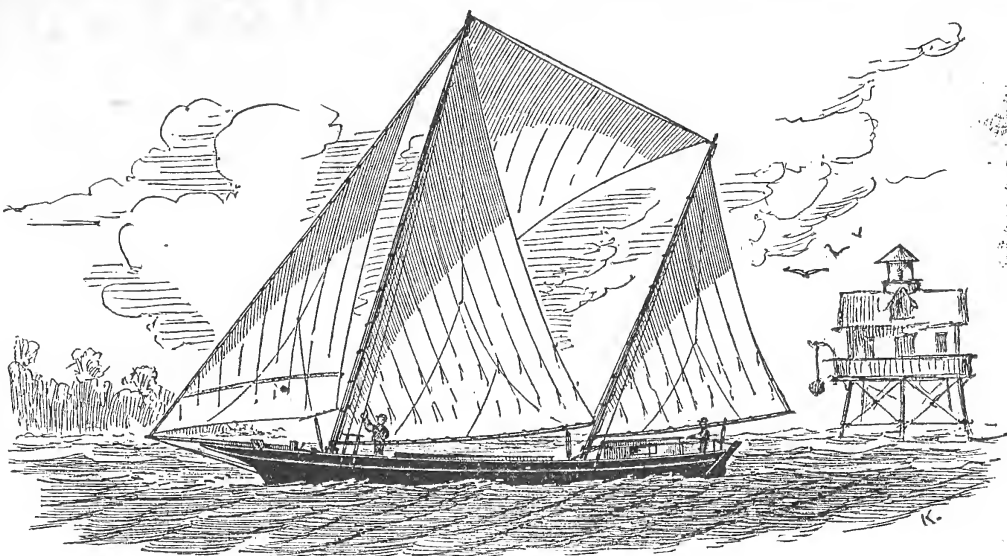
Provisions and equipments of all sorts are to be had in Norfolk. The James, Chickahominy, Nansemond and tributary creeks, offer plenty of attraction to the yachtsman and sportsman. Quail, duck, geese and deer are still plentiful, though the best lands are posted and permission to shoot is necessary. The Chickahominy, 40 miles up, was reported as swarming with ducks last season, and birds and rabbits are plenty about the headwaters of Back Creek. York River and neighborhood also afford abundant sport. Norfolk harbor has good anchorage for yachts in the Eastern Branch beyond all steamboat traffic. The Navy Yard in Portsmouth is also an attraction, and festivities at the great Hygeia Hotel at Fortress Monroe are within easy reach. A short railroad runs from the city to Virginia Beach, a growing summer resort on the Coney Island plan. Drummond Lake, where perch abound and the angling in general is good, can be reached via canal, and the route south is open into the sounds with their endless miles of rivers and bays down to Beaufort.

I visited the office of the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal Company, paid a nominal sum and was allowed to sail through on my own hook. One day was devoted to cruising down harbor on a visit to the German sloop war or corvette, Louise. I wish the naval committee of Congress and the corps of constructors could have inspected the vessel. She is only a wooden craft, but for all that so much superior in model, speed and fighting efficiency to the old plugs of our own service that even an unprofessional person could not fail to appreciate how we have been left in the race among shipbuilding nations. The Louise had a ram bow, clean cut hull with low elliptical counter flush with the water as a protection to rudder and screw. Per contra, the new Dolphin of our own service, evolved after a mountain of discussion, showed a high yachtlike overhang, exposing as an excellent target such vital details as rudderpost, rudder and after deadwood. Though the Dolphin is a kind of show boat and the Louise a fighting ship, the latter completely takes the shine out of the Dolphin, for in paint, decorations, brass work and elaborate rigging the German surpassed our largest and finest steam yachts. Even his cutters were models of style and finish equal to any yacht's gig. What with a cleanliness to ship and crew with rided ordinance, Nordenfot multiples mounted on each quarter and in the tops, the Louise was the finest vessel of her class I ever beheld, and I have seen most things that float the world over.

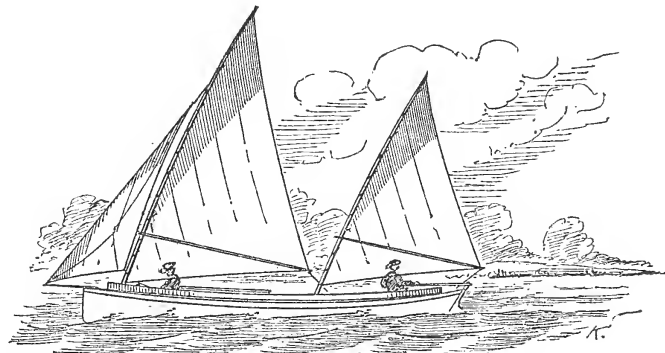
The following day a beam wind of moderate strength saw the Coot jogging up the Western Branch, past the Navy Yard and on to the mouth of the canal. The Elizabeth is tolerably broad and deep and well buoyed in the lower reaches, until you bring up at the entrance of the old Dismal Swamp Canal, where the river takes a sudden turn to the eastward. A mile up the draw of the Norfolk and Western will be found open, except at train time, and you can shoot through without notice. This bridge is an iron structure of such low truss that it speedily showed lameness in the back and had to be shored up extensively. The engineer should never be allowed to design another bridge, for the error in this one is palpable. The river narrows into tortuous turns, though a small boat like the Coot can beat up easily enough. Large vessels must tow. Give the points a good berth. Most of them have flats and stumps. At a sudden turn, where Deep Creek joins the Branch, I spied a buoy about midchannel. The paint was rubbed off and I took the wrong side, spiked up on a stump amidships, the boat jumping out two inches. She wore round, slid off and tried the other side of the buoy with better success, and by afternoon had worked up close to the canal lock, where she was tied up to the shore to await a fair wind through. C. P. K.

BAY OF QUINTE Y. C.—Belleville, Ont., May 6.—Although the yachting spirit is by no means dead in our little city, it is not as strong as it was a very few years ago. This is to be accounted for only on the ground that the expense of maintaining even a small craft is more than the majority of the devotees of the sport care to stand. Hence our local fleet has been dwindling in numbers year by year, until now there are only three yachts of note owned in this city, namely, the Norah, Dauntless and Iolanthe, the former, of which races only at one or two ports, the second not at all and the third regularly. The latest loss to the roll of the B. Q. Y. C. has been the big sloop Atlanta, champion of the lakes, which was recently purchased by Messrs. Ward, J. Eyne and Dave Claus, of Brighton for, it is reported, the beggarly price of \$1,500. In the way of building nothing is said to be in contemplation except a small cruiser by Vice-Commodore Pike, who recently sold his cutter Sylvia to parties in Buffalo. The annual meeting of the Bay of Quinte Y. C. was held on May 5, when Messrs. John Turner and George Brown were elected members of the club. The following officers were unanimously elected: Commodore, R. S. Bell; Vice-Commodore, Wm. Pike; Captain, C. S. Hostage; Secretary, F. S. Campbell; Treasurer, Geo. N. Leavens; Measurers, Geo. N. Leavens and Wm. S. Drewry. Messrs. W. H. Biggar, C. S. Hostage and R. M. Roy were appointed delegates to the Lake Yacht Racing Association, meeting to be held on Saturday, 8th inst. An effort will be made, and there is every reason to believe that it will be successful, to have the first race of the circuit held at Belleville, Wednesday, July 29, or Friday, July 30, were spoken of as desirable dates who has served the club as Hon. Secretary for eleven years and has decided to withdraw from the cares of office, was nominated for the position of Commodore and has declined to accept the position.—PORT TACK.

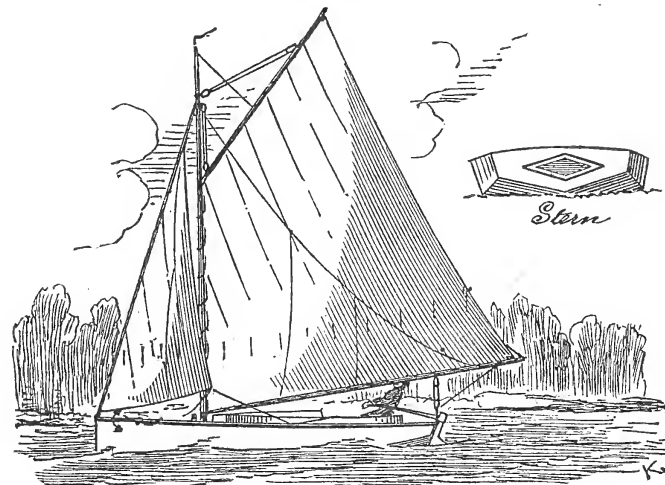
CAROLINA Y. C.—The officers for 1886, elected on May 3, are: Commodore, Pabrooke Jones; Fleet Captain, Norwood Giles; Flag Captain, Wm. L. Smith, Jr.; Purser, M. S. Willard; Measurer, T. W. Meares; Governing Committee, W. L. Parsley, G. H. Smith, H. M. Bowden; Regatta Committee, H. G. Smallbones, George D. Parsley, J. McRee Cowan; Committee on House and Grounds, H. R. Latimer, Clayton Giles, G. H. Smith. Twenty members were also elected. The club fleet has been divided into two classes, the first to consist of those measuring 20ft. and under to 16ft. and 6in. in length, and the second to embrace yachts of 16ft. 6in. and less. Yachts of the second class may compete for a first class prize, provided the measurer is notified of the intention to thus compete at the time of entering the yacht; but yachts of the first class will not be permitted to enter for a second class prize.



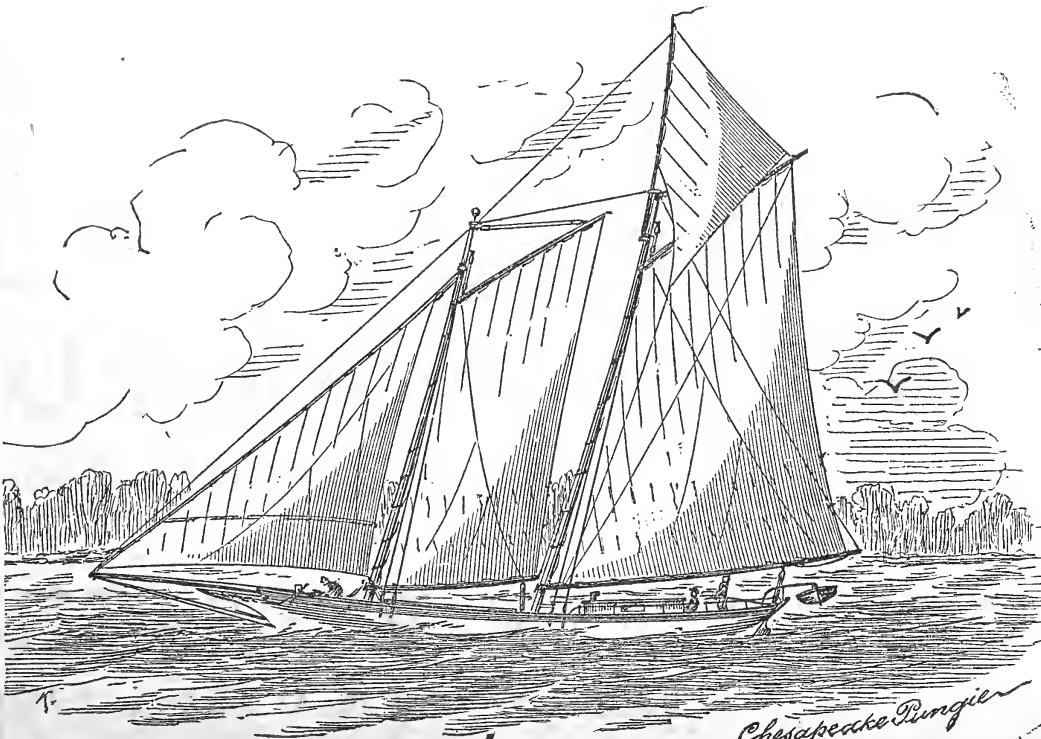
Chesapeake Bugeye.



Chesapeake Canoe.



Hampton Flattie.



Chesapeake Ringier

RIVERSIDE Y. C.—At the regular meeting of the Riverside Y. C. of Jacksonville, on April 30, there were four new members elected. A new set of by-laws was submitted and accepted. Quite a considerable amount of money was raised among the present members, which will be used in improving the club house. Steps were also taken in reference to buying the 35ft. sloop yacht Cheemaun, a well-known boat in and around New York. She is considered one of the ablest and fastest boats of her length. At present she is owned by Mr. Will Fred Porter, who is a member of the R. Y. C., and ex-measurer, but has returned to New York, his old home to live. The yacht Arthur B., owned by Mr. W. L. Davis, was sent to New Berlin, Fla., to be overhauled and a new set of sails made and an additional storm jib put on her, making her one of the finest looking sloop yachts in Southern waters. The club is making good progress and hopes to be in good condition this coming winter to welcome our Northern visitors as they should be. It is also the desire of this club that all owners of yachts anticipating a visit to our waters this next winter will send in their names together with name and rig of yacht, and at or about what time she expects to arrive here; also if said owner or owners wish their names presented for active membership.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. SPRING REGATTA.—The spring regatta of the K. Y. C. will be sailed on May 31, starting from the club house at Port Morris. The iron steamboat Sirius will carry the club's guests. All yachts enrolled in the club will be considered as entered for the regatta, and will be classed as follows: Class 1, cabin sloops and cutters 31ft. and over. Class 2, cabin sloops and cutters under 31ft. Class 3, open jib and mainsail yachts, 25ft. and over. Class 4, open jib and mainsail yachts, 21ft. to 25ft. Class 5, open jib and mainsail yachts under 21ft. Class 6, cat-rigged yachts, 21ft. to 25ft. Class 7, cat-rigged yachts 17ft. to 21ft. Class 8, under 17ft. Special class, steam yachts. The course for the 8th class will be to and around Fort Schuyler buoy and return. All other classes to and around Gangway buoy and return. The preparatory gun will be fired at 10:30 A. M. Full sailing directions will appear in programme. A prize will be awarded the winning yacht in each class on time allowance. A silk club signal will be given to the sailing yacht making the fastest time over the Gangway buoy course without time allowance. The regatta committee are Messrs. E. E. Brown, A. Varian and D. M. Winne.

BUFFALO Y. C.—The Buffalo Y. C. have taken a new start this season, and their prospects are much more promising than ever before, as the interest is not confined to a few enthusiasts, but is extending widely among young men. The roll now numbers 75 active and 20 life members, and the fleet includes the schooners May Bell and E. B. Jewett, the sloops Curlew, Iolanthe, Rumble, Turk, Lillie R. and Alarm; the cutters Vera and Sylvia, and the cat One Such. A new club house is now proposed at the foot of Porter avenue, and it is expected that it will be ready early in the summer. The building, designed by Mr. H. M. Reebe, will be 24ft. square and three stories high. Below will be lockers and houses for the yaws. The second floor, with a balcony 7 1/2 ft. wide around it, will be the club room, and the third will be used for storage. On the roof is an open observatory. With a new house and larger fleet the Buffalo Y. C. will be as well settled as any club on the lake, will be in position to devote all its energies to racing and to building up yachting on Lake Erie.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—The events for 1886 are: Opening review and harbor cruise, May 23. Annual spring regatta, June 9. Ladies' day, June 15. Review and harbor cruise, June 27. Corinthian cruise and regatta, July 3 to 6. Review, Lazaretto, Aug. 8. Annual cruise in Chesapeake and Delaware bays, Aug. 14 to 29. Review and cup race, second class, Sept. 6. Closing review and cruise, Sept. 19.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—The spring regatta will be sailed on June 5 and the annual on July 5. An oyster boat race, similar to that of last year, will be sailed in August for prizes given by the club.

JERSEY CITY Y. C.—The opening day of the club will be as usual Decoration Day, the start being made from the club house at 9 A. M. The annual regatta will be sailed on July 17.

A LAUNCH AT FALL RIVER.—On May 5 there was launched by Read Bros., the Mable F. Swift, designed by Mr. J. Borden, Jr., for Mr. C. W. Anthony, of Fall River. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 43ft.; waterline, 38ft.; beam, 14ft. 6in.; hold, 6ft.; draft, 5ft. 6in.; iron keel, 8,290 pounds. The under-water body of the yacht shows a very fair form and promises a speedy boat. The sheer is noticeable from its lowest point being far aft, with a quick spring to the counter. The stem and sternpost are plumb. The boat is very roomy below, with a large cabin, a stateroom to starboard and plenty of stowage room and pantries, while the forecabin is of a good size. In the cabin four berths can be made up back of the lockers. The interior is finished very handsomely in oak and mahogany. The yacht will be sloop-rigged and will enter the local races this summer.

LAUNCH OF THE CINDERELLA.—On Saturday last, in spite of the rain, the new yacht Cinderella was launched by Mr. Piepgrass, at Greenpoint. On her wet decks were Mr. and Mrs. Iselin. The yacht had her spars and gear in place, topmast on end, and was ready to bend sails as soon as afloat. At 1:15 P. M. the dog shores were knocked away and she slid rapidly into the water, Mrs. Iselin breaking a bottle of wine over her starboard bow as she left the land. The Cinderella is still at Piepgrass's, but will go into commission as soon as the inside ballast is stowed.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

P. M. C., Lawrence, Mass.—Address Wallace Huntington, Wilton, Conn.

C. F., Boston.—Please tell me the best places in Maine to get good trout fishing in July? Ans. Tim Pond, the Rangeley lakes, or the headwaters of the Aroostook.

A. B. D., Boxford, Mass.—For compilation Massachusetts game laws, address H. J. Thayer, Secretary Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, No. 246 Washington street, Boston.

E. S. G., Cleveland.—Please inform me where I can obtain gold fish at wholesale. I wish to sell them again. Ans. Write to E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York, or to Hugo Mulert, Cincinnati, O.

A. D.—Where is the best place on the Hudson to catch shad with a fly and when? Ans. We do not know of any such place. The only spot where fly-fishing for shad is successful is below the dam at Holyoke, Mass.

W. L. B., Randolph, Ia.—I have a wild goose which has mated with a tame swan this season for the third time. Unfortunately the eggs were broken in 1884 and 1885. Is there any reason why the eggs should not hatch? Ans. There is no reason for supposing that the eggs will prove fertile. The birds are of different genera and a hybrid would not be expected.

BASEL, Providence, R. I.—Do they catch shad with a fly? if so what are the best, and what size? Do they fish in shallow or deep water for them? Ans. Yes. A little later, in July or August, we shall have an article on this topic. The white miller and the coachman are good flies and should be dressed on Nos. 4 to 6 Sproat hooks. They fish for them in the swift water of the channel in the Connecticut River below the bridge at Holyoke, Mass., and at no other place that we know of.

GATCHO.—J. C. Bandle & Son give a medal to be contested for by clubs of Hamilton county, O., five men to a team, each man to have been a bona fide member of the club he represents at least three months prior to first shoot. Is it compulsory under these conditions that the members of the various competing clubs be residents of Ohio, nothing having been said on that subject by the donor, while he had actually placed a man on one of the teams whom he knew lived in Kentucky? Ans. No.

New Publications.


FRANK'S RANCHE; OR, MY HOLIDAY IN THE ROCKIES.

THE author of this little work, who signs himself F. M., in his dedicatory letter, is one of those respectable well-to-do citizens of famous London Town, who in common with many of his species, carries under his broadcloth an ineradicable taint of the roving blood which, whether inherited from the Norsemen or the restless followers of Hengst and Horsa, is apt to assert itself most unexpectedly. The author appears to have escaped the controlling influence of the disease in his own person, only to transmit it in a concentrated form to his son Frank, in whom it exhibited itself in an aggravated type, which necessitated his being sent to the "Far West" for change of air. In both father and son there appears to have been an abiding faith in the old time tradition that if one can only get a piece of land to plant money in, it will return to you in time an increase of forty, sixty, or even a hundred fold, and Frank being started as a farm pupil on a Minnesota farm, both he and his parent were naturally anxious for the time when the young hopeful should be prepared to fill his own acres. It took six months before Frank was able to satisfy himself and father that he knew enough of farming to give his preceptor "wrinkles," and the fates willing it, that at that very period a farm of two hundred acres was thrown on the market a dead bargain, the opportunity was embraced eagerly, and Frank began to plant his father's dollars in improvements. At the close of the first year the return was not quite what was expected, but just then a splendid opportunity occurred for establishing a creamery as rich in promises as a Senatorial candidate; the fates were further propitious in turning up at the very moment a man without means but with all the experience necessary to the working of a creamery with a moneyed partner. The hand of fate was so distinctly recognizable here that when the author received a letter intimating that the farm was sold, the creamery established and an opportunity presented for the profitable investment of more dollars, he not only refrained from exhibiting surprise, but determined not to be eclipsed by his son in the abiding faith which works miracles, and came down with the useful like a man.

But when a year later the partnership was dissolved, and Frank received as his share the experience only, plus two hundred dollars, while the partner who invested the experience took the creamery and prepared to run it under difficulties, the buoyancy which prompted Frank to the investment was not shared in by the author, whose faith had waxed cold. Frank started for the Rockies, homesteaded a farm at the base of the foothills, and, left to his own resources, faced the difficulties of his position like a true descendant of the hardy Norseman. Finally the author determined to come out and see for himself. This visit restored his wavering faith, and left Frank a good start on a five hundred acre ranch on which he is likely to prosper, the sanguine dreams of his youth having given place to the well grounded self-reliance acquired in the protracted struggle in which he passed the difficulties of his position.

The Yellowstone Park and Salt Lake City, Niagara and the Catskills are visited and described, together with the region passed over, in a style at once animated, fair and judicious, and the description being interspersed with lively anecdotes of men and things, the little book may be described as essentially interesting. It has been favorably received on the other side, and we have little doubt that Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who are bringing it out in this country, will find it a successful venture. The writer is already favorably known in angling circles as the author of "An Amateur Angler's Doings in Dovedale," and the present contribution to the literature of the far West wants none of the brightness, freshness and geniality of the former work.

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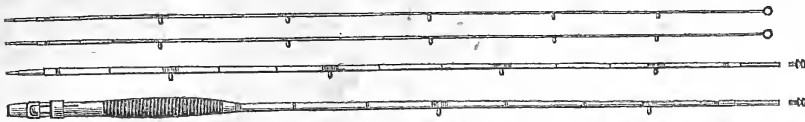
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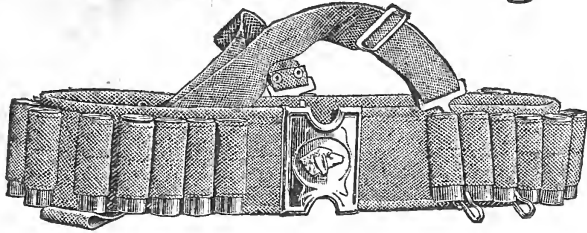


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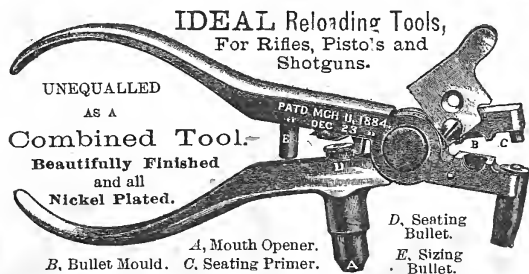
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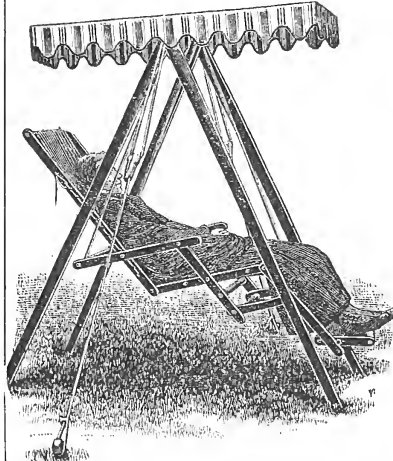
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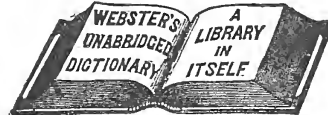
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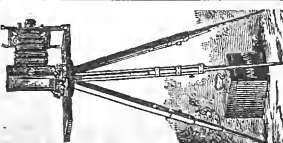
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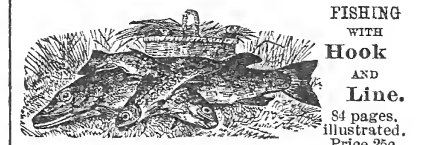
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FISHING AND SURGICAL USE.

In lots to suit, all grades and lengths, "Extra Heavy" to "Extra Fine." Assorted thousands, ten different grades, including "Extra Long," put up for country trade and clubs. Prices, \$5 to \$15 per 1,000. Assorted thousands, \$7.50. Address **LATASA & CO., P. O. Box 2,708, Washington Building, N. Y.**

WHITE BLACKING. WHAT IS IT? It is the best Carriage Top Dressing made and also the cheapest and easiest to use, when applied according to directions. It cleans, oils, softens and preserves harness, bringing out its original color as when new, in one operation. **S. STONE, Sole Ag't, S. O. BRIGHAM, Manager, 27 Park Place, N. Y.**

The Open Shot Regulator.

Good for 10 or 40 yds.

WINANS & WOODEN,
97 West Kinney st., Newark, N. J.
Send bore of gun for sample.



HILL ON THE DOG.

THE STANDARD WORK ON THEIR

MANAGEMENT AND DISEASES.

Price \$2.00.

For Sale by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

STEVENS'

J. STEVENS & CO. "PREMIER" RIFLES, Nos. 7 and 8.
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.



Swiss Stock with Fore-end, Vernier and Open Back Sights and Globe Sight.

American Field, Jan. 10, 1885.—"The next gun was a 22 caliber Stevens, and a pair of beautiful pistols, made by Stevens, on the Lord pattern. These weapons Dr. Carver uses on the stage, and does all his fancy shooting with. I saw him during the morning shoot with these pistols, in two consecutive shots, two half dollars thrown in the air, and he sent them whizzing away with holes nearly through the center of both. Opening a window, and calling upon Hans (one of his

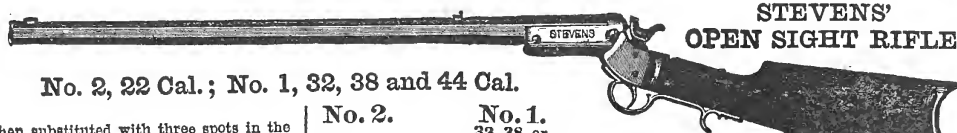
No. 7. 22 Cal. 32, 38 or 44 Cal.
24 inch, \$29.00.. \$29.00
26 inch, 31.00.. 30.00
28 inch, 33.00.. 31.00
30 inch, 35.00.. 32.00
No. 8 same style as 7, but fancy finish, \$2.00 extra.

Vernier and Open Back Sight and Beach Front Sight.

STEVENS' "EXPERT" RIFLES, Nos. 5 and 6.

attendants) to fix up a target, I saw him shoot twenty shots, fired at forty steps, and the bullets could all be covered with a ten cent piece." Mr. Reeves, in *American Field*, Dec. 6, 1884.—"Regarding the feat of Mr. Ira A. Paine with a Stevens' Gallery Pistol, 22 caliber. He put several shots in a one inch bullseye in a card, held in a lady's hand at ten yards and then hit the card edgewise three shots out of four. Small cards measuring four and a half by three inches

No. 5. 22 Cal. 32, 38 or 44 Cal.
24 inch, \$25.00.. \$25.00
26 inch, 27.00.. 26.00
28 inch, 29.00.. 27.00
30 inch, 31.00.. 28.00
No. 6 same style as 5, but fancy finish, \$2.00 extra.



No. 2, 22 Cal.; No. 1, 32, 38 and 44 Cal.

were then substituted with three spots in the center of the card like the three of hearts, when he put a shot through each heart. The next feat was firing at a walnut and grape placed on the top of his wife's head, on a small pedestal about one inch high. He knocked the grape off the first shot, and then the walnut at the second shot, all at the same distance—ten yards."

No. 2. 22 Cal. 32, 38, or 44 Cal.
24 inch, \$20.00.. \$20.00
26 inch, 22.00.. 21.00
28 inch, 24.00.. 22.00
30 inch, 26.00.. 23.00
Fancy finish, \$2.00 extra.

Weight of Rifles 6½ to 8½ pounds.

Stevens' "Crack-Shot" Rifle costs \$6.00 more than Nos. 1 and 2. The "Crack-Shot" has "Lyman" Sight on stock in place of open rear sight on barrel. Otherwise like Nos. 1 and 2. All Rifles or Pets are chambered for rim fire cartridges, unless otherwise ordered. On request will chamber for any desired rim or central fire cartridge.

STEVENS' HUNTERS' PET RIFLE.

Weight of 18 inch about 5 1-4 lbs. and good for 40 rods.

22 Rim, 32, 38 or 44 Caliber, Rim or Central Fire, with Combined Sights.
18 inch, \$18.00. 20 inch, \$19.00. 22 inch, \$20.00. 24 inch, \$21.00.

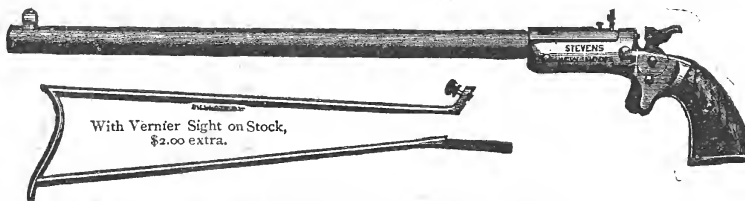
HUNTERS' PET SHOT GUNS.

Same style and price of the above, to use the Stevens' Reloading Central Fire Shell, 38 or 44 Cal. or the U.M.C. Co.'s Berdan Primer, 20 cal. Shell.
NOTE.—Central Fire Hunters' Pet Rifle Barrels and Shot Barrels fitted to same frame when so ordered. Price of 18 inch, extra, \$10.00.
Price of 18 inch Shot Barrel,..... \$13 00
Mahogany Cases for Pet,..... 5 00

STEVENS' NEW MODEL POCKET RIFLES.

Weight of 10 inch about 2 pounds.

22 or 32 Cal., Rim Fire with Combined Sights.
10 inch. 12 inch. 15 inch. 18 inch.
\$12.25. \$13.25. \$15.00. \$16.50.
Extra Barrels only, full sighted.
10 inch. 12 inch. 15 inch. 18 inch.
\$6.50 \$7.50 \$8.50. \$10.00.



STEVENS' NEW MODEL POCKET SHOT GUNS.

For Taxidermists' use, same style and price of the New Model Pocket Rifle, to use the Stevens' Reloading Brass Shells, 38 and 44 Cal.
Mahogany Cases for New Model Pocket Rifles, 10 inch, \$2.50; 12 inch, \$2.75; 15 inch, \$3.00; 18 inch, \$3.50.

STEVENS' OLD MODEL POCKET RIFLES.

22 Cal. with Globe and Peep Sights. 6 inch, no rest, \$7.00.
10 inch, Plated rest. Japanned rest. 8 inch, Plated rest. Japanned.
\$11.00 \$10.50 \$10.00 \$9.50

STEVENS' GALLERY PISTOLS.

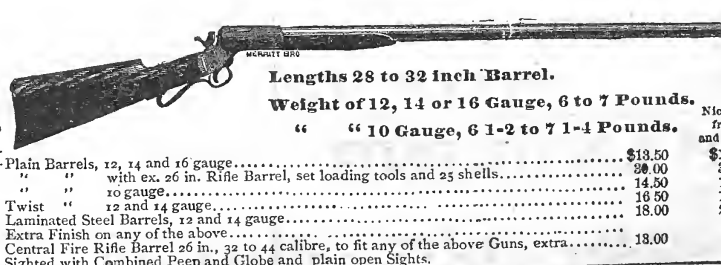
"Conlin" Model, 10 inch Barrel, 22 Cal., weight 2½ pounds,..... Price, \$20 00
"Lord" Model, 10 inch Barrel, 22 Cal., weight 3 pounds,..... " 22 00
"Diamond" Model, 10 inch Barrel, 22 Cal., weight 11 ounces,..... " 10 00



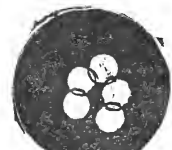
Single-Shot Pistol, 3¼ inch Barrel, \$2.50. 22 or 30 Cal.

STEVENS' Single Barrel Breech Loading Shot Gun.

WITH FOREHAND STOCK AND STEVENS' PATENT BOLT.—10, 12, OR 16 GAUGE.



Lengths 28 to 32 inch Barrel. Weight of 12, 14 or 16 Gauge, 6 to 7 Pounds. " " 10 Gauge, 6 1-2 to 7 1-4 Pounds.
Plain Barrels, 12, 14 and 16 gauge..... \$13.50
" " with ex. 26 in. Rifle Barrel, set loading tools and 25 shells..... 20.00
" " 10 gauge..... 14.50
Twist " 12 and 14 gauge..... 16.50
Laminated Steel Barrels, 12 and 14 gauge..... 18.00
Extra Finish on any of the above..... 18.00
Central Fire Rifle Barrel 26 in., 32 to 44 calibre, to fit any of the above Guns, extra..... 18.00
Sighted with Combined Peep and Globe and plain open Sights.



5 successive shots, 50 feet.



He would hardly allow even a 10 inch Pocket Rifle to pass unless it would make a better target than this.

WHY should every Lawyer, Doctor, Preacher, Teacher, or any one who needs pleasant recreation to draw the mind away from their daily cares, buy and constantly use some one of the various arms made by J. Stevens & Co.?

BECAUSE you can have more fun in a day with a Stevens' Rifle or Pocket Rifle than with a common weapon in a whole year.

BECAUSE when any one practices with weapons of such wonderful accuracy the interest does not diminish, but increases constantly. You can practice an hour or two a day, a hundred and fifty times in a year, without tiring. When your skills is such that you can make targets like the first, try it at a longer distance and you will be surprised at the pleasure that results from the accomplishment of the object.

BECAUSE all their arms are so light and convenient, and easily taken apart to carry in a trunk or bag, or in a small package.

BECAUSE you can with a little practice become a really expert shot at a merely nominal expense.

BECAUSE when you buy one of these arms you are sure of an accurate shooter. Every arm before it can leave their factory must be actual trial make targets of which the best one above is a fair sample. No fisherman's outfit is complete without a two-pound Pocket Rifle with which to knock over any game, large or small, he is likely to come across.

Mr. Jones, of Pittsburgh, lately made some remarkable shooting with Stevens' Rifle with 22 short cartridge at 200 yards. It is something new to see a Rifle with 22 short cartridge competing successfully on the 200 yard range with Rifles of the best makers shooting very much larger cartridges.

Mr. Butler, of Syracuse, N. Y., has four other Rifles of the best makes, but says he uses his Little Stevens' a dozen times as much as all the rest. It is so convenient to carry and so wonderfully accurate.

Mr. R. B. Fuller, 172 South Clark St., Chicago, has a twenty dollar Stevens' Rifle that has been used in his shooting gallery every day for eight years, which is now in good order after having been shot over 500,000 times.

Mr. Carpenter, of Louisville, Ky., lately went to a turkey shoot and secured 7 turkeys in a couple of hours. He shot a 22 caliber 18 inch New Model Pocket Rifle weighing 2½ pounds at

225 yards.

Mr. Ingersoll, who has two of the finest shooting galleries in Pittsburgh (and probably in the world) has at present Thirty-one (31) Stevens' Rifles in use in his galleries.

R. P. Cory, of Connecon, Canada West: I have used for three years a Stevens' 22-caliber Pocket Rifle, have shot it about 15,000 times, can kill all sorts of small game with it a great deal farther than with the best Shot Gun. For squirrel shooting I will match this Little Pocket Rifle against any man with the best Shot Gun that can be brought forward.

From *American Field*.—"For careful boring and grooving, and perfection of workmanship in every particular, I consider the Stevens' Rifle the superior of any in the market." COQUINA.

My Old Model Pocket Rifle after being used 8 or 9 years, is as fine as ever. A. R. C.

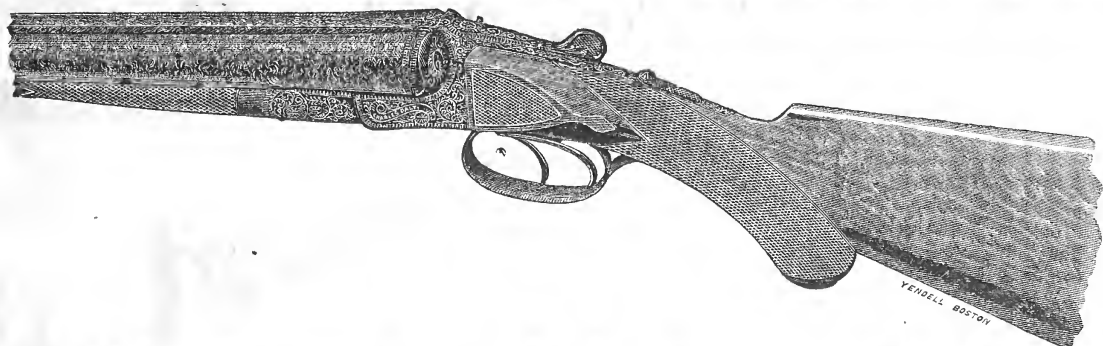
I have one of your J. Stevens & Co., 26 in. barrel, 38 calibre Rifles, and it is the finest shooting rifle I ever saw. I have also one of the Hunter's Pet, 32 calibre, the best short range rifle I ever owned. They are a perfect rifle in every respect.

I received the 10 inch Stevens' Rifle, and was very much pleased to find it the best shooting article that I have ever handled. The first shot I fired, I knocked one of Dad's hens over at 8 rods. C. T. T.

THESE ARMS ARE SOLD BY ALL PRINCIPAL DEALERS,
ALSO BY THE GENERAL AGENTS,

WIEBUSCH & HILGER, 84 & 86 Chambers St., New York City.

CHARLES DALY HAMMERLESS



Is the Foremost Gun of the Day.
READ A FEW FRESH WORDS OF COMMENDATION.

No. 1—From the Pacific Slope.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 15, 1886.

Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, New York:
 GENTLEMEN—I have a 10-gauge Daly—the one I ordered expressly for myself about a year ago—and now I want a 12-gauge Daly. *It is the best gun in the world.*
 I have had one of the club Medals here ever since I had my *Diamond Daly*, and still hold the champion medal. I have broken ten out of fifteen clay-pigeons at 75 yards with No. 7 shot with it. C. B. Gould, who holds the first class medal, shoots Daly 12-gauge. J. B. Cline, one of our crack shots, shoots Daly 10-gauge. Frank Day, one of our crack shots, shoots Daly 10-gauge. J. Downey Harvey, one of our crack shots, shoots Daly 10-gauge. Harry Houghton won first prize, Alexander County Sportsmen Club, with a Daly 12-gauge. Martini Chick, the Champion of Southern California, shoots a Daly 10-gauge.
 We are about making a match for Chick and Crittenden Robinson, of San Francisco, and have got \$500 that says the Daly gun beats him.
 We have sold all the above and several others. Now I want a Daly 12-gauge, and I want you to pick me out one which will be up to the mark in outward appearance—a beautiful piece of timber and finely marked barrels. For the shooting part, I have no fear that it will be to my satisfaction.
 Respectfully yours,
 (Signed) T. E. WALKER, of Walker & Smith.

No. 2—From the Gulf.

HOUSTON, Tex., March 27, 1886.

Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, New York:
 GENTLEMEN—The Charles Daly Hammerless Gun that I ordered through your house has been received, and to say that I am pleased with it only conveys in part what I think. It has been examined by the best judges in this country, and they say that it is the finest piece of work that they have ever seen; that in fact they don't think the workmanship can be excelled. I have thoroughly tested the shooting qualities, and it comes up to the specifications. I enclose you a slip from the *Post*.
 Respectfully yours,
 (Signed) M. FLOECK.

(SLIP FROM HOUSTON "POST.")

"A *Post* reporter while taking in the sportsmen's element of our population this morning, dropped into Mike Floeck's gun shop on Travis street, and there found several of the crack shots looking with a degree of unusual interest at a gun that seemed to be on exhibition. It turned out to be a piece that had been made to order by Charles Daly, and brought on by their Agent E. B. Kissam. It is one of the prettiest pieces of human mechanism that the eye of man ever feasted upon. The experts in that line, including some of the older members of the Gun Club, were present, and they could not speak its praises loud enough. The beauty and purity of the material, the close-fitting work of the master artist in putting the parts together, the ingenious carving and ornamentation adorning parts of it, with the desirable weight and handiness, all appealed to their judgment in a manner that elicited expressions of unbounded admiration. The barrels are of Turkish Damascus steel, 10-gauge, and finished to the Queen's taste. The stock is of walnut, beautifully finished. The trigger guard, in the height of art and taste, is inlaid with small figures of bags and birds, being a brace of handsome setters on a hunt, a pair of quail about to flush, and a brace of prairie chickens standing as if they had just spied the common enemy. Altogether the gun has not probably an equal in the State, and no superior in the South. It seems to be the perfection of the gunsmith's art."

No. 3—From the Great Northwest.

CHICAGO, May 1, 1886.

Messrs. Best & Co., Minneapolis:
 GENTLEMEN—You ask permission to publish the letter I wrote to my friend Mr. C. in reply to his asking my advice as to the purchase of a gun. I have no objection except I request you to leave out the portions in which I have given the bad points of a few well-known makes. I have friends who handle these goods and do not wish to have my comments put in print.
 Yours truly,
 (Signed) GEO. T. FARMER.

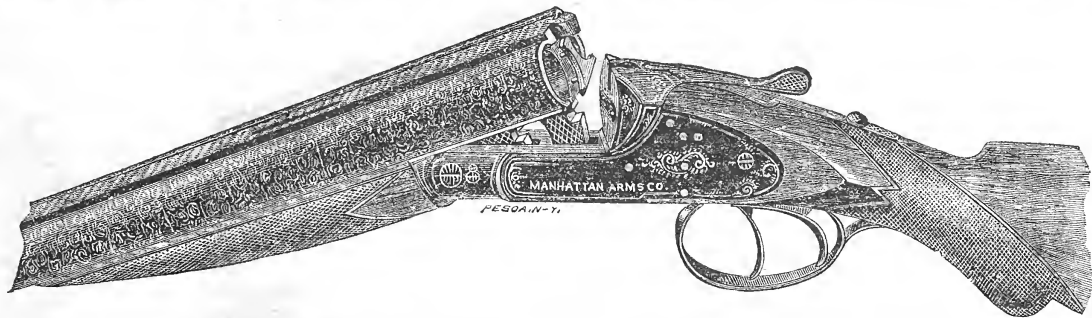
CHICAGO, April 10, 1886.

Friend C.:
 Your esteemed favor of the 16th inst. at hand and contents noted. In my judgment the best gun made is the Charles Daly. I have shot a Diamond quality hammer gun for five years, shooting 5½ drams powder at the trap and on ducks. I won the Illinois State Championship with it last year, which I still hold subject to contest next June. A duck gun should be 10-bore and 10 to 10½ lbs. Mine weighs 10 lbs. 4 oz. It has shot away since I owned it at least 400 lbs. of powder, and it is solid and compact as the day I bought it. I paid \$200 for it and it is more than equal in style and finish to a ———, which my friend Mr. S. paid \$415 for. If I were to buy one now I would of course get a hammerless, but I would buy nothing but a Daly. The lower grades of American guns are superior to the same grade of imported ones, but our American makes cannot compete with the best foreign makes in durability and finish on the higher grades, and none of the foreign ones can compare with the Daly, though costing considerable more money. In short, my advice is, get a *Diamond Daly Hammerless*, and it will last you your lifetime. If you don't want to use it till fall get it made to order. This you can do by giving length of stock, drop at the butt and the nose, the gauge, the length of the barrels and the weight.
 We will have a shoot here commencing the second Monday in June, lasting six days, requiring twelve to fifteen thousand birds. Try and come down and you will see enough to convince you that my advice is correct, and I promise you a good time.
 Very truly yours,
 (Signed) GEO. T. FARMER.

PRICE:

No. 120—Damascus Barrels, Well Engraved,	\$125 00
200—Finest Barrels, Locks, Stock, and Superb Engraving,	200.00

Manhattan Hammerless.



We introduce this new aspirant for the favor of the shooting public, with great confidence that before this fall season is over it will have made its mark.
 Heretofore Hammerless Guns have been used only in the most expensive kinds; all previous attempts to bring out a cheap or medium priced one have been a failure. THE MANHATTAN is a medium priced, well fitted gun, and is equal in work or finish to any American make.
 Every care has been taken to make of them first-class shooting guns.

PRICE:

Fine Damascus Barrels, Neatly Engraved,	\$75.00
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SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,

84 & 86 Chambers Street, New York.

Agents for PIEPER B. L. GUNS AND SEVEN-SHOT DUCK AND GOOSE GUNS.

EDW. K. TRYON, JR. & CO.,

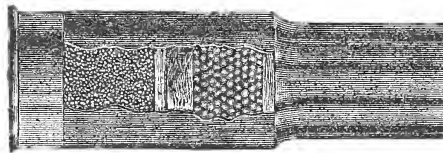
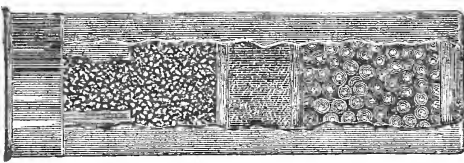
10 and 12 North Sixth and 220 North Second Streets,

PHILADELPHIA AGENTS

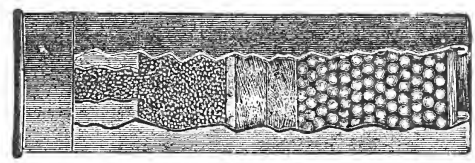
FOR SALE OF THE

Chamberlin Cartridge COMPANY'S

Fixed Ammunition for Shotguns.



SORA.



Loaded by machinery. Every cartridge perfect. Every one alike. Wadding of uniform thickness, and placed squarely on the powder and shot. Rammed with uniform pressure. Beautifully and securely crimped. Packed 25 in a pasteboard box, 20 boxes in a case. **The Most Convenient and Best Ammunition in the World.** Highest scores on record made with these cartridges. Persons who use them in the field are constantly speaking in their praise. WOOD POWDER has shown its best results in these goods. PIGOU, WILKES & LAURENCE POWDER does its best work in Chamberlin cartridges. Any of the leading brands of paper shells or powder may be had. THE VARIETY OF CARTRIDGES FOR TRAP SHOOTING IS NOW COMPLETE. WADDING ONE SIZE LARGER THAN BORE OF GUN for such guns as require this style of loading.

PERFECTION AT LAST.

THE BRAY FLY BOOK.

It will be gratifying to anglers to know that there is at last a perfect Fly Book in the market one in which flies may be attached as quickly as they could be thrown into an ordinary envelope, being at the same time perfectly secure, and may be as readily detached. The snell, regardless of its length, is at all times kept straight (the advantage of which no angler need be told), and each fly stands out so that one can see in an instant his entire assortment and select the one he desires.

Prices in Sheep Skin.

2 Sheets to hold 8 dozen	\$4 00
3 " " " 12 "	5 00
2 " " " 4 "	4 00
2 " " " 8 "	4 50
1 " " " 2 "	4 00
1 " " " 4 "	4 00

Morocco Cover, 2 Pockets,
\$1.00 Extra.

Spalding's Celebrated Split Bamboo Rods,

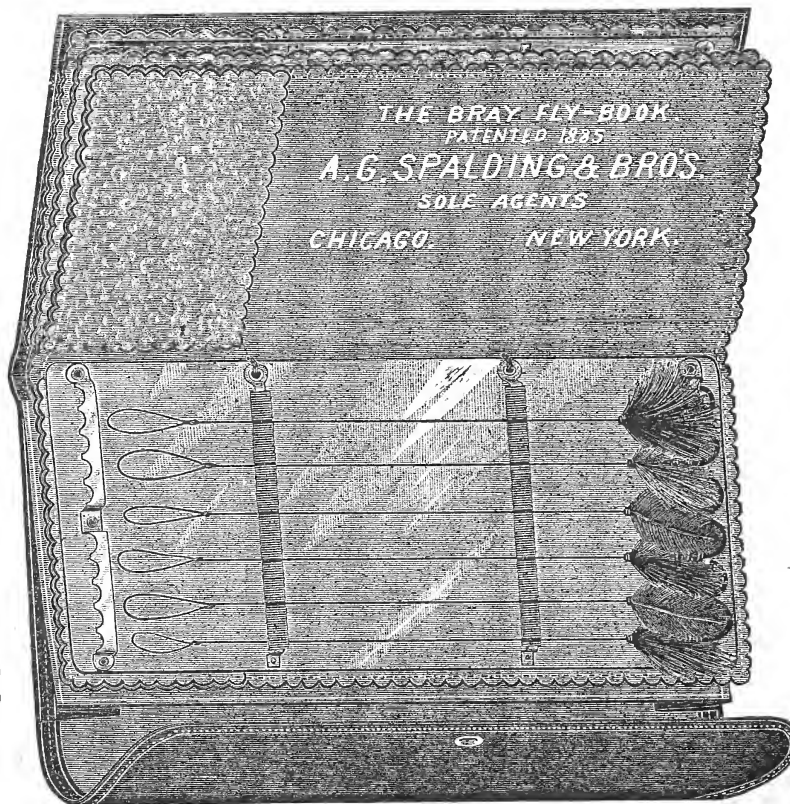
With Patent Serrated, Shouldered, Waterproof Ferrules.

Unequalled for Uniformity of Spring, Durability and Beauty of Finish.

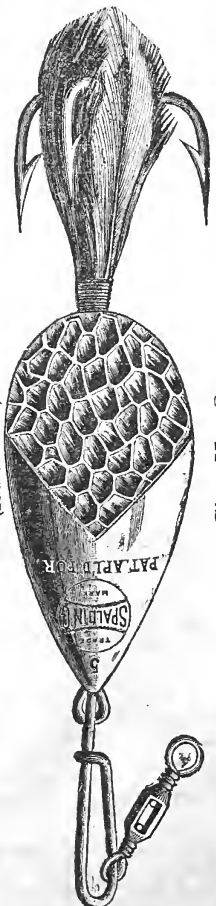
A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,

241 Broadway, N. Y.

108 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.



The Spalding Hammered Bait.
(ENDORSED.)



Made in Ten Sizes. Prices in silver plate: Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, 50 cts. each; Nos. 7 and 8, 65 cts. each; Nos. 9 and 10, 75 cts. each. Gold plate, 25 cts. extra.
MESSRS. A. G. SPALDING & BROS., CHICAGO, ILL.:
GENTLEMEN—Agreeably at your request, I tried the new "Hammered" Spoon Bait at Gage Lake, where, from the scarcity of live bait of any kind, a trolling spoon becomes almost a sine qua non at such times when the bass refuse to rise to the fly. The "Hammered" Bait is a happy idea, for it is hardly possible to devise a more attractive lure, as all who have used it can affirm. It is well and carefully made, has good, strong hooks, and well deserves the great popularity it has so soon acquired.
Very truly yours,
J. A. HENSHALL.

Chapman's Baits and Fishing Tackle.
Largest Assortment in the world. Sportsmen, send 10 cents for elegant catalogue, 100 pages.

NEW BASS BAIT.—One Size.

FANCY ALLURES.—Three Sizes.

CHAPMAN'S THREADED MINNOW

IN THREE SIZES, 1, 2, 3.

Cut No. 2.

Dealers send for Catalogue and Price List.

W. D. CHAPMAN & SON, Theresa, N. Y.

Mention this paper.

MOLLER'S NOR-WEGIAN COD-LIVER OIL

PUREST BEST.

FOR General Debility, Scrofula, Rheumatism or Consumption, is superior to any in delicacy of taste and smell, medicinal virtues and purity.

London, European and New York physicians pronounce it the purest and best. Sold by Druggists.

W. H. Schieffelin & Co. (Wholesale Agents U. S. and Canada) New York

Yachts and Canoes for Sale.

STEAM YACHT.

HANDSOME PLEASURE BOAT, with tender, life-saving appointments, etc., etc., for sale at a bargain. Length over all, 45ft.; width of beam, 11ft. 6in.; draft of water aft, 5ft.; forward, 2ft.; engine 8'x10', for either high or low pressure; locomotive boilers, keel condenser, steam pump, inspirator, etc., etc. All machinery in first rate order. Will suit about forty passengers. Has four-bladed screw and will steam from 12 to 14 knots per hour. For further information address A. DE LASKI, 147 High Street, Boston, Mass.

Steam Yachts Specially Offered For Sale.

Iron steam yacht, 194x25x12 1/2, speed 14 knots.
Iron steam yacht, 185x24x12, speed 16 1/2 knots.
New steel steam yacht, 170x23 1/2 x10 1/4 speed 13 1/2 k.
Wooden steam yacht, 100x16x6, speed 18 knots.
Cabin steam yacht, 42x9x3 1/2, speed 12 miles.
Steam Yachts and Launches of all sizes for Racing, Cruising, Fishing and Hunting Purposes.

FIELD & YOUNG,
Steam Vessel Brokers and Marine Engineers,
6 State Street, New York.

For Sale or Charter.

Iron steam yachts, flush deck and trunk cabins. Steam yachts designed. SAMUEL HOLMES, Member Institution Naval Architects, 120 Front st., N.Y.

Hunting Boats, Sneak Boxes, Cruising Canoes.

Built to order after the most approved models. Correspondence solicited and prices given on application. B. W. DAVENPORT, Ashland, Wis.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.—A SAILING canoe, 18ft. x 27in., lateen and lee o' nutton sails, made last fall in best manner. Will sell every thing complete for \$40 cash. Address JOHN P. COOPER, Box 622, Red Bank, N. J.

FOR SALE.—MARION, THE HANDSOMEST and fastest yacht of her length in these waters (18' 7" length x 6' 8" beam), cat rigged, varnished deck, hard wood finish. Moulded lead and iron ballast; composition fittings; patent blocks, anchor and oars. Price \$300. Can be seen at Newark Yacht Club, foot of Center street, or address E. L. PHILLIPS, Hewes & Phillips Iron Works, Newark, N. J.

FOR SALE.—A RUSHTON AMERICAN TRAV- eling canoe, complete, with lateen and dandy sails; used but one season. Cost \$100. Price \$50. Securely crated or boxed on cars at Fort Wayne, Ind. Address J. H. WILDER, Fort Wayne, Ind.

FOR SALE.—FINE CRUISING CANOE, 16ft. x 32in., good for one or two. Butternut planks, cedar decks, centerboard, masts, sails, paddles, cushions; used three weeks; sold by doctor's orders; cheap. Apply to builder, F. JOYNER, Glens Falls, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—KEEL SLOOP, 32-FT. LONG, head room in cabin 5ft. 7in. (looks much like Gipsy, illustrated in Forest and Stream April 1); could be cutter rigged at trifling expense as mast sets well aft. Address H. H. FISHER, 20 Sheldon street, Providence, R. I.

JAS. F. MARSTERS,
55 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN.
DEALER IN
Fine Fishing Tackle.

First Quality Goods at Lower Prices than any other House in America.

Brass Multiplying Reels with Balance Handles, first quality and fine finish. 75ft., \$1.00; 120ft., \$1.25; 180ft., \$1.50; 240ft., \$1.75; 300ft., \$2.00; 450ft., \$2.25; 600ft., \$2.50. Any of the above Reels with Drags, 25 cts. extra; nickel plated, 50 cts. extra. Brass Click Reels, 20yds., 50 cts.; 30yds., 75 cts.; 60yds., \$1.00; nickel plated, 50 cts. extra. Marster's Celebrated Hooks Snelled on Gut, Limerick, Kirby Limerick, Sproat, Carlisle, Chestertown, O'Shaughnessy, Kinsey, Aberdeen, Snaek Bent, and all other hooks. Single gut, 12 cts. per doz.; double, 20 cts. per doz.; treble, 30 cts. per doz. Put up one half dozen in a package. Single Gut Trout and Black Bass Leaders, 1yd., 5 cts.; 2yds., 10 cts.; 3yds., 15 cts. Double Twisted Leaders, 3 length, 5 cts.; treble twisted, 3 length, 10 cts. Trout Flies, 60 cts. per doz. Black Bass Flies, \$1.00 per doz. Trout and Black Bass Bait Rods, 9ft. long, \$1.25 to \$5.00. Trout and Black Bass Fly Rods, 10ft. long, \$1.50 to \$10.00. Also forty-eight different styles of rods for all kinds of fishing. Samples of hooks, leaders, etc., sent by mail on receipt of price in money or stamps. SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE. THE MANUFACTURE OF SNEELED HOOKS AND LEADERS A SPECIALTY.

Established 20 Years. OPEN EVENINGS.

J. F. MARSTERS, 55 Court Street, Brooklyn.

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First target represents 10 consecutive shots made by Otto Jaeger, June 10, 1885, at Wheeling, W. Va., 200 yards off hand, with some wind, using a No. 6 1/2 Off-Hand, .32-caliber. It counts 94 on Massachusetts Decimal and 117 on Massachusetts Target. The cut is one-half size.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOW THE CASE STANDS.

IN the year 1872 Congress withdrew from settlement, occupancy or sale under the laws of the United States, the region now known as the Yellowstone National Park, and decreed that it should be "dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." For a number of years after the passage of this act, small appropriations were made for the improvement of the Park, and as each year more people visited it, the public interest in it increased. Then in the autumn of 1882 a syndicate of shrewd capitalists endeavored to secure a monopoly of the Park for a period of ten years. This attempt was opposed by those best acquainted with the region. The press at large took up the question, and forced the authorities at Washington to deny to the monopolists the extraordinary privileges which they had almost secured. The noise which this contest made awoke the public not only to the importance of the Park as a region of rare beauty and startling wonders, but to its value from an economic standpoint. They learned now for the first time that, in the pine-clad mountains of the Park the sources of two great rivers which water immense tracts of arid desert on either side of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains; that the forests which clothe these mountains protect the stored up waters, which fall during winter and spring, and give them forth all through the summer, thus furnishing an equable flow to these streams; for in the decaying vegetation which forms the floor of this forest, the melted snows of winter are held as in a sponge, and springs, rivulets and brooks are supplied. They learned that if these forests should be destroyed by fire or the axe, the rains would soon wash away the forest floor, the waters would no longer be arrested on their way to the streams, but thrown into them at once on falling, would cause at first great floods, to be succeeded by periods of drought. So the great rivers, on which so many farmers depend for water to irrigate their crops, would be useless for this purpose.

It has been a hard struggle to protect the reservation against the greed of the rich and the stupidity of the foolish, but so far this difficult task has been accomplished.

Now, a new danger threatens this Park, which has been dedicated and set apart for the "benefit and enjoyment of the people." Another attempt is being made to deprive the

people of their rights in this region, and the attempt is so strongly backed that it has been favorably reported on by committees of both Houses of Congress. A bill has been introduced in both Senate and House to permit a railway to pass through the Park. If this bill should become a law, the people's Park will be utterly destroyed. A railroad through it means settlements in the Park, means game destroyed, means forest burned off, means barren deserts along the Snake and the Yellowstone Rivers where they traverse the plains. The Park, set apart for a pleasuring ground for the people, will be swept bare of everything which now makes it attractive.

The danger is a most serious one and it is imminent. It is a matter which concerns each citizen of our country. Shall this Park, which was set apart for the benefit of the people, now be taken from them and be handed over to a railroad corporation? No poor man can go into the Park and build a cabin there to spend a few months in the year, and yet it is proposed to permit this projected railway, which menaces all the objects which it is desired to preserve, to have enormous privileges in the reservation. The plea that the railway is necessary to develop a new mining region is specious, but misleading. It has been clearly shown that railroads can be built to this mining camp without threatening the integrity of the Park, and, therefore, Congress has no excuse to grant permission for any railway to be built within the Park. If the American people are prepared to suffer this infringement upon their rights, we very much mistake their temper.

As stated last week, the property of the National Park Improvement Company was sold on Wednesday, May 12, at Evanston, the county seat of Uinta county, Wyoming Territory. It was bought by Mr. E. E. Thorne, acting in the interest of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. The price paid was twenty three thousand dollars. The receiver will report at once to the court for confirmation of the sale.

A "SHY" SENATOR.

AMONG those who voted in favor of the law to permit the killing of Adirondack does and fawns with clubs was Senator Cullen, of New York, known to his intimates as "Jack" Cullen. When Senator Cullen voted for the law which was to legalize clubs and "tail holts," his knowledge of the former was almost wholly confined to them as they appear when printed on card board, and employed in the fascinating but uncertain game of draw. Of the material club he then knew nothing, except by hearsay. He is wiser now. A practical application of clubs to his own Senatorial skull has entirely changed his views on the subject, and it is probable that should the question of clubs or no clubs ever come up before any body of which "Jack" Cullen is a member, his voice will be recorded in no uncertain tones as against clubs.

The Senator has experienced a change of heart, and this is how it came about. A couple of weeks ago Senators Daly and Cullen and ex-Senator Gibbs were riding down town in a Third Avenue car. It was during the strikes on that line, and Cullen, who poses as the friend of the workman, was inveighing bitterly against the outrages of capital and the wrongs of the laboring man. Either through balky horses or the interference of another driver, the car in which they were riding became blocked and could move neither forward nor backward. The delay irritated Cullen, who stepped out on the front platform and began to issue orders right and left in loud and authoritative tones. So noisy did he become that one of the police officers, who was trying to get the car out of its difficulties, took him for a striker, and seizing him by the collar, pulled him off the platform, intending to take him to the police station. The honorable Senator pulled back as vigorously as the officer pulled forward, and finally the latter, whose temper had become somewhat soured by sleepless nights and numerous rows with the strikers, lost patience, and raising his club, rained down a shower of blows, beating the unhappy Senator about the head most vigorously. It took but a brief season of this to subdue the bewildered lawgiver, who, hatless, torn and bleeding, was haled to the police station, whence after a short detention he emerged, feeling no less injured in his sensibilities than in his person. It is understood that Senator Cullen has remarked that he has no further use for clubs, though his experience has taught him that their use does make those upon whom they are employed shy. So far, he agrees with Dr. Ward, but he thinks that there are some things more desirable than being made shy just in this way,

and he is clear in his own mind that hereafter he shall favor no such methods.

No doubt Senator Cullen, as he was being clubbed in the streets and dragged along to the station house, congratulated himself that in this way he was escaping from the hands of the bad strikers, who but for this might be throwing bricks at him, and in other ways abusing him. And it must have been a great comfort to him to feel, as the club descended on his honorable skull, that it was the club of an officer of the law and not the brick of a striker. Such feelings, we suppose, animate the exhausted Adirondack does when they are being clubbed to death by the "true sportsmen." With their last breath they thank Providence that they are not being killed by bad still-hunters.

THE ENTHUSIASM which has been developed in connection with the AUDUBON SOCIETY shows very clearly that our estimate of American women was correct. The bird-wearing craze grew out of thoughtlessness, and now that attention has been called to the evil results sure to follow from it, those who formerly led the fashion are the first to condemn it. The press, the pulpit and the school are helping on the good work. Within the past few days over a thousand certificates of membership have been sent out, and our last order for circulars was for 20,000. The birds will not be slaughtered this year as they were last.

CAPT. CHAS. A. BENDIRE, after more than thirty years of cavalry service in the United States Army, has been retired, and is now devoting his time to arranging and perfecting the National Museum collection of birds' eggs and nests. His own collection, the most complete in the country, has been presented to the museum. Students of oölogy are to be congratulated that the National Museum collection has been rescued from the condition of neglect in which it was rapidly depreciating, and has been intrusted to the enthusiastic and devoted care of one so competent as Capt. Bendire.

"DAYS WITH THE BARMECIDE CLUB" is the title of a series of papers recounting the experiences of an angling club during its Adirondack outing. The club's name is taken from the "Arabian Nights" story of one of the princes of Barmecide, who, being importuned for food by a beggar, treated the hungry man to a feast of imaginary viands. Whether or no the pleasures of the Barmecide Club were in like manner wholly pretended or more substantial, will be disclosed in successive chapters of the relation.

WILD TURKEYS FOR PRESERVES.—It is stated that three pairs of wild turkeys taken from America in 1880 by Count Brenner and let loose on his estate in Austria have increased and multiplied until the number is now estimated at 500, and the count enjoys his shooting very much. This is an example for some of the American game clubs who own preserves adapted to the turkey. No nobler game can be found for stocking island preserves.

NEW JERSEY SPORTSMEN are talking about a convention at Lake Hopatcong next autumn to prepare for the next Legislature a codification of the game and fish laws. The game laws should be made a chapter separate from the fish laws.

CHANGED GAME LAWS.—As changes have been made by the various Legislatures in the game and fish laws, secretaries of game societies and others are requested to notify us of such changes, particularly changes of the open seasons.

REPORTS OF CATCHES.—Anglers are invited to send to us for publication reports of their catches and any information about fishing resorts which is likely to prove of service to others. News notes are always welcome.

ANGLERS ARE FLOCKING in force to the Maine waters; and the reports so far received show that the catches are good. The salmon anglers are jubilant over the restocking of the rivers.

DEER HOUNDING.—The deer hounding bill passed by the New York Legislature having become a law, the practice is now legalized for the season Sept. 1—Oct. 5.

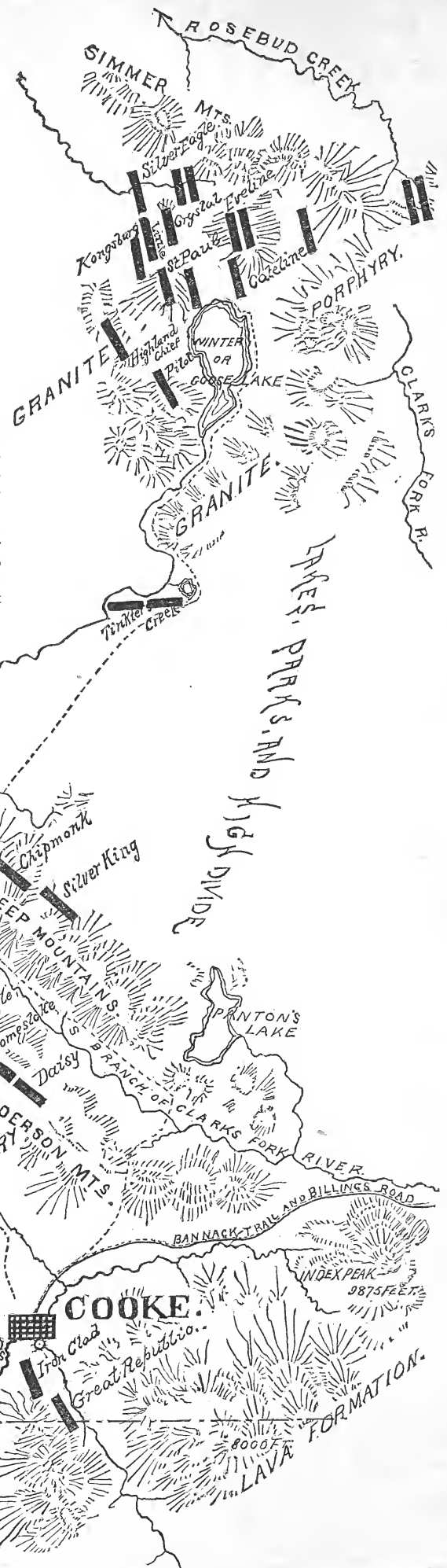
IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.—In another column a valued London correspondent describes a device for circumventing insect pests.

COOKE AND THE CLARK'S FORK MINES.

THE number of untrue statements put forth by the advocates of the Cinnabar & Clark's Fork R. R. is rather surprising. In a case of this kind we are apt to look about for a motive, but here it seems difficult to find one, for these people must have known when they made their misstatements that many persons besides themselves are acquainted with this region, and could at once show their allegations to be false. Perhaps they acted on the old adage that a lie can travel a hundred leagues while truth is putting on his boots. The strongest recommendations of their route came from a man who has never been over it, and who has never been over any other route to Cooke City. The absurd assertions as to the difficulties of crossing the range and the impracticability of building a line up its eastern slope have been pretty well knocked to pieces by articles published in these columns.

Among other utterly wild and baseless statements made by the Park Railroad people and repeated in the favorable reports made by Congressional committees, is the allegation that Cooke City is the central point of the Clark's Fork mining district, the implication being that all the mines are tributary to it. That an assertion so unfounded and so easily disproved should be made, only shows how entirely the promoters of this railway project rely on the ignorance of Congress, and how much faith they have in their ability to rush the bill through both Houses without any investigation whatever. To hear Cooke City spoken of as the center of a thriving mining district is extremely comical to any one who knows that the town is a collection of twenty or thirty log cabins and canvas shanties of the most temporary kind. It is just such a mining town as may be found in any district which has yielded a few good prospects, but which may be deserted to-morrow for some other site and left to the occupancy of the hawks, owls and coyotes.

Cooke is not the center, geographical or commercial, of the Clark's Fork mining district. The town was located near one of the earlier discoveries of the region, and is on its extreme southern border, almost all of the claims and prospects being to the north and separated from the town by an impassable mountain range. From most of the mines the ore would have to be hauled by wagons for a long distance to the south and east to the south branch of Clark's Fork, and then—if the Park Railway should be built and Cooke should be its terminus—up that and over the divide to Cooke. This would be a great thing for the town, but it would not be so good for the mine owners. A railroad built up Clark's Fork would enable the great body of the mines to get their ore to a shipping point by a much shorter haul than if it were necessary to take it by wagon down to the Billings road and then up the river to Cooke, for of course the ore would be delivered at the nearest railway station. A railway terminus at Cooke would benefit chiefly the two mines which lie close to that



MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF MINES AND COOKE.

place. To most of the other mines some point east of Cooke would be far more convenient, as well as much cheaper. Cooke City real estate owners and the proprietors of the mines adjacent to it will be satisfied with nothing less than a railway to Cooke, but so far as the development of the district is concerned, that small town may be altogether left out of consideration.

A glance at the accompanying map will show the reader more clearly than any explanation, the relation which Cooke City bears to the mines of the district. It will be seen that it is just on the borders of the National Park, and quite a distance south of many of the mines. There is no reason why it should be the terminus of the railway.

The projectors of this railway scheme desire a road built to Cooke not because of any

relation which this town bears to the mines, but because it is so close to the borders of the Park that it furnishes them an excuse for urging the building of a road through the reservation. What they want is not to tap the mines so much as to tap the Park; not so much to secure an outlet for the ore as to secure an inlet for passenger traffic in the Park; not so much to establish the industries of this mining camp as to establish themselves in the people's pleasure ground; not so much to develop the Clark's Fork mining district as to benefit themselves. With all the forces to be commanded by money and influence, they are laboring to secure the assent of Congress to the project which they have in view, but they will scarcely succeed so long as the interests of the people are guarded by men like Senator George G. Vest and Senator Chas. F. Manderson.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DAYS WITH THE BARMECIDE CLUB.

I.

WHEN the spring with its bright young face is full of curious movements and the vagabond blood of the angler begins to bubble, when the meadows are yellow with buttercups and daisies, and the slightly sweetened tones of the German band are heard on the corners, when violets carpet the turf and emit their perfume, when the sap is racing and the maple buds are swelling and the returning birds are ravishing the ear with their exquisite notes, and when our acquaintance with all the other multitudinous trademarks of spring which need no copyrighting is renewed, we become exposed to the influence of spring fever and inoculated with the inspiring malady.

We know the terribly disastrous effect that all work and no play had on poor Jack; so to avoid that danger three of us resolve to expunge the word business from our vocabulary, recover our first identity, and if we must be busy, be busy angling, tramping, rowing, learning some of the wondrous ways and mysteries of nature, living with no anxious thoughts of the morrow, and rollicking in the exuberance of increasing health and strength.

After very little discussion between the three individuals who feared the contagion of supineness and who were thoroughly familiar with the sovereign remedy therefor, the old locality was again selected and preparations for a change of air and scene completed. There were no tenderfeet included in the brotherhood, for all had from many years of practice and experience become familiar if not expert with rod and gun, oar and paddle, inured to long tramps and heavy loads, missing meals and camping where night overtook us. We were models of good nature and brotherly love, with "malice toward none and charity for all," but there was a limit to even this kindness, and we drew the line at burdening ourselves with inexperience. It may not be a judicious admission, but after many years of life in the woods, on the plains, on lake and river and sea, I am fain to admit that while my heart goes out in sympathy for the tenderfoot, if he wants it, yet ninety and nine times in the hundred I don't hanker after him out of his element. In town he may be the cleverest, brightest and most genial of fellows; but transferred to the woods, subject to drunchings, duckings, long tramps, mosquitoes, days when the fishes' favors are nothing, and the petty discouragements and annoyances which come "not single spies but in battalions," he's the devil and Tom Walker combined; and one to quietly endure his complaining must be possessed of more Christian fortitude and resignation than is vested in me. They certainly have to learn, but we claim exemption from teaching more of them. We have done our duty without a murmur, and for this trip we do not propose to make ourselves uncomfortable for a sentiment. Out for a day or two, it matters not; but for several weeks outing we must know our man thoroughly.

All the paraphernalia which goes to make up the outfit of the angler was in fighting condition. Rods, reels, lines and flies had passed a pleasant winter, due to being properly cared for at the finishing of last season's sport and an occasional overhauling during the winter evenings. Ferrules had been tested, frayed whippings replaced, lines and leaders carefully examined, reels oiled, and in fact after a careful diagnosis of our fishing tackle every precaution was taken to have it in fighting trim at a moment's notice.

An accident may occur at any time and place and from innumerable causes and in spite of the greatest precautions, but ailing when avoidable is inexcusable. As well might a parent turn loose a favorite child in the autumn and let her go uncared for until the spring time comes, gentle Annie, as for an angler at the end of the season to lock up his tackle and give it no thought until he needed it for service. Then the keeping it in order is a pleasure and a duty. We went to clean our own gun, repair our own tackle, and not do as most physicians do when they are ailing, send for their brother practitioners.

Our ride on the railroad was over, and we were met at the station by the big good-natured driver, who had met us for the three previous years and taken us to the last house on the road, from which we foot it to our lake. His turnout was complete and one in which he took great pride, and well he might. His horses, handsome chestnut geldings, standing full fifteen two, with well laid and upright shoulders, powerful hindquarters but not too heavy, broad, flat legs, barrel closely ribbed, plenty of chest and lung power, thin ears, necks full and crested, and with a look of undoubted courage and unflinching gameness in their large and sparkling eyes.

"A roadster good, not straddling high,
Nor shuffling low, I find thee;
But stepping straight and cheerily,
Thou leav'st the miles behind thee."

Well seasoned and hard as nails, with an elasticity in their smooth strides, driving up on the bit, roading ten miles an hour without an apparent effort, and pulling up strong finishers, told, so far as a non-professional horseman can judge, that their conformation was nearly perfect.

We pulled up toward the middle of the afternoon at the great, overgrown public house or tavern. This was the end of our ride, for at this place the road bumped its nose against the stable and disappeared in a stall. At the tavern we found the usual crowd of hangers-on characteristic of such places—boys with letters in the post office and "knowledgeable" men waiting for invitations to drink. We had met the same crowd too often and in too many places to pay much attention to them. Glen, however, disposed of one of them most thoroughly. The fellow remarked to one of his companions in a way that Glen should hear, "Here's a lot of dandies, with their horse hair lines, little flies and flimsy rods. Wonder what they'll reckon on ketchin' with sich an outfit of tackle? Six-ounce rods be ding danged! I'll take my old, stiff bamboo an' agree to discount the best man among 'em, or I don't want a cent. Give me the stiff rod, a stout line and a big hook, so I can make 'em come out of the water wish afore they have time to think of fightin'. I'd make 'em do all their fightin' arter they git in the basket. I'd have little of their nonsense under water arter they once took holt." Glen, in a Chesterfieldian manner, entered into the middle of things immediately by telling the fellow he had better attend to his own affairs, if he had any, and not meddle with those of strangers. "I'll just be frank with you, and we'll have a distinct understanding between us, that the first one who indulges in any personalities or interferes by word or sign or look will find it rather unpleasant for him."

Of course there was a little flurry and a flaring up on the fellow's part at such plain talk, but Glen meant business, which was soon understood and acknowledged; and when this little affair was amicably settled we passed a pleasant evening reviving old acquaintances and forming new ones. It was not absolutely necessary for us to employ a guide, as all of us were fully competent to perform all the duties of cooking, chopping, carrying and the rest, and familiar with the tangled wilderness through many years acquaintance; but then a good guide is handy to have in the house, and we secured one whom we know well. He was always willing to go with us as he had little trouble, knowing we were workers and he could have some sport on his own account, and we were assured that we would not be subjected to extortionate charges.

Where the Barmecide Club goeth no man knoweth save those directly interested; and we plead guilty to a certain amount of selfishness regarding it, which searchers for quiet sport might condemn. Some things are said to be too good to keep. Our lake is not too good but just good enough; and it's more than twelve miles from a lemon. When one has had to rustle around pretty diligently in search of such a place he does not want to divulge it to Tom and his partners. Not even our wives and sweethearts knew of our temporary whereabouts and we told them that no news from us meant all was well, and they were reconciled to kissing us good-bye. Guide had arranged for transportation from the hotel to our lake. The distance was about sixteen miles—and miles in the woods at that. None of your common Gunter miles, laid out with mathematical accuracy; but literal ones, where the yards and rods are thrown in with sufficient prodigality to prevent any dispute regarding short measure, and if there is an extra half or three quarters on the last mile there is no charge for it.

Our traps were loaded on a home made sledge, drawn by a pair of sorry looking bay horses, which resembled the aforesaid miles, inasmuch as there was more to them than appeared at a casual glance, and as our acquaintance with them increased during the day's tramp our respect grew greater. The principal ingredient of their harness was leather, but there was a strong well-defined suspicion of wire and old rope, and altogether the outfit was about as primitive as you could find in a century's searching, but it was far and away better than it looked. The horses were admirably trained for their duties, and it was an interesting caution, the manner in which they handled that sledge through the pathless entanglement of the forest; but they had a sovereign contempt for roads and would climb over logs and go through dense underbrush and windfalls without a serious hitch in the proceedings. Our traps were strapped and tied on; and the only things broken that day were our fast and an iron canopener, though the sledge was turned over a score of times before we reached our camping ground. This was late in the afternoon, but early enough to give us ample time to unload, cut the night's wood and attend to various details conducive to comfort.

We launched our boats, which had been cached in a thick growth of young hemlocks some little distance above the shanty. We found them in good order with seats and oars, just as they had been left a year before. The shanty had evidently been tenanted since the previous summer, save for the presence of the hedgehogs which, being unable to write, had made their marks in the old bed of browse carpeting the front and only room in the house. We took the carpet up and laid a new one, so they'll not make their mark on us. That was the only repairing we found necessary, and then we prepared to enjoy our existence and solve the problem of "is life worth living?"

MILLARD.

Natural History.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

ON Friday, May 7, at the close of a meeting of the Ladies' Christian Union of New York, held at the Home of the Society, 27 Washington Square, the subject of bird preservation was introduced by the president of the Association, Mrs. Thompson H. Hollister. Mrs. Frank Bottome made a stirring address, calling attention to the wholesale destruction of North American bird life, and to the responsibility incurred by women in regard to this destruction. Her remarks excited great interest. Mrs. G. B. Grinnell gave an account of the methods of the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and spoke of the great work which it had accomplished, and pointed out the benefits which would result from the spreading of its doctrines among all classes of our people. The addresses evoked great enthusiasm, and Mrs. Skidmore, the vice president, moved that the Association in a body join the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and do what it can to assist its work. The motion was adopted unanimously.

At the founding of the AUDUBON SOCIETY we had in contemplation comprehensive measures for concentrated efforts for the diffusion of the movement in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other great cities of the Union, but have not yet been able to take the first steps in this direction. Our preliminary measures consisted in inviting the opinions of leading minds in every department of thought, the diffusion of economic facts, bearing on the rapid extinction of our once familiar birds; the publication of our methods and aims through the columns of our own widely diffused periodical, and in an appeal to the press to give publicity and aid to the movement. The press has responded nobly—not with the fiery zeal which characterizes political discussions, nor with the energy with which it is wont to enforce one side of a question which has undoubtedly another side with a strong partisanship, but with the quiet assurance that it was propagating important economic facts which were being universally although thoughtlessly ignored, and a movement designed to arrest an impending evil by an appeal to the public intelligence and sense of social duty.

As a consequence the seed thus sown broadcast over the land, and cropping up in patches everywhere, has given birth to a seemingly spontaneous growth of the movement, involving a demand for circulars, pledges and certificates of membership, creating a current daily routine of correspondence and registration which taxes all the energies of the general secretary of the Society and his assistants to keep level with, and renders it impossible to carry out the plan of action originally contemplated. The movement is spreading in second and third-class towns with a rapidity altogether unparalleled by the great cities. This is only what might have been foreseen. Wherever a few leading minds in the smaller towns have grasped the movement, and thrown themselves energetically into it, they have been able to appeal to

their whole community, while in the larger cities the efforts of individuals who are not in a position to appeal to large audiences from the pulpit or the platform, command but little attention; hence it is that neither New York, Philadelphia nor Boston contribute as large a membership as many of the smaller towns in these States. Happily the obstacles in the way of concentrated effort carry their remedy with them. They are simply imposed by the rapidity of provincial growth, which, receiving its first impulse from the center, is now spreading outward from a thousand isolated centers with an energy which will not fail to include the great cities in its spread.

The leading branch societies, the membership of which has come into the hundreds within the week, arc Le Roy and Utica in New York, Orange, N. J., and Davenport in Iowa. Buffalo, too, has afforded very gratifying results, as have innumerable towns in Massachusetts, yielding a collective whole perhaps equal to New York State. For the past three weeks we have been issuing an average of a hundred and fifty certificates daily, and the current correspondence demands our attention so closely that to our extreme regret we are unable to spare the time necessary to go over the pledges received before the certificates were ready, and ascertain where certificates are due. We should, consequently, be very glad if all our secretaries and isolated members who sent their pledges direct to us, would now send in their applications for certificates; in all cases furnishing a list of the members for whom they claim. In some cases this is absolutely necessary, as we have many pledges which afford no clue to the local secretary who sent them, and in all cases it would save us a great amount of labor.

The friends of the movement will learn with pleasure that it promises every assurance of ultimate success. Feather millinery is beginning to be regarded as in questionable taste, and the ultra devotees of fashion who asserted roundly that they would not discard feathers as long as they remained in vogue, have no longer the same satisfaction in their display, now that every second or third person looks askance at them.

EAGLES BREEDING IN CAPTIVITY.

A VERY interesting case of the breeding in confinement of the white-headed eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*) has recently come under our notice and the facts and details are certainly worth recording. The birds are a pair taken from the nest when quite young by Mr. Henry Hulce of Toledo, O., nearly six years ago, and ever since in his possession. Their owner writes us as follows:

Editor Forest and Stream:

There has been at Eagle Point, five miles above the city proper, a nest or family of eagles as long as the oldest inhabitants can remember, and they are there still. They are what we call the true American eagle. Their principal food is fresh fish or muskrats, but occasionally they pick up a lamb or small pig.

On June 6, 1880, I captured a pair of young eagles from the nest in the top of a white oak tree, eighty-five feet from the ground. They were probably about four weeks old at the time.

The first year their heads were dark in color; the second year their heads began to turn white. At the end of six years their heads are entirely white. Some people call them the bald eagle, but I claim there are no bald eagles in North America.

On April 6, 1885, the female laid one egg, but it did not hatch.

On March 20, 1886, there were two eggs in the nest, and April 26 one bird was hatched, which is eleven days old to-day. It shows no sign of feathers, but is covered with a sort of yellow down.

I have handled the parent birds ever since they were caught, but they are too proud and saucy now and I dare not go inside the cage.

The male bird measures, from tip to tip, six feet eight inches; the female exactly seven feet. HENRY HULCE.

EAST TOLEDO, May 3, 1886.

Another and more full account is given by our Toledo correspondent, "Jay Bebe":

Editor Forest and Stream:

In June, 1880, Mr. Henry Hulce, of the sixth ward, in this city, took from a nest at Eagle Point, some five miles above Toledo, a pair of eaglets, then about four or five weeks old. These birds were the American bald or white-headed eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*), and are now splendid specimens of their kind, having matured greatly both in form and plumage since I first made their acquaintance, some three years ago.

For a long time Mr. Hulce kept them in a large cage made of heavy wire, but about two years ago he fitted up in a porch in the rear of his house where he had an eastern exposure, a slatted inclosure some six by eight feet square and eight feet high. Near the top of this he placed a box a foot deep and three feet square, to serve as a nest. Last spring for the first time the hen laid a single egg, and though she sat upon it the full time it failed to hatch.

Last March the female laid two eggs, and on the 26th of April one of them hatched, the other proving infertile. It is worthy of note that, according to Mr. Hulce's statement, the period of incubation was just five weeks or thirty-five days. This appears to be one week longer than the period given by Wilson, who places it at four weeks. It is evident, however, that a single instance could hardly affect the general rule. During all the five weeks the female remained constantly on the nest, where she was regularly supplied with food by her male companion.

When I saw the eaglet to-day, through the kindness of Mr. Hulce, it had entered upon its second week with every prospect of a prolonged existence. The mother remains closely in the nest, and when she was persuaded to rise for a moment I saw a mass of straw-colored down about the size of one's clenched fist, and resembling nothing so much as a very young gosling. The only food of the newcomer thus far has been raw fresh fish, which the mother tears into fragments small enough for its purpose.

A newspaper item recently published here speaks of the hatching of two birds. The facts, however, are as herein stated, and what I have written is the result of personal investigation made to-day in accordance with your suggestion.

JAY BEBE.

TOLEDO, O., May 3, 1886.

CRAWFISH.—Woodford, Me.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have never found the crawfish in Maine, but think he must be a resident here. If not, would he be a valuable or otherwise addition to our trout streams? Is he, as I suspect, an eater of trout spawn, and how destructive is he to small trout? Years ago I found him abounding in a small stream

in Quebec, north of the St. Lawrence River, and also abundant in the stomachs of trout taken from the stream. The trout were also abundant, so the war between the races was evidently not carried on to the point of extermination of either. The habitants called them "escrevisses," and said they were common in other streams as well as in the one where I observed them. I had always supposed they were a fish of warm latitudes, and was surprised to find them so far north. The soil there was mostly clay, overlying limestone of the "Potsdam" formation. Is *Astacus* found in Maine, and if so where, and is his other name *affinis*?—Mac. [We do not think the crawfish a desirable tenant of trout streams. They are not wholly scavengers, but catch small fish and fatally pinch large ones. They burrow through dams and are a nuisance about ponds. Years ago they were called *Astacus*, but now that generic name is only applied to those west of the Rocky Mountains, the eastern genus being *Cambarus*. In the latter are thirty-two species. *C. affinis* is found in the Middle States, while *C. viridis* and *C. bartonii* are found in the northeast. None are known to exist in New England except in the western portion of Vermont and Massachusetts, and in the central portion of Maine.]

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., May 6.—The Tompkinses are our nearest neighbors. They recently moved into their new building, and have just laid two blue eggs. Some say their name is Finch, but we call them the Tompkinses for the sake of brevity. Their home is situated in a Japanese honeysuckle and on the south side of one of the pillars of our veranda. Our wrens have not yet made their appearance, though we daily look for them. The spring is well advanced and the forests are green. On the 20th of April, in driving along the shore of Grand Traverse Bay, as the ice was breaking up along the shore, I observed a solitary kingfisher peering anxiously into the water streaks among the floating ice. He sent his compliments to his relatives in Cincinnati, and I drove on. On the same day I saw the golden-winged woodpecker for the first time. The trailing arbutus was just ready to blossom, and the hepaticas had preceded them by a week.—KELPIE.

STRANGERS IN CITY HALL PARK.—May 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: It was quite curious to-day to watch the crowd at City Hall Park. There were half a dozen brown thrushes and as many catbirds hopping about the oasis of lawn among a hundred or more sparrows, and the people going up and down Broadway would stop and look with open mouth and eyes at these strange creatures, and one had only to stop also and look a little wise to be pried with questions as to what they were, whence they came and whither bound. It gives a person a pretty good idea of how far these birds must have traveled for them to stop to rest and feed in such a place as this and in such company as the English sparrow.—J. D. E.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., May 13.—First humming bird seen.—KELPIE.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE full report of the FOREST AND STREAM's trajectory test of hunting rifles has been issued in pamphlet form, with the illustrations and the tabular summary, making in all 96 pages. For sale at this office, or sent post-paid. Price 50 cents.

DAYS OF THE TEXAS RANGERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read in FOREST AND STREAM of May 6, the editorial under the heading, "A Century of Extermination." It makes me feel really sad. You say that the bison, antelope, elk, wild turkey and some others will probably be wiped entirely out of existence by the year 1900. You will no doubt prove correct in this prophecy. In 1858-9 I was a Texas Ranger, ostensibly engaged in "protecting the frontier," at \$5 per month, but mostly engaged in having lots of fun in hunting, fishing, and having a good time generally. There were just Indians enough to spice up this business in a very interesting manner, but not to make it too dangerously interesting. I roamed all over the country, from the San Saba River on the south to the Red River on the north, and from the Brazos River on the east to the Pecos on the west. In those days that great scope of country literally swarmed with game. I have seen deer in herds of probably a thousand head, and wherever we went they were seldom out of sight. They were everywhere, on the prairies and in the woods. On the prairies the antelopes were still more numerous, but they hated the woods and seldom or never ventured in them. In the evening and the early mornings the woods along the stream were resonant with the gobbling and yelping of turkeys, and during the day they swarmed out on the prairies. I have seen them as thick as blackbirds in the valleys.

In those days the buffaloes or bison crowded down upon us every winter in apparently innumerable armies, staying till the spring was well advanced. So abundant was good meat and so easy to obtain that when we fellows started out on a scout or bumming trip—bumming on the good things of nature—we never thought of taking along anything to eat except a little flour, coffee and salt. This is all changed now. The buffaloes are clean gone; the antelope is driven to the Staked Plain; you may ride over the country a week now without seeing a deer, and the gobble of the turkey is rarely heard, and only in the profoundest bottoms and thickets. In those days also these very prairies before me now were full of herds of the beautiful wild mustang, his slick skin flashing like a mirror in the sunlight, and his flowing tail streaming like a banner in the wind. All gone now—all gone; gone into the dead past. Indeed it makes me sad to think of it. I almost feel like crying. My boys will never see what their father saw. My mellow years will never see the fun that my youthful days revelled in, and I love it now just as much as I ever did. They seem to have gone like a flash.

Such are the doings of man. He is the lord of creation and all these things must wither away before his glance. These wild things were provided for the wild man, who was too confounded lazy to work—and he is now a "gone sucker," too—withered away before the above-mentioned powerful glance. It is fate and the Almighty God. The beautiful and rich land had to be enjoyed by those who would glorify their Maker in their works; schools, churches, Christianity had to spread. And after all, while we miss our buffalo meat and our venison, antelope and wild turkey, we must confess that a good porterhouse or tenderloin beefsteak, or a rich mutton chop, or a good fat gobbler from the

barn yard are pretty good substitutes, to say the least of them. As long as we have enough of these things, we shall not starve. Indeed, we shall be able to get along pretty well. Still it is sad to see all these pretty and good things marching away into the dead past, never to return any more.

Touching these things that are dying, there is another extraordinary thing that is now quietly going on in this part of the world. The prairie dog, which until recently covered this whole country with his millions, is, I am told by countrymen from all directions about Abilene, going the way of all flesh without apparent cause. They say that where hundreds were last year, there are not now tens, and in some places that only a few despondent-looking individuals are left where there were recently great prairie dog cities. It is not the work of poison; it is simply a natural dying out. Perhaps his epoch has closed, and that the bell is tolling for him to take his departure into the dead past too. He does no good now that we know of, and probably can do none, and therefore he goes.

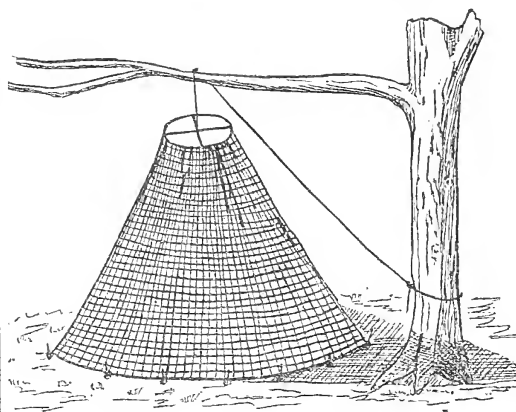
ABILENE, TEX., May, 1886.

N. A. T.

A MOSQUITO-PROOF TENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Although some months must elapse before the great army of what "Nessmuk" calls "outers" will again seek for pleasure and relaxation from toil in the American bush, I would like to draw their attention through the medium of your paper to a simple means of lessening the annoyances to which they will be subject from insect tormentors. Oily mixtures such as "Nessmuk" recommends are doubtless excellent for those who care only to fish, shoot or loaf around the camp, but many campers enjoy an occasional read in some interesting book, or like to write a journal; others, including myself, are fond of sketching scenery or making drawings of wild flowers. It is impossible to keep paper clean when ones hands are coated with a greasy compound, and equally impossible to write or draw when they are covered with flies or mosquitoes. For those, therefore, whose amusements sometimes require clean hands, I strongly recommend a kind of muslin screen somewhat in the shape of a bell tent. The



top is formed with a thin cane hoop, about two feet in diameter, covered with calico like the head of a drum. Two strong pieces of tape are sewn from side to side of the hoop, crossing each other at right angles, and in the center where they meet is attached a thin rope about ten feet long. To the calico at the rim of the hoop is sewn a quantity of muslin, descending so as to form a bell six feet in height and eight feet in diameter at the ground. Around the lower edge, at intervals of two feet, are small tape loops for pegging out wide when two or three people wish to sit inside.

The whole article weighs only about two pounds, and can be folded flat so as to go inside a bag when traveling. When required for use the rope at the top is thrown across the branch of a tree and drawn up just enough to let the lower edge of the muslin rest on the ground. Danger from fire can be avoided by soaking the screen in solution of tungstate of sodium.

In 1870, when starting for an excursion in the Himalayas, where insects are extremely troublesome, I had one made by the advice of a friend, who had, not long before, marched through those mountains into Tibet and back into India through the valley of Cashmere.

W. H. H. Murray, in his "Adventures in the Wilderness," recommends campers who are troubled by flies to go inside the tent, smoke them out and drop a piece of muslin over the doorway; but one objection to this is that on a hot summer's day the interior of a tent is stifling. With the muslin screen above described a lady can enjoy the fresh air and read, write or sew in peace; a painter can carry it slung on his shoulder and hang it to any convenient bough when he finds an object worth drawing. The above sketch will give an idea of the shape.

J. J. M.

LONDON, Nov. 23, 1885.

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

ONE morning late in September in 1884, just as it began to grow light, I was forcing my way through a dense beech thicket, when a ruffed grouse flushed not over twenty feet distant. Instinctively my gun came to my shoulder, when just as I was about to "cut loose" at him what was my astonishment to see him turn a complete back somersault and land upon the ground. I was not quite on the trigger so I held my fire, and quicker than thought he recovered and was off again, not, however, rapidly enough to evade the charge of No. 8 which I sent after him and which brought him again to the leaves, this time to stay, for I had not removed my gun from shoulder, in fact did not have time so quickly did it all transpire. At first I was at a loss to account for the freak, for the monarch of game birds is not in the habit of making mistakes, as our empty game bags so often testify. On examining the ground I found that after he had risen some three feet from his bed he flew against a beech limb about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, which at first yielded to his momentum then sprang back like a bow, when the bird performed the gyration described. Perhaps his late nap had dulled his faculties, or this may have been his customary manner of taking morning exercise. I only know he was in good health, that he helped to grace an excellent dinner, and that while performing his gymnastics he presented a most ludicrous spectacle.

AMERICUS.

ONEONTA, N. Y.

NOTES ON QUAIL SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a matter of fact I have never waited on a flock of partridges that utter failure did not follow as the result of the experiment. From the fall of '65 to '81 inclusive, I was afield nearly every good day, and generally by myself, which gave the best opportunity for watching the ways of birds. At Sandy Point, on lower James River, I hunted two falls over 3,000 acres of level cleared fields, and have seen a covey of birds hover as though they were in the very act of coming to the ground; then they would seem to take a second thought and fly off at right angles at least half a mile. If you don't note with precision where a partridge or a covey lights, finding them is a very uncertain business. A. VIRGINIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Old Timer" is probably aware that the question of the ability of the Virginia partridge to withhold its scent was much discussed in the old *American Turf Register and Sportsman's Magazine*, pro and con, and no conclusion arrived at. Experience has led me to the conclusion that there is nothing in it, the nature of the soil, of the air about the spot and of the cover upon it, renders the scent very poor at times, which is all there is of it. Much more frequently men's eyes deceive them as to the spot where the birds actually drop into cover. Fox hunters, coon hunters and all who pursue game with dogs have scent puzzles bottled up in their experience.

M. G. ELZEY, M.D.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been an ardent and persistent sportsman for more than half my life; have owned and hunted pointers, setters and spaniels for the past twenty-five years; have bagged everything in our catalogue of game native to our fields and forests, and long before I knew of the existence of such a character as "Frank Forester" became aware of the difficulty of finding scattered bevy of quail under certain conditions. That I am not alone in my belief and experience, a reference to the reports of our field trials for the past five years will fully substantiate. When we read in these reports of dogs famous as field trial performers and victors in many well-contested battles failing to find carefully-marked scattered bevy, we have reason to believe (coupling that with our own experience) that it is not fancy, but well-proven facts. That under favorable conditions dogs can and do find scattered bevy, I do not deny. That this is not an infallible rule (as applied to the birds of Northeastern Pennsylvania), I as stoutly assert.

I am now the owner of a brace of dogs, one a liver-colored pointer, the other a red Irish setter, that, like all concealed sportsmen, I am vain enough to believe have few equals. I have hunted the setter two seasons on grouse, quail and woodcock, and consider him by far the best quail dog I have ever known. I have hunted the pointer one season on grouse and quail, and, while not thoroughly broken, he shows wonderful nose and staunchness, and will do. On the last day of December, 1885, a friend and myself, with Fred and Dred at our heels, betook ourselves to a stubble, a short distance from town, on which had been reported a day or two before a large bevy of quail. The stubble was skirted on one side by a small piece of woods, and in passing through this I cast the dogs right and left, more for the pleasure of seeing them go than from any hope of finding game, when, in passing a fallen treetop at full speed, the setter suddenly froze in such a manner as to leave no doubt he meant business. I called to my companion to be on the alert, and at the same time whistled up the pointer to back, when up jumped a very large bevy of full-grown birds and settled in plain view along an old brush fence and a patch of brakes and briers not more than two hundred yards away.

We followed them at once and secured two points and two birds among the brakes and briers, while a third I kicked from under my feet and sent toward a piece of woods about five hundred yards away, "shedding his feathers" in such a manner as to satisfy me I should see him later. We then hunted the brush fence thoroughly, but failed to start another bird, and thinking, perhaps, that we might have been mis taken, and that they had led the way to the cover that the wounded bird had sought, we followed him up and had hardly entered the woods when both dogs pointed simultaneously in the same direction, and in kicking the debris ahead of them a wounded bird got up with difficulty and fluttered along a short distance till my shot mercifully stopped her. We hunted the remainder of the woods thoroughly and secured two points on grouse, one of which I bagged; but I found no more quail. We then returned to the old brush fence and secured in rapid succession five points on different birds, and that on the identical ground we had hunted persistently two hours before. We then tried the brakes and briers once again, and the setter, a very fast dog, we found on a staunch point within ten yards of where I had killed my first bird but a short time before. While we were admiring the (to us) rare picture of a double point, up sprang still three more birds and sped away unharmed.

Although nearly twenty-five years have gone by and I have had many similar experiences since, I cannot forget the first time I became fully aware of the power of the quail to withhold his scent, or to so secrete himself as to baffle both dogs and sportsmen. I was spending a few days shooting with a friend, and one frosty morning early in November, after beating a willow swamp with a spaniel for woodcock, we left him at the house and tried the stubble for quail. I was hunting with a pointer with quite a reputation for field work, and he was not long in locating a bevy in approved fashion. After being flushed they flew in a body to one corner of the field, which had been left unplowed, and settled in the grass and briers, from which we expected rare sport, as the cover was not thick under, and above it was comparatively open shooting. We followed at once, and after beating the ground carefully in every direction, succeeded in kicking out one quail but got never a point. My friend condemned my dog, although he had seen him do good work before, both on grouse and woodcock, and insisted on my watching the "patch" while he went to the house after Don, the spaniel, assuring me that he "would have every one a going in less than ten minutes." I was incredulous, but to please him sat down and patiently waited. After about thirty minutes he appeared with Don, and for the second time carefully beat out the patch without finding a feather. We then went to dinner thoroughly disgusted and mystified, and while at the table heard the quail calling from the very spot we had hunted so persistently a short time before. That dinner was a hasty one, and at its conclusion we hurried again to the grass and briers and got point after

point in such rapid succession that we were "bothered entirely."

I could take up columns of your esteemed paper in citing cases from actual experience similar to the above, but I think the two mentioned sufficient to show that from excessive fright or other causes quail can and do withhold their scent to the utter discomfiture of dogs and sportsmen.

W. W. Mc.

SPRINGVILLE, Pa., May 3, 1886.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPORTSMAN.—III.

ONE morning in November, after a severe and long continued northeast rain storm, which filled all the ponds and swamps, the sun rose in a perfectly clear sky. The atmosphere possessed that feeling of crisp coolness indicative of approaching frost. It being a holiday the boys were out in force. I had started early after quail, and soon found a covey in our buckwheat patch. I bagged two on the rise, a beautiful right and left shot, the first I ever made. Dash behaved nobly, retrieving my birds in fine style and seemed to say, "I'll do my part, if you'll keep your end up." We followed the birds into the woods where Dash soon pointed a single, that I killed with my second barrel. While retrieving this bird Dash came to a pretty point, with the dead bird in his mouth—a picture to delight any old sportsman, much more a youth like myself. I flushed the bird and missed it with both barrels, and continued missing all that got up, until I had fired perhaps ten or a dozen shots. When, attracted by my firing, seven other boys joined me, having with them one bird dog and two rabbit dogs, feeling that I had the best dog, and could beat any of them shooting, I was anxious to show off. We proposed to take a short cut through a piece of oak sprouts and woods about half a mile to another buckwheat stubble where we knew a covey of quail dwelt. In going through these oak sprouts, which were eight to ten feet high, and still covered with dead leaves, we struck the biggest lot of flight woodcock it has ever been my luck to see. They had dropped down during or just after the storm, and the place was literally alive with them. I killed seven and probably fired thirty shots to accomplish it. I think our party got thirteen woodcock in all. We then had to go for more ammunition, and when we came back could not find a bird. One of our party, a rather eccentric fellow and one of the best players on our base ball nine, though he couldn't hit a "barn flying" with a shotgun, did a most remarkable thing. A woodcock that several of us had fired at, made a direct flight toward him, flying pretty low down; he threw his gun on the ground, jumped up and caught the bird in his hand as neatly as ever a base ball was caught. Now don't cry "fish story," for this man is yet living, and there were plenty of witnesses.

A little further on we came to a noted squirrel tree, a tall poplar, dead at the top, hollow about thirty feet from the ground clear to the top. As we came in sight of it I spied a squirrel lying close against the trunk near a hole. I fired quickly to prevent any others shooting first, and struck him hard, but my shot being too small to kill, he got into the hole. It was proposed to smoke them out, and as I was the only one who could climb the tree, to me was delegated this important task. The tree was the tallest in the wood, without branches for at least fifty feet. The first hole was about thirty-five feet from the ground, another about half way to the top and one in the top. The trunk near the ground was too thick for me to hug, so we cut a tall slender birch sapling some six inches thick at the but, two boys climbing it and bending it over, while another cut across the but with a jack-knife until it came down. This we leaned against the tree, the boys holding it steady until I shinned up to where I could get a hold on the larger tree. I succeeded in reaching the first hole, and it was a pretty hole I can tell you, worn smooth and slick where the squirrels ran out and in. I lit a match and found the draft good. I then produced paper from my pockets and fired it, stuffing it with a lot of leaves into the tree. We waited patiently until it burnt out, but no squirrels came. My stock of paper was almost exhausted and I feared I would have to give it up, when some one proposed putting in some powder. The difficulty was, how was I to get the powder? I happened to remember that I had a fishing line in one of my pockets. I let down the line and the boys passed me up a powder flask and more paper. I made a bundle of about two ounces of powder and shoved it well up in the interior of the tree, then I stuffed in more paper, set fire to it, and started cautiously to slide down. I had descended about ten feet when I was notified of the appearance of squirrels by the firing of some half dozen shots. Just then a squirrel ran down the tree and tried to pass me. I struck at him with one hand, when I suddenly felt something like a dozen keen switches striking me and burn like fire. I realized that some of the boys had shot me, and for fear of getting more of it, I dropped some fifteen or twenty feet into soft mud and moss, so my fall did not hurt me. The next thing was to whip the boy that shot me, but to this day I have been unable to find out which one did it. There is, however, a standing invitation for him to show up. I soon found I was not seriously hurt, so continued with the party. We could not find any quail, but started a number of rabbits, which we all shot at without effect, except when Dash pointed one in its nest, and I shot its head off.

As it was going to be moonlight that night, some one proposed that we go after opossums, and swing around by the old mill creek and shoot some muskrats, as they now had on their winter coats. It took furs and the like to buy powder and shot in those days, when shot sold for twenty-five cents per pound and rifle grade powder at \$1.25 per pound. As my wounds were stiff and smarting considerably and I felt quite sore, I declined, knowing well that there was more fun for me in one of the neighboring farm houses, where dwelt one of the prettiest little Jersey maids to be found in the county.

BEDFORD.

ALBINO TURKEY.—A well-known resident of Wolf Hill Prairie, Ind., who goes under the name of "Old Wabash," while looking for some cattle in the bottom land the other day, started a big wild turkey. The bird flew over "Old Wabash's" head and was making for the treetops, when "Old Wabash" fired a stick at him and knocked the turkey down and caught him. It turned out to be a young male bird and a partial albino. A large number of persons have seen it, and it now allows them to feed it out of their hands. Since "Old Wabash's" streak of good luck, a large flock of twenty-five turkeys have been seen in the same bottom, among which, it is said, there is one bird almost pure white in color. Several attempts have been made to shoot it, but, as it is very wary, it has thus far saved its bacon by long flights.

CLEVELAND "GAME."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A huckster called my attention this morning to a "nice lot of game just received from Chicago." The contents of the box I give you as he counted it off. You will agree with me that the slaughterer brought quite a variety to bag, especially if the work was all consummated at one hunt: Three prairie hens, 2 blue winged teal, 5 scaup ducks, 3 black-bellied plover, 2 golden plover, 1 killdeer plover, 2 Bartram's plover, 23 lesser yellowshanks, 2 solitary sandpipers, 16 pectoral sandpipers, 2 jacksnipes, 2 meadow larks, 1 bobolink. Sixty-four head in all, mostly male birds in full spring plumage and poor in flesh. The ornithologist will appreciate all this. In the evening I was informed by Monsieur the Huckster, that he had disposed of the "whole lot" to a Mrs. Dude, on the avenue, who is noted for her swell lunches, local humane and foreign missionary efforts. How nice to see those pretty fingers picking the spare meat off the bones of the innocents. The old black cat that skulks in from the meadow with a bluebird in his maw is to be admired when contrasted with the destroyers and consumers of this lot of birds "fresh from Chicago." Success to your game laws, Audubon clubs, anti-hounding deer laws and your efforts to keep railroads out of the Yellowstone Park; but for my part, I quit, I "throw up the sponge," hoping that the coming man will have only *Passer domesticus* for game and song bird and the European carp for his bamboo rod.—Dr. E. STERLING (Cleveland, O., May 8).

NEWARK AND BOSTON GUN CLUB.—Messrs. William R. Williams, John Illingworth and Joseph Mundy of Newark, N. J., and Henry A. Priest of Boston, Mass., have taken a five year lease of a large portion of what is known as "Middle farm," on Spesutia Island, Maryland. The organization, which is called the Newark and Boston Gun Club, is limited to the above named members. They are building a beautiful club house which will be well appointed. It faces the famous Havre de Grace flats at the headwaters of Chesapeake Bay, and is the nearest club house to the best canvasback duck grounds. The club is building a large iron steam launch at Newark, N. J., which is to be fitted up with batteries, decoys and boats. Where the club has located was several winters ago the trysting place for the famous gang of big-gun night shooters. It was on the north shore of Spesutia Island that they met at night at certain periods throughout the year. Fortunately the Maryland ducking shore owners were successful in capturing some of the big-guns and arresting several of the outlaws, as detailed at the time in the FOREST AND STREAM. Wash. Barnes, the ringleader, is now employed by Mr. Middleton, who also resides on Spesutia Island.

RHODE ISLAND GAME LAW.—The statute enacted April 28, 1886, provides: Section 1. Section 4 of chapter 94 of the Public Statutes is hereby amended so as to read as follows: "Section 4. Every person who shall take or kill, sell, buy or offer for sale or have in his possession any woodcock from the first day of January to the first day of September; any ruffed grouse or partridge from the first day of January to the first day of September; any quail from the first day of January to the first day of October; any Bartram's tatter or upland plover, commonly known in Rhode Island as grass plover, from the first day of April to the first day of August; any dusky or black duck from the first day of March to the first day of September; any wood duck or summer duck from the first day of March to the first day of September; any blue or green-winged teal from the first day of March to the first day of September, shall be fined twenty-five dollars for each of said birds." Sec. 2. This act shall take effect immediately, and all the acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

VERMONT.—Rutland county has a new game protective club, with headquarters at Rutland and branches in different towns. The officers are: President, W. R. Dorr; Secretary and Treasurer, D. N. Baxter; Executive Committee—C. L. Howe, A. W. Higgins, J. C. Dunn, O. W. Sterl, S. E. Burnham, G. T. Loop, A. Kilburn, John P. Hunt and W. L. Ferguson. These vice-presidents by towns were elected: Rutland, W. Y. W. Ripley; Benson, H. S. Howard; Braintree, E. Thayer; Castleton, H. L. Clark; Chittenden, Edwin Horton; Claremont, W. G. Marsh; Danby, Dr. Frank E. Whipple; Fair Haven, R. C. Colburn; Hubbardston, Cyrus Jennings; Ira, Simon L. Peck; Mendon, Alonzo Ormsbee; Middletown, C. E. Green; Mt. Holly, Marshall Tarbell; Mt. Tabor, Edward Foley; Pawlet, D. W. Bromley; Pittsfield, Dr. C. W. Brigham; Pittsford, Edward Smith; Poultney, M. J. Horton; Sherburne, D. W. Taylor; Shrewsbury, H. C. Gleason; Sudbury, E. C. Spooner; Timmouth, I. D. Tubbs; Wallingford, Lyman Batcheller; Wells, R. M. Lewis; West Haven, R. C. Abell.

VIS MEDICATRIX NATURÆ.—A drake wood duck was shot this spring near Eagle Pond, Ind., in whose under bill there was a large hole, through which its tongue protruded. Evidently the hole was the result of an old shot wound. The tongue had become callous and enlarged at the tip and the bird was unable to withdraw it. On the same shooting ground this spring seven jacksnipe were killed marked with old shot wounds. One had a No. 10 shot imbedded in the second joint of one of his legs. Old Western gunners say that there is not a live jacksnipe to-day that has not had at least a score of shots fired at it. It would be interesting to hear from shooting men of experience what they consider the natural period of life of the snipe, woodcock, grouse, quail and other game birds.

A CAPTURED SWAN.—Charles Ross, of Lyons, Indiana, made a lucky shot at swans this season at Bee Hunter Prairie. Three came low down over the marsh. Ross saw them coming, and although a flock of geese passed temptingly within range, he did not fire at them, and waited for the approach of the bigger game. The swans came head on, and were just about alighting when Ross fired and downed them all with one barrel. Two fell dead, but the other was only wing-tipped. He was captured after a long chase, and when Ross started for home he made the swan walk in front of him all the way. The town turned out to see Ross driving a wild swan down the road, and a stranger was so much interested he bought the bird for \$5.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Perry, N. Y., May 13.—We want a place where a party of four or five can find good deer hunting, and would like a few bear also. Give the name of some party near the locality with whom we could correspond regarding guides, transportation (if necessary) etc.—J. L. W.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF CAMPING.—I think "W. N. B." cannot have tried the fur bag or he would not condemn it as he does. After sixteen years given up to wild life and big game hunting in all parts of the world, thirteen of which have been spent in Western America, I find that there is no bed so warm or so portable as a fur bag. Mine will go very easily behind my saddle, including an outside waterproof canvas bag, which entirely does away with any necessity for a poncho or ground sheet. It weighs exactly ten pounds and is warmer than three pair of blankets, which is the usual allowance for a man in the mountains, and these would weigh some twenty-four pounds, besides ground sheet and cover. I always try every new and promising device for camping before condemning it.—C. A. M.

THE NARROWS.—A club, consisting of twenty-two members, chiefly Newark men, have leased a ducking shore in "The Narrows," which is six miles south of Havre de Grace. The club has purchased a large sloop to carry the game, and is making ready for a big shoot when the season opens. Canvasbacks and redheads are now circulating a notice at their breeding grounds at Alaska, to beware of "The Narrows" next autumn.

FLORIDA.—Jupiter Inlet.—Hunting has been quite good the past winter. Deer have been killed in large numbers, especially by the numerous Indian pot-hunters. Wildcats, panther, bear and other smaller game are numerous. Sea-trout, bass, snapper and other fishing good.—G. G. F.

NEW JERSEY.—New laws prohibit killing red or gray squirrels during months of November and December; impose a fine for having in possession any sort of game after the same has been snared; restrict killing European pheasant, partridge or grouse for three years.

A PIGEON STORM.—A Titusville, Pa., old resident recalls that on March 25, 1852, in a tremendous snow storm great flocks of pigeons were blinded and bewildered, and coming to the ground were killed by hundreds.

BUT LOTS OF FUX.—Viicksburg, Miss., May 6.—We had an interesting trip after turkeys, but found the birds "up to snuff," and got only three in a ten days' hunt.—P.

EAST BERKSHIRE, Vt., May 12.—No spring shooting of ducks about here, because they did not come to be shot. Trout fishing has started in fine.—L.

Sea and River Fishing.

FLY-FISHING FOR SHAD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The shad season of 1886 has opened with brighter prospects than the three previous years have shown at the same date. Not having my memoranda with me, I will have to trust a treacherous memory, which reminds me that the season of 1883 opened some days after the 25th of May, with very unsatisfactory results. The season of 1884 opened about the 1st of June, and for some days the fishermen had to be satisfied with from one to three fish per day; 1885 opened with one shad on the 21st of May and no very perceptible increase until June. The three years were unprofitable except in blistered hands from persistent rowing. The season of 1886 opened Saturday, 15th, with seventeen shad, all good fish. To-day, Monday noon, shows considerable increase on Saturday's catch. How it will continue remains to be seen. Let us hope the anglers will find a few pleasant hours with the Connecticut River shad.

The two seasons of 1884 and 1885 gave the fish a better opportunity to do their own hatching than they have had for the previous eight years. With the exception of three days last summer and about a week of the summer previous, surplus water was running over the dam. Through the close seasons of both years (when out after bass) shad were plenty and good size.

One evening in September, 1884, I was wading and whipping the rapids between the bridge and the dam. The fish were so attentive to my personal pleasures I did not notice that a storm was gathering. I was manipulating a 3-pound bass in strout water between the large stones which dot the bed of the river, unconscious of the then raging storm until the fish swam up the rainstorm, passing over my head and seeking refuge in another pool behind me—out of the water into the wet. After he had found his way to the creel the storm was about spent. Making my way across lots for my boat below the bridge, I struck a pool about three rods long and a rod and a half wide, in which were about two dozen shad. They could not get out of it, as there was no flow of water through. The water raised that night and set them free.

Will keep you posted on the prospects for the fly.

THOS. CHALMERS.

HOLYOKE, MASS., May 17.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your "Correspondents" column of last week I notice the statement that "the only spot where the fly-fishing for shad is successful is below the dam at Holyoke, Mass."

Very fine shad are taken with the fly on the Housatonic River, near Birmingham, Conn.

The shad of this river are widely known as being equal in size and excellence to any found in the United States. Formerly they ran up to spawning grounds many miles above Birmingham, and in those days I believe were never taken with the fly, but several years since a dam twenty-two feet in height was built at the place named, and at the same time a huge timber box, so fearfully and wonderfully made that it is a terror to all well-organized shad, was placed in the dam and called a "fishway." The natural result is that all fish now make Birmingham their terminus, and as no seines or nets are allowed here, the shad congregate in great numbers, giving much sport to the local fly-fisherman.

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, N. Y.

[We knew perfectly well that shad had been taken with a fly on the Housatonic, having fished there for them with success. The omission to mention this locality was an oversight for which we cannot account. We have always regarded it as an uncertain locality, however, and have never considered it worth while to send anglers there. We are glad to know that shad take the fly freely on that river.]

TOWING FOR KINGFISH.

TO-DAY I have been a-fishing, the first time that I have had leisure to do so since the fire (we in Key West date from that event altogether now; it has superseded "befo' the wah," etc.), and I have had so capital a time of it that before I sleep and the muscles of my pulling-in anatomy get stiff and sore, and undoubtedly they will be to-morrow, I will share my good luck with my FOREST AND STREAM confères, and send "A. N. C." to bed green with envy when he compares his biggest bass with my grouper, my kingfish, amber fish and red snappers.

I wrote you a letter some weeks ago which you published under the heading of "Fishing at Key West." I had hard work to get that letter up, and had to draw on the catch of others to get a respectable creel of fish together, my trophies up to that date having been entirely of the genus panfish, varieties innumerable. In that letter I told you of a cruise I made in the Foam of the Sea, skipper, Acosta; cook, Gabe; and crew, Charlie, of all of whom I spoke a well-deserved good word. But when I distributed among them some of the papers containing my letter, they did not seem quite satisfied and urged that I should try it again. They thought that the history of a day of calm, most of the time passed at anchor, with no bait that would draw anything but sharks, was hardly a fair description of the average and ordinary events of a day king-fishing. Their arguments convinced me and I did try again, and as many times again as I have been able to; for a good six knot breeze from the start, and a lumping big kingfish landed before we had gone a mile, to be followed during the day with lots more (my own share of the catching was over 300 pounds), impressed me with the idea that there was lots of fun at "towing." Lots of work, too, and I have tried in vain to cipher out how many foot-pounds my arms lifted that day, using as data 22 kingfish from 10 to 16 pounds' weight, a barracouta about twice as heavy, and Spanish mackerel to make up the score, each caught about 30 yards from boat, and hauled in with her going at the least 6 knots; except when that big barracouta got hold; then, if there is any truth in the axiom that action and reaction are equal, that boat must have slowed down, although judging by sensation, at every yard gain she seemed to go faster.

I had a savage pleasure in seeing that big head thoroughly clubbed, for not only did he, with one of his razor-sharp teeth, cut my finger to the bone, but just before, either he or one of his breed, bit in two, as clean as though cut with an axe, a good-sized kingfish I was hauling in. I'm sure that fish must have had a tail when he started, but he came to hand minus, not only it, but over a foot of his body. Kingfish I knew to be like all of the mackerel family, excellent bait, and had often used it, but never before an entire ten-pounder.

There are some very pretty points connected with "towing for kingfish." Although not always the case, yet generally the fish rushes from below at the bait, and his momentum carries him high. Three or four lines are out. No fish on. In an instant, perhaps, half a dozen are in the air at once, and among them each hook has been appropriated. Then as they strike the water something is very likely to break, if you are at all aesthetic in your taste for fishing. Until I used them all up, each one lasting just one strike, it was my fancy gear that broke. When I had thus gotten clear of my ivory and pearl spoons and spinners, my revolving baits, fluted and plain, lake trout spoons, etc., and had snapped all of the lines I had brought with me, I came down to the native style, and then when anything broke, it was the fish's neck, and this happened a number of times. I suppose we turned him a back somersault without due notice to be ready. The gear which caught kingfish and staid with us, consisted of a cod hook, largest size, shank filed to a point, ganged to a copper wire snood a foot long, so put on that the end of the shank is left projecting, thus forming a handy peg to hitch the upper end of bait on.

The bait most successful is a strip of pork skin, cut frog-shaped, *à la* "Nessmuk;" but when they are biting well anything will do, and we generally come down to white rag. They will jump at a knot in the line, and close to the boat. The line used is about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and I presume when not in use as a fish line does duty as a bed cord. When we hook them we don't waste much time playing them; we keep them a coming, hand over hand, and their mouths are so tough, and they are generally so well hooked, that we lift them right over the stern with the line. Then comes in the value of the pointed spur to hitch a new bait on; no time to waste in tying.

It was in early March that I made my first successful trip. They had been abundant all winter, the favorite grounds being in the vicinity of the Pelican and American shoals, ten and eighteen miles to the eastward, where the strip of reef fringing all of the keys is comparatively narrow; so that in half a mile's distance you can troll in from five to one hundred fathoms, and strike them somewhere.

The line of demarcation between the blue water of the Gulf Stream and the green on the shoals is so well defined, that one end of a boat may be plainly in the one, the other in the other. We started for the shoals, and before we were clear of the channels had perhaps a dozen fine fish, ranging about ten to sixteen pounds. After we struck blue water we neither saw a fish nor had a strike during our twenty miles' sail to the eastward and back; and gradually the wind died away, so that even if fish were plentiful we would have got none. I have seen a school of them swimming all around the boat, occasionally examining it, but not one would touch it, at a four-knot speed. A puff of wind that would start us up, started them up, too, and the instant the baits got lively enough they were seized.

The jump of a kingfish is somewhat like that of a bass, but higher. As to the height, authorities vary. I am sure I've seen them five or six feet out of the water. I believe reliable Conks, who increase the figures up to say ten feet; but when they get up, as in one instance, to fifty, why, I draw the line lower.

Towing (a very appropriate name) having failed, we made for a ridge running parallel with the coast line, but separated from the shore reefs by a mile or more of deep water. On this ridge, a narrow one, the depth varies from ten to twenty fathoms, and there's where the snappers and groupers lie. The usual method of fishing is to drift along, with lead on bottom, until a good "drop" is struck, then anchor and lower a bundle of fish carcasses, etc., for cium. By the time we got to the ridge the breeze had sprung up again, and we drifted too fast to do more than lose our lines, by getting fast, so we saw nothing of the snappers that day. Started back for Sand Key, and as soon as we got into the green water fun began again. And our day's fishing was a grand success.

But what Acosta told me of what might have been, in the way of big snappers, etc., determined me that on the very

first opportunity I should fish that bank. That opportunity came to day. Starting with a good breeze we again went as far east as on the first trip, and again failed utterly in that direction. After passing the Pelican, between it and Sand Key, we got three fine kingfish and a couple of large (four and six pounds) Spanish mackerel trolling, and I caught a magnificent amber fish weighing 24 pounds. We still fished off the shoals in from five to fifteen fathoms, but not a fish. Then the breeze dying again, we made for the deep-water ridge, and in five minutes from the time we struck it a 23-pound grouper was on deck. Then came an hour to be remembered. All hands were fishing, and some one was landing a fish all the time. Our catch consisted of red snappers, groupers and rockfish of various varieties. My own catch included a red snapper of 14 pounds and a grouper of 43. I thought sure I had a shark. Several of our lines having been carried off by them, and having but the one gear left, I determined to, if possible by careful handling, get him to the surface and shoot him, hoping thus to save hooks. Presently I doubted his being a shark, for he stopped fighting and came up quite easily, and that a shark never does. In all respects his action was that of a big codfish, lug back occasionally, then hang. When he came to the surface his mouth was wide open, and he was so far exhausted that there was no difficulty in inserting a gaff hook just opposite to mine, and then three of us lifted him in; then that merry-making became temporarily and literally a symposium, for he was the big grouper of the season.

I sent him ashore this evening to a lady, who, since the fire, is compelled to hunt up food for about thirty people; and have just received her note of thanks for that "what shall I call it, young whale?"

Having thus placed him on record, I'll turn in. PISECO
P. S.—I suppose I ought to interject some useful data. On Plate 94 of "The History Industries of the United States" are given pictures of the spotted cero (*Scomberomorus regalis*) and the cero or kingfish (*Scomberomorus caballa*). In the text, page 116, describing the two fish, it is said, "It is more than likely that this (spotted cero) and the preceding species (cero) are both included by the Key West fishermen under the name kingfish, the difference in general appearance being so slight that it is hardly likely they would be noticed by ordinary observers." They both are so included. I have caught them both, the most of the catch up to March 10 was of the spotted variety; since then the *caballa* has predominated. Lying side by side, the difference (aside from the markings) between the males and females of either variety are greater than between two of the same sex, different species.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.—XII.

WE pulled ashore to eat our lunch, for we were now just off the Alexander farm, and the wind came sweeping down the lake past the point which sheltered us with a force that precluded the idea of pulling against it and fishing with any comfort. Lunch disposed of, we caught a few frogs in a little wet meadow back of us to increase our store of bait, swung out into the rollers and headed across the lake over the same course I had taken the previous Sunday. We put out two trollers, a Hili and a Chapman, but the big pickerel maskalonge that took my spoon that day had probably not yet digested it, or mayhap he had changed his mind about new-fangled bugs with glittering propellers as an article of diet, and we had no call from him nor from any of his relations. Down near the point where Maybert's Creek comes in through the wilderness of deadened trees we changed back to frogs, and in a couple of minutes Ben was engaged in a sharp fight with a big-mouthed bass of nearly three pounds, who finally took a position on the stringer under vigorous protest, after vainly trying to smash "ole quitatessence" by a sudden dash under the boat. Then in less than fifty yards two more tried to belch up the frog after swallowing it, but Ben's hook had a fashion of "always a ketchin' on to somethin'," and they too were slipped on the stringer, to end their career in the frying pans of the philosopher across the water. Meantime the skipper was not idle; he was holding the boat in proper position for Ben to handle his fish, enjoying the fun and waiting for his turn to come next; but the struggles of the last one seemed to have scared the others, if there were any more, and the turn did not come.

We drifted along down with the wind toward the point opposite camp, over a stretch of shallow water, four to eight feet deep, with a sand and mud bottom, with only a stray bulrush nodding in the breeze here and there, and not even a patch of "muskrat grass" big enough for a sunfish to hide in.

It may be mentioned here as a matter of possible interest to any of the brethren not used to fishing the lakes of this region of Michigan, that such a piece of water as that is, as old Ben says, "jest the place where ye won't ketch nothin', an' ye might as well reel up or go ashore an' fish in a rozberry patch."

Just off this point the water is shallow for fifty or sixty yards out and then comes a strip of grass and thickly growing bulrushes reaching down the lake for a hundred yards or more, and along the outside of this bank the water deepens straight off till the bottom cannot be seen. This is the kind of water where you may look for fish.

We drifted along down to the lower end of the rushes without taking anything, however, but one longface of four pounds, which fell a victim to the rod of the skipper. Here the wind had a fair sweep at us, making the water so rough that it was hard work to hold the boat anywhere, and as we turned to go over the water again along the bulrushes, a rain storm coming down the lake less than a mile away admonished us it was time to get into the rubbers and head across for the camp. Ben said this was "a hoss sense move, fur the fish wasn't a bit'n' much nobow, an' he wanted to git ashore where he could rub the knots out o' his legs."

At this point we afterward took a number of fine fish, bass and pickerel, and one day old Danny struck a fish there with such persistent and dogged fight in him that he was preparing to chuckle over the capture of a big maskalonge, but when it was brought in sight and in reach of the gaff, it proved to be a villainous bead-eyed "lawyer" of large size much to the disgust of the old pelican and the hilarity of Hyperboler, who barked and snarled as he jerked the gaff into him, in derision at Dan's "new style o' muskylunge."

We beat the rainstorm to camp by a few minutes, but no sign of life greeted us as we stepped out and pulled the boat up on the bank except five mischievous little pigs that were engaged in an industrious rooting match under the kitchen fly for stray scraps and crumbs that might have fallen from the table. These little porkers, only a few weeks

old, were a fund of considerable amusement for the girls and a source of much and continuous anxiety and annoyance to the keeper of the frying pans and the direct cause of a large amount of comprehensive but suppressed profanity on his part. They paid the camp irregular but frequent visits, trotting down from the barnyard in solid columns whenever the (evil) spirit moved them, and there was not one of the quintette, but had been "knocked silly" a half dozen times by diverse missiles flung with unerring precision by him of the pans, but they were of a hard breed and minded a knock-down or "dislocated ear" but little more than a sneaker bite. A squeal, a tumble, two or three astonished grunts and "woofs" and they were back again with some freshly hatched devilment with which to make life a burden to the philosopher. Only for our respect for the property of others and our good name as law-abiding sportsmen, I am afraid neighbor Horton's pigs would have found a watery grave before the first week was out. We offered to buy them and convert them into roasts, but he would not sell and we finally came to look on them as a nuisance that had come to stay, and toward the last their presence would have been gladly missed. Ben said, "The only thing that saves their bacon is, the close season fur hogs ain't out yet, an' I don't want to break no game laws."

We laid our rods on the table out of reach of the pestiferous pigs and walked cautiously over to the big tent to learn the cause of the masterly inactivity going on in the camp. Peering around the tent flap, there sat old Dan and Muller, about as we had left them in the forenoon, the cribbage war still raging, and from array of "tallies" on either side of a line drawn on the tally sheet, the slaughter on both sides must have been something very considerable. Miss Fanny peeped at us an instant from behind the leaves of a *Century*, in which she was deeply absorbed. Jim and Mother Jim sat near each other with visible traces of the original "honey-moon look" still lingering around them, gazing placidly out on the lake now dotted with myriads of tiny bubbles kicked up by the falling rain, and just back of them on a quilt spread on the "floor," with an army blanket around them, sat the two bundles of mid-chief, Bob and Kit, each demurely sacking at a lump of maple sugar, as usual, with a look of serene content on their faces that proclaimed they had about mastered the problem of "how to pass a rainy day in camp and be happy." Altogether it was a pleasant picture, and good to look on, but where were Top and Annie? "Over in the henry asleep," Bob answered, as she wiped her lips on a corner of Kit's apron, and got to her feet with, "What luck, James Mackerel?" and then the two Misses Curiosity sallied out in the rain with the blanket over their heads and down to the boat, "to see if Papa and Uncle Ben had brought in any trout."

The warriors at the crib board agreed to a truce, counted the slain and came out to see the fish and kick the cramps out of their legs, with the understanding that hostilities were to be renewed by candle light that evening under the protection of the mosquito bar in Dan's tent.

Fanny marked the page by turning down a leaf corner, donned a rubber gossamer and followed the twins down to the boat, and Jim, after due deliberation, relieved his camp stool of its burden, jointed himself together and said to his better half, "Let's go down and see what the old cranks have brought in, anyhow."

Meantime the philosopher was nowhere to be seen, but a well-known sound coming from the direction of "the Knot tent," betrayed his whereabouts, and looking in he was discovered under a pile of blankets sound asleep, doubtless devising in his dreams a plan whereby he might circumvent neighbor Horton's pigs without slaughtering them outright, and the plan seemed to have matured, for next morning, when they were rooting around the provision box well bunched together, a dipper of water from a camp kettle on the stove—the stove was quite warm—scattered impartially over the group, suddenly reminded them of something they had forgotten at the barnyard, and the haste they displayed in going back after it, moved Ben to compare the performance to "a yaller dog tryin' to outrun an old oyster can tied to his tail." They stayed away nearly half a day, and the medicine worked so well that the philosopher repeated the dose at intermittent intervals with very gratifying results to himself.

We roused the philosopher out of his dreams, and while he started fire in the stoves and arranged the table, Ben and the skipper dressed the bass for supper and breakfast, leaving the pickerel for any of our neighbors who might drop in for a mess of fresh fish, this being an arrangement that would suit all parties concerned, as we have noticed that the residents along the lakes where we have made our camps and fished prefer the longsnouts to bass, for the reason perhaps that their tastes have been educated on them because of their more easy capture.

We went to bed that night not in the best of humor with the weather, and had it not been for the quieting music of the pattering rain on the canvas there doubtless would have been mutterings deep and dismal from the old campers, but this blessed rain music of the night is a panacea for most of the ills born of an unpleasant day, and we went peacefully to sleep to the dreamy melody, with a hope that the morning would bring signs of clearing skies and sunny weather.

KINGFISHER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[In issue of April 29, "Camps of the Kingfishers," page 267, first column, eighth line from bottom, read government blankets for goat blankets; line 42 from bottom, second column, read red boss for red bass.]

EYED HOOKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Early last spring I obtained from England several dozen flies tied on the turned up "eyed hooks," and used them throughout the season with great pleasure and success, and after giving them a thorough trial I thought them about perfect. The result was that I procured more of the hooks, and those flies which I required of American pattern, I had tied on them also. Since April 1, this year, I have used some with the turned down eye and find them much superior to those with the eye turned up. I have now some bass flies tied on the Pennell turned down eyed hooks and intend in future using no other for fly-fishing, and would recommend to anglers who wish to "fish fine and far off" to give the turned down eye Pennell hook a fair trial and not lose any time about it either. By the use of the jam knot it is as easy to attach the eyed hook to the leader as a hook with the usual snell or short loop, and for the dropper flies the snell may be attached to the hook previously, if preferred. If for no other reason than that of economy, I think there must be at least fifty per cent. in favor of the eyed hooks.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 8.

C. G. LEVISON.

NEW ENGLAND TROUT WATERS.

DURING the winter and early spring it is easy to make up one's mind to be sure to make a trip to the trout waters this year; to once again drink in the beauties of the stream, the woods and the lake; to reap anew the rich benefits found only in an outing; to add another five years to one's days by throwing off, if only for a brief season, the worry and strain of business or professional life. But it is not so easy to put the good plan into execution. Unexpected happenings thrust themselves in the way, and it is often hard to find the courage to start off on what looks to the ordinary mortal like a foolish jaunt for the sake of a few fish. The true and only way is to start when the fever is on. Delays are dangerous; they are more dangerous to our fishing trips than is that procrastination which is the thief of time. Our ardor cools, if arid it is, and not a fixed, annual purpose, and so the trip is lost for want of mere decision such as we should bring to bear upon any of the other real affairs of life. Mere trifles or slight changes hinder us. The ice went out of the Maine lakes from eight to ten days earlier this year than usual. It was not wholly unexpected, and yet the lovers of line and rod were not generally prepared for it in all its force. The time to take up the tackle came too soon, and business could not be left just then, and the result has been the breaking up of a great many parties; and many will stay at home altogether. This is chiefly true of those who may be termed the early rushers, to be sure, but it shows how slight a circumstance may spoil even a much contemplated trip. It is a fact that the movement to the Maine lakes is being much less than last year, so far as Boston is concerned, at least. A report of the same nature is suggested from other cities. Strikes and the uncertainties of labor may have hindered the builder, the manufacturer, the carpenter and other tradesmen from taking that fishing trip, and the early trips are not being taken to the extent of former seasons. Now just here comes a selfish suggestion, but it is too good to keep—there will be all the more trout for those who go later in the season.

But the silly number of lies have begun to be told. The Maine country newspapers of small circulation and less influence, devoted to the attempt to help some lazy tavern-keepers, stage owners and tradesmen into a fortune through the summer resort business in one-house towns, begin to contain such items as these: "Mr. Thusandso of Suchaplace caught yesterday 100 'speckled beauties' in an hour and a half, out of Impossible Pond, and there are plenty more left." How happened there to be just a hundred? Why did the fisherman not leave off at 99 or 101? Such stories with enough of truth in them to be worthy of a passing thought, even the country newspapers ought to be ashamed of. They give at least the sound of respectability to the despised fishing for numbers which has done so much of the deplorable depletion of our lakes and streams, and which threatens, in a very few years, to reduce the trout to a fish of the gone by, in spite of all protection can do. The man who would take even a hundred minnows for the mere sake of telling a big story, ought to be ashamed of his cruelty and destructiveness, say nothing of robbing his brother fishermen of fifty trout or a dozen salmon. Oh! for the time when the man who goes to the lakes and streams for health and recuperation shall have learned to be satisfied with trout enough for the table. It is devoutly to be hoped that time is coming, under the good sense of true anglers and the training of the **FOREST AND STREAM**. It is also to be hoped that it will not be too tardy—will not be delayed till the work of depletion of our best waters is done irrevocably.

But the teaching of moderation is no easy task, and as you well know, good **FOREST AND STREAM**, there are a good many interests at stake. The entire summer resort and summer travel interest is arrayed against good sense and the perpetuation of the best locations as the fishing grounds of the future. The daily papers are being called upon to advertise the localities in two-column, illustrated articles, by gushing hack writers. But they say too much. There are millions of trout waiting to be caught. Only patronize a certain hotel, stage line or railroad, and thousands of trout are sure. But like the patent medicine advertisements, they say too much. If there was a shadow of truth in them, any man would be a fool to ever die. After all, such trash catches only tourists and greenhorns, and greenhorns catch no fish. They go once. That is enough. They are done. Ever afterward they listen to fish stories and blame their luck.

The trout season of 1886 is now fairly begun, but unless some sudden impetus is given, the hotels and summer resorts will not make their fortunes this year. The attempt was made to start off their business with a boom, but somehow the thing is being overdone in the way of big stories and show. At Phillips, Me., the first fishing party of the season was met at the train by the Phillips Brass Band and escorted to the hotel in grand style. Alas! has it come to this? Must we go fishing to the tune of a brass band, and a country band at that?

SPECIAL.

The trout season of 1886 is proving to be one peculiar to itself. The redspots or brook trout are hardly coming up to time in the record of catches thus far, but the blackspots, or landlocked salmon, are surprising even their warmest friends. This is particularly true of Weld Pond, in Maine. This pond was first stocked with salmon scarcely more than ten years ago, and yet the catches being made there this spring are something of which the Maine Fish Commissioners may well be proud. Commissioner Stanley has just returned from a very successful trip to that pond with some of the first sportsmen in Maine, and they all express themselves as highly pleased with the success of landlocked salmon. Commissioner Stanley gives an account of one caught the other day which weighed eleven pounds, and I have just taken up a Maine paper, rather given to telling big fish stories, which mentions the taking of a landlock, Friday, weighing fourteen pounds. This last story should be taken with a grain of salt, at least till confirmed. But even a salmon of eleven pounds comes with a great deal of pleasure to those most interested in the culture of the landlocks in Maine. It must be remembered that this is all the work of ten years, and that too, under difficulties. Weld Pond is full of blackspots of less size. Commissioner Stanley remarks that they are taking fish there from two to five pounds by the thousand. These smaller fish, he remarks, are evidently the work of more recent stocking, since the State has done more for that purpose. As to the growth of these salmon, Mr. Stanley is much pleased, as well as surprised. Together with Mr. Stillwell the Maine Commissioners are now of the opinion that trout, the conditions of food being favorable, grow much faster than many writers have told us. Certainly the results of landlocked salmon in Weld Pond go to prove that they are correct. Speaking of the monster brook trout of the Androscoggin waters, Mr. Stanley does not give them credit

for the great age usually ascribed to them. He finds trout of this class to have grown to six inches in length which he has every reason to believe were only two years old. From that time he believes them to grow very rapidly. The Maine Commissioners may also be put down as fully convinced that fair angling—that is, with single hook and line—can never totally exhaust the trout or landlocked salmon in any waters. They admit that the fish may be "thinned out," but not exhausted entirely. These gentlemen commence this week the work of planting the several quotas of landlocked salmon in the Maine waters. Commissioner Stanley is authority for the fact that landlocked salmon are being taken with the fly this year, a fact heretofore considered doubtful. The latest report also shows that landlocks are at last being taken in Rangeley Lake. An eight pound fish of that species was taken there one day last week and several have since followed of less proportions.

BOSTON, MASS.

Under date of May 4, Mr. O. A. Dennen, of Moosehead Lake, writes to Mr. T. Sedgwick Steele, of Hartford: "The ice left the lake earlier than usual this year, the date of its going out being May 1 and 2. The weather for three weeks past has been fine. Clear, cloudless sky, with wind not over six miles an hour. Temperature for the week ending May 4 averaged 36 degrees, taken at 6 A. M. Average for the month of April, 32 degrees (taken at same hour). The fur hunters have had a fair run of luck. Two Indians came out of the woods about three weeks ago and received \$735 for their skins, consisting of beaver, mink, sable, black cat, otter, etc. Considerable large game has been killed the past winter, or up to Jan. 1, when the time closed. In the latter part of December, 3 moose were killed on Blue Ridge in sight of the hotel. One cannot, however, go far into the woods without seeing plenty of signs which indicate that moose, deer, caribou and bear are still quite plenty. The fishing season is fairly opened, several parties are already on the ground and the steamers Kineo, Day Dream, Twilight and Ripple are scudding about the lake seeking out the best grounds. Everything indicates a fair season at Kineo. The spring opening about two weeks earlier than usual will be likely to rid us of the black flies early in July."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The ice left the lakes on Tuesday, May 4, and the fishing season was commenced by the guests of the Greenvale House, Geo. M. Esty, proprietor, Greenvale, Me., on Saturday, May 8. At this point the waters of the Sandy River are discharged into the Rangeley, or Oquossoc Lake, and flow through the connected lakes, discharging finally into the Androscoggin River. The best early fishing for the celebrated Rangeley trout is found here. The record for the first two days is as follows, no record being made of trout under three pounds in weight. Of these smaller trout large numbers were taken:

May 10, 1886, Henry T. Richardson, New York; boatman, H. R. Fuller, Phillips, Me., land-locked salmon, 3 pounds.
May 12, Henry Hobart, East Bridgewater, Mass.; boatman, Nathan Ellis, Greenvale, trout, 3½ pounds.
May 12, Wm. L. Reed, South Abington, Mass.; boatman, Nathan Ellis, Greenvale, trout, 3 pounds.
May 12, Eugene H. Clapp, Boston, Mass.; boatman, Chas. H. Toothacher, Rangeley, trout, 5½ pounds.
May 12, Horace P. Touey, Boston, Mass.; boatman, Chas. H. Toothacher, Rangeley, trout, 5½ pounds.
May 12, C. L. Browning, Milbury, Mass.; boatman, a friend, trout, 6½ pounds.
May 12, Geo. E. Keith, Brockton, Mass.; boatman, Ebenezer Hinckley, Rangeley, land-locked salmon, 6½ pounds.

The land-locked salmon were introduced into these lakes in 1874 by the Fish Commissioners of the State of Maine, and their increasing number establishes the success of their undertaking.

SEBAGO LAKE.

SEBAGO LAKE, Portland's great water reservoir, lies in the northern part of Cumberland county, Maine, and is easily reached by rail from Portland via P. & O. R. R. to Lake station. It is a most beautiful "stretch of water," as its Indian name signifies, being about twelve by fourteen miles in area and noted for its large land-locked salmon. A few years since a male fish of this species was found dead and stranded in Roger's Brook, a tributary to Long Pond, one of the head waters of the Sebago Lake system. Four years ago Mr. J. Hamilton, superintendent of the P. & O. R. R. captured one in Sebago Lake, with an eight-ounce rod, that weighed sixteen pounds, and many have been taken with rod and line weighing upward of ten pounds. The fishing season lasts usually about two weeks, commencing soon after the ice leaves the lake and when the smelts (for salmon are not the only salt-water fish land-locked in these waters, for smelts and cuskies are abundant) are returning from their migrations up rivers and streams, where they have deposited their eggs. The method of capture most in vogue is trolling with a smelt for bait—care being taken that the bait does not spin but runs straight and true—fifty yards of line being sufficient.

The fishing has not been quite as satisfactory in numbers this spring as in some previous years, owing, no doubt, to the greater abundance of smelts, or perhaps the season was in advance of the fishermen, but never before did the catch average so many heavy, well-conditioned fish. Not a single "racer" (spent male) is reported. The best fish taken can be credited as follows: J. Hamilton, Portland, Me., 13½ pounds; R. E. Edes, Naples, Me., 12 pounds; E. O. Noyes, Brockton, Mass., 11½ pounds; A. S. Hinds, Portland, Me., 11 pounds; P. Burnham, Portland, 11 pounds; J. Hamilton, Portland, 9 pounds. Many more weighing over six pounds have been boated, one touching the beam at less than four pounds being an exception to the general rule. About thirty speckled trout, weighing from one to four pounds each were also taken. It is now only about ten years since the salmon fishing here with rod and reel attracted any attention. Before that time the practice of spearing them on the spawning beds had been almost universal, and even now we are sorry to say, that notwithstanding stringent laws and the untiring efforts of commissioners, wardens and friends of the cause, it has been impossible to entirely suppress the poacher. Yet public opinion is steadily gaining ground against this evil, and at no distant day we hope the spear will be a relic of the past. Last fall, through the efforts of Frank Gibbs and J. Mead & Son, of Brighton, sixteen thousand land-locked salmon eggs were taken from Roger's Brook. These, with thirty thousand fry of land-locked salmon from Grand Lake stream, a gift from the State, are soon to be turned into these waters. Encouraged by the success of Gibbs and Mead on Roger's Brook, the Fish Commissioners have decided to operate on Crooked River this fall, and it now looks as though fishing would rapidly improve. The favorite fishing grounds on

Sebago Lake are at the mouths of Songo and Muddy rivers, both places being at the head of the lake and about two miles apart. At the former are three camps, owned respectively by the Songo Club, Robt. E. Edes and Raymond Parties. At Muddy River two camps have been erected this spring, one owned by O. B. Gibbs, of Bridgton; the other by Naples parties. Transient accommodations can usually be obtained near the fishing grounds. Guides charge about \$3 per day for man and boat.

BLACK SPOT.

SEBAGO LAKE, May 6.

THE MONTREAL FLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have recently received a copy of the work "Fishing With the Fly." Most of the colored plates in the book are correct; but there is, however, one important exception, that is the one of the Montreal fly, which is wrong in several particulars.

The Montreal fly has a strong hold on my affections and has for many, many years occupied the most prominent place in my fly-book, being especially adapted for our Northern waters. It had its origin with my old and lamented friend, the late Peter Cowan, Esq., of Sweetsburgh, Quebec, who first made and used it at least half a century ago. The original and genuine Montreal fly is made with a "red body, ribbed with yellow tinsel, the hackle assorted scarlet and ginger, and a light gray mallard wing." Soon after its first appearance it became a standard fly with the English fly-fishers who were in Canada, and through them samples of the fly were sent to England, where they were made for the trade.

Mr. Cowan was one of the most enthusiastic of fly-fishers; genial, jolly, a true and warm-hearted friend, a good reader of human character, and a thorough hater of shams and affectation. He held for many years an important office of trust in the eastern townships of this Province, and often had for companions on his fishing excursions one or more of the English army officers who were formerly stationed in Montreal; but woe was sure to befall them if they brought their cockney airs out to the trouting grounds. Many a practical joke did Uncle Peter, as he was familiarly called, play at their expense.

Some twenty years ago I was traveling by stage through one of the back districts of the townships, a noted trout region, when we picked up at a small farm house Uncle Peter and a young officer who were returning from fishing, well laden with full creels of *S. fontinalis*. Uncle Peter's sunburnt phiz beamed with the expression of good nature and satisfaction that told the story of success and a general good time. The old veteran and the writer were soon engaged in exchanging fishing experiences and discussing the merits of the different waters of that section of the country when the young Englishman, who had been quite silent, apparently in a deep study, said, "I say, Uncle Peter, I am awfully much obliged to you for your kindness, you know. We over in England have a wrong idea of you fellows out here, but, by Jove, you have taken me down a peg, you know." This brought out a roar of laughter from Uncle Peter that made the woods ring. The young fellow joined in quite as heartily, and when their mirth had partly subsided, he said: "But, you know, that first morning was a stunner, though." This admission was followed by another explosion, if possible louder and longer than the first.

I afterward received from the old gentleman a condensed account of their trip, and the incidents concerning that particular morning. This young Englishman who was anxious to show the natives how to kill a trout, you know, had presented himself at Uncle Peter's office bearing a letter of introduction, etc. He was clad in the most nobby of cockney fishing suits, and also wore a pair of wide top knee boots, but underneath this exterior Uncle Peter saw what he thought would be good stuff when the dinky outside was rubbed away. So a trip back to a famous trout stream was soon arranged. The road that they traveled was new and rough, and when the stage that evening set them down at the door of the humble home of a small but hospitable farmer, a place where the writer has spent many a pleasant night after a good day's sport, the young cockney was fatigued, and grumblingly compared the accommodations to those of the small inns along the Thames, you know. "This blasted country was not fit for a gentleman to come into, you know." He expressed a desire to retire early in the evening to his sleeping apartment; so he was given a tallow dip for a light and directed to a small room in the chamber, which he grumblingly declared to be "a regular dog kennel of a hole, you know;" but when he placed his boots outside his room door to be blacked, Uncle Peter drew a line at this action and made use of them in lieu of a sloop bucket. At the first peep of daybreak the young fellow was awakened and told to hurry and dress and be outside, for it's the early rod that kills many a fine trout. "A dem beastly hour to arise," said the young cockney; "the trout at home never rise to a fly until the mist is off the water, you know." He hastily dressed, opened the door, and poising on one foot, he caught hold of the straps of a boot and slipped the upraised foot into it—slosh. This was followed by a shout that sounded very much like an oath and exclamation. But we had best drop the curtain and let the reader imagine what followed, and return to our favorite fly.

When this fly was introduced to the trade it was called the Montreal or Canada fly, but usually the Montreal fly. I have I believe killed far more and larger trout with this fly than with all others put together. I invariably use three flies, with the Montreal as a stretcher, and use various other kinds for droppers as the water and season require. Bro. E. B. Hodge of the N. H. Fish Commission, who is an old companion of mine, I presume remembers well the big trout (my largest) that I killed on this fly in Hopp's Pond, a small body of water situated near Mount Orford. This pond was once celebrated for its large trout; but alas, its glories have departed forever, for some contemptible vagabond has stocked it with pickerel. As I now write my thoughts go back to years long past when Bro. Hodge and the Montreal fly were intimately associated in many a trouting expedition. The catch that we made one afternoon was thirty that weighed forty pounds, at Lake Nick, where H. had a severe headache which spoiled his appetite for the fish which the writer so nicely broiled, but which did not prevent him from casting a fly while the trout were on the feed. It was there that the "big one" came out of the weeds and tried to eat up the two and a half pound fish that H. had hooked and was playing.

I afterward struck that big fellow and he turned tail to and dove into the weeds in spite of any strain that I could bring to bear on him with my Norris rod, and in those weeds he remained until he broke or rubbed off the casting line. Then, again, my thoughts delightfully live over again

the pleasures of that morning at that beautiful stretch of water below the old mill near Megantic, where we waded down stream for a short distance and filled our baskets to overflowing with half-pound trout. It was there that we saw the trout jumping and trying to follow up a stream of water that came pouring out from an auger-hole in the side of the flume of the old mill. Some did succeed in going through the hole into the flume, but where one succeeded, many shot out of the slender thread of water and struck against the planking and fell back again into the pool below. Then came the red-letter day—that day in June in the Chaudière rapids at the mouth of Lake Megantic, where we caught one hundred and eighty trout, not one weighing less than half a pound, and from that up to three pounds each. Our individual scores stood at an even ninety each.

I also remember with a smile how Bro. H., the next morning as we were breaking camp, stole out to the river's side with rod in hand, to catch another fish, so as to go out of the wilderness one ahead, and when given his choice either to unjoint and repack his rod, or take a ducking then and there, he took apart his rod but at the same time emphatically denied our ability to duck one side of him. Ah, H. you then forgot the little bout in the camp by the still-water of the salmon river where we were deer hunting, when a "hip-lop" stood not the writer's but another's head in the cook's pan of baked beans, while the heels belonging to the individual who owned that head were kicking out a jig up near the roof of the camp. That was how many years ago? Well, well, how time flies. Though its flight destroys the elasticity and comeliness of the body and brings whitened threads among the brown, may it never change the youthfulness of our spirits, and our love and appreciation for our old and tried friends, and for the gentle art; and neither may it change the colors of my old love, the Montreal fly, body reddened with golden tinsel, hackle assorted scarlet and ginger with light gray mallard wings. STANSTEAD.

MONTREAL, Canada.

LAKE ERIK BASS GROUNDS.—The Dayton (O.) *Journal* reports: "The Dayton party of anglers, with fair weather, will be bass fishing in East Bay on Saturday, May 15, the day that the open season begins in Canada waters. Veteran Valentine Winters, with Rufus J. King as his boat companion, heads the list, the party being paired as follows: Commodore Cooper and G. Shepherd, Captain and Dr. Greenleaf, of the U. S. A.; Major Bickham and Hon. E. Schults, Benj. F. Kuhns and Hon. John W. Turner, N. Mory and Bert C. Mory, Ed. Best and George Knecht. Dr. McCormick writes that the steamer Louise is now making daily trips, except Saturdays, that frogs' legs are ripe, mushrooms due, gulls are on, and that 'Piscatoria' is open for any and all Dayton gentlemen who may desire to accompany the anglers. Edward Hazzard, of the *Dramatic News*, of New York, and friend, have registered for the season; Hon. J. B. Battelle, of Toledo, has his kit packed for Pelee, and Dr. O. W. Nixon, of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, will be there; and Alex. Starbuck and his veteran companion, Wesley Cameron, and Dr. W. W. Dawson, of Cincinnati; Colonel Wallace, of Indianapolis, and Judge Goode and friend, of Springfield, and twenty or more other anglers have their baggage checked for Pelee. The Pelee Club—Gen. Sheridan, Robert T. Lincoln and twenty other gentlemen, have chartered the steamer American Eagle, and will occupy their club house at Sheridan Point, Pelee, next Sunday. The Kentucky party that always locates at Smith's Point are en route. Colonel Len. A. Harris and several others of the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, are already enjoying fishing at Long Point and Gull Island reefs, off Kelley's Island, and are to be largely reinforced this week. Kelley Island waters are favorites of John Hardy, of Dayton, and Walter Halldeman, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. The Leffel party, of Springfield, and friends from Cleveland, have chartered the steam yacht Henry Douglass, and with Put-in-Bay as headquarters, will fish at North and Middle Bass islands, and run over to Pelee for big catches. Joseph C. Peirce, of Dayton, and probably others will go to Put-in-Bay."

THE CLARION.—The Clarion, Pa., Fish and Game Protective Association, of which Mr. F. M. Arnold is President, has been prosecuting the dynamite fiends. The *Jacksonian* of that town reports: "On Monday last Daniel Steiner, of Scotch Hill, had a hearing before Esq. Thompson, upon a charge being one of a party of dynamiters who placed explosives in the Clarion River for the purpose of killing fish. The offense was committed on the 19th of April, and was clearly proven, no defense being made. The justice found in accordance with the facts and imposed a fine of \$50 and the costs of prosecution on the defendant, which he paid, the aggregate being \$65.60. Warrants are out for the arrest of two other members of the party, E. D. Steiner and John McClelland, who will doubtless be similarly dealt with when apprehended. The law against placing explosives of any kind in any of the waters of this Commonwealth is very clear and explicit, and the Clarion Fish and Game Association is determined to bring all violators to punishment. In the instance noted above, the witnesses testified that after the clearing of the water it was found that the bottom of the river at that point was white with dead fish. Take in connection with this fact the millions of little fish, no larger than "wrigglers," with which the river abounds at this season, that must have also been destroyed, to say nothing of the eggs in the vicinity—and the destruction of the finny tribe caused by one of these explosions is beyond computation. There is no reason why the Clarion should not be one of the best fishing streams in this section of the State, if the laws are complied with, and it is proposed that respect for the protective enactments shall be strictly enforced."

NEW JERSEY LAWS.—About twenty bills affecting the game and fish laws, some good, some bad and others radically wrong, were presented for passage in both branches of the Legislature of this State just adjourned. But few of them passed, however; among those which did was Senate 113, a righteous good bill for the protection of stocked waters. It provides that no person or persons or corporations shall place in any fresh water stream, lake or pond, any lime or other deleterious substance, or any drug or medicated bait, with intent thereby to injure, poison or catch fish, nor place in or allow to flow or be discharged into any lake, pond or stream stocked with or inhabited by trout, bass, pickerel, pike, sunfish or perch, any drug, acid, gas tar or any deleterious substance whatever which will kill or destroy said fish. Other bills passed opens the season for catching black bass with hook and line on May 30 and closes it on Dec. 1 in each year; prohibits the catching or killing of black bass less than seven inches in length, or trout less than six inches in length.—*Plainfield Constitutionalist*.

THE PRIVILEGED CLASSES.—Central Lake, Mich., May 6. —In the neighborhood of the ponds and brooks, I have noted a goodly crop of fish-spears. I am disposed to think that the particular industry of which these are the token, is likely to languish in this region before long. Even now, those that follow it are conscious that they do so by sufferance, and though the loud-mouthed among them say that all fish protective legislation is only for the benefit of tourists, and that they will spear as long as they like; it is a fact that there are fewer jack-lights on the lakes than in any previous spring for some years, and one or two prosecutions for violation of existing statutes will practically put an end to the spearing. The gill-nets will still be used, but only for a time, and I think that our waters will yet be restocked with fish in abundance for all. It is comical to hear the netters and spearmen talk of legislation for the benefit of "privileged classes." As I see it, they themselves are the ones who claim exceptional privileges, and by their exercise in defiance of law, prevent those of us who desire nothing more than equal rights with all, from even securing enough of fish for an occasional meal, to say nothing of the sport. For several years I have told these gentry that the end of these things was not far distant, and behold, it cometh, in the near future. —KEELPIE.

TROUT NEAR NEW YORK.—I am somewhat of a sportsman and can readily say that in all my experience I have never before indulged in such sport as during the past week in Sullivan county, N. Y. I took the train at Weehawken for Fallsburgh Station, where Uncle John Waldorf met me, and drove to his Woodbourne House, at Woodbourne. The first day I fished three miles of the Neversink River, and the result was 19 pounds of brook trout ranging from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. The second day I fished over the same ground and realized a like result, and on the third day I tried a smaller stream with flattering success. I am only one among many who has met with the best of luck on this popular trout stream, and I would advise any person in search of first-class trout fishing to make arrangements with Uncle John.—A SPORTSMAN.

CANADIAN SALMON RIVERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With reference to the paragraph, "Canadian Salmon Rivers," issued in your edition of April 8 last, I beg to remark that your assertion, as regards the rivers of this Province, is far from being correct, as almost all, if not all, the salmon rivers of some importance are under private control (see accompanying report, page 130); and it is expected, from the demand for more fishing privileges, that other rivers not hitherto sought after will be taken up, improved and protected. So I hope you will make, in your next edition, the necessary remarks and corrections concerning same.—W. W. LYNCH, Commissioner of Crown Land, P. Q.

THE ENGLISH ANGLING TOURNAMENT.—The sixth international *Fishing Gazette* fly and bait casting tournament will be held on June 5, on the grounds of W. Cuard, Esq., Orleans House, Twickenham, within 150 yards of the famous Twickenham ferry. The tournament will be, as before, for the benefit of the Angler's Benevolent Society. The prize list and programme is not yet published. Upon a payment of ten shillings any fishing tackle maker will be allowed to exhibit and sell his stock upon the grounds.

THE SUSSEX ANGLERS' CLUB. T. S. Morrell, Secretary, Newark, N. J., proposes to take up, as its means allow, the numerous bass and pickerel waters within ten miles of Deckertown, N. J. The club offers very desirable advantages to New York city anglers who want fishing near at hand. Properly managed, such a scheme as this ought to insure an abundance of first-class and sure fishing.

EAGLE'S NEST. Stamford, Delaware County, N. Y., May 17.—A. S. Churchill, Esq., just brought me to my sick chamber a speckled trout 14 inches long and 5 inches wide at front fin; weight, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. It was caught by his little grandson in Spring Brook, within three rods of his cottage in the village of Stamford. The brook is alive with fish, but few are so large.—NED BUNTLINE.

CANADA.—A good fishing resort, in a comparatively new country, is Gurrie's Hotel, at Lake St. Joseph, Canada, an hour's ride from Quebec. Mr. Adam Watters and son, of that city, one afternoon last season, caught there 19 lake trout, weighing 157 pounds 6 ounces. Sportsmen in Canada can be fitted out with supplies of all kinds by Mr. Watters. See advertisements in other columns.

THE NIPISSING.—Cobourg, Ont., May 13.—Will "B. and H.," who signs the article "Fishing at Nipissing" in your last number, give me further information about deer and partridge shooting, fishing and best month in which to visit Trout Lake. Would I get any lake trout in September and what would be the best bait?—W.

Fishculture.

FISHCULTURE—A PRACTICAL ART.

BY JOHN H. BISSELL.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

I DO not forget, gentlemen of the American Fisheries Society, that I am but a student in the craft which we profess, and for the encouragement of which this society exists; nor that many of you have grown gray in this honorable, nay, may I not also say patriotic, service; and so I should be sitting at the feet of some piscicultural Gamaliel, instead of standing before you as an essayist, but for the summons of your committee which left me no room for excuses or refusal. A younger generation is now coming upon the field to take its part in carrying forward fishculture, to apply the precious stores of knowledge, which have been laid up by the practical observation and scientific research of the past twenty-five years, to the practical solution of some very important economic questions that are beginning to clamor loudly for solution.

The question most urgent just now is not, can fishes be artificially hatched and reared, and acclimated in alien waters, but can the fisheries of this country now be saved? That the men of whom this question is being asked are the members of this society, once called "Piscicultural," may not improperly be regarded as evidence of the ability with which the elder generation, the pioneers of fishculture, have done their work, as well as of the value of their work and the appreciation in which it is justly held by the people of this country.

At former meetings of the society you have been favored by the eloquent speeches of statesmen who judged rightly that

fishculture was worthy the statesmen's consideration.* You have been honored by papers and addresses from men of your own number who have won distinction by knightly deeds—no less knightly and honorable because won in the unromantic armor of waterproof coats and rubber boots—in conflict for the secrets of nature, wresting from nature's willing hands the knowledge that practical men have been gathering and storing up against the day when the millions that are peopling and are to people this continent, shall cry out for more and better and cheaper food. You all know the men to whom I refer, so there is no need of mention of their names. I know them, not by personal acquaintance and familiar discourse, but none the less really, through their writings and experiments, which have made it possible for men of the class to which I belong to accomplish something for the States which have honored us with the oversight of their fishing interests. Without the knowledge which has been gained and freely disseminated by these intelligent and devoted men the fishery establishments of many of the States would have no existence, or their officers no reasonable and sufficient answer to make to their State governments when asked, as they so frequently are, "Can fishculture do anything worth the expense for the food supply of the people of this State?" Have we then any such answer to make? That we have; that the answer is reasonable and sufficient I shall try briefly to show. While we have not learned all there is to know about the culture of fishes and artificial propagation of them, enough is known both scientifically and experimentally to place the practical art of fishculture beyond the domain of mere curious research, and make it a useful, and to the same extent, a necessary department of the public business. To this practical aspect of fishculture I invite your attention. In using the expression "fishculture" I mean to be understood as including artificial propagation of fish and the protection of them until they are marketable.

Consideration of fishculture as a department of the public business is growing every year to greater prominence, particularly in the States bordering upon the sea and the Great Lakes. Of course I only profess to speak with accuracy about the condition, or needs, of the fisheries of my own State—Michigan; but, the state of affairs there is in some measure analogous to the circumstances of other States, and the subject from my point of view may prove of more than merely local interest.

Are our fisheries worth saving?

Michigan has a coast line of more than 2,000 miles in length upon the Great Lakes and their connecting rivers by actual measurement upon the Government charts. Its fisheries produce annually over 13,000 tons of food, the value of which is something over \$800,000 at first cost. The capital invested in the prosecution of this industry is about \$1,200,000, it gives employment to 1,800 men, which means that over 7,000 people are dependent upon the prosecution of the fisheries for their living. The pound nets used in this industry placed end on end will stretch 200 miles, the gill-nets placed end on end measure 1,588,852 fathoms—over 1,500 miles.

From this brief statement it appears that Michigan has industrial fisheries that are worth caring for. A few additional facts will show that they need care. Forty years ago at one of the seine fisheries on Detroit River the number of whitefish constituting a fair catch was from 90,000 to 115,000 fish, averaging in size about four pounds. That fishery has been abandoned for more than fifteen years, and the last vestige of docks, houses and pounds have rotted away. Another fishery having as fine a plant as any on the lakes, about nine miles below Detroit, as late as the fall of 1883 had over 12,000 whitefish, which was thought the poorest catch ever known. In 1884 at the same fishery the total of whitefish was 3,400, and for the season of 1885 less than 2,000 whitefish were taken there by actual count. This we know, for we bought and handled the entire catch to take the eggs for the State hatcheries. At many points on Lake Michigan hundreds of thousands of whitefish under one pound in weight, one, two, or three years old, which have been planted, have been caught, shipped to market when worthless, or thrown upon the shore to rot as not worth handling, or salted and sold as herring. Such complaints have come to us by the fishermen themselves and by nearly every dealer who handles Michigan fish.

But there is not space here and now to multiply examples to prove, and I therefore content myself with stating the facts very generally. In Michigan waters every year the area of fishing operations is greatly extended; miles of ground once productive are abandoned; the average size of whitefish is gradually growing less; the price is gradually getting higher in the market; and while some large firms are getting fairly profitable returns, the fishermen as a class are getting poorer; where formerly the nets were served by sailboats and row-boats, steamboats are fast coming into common use; the demand for fish is increasing steadily as population increases; the total supply is comparatively stationary or falling below the increasing demand; and all this means that the fisheries of our lakes are fast becoming exhausted and ruined. These facts suggest some pertinent inquiries, just such as are being asked of the State Fish Commissioners by the representatives of the people every year. Has artificial propagation then been a failure? No, for it has not had a fair chance in several ways.

First—It has not been conducted upon a scale adequate to accomplish the results.

Where we are hatching about fifty millions of whitefish we need from six to eight times that number every year to restore the wasted and deserted grounds, as also to replenish and keep up the stock in others yet productive. Numerous early experiments were made of planting whitefish fry in interior lakes of various sizes, where we now know they will not thrive because the conditions of food and temperature are not favorable. This could not be known without trial. But it does not follow that the experiments should not have been tried. It was no waste of time or money. The lessons learned from such failures are perhaps more valuable than constant successes. There are large and deep lakes in the interior of Michigan and other States where the whitefish are indigenous. In such lakes they can and should be grown to the utmost capacity of the food supply. Such lakes we have in Michigan, and we are planting them now as preserves from which to draw a future stock of breeding fish to furnish eggs for keeping up the supply for the industrial fisheries of the Great Lakes.

There are many localities on the Great Lakes where the planting of whitefish has resulted in the appearance of vast schools of small fish coming in upon the inshore feeding grounds during the summer months at points where that phenomenon had never before occurred within the memory of the oldest fisherman. That they were the planted fish is beyond question, as it is not doubted by the practical fisherman and others who have examined them, that these young fish are identical with the Lake Erie fish, that being the source whence all our ova and almost all of that used by the U. S. Commission are taken.

Second—Artificial propagation has not had a chance in point of time.

It is only within the first few years of the second decade of its existence—say from 1882 or '83—that the practical operations of fishculture have been anything more than the merest experiments. In my own State it is only within that time that we have ever hatched and planted over 15,000,000 of whitefish in any one year. The same period will cover also the most extensive operations of the U. S. Commission in this direction. The force of this point will be appreciated when it is understood that from our present knowledge we have no reason to

*Unless the statesmen of this generation have lost the art of wise and wholesome statecraft, we shall hear from them still further on this subject, if not in our deliberations, yet more potently in the State capitols and in the halls of Congress.

expect important results from these plants before the expiration of four, I think probably five, possibly six years, from the time of planting. Operations during the first decade were, as I have said, only experiments, and they were successful beyond anything that we could in reason expect. In summoning this practical art to the judgment hall it must not be overlooked that the ruin caused by wasteful and unconscionable fishing methods, which it is called upon to repair, has been going on for thirty or forty years. And it is always more difficult to cure than to prevent disease, whether physical, political, or economic.

Again, fishculture has not had a fair chance with us, and I am informed the same is true of almost all the States, because we have lacked proper municipal regulation of the fishing industry.

It is not enough the State Commissioners should be able, at very moderate cost, to hatch and release in the lakes enough young fish to take the place of adults captured and marketed. The young fish so hatched and released in the waters must be protected until they come to maturity and are marketable; otherwise the wasteful fishing which has once depleted the waters stocked by nature will do the same thing, only more surely and speedily for the waters replenished artificially.

So the two things must go together. Artificial propagation cannot do it alone; municipal regulation cannot do it alone, within a period that will avail anything for one generation, possibly not even then. The two things are mutually dependent conditions, they must concur to assure valuable or lasting success. In the combinations of these two conditions we have the complete definition of the *practical art of fishculture*.

There is not time here to go minutely into the facts nor the arguments which logically flow from them to support the necessity for proper inspection or regulation.

I can only point out generally that municipal regulation, to be of value in saving or extending the operations of the industrial fisheries of the great lakes, must cover these points, namely:

- The sizes of the meshes of the nets to prevent the destruction of immature fish.
- Market restrictions as to the size at which various kind of fish may be handled or sold.
- Prohibition of inshore fishing during the season or at the points when the young fish are running in to feed.
- Discretionary authority to allow the use of nets below standard size at certain times, in certain localities, for certain kinds of fish.
- The demarcation of spawning grounds and their absolute rest from fishing at the spawning season; or, if that is impracticable, a "close season" at spawning time.
- Inspectors and wardens of the fisheries with ample means and powers to enforce all regulations, whether of apparatus, fishing operations, packing or marketing.
- A reasonable and equitable system of license which will furnish the means to pay the cost of inspection and regulation, and also of replenishing and keeping up the stock by artificial propagation.

There is one more requisite which cannot be provided by statute law, the spread of reliable information of our purposes and operations among the fishermen and fishing communities, which will create a healthy public opinion in support of the laws and their strict and just enforcement.

It has been urged that this whole business of fishery regulation should be undertaken by the Federal Government, so far at least as the fisheries of the Great Lakes are concerned. Is there any reason why the Federal Government should undertake the establishment and enforcement of fishery regulations in the States bordering the Great Lakes that does not apply with equal force to the obligation of assuming the burden of the other department, that of restocking and maintaining the supplies of fish in the same waters?

The reasons for this course or the desirability of it are not to my mind clear. The subject of fishery regulation is one, even if it were a new and open question, which seems from the very necessities of the case to be so local, domestic and municipal in its character as to fall naturally within the police power of the several States, and not within any defined powers of the Federal jurisdiction, legislative or judicial. But it is no longer an open question. It has been passed upon by the courts of last resort in almost all the States, as well as by the Supreme Court of the United States. And this view seems to have been adopted by all the States that have established fishery regulations, however meagre and insufficient, as well as to have been acquiesced in by the United States Congress by a century of silence.

But what can the practical art of fishculture as above defined (although but briefly and imperfectly outlined) do for the fisheries of the Great Lakes? What promise does it give which will warrant the expenditure of public funds in its prosecution? I hardly need to make answer before this assembly of its disciples, or rather its discoverers; but that some echo, however faint, of these questions and the answer, may possibly reach the dull ears of our people, and their representatives who make the laws and provide the means, and who are charged by the law of the land with the responsibility of preserving the public weal, let it be said without hesitation. All barren waters may be made productive again! The ruin of the great industrial fisheries of these great public domains may be arrested! The fisheries that produced thirteen thousand tons of food in 1855, may be brought up to the production of thirty, and then fifty thousand tons of wholesome nutritious food within the reach of all men! The money value in yearly product may be increased from one to five millions of dollars, and contribute no mean share to the prosperity of a great State and the well-being of its citizens.

DETROIT, Mich.

FISH FOR THE UPPER HUDSON.—On April 28, 1886, the fry of 30,000 lake trout, 20,000 Penobscot salmon and 8,000 brown or European trout reached Glens Falls, N. Y., from the Cold Spring Harbor station. These fry were from one-half to one and one-half inches in length, and had made the journey with very slight loss. The lake trout were planted in Lake George, being the first of this kind brought to this locality, at a place called the Calf Pen, opposite Dome Island, where there is the deepest water of the lake. The brown trout fry came from spawn presented to Mr. E. G. Blackford and Mr. Fred Mather by the German Fishery Association, and are the first of their species planted in this vicinity, being put in the Clendon Brook. This species is common in suitable European trout streams, where it has attained the weight of sixteen pounds. It is said to grow faster and be more hardy than our native trout. The salmon also were planted in Clendon Brook, from which it is hoped they will stock the Hudson River. This is the third consignment of salmon to the Glendon Brook in three consecutive years, and makes about 140,000 of this fish that have been planted there; and it is hoped that some of the earlier plantings will return this year for the purpose of spawning. —*Glens Falls Republican*, May 4, 1886.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.—The Supply bill, as passed by both houses of the New York Legislature, has been sent to Governor Hill, and he has vetoed some items. Among these are the following: "For the purchase of land adjacent to the Caledonia Fish Hatchery, \$3,000. The Appropriation bill contains an item of \$26,000 for fisheries, which should be sufficient. For establishing a fish hatching station in Jefferson county, \$4,000. Objections same as above."

A SURPLUS OF OVER \$2,000,000 is the solid guaranty offered by the Travelers of Hartford, Conn., that all just claims will be paid in full, as they always have been. —*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 22.—Eighteenth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

May 18, 19, 20 and 21.—Third Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club, St. Louis, Mo. Geo. Munson, Manager.

May 25, 26 and 27.—First Dog Show of the Ninth Regiment, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. W. H. Tuck, Secretary, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

July 30, 31, 22 and 23.—Milwaukee Dog Show. John D. Olcott, Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sept. 14, 15, 16 and 17.—First fall dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2892, New York. Number of entries already printed 3689.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY ENTRIES.

FOLLOWING is a complete list of the entries for the eighth annual Derby of the Eastern Field Trials Club, to be run at High Point, N. C., commencing Nov. 22. All were whelped in 1885.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

PAXTAUG (T. W. Seiler and G. W. Porter, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Liver and tan dog, May 9 (Count Noble—Fate Gladstone).
SWATARA (T. W. Seiler and G. W. Porter, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Black, white and tan dog, May 9 (Count Noble—Fate Gladstone).

NOBE (James Verner, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Black, white and tan dog, Feb. 23 (Count Noble—Hazel).
FRED W. (Sanborn Kennels, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Black, white and tan dog, Feb. 18 (Count Noble—Spark).

LIZZIE SAN ROY (W. C. Kennerly, White Post, Va.)—Orange and white bitch, July 27 (San Roy—Rosa).
GAY GLADSTONE (T. M. Brunson, Marietta, Ga.)—Black, white and tan dog, July 22 (Gladstone—Miss Clifton).

NANTAHALA (J. O. H. Denny, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Black, white and tan bitch, March 26 (San Roy—Drane's Cora).
MACBETH (Ramapo Kennels, Mahwah, N. J.)—Orange and white dog, July 1 (Clifford—Donner's Bessie).

LADY MACBETH (Ramapo Kennels, Mahwah, N. J.)—Blue belton bitch, July 1 (Clifford—Donner's Bessie).
LORD CLIFFORD (Ramapo Kennels, Mahwah, N. J.)—Black and white dog, July 1 (Clifford—Donner's Bessie).

RANGER IV (Ramapo Kennels, Mahwah, N. J.)—Orange and white dog, July 1 (Clifford—Donner's Bessie).
BREEZE GLADSTONE (W. A. Buckingham, Norwich, Conn.)—Black and white dog, June 27 (Gladstone—Sue).

BONDHU WIND'EM (J. C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del.)—Black, white and tan dog, Feb. 4 (Dashing Bondhu—Nora Wind'em).

BELLE WIND'EM (J. C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del.)—Black and white bitch, June 19 (Rebel Wind'em—June).
BLUE PRINCE (Pittsburgh Kennels, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Black, white and tan dog, Jan. 11 (Count Gladstone—Queen Laverack).

ROLICK B. (Pittsburgh Kennels, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Black, white and tan dog, Feb. 20 (Royal Ranger—Kit Killbird).
SPARKLE (Pittsburgh Kennels, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Black, white and tan bitch, Feb. 20 (Royal Ranger—Kit Killbird).

DASHING QUEEN (Pittsburgh Kennels, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Black, white and tan bitch, Aug. 37 (Dashing Noble—Queen Laverack).

LA BELLE HELENE (Pittsburgh Kennels, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Black, white and tan bitch, Jan. 11 (Count Gladstone—Queen Laverack).

DAN NOBLE (Pittsburgh Kennels, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Lemon belton dog, June 15 (Count Noble—Lewis's Nelly).

DAISY QUEEN II. (Pittsburgh Kennels, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Black, white and tan bitch, Feb. 21 (Royal Ranger—Daisy Queen).

MAIDA III. (Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.)—Black, white and tan bitch (Marquis de Correz—Maida II.).

EIGHMIE (Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.)—Black and tan bitch (Marquis de Correz—Fan).

RUBICON (B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, Feb. 2 (Ben Hill—Zoe).

DEL SUR (California Kennels, Sacramento, Cal.)—Black, white and tan dog, Aug. 30 (Gladstone—Frounce).

TALLEYRAH (Wm. Bowdye, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, June 1 (Paul Gladstone—Lady Rake).

BEN HUR (C. P. Stewart, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, May 25 (Paul Gladstone—Lottie).

LEO GLADSTONE (W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, April 21 (Gladstone—Carrie J.).

CASSIO (Memphis & Aventura Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, April 28 (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins).

NAT GOODWIN (Memphis & Aventura Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, June 1 (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

CHANCE (Memphis & Aventura Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, June 1 (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (Memphis & Aventura Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, March 17 (Mingo—Twin Maud).

DUKE OF ORLEANS (Memphis & Aventura Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, March 17 (Mingo—Twin Maud).

ALLIE JAMES (Memphis & Aventura Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan bitch, March 17 (Mingo—Twin Maud).

JEAN VAL JEAN (Memphis & Aventura Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, March 17 (Mingo—Twin Maud).

PURITANA (H. B. Duryea, New York) —Black and white bitch, July 1 (Royal Sultan—Queen Bess).

MISS ELISE (E. F. Thomas, Hoboken, N. J.)—Black, white and tan bitch, July 29 (Count Noble—Ruby).

RODREKA (Dr. Jas. N. MacIn, Keeling, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan bitch, Oct. 26 (Roderigo—Gem).

LITTLE NELL (L. B. McFarland, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan bitch, Feb. 21 (Stattle—Topsy).

PRINCESS FLIRT (Ramapo Kennels, Mahwah, N. J.)—Black, white and tan bitch, April 15 (Clifford—Von Lengerke's Donna).

SCOUT (R. J. Crawford, Winston, N. C.)—Black and tan dog, Jan. 16 (Jumbo—Nell).

CAST OFF (Geo. T. Leach, New York)—Orange belton dog, (Clifford—Donner's Bessie).

PRINCE DASH (J. von Lengerke, Hoboken, N. J.)—Black and white dog, April 15 (Clifford—Donna).

CAPPEL G. (L. Shuster, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.)—Black, white and tan dog, Aug. 16 (Gladstone—Cornelia).

CORNELIA G. (L. Shuster, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.)—Black, white and tan bitch, Aug. 16 (Gladstone—Cornelia).

KID (W. A. De Witt, Pelham Manor, N. Y.)—Black and tan dog, Feb. 26 (Sprain—Gypsy).

BOR H. (Dr. R. J. Hampton, Athens, Ga.)—Black and white dog, March 31 (Count Noble—Belle Boyd).

CAN CAN (Dr. R. J. Hampton, Athens, Ga.)—Black, white and tan bitch, March 31 (Count Noble—Belle Boyd).

BAPTA (John Hunter, New York)—Black and white bitch, Aug. — (Sam—Brick).

BIRD (John Hunter, New York)—Black and white bitch, Aug. — (Sam—Brick).

PRINCE ROYAL (R. T. Kennedy, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Black and white dog, Feb. 22 (Royal Ranger—Daisy Queen).

DON PETREL (Blackstone Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y.)—Black, white and tan dog, — (Don Juan—Petrel III.).

FOAM (Blackstone Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y.)—Black and white bitch, Aug. 7 (Foreman—Grace B.).

FOREMAN'S LASS (C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I.)—Black, white and tan bitch, Aug. 7 (Foreman—Grace B.).

FOREMOST (Chas. Copeland, Seymour, Conn.)—Black and white dog, Aug. 7 (Foreman—Grace B.).

FOREWARD (Chas. Copeland, Seymour, Conn.)—Black, white and tan bitch, Aug. 7 (Foreman—Grace B.).

MAC C. (B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Black, white and tan dog, June 26 (Count Noble—Glady's).

LUKE ROY (H. H. Matlock, Riceville, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, June 1 (San Roy—Jennie).

FAWN II. (W. B. Stafford, Treuton, Tenn.)—Lemon and white bitch, July 14 (Paul Gladstone—Lady C.).

MAVIS (J. S. Clark, New Brunswick, N. J.)—Black, white and tan bitch, March 1 (Gladstone—Lavalette).

NANCY BELLE (W. H. Colcord, Chicago, Ill.)—Blue belton bitch, June 9 (Glen Rock—Countess Flirt).

PATIENCE (W. H. Colcord, Chicago, Ill.)—Blue belton bitch, Aug. 4 (Spot Noble—Medora Gladstone).

UNNAMED (H. Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Black and white dog, — (champion Sting—Novelty).

UNNAMED (H. Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Black and white bitch, — (champion Sting—Novelty).

IRISH SETTERS.

MADCAP (Claire-Reeta Kennels, Palmyra, O.)—Bitch, June 18 (Glencho—Reeta).

CLAIRE-REETA (Claire-Reeta Kennels, Palmyra, O.)—Bitch, June 18 (Glencho—Reeta).

MAC GINNESS (C. J. Stewart, Jamaica, L. I.)—Dog, Aug. 30 (Shipman's Tom—Meg).

RODMAN (C. J. Stewart, Jamaica, L. I.)—Dog, Aug. 30 (Tom—Meg).

POINTERS.

RAPID DON (W. C. Thompson, Butler, Pa.)—Lemon and white dog, Aug. 22 (Vandevor's Don—Nellie Bird).

NETTIE C. (W. C. Thompson, Butler, Pa.)—Lemon and white bitch, July 30 (Meteor—Starr's Flirt).

DOLON (John S. Wise, Richmond, Va.)—Liver and white dog, May 17 (Meteor—Beulah).

MAJORITY (F. R. Hitchcock, New York)—Liver and white dog, Oct. 3 (Tammany—Modesty).

PENELOPE (F. R. Hitchcock, New York)—Lemon and white bitch, June 26 (Bang Bang—Pocahontas).

QUEEN FAN (F. R. Hitchcock, New York)—Liver and white bitch, March 1 (Bang Bang—Fan Fan).

HECTOR (F. R. Hitchcock, New York)—Black and white dog, June 20 (Priam—Hops).

CASSANDRA (F. R. Hitchcock, New York)—Liver and white bitch, June 20 (Priam—Hops).

SPRINGBOK (Capt. C. E. McMurdo, Charlottesville, Va.)—Liver and white dog, June 10 (Mainspring—Curfew).

SELDON (E. H. Haight, Allaire, N. J.)—Liver and white bitch, March 20 (Booth—Tuck).

REX (Geo. T. Wisner, Goshen, N. Y.)—Lemon and white dog, June 26 (Bang Bang—Pocahontas).

RAPIDAN (J. M. White, Newton, N. C.)—Liver and white dog, July 6 (Miter—Fleada).

METEOR'S MAID (Royal Robinson, Indianapolis, Ind.)—Liver and white bitch, March 31 (Meteor—Dee).

HIMALAYA (Neversink Lodge Kennels, Gnyard, N. Y.)—Liver and white bitch, June 6 (Tammany—Jilt).

METEOR'S BELLE (Col. W. E. Hughes, Dallas, Tex.)—Liver and white bitch, May 18 (Meteor—Beta).

DILLSEY (Col. W. E. Hughes, Dallas, Tex.)—Liver and white bitch, March 31 (Meteor—Dee).

MAXIMUS (Col. W. E. Hughes, Dallas, Tex.)—Liver and white dog, July 31 (Maxim—Flash III.).

MINORITY (C. H. Odell, New York)—Liver and white dog, Oct. 3 (Tammany—Modesty).

FLY (James P. Swain, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y.)—Lemon and white bitch, Jan. 29 (Rush—Eria).

BOB (James P. Swain, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y.)—Lemon and white dog, June 5 (Rush—Nan).

JUNO (James P. Swain, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y.)—Lemon and white bitch, June 5 (Rush—Nan).

RUE II. (Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass.)—Lemon and white bitch, May 22 (Bang Bang—Rue).

RUTH BANG (Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass.)—Lemon and white bitch, May 22 (Bang Bang—Rue).

RAPID B. (Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass.)—Lemon and white dog, May 22 (Bang Bang—Rue).

CONSOLATION (C. H. Odell, New York)—Lemon and white dog, Jan. 29 (Bang Bang—Grace III.).

NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS DERBY ENTRIES.

FOLLOWING is a list of the entries for the eighth annual Derby of the National Field Trials Association, to be run at Grand Junction, Tenn., in December.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

BEE GLADSTONE (John Drees, Little Rock, Ark.)—Black, white and tan bitch, March 28 (Paul Gladstone—Busy Bee).

PENN (F. A. Harrison, Lexington, Ky.)—Lemon and white dog, March 17 (Maxwell—June II.).

DEL SUR (C. N. Post and G. W. Watson, Sacramento, Cal.)—Black, white and tan dog, Aug. 30 (Gladstone—Frounce).

DOR (General W. B. Shattuck, Cincinnati, O.)—Black, white and tan bitch, Sept. 25 (Gladstone—Dido II.).

FAWN II. (W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.)—White and lemon bitch, July 14 (Paul Gladstone—Lady C.).

DAREALL (Geo. H. Laughton, Grand Crossing, Ill.)—Black and white dog, May 21 (Doncaster—May Queen).

MISS ALICE (Geo. H. Laughton, Grand Crossing, Ill.)—Black, white and tan bitch, May 21 (Doncaster—May Queen).

RUBICON (B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn.)—White, black and tan dog, Feb. 2 (Ben Hill—Zoe).

KATRINA (B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn.)—Black and white bitch, Feb. 2 (Ben Hill—Zoe).

LADY PAULINE (B. F. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn.)—White, black and tan bitch, July 14 (Paul Gladstone—Lady C.).

WANDA (B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn.)—White, black and tan bitch, June 11 (Don Nilsson—Lady C.).

DANTE (E. S. Gay, Atlanta, Ga.)—White, black and tan dog, July 22 (Gladstone—Miss Clifton).

RODREKA (Dr. J. N. MacIn, Keeling, Tenn.)—White, black and tan bitch, Oct. 26 (Roderigo—Gem).

FANNIE GLADSTONE (J. M. Fronefield, General Wayne, Pa.)—Orange and white bitch, Aug. 30 (Gladstone—Frounce).

GAMBLER (J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, March 18 (Sportsman—Gem).

GLAD (J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan bitch, Aug. 30 (Gladstone—Flounce).

QUEEN VICTORIA (Dr. G. G. Ware, Stanton, Tenn.)—Black and white bitch, April 21 (Gladstone's Boy—Maud W.).

LUCK (Dr. G. G. Ware, Stanton, Tenn.)—Lemon and white dog, June 15 (Gladstone's Boy—Leora).

DEAN SWIFT (Dr. G. G. Ware, Stanton, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, Sept. 18 (Gladstone's Boy—Grammy).

PHIL GLADSTONE (John Dress, Little Rock, Ark.)—Black, white and tan dog, March 28 (Guy Mannerling—Whirlwind).

LOCK ROY (Robert Fritchard, Madisonville, Tenn.)—Lemon and white dog, March 30 (San Roy—Queen Bess).

DAN J. (B. F. Price, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, March 30 (San Roy—Queen Bess).

BUN ROY (L. B. Suggs, Memphis, Tenn.)—Lemon and white dog, March 30 (San Roy—Queen Bess).

ROI B. (W. T. Bowdre, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, June 1 (Paul Gladstone—Lady Rake).

TALLEYRAND (W. T. Bowdre, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, June 1 (Paul Gladstone—Lady Rake).

LEO GLADSTONE (W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, April 21 (Gladstone—Carrie J.).

BEN HUR (C. P. Stewart, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, May 25 (Paul Gladstone—Lottie).

CASSIO (Memphis & Avenet Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, April 28 (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins).

NAT GOODWIN (Memphis & Avenet Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, June 1 (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

CHANCE (Memphis & Avenet Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, June 1 (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

BOLSTER (Memphis & Avenet Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.)—Liver, white and tan dog, April 28 (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins).

ALLIE JAMES (Memphis & Avenet Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.)—Lemon and white bitch, March 17 (Mingo—Twin Maud).

JEAN VAL JEAN (Memphis & Avenet Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, March 17 (Mingo—Twin Maud).

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (Memphis & Avenet Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, March 17 (Mingo—Twin Maud).

GLADIE DRACO (B. Crane, Chicago, Ill.)—Black, white and tan bitch, July 20 (Gladstone—Princess Draco).

RUBY (Middle Tennessee Kennels—Gem.)—Black, white and tan bitch, March 7 (Sportsman—Gem).

GLADSTONE'S GIRL (Patrick Henry, Henrico, Ark.)—Lemon and white bitch, June 27 (Gladstone—Sue).

NELLIE H. (A. Mosbacher, Cincinnati, O.)—Lemon and white bitch, July 7 (Gath's Hope—Litt).

BOGNE FALIA (J. M. Thompson, Covington, La.)—Lemon and white dog, May (Paul Gladstone—Bessie A.).

BELLE OF LUCERNE (P. B. Mosby, Somerville, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan bitch, June 8 (Gladstone Boy—Flirt C.).

EVERLENA (P. B. Mosby, Somerville, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan bitch, June 11 (Don Nillon—Tchula).

ROSA LEE (B. F. Holliday, Prairie, Miss.)—Black, white and tan bitch, July 19 (Count Noble—Prairie Chicken).

LUKE ROY (H. L. Matlock, Riceville, Tenn.)—Blue belton and tan dog, June 13 (San Roy—Jennie).

SPORTSMAN'S DUCE (J. H. Trezevant, Dallas, Tex.)—Black, white and tan bitch, June 12 (Sportsman—Grace Gladstone).

BOB H. (Robt. Hampton, Athens, Ga.)—Black, white and tan dog, March 31 (Count Noble—Belle Boyd).

CAN CAN (Robt. Hampton, Athens, Ga.)—Black, white and tan bitch, March 31 (Count Noble—Belle Boyd).

ZOE LIT (Middle Tennessee Kennels—Black, white and tan bitch, March 29 (Tate J.—Lady May).

BONDHU WIND'EM (H. S. Bevan, Lamar, Miss.)—Black, white and tan dog, Feb. 4 (Dashing Bondhu—Nora Wind'em).

BELLE WIND'EM (H. S. Bevan, Lamar, Miss.)—White and black bitch, June 19 (Rebel Wind'em—June).

DEE (T. L. Martin, Lexington, Ky.)—Black, white and tan dog, March 17 (Maxwell—June II.).

KEYSTONE (P. H. & D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan dog, June 27 (Gladstone—Sue).

LITTLE NELL (L. B. McFarland, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan bitch, May 22 (Startle—Topsy).

NANCY BELLE (W. H. Colcord, Chicago, Ill.)—Blue belton bitch, June 9 (Glen Rock—Countess Flirt).

PATIENCE (W. H. Colcord, Chicago, Ill.)—Black, white and tan bitch, Aug. 4 (Spot Noble—Medora Gladstone).

BREEZE GLADSTONE (W. A. Buckingham, Norwich, Conn.)—Black, white and tan dog, June 27 (Gladstone—Sue).

GAY GLADSTONE (T. M. Brumby, Marietta, Ga.)—Black, white and tan dog, July 22 (Gladstone—Miss Clifton).

SVATARA (T. W. Seiler and G. W. Porter, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Black, white and tan dog, May 9 (Count Noble—Fate Gladstone).

PAXTAUG (T. W. Seiler and G. W. Porter, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Liver and tan dog, May 9 (Count Noble—Fate Gladstone).

HUSTLING HANNAH (Whyte Bedford, Horn Lake, Miss.)—White and black bitch, Feb. 2 (Ben Hill—Zoe).

DESOTO BELLE (Whyte Bedford, Horn Lake, Miss.)—White, black and tan bitch, Aug. 22 (Gladstone—Dixie).

DIXIE'S GLAD (Whyte Bedford, Horn Lake, Miss.)—White, black and tan dog, Aug. 22 (Gladstone—Dixie).

DOLLY (J. H. Trezevant, Dallas, Tex.)—Black, white and tan bitch, June 19 (American Dan—Countess House).

POINTERS.

METEOR'S MAID (R. Robinson, Indianapolis, Ind.)—White and liver bitch, March 31 (Meteor—Dee).

DOLON (John S. Wise, Richmond, Va.)—White and liver dog, May 17 (Meteor—Beulah).

METEOR BELLE (Col. W. E. Hughes, Dallas, Tex.)—White and liver bitch, May 18 (Meteor—Beta).

DILLSEY (Col. W. E. Hughes, Dallas, Tex.)—White and liver bitch, March 31 (Meteor—Dee).

MAXIMUS (Col. W. E. Hughes, Dallas, Tex.)—White and liver dog, July 31 (Maxim—Flash III.).

CONSOLATION (C. H. Odell, New York)—Lemon and white dog, Jan. 29 (Bang Bang—Grace III.).

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.

FOLLOWING is a list of the entries for the second annual Derby of the Western Field Trials Association, to be run at Abilene, Kan., commencing Nov. 8:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

COUNTLESS GEM (D. F. Garrettson)—White, black and tan bitch, Oct. 25 (Roderigo—Gem).

DAN J. (B. F. Price)—White, black and tan dog, March 30 (San Roy—Queen Bess).

KING DAN (H. P. Dillon)—Orange belton dog, March (Wadell's Dan—Lucky Deal).

RUBY BUCKLEW (T. W. Stoutenberg)—Orange and white bitch, June 28 (Buckellew—Brimstone).

PATIENCE (W. H. Colcord)—White, black and tan bitch, Aug. 4 (Spot Noble—Medora Gladstone).

NANCY BELLE (W. H. Colcord)—Blue belton bitch, June 9 (Glen Rock—Countess Flirt).

DOLLEY (Col. W. E. Hughes)—Black, white and tan bitch, June (American Dan—Countess House).

MARKSMAN (C. B. Donaldson)—Black, white and tan dog, May 21 (Doncaster—May Queen).

KATARAX (W. W. Tucker)—Black and white dog, July 15 (Ben—Jeb).

CAPT. CRAIG (A. R. Starr)—Black, white and tan dog, Jan. 2 (Gladstone—Lady M.).

LADY JULIET (Alonzo Campbell)—Lemon and white bitch, September (White Cloud—Pearl Laverack).

SIR ROMEO (Alonzo Campbell)—Liver and white dog, September (White Cloud—Pearl Laverack).

SPOT BELTON (J. L. Case, Jr.)—Blue belton dog, March 27 (Dick B.—Belle Belton).

BUN ROY (L. B. Suggs)—Lemon and white dog, March 30 (San Roy—Queen Bess).

SHRENA VAN (N. B. Nesbitt)—Black, white and tan bitch, March 30 (San Roy—Queen Bess).

QUEEN ELSIE (E. R. Watson)—Blue belton bitch, July 26 (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

LADY MACK (C. J. Brown)—Liver and white bitch, September (Sportsman—Jessie Turner).

BESSIE B. (F. H. Bull)—Blue belton bitch, July 26 (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

DAREALL (G. H. Laughton)—Black and white dog, May 21 (Doncaster—May Queen).

MISS ALICE (G. H. Laughton)—Black, white and tan bitch, May 21 (Doncaster—May Queen).

FAWN II. (W. B. Stafford)—White and lemon bitch, June (Paul Gladstone—Lady C.).

SPORT GLADSTONE (Ohio Kennels)—Black and white dog, Sept. — (Sportsman—Jessie Turner).

COUNT HARRY (Geo. Waddington)—Lemon and white dog, March 28 (Count Noble—Saula).

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.

DIANA II. (G. D. Huling and W. A. Alderson)—Bitch, April 14 (Argus—Diana).

LADY MALCOLM (J. T. Thorpe)—Bitch, July 23 (Malcolm—Dream IV.).

IRISH SETTERS.

BRUSH, JR. (G. D. DeHart)—Dog, March 8 (Brush—Lorraine).

JACK (H. P. Dillon)—Dog, April — (Joe—Queen Bess).

TRIX (W. A. Pierce)—Bitch, April — (Joe—Queen Bess).

POINTERS.

METEOR BELLE (Col. W. E. Hughes)—Liver and white bitch, May 18 (Meteor—Beta).

MAXIMUS (J. N. Simpson)—Liver and white dog, July 31 (Maxim—Flash III.).

DILLSEY (J. N. Simpson)—Liver and white bitch, March 31 (Meteor—Dee).

TRAVELER (J. W. Blythe)—Liver and white dog, March 31 (Meteor—Dee).

TANSEY (J. W. Blythe)—Liver and white bitch, March 31 (Meteor—Dee).

SPRING (R. M. Huchings)—Liver and white dog, June 10 (Mainspring—Curfew).

VANITY FAIR (R. M. Huchings)—Lemon and white bitch, April 14 (Bang Bang—Bellona).

VANDAL (E. F. Stoddard)—White and liver dog, May 14 (Drake—Vanity).

LADY JUNE (E. F. Stoddard)—Liver and white bitch, March 31 (Meteor—Dee).

MIGNON (J. W. Munson)—Liver and white dog, March 31 (Meteor—Dee).

MISS WOODFORD (J. W. Munson)—Liver and white bitch, June 25 (Robert le Diable—Belle Faust).

YUM YUM (Paul Francke)—Liver and white bitch, June 10 (Mainspring—Curfew).

SIR ANTHONY (H. H. Farnham)—Black and white dog, Nov. 18 (Graphic—Zitta).

MAY F. (H. H. Farnham)—Liver and white bitch, Nov. 18 (Graphic—Zitta).

MIKADO (F. F. Harris)—Liver and white dog, Nov. 18 (Graphic—Zitta).

BELLE OF WOODFORDS (F. F. Harris)—Liver and white bitch, Nov. 18 (Graphic—Zitta).

BEAU OF PORTLAND (F. F. Harris)—Liver and white dog, Nov. 18 (Graphic—Zitta).

TRANSIT (J. W. Blythe)—Liver and white dog, March 31 (Meteor—Dee).

MECKNESS (J. N. Macklin)—Liver and white dog, June 25 (Robert le Diable—Belle Faust).

CONSOLATION (Chas. H. Odell)—Lemon and white dog, March 28 (Bang Bang—Grace III.).

THE ENGLISH FIELD TRIALS.

THE National Field Trials were held at Shrewsbury, Eng., commencing Tuesday, April 20. Following is a summary of the several events:

POINTER PUPPY STAKES.

First, F. Lowe's liver and white Duke of Hessen, 11mos. (Luck of Hessen—Blarney); second, C. H. Beck's liver and white Rapid Ben, 15mos. (Naso of Kippen—Venus of Braunfels); equal third, A. Richard's orange and white Lolo, 14mos. (Drake II.—Fairy); and Barclay Field's liver and white Busy IV., 13mos. (Young Dick—Belle of Bow).

SETTER PUPPY STAKES.

First, C. Wace's lemon and white Sandy, 12mos. (Bluecoat Boy—Minnie); second, J. H. Platt's black, white and tan Brave Prince, 15mos. (Brave Tom—Bonny Bevis); third, Elias Bishop's lemon and white Royal Dash, 11mos. (Royal Prince—Nellie).

Acton Reynald Stakes for all-aged pointers and setters, eight pointers and four setters. D. R. Scratton's liver and white pointer Hero, 5yrs. (Bang—Hebe), won first in pointers and prize for best of either breed; H. Lonsdale's black and white setter Jovial won first in setters, and M. A. Richard's black, white and tan setter Rose, 3yrs. (Diamond—Minnie) won second.

CLOVERLY STAKES.

Pointer and setter braces, George Pilkington's liver and white London, 2yrs. (Lake—Dingle) and liver and white Larkspur, 2yrs. (Lake—Dingle), won first in pointers and prize for best of either breed. Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's liver and white Bruce, 2yrs. (Baron—Norah) and black and white Jovial, 2yrs. (Baron—Joan) won in setters, and Prince Solms's liver and white Naso of Kippen, 4yrs. (Naso II.—La Vole) and liver and white Jilt of Braunfels, 4yrs. (Darwin—Young Jilt), pointers, won second.

The Kennel Club Field Trials were held near Holyhead, the first week in May. The Derby had a hundred and twenty-seven nominations, with sixteen starters. Rapid Ben, winner of second in the National Pointer Puppy Stake the week previous, won the stake, Prince Solms's liver and white pointer bitch Lady of the Reid, 12mos. (Sir Naso—Hertha), winning second.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

There were thirteen entries in this stake—eight pointers and five setters. The stake was won by M. A. Richard's setter Rose, winner of second in the Acton Reynald Stake the previous week. Second, Sir T. B. Lennard's liver and white pointer dog Polites (Priam—Duchess). Third, R. G. Mawson's lemon and white pointer bitch Quill's Baby (Prior—Quits II.).

IRISH WATER SPANIEL SPECIALS AT CLEVELAND.

—La Salle, Ill., May 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Upon looking over your very excellent report of Cleveland show I was very much pleased with it. But I must ask you to kindly make one correction for me. It is this. In your account of specials you mention that Patsy O'Connor won the special for best Irish water spaniel bred in America. I am pleased to say that it was my Count Bendigo that should get the credit for that honor. My Little Sioux beat Patsy for best dog or bitch in open class.—T. DONOGHUE.

THE ST. LOUIS DOG SHOW.

[Special Dispatch to Forest and Stream.]

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 19, 1886.
THE dog show opened yesterday at the Exposition Building with fine weather. The attendance has been very good. The entries number 381 and nearly all of them are present. The average quality of the dogs in the sporting classes is good. Following is a list of the awards up to noon to-day:

AWARDS.

POINTERS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—Dog: Absent.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. T. Engel's Young Meteor; 2d, Gypsy; 3d, Sweep. Very high com., Drake. High com., Bow Faust. Bitches: 1st, St. Louis Kennel Club's Belle Faust; 2d, Vixen; 3d, Nellie. High com., Bessie Hawkins. Com., Blackbird and Jessie.—UNDER 35 LBS.—CHAMPION—Dog: Robin Adair. Bitch: Vanity.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Krupp II.; 2d, Rod. Bitches: 1st, Keswick II.; 2d, Dell.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Maximum; 2d, Colonel Faust. Very high com., Snapper. High com., Black Prince. Com., unnamed. Bitches: 1st, Miss Woodford; 2d, Nellie B. Very high com., Meekness and Llewella.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: Elcho, Jr. Bitch: Fawn.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Glaucular; 2d, Patsey; 3d, Frank. Very high com., Dash. High com., Royal. Com., Bismarck, Grover C. and Doe. Bitches: 1st, Laura B.; 2d, Grace Glaucular; 3d, Lorna. Very high com., Clara Belle. High com., Flash. Com., Beauty, Belle and Biddy B.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, withheld; 2d, Bob White. Very high com., Shan Rhue. Bitches: 1st, Bridget D.; 2d, withheld. Very high com., Maid of Erin.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Absent.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, withheld; 2d, Don. Very high com., Grover Cleveland. Bitches: 1st, Nellie; 2d, Patti. Very high com., Sue. High com., Nona. Puppies: 1st, Nellie; 2d, Nell. Very high com., Grover.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Ashmont Sam; 2d, Challenger. Very high com., Caesar H. Bitches: Prizes withheld. High com., Beauty. Puppies: 1st, Ashmont Sam; 2d, Queen Victoria. Com., Buck Grove Queen.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Switzer; 2d, Frank. Bitches: 1st, Nema; 2d, Cho. Puppies: 1st, Junior; 2d, Snow Flake.—SMOOTH—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Rector. Bitches: 1st, Emir.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Keno; 2d, Prince Olio. Very high com., Colonel Mac. Bitches: 1st, Vio; 2d, Blu; Silk. Puppies: 1st, Black Donald; 2d, Fanchon. Very high com., Count Leo.

SPECIAL.

THE NEW YORK SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your report of the New York show you do me a grave injustice. You are well aware that I never complain of criticism by newspaper reporters, and if opinions differ as to merits of dogs, why should not the press reporter differ from the judge as to the awards? That is all right, and I am content to allow all reasonable freedom in showing up what is thought to be my mistakes. I always, however, reserve to myself the right to consider my judgment at least as likely to be correct as that of the reporter, owing to the more favorable means of comparison a judge possesses over an onlooker. But I will not allow a slander on my character, or motives other than those of an honorable man to be imputed to me with impunity. Disappointed exhibitors are only too ready to seize any excuse for finding fault with a judge's unpalatable judgments, and I regret that your reporter should aid and abet them in the cry that I awarded prizes at random in my hurry to get through quickly.

Had your reporter been in my ring and seen me doing my work, he would never have perpetrated such a slander. I positively affirm that my awards were as deliberately and coolly made and represent my clearest judgment just as much as if I had studied each class for a week. The only hurry there was, was that of getting the dogs in and out of the ring. You may criticize my judgments, but pray don't impute motives. You owe me an apology. J. F. KIRK.

TOBAGO, May 15, 1886.

[As Mr. Kirk disclaims having hurried through his classes and awarded the prizes at random, we cheerfully tender him an apology for making the assertion. We wrote as we did, believing that this was the only possible excuse he had for placing some of the dogs as he did. We sincerely regret to learn from him that the awards were the result of his deliberate judgment.]

THE WILKESBARRE DOG SHOW.—Wilkensbarre, May 10.

—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The committee having charge of the Wilkesbarre bench show have decided to offer two special prizes of \$25 each, to the best kennel of four sporting and non-sporting dogs respectively. A mistake in proof reading has done us much injury in St. Bernard classes. The prizes for St. Bernards should be \$10 for first and \$5 for second prizes, instead of \$7 and \$4, as in premium list. All express companies will return dogs free of charge. Full power will be given the judge to award such prizes as he thinks fit in the miscellaneous classes. The object for which this show is given appeals to all military men, the receipts going to the fund to build an armory for the Ninth Regiment; and further than that, if the show is reasonably successful it will result in the formation of a kennel club here, and an increased demand for good dogs of all breeds throughout this entire section.—W. H. TUCK, Secretary.

BEAGLE AWARDS AT THE CLEVELAND SHOW.—

Wrightsville, Pa., May 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your list of awards of the special prizes at the Cleveland show you wrongly gave my Fairy as the winner of the two special prizes offered for the best beagle bitch in open class. These prizes were awarded to my bitch Dot (Bannerman—Floss). Your list of the awards in the beagle classes is further incomplete, as you passed over the open bitch class (over 12 inches) entirely. The awards in this class were as follows: Open, over 12 inches—Bitches: 1st, A. C. Krueger's Dot; 2d, E. E. Shaner's Piney. Very high com., Mrs. Geo. H. Hill's Minnie. High com., A. C. Krueger's Millie and E. E. Shaner's Queen Bird. Com., A. C. Krueger's Maida and C. W. Fromm's Stella.—A. C. KRUEGER.

SMOTHERED.—Portland, Me., May 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It grieves me to announce the death of my two pointer puppies, Mikado and Belle of Woodford's, by Graphic out of Zitta. The puppies were smothered while en route to the New York bench show. Their loss can only be attributed to gross negligence on the part of the express messenger between Portland and Boston, as we learn that they were received for as dead at Albany, and we have reason to believe were smothered directly after leaving Portland. The brace—as is usually the case—were the pick of the litter, and were to have gone from New York to Virginia to be trained for the field trials. They were entered in the Western Derby, and I had every reason to believe would have made a splendid brace of field dogs.—F. F. HARRIS.

WHAT THEY THINK OF THE "RECORD."—La Salle, Ill.—I have received the "Kennel Register and Account Book for Breeders," and I can assure you I am more than pleased with it. If I had known it was such a valuable book, you may be sure I would never have been without it so long. It is just what breeders want, and I cannot see where it could possibly be improved. Every breeder should have it.—T. DONOGHUE. [Specimen pages sent free on application.]

SPECIAL PRIZES AT NEW YORK.—The following awards of special prizes at the New York dog show are additional to those published last week: Best greyhound (two) W. H. Huntington's Louise; best brace, same owner's Harlequin and Louise. Best bulldog, J. E. Thayer's Bellissima. Best King Charles spaniel, J. Marriott's Clifton Belle.

DOLLY.—Burr Hollis of Wellsville, N. Y., who has had the misfortune to lose his hotel by fire, sends us a touching account of the death of his black and tan terrier, Dolly. The dog, having run back into the burning building, was seen on the piazza of the second floor, where she set up a cry almost human. One of the firemen turned the hose on to her, to keep her from burning, until a ladder could be brought for her rescue; but when the stream struck her she ran to the end of the piazza, leaped off into the flame, and with a piteous cry disappeared.

DEATH OF MEERSBROOK MODEL.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* Last Sunday I had the misfortune to lose the best fox-terrier in my kennels, Meersbrook Model. She was killed by a huge mongrel cur which suddenly pounced upon her, killing her instantly. Although never shown in this country, her record abroad was a brilliant one. This is the second terrier I have lost in the same way, Raby Tyrant being killed by my deerhounds.—JOHN E. THAYER, Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound, for retaining duplicates, sent postpaid, 30 cents.

KENNEL NOTES.—A number of Kennel Notes recently received have been lost. Correspondents who may have sent Notes which have not appeared are requested to repeat them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Nellie Husted. By J. A. Garland, Jr., New York, for dark red Irish setter bitch, whelped March, 1885, by Glencho out of Ired Lassie. **Brightly.** By J. A. Garland, Jr., New York, for mustered Scotch terrier bitch, whelped September, 1884, by Dandy out of Eliza. **Mickey.** By J. A. Garland, Jr., New York, for dark red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 17, 1885, by Snap out of Peggy Glencho. **Madoc, Theron and Leo.** By Fred Bollett, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel dogs, whelped March 9, 1885, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Topsy B. (A.K.R. 3317). **Vida.** By Fred Bollett, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped March 9, 1885, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Topsy B. (A.K.R. 3317). **Naso of Devonshire.** By Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped May 15, 1885, by imported Nick of Naso (Naso II., E. 8, 123)—Pettigo, E. 15, 173) out of Devonshire Queen (A.K.R. 3127).

BRED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Topsy—Black Reno. Mr. Curtiss (Flatbush, L. I.) cocker spaniel bitch Topsy (Obo II.) to H. F. Schellbass's Black Reno (Benedict's Boy, A. K. R. 120)—Lady Bob, A. K. R. 908, April 18. **Alce—Grand Duke.** H. W. Holmes's (New York) bull-terrier bitch Alice (A.K.R. 245) to R. & W. Livingston's Grand Duke (Dutch—Young Magnet), March 30 and April 2. **Dorah—Tim.** Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Dorah (Chief—Doe) to his Tim (Biz—Hazel), March 26. **Jersey Beauty—Tim.** Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Jersey Beauty (Chief—Doe) to his Tim (Biz—Hazel), March 13. **Yonker Chief.** Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Yonker (Jarvis's Elcho—Jarvis's Rose) to his Chief (Berkley—Duck), March 18. **Florida—Tim.** Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Florida (Chief—Raab's Becky) to his Tim (Biz—Hazel), Jan. 23. **Petty—Tim.** Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Petty (Chief—Doe) to his Tim (Biz—Hazel), April 24. **Trinket—Bannerman.** A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Trinket (Flute—Queen) to his Bannerman (Marchboy—Dewdrop), March 20. **Kitty—Bannerman.** A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Kitty (Flute—Bunnie) to his Bannerman (Marchboy—Dewdrop), March 9. **Dot—Cameron's Racket.** A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Dot (Bannerman—Floss) to his Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise), April 10. **Mignon—Kiddewink.** Mignon Kennels' (Cortland, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Mignon (Dart—Daisy I.) to their Kiddewink (Gloss—Nipper), April 11. **Victress II.—Bannerman.** P. Carmen's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Victress II. (Ringwood—Victress) to A. C. Krueger's Bannerman (Marchboy—Dewdrop), March 18. **Rebelle—Dashing Rover.** W. Henry Colquhoun's (Richmond, Va.) English setter bitch Rebelle (A. K. R. 2004) to T. F. Taylor's Dashing Rover (Dash II.—Norman), April 10. **Black Duke—King Coal.** Chas. F. Hamilton's (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Duke (Cotney's Rover, Jr.—Jeffert's Rose) to American Cocker Kennels' King Coal (A.K.R. 2585), April 15. **Countess—Nemours.** B. F. Seitzer's (Dayton, O.) basset hound Countess (Nero—Zata) to Maitland Kennels' Nemours, April 14. **Wallace—Prince.** B. F. Seitzer's (Dayton, O.) dachshund bitch Wallace (Waldman K.—Fraulien Waldeck) to his Prince, April 3. **Actress—Planet.** B. F. Seitzer's (Dayton, O.) pointer bitch Actress (Brahm—Splaw) to his Planet (Meier—Accident), April 1. **Romp—Planet.** B. F. Seitzer's (Dayton, O.) pointer bitch Romp (Croxeth—Lass) to his Planet (Meteor—Accident), March 31. **Lass—Planet.** B. F. Seitzer's (Dayton, O.) pointer bitch Lass (Sleford—Dawn) to his Planet (Meteor—Accident), March 25. **Lady Croxeth—Planet.** B. F. Seitzer's (Dayton, O.) pointer bitch Lady Croxeth (Croxeth—Lass) to his Planet (Meteor—Accident). **Laurette—Stableford Joe.** F. Hoey's (Long Branch, N. J.) fox-terrier bitch Laurette (Spice—Olive) to his Stableford Joe (Corinthian—Jenny), May 11. **Gipsy—Jack.** A. M. Gerry's (South Paris, Me.) foxhound bitch Gipsy (Dixie—Ringlet) to his Jack (Dime—Fan), May 10. **Linda—Glen Rock.** E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Linda (Emperor Fred—Cecelia D.) to his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616). **Calypto—Nevison.** Clayton E. Bailey's (Jamestown, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Calypto (A.K.R. 1498) to Chas. H. Mason's Nevison, April 23. **Nell of Efford—Bracket.** Graphic Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Nell of Efford (Don Juan—Rex's Kate) to their Bracket (Graphic—Bloomo), May 10 and 12. **Lue—Graphic.** H. P. Dorch's (Goldsborough) pointer bitch Lue (Bow—Jaunty) to Graphic Kennels' Graphic, May 8. **Pebble—Red Gladstone.** M. M. MacMillan's (Mahanoy City, Pa.) Lancashire bitch Pebble (Coulton's Long—Maple) to G. F. Clark's Rex Gladstone (Royal Gladstone—Mollie Druid), May 10. **Countess Wind'em—Red Gladstone.** G. F. Clark's (St. George's, Del.) setter bitch Countess Wind'em (Roderick II.—Jennie) to his Rex Gladstone (Royal Gladstone—Mollie Druid), May 14. **Elsa—Bobbie Burns.** James Rae's (Buffalo, N. Y.) Dandie Dinmont bitch Elsa (A.K.R. 2808) to his Bobbie Burns (A.K.R. 2897), May 2.

WHELPS.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Lady Edgecomb. Lothian Kennels' (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Lady Edgecomb, May 4, seven (one dog), by E. J. Hawley's Oscar II. (Oscar—Fannie). **Bess.** C. J. Moffit's (Garfield, N. Y.) Gordon setter bitch Bess (Grant—Nellie), April 13, eight (five dogs), by E. B. Dusenbury's Bramble (Athen's Glen—Gypsy). **Janet.** California Kennels' (Sacramento, Cal.) Llewellyn setter bitch Janet (Count Noble—Dashing Novice), April 19, eight (two dogs), by their Harold (Ch—Gem). **Gyp.** Philip D. Hart's (Brantford, Ont.) Gordon setter bitch Gyp (Jack—Gup), March 24, eight (six dogs), by Glover's Turk (Dash—Belle). **Bertha.** Mill Brook Kennels' (Bergenfield, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Bertha (Bruno—Elsa), May 11, twelve (eight dogs), by their Verone (Rex—Alma). **Myrtle.** Mill Brook Kennels' (Bergenfield, N. J.) collie bitch Myrtle (Robin Adair—Lassie), May 12, nine (seven dogs), by M. Denn's brack (Gyle—Saffell). **Glen.** Theodore Potter's (Glendale, O.) English setter bitch Glen (A.K.R. 1953), May 11, twelve (seven dogs), by J. Overman's Count Gladstone (Gladstone—Lella). **Queenie.** Coughnura Medicine Co.'s (Eau Claire, Wis.) English setter bitch Queenie (A.K.R. 3051), April 28, eleven (five dogs), by King Noble. **Nell.** Wm. J. Geary's (South Boston, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Nell (Jack—Daisy), April 23, seven dogs, by Dr. Estabrook's Sport Kent II.—Dinah; one since dead.

Devonshire Queen. Floyd Vail's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Devonshire Queen (A.K.R. 3127), May 15, nine (seven dogs), by C. J. E. Ball's imported Nick of Naso (Naso II., E. 8, 123)—Pettigo, E. 15, 173).

Pauline Markham. Chas. H. Baker's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Pauline Markham (Obo II., A. K. R. 432)—Hornell Ruby, A. K. R. 67, April 20, six (three dogs), by Hornell Spaniel Club's Black Silk.

SALES.

Roy Gladstone. Lemon and white setter dog, whelped Dec. 21, 1885, by Raybel out of Little Fraud, by G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., to E. W. Jester, same place.

Merry Legs. Liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped Feb. 18, 1885, by Graphic out of Bloomo, by Graphic Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to O. N. Donner, Coosau, S. C.

Burke II. White, liver and tan English setter dog, whelped May 30, 1881 (A.K.R. 2558), by L. Gardner, Mr. Vernon, N. Y., to Elm Grove Kennels, South Norwalk, Conn.

Linda. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped August, 1882, by Emperor Fred out of Cecelia D., by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to S. B. Duryea, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Glen Obo. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 13, 1886, by Glen Rock (A. K. R. 1616) out of Dashing Belle (A.K.R. 814), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to W. F. Milford, Cornwall, N. Y.

Glen Noble. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Feb. 13, 1886, by Glen Rock (A. K. R. 1616) out of Dashing Belle (A.K.R. 814), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Jefferson Cooper, Pearl River, N. Y.

Little Boy Blue. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Dashing Belle (A.K.R. 814), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Miss M. Bullard, Dedham, Mass.

Leo. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 9, 1885, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Topsy B. (A.K.R. 3317), by Fred Bollett, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Peter Stillwagon, same place.

Topsy B. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 18, 1884 (A.K.R. 3317), by Fred Bollett, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Dr. W. W. Smith, same place.

May Ranger. Liver, white and ticked pointer bitch, whelped May 26, 1885, by Ranger Croxeth (A.K.R. 1017) out of Fanny Faust (A.R. 1041), by S. B. Duley, Rosendale, Wis., to Amory R. Starr, Marshall, Tex.

Tie. White French poodle bitch, whelped Jan. 9, 1886, by Alva out of Lillie, by Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to Fred W. Grimes, Mansfield, Conn.

Lothian Queen. Sable collie bitch, whelped Nov. 15, 1885, by Montrose (A.K.R. 801) out of imported Tibbie (A.K.R. 2825), by C. E. Osborne, Stepey, Conn., to Miss F. S. Adam, New York.

Alladdin. Sable and white collie dog, whelped Nov. 15, 1885, by Montrose (A.K.R. 801) out of imported Tibbie (A.K.R. 2825), by Lothian Kennels, Stepey, Conn., to D. Nicholson, Hillsdale, N. Y.

Beauséant. Lemon and white and ticked pointer dog, whelped Jan. 18, 1885, by Beaufort out of Lady Maud, by Surrey Kennels, Elliott City, Md., to Dr. H. G. Preston, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bob. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 6, 1885, by Bannerman out of Silk II., by E. E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa., to John Sheridan, same place.

Queen Bird. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped March 26, 1885 (A.K.R. 3190), by E. E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Piney. White and tan beagle bitch, whelped Nov. 28, 1884 (A.K.R. 3486), by E. E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Maida II. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 6, 1885, by Ringwood out of Maida, by E. E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa., to Chas. Richardson, Allegheny City, Pa.

Driver. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 13, 1885 (A.K.R. 3538), by E. E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa., to P. Kaschenbach, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

St. Maurice. Rough coated St. Bernard dog (A.K.R. 3029), by Hospi-Kennels, Arlington, N. J., to Geo. Lissiguelo, Plainfield, N. J.

Toby's Lion. St. Bernard dog, age not given, by Otto II. (A.K.R. 2480) out of Kalmia (A.K.R. 2481), by Coughnura Medicine Co., Eau Claire, Wis., to A. B. Ricketson, Milwaukee, Wis.

Doc. Solid black cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 15, 1885, by Young Obo (A.K.R. 861) out of Rose Obo (A.K.R. 1204), by Arthur B. Treat, New Haven, Conn., to Wm. West, Camden, N. J.

Unc. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Oct. 15, 1885, by Guess out of Ino, by F. L. & C. G. Weston, Boston, Mass., to Dr. R. A. Kingman, same place.

Uno. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Oct. 15, 1885, by Guess out of Ino, by F. L. & C. G. Weston, Boston, Mass., to Clas. Poor, Peabody, Mass.

Nippy. Chestnut and tan cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 13, 1885, by Both II. out of Mignon, by Mignon Kennels, Cortland, N. Y., to Russell Hotchkiss, New Haven, Conn.

Gretchen. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Jan. 4, 1886, by Eustace's Mack out of imported Fannie, by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to J. E. White, same place.

Katrina. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Jan. 4, 1886, by Eustace's Mack out of imported Fannie, by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to G. Fred Farnham, same place.

Maida II. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 6, 1885, by Ringwood out of Maida, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to E. E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Guess—Ino whelps. Red Irish setters, whelped Oct. 15, 1885, by F. L. & C. G. Weston, Boston, Mass., a bitch to Wm. S. Abbott, Peabody, Mass., and a dog to Wm. F. Gunn, Salem, Mass.

Bannerman—Queen whelps. Beagles, whelped Jan. 23, 1886, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., a dog to Emery Williams, Dayton, Wash. Ter.; a dog to Fremont Crandell, Lindsay, Ont., and a bitch to Dr. Henry B. Nicol, Cookstown, Ont.

Bannerman—Victress whelp. Beagle bitch, whelped Dec. 29, 1885, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Emery Williams, Dayton, Wash. Ter.

Obo II. (A.K.R. 432)—Topsy B. (A.K.R. 3317) whelps. Black cocker spaniels, whelped March 9, 1885, by Fred Bollett, Brooklyn, N. Y., three dogs to Dr. W. W. Smith, same place.

Elcho, Jr.—Meg whelp. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped October, 1885, by Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., to J. H. Conklin, New York.

Obo II.—Dart whelps. Black cocker spaniels, whelped Aug. 29, 1885, by P. Cullen, Salmon Falls, N. H., a dog to C. C. Davol, Warren, R. I., and a dog and bitch to W. D. Armstrong, Waterbury, Conn.

Bannerman—Editor Forest and Stream. Owing to a misunderstanding in the conditions of the sale of the beagle Bannerman, the sale has been declared off, and the dog remains, as heretofore, the property of A. C. Krueger, of Wrightsville, Pa.—W. STEWART DIFENDERFER (Baltimore, Md., May 15).

PRESENTATIONS.

Diana. White, black and tan English setter (A.K.R. 1455), by Sam'l Huntington, Plainfield, N. J., to Charles S. Pelham Clinton, New York.

Zeacrol. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped June 28, 1885, by Beaufort out of Lady Maud, by Surrey Kennels, Elliott City, Md., to Dr. T. B. Owings, same place.

DEATHS.

Peggy. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Aug. 1, 1885 (Sul-l-a-Mor—Nora), owned by W. N. Woodruff, West Newton, Mass., May 11, from distemper.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

HAVERHILL (MASS.) RIFLE CLUB. May 15, telegraph match with the Arlington Heights Rifle Club; 6 men, 10 shots each, 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

W D Palmer	6	5	8	4	9	7	7	9	10	8-74
J F Brown	10	3	8	4	9	6	8	8	6	72
H Tuck	9	7	7	7	8	8	8	7	5	70
S Johnson	10	5	8	6	10	6	8	7	10	6-76
E Brown	9	8	6	7	8	7	7	7	7	6-72
J Busfield	10	9	5	6	6	9	7	7	10	7-75-439
Arlingtons telegraphed a total of										414
Record Match, same day:										
W Worthen	8	10	9	8	7	7	5	6	6	8-74
S Johnson	6	6	10	5	7	8	10	10	6	6-74
R Griffin	9	6	9	9	9	10	10	7	5	7-72
C B Wright	4	6	7	9	8	10	3	5	7	9-69
W D Palmer	7	6	5	7	7	7	5	7	9	7-69
J Busfield	7	7	6	10	5	7	8	9	4	6-69
C Bliss	10	5	5	8	5	5	9	8	7	6-68
J F Brown	6	7	4	7	10	6	4	6	9	6-66
E Brown	5	6	6	5	8	5	6	6	5	8-60
L Jackson	4	9	6	6	8	5	5	3	7	6-59
A Edgerly	6	4	6	6	7	10	6	4	8	2-59

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Schuetzen Verein will hold a four days' rifle tournament July 6, 7, 8 and 9, where upward of \$3,000 will be offered in prizes.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., May 15.—In a club team match yesterday, 200yds., off-hand, Creedmoor target, the following scores were made, some of the men being new in the business:

Hazelline's Team	Burns's Team
Hazelline	5455555555—47
Norton	544454455—45
Kapple	544454455—43
Haycock	445544445—43
Givoe	435444354—40
Jones	34453443—38
Ward	445444238—37
Fenton	34433443—35
Love	33344434—32

WASHINGTON RIFLE CLUB. May 12.—Creedmoor target, 200yds., off-hand. After shooting off ties the prizes were awarded: First to C. Heinel, Sr., second to J. Newman, third to W. F. Seeds, fourth to H. B. Seeds. The following is the score in full:

C Heinel, Sr.	44455—22	U Fuller	4254—19
W A Bacon	35553—21	II A Heinel	44434—19
J Newman	35544—21	II B Seeds	44344—19
W C Seeds	44545—20	J R D Seeds	44334—18
W F Seeds	44444—20	J E Seeds	33444—18
I W Seeds	444—19	J Newman	44033—13

Second match, Massachusetts target, 200yds., off-hand, prizes distributed as follows: First to W. F. Seeds, second to W. C. Seeds, third to H. A. Heinel, fourth to C. Heinel, Sr., and fifth to C. Carleton. The full score is as follows:

W F Seeds, Bal.	8	9	11	10	11—49
W C Seeds, Win	10	10	11	10	8—49
H A Heinel, Win	9	9	7	11	10—46
W F Fuller, Bal	9	12	9	8	9—45
C Heinel, Jr., R S	8	10	9	10	8—45
C Carleton, Bal.	6	10	11	10	8—45
H B Seeds, May	10	7	5	10	10—42
I W Seeds, Bal.	8	9	4	9	10—40
S J Newman, Win	12	7	7	6	7—39
J Newman, R S	8	12	11	6	6—37
W A Bacon, R S	10	6	6	10	36—35
J E Seeds, Spg	9	8	5	5	7—34
J D Seeds, Bal.	9	8	5	5	7—34
J Burns, Win	0	0	12	0	0—12

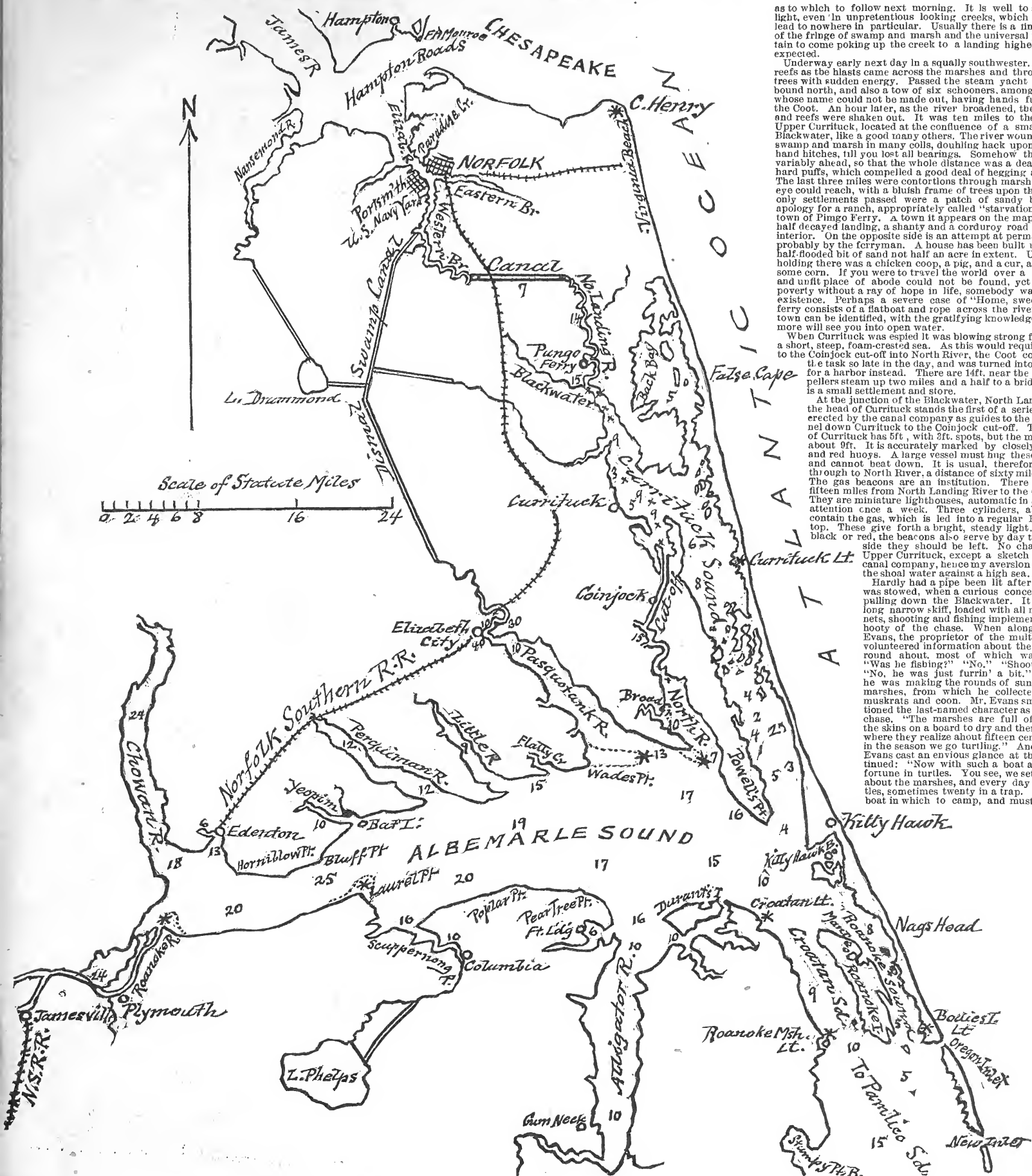
Third match, conditions same as second, prizes were awarded as follows: W. Fuller first, W. F. Seeds second, C. Heinel, Sr., third, W A Bacon fourth, and J. Newman fifth. The full score is as follows:

W Fuller, Bal.	11	13	9	9	10—49
W F Seeds	9	11	12	9	7—48
C Heinel, Sr., R S	8	9	12	11	6—46
J Newman, R S	12	11	9	5	9—46
W C Seeds, Win	12	8	7	7	9—46
I W Seeds, Bal.	9	6	10	8	9—42
S J Newman, Win	7	11	7	6	10—41
H B Seeds, May	7	9	5	6	12—39
J R D Seeds, Bal.	7	7	11	9	5—39
H A Heinel, Win	7	8	6	8	9—38
C Carleton, Bal.	3	11	8	4	9—35
J E Seeds, Spg	6	7	11	7	3—34

BOSTON, May 15.—The regular Walnut Hill matches were shot today. A team match was shot between sides chosen from those present and resulted in a victory for Captain Turt's team. The spring meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association will be held June 17, 18 and 19. The scores to-day:

June 17, 18 and 19.	The scores to-day:	June Association will be held
	Decimal Off Hand Match.	
R Reed, D.	10 7 8 9 9 9 9 9 8	10—88
H Cushing, D.	8 8 9 9 9 9 8 7 7	8—82
C E Berry, A.	9 7 7 8 10 10 8 10	6—82
J Francis, D.	8 7 7 7 9 8 9 8	8—81
Souther, D.	8 7 9 7 9 6 6 9 7	7—75
Tuft.	10 7 7 4 6 10 6 9 9	6—73

At Marblehead, Mr. Eddy, who has bought out Mr. Keating, has finished about a dozen boats, and is busy with repairs and fitting out a large number of boats. Mr. Eddy has on hand a very good model of a keel boat, somewhat similar to the well known Witch, built by him. The new boat is larger, 25x10ft. on waterline, about 30ft. over all and 6ft. draft, and is one of the best models of the type we have ever seen about Boston. At Marblehead Mr. Billow is also building a small keel cutter of about 31ft. waterline for J. R. Rhodes, owner of the keel boat, Caprice, and is building for the Forest and Stream some of the boats which are Witch, Caprice, Carmelita and a number of other boats, while some are already afloat, and under the management of the new Corinthian Y. C., the season promises to be a very lively one.



CRUISE OF THE COOT.

XXIII.

IN the narrower reaches of the creeks connecting with the canals, the one thing to be dreaded is the appearance of a timber raft in tow. These rafts, which are made up in North Carolina, are of great length, and in the turns of the creeks swing from shore to shore, grunting along one bank first and then over to the other. Whichever side of the raft you choose, there is a chance of getting squeezed between it and the bank, as the towing steamer has no control over its long tail. The Coot escaped the quandary by sheering into a small cove and holding on to the bushes upon one occasion, and in another following her own judgment in opposition to the signals from the pilot of a towing steamer. His raft edged across stream in response to the wind blowing, and had I followed the pilot's injunctions to keep to leeward, the Coot would have been badly nipped between the logs and a dyke of oyster shells and rock.

Although the banks of swamp-lined creeks are generally abrupt, except off projecting points, it is not safe to approach them in strange waters on account of enlarged tree stumps and sunken trunks. "Look out for stumps, captain" is a common injunction when a native wishes to show his friendly regard. The stump even figures on the charts in the mouth of the Scuppernon River right in the fairway of 12ft. Logs adrift from the tows, with one end shot into the mud and the other barely discernible above water are frequently encountered as well as much drifting rubbish, so that a watchful eye ahead is at all times necessary. Creeks leading through marshes are invariably deep and bold, often deeper than the main body into which they flow, and frequently obstructed by a narrow bar. In unbuoyed regions, the natives generally have stakes planted to guide into harbor where the channel is tortuous. The greatest nuisance in Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds is the mass of old pound net stakes reaching far off shore into the deepest water, obliging a small boat to give points a wide berth and forfeit the benefits of a weather shore. The whole heath is a confusion of stakes, and where the nets or "leads" are spread, the yachtsman is obliged to pick his way through certain openings marked by bush-headed stakes unless he proposes

to endanger the nets by driving over them and exciting the wrath of the fishermen. Local boats of little draft pass over the leads anywhere by crushing them under without harm. A native tried this once with the Coot after tricing up the centerboard, with the result that the boat got hung up on the net for half an hour and open war was threatened by the fishermen. Hugging the shore at night is also impracticable.

A strong westerly breeze was on hand to blow the Coot through the ten-mile canal connecting the headwaters of the Elizabeth with those of North Landing River. The lock tender had the gate open and quickly dropped the boat the few feet down to the canal level. This lock, which is granite-faced, 340ft. long and 40ft. wide, is the only one on the route south. Seven feet can be carried clear through the various links in the chain connecting Albemarle and Chesapeake, whereby some 1,800 miles of navigable interior waters have been brought within direct reach of Norfolk, Baltimore and northern markets.

In 1818 the famous Dismal Swamp canal was cut into the heart of the great swamp to open its vast wealth in pine timber to the world. The son of the projector of this work, Marshall Parks, Jr., conceived and executed the new line of communication with the South, the invaluable results of which are now fully demonstrated in the fresh vigor and growth of North Carolina's lowlands. The new canal was excavated entirely by steam power, the dirt being thrown up on each side. It runs almost due east and west, averages 80ft. in width and is excellently maintained. Owing to the high banks and trees it was rather slow work getting through in the Coot, despite the strong wind blowing. Four hours were occupied in the transit and an endless amount of jibing made it a matter for congratulation when the North Landing bridge hove in sight and the inspector's pass was delivered to the bridge tender, who poked out a long pole with a slit in the end into which the document was inserted.

Beyond the bridge there are two miles of crooked creek and then some broader reaches. Four miles down the creek forked into two branches, equally attractive, and not being certain which one to take the Coot was brought to an anchor as the evening shades began to fall. The traffic up and down one branch soon settled the question

as to which to follow next morning. It is well to show an anchor light, even in unpretentious looking creeks, which apparently can lead to nowhere in particular. Usually there is a fine country back of the fringe of swamp and marsh and the universal propeller is certain to come poking up the creek to a landing higher up when least expected.

Underway early next day in a squally southwester. Tied down two reefs as the blasts came across the marshes and through gaps in the trees with sudden energy. Passed the steam yacht Ibis, of Boston, bound north, and also a tow of six schooners, among them a yacht whose name could not be made out, having hands full attending to the Coot. An hour later, as the river broadened, the wind steadied and reefs were shaken out. It was ten miles to the first beacon in Upper Currituck, located at the confluence of a small stream called Blackwater, like a good many others. The river wound about through swamp and marsh in many coils, doubling back upon itself in over-hand hitches, till you lost all bearings. Somehow the wind was invariably ahead, so that the whole distance was a dead beat through hard puffs, which compelled a good deal of heaving and slack sheet. The last three miles were contortions through marshes as far as the eye could reach, with a bluish frame of trees upon the horizon. The only settlements passed were a patch of sandy bottom with an apology for a ranch, appropriately called "station farm," and the town of Pungo Ferry. A town it appears on the maps, in fact it is a half decayed landing, a shanty and a corduroy road leading into the interior. On the opposite side is an attempt at permanent residence, probably by the ferryman. A house has been built upon blocks in a half-flooded bit of sand not half an acre in extent. Upon this modest holding there was a chicken coop, a pig, and a cur, and the stalks of some corn. If you were to travel the world over a more miserable and unfit place of abode could not be found, yet here in abject poverty without a ray of hope in life, somebody was eking out an existence. Perhaps a severe case of "Home, sweet home." The ferry consists of a flatboat and rope across the river. By these the town can be identified, with the gratifying knowledge that two miles more will see you into open water.

When Currituck was espied it was blowing strong from south, with a short, steep, foam-crested sea. As this would require beating down to the Coinjock cut-off into North River, the Coot could not attempt the task so late in the day, and was turned into the Blackwater for a harbor instead. There are 14ft. near the mouth, and propellers steam up two miles and a half to a bridge, where there is a small settlement and store.

At the junction of the Blackwater, North Landing River and the head of Currituck stands the first of a series of gas beacons erected by the canal company as guides to the excavated channel down Currituck to the Coinjock cut-off. The greater part of Currituck has 5ft., with 3ft. spots, but the made channel has about 8ft. It is accurately marked by closely-spaced bushes and red buoys. A large vessel must hug these for best water and cannot beat down. It is usual, therefore, to tow clear through to North River, a distance of sixty miles from Norfolk. The gas beacons are an institution. There are eight in the fifteen miles from North Landing River to the Coinjock cut-off. They are miniature lighthouses, automatic in action, requiring attention once a week. Three cylinders, about 20ft. high, contain the gas, which is led into a regular Fresnel lens on top. These give forth a bright, steady light. Being painted black or red, the beacons also serve by day to show on which side they should be left. No charts exist of the Upper Currituck, except a sketch supplied by the canal company, hence my aversion to beating down the shoal water against a high sea.

Hardly had a pipe been lit after the Coot's sail was stowed, when a curious concern hove in sight pulling down the Blackwater. It proved to be a long narrow skiff, loaded with all manner of traps, nets, shooting and fishing implements, and assorted booty of the chase. When alongside, Mr. E. S. Evans, the proprietor of the multitudinous outfit, volunteered information about the alleged country round about, most of which was under water. "Was he fishing?" "No." "Shooting, of course?" "No, he was just furrin' a bit." That is to say he was making the rounds of sundry traps in the marshes, from which he collected the ensnared muskrats and coon. Mr. Evans smiled as he mentioned the last-named character as an object of the chase. "The marshes are full of them; we nail the skins on a board to dry and then ship to Norfolk where they realize about fifteen cents apiece. Later in the season we go turtling." And therewith Mr. Evans cast an envious glance at the Coot and continued: "Now with such a boat as that, there's a fortune in turtles. You see, we set a lot of traps about the marshes, and every day collect the turtles, sometimes twenty in a trap. But we have no boat in which to camp, and must pull for home

every day. We have no funds to start with, and so the rich harvest slips by." A turtle trap, as I found out, is much like an eel basket. Two barrel hoops serve to distend the funnel-like ends of a net, which lead through small apertures into a cylindrical middle in which the bait is hung. Once in, the turtle cannot reach the small hole outward, but climbs to the top of the net for air. Hence they must be set between stakes several inches clear of the water. If the wind piles up the water higher than the net the confined turtles drown. Mr. Evans had a high opinion of the business. Some Africans from Core Sound had come up and caught \$75 the first night, when the natives drove them off as foreigners. An unwritten law in this part of the world consigns the game to the inhabitants of the region and strangers are promptly resisted. Thus Mr. Evans was originally from Powell's Point, about twenty miles below, but in the eyes of the Blackwater people he might have come from the South Pole. So he had no business to capture the food from under the nose of the Blackwaters. Mr. Evans knew no such law on the statute books, but being wise in his generation, quietly rented a small ranch up the river, and becoming "one of us" saved his nets from surreptitious attack. His capital was invested in four nets, valued at \$1.50 each, with proportionately modest returns. If he had a boat like the Coot and thirty nets, a fortune was certain to come unbidden, always supposing the turtles to do the right thing by him. Thus we calculated the number of turtles upon his allegations, the number of pounds total and the equivalent in dollars and cents, until appalling riches were heaped up, and the only remaining difficulty was how to spend so much money. There seemed to be millions in it. But the turtles had not signed the contract yet, and that is probably where the glittering calculation was a little shaky. Remembering also that one turtle in hand was worth two in the marsh, I escaped making a fortune by sticking to the cruise of the Coot, and promising Mr. Evans to entertain the subject when we again met.

Snappers and terrapins bring ten cents per pound in May, and down to three cents as they become more plentiful. They are stored in barrels for shipment and kept in condition a long time. Mr. Evans had experienced one of ten pounds weight, keeping him without food for thirty days, at a loss of only half a pound, accounted for

by "drying up." The fish caught include perch, mullet, chub or wild-mouthed bass, all being plentiful. According to Mr. Evans no big fowl were to be got above the lower Currituck, and even there they were becoming very shy and scarcer every year, except in the "Yankee marshes," as the holding of Northern shooting clubs are termed. In spite of strict game laws, the natives hunt by night and "fire light," the ducks, so they give Currituck the go by and winter in Core Sound in great numbers. On the "Yankee marshes" proper protection is extended and shooting is still good. At the time of my visit several cases were pending in Currituck court against offenders and trespassers. These proceedings by the Northern club men are viewed with favor by the better native element, who realize that it is high time that laws were enforced if Currituck wildfowling is not to become a thing of the past.

A stiff northerly wind bowled the Coot down Currituck, holding her own with a propeller bound South. Beacon after beacon was made and passed. Once the boat was sheered away from the line of buoys, but the breaking of the sea in her wake was a warning against shoal water, after which the marks were kept close aboard. Fifteen miles being run off, the boat steered up Coijock Bay to the short-cut canal of five miles' length. This is a wide cut and can be sailed without much trouble. Half way along there is a swampy area, some stores and a few houses on high ground, known as the village of Coijock. A good deal of timber is got from the neighboring forests. The drawbridge was opened by a kick and the usual questions put to the Coot as she sailed on toward the North River.

The exit from the canal is marked by a white gas beacon at the head of a fine, broad reach, with 12 ft. of water. With a following wind the Coot rapidly sped down river, several eddies of constantly varying water being finally into the lower reach, and on the river where it assumes the aspect of a small sea, seven miles long and three wide. A second white gas beacon here marks the termination of the canal company's supervision and the Government chart of Albemarle waters commences. Holding the western side, the Coot ran down to Broad Creek, turned half a mile up the mouth and came to anchor in 15 ft. off a landing and empty house set upon logs in the marsh. On the bar of this creek there is 6 ft.

C. P. K.

INTERNATIONAL RACING AND THE Y. R. A. RULE.

THE issue of the Field of May 1, contains an illustration of the Queen's Cup, won by the Arrow in 1852 and lately offered by its owner, Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, as an international challenge cup for American yachts; in connection with which is the following suggestive editorial on "British and American Yachts": "The fact that the Queen's Cup was offered by Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, announcing the fact that he offered the Queen's Cup, won by the cutter yacht Arrow in his father's time from the schooner America in 1852, as a challenge cup open to American sloops. We believe no response has been made to that offer; but that the trophy is one which might well be coveted can be realized from the engraving we this week publish of it. Perhaps, if the Galatea wins the cup held by the New York Yacht Club, the challenge might be taken up, as the Americans are certain to make an attempt to regain possession of a prize they have held for the long period of thirty years. We cannot avoid admiring the chivalrous spirit which prompted Mr. Chamberlayne to make such an offer, but it may well be doubted if Arrow is capable of making anything like a stubborn defense should an American yacht of the Puritan type essay to win the trophy. However, Mr. Chamberlayne has hinted that in case of a challenge he will make an effort, by fitting alterations, to make the Arrow for possible success in such a contest. It is to be hoped that the cup. After all, she is more of the type likely to be successful against American yachts than a Galatea; but of course in her present condition comparison with Galatea or any of the other cracks is out of the question. So far as the prospects of Galatea go in undertaking the task in which Cambria, Livonia and Genesta have already failed, there is every reason to believe that the alterations which have been made in her ballasting and sparring have vastly improved her, and may succeed in making her a match for the large centerboarders which will be opposed to her in the cup races. That Galatea can be made a better boat on the wind than she was last year there is not much doubt, and, should she win the cup, the act will give a great lift to British yachting. Galatea makes the essay, it is understood, on her own merits, and not as the "champion British enter," although there is a chance for her to achieve that distinction, if she succeeds in defeating Irex before she leaves for New York. However this may be, we are certain that everyone interested in yacht racing will be proud of the prize. Lieut. Hunt has taken to render his cutter a fit representative of British yachts."

Should she be fortunate enough to be victorious, her success may possibly have some effect on American yacht design; for it is by no means certain, although they have accepted the cutter rig, that they have yet agreed on which is the best type of hull by the "compromise" which was so successful last year against the Genesta. We doubt not that this would be made very manifest, if, say, Puritan undertook to match the Genesta in the head sea. The Genesta's beam is 24 ft. 6 in., but a cutter of Genesta's length, but with about eighteen inches or two feet more beam, could be designed to beat the existing Genesta in any kind of sea; but the attempt is not likely to be made under the present Y. R. A. tonnage rule. On the other hand, that vessels like Genesta, Irex, or Galatea are fearfully handicapped when matched against others of the Puritan type, there cannot be the least doubt; but it is some consolation to note that, owing to the gradual adoption of the length and sail area rule of measurement by the clubs, a type of yacht may come into existence which will be on more equal terms with those of America. There seems to be every indication that international contests will in future be more frequent, and while there seems no necessity for altering our systems of rating, every thing should be done to encourage experiment and produce a type of yacht which is, at least, the equal for match sailing of the yachts of any other nation. We hardly think this will be done by making yachts exclusively for the B. G. class, as most of these classes are, and admirably as they have served a purpose for which they were intended.

It is certain, if the Americans continue to use the length and sail area rule, and if we confine all our races for the A class on this side of the Atlantic to a rating by the Y. R. A. tonnage rule, the Americans will be always a little ahead of us for match sailing in ordinary summer weather. We may still beat them in a heavy wind and sea to windward, and, in modern times, in the large centerboarders which have the only type which could do such a thing, there would be some reason for adhering to that type; but that is not actually the case. The comparative success of the Jullanar in 1877 and the following year no doubt opened our eyes as to what could be done under the Y. R. A. tonnage rule; but it was never proved that a yacht of one hundred feet load line and of greater beam than Jullanar could not be designed to beat her. In short, all her competitors with Florida, as she has been known, in the yacht of the same beam, but thirteen feet longer, would prove the best boat in any kind of weather; but for such a yacht to succeed in match sailing the Y. R. A. tonnage rule would require to be suspended, in order to have a classification by length, to render the comparison crucial between a hundred feet Jullanar and a hundred feet Florida.

We have many times asserted that the establishing of fixed tonnage classes had a very prejudicial effect on racing between yachts of different sizes, and under this we are inclined to give our classification by length, such as the Royal Victoria Yacht Club experimented with some thirty years ago, would have a beneficial effect on yacht racing. The classes might be ninety feet, seventy feet, fifty-five feet, forty-five feet, thirty-five feet, thirty feet, and twenty feet, or some other similar arrangement with sail tons rating; or, if preferred, a rating by Y. R. A. tons. There is no doubt that the absence of any restriction on length in the classes had the inevitable effect of bringing about the extinction of competition, and perhaps the greatest possible length for any given tonnage had been resorted to. The owners of old yachts, which by comparison were shorter than the last vessel built, "hoisted the broom," and men who were inclined to build, said "What's the use, when our turn to be outbuilt will surely come next year?" It is much to be deplored, no doubt, as at one time the racing in the forty tons and twenty tons classes was the strong feature at every regatta; and, as before said, we think it might have been preserved had there been a restriction for length in each class.

The fact that so many men now build steam yachts will to a very considerable extent alter in their altered—our yacht racing; but the love of match sailing is as strong as ever, and the sport was never more popular. It would have been considered rash if any one in America had prophesied in 1884 that two years hence American yachtsmen would build four large centerboard cutters with heavy lead keels. Steam is being rapidly introduced there, and yacht racing had been almost entirely confined to sloops mostly under 60 ft. loadline and yet men were come forward and build heavier one-masted vessels than were ever previously known in America. We all recollect the schooner Power which set in here after the appearance of America in 1851, and how for years the Julia and the Arrow figured as the "big cutters;" then, after about sixteen years, in rapid succession: Oimaya, Condor, Seabird, Rose of Devon, Kriemhilda, Cythera, Vol au Vent, Formosa, Samena, Vandana; and then the existing five quartette, made up of Irex, Genesta, Galatea and Marjorie; and if these should prove to be the last of their race, there is no reason why their place should not be occupied, in no distant date, by an equally famous set of vessels for match sailing."

It is hardly necessary to say that the reason why Mr. Chamberlayne's challenge has not been accepted is that Puritan may be

called on to defend the cup again, and outside of the four of her class we have no yachts to send. Even if our old sloop class, the 70-footers, had not almost disappeared, there would be none of them foolish enough to risk a transatlantic passage, and we must look to the "large cutters" with heavy lead keels" to cross for this cup in some future season.

In spite of the very low estimate of Galatea's power which is prevalent here, and the widespread belief that she will not cross, it is certain that she will be here in good time, barring accident; and will make a most formidable antagonist in her improved condition. It must be owned that with four boats built to beat her under a rule for which she was never designed, the chances are very much against her, but the main issue is not affected by the Y. R. A. or New York rules. What American, and indeed British yachtsmen wish to see finally settled is whether the modern British racer of six beams is as fast as a wider boat. In length of waterline, proportionate sail area, and weight and position of ballast, Mayflower and the Atlantic of one type, and Galatea of the other, are on as even a basis as can be had, and the result of a fair contest between them will no doubt be conclusive.

Gal Genesta won by ever so small a margin last year we should have had about by this time a fleet of extreme boats of all sizes, and should Galatea score a decisive victory this year it would set the tide the same way. As it was, we have a promising family of little Puritans now heading sail in various places, and a second victory for the class will secure its adoption here as the national type.

As foreshadowed in the above article, the Y. R. A. rule has not only reached its limit, but in the event of a second defeat it must be tossed overboard entirely and a rule similar to the New York will be the only one left. The club boats will do as known, very well, and that they have many admirable qualities generally admitted, but what an Irex or Genesta with only a little more beam will do is not known and never can be under the present rule, though the performance of some of the cracks of the last half dozen seasons gives good ground for a surmise. It is perfectly evident to-day that from 1880 to 1885 the America Cup was easily in reach of any first class cutter, but that might have come after it. With the immense superiority of the modern equipment of our fleet, all our fleet, an opportunity was offered to the British yachtsman which he will not soon see again, and which he carefully neglected.

Had Samena crossed in 1881 or 1882 when we were still firm in our belief in old fallacies, she might have swept the field, or had Marjorie followed Madec with the same canny Scot on her deck, she might have done more with Grace, Mischief and Fanny than Madge did with the small ones. Neither came, and with the adoption of longer and lighter rigs, and heavier keels, our fleet actually passed away. Galatea's chances are small to-day compared with what they once were, but she may even yet bring confusion to her opponents. The margin between Puritan and Genesta, though all on the side of the former, was not one on which to base an absolute certainty, and while the chances are that one of the present four will outdo Puritan's record of last year, there is just as good reason to believe that Galatea will excel Genesta. Should the American yacht win, it will be a great triumph, but of late the confidence we have in our boat, and under her present rule England has no chance of winning the Cup. 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The annual contest of the Royal Canoe Challenge Cup was viewed with additional interest as aspirants for international honors figured among the entries to the Mr. W. Powell's new Nautilus and Mr. E. B. Twedden's Pearl of 1885. There were three other competitors, but the affair was virtually a match between the two craft named, and a splendid struggle it was. Saturday was beautifully fine, but early in the afternoon the breezes on Hendon Lake were very gusty, puffs hard enough for a reef and the faintest of zephyrs alternating. At the outset of the race this breeze was so strong that the traveling volley capped the one which preceded it. The Pearl of 1883 under a new name, the Minnie, was the first to start, and she was a credit to the designer. At the close of the race the breeze was, however, true and steady, and the result was a thoroughly reliable test of merit of the two boats. The Nautilus won by 58 sec., and it may be said that she is the fastest craft on a wind that has yet been built. On the other hand, the Pearl is the better traveler with an easy sheet and also at dead running; yet this superiority may be due to her having wider wings than the Nautilus. As a matter of fact, the latter is a fast boat, from a design of her owner's, and it may be said that she is quite a new race. The Nautilus, on the other hand, after the body show the least hollow while the hull is in the water, and the sail spread less by comparison to the most successful racing canoes that have figured in past Challenge Cup contests. Judged by results, the alteration of shape has been a forward move, at least, so far as sailing over smooth water with a full whole sail breeze, and, although the Nautilus has not yet given a taste of her speed, it is a fair bet that she will do so. As a matter of fact, the only reason to doubt her ability to do so is the fact that, sailing in a breeze, a nice singing breeze should be just her hand writing. Mr. E. B. Powell sailed her to perfection, and, although Mr. Twedden is an able man in these toy craft, when it comes to a turn about rame and

close fiddling it is rose nobles to dimes on the "crew" of the Nautilus. It may be remarked that on the Saturday preceding the Nautilus beat the Pearl under very similar conditions of weather in an equally decisive way, and she may therefore be regarded as the crack of the Royal C. C."

BROOKLYN C. C. SECOND CHALLENGE CUP RACE.—On May 15 the second race for the Brooklyn C. C. challenge cup was sailed, Minx being the challenging boat. A new course has been permanently buoyed off Bay Ridge, where the club have now a permanent location in the Atlantic Y. C. Basin, the course being triangular, half a mile on each side. The wind was unsteady and squally from south-east, with rain toward the latter part. The entries were: Guenn, Wm. Whitlock, holder; Minx, M. V. Brokaw, challenger; Tip Top, R. J. Wilkin; Evangeline, C. V. R. Schuyler. A tug followed the race with the time-keeper. With a free wind Minx led at first turn. Hauled on the wind on the second leg Guenn pulled up, but soon carried away the jaw of her boom, and had to retire. At the second mark Minx led, with Evangeline second and Tip Top third, the latter withdrawing after the first round. Evangeline finally finished first, but not being sailed by her owner she could not take the cup, which goes to Minx. Juanita, Mr. Sinclair, sailed over with the races, but being outside the limits, 18x43, she could not compete for the cup.

THE A. C. A. TROPHY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to acknowledge further contributions to the A. C. A. international challenge cup fund as follows: *Outing*, New York; A. C. Clerihew, J. F. L. Canon, F. M. Turner, Edward Pitt, Neil McLean, E. P. Comstock, C. H. Law, Brockville C. C.; Dr. A. G. Gerster, New York; John Henry Hull, Brooklyn; D. B. Platt, Rochester; C. V. A. Decker, Rondout; S. J. Loewenthal, New York; J. L. Kerr, Toronto; Henry K. Wicksteed, Port Arthur, Ont., each \$1.00; Henry Stanton, New York, \$5.00; total, \$30.00. Previously acknowledged, \$184.00. Total to date, \$204.00. Estimated cost of cup, \$350.00.—WILLIAM WHITLOCK, Chairman, 37 West Twenty-second street, New York.

CLUB MEASURERS—PRIZE FLAGS.—Oswego, N. Y., May 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Regatta Committee desire, through your paper, to call the attention of all canoe clubs to the fact that very few of them have sent in the names of their official measurers. As it is desirable to save time and trouble at our meet in August by having canoes measured beforehand, I have to request measurers who have blanks to send me the measurements of all A. C. A. canoes in their clubs. Those not having blanks will be furnished them upon application to me. I desire also to call the attention of all canoeists or those interested in canoeing to the fact that we have not had as liberal a response to our request for flags to be given as prizes as was expected.—J. B. McMURRICH, Chairman Reg. Com. 1886.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

W. H. C., Richmond, Va.—We have no picture of the dog mentioned.

S. M., Brooklyn.—There is much game and fish in the Puget Sound country. There are no hostile Indians there.

H. C. M.—Jacking deer in New York State is permitted in season. The Governor has signed the bill permitting hounding.

O. E. B., Fall River, Mass.—We do not know of any dealer in feathers for fly making. The tackle men, no doubt, get their supplies from various sources. Some are obtained from dealers in game.

H. J. B., Hamilton, Canada.—Can you inform me how salmon roe is kept preserved or made up for use as a bait for fishing? It is (or used to be) for sale in England, but I am not aware that it can be procured in this country. Ans. It is not on sale in America and is

not used that we know of. We think it is merely salted. Its use in England is looked upon as a species of poaching.

C. P. R.—I have a pair of puppies which I am determined to break myself this fall. What work would you recommend me to get from which to get advice and points? Ans. Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking" is the best book.

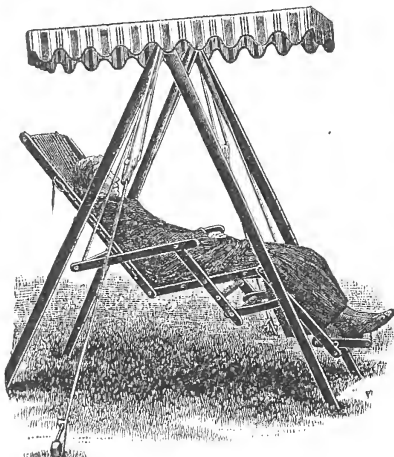
W. H. B., Gloversville, N. Y.—What is the best way to keep trout for two or three days while in the wood without ice? Ans. Clean them and wipe them dry and sprinkle them inside and out with either coffee, sugar, or pepper, or a mixture of all. Wrap each fish separately and keep in the coolest place.

READER, Pleasantville, Pa.—Please inform me when is the proper time to dock a setter's tail to avoid being whipped off in brush shooting? Ans. A setter's tail should never be docked unless absolutely necessary to save the animal from suffering. In such case it may be done at any time.

J. E. J., Waterbury, Conn.—You should visit some fishery where trout are raised and see the ponds. Go to Plymouth, Mass., to Plymouth, N. H., or to the New York State hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. In this way you can learn more than in any other. We can send you "Domesticated Trout," by L. Stone, for \$2, or "Practical Trout Culture," by Dr. Slack, for \$1.

M. M. C., Corning, N. Y.—What is the best-sized hook to have trout flies tied on, the flies to be used in streams of Northern Pennsylvania and Southern New York, for trout one-quarter to one pound weight? Ans. This is, within certain limits, a question of taste or judgment. Most anglers prefer a hook as large as a No. 4 sprat, and a few like them as small as a No. 12. A medium would be a No. 6 or a No. 8. We like to use small hooks, and if the water is clear enough to permit a small fly to be seen, they are most killing on many streams. A general rule is large flies for Maine and small ones for New York; but many Adirondack fishermen use large flies, and believe them to be the most killing.

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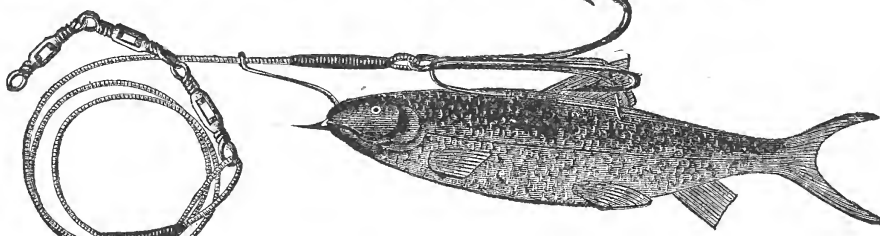
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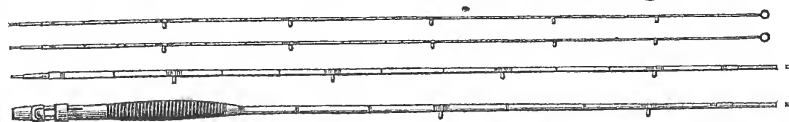
Brass Multiplying Reels with Balance Handles, first quality and fine finish, 75ft., \$1.00; 120ft., \$1.25; 180ft., \$1.50; 240ft., \$1.75; 300ft., \$2.00; 450ft., \$2.25; 600ft., \$2.50. Any of the above Reels with Drags, 25 cts. extra; nickel plated, 50 cts. extra. Brass Click Reels, 30yds., 50 cts.; 20yds., 75 cts.; 60yds., \$1.00; nickel plated, 50 cts. extra. Marster's Celebrated Hooks Snelled on Gut, Limerick, Kirby Limerick, Sproat, Carlisle, Chestertown, O'Shaughnessy, Kinsey, Aberdeen, Sneek Bent, and all other hooks. Single gut, 12 cts. per doz.; double, 20 cts. per doz.; treble, 30 cts. per doz. Put up one-half dozen in a package. Single Gut Trout and Black Bass Leaders, 1yd., 5 cts.; 2yds., 10 cts.; 3yds., 15 cts. Double Twisted Leaders, 3 length, 5 cts.; treble twisted, 3 length, 10 cts. Trout Flies, 60 cts. per doz. Black Bass Flies, \$1.00 per doz. Trout and Black Bass Bait Rods, 9ft. long, \$1.25 to \$5.00. Trout and Black Bass Fly Rods, 10ft. long, \$1.50 to \$10.00. Also forty-eight different styles of rods for all kinds of fishing. Samples of hooks, leaders, etc. sent by mail on receipt of price in money or stamps. SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE. THE MANUFACTURE OF SNEELLED HOOKS AND LEADERS A SPECIALTY.

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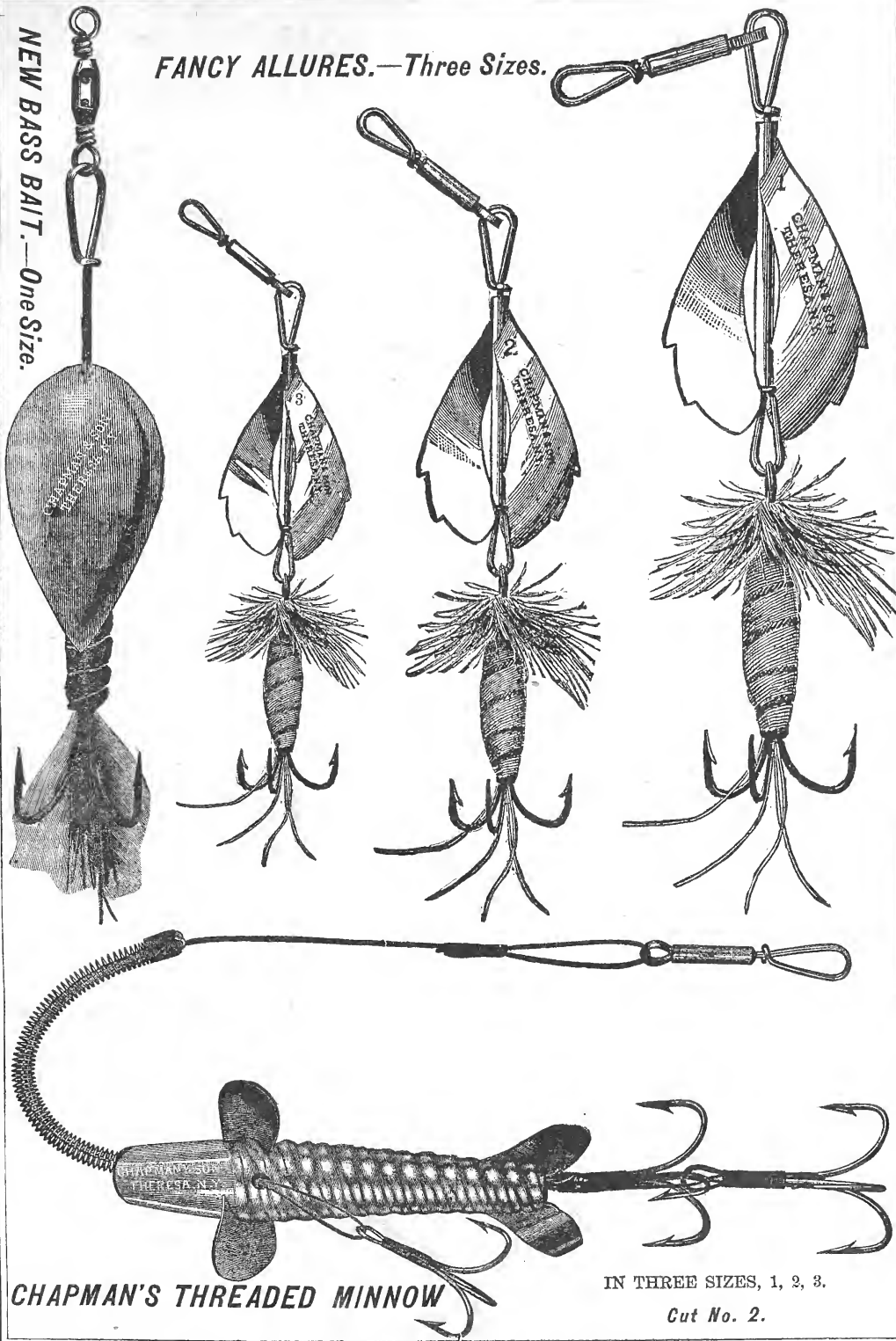
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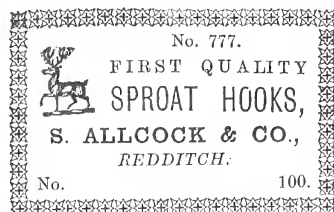
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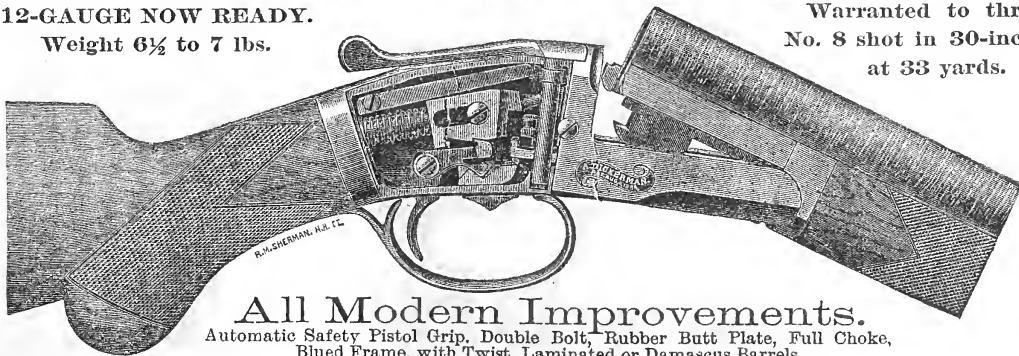
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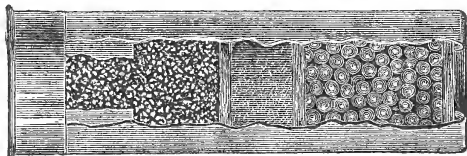
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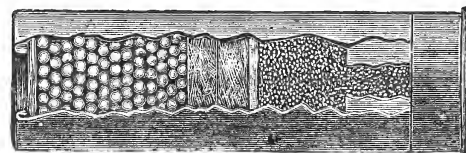


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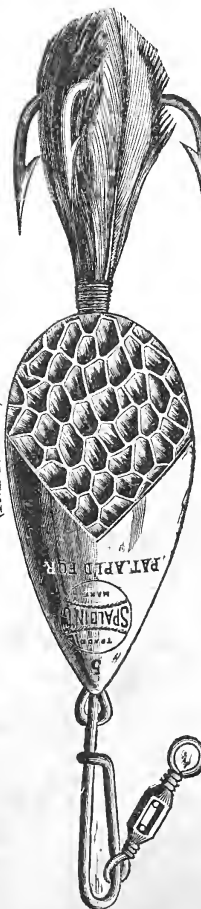
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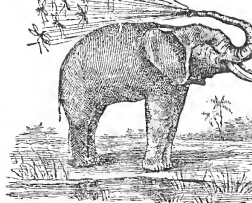
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THE CURSE OF POLITICS.

THE land is cursed with politicians as the frogs covered Egypt. The malignant plague poisons all branches of the public service, from the polluted fountainhead of legislation down through the entire system of the law's execution. It is a shame and a disgrace that in any part of this country a branch of legislation apparently so disconnected with politics as that providing for the due protection of the wild game in the woods and the fishes in the waters should be hampered and botched by political schemers, traders and tricksters. This is the condition of affairs in more than one State, but nowhere is the system more rotten than in New York. The Legislature which has just adjourned, whereupon the people breathe more freely, gave striking evidence of how the public welfare is deliberately ignored, in order that bargains and deals may succeed.

Take, for example, the course of Assemblymen Erwin and Tuck, of St. Lawrence county, with respect to the deer hounding bill. These two politicians understood perfectly well what their constituents wished and expected of them in the matter. The people of St. Lawrence were overwhelmingly in support of the anti-hounding law, not for their own county alone, but for the entire Adirondack region. Yet because of the exigency of political shifts, Erwin and Tuck, while openly advocating the retention of the general anti-hounding law, were secretly against it, and used their active influence to secure its repeal. They reasoned that it was better that all the deer should perish than that their man should fail of his berth in the United States Senate. A pretty pass it is when the deer in the forests are at the mercy both of the clubs of bloodthirsty physicians and the entangling wires of truckling politicians.

If the laws are determined by political deals, no less is the execution of them hindered by like influences. The New York system of game protectors is only another series of spokes in the machine wheel. We understand that the only consideration entertained by the Governor of a candidate's fitness for a game protectorship, in the appointments of 1886, will be of a political nature. The heeler who has "the pull" will get the appointment. The entire machinery of game protection is to be prostituted to advance a politician's individual wifings after place.

There is some consolation for the failure of the bill to

provide for the appointment by the Governor of a superintendent of game protectors. The value of that office would have depended altogether upon the character of the man appointed to fill it. So far as may be inferred from the nature of other appointments, there is every reason to believe that Gov. Hill would have regarded the new office only as a rivet to securely fasten the game protector wheel of the machine; and instead of having a person fitted by his natural tastes and interest in game to acceptably discharge the duties of the place, we should have been saddled with another political tool, not to enforce the game protective laws, but as a heeler to boss his subordinate heelers.

When political dickerings rule the hour, it is folly to expect other than clumsy and pernicious legislation with respect to game and fish, or to hope for satisfactory execution of the laws.

THE VEST PARK BILL.

THE Senate Committee on Territories has reported, substantially without change, the Park bill recommended by Senator Manderson and commented on in these columns a few weeks ago. To-day we print the full text of this bill, so that our readers may see just what it proposes. Its main points were summarized in our issue of May 6, and we need say little more upon the subject here except to urge upon Congress prompt and favorable action upon the measure. The bill is in many respects a good one, and, needless to say, is a great improvement on the present absence of any law whatever. The most important feature of the new law is the increase in the size of the reservation, and after that come perhaps the provisions which relate to the Superintendent and the Park police and their powers in the matter of making arrests. The absurdity of appointing police without giving them the power to arrest, without warrant, persons taken in the act of violating the law or the regulations, has always been obvious, and has rendered vain the best intentions of the assistant superintendents.

The bill also settles the question of the jurisdiction over the Park, a matter about which there never should have been any dispute, but which has been in doubt ever since the reservation was set aside in 1872. The subject was recently brought prominently before the public by the action of the Territory of Wyoming in claiming this jurisdiction. There should be no more question about this matter than there is with regard to any United States fort.

It may be said of this bill that while it leaves much to be desired, it is, so far as it goes, a measure deserving hearty approval. The benefits which it will confer on the reservation and so on the whole people are positive and unquestioned. Its faults are minor ones and such as can be overcome by careful and honest officials, working in accordance with the spirit rather than the letter of the law. Thus, while it is by no means perfect, it is an earnest of far better government for the Park, and as such it is to be hoped that it may receive the approval of Congress and become a law.

CORRECTION.—Through an error in the transmission of our despatches from the West last week a statement was made in these columns which was inexact. We spoke of the sale of the property of the National Park Improvement Company at Evanston, Wyoming. As a matter of fact the sale covered the great hotel at the Mammoth Hot Springs. The Improvement Company, therefore, still own a considerable amount of property within the Park, consisting of hotels at different points with leases for ten years from 1893 for the grounds on which they stand, or should stand, large quantities of supplies and tent properties, and as it is believed, franchises.

LINGERING SUPERSTITIONS.

THE sun of the nineteenth century is thought to shine with more effulgence than older suns, and more brightly upon certain favored portions of the North American continent than elsewhere on all the revolving globe; but its most direct rays have not chased out the superstition which lingers in spite of the materialistic spirit of the times. Odd phases of belief, survivals of old-time notions, crop out here and there, and one need not go far from home to find them.

The yachting men are preparing for the coming renewal of international contention for the championship of the Atlantic. Four boats are in course of fitting out for the trial races, the Puritan, the Priscilla, the Mayflower and the Atlantic. The customary method of determining the relative fitness of each would be by practical test in trial races; but along comes a genius who writes to the *World* that the Atlantic is already out of the race, for her name bodes no good,

Craft named after any one of the oceans, says this wise-acre, are bound to be ill-starred; witness the fate of the Collins line of steamships, all having borne ocean names. Other superstitious wights are earnest in the declaration that the Mayflower is also foredoomed to disaster, for at the launch she stuck in the mud, and that no boat that does this can ever be successful is one of the tenets of the knowing men of the sea. The brain of the average sea goer is as full of curious superstitions as ever a topsail of wind; and though the landman affects to ridicule sailors' superstitions, he is prone to indulge in his own dreams of the uncanny and gruesome. His stock of common sense is just about large enough to suffice for the ordinary familiar happenings of every-day life; but let him suddenly encounter some extraordinary manifestation of nature or some extraordinary action of a harmless bird, and he immediately puts away his philosophy and falls back on superstition.

In the neighborhood of Athens, N. Y., a short time ago, several persons driving on a lonely road encountered a ruffed grouse, which in the simplicity of its heart attempted to make friends with them. They naturally whipped up their horses and fled in superstitious fear from what they were pleased to term a "spook" grouse. A dozen men put to flight by a bird! And yet the author of "The One-Eyed Grouse of Maple Run," after pursuing that feathered spectre, confesses "A strange, unearthly feeling of awe crept over me, my hair commenced to rise, my knees knocked together, and I felt that I was indeed in the presence of something supernatural."

The daily papers are constantly chronicling the obedience of men and women to the superstitious maxims of old saws; as the other day a Newark man, bitten by a dog thought to be mad, took pains to secure some of the brute's hair and apply it to the wound, for "the hair of the dog is good for the bite." The boycotted Widow Gray in New York city entertained a stray black cat, being firmly convinced that the feline brought luck; and for luck, too, did not a Georgia political enthusiast send to Cleveland a potent rabbit's foot?

DYNAMITE FISHING.

THE practice of fishing with dynamite cartridges appears to be on the increase. It is confined to no special locality, but is naturally most prevalent in mining sections, where the use of dynamite is familiar. Western Pennsylvania is especially cursed with dynamite fishermen, and there are sections in Nevada and California where no one pretends to catch fish in any other manner. The use of dynamite for this purpose is generally forbidden by the statutes, but such laws are in effect dead letters unless the sentiment of the community supports them.

It is very difficult to detect and punish the dynamiters, since their neighbors are content to eat the fish without asking any foolish questions about the legal or illegal mode of capture. A dynamiting excursion is not an affair altogether void of excitement. The usual method is to sink the cartridge in the water and then, from a safe distance, explode it by means of an electric wire. There is an ever attendant possibility that the cartridge may go off while in the boat or in the hands of the fisherman, in which event he is with more or less celerity blown to kingdom come.

The press dispatches yesterday reported the deaths of two men in Western Pennsylvania who were last Sunday dismembered by the premature explosion of a cartridge.

The effect of dynamite fishing is particularly baneful because it destroys not only the large fish fit for food, but all fish, large and small. It cleans out all the fish, annihilates the stock, and utterly destroys the fruitfulness of the water.

NATURAL HISTORY ON THE FISH HOOK.—In default of luck, the contemplative angler may find solace, profit and pleasure in study of the animated lure on his hook. How wonderfully wrought is the wriggling worm is told in entertaining fashion by a contributor in another column.

THE MAINE SALMON ANGLING is attracting great attention in New England. The people of the neighborhood who are reaping some of the profits are naturally much elated over the great run of fish. Such an occurrence is worth a whole volume of argument in favor of fishculture.

THE HOLYOKE SHAD FISHING.—Mr. Thos. Chalmers, of Holyoke, Mass., advises us that the fly-fishing for shad is over. The net has been put in place, and the angler must look elsewhere for his shad.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DAYS WITH THE BARMECIDE CLUB.

II.

WHOEVER first selected this site for a camping ground knew whereof he selected. Whoever built this shanty, comfortable to the last degree, was an expert with the axe, for every stick is cut and placed where it will do the most good and every sheet of bark overlaps its rear neighbor as shingles on a house, and you can confidently rely on its power to shed water where it will not annoy you. It may have architectural deformities, but it would surely please the eye of an artist or angler.

Just a few rods back of the shanty is a leaky spring, hidden among moss-covered boulders, which drops, drops, drops its never-failing supply, cold and pure, into the crystal pool below, which in its turn adds its mite to the lake, where one can take a delicious header without being obliged to incur the limbs with a blouse and a pair of overalls.

To the east and among the trees rise beetling cliffs, from out of whose seams and niches grasses and flowers are peeping, determined to secure a high average of sunlight and air to stand them in lieu of their limited allowance of moisture and fertility. At the foot of these cliffs and among the huge masses of stone which had fallen were small caves, which, gathering much of the summer rain, retained it until the frosts of winter gave a supply of ice ample for our present wants. From the shanty to the lake the trees and underbrush had been cleared out, giving an unobstructed view across the great water mirror to the undulating line of hills beyond, and though the place is not invested with any historic or legendary associations, yet to searchers for quiet, to the angler for his sport, it fills every requirement.

Early morning found us scattered over the lake, Roy near the outlet, Glen under the shadow of the mountain opposite camp, and Storm off Fritz Island. But some potent power was against us; the wind or the clouds or the whiffs his-name. Probably the former. It seemed a sympathetic sort of a wind. It came quiet and lamb-like, as though it had no desire to interrupt the angling proceedings, which it could easily have done by simply losing all holds, but it nevertheless gave us fair warning after its fashion that we might better vacate for the morning. It did not wish to harm nor annoy us, but on the other hand there was a limit to its amiability, which we had better not transcend; and we soon realized the fact that we might as well angle for sturgeon in a smelling bottle.

Through the influence of the east wind, no doubt, there was an unanimity regarding taking hold, which was very decidedly adverse to our interests; and Glen and Storm returned to camp pretty much in the predicament of old Mother Hubbard; and though the certainty of failure was prosaic enough, still, like the beggar of the Barmecide, we take our medicine smilingly as though all the fishes' favors had been strewn with royal prodigality; and await dinner for Roy's return. The coffee was hissing at the spuds, the bacon and biscuits warming up beside the stewing fruit and waiting for Roy, who came back empty-handed.

"Boys, this is not one of my days, how have you fellows found it?"

"Not enough to address a letter to. Trout are practically scarcer than hen's teeth."

"I haven't had a rise this morning, and speaking about hen's teeth reminds me of what a young lady cousin once remarked to an aunt of mine. My aunt was speaking of a certain dentist in town, and said she would not have him pull a tooth for one of her old hens. 'Why, Aunt Laura,' says my cousin, 'I didn't know that hens had teeth.'"

"That reminds me of Captain Scott's coon story, which I was once telling to a young friend fresh from college. Of course you are familiar with the well-known story, but when I had finished telling it my young collegian innocently remarked, 'Well, I never knew before that coons could talk.'"

"What does that remind you of, Storm?"

"I think I complain as little as any person in the world, and

"Come deaf or come blind or come cripple,
Or come any one o' them a'."

I don't believe I would murmur; but this morning's sport—and I call it sport understand—reminds me of the beautiful lines of Tennyson:

"And the handsome trout dart down
To their shelter beneath some rock,
But oh, for the sight of a trout on the feed,
And the sound of a trout on the flop."

Or, as Rabelais would say, 'J'ai le suila teausau de viessu etait.'"

From certain standpoints of view this was an inauspicious opening. The fisherman would have inclined to grumbling, while the angler accepts the situation as a matter of course. To him every day of outing is replete with attractions of some kind, and though his creel be empty, perhaps some hidden secret of woods or waters has been revealed to him, or he has gained in strength of body or mental invigoration, or else gathered a certain kind of experience which, if never of practical value, may furnish a pleasant retrospection. We play billiards, whist and chess when we are in the mood, but we angle at every legal opportunity. There is no day in the season save the Sabbath that is too unpropitious. "Dinner, dinner," says the cook, so down we sat,

And to our viands fell not seemingly,
But with the keen dispatch of real hunger;

and guide found that his carefully prepared dinner was fully appreciated, for we made a clean sweep. Dinner looked as though it had been trying to pass a locomotive on the same track. We came back with good appetites and spent the afternoon in making some improvements in camp.

We built an outdoor cooking range, or perhaps it might more properly be called an underground cooking range, and we found it by far the best and most convenient ever introduced, at least for pleasant weather cooking. It can be made in less than ten minutes on an average. It is simply a hole in the ground about seven or eight inches deep, one foot wide and three feet long. The fire is built in this hole, and in a few minutes you can have a fine bed of coals, which can be replenished as needed from your camp fire or by the addition of any small chips which are handy. The dishes while cooking are supported by iron bars long enough to reach across the range, say fourteen or fifteen inches. About four of these bars are sufficient for all one wishes to cook at one time, as they will support half a dozen different dishes

and add no material weight to the kit, and on a pinch might perhaps be dispensed with. This range requires but little wood and then only the smallest chips, as there is no waste of fire and every degree of heat can be utilized.

Dishes are not required to be continually watched, as there is no more danger of their tipping over than there would be on a Charter Oak stove, and no matter how hard the wind may be blowing there are no wild unmanageable flames to contend with, as they are confined, and besides as you have no side logs to burn away and perhaps dump a mess of trout or a pot of coffee into the fire, you will have one care less.

Toward evening Roy tried the outlet of the lake, and returned with trout enough for our supper and breakfast. Meanwhile Storm superintended the bean business, following the directions in "Woodcraft." Was it a success? Oh those beans. Yes, as four hungry men can testify. Boston can't beat it, Mr. "Nessmuk."

One Monday morning a country girl wrote a letter to her sweetheart something like this:

MONDAY MORNING, 6 o'clock.
Dear George—Ma has just called me, and I am wondering if you love me as much as you did at twelve o'clock last night, when we kissed each other good-night at the gate. Oh, if I only knew for certain that you did, George, dear, you don't know how it would encourage me to go down and tackle them cold beans for breakfast. Yours, AMANDA.

You can accept it as an assured fact that Amanda's maid didn't know how to handle the bean question as Mr. "Nessmuk" does, else her daughter would not have required the stimulus of George's love to assist her in tackling her breakfast.

As the gray of twilight slowly turned darker and darker and night came tripping on with noiseless feet, the fireflies commenced their brilliant dance, striking their lucifers at every step, as if they feared to lose the time and tune. The moon with its stronger light was paling the stars and silvering the edge of the ripples, which chase each other with monotonous murmurings. The mountain across the lake looms up vague and indistinct in the moonlight, and the great pines on its summit silhouetted against the sky assumed fantastic forms. The birch logs on our fire sizzled and snapped and the dashing flames cast long lines of restless radiance far out on the water. The shrill cadence of the crickets, the humorous concert of the owls, the friendly croaking of the sociable frogs, the distant gushing sound of the falls all tell us it is good to be here, for this makes old hearts young again and young hearts rejoice. MILLARD.

CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

THE MUSKOKA COUNTRY.

FIRST PAPER.

THE maxim has become fully established that no one should go near the water till he has learned how to swim. Following the same course of reasoning, no one should ever fish in waters that are strange to him, or if he does he loses a deal of pleasure. The greatest delight in hearing a fine opera is that which grows out of having heard it before, and the highest enjoyment in a fishing trip comes from retracing the course of last year (and haply the year before), living over the former contests and successes, reviving scores of pleasant reminiscences, whose impalpable shapes have haunted the air and waited for your coming. A favorite fishing ground revisited is like a last year's suit, already adjusted to your figure; like a friend who lends you money when your credit in bank has gone; and when you can nurse that mild but comfortable feeling of superiority that comes from you introducing some fellow fisherman to your chosen resort, your cup of bliss is indeed full. And with all these conditions favorable we began last August to arrange for our annual "farewell" trip to the Muskoka country.

Detroit, as usual, was our port of final departure. There is quite a convenience in making a double start on a fishing expedition. After you have pulled yourself together and cut loose from the five hundred "last things" that require attention, it is a great comfort to stop just beyond the clutches of the butcher and baker and the man with a little bill, and take a full breath and an account of your kit. For no matter how carefully you may have replenished your stock, in the hurry of departure there is always something overlooked or omitted. This time it was only a few yards of heavy braided sash cord (for maskallonge stringers) and a spool of No. 22 copper wire. The uses of the latter are numerous, the most important being to make leaders for maskallonge fishing. And he who has added to it two spools of button-hole silk, a bit of shoemaker's wax, a fine half-round file and a small pair of pliers, laughs at calamity.

Our route this time lay over the Great Western division of the Grand Trunk Railway from Detroit to Toronto, via Hamilton, and as it gave us a daylight ride over some of the finest country in the Province of Ontario, we were not sorry for having chosen it. Not the least attractive feature of the landscape is the constant succession of rapid streams which come tumbling across the track at frequent intervals. The descent from Lake Huron to the level of Lake Erie is quite marked, and as the road crosses the water shed at an approximate right angle, the effect on the view is very pleasing. All the towns along the route have a conservative, yet prosperous look, and the long-settled farms of Lower Ontario will compare favorably with the best agricultural portions of the States.

Arriving at Toronto in the evening, we found that the great annual Agricultural and Mechanical Exposition was trembling on the verge of culmination, and that the farmers and country storekeepers and officials, with their wives, daughters and sweethearts (not forgetting the volunteer companies of Her Majesty's horse), had come in and overflowed the town. And we, who had heretofore regarded Toronto as having been built especially for our benefit, wandered disconsolately from hostelry to hostelry till at the fifth (in grade as well as number) we sank to rest upon a melancholy bed, and in the morning were summoned to a breakfast whose meagerness would delight even the frugal soul of "Nessmuk."

But when we safely landed on the morning train of the Northern & Northwestern Railway for Muskoka wharf, all these things were as though they had never been. For when we are fairly under way on the N. & N., with its baggage checks in our pockets and the conductor's "trip slip" in our hats, then and not till then are we saturated with the conviction that we are fairly and finally "en route," and that everybody on the line from this onward is a sympathizing well-wisher, who is not only willing we should have a good time but will help us if he can.

Why is it that tourists, hunters and fishermen in traveling gravitate together? Possibly aside from the subtle and mys-

in Canada is that you can pick out a man from "the States" half way across a "concession," as the Canucks have it. Suffice it to say, we had not been in the car fifteen minutes till we drifted against a man who had just been to Maskallonge Lake the week before, and who, with his partner and guide, had killed a black bear. The story of the conflict was graphically told, and with various side excursions into kindred topics, served to while away the morning hour very pleasantly. At Rosseau the next day we met the "partner" and were favored with his version of the death of bruin, and a few days later with a modified and reconstructed version as detailed by the guide. We did not obtain the story of the bear for obvious reasons. But I venture to remark that if these three stories could be printed in parallel columns they would afford entertaining and by no means monotonous reading. It developed, however, that while one gentleman was armed with a .47-caliber 65-280 rifle that threw an indefinite number of balls at an incredible velocity (and low trajectory) the weapon got out of order at the critical moment and the fatal missile came from a shotgun. Isn't there danger that our repeating rifles maybe made too effective?

All along Muskoka and Rosseau lakes as the little steamer plunged her way northward that afternoon, we found the summer boarders at Beaumaris, Port Carling, Windemere and other points packing up their effects and preparing for their homeward journeys. JAY BEBE.

TOLEDO, O., April 27.

DEATH OF BURR H. POLK.

ONCE more has been had before to say something of the more than formal relation existing between the FOREST AND STREAM and many of its correspondents. Here and there, in every State of the Union, are men whom the editors have never personally met, yet have learned to esteem with a regard like that which comes of long friendship; and when, now and again, in place of the familiar hand, comes a letter written by another, announcing the death of such a one, the message is received as would be that of the loss of a familiar friend. With such regret have we learned of the death of Col. Burr H. Polk, at his home in Lincoln, Nebraska, May 15. Mr. Polk's name is familiar to the readers of this journal as the author of a number of brightly written sketches of sport and adventure in Mississippi, and in more recent years the West. These papers were characteristic chiefly by reason of the all pervading and abounding good humor and philosophy which triumphed over every disadvantage and drawback, and found pleasure where others might have sulked in the doldrums. The following appreciative estimate of Col. Polk's character is extracted from a Lincoln paper:

"For several years Col. Polk has been an honored citizen of Lincoln, and the unexpected intelligence of his death will bring pain to all who knew him. He was a modest and unobtrusive man and few persons knew him intimately. But those uniformly regarded him with a feeling of affection like that of close kinship. He was a man of ability. As a business man he combined enterprise and conservatism in a happy and successful manner. He had accumulated a handsome competence and had laid his plans for a life of healthful leisure. His word was always as good as his bond. Social and kind-hearted, without a particle of malice or envy or hardness in his composition, liberal to the core in word and deed, there are few such men, and the loss of one is severely felt."

"Col. Polk was born at Taylorsville, Ky., January 15, 1835. He obtained a liberal education and had embarked upon the practice of law at Princeton, Ky., when he married Miss Eliza A. Montgomery, at Petersburg, Ind., March 2, 1853. He continued to make Princeton his home. In September, 1861, he entered the army as captain in the Thirty-third Indiana regiment, serving with the regiment through all the arduous campaigns in which it took part until April 23, 1864, when he was promoted to be adjutant general with the rank of major. In all capacities he was distinguished for coolness and courage, and was twice brevetted for gallantry on the field, the last commission being that of colonel and bearing date of March 13, 1865."

"At the conclusion of hostilities Col. Polk was offered a first lieutenantcy in the regular army, but he preferred—although he had developed a strong personal military feeling—to take up a life that would be more agreeable to his family. In 1868 he removed to Vicksburg, Miss., and engaged in business of various kinds, cotton factoring, contracting and other extensive operations. In these a brother shared and the ventures were quite successful. He also served a term as mayor of Vicksburg by appointment from the governor of the State."

"Having acquired what he deemed an ample fortune for his liberal but not extravagant taste, Col. Polk resolved some six years ago to abandon active business and lead a retired life, devoted to his family and friends and such pursuits as were adapted to simple enjoyments. He came to Lincoln shortly afterward and bought a charming residence on L street in the most desirable portion of the city. He was soon surrounded by a congenial circle of friends. But the seeds of disease had been sown in his system, and as long as two years ago he discovered that his heart was affected. All was done that could be, but nothing availed. He sank steadily into further weakness, and when he reached home a few days ago from spending the winter in the South, he was compelled to take his bed. The end came speedily, and yesterday morning at 9 o'clock he died. He was in full possession of his faculties to the very last and met his end with undisturbed composure."

"Col. Polk's estimable wife and three children survive him. It is hardly possible to state the personal character of Col. Polk without the appearance of fulsome eulogy. He was honest, brave, true, modest, genial, able and whole-souled. All these in a practical, unromantic way that the casual eye might not see, but none the less actually. There are men who might be more widely missed, but none whose departure would cause a deeper heartache."

Mr. T. G. Dabney, of Memphis, Tenn., writes: "Col. Polk was a sportsman in the truest sense, a thorough gentleman, always mindful of the courtesies due between sportsmen, and a whole-souled companion in the field. Col. Polk's career as a sportsman presented the unusual spectacle of a man who had never handled a gun until after he was forty years old, and who then took it up, and by persistent and systematic effort characteristic of the man, soon became a very expert wing shot and skillful sportsman. He was a fluent and very interesting writer, the author of a book entitled, 'The Great American Caravan,' detailing the experience of a party of American tourists in Europe; and also of many interesting communications to FOREST AND STREAM, over the signature B. H. P. Col. Polk died of heart disease, from which trouble he had suffered for some months past, and which caused him, with much regret, to lay aside his gun during that time and content himself with reading of the exploits of others in the columns of his favorite journal, FOREST AND STREAM. His untimely death will be severely felt by a large circle of warm friends, and the fraternity of

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

EARTHWORMS.

THIS is the somewhat technical name for the same animals with which every one becomes acquainted in boyhood under the names of "fishworms" and "angleworms." I suppose they are called earthworms from the peculiar way in which they burrow their holes, namely, by swallowing the earth and passing it through their bodies. There is a popular notion, too, that these animals feed upon earth; this of course in its literal sense is quite erroneous; still it is true that they swallow earth, in which is decaying organic matter, for the food it contains, discharging it again from their bodies when the nutritious matter has been extracted. Everybody has noticed the coiled castings lying near their holes after a rain. I have never seen any explanation of the fact, but I suppose they come to the surface in time of a heavy rain, when their holes have become filled with water, to escape being drowned. The soil having become very wet, their burrows cave in, and the worms have to find their way to the surface by digging a new hole. Having arrived at the top they discharge from their bodies the earth they have swallowed on their way. It is often to be noticed, too, when the ground has been thoroughly wet, that large numbers of them lie on the surface in a stupid, inactive condition, or sometimes quite dead. I think the explanation of this is that the ground is so saturated with water that they are unable to live in it, and being exposed to the air and rain at the surface they are rendered partially insensible or, under sufficiently severe exposure, quite dead.

Probably earthworms come to the surface regularly at night time. I have often seen a brood of ducks go out in the early evening to feed upon them. I am inclined to think that toads make a diet of them too at this time. At any rate their near relations, the frogs, eat them with apparent relish. Another animal said to make them a considerable part of its diet is the mole; this creature uses his sharp-pointed nose to some purpose here, for he burrows into their holes and devours the worms in their own retreat. He is credited with thus serving a useful purpose in stirring up the soil.

The earthworms themselves live chiefly, if not entirely, upon vegetable food. Their object in coming to the surface at night is to obtain food. They are said to cautiously extend a part of their body out of the holes, move it about in search of a leaf or twig and, having found one, draw it after them into their burrows. In this way they lay up a store of food, eating it when it has undergone partial decomposition.

In structure, the earthworm, as any one can see from an examination, is made up of a large number of rings placed behind one another. Of these rings, in a large specimen there are not less than one hundred and fifty. The constrictions where the rings unite are continued inward to form septa, so that the body of the worm is made up of a series of chambers corresponding in number to the rings. The chambers, of course, communicate with one another internally. The most anterior ring is an incomplete one, being only a half ring and forming the upper lip. All the others are complete. The mouth, situated under the upper lip in the second ring, opens into a pretty capacious chamber, called the buccal pouch. This pouch is reversible; by turning it inside out, the animal can not only empty it of objectionable matter it may have swallowed, but perhaps use it also as a sucking organ. By passing the fingers forward along the anterior part of the body, a worm may be made to evert its pouch. This organ opens posteriorly into a tube which runs straight through the body, terminating in the last ring. This tube, of course, is the digestive or alimentary canal. It expands in the anterior region of the body, into an organ corresponding to the stomach of the higher animals, and it also has opening into it the duct of a large organ which performs the office of a liver. The alimentary canal can readily be seen through the skin of a worm, appearing as a dark line.

The back or dorsal surface of an earthworm can always be readily distinguished from its ventral surface by the difference in color between the two; the dorsal surface being brownish red, the ventral a paler hue. Every one must have noticed, too, that the body of an earthworm shows iridescence or play of colors. This is due to the peculiar microscopical structure of a thin cuticle which covers over the entire body of the animal like a sheath. If a worm be placed in alcohol and left a few hours, this cuticle can be peeled off. A piece of it placed under the microscope will then show the cause of the play of colors. It will be seen to be marked by rows of fine lines, which in fact are minute parallel ridges. The rays of light falling upon these ridges and being reflected from them are broken up into their component colors and thus the iridescence produced. A proof of this is that when the worm is stretched the play of colors is interfered with, the explanation being that the stretching causes the ridges to be flattened out. The cuticle, which forms the sheath, consists of a material closely resembling horn in its physical properties. Its office is undoubtedly the protection of the soft muscular parts.

In a good sized specimen one can usually readily see in the dorsal surface, lying above the digestive tube, a narrow red thread. By careful watching this thread may be seen to rhythmically enlarge and contract. It is, in fact, a blood-vessel and it is by its alternate expansions and contractions that the blood is circulated through the body. The worm has no heart or at least no more than what is represented by this blood-vessel. Besides this dorsal vessel there are others connected with it and supplying all parts of the body. Not to go too much into detail I will only say that besides the blood in these vessels there is another white fluid in the general cavity of the body sometimes spoken of as blood. Curiously enough this latter fluid is always the home of one or more species of microscopic animal parasites. There are few animals, indeed, that are not the unwilling hosts of some degraded creatures that maintain life only by preying on that of another.

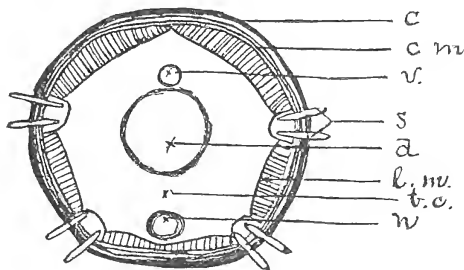
If an earthworm be gently drawn through the fingers from the head to the tail the ventral surface will be found to offer a slight resistance. This is due to the presence of short stiff bristles, called setae, which serve as organs of locomotion. In a large specimen they can readily be seen. They are arranged in four double rows running parallel along nearly the whole length of the body. The outer double rows are just below the line where the brownish-red back surface fades into the paler ventral surface; the inner rows are one on each side of the middle line of the body. Except the first three or four

rings of the head and the last one of the tail, each is provided with four pairs of these bristles, so that in a full grown worm of 150 rings there are between eleven and twelve hundred walking organs. Each bristle has muscle attached to it, by the contraction of which it is made to move forward and backward, and thus the progression of the worm effected. However, the animal is not entirely dependent upon these organs for locomotion. On level surfaces progression is effected chiefly by serpentine movements produced by the contractions of strong lateral muscles. It is when the worm climbs inclined and perpendicular surfaces that the bristles come into play. That they are able to climb at such angles is shown by the fact that they are often found in situations which they could only have reached by ascending steeply inclined surfaces. Of course, I am here leaving entirely out of account their ability to climb perpendicularly in their holes.

There is a popular notion that earthworms possess a remarkable power of resisting mutilation; that a worm may be cut into pieces and each piece will grow into a new worm. It is quite true that this animal is able to suffer the removal of the posterior part of its body without any apparent permanent injury, but it is equally certain that if the anterior portion be cut off both parts perish. In the anterior third of the body are situated all the principal vital organs, the stomach, liver, "brain" and reproductive organs. It is certainly not to be supposed that a part of the body deprived of these organs could maintain life. Probably any portion of the body posterior to these organs can be removed without destroying the life of the anterior part.

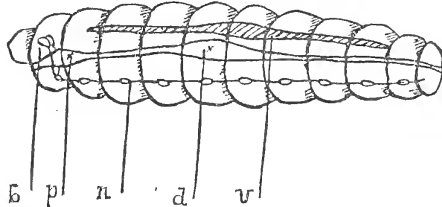
I have just referred to the "brain" of the earthworm. It is at least true that this humble animal possesses an organ which is fairly comparable to the one which is highest and chiefest in the more advanced members of the animal kingdom. It consists of two small oval-shaped masses of nerve matter situated in about the fourth or fifth ring above the alimentary canal. Each one gives off a nerve cord which, encircling the alimentary tube, unite below in a ganglion from which nerve cords are again given off to supply all parts of the body. From the fact of its possession of a fairly well developed nervous system it may safely be reasoned that it gives the creature some pain when the sharp-pointed hook is passed through its body.

The organs of respiration in the earthworm are very curious. In each segment or ring is a pair of organs which, for want of a better name, are simply called segmental organs. They consist of greatly twisted tubes, one end of each of



CROSS-SECTION OF EARTHWORM.

c, cuticle; c.m., circular muscle fibres; v., blood vessel; s., seta; d., digestive canal; l.m., longitudinal muscle fibres; b.c., body cavity; n., nerve trunk.



REPRESENTATION OF EARTHWORM.

b, brain; p., pharynx; n., nerve chain; d., digestive canal; v., blood vessel.

which opens interiorly in the general body cavity, and the other communicates with the external world through a pore in the skin and cuticle. The microscope shows that these tubes are lined with vibrating cilia and it is believed that by their action currents of air and possibly water are made to pass in and out of the body. In this way they are thought to serve an office similar to that of the lungs in the higher animals.

Earthworms have no organs of vision, yet it is quite certain they are susceptible to light impressions. A simple experiment proves this. If some worms be placed in a pot of earth and taken into a dark room, after a time they would come to the surface. If a bright light be then brought near them they will speedily hide in the earth. It is thought that the head region alone is susceptible to these impressions. It is probable that from the two main nerve-masses, nerves are given off to this part of the body which, in an imperfect way, perform the office of the optic nerves in the higher animals. As to the sense of hearing, these animals appear to be perfectly deaf. They seem to take no notice of the loudest noises made in their vicinity. It is true that if one stamps on the ground near them they hastily retreat, but they are undoubtedly made aware of the jar through the sense of touch rather than that of hearing. Their dullness in seeing and hearing is partially made good by their extreme susceptibility to touch. They are very sensitive to contact in every part of their bodies.

An interesting fact about these worms is that while each animal is bi-sexual, producing both the male and female reproductive elements, it is still necessary for fecundation that two worms shall come together. A German naturalist, Von Hensen, who has made these animals a subject of long study, says that pairing takes place in the night time in the months of July and August. The worms cling to each other by means of the thick saddle-shaped portion of skin situated about a third of the way back from the anterior end of the body. The young earthworm at birth is like an old one except that it is much smaller and consists of fewer rings. It grows not only by the rings increasing in size, but also by the addition of new ones. I do not remember to have seen any statement as to their length of life.

There are quite a number of species of earthworms, the most noticeable differences being those of size and color. There is one European species which attains a length of a

foot and a half and is as large around as a man's little finger. As far as I know, earthworms are found in all temperate and tropical regions.

At the approach of winter they go deep into their holes and, passing into a dormant condition, remain until they feel the warmth of the spring sun. According to the observer whom I have quoted above, their holes are sometimes six feet deep. The deepest part is set with small stones, about as large as a pin's head, which are placed there by the worm itself, and when such stones cannot be found small seeds are used. "The delicate rootlets of plants also often run through the whole length of the holes, forming beautiful webs along the walls."

It was thought by Darwin that these worms perform a very important work in maintaining the fertility of the soil. He calculates that "in many parts of England a weight of more than ten tons of dry earth annually passes through their bodies and is brought to the surface on each acre of land." When it is remembered that the growth of plants is dependent upon the supply of nitrogen contained in the surface soil, and that when this element has been used up the soil can regain it only by lying idle for a while, it is seen how important an office these worms serve in bringing to the surface the rich subsoil and allowing the exhausted surface soil to regain fertility. Besides this, it is probable that all soils, even dry, sandy ones, are enriched by being passed through their bodies. Then there is the fact that, by their constant burrowing, the soil is rendered loose and porous, so that air and water can get at the roots of plants. Darwin said, "It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly-organized creatures."

JAMES STOLLER.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

THE following account of the Smith College Audubon Society was written by one of the lady professors of the College for the *Rutland Herald*. It is in itself interesting and is of value also as giving excellent suggestions for the work of local Audubon everywhere:

"About two months ago a few of the students of Smith College felt that the time had come for some definite expression of the interest that had long been felt in the cause of our native birds and for some organized effort for their protection. The history of the various conferences, committees and meetings that resulted is not necessary; it is enough to say that the students decided to form a Smith College branch of the AUDUBON SOCIETY.

"Enthusiasm for so righteous a cause could not but be forthcoming and in abundance, but zeal should be according to knowledge, which was conspicuously lacking. With the best wills in the world, it soon became clear to the directors of the society that only the merest beginning had been accomplished, when two-thirds of the students had given up wearing birds on their bonnets, that the practical and theoretical bearings of the subject are by no means easy to get, for unless one is near an ornithologist or a good collection, it is very difficult to find out much about birds.

"In view of these facts a careful subdivision of work was clearly necessary to success. At the regular meetings of the society, to be held once a month, the information of the members will be constantly increased by lectures from men who have given time and skill to the study of everything connected with birds—from their habits to the ethics of their treatment by man—by papers setting forth the results of investigation or collation on the part of members themselves, by the reports of the field work done among the members. These regular meetings are thus to serve a double purpose, in spurring the members on to new efforts and in recording what has been accomplished.

"A committee has been formed, to serve for one year, having in charge the careful oversight of these meetings and the making up of their programmes. They also appoint other committees to take charge of the field work which is organized, in general, as follows: Three parties are to set out from the college on different days of the week, due notice of the hour and destination being posted in some designated part of the building. Each party is to be under the guidance of a person sufficiently experienced in field work to be of practical assistance to the beginners who may join the expedition. The work will consist of observation of birds, efforts to learn their habits, song and distinguishing marks, of the practical study of botany and meteorology, and in short of that careful, discriminating tracing of nature's workings that makes vital the dead words of text-book information.

"The leaders of these parties will at first be obliged to instruct somewhat larger audiences than are convenient, but it is believed that as the information is diffused, the parties can break up into smaller groups, helping out their knowledge by the use of keys and text books and gaining much more freedom as regards time and strength. The leaders of the parties will also teach the members efficient ways of recording their observation and will see that the work is put into proper shape for report to the society.

"The main committee will have charge of whatever work may seem practicable in the way of interesting the public in any of the aspects of their subject. The circulars of the AUDUBON SOCIETY, of the American Ornithologists' Union, the numbers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, are fast enlightening people's minds; but there remains a wide field for local societies in interesting the children of public and private schools, in teaching them to hunt birds 'without a gun,' in making them increasingly intelligent and merciful. The committee hopes to be greatly aided in its efforts by the occasional presence of specialists who will accompany the parties and direct their observation. With all these aids the work will go on slowly at first, but it is believed that the patience and industry will yield even richer returns here than in their work."

SMITH COLLEGE, Northampton, Mass., May 18.

ONE FOOL COMMENDS ANOTHER.—The Lake Charles (La.) *Echo* says: "Mr. R. A. Sibley, of Edgerly, is shipping about 2,500 bird skins per month to Newark, N. J. This is an industry which has lately been inaugurated in these parts, and promises to be of some importance. Mr. Sibley ships the skins of the jay, lark, snipe, crane hawk, owl, black and other birds. The prices range from 5 to 12½ cents each. Our readers are aware that of late years bird feathers are being used much more than formerly for trimming purposes, hence the increased demand. As these birds are very destructive to the rice crops in injuring the stands, it is not such wanton waste as it would be were they killed alone for their plumes."

DEATH OF THE "SPOOK" GROUSE.—Toledo, O., May 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With much regret I am compelled to announce the death of the famous "spook grouse" of Athens, Greco county, New York. Mr. Brady, its owner, kindly consented to loan me the bird, which he sent by express on the 27th ult., and he arrived in Toledo the evening of the day following. The bird appeared sleepy and stupid on arrival, but the following morning was placed in an outdoor coop, where he still appeared to feel dull and sluggish. The next morning, Friday, on going out to the coop I found him (I think it was a male) lying on his back dead, having been in my hands alive barely twenty-four hours. The body was returned to Mr. Brady with the request that he would send to you for examination. While I deeply regret that the bird died on my hands, he did not seem in good health when received, and his head had a wound on top not fully healed, indicating some previous confinement. He weighed at death but fifteen ounces, and was so thin that the skin had worn off the point of the breast bone. I am very anxious to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the bird's death. I cannot think it possible he died through anything occurring in the short time I had him.—JAY BEBE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich.—House wrens appeared on the 15th of May.—KEELIE.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE full report of the FOREST AND STREAM's trajectory test of hunting rifles has been issued in pamphlet form, with the illustrations and the tabular summary, making in all 96 pages. For sale at this office, or sent post-paid. Price 50 cents.

INVEIGLING A GOBBLER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wrote you a short time ago of my intended wild gobbler hunt. Well, I went; and before me as I write lies a trophy of which any hunter might be proud—a heavy nine-inch beard and a tuft of feathers whose matchless sheen of bronze and black and green and gold and blue and flame, would make the proudest bronze gobbler in America ashamed of himself. I have killed wild turkeys in different parts of the South and West, but have never seen any whose plumage would at all compare with that of several old gobblers it was my good fortune to kill in the valley of the Tennessee River in north Alabama. Two in particular, killed near the same place, but at intervals of several years, had plumage of indescribable brilliancy and beauty. They perhaps belonged to the same family. I will send you a specimen of the feathers plucked from different parts of the body of my last victim, that you may form some idea of the wonderful richness of his plumage. From boyhood a wild gobbler hunt in the early spring time has been to me the very highest type of sporting pleasure.

Often when a boy, more than thirty years ago, down on the banks of the Tombigbee, have I rolled out of a comfortable bed an hour before daylight and hied me away in the depths of the deep tangled forests, the favorite haunts of my game, to there await the coming dawn. All nature is still, but the air is perfumed with the odor of the bursting leaves and flowers, and it is a pleasure to commune with nature in such an hour. But I mean business, and with ears strained to catch every sound, I watch the stars grow paler, indicative of the approaching daylight. Presently the redbird whistles his matin note and I know the dawn has come. How eagerly I listen now, for I know full well that if an old gobbler is within a mile of me it is time he were beginning to make his morning salutations to the rising sun. I love music, but I had rather hear the thrilling notes of an old wild gobbler, as from the top of some giant oak, deep down in the forest, he heralds the dawn of day with his exultant gobble, than to listen to the best orchestra in America. Ah, how they make the blood leap in the veins of a hunter. He knows the nature of his game, and he also knows right well that in order to bring him to bag, the best skill of which he is possessed must be brought into play.

Wild gobbler hunting is a science, and to be successfully followed requires skill, patience and experience. They are perhaps the wariest of all the American game birds, quick of sight and hearing, forever suspicious of danger, and always on the alert; it is an accident if you stumble on one, and an inexperienced hunter is wasting time in attempting his capture with the "arts deceptive," especially if he tries his winning ways" on one that has once been fooled and shot at. The very difficulty of his capture makes him the worthier prize, and the wariness of the game stimulates the ambition of the sportsman. There is one thing that adds greatly to the enjoyment of gobbler hunting in the early spring. They are comparatively local in their habits, and their gobbling in the mornings, before leaving their roosts, can be heard at long distances. Their whereabouts can thus be readily ascertained, and the hunter is not left in doubt as to the presence of his game, and when once located it becomes purely a question of skill as to whether he succeeds or not.

Old gobblers are inclined to be solitary in their habits, generally roosting alone, but in the neighborhood of the hens. The main point of advantage is secured by getting near their roosting tree before they leave the roost, which they rarely do until after sunrise. It is a dangerous operation to attempt to approach one on the roost after daylight. His quick eyes and ears will almost invariably detect your approach, and when he does he does not stand on the order of his going, nor waste any time in arranging his toilette before he puts a half mile of forest between you and himself. The skillful hunter will select a place about two hundred yards distant, and after his nerves are quiet, will give a gentle yelp or two with his call just loud enough for his gobbliness to hear. He will let you know he hears you, for in a moment he will answer with a lustier gobble, and if your ears are good you will hear the roaring bur-r-r-r of his wings as he struts upon the limb. Look out now, for unless he has been hunted and fooled before, you will hear him launch his ponderous body from the limb and he will strike the ground very near your hiding place. If you are too near his tree he will most probably fly past you, and unless you are a quick wing shot or you are well concealed your chances are gone. I have lost several splendid old fellows in this way. If he is roosting with hens, or if he gets with hens before he answers your call, your chances to entice him away are slim. The hens seem jealous of his attentions, and nine times in ten will lead him off in another direction.

But the hardest customer to deal with is an old gobbler

who has been fooled a time or two and shot at. To his dying day he will bank largely on discretion. To him gallantry henceforth becomes a secondary consideration. He will answer your call, but will march off in an opposite direction, gobbling as he goes, as much as to say to the supposed hen, if you would like to see me you can follow me. Or, as sometimes happens, he will quit gobbling and will make a circuit around you, and before you know it he has taken a view of you from the rear, and his put, put, put as he rapidly disappears notifies you that you have been outwitted.

The old gobbler that I brought to bag a few days ago was one whose education had not been neglected by local sportsmen, and I think I gave him a lesson myself once before that he had not forgotten. Myself and a friend had started out before daylight. The morning was calm and bright and balmy and beautiful. Everything was propitious. Standing in the deep, still forest when the first gray streaks of the morning light were struggling in the east with reluctant shadows of night, with ears intent, I caught the welcome sound of a gobble near a mile away. Off we started as fast as the circumstances would permit. But we were impeded by the tangled brush and by branches and sloughs of water, and our progress was slow. Every now and then I hear the notes of the old bird in the distance, and on we press. Plain and plainer come the sounds, and directly we are near enough to be cautious. The daylight is full upon us. My friend goes to the right and I to the left. We are going to take double chances on him. As I approach my place I hear him fly to the ground, some hundred and fifty yards away. The woods are very thick with vines and brush and logs, and one can see but a short distance. In a few minutes I venture a yelp or two on the call and the old fellow answers me with a lusty gobble, and I distinctly hear the strut of his wings. In a few minutes I yelp again. Another gobble answers, but further away, and I know now I have a wary old bird to deal with. I move up a little and bear further to the left, as he seems to be moving that way. Again I sound the elusive call of his mate. Ah! how he gobbles and struts in response. An old gobbler is like a man, in that he has a high regard for modesty and doesn't like an over-anxious sweetheart. So I deal cautiously and sparingly with my call. The old fellow is independent, however, and struts and gobbles as if to intimate that he had a whole harem of hens with him, and if the little lone hen out there in the bushes wanted any fun, she had better come up and join the majority. The little lone hen knew it would not do to attempt an approach, however, and discreetly kept in the background. She was a very modest hen. The old fellow got out of patience because she would not come to him, and started off, gobbling as he went, as much as to say, you can follow if you like. By a flank movement I managed to intercept his course, and creeping up behind an old fallen tree, whose upturned roots shielded me from his sight, I managed to get within a hundred yards of him as he passed. He was gobbling every few steps, so that the hen in the bushes might have no earthly excuse for being left. He was walking very deliberately, every few yards stopping to gobble and strut. I could just get a glimpse of him through the thick undergrowth as he moved along. Taking my call and giving a low yelp, and a few confidential clucks, indicating that the hen in the bushes was about as independent as he was, the old fellow became intensely excited. He got out of the notion of leaving altogether, and gobbled as if he would choke himself. But still he would not come. He then made a circuit around me, gobbling every few minutes. I could plainly hear the roar of his wings as he strutted, but the bushes were so thick I could not see him. Finally he stopped about seventy-five yards from me, as near as I could judge, and for ten or twenty minutes gobbled almost incessantly. That was the most unaccountably independent little hen turkey out there he had ever encountered. A careless little yelp, and a confidential cluck or two was all he could get for all his gobbling and strutting. Curiosity now began to get the better of his discretion and he advanced a few steps, but covered his position, like an old soldier, behind a large stump. He was within sixty yards of me, but for ten minutes he stood behind that stump and gobbled one time after another. He was very anxious now to see his sweetheart, but she was provokingly indifferent. At last he could stand it no longer. He would risk seeing her at all hazards, and with feathers drawn close to his body, and with sly and cautious tread, he advanced a few paces to the right of the stump and stepping up on a little mound began prying through the bushes in quest of the little hen that had manifested such indifference to his lordly attention. I was ready for him. My finger was on the trigger of my Colt's hammerless, and in a moment more the proud old bird fell backward from the little mound too dead to flutter. It had taken two hours of the best work I could do to bring him to bay; but when I stood over him and admired his grand proportions and the matchless beauty of his plumage I felt proud of my triumph and well repaid for my trouble. H. E. JONES.

NASRVILLE, Tenn.

WILDFOWL OF WESTERN STATES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My article in your issue of Oct. 1, 1885 on wildfowl in domestication, having brought me inquiries from the East in regard to the identity and local and technical names of some of the species therein mentioned, I will submit to your readers a short description, from the hunter's standpoint, of each variety known to the West. In this I shall endeavor to confine myself to my own experience or that of my friends and those hunters whom I am personally acquainted with. As sportsman, hunter and amateur naturalist I have paid particular attention to the waterfowl of this section for many years, and while my field has been limited to the Illinois River and adjacent lakes and tributaries, yet those are as good hunting grounds as can be found in the West, and it is safe to say that any species of duck not met with there is not likely to be found within the Mississippi valley.

The impression seems to prevail among some sportsmen, and especially those in the Eastern States, that most varieties of ducks common along the seaboard are not found in the West, or at most but rarely. While this is true of the scoters, etc., it does not by any means apply to the majority of the more edible species; hence the division by some writers into the two classes, inland and seacoast, or fresh and salt water birds, is manifestly incorrect, as the two classes are found here in about equal abundance at the proper seasons. From a hunter's standpoint, I like Long's classification into deep and shoal water ducks better. The deep-water birds dive for food, while the shoal-water class feed on the surface, or where they can reach the bottom with their necks, which are consequently, as a rule, longer than those of the deep-water tribe.

Then the market shooters and game dealers have another

system of division by which canvasbacks, redheads, mallards and black mallards are known as "large ducks," but each quoted by its proper name; teal constitute a class by themselves, and all other kinds pass as "small ducks" although larger than, and many species nearly as palatable as teal, and bring the lowest price of any. There is a tolerably regular way of fixing prices in Chicago market, which runs about as follows: Canvasbacks are the highest priced (usually \$4.50 to \$6 per dozen), redheads next at one-half this price, plus twenty-five cents; mallards just half, then teal about fifty to seventy-five cents less than mallards, with "small ducks" ranging from one dollar to one dollar and seventy-five cents, but sometimes as low as sixty cents per dozen! It makes no difference what species the "small ducks" consist of, they may be fishy spoonbills or delicious widgeons, or heavy gray ducks, or a mixture of all kinds, yet their names are never given, nor would the average purchaser know any more about them if they were.

For the recognized common names, as well as the scientific nomenclature in the following list, I am indebted to the "Bulletin of the U. S. National Museum," published under direction of the Smithsonian Institution (No. 21, 1881). I presume no one will hesitate to acknowledge Mr. Ridgway and Prof. Baird as good authorities. After the technical names I give the various local and popular appellations, so far as known to me. For synonyms, description of plumage, etc., except what seems absolutely necessary, I must refer your readers to the standard works on ornithology. Within the limits of an article like this only the slightest notice of each species is practicable.

WHOOPIER CRANE (*Grus americana*).—This beautiful, large, snowy white bird with black wing-tips I think no longer visits sections this side the Mississippi River. Indeed it is not and never was very plenty anywhere. It has been a number of years since I heard of one being killed in this State. In common with the next species it is a grain-eating bird and not to be confounded with the white herons, which are here universally known as "white cranes." Its flesh is consequently excellent eating, but the species is virtually extinct so far as this section is concerned, and to kill one would be considered phenomenal. Specimens have been taken weighing as much as thirty pounds.

SANDHILL CRANE (*Grus canadensis*), occasionally called brown crane. Like the preceding, this bird has evidently taken a more western path in its migrations, although it has not altogether deserted the Illinois River route. Nearly every spring a few pass over this part of the country, but they rarely stop, even in the bottoms, and it is but seldom one is killed of late years. They always were more plenty than the whoopers, and I have heard old pioneers say that when they first came to the State, the prairies would sometimes be alive with them at the proper seasons. In the fall they sometimes did great damage to fields of corn which had been left standing for winter gathering. Now they do not seem to come in the fall at all, or if they do I fail to see or hear them, and I have heard their peculiar cry in the spring when the birds themselves were so high up as to be almost invisible. The sandhill weighs perhaps fifteen pounds or thereabouts and its flesh is preferred by some to that of the wild goose. Both the cranes roost about the water but do not feed there, preferring the fields.

TRUMPETER SWAN (*Olor buccinator*).—This king of waterfowl, though by no means common, yet occasionally visits the ponds, lakes and overflowed prairies along the Illinois, especially in the spring, and some seasons is really plenty considering the bird. A friend of mine of much practical experience as a market shooter of wildfowl, told me that only last spring there were more swans on the Sangamon bottom (a tributary of the Illinois) than he had seen for years, so they are not decreasing in numbers. Very few are killed, however, as they are hard to get a shot at and the hunters prefer to give their attention to the more certain and profitable business of duck shooting. This same hunter, while down South on a shooting trip a few winters ago, found a place in the "sunk lands of Arkansas" or New Madrid Swamps where swans were plenty (for them) and the opportunities for shots good, and his party killed quite a number without special effort. And none of your whistling swans (*Olor americanus*) such as you have on the Atlantic coast, not much bigger than an overgrown goose, but magnificent trumpeters, some of which he thinks would weigh near fifty pounds. It is a matter of record by some one (Audubon?) of a trumpeter that weighed thirty-eight pounds.

BLUE-WINGED GOOSE (*Chen caerulescens*).—Also known as the white-headed or blue goose, and by Western hunters called the bald brant. Some seasons these birds are remarkably plenty with us, sometimes alighting on the overflowed prairies and cornfields where the stalks are well broken down, again passing over without stopping. Yet comparatively few are killed, as duck shooting offers so much better prospects of success, and geese of all kinds are so low in price that the market-hunters seldom bother them unless they come in the way, and they are too wary for the novices to do much with. The species can be readily recognized by those who are unacquainted with it by its white head and upper part of neck, the amount of which varies, however, and does not seem dependent on either age or sex. The rest of the plumage is somewhat the color of a blue heron on the sides, deepening into a darker bluish brown on the back and breast. The scapulars and tertials are deep brown (nearly black) along the center, shading off into cream color at the edges, giving that part of the body a beautiful striped appearance. The young until of more than a year of age (just how old not known, as these birds do not breed in domestication) do not have the white neck and head, and the body is rather a paler blue in color, thus giving rise to the impression among the hunters that they are a different variety.

SNOW GOOSE (*Chen hyperboreus*).—Pure white, with black wing tips and known to our hunters as the white brant. This goose belongs to the same genus as the last described, and very much resembles it in form, habits, etc., and in all save color a description of one applies to the other. In fact, for a long time the blue goose was considered, even by naturalists, as only the immature young of the snow goose. Both kinds are more noisy than other species of geese, and generally travel in larger flocks and not so regular order, and mix indiscriminately in the same flock, whether feeding or traveling. One peculiarity they have in common is worthy of mention, viz., the formation of the bill. The mandibles appear as if they were separated along the edges (which are black in color), thus exposing the "teeth," and making it appear as though the bird was grinning. The young of the snow goose until of proper age is a sort of grizzly gray or grayish white in color, hence many hunters think this is still another species.

AMERICAN WHITE-FRONTED GOOSE (*Anser albifrons gambeli*).—This is the standard and universally known brant of

the West, the one which is always meant when no qualifying adjective is used, although occasionally it is called speckle-belly on account of the black patchy feathers on the breast. This bird, although frequently very plenty with us, I understand is rarely met with in the Eastern States. No one will have the least difficulty in identifying it, however, should they kill one, as they are very much like a tame goose in color, except the black on the breast. This ranges all the way from a few scattering feathers to nearly a solid black surface. There is also a narrow band of white feathers around the base of the bill, whence the name. There are more of these brant killed than both the other kinds put together, as they are more certain to stop with us than the others, and their habits are much more regular and free from eccentricity in this respect, resembling the

CANADA GOOSE (*Bernicla canadensis*), which is too well-known to require much notice. It is sufficient to state that these birds still visit us, though in no such numbers as in former years. They are not often hunted regularly, but only killed when chance opportunity offers while watching for ducks. This is the only species called "wild goose" by local hunters, all other varieties being known as brant here in the West, where the true brant is unknown. Some years ago my hunter friend of whom I have spoken, while shooting on Sangamon bottom, made a stand on a passway where geese were flying low to get protection by the timber from a driving blizzard, and succeeded in killing thirty-six in one day with a single barrel muzzle-loader, but then circumstances singularly favored him. Now one could not go out and count on getting a single goose with certainty, though when everything is favorable some hunters occasionally make reasonable bags yet.

HUTCHINS'S GOOSE (*Bernicla canadensis hutchinsi*).—Is not plenty, but some are killed. These birds are marked exactly like the regular wild goose (Canada), of which they are merely a race or variety, and not a distinct species, differing only in size, which is about that of the blue, snow and white-fronted species, all of which will average about six and a half pounds in weight, while the Canada ranges from less than ten up to fifteen or more, the average being about twelve. Hutchins's goose is included by hunters with all the other small species under the general appellation of "brant," being further distinguished by the eponym of "goose brant." My knowledge of this variety is limited, but I am half way inclined to believe that they are not even a distinct race of *canadensis*, as they gradually intergrade in size with the latter, and the dividing line can no more be drawn than it can be determined just when a pig becomes large enough to be called a hog.

Of the two other varieties, the white-cheeked goose (*B. canadensis leucoparia*) and the larger white-checked goose (*B. c. occidentalis*) I know nothing, and think it would take an expert to separate them from simple *canadensis* or *hutchinsi*. There is no more puzzling question presented to naturalists than this, in regard to the common wild goose. They are not able to say whether several species have become inextricably mixed by hybridization, or whether they are simply extreme variations of one and the same species. The latter view is the one generally accepted, and consequently they are approximately divided into the four races or varieties which I have named. There is some difference in the marking between *canadensis* and *hutchinsi* on the one hand and *leucoparia* and *occidentalis* on the other which I cannot take space now to notice, but they all intergrade, and the largest specimen in the Smithsonian Institution is as big as a half grown swan, while the smallest will stand underneath it and is no larger than a baldpate duck, yet with an unbroken series between, connecting the two. So much for the geese. In my next I will pay my respects to the ducks.

JUNES P. LEACH.

RUSHVILLE, Illinois.

DEVICES AGAINST MOSQUITOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your London correspondent, "J. J. M.," in the last number of your paper recommends a muslin tent for protection against mosquitoes in an outing, and gives a method of making it.

This is unnecessary, particularly for this country. The outer who goes for a prolonged stay by lake or stream side or in the woods without an ordinary mosquito bar, as it is made in the United States, is a new and green hand, or fears the additional three pounds' weight in carries more than he values his peace and quietness at night. The ordinary bar with folding top, with ring for suspension, can be used inside or outside of an ordinary tent. I have found it necessary for solid comfort to see that it was well tucked in at the head and sides of the blankets, and that it be kept well away from the head and face. Uncivilized mosquitoes have long bills, and they insert them through the interstices of the bar if it is near blood. Since my first season's camping out on Lake Superior, many years ago, I have never been without a bar suspended from the tent pole. That season I realized the insecurity of a bar across the tent door, for it was not always practicable entirely to close all the openings at the bottom of the tent on rough or rocky ground. Since then I have never lost a night's sleep from mosquitoes.

The bar is no protection, however, from sandflies or "no-see-ems" and the black fly. But good judgment as to camping ground will in a measure be a security against the former, and the latter ceases its ravages at sunset. But to read or sketch with or without a bar where the black fly is numerous, without smoking in the daytime is impossible. I have found some preparations of "dope" the only resource, frequently in reading, fishing or on carries. Certainly without some of them there can be no such thing as loafing.

If there are such things as degrees in mosquitoes I reached the superlative once at Montreal Island, Lake Superior. We reached there one night in the twilight. Outside the bar the world was full of ravid ones. While they did not put the fire out, in spite of a dozen smudges, the guides could not cook supper, and we put up with coffee and hardtack. But inside the bar we were comfortable. We left at half past one the next morning, taking breakfast at Point of Mines. H.

MAY 22, 1886.

THE FIELD SPORTS CLUB of Havana, Cuba, is a new organization, established for the promotion of outdoor recreation and the protection and introduction of game. Protective laws have been secured, and being something new naturally provoke opposition from the classes accustomed to shoot in season and out of season. The Field Sports Club, however, proposes to see that the laws are respected, and some progress in this direction has already been made. It is the purpose of the club to introduce some new game to the island. They are now seeking communication with parties who can supply American game (other than quail) for restocking.

ARKANSAS GAME GROUNDS.—Clarendon, Ark., May 18.—There are very many squirrels here. We have no game law here except for ruffed grouse, quail, deer and turkey. The law on them was like locking the door after the horse was stolen; it came far too late. Many beautiful songsters are slaughtered by indolent negroes and other thoughtless persons just for "fun." Many sweet mocking birds are ruthlessly slaughtered just to see 'em "fall." The law protects buzzards, but not the sweetest of bird songsters. Quail are plentiful here. Very few deer and turkey. Bear tracks are plentiful on the "dump," an embankment thrown up a mile in length in the river bottom between here and Grand Prairie. But nobody hunts them here at this time of the year, as they are poor as a snake. Mr. Alf. Daniels, a hunter here, killed seven bears six miles from town up in Cache River bottom. (Cache and White River meet here). Mr. Bob Bobo, who lives opposite here in Mississippi, killed forty black bears last winter. His post-office address is Sunflower Landing, Bolivar county, Miss. Mr. Daniels kills all his bear with two .44 Colts revolvers. He wants no other bear gun, as it would be unhandy getting through the thick, heavy cane brakes. Mr. Bobo does his hunting with .44 repeating rifle. This is a sportsman's paradise from New Port, 150 miles above here, clear on down to New Orleans, La., especially so in the winter time, when ducks, geese and swan are plentiful from Indian Bay, forty miles below here, clear on to the mouth of White River, 150 miles. There is no human habitation except of rattlers, trappers and hunters. You can see there must be some good shooting. Of course, the prairie is thinly settled, but it is five to eight miles from White River.—CAVALIER.

TARGETS VS. GAME.—A somewhat noted rifle shot here, who has a number of badges and medals as proofs of his prowess at the targets, related an exploit, which he seems to enjoy telling as much as his hearers delight in his narration of it. Like Alexander, he was not content with owning the world of targets, his soul was possessed with a yearning to distinguish himself on game. Fired with this ambition, he shouldered his trusty repeater—fired with this ambition, he shouldered his trusty repeater—fired with this ambition, he shouldered his trusty repeater—and started for haunts where the deer family are known to abound. He had not proceeded far down an old corduroy road, ere a lordly buck stepped forth from the leafy wood on to the road, where he stood complacently eying his would-be slayer, with feelings in which curiosity was evidently predominant. The gallant hunter raised his deadly rifle, pressed the fatal trigger once, twice, thrice; in fact, kept on pressing it till his magazine was empty of some dozen shots. The "antlered monarch," no doubt wondering what all the racket was about, having satisfied his curiosity, quietly walked across the road into the forest and was seen no more. The dazed and breathless hunter stood glued to the spot, with wild eyes fixed on the place where the deer had been but was not, for some seconds, when his wits returned, and shouldering his rifle took the direct road home, where he recovered sufficiently by the next day to relate his experience; and it will be some time before the boys forget how "X." shot his first and last deer, for he declares that paper game is good enough for him, and hereafter he will attempt no harm to the wild wanderers of the woods.—C. J. T. (Detroit).

ABOLISH ALL SPRING SHOOTING.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received a letter from E. A. Jackson, a long Island gunner, concerning the new spring snipe law. He says: "The spring law is just the thing. It works well. Hundreds of snipe are seen daily. Yelpers are counted by fifties and hundreds, also robins and plovers are as gentle as chickens. I hope that the law will extend from here to Maine." Let us hope so, too.—J. W. JR.

COLEBROOK, N. H.—The ruffed grouse are more abundant than I have ever seen them in spring here. I cannot learn of the crust-hunters doing any harm on the headwaters of the Connecticut River this spring, unless words count after a hard day's snow-shoe tramping after deer that could distance them easily. Nature beats law.—NED NORTON.

THE NORWAY CUSTOM.—Out in Norway, Menominee county, Mich., when local bruin exploiters go for bear meat the sawmill steam whistles are set to blowing, and all the town turns out to make a din until the lost hunters, guided by the sound, find their way back again.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK BILL.

A BILL

To amend sections twenty-four hundred and seventy-four and twenty-five hundred and seventy-five of the Revised Statutes of the United States, setting apart a certain tract of land lying near the headwaters of the Yellowstone River as a public park.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the boundaries of the Yellowstone National Park, as now fixed by section twenty-four hundred and seventy-four of the Revised Statutes, shall hereafter be as follows: Beginning at a point on the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude where said parallel is intersected by the western boundary of the Territory of Wyoming; thence due east to its point of intersection with the meridian of one hundred and ten degrees west longitude; thence due south five miles; thence due east to the meridian of one hundred and nine degrees and thirty minutes west longitude; thence due south along said meridian to the forty-fourth parallel of north latitude; thence due west along said parallel to its point of intersection with the west boundary of the Territory of Wyoming; thence due north along said boundary line to the place of beginning; and it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Interior to cause an accurate survey to be made of the boundaries of said park as established by this act, said survey to be recorded in the office of the surveyor-general and Commissioner of the General Land Office of the United States, as provided by law.

Sec. 2. That the said park shall hereafter be under the sole and exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, and that all of the laws applicable to places under the sole and exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, except so far as modified by this act, shall be in full force and effect in said park. That nothing in this act shall be construed to forbid the service of any civil or criminal process of any court having jurisdiction in the county or district in which said park is now located, or may hereafter be located, in the said Territory of Wyoming. If any offense shall be committed in said Yellowstone Park, which offense is not prohibited or the punishment thereof is not specially provided for by any law of the United States, or by any regulation of the Secretary of the Interior as provided by this act, such offense shall be liable to and receive the same punishment as the laws of the Territory of Wyoming in force at the time of the commission of the offense may provide for a like offense in the said Territory; and no subsequent repeal of any such law of the Territory of Wyoming shall affect any prosecution for such offense committed within said park. All fugitives from justice taking refuge in said park shall be subjected to the same laws as the refugees from justice found in the Territory of Wyoming. If any violation of the laws or regulations of the Territory of Wyoming, the said park, for all the purposes of this act, shall remain and constitute a part of the third judicial district of said Territory; and the district court of the said judicial district, when exercising the jurisdiction of a district or circuit court of the United States, shall have jurisdiction of all felonies committed within said park.

Sec. 3. That all the territory embraced within the limits of the park as herein established shall be reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy, or sale under the laws of the United States;

and dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasure-ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people of the United States; and said territory so set apart shall be under the control of the Secretary of the Interior, and subject to all the provisions of sections numbered twenty-four hundred and seventy-four and twenty-five hundred and seventy-five of the Revised Statutes of the United States, except as herein otherwise provided.

Sec. 4. That the Secretary of the Interior shall make and publish such rules and regulations as he may deem necessary and proper for the management and care of the park especially for the preservation from injury or spoliation of all timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities, or wonderful objects within said park, and for the protection of the animals and birds found in the park, to prevent their capture or destruction. He shall cause all persons trespassing upon the park to be removed therefrom, and shall take all measures which he may think necessary to carry out the purposes of this act; and the Secretary of War is hereby directed to make such details of troops as the Secretary of the Interior, with the approval of the President, may require for the purpose of preventing trespassers or intruders from entering the park with the object of destroying the animals and birds thereof, or for other illegal purposes, and for removing such persons from the park.

Sec. 5. That all hunting or the killing, wounding, or capturing at any time, of any wild animal or bird, except dangerous animals when it is necessary to prevent them from destroying human life or inflicting an injury, is prohibited within the limits of said park; nor shall any fish be taken out of the waters of the park by means of seines, nets, traps, or by the use of drugs or any explosive substances or compounds, or in any other way than by hook and line. Any person willfully violating the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction, shall be fined for each offense not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment not more than three months, or by both such fine and imprisonment. Possession within the said park of the dead bodies, or any part thereof, of any wild animal or bird shall be prima facie evidence that the person or persons having the same are guilty of violating this act. Any person or persons, or stage, express, or railroad company, receiving for transportation any of the said animals or birds, or the carcasses or skeletons thereof, or the skins of such animals, birds, or fish were killed or captured or taken from the park, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall forfeit and pay for every such offense the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, to be recovered by a proceeding in the nature of an information before any Territorial or United States district court within whose jurisdiction such offense was committed; or, when the offense is committed within the park, before the commissioner appointed by the district court of the United States for the Territory or district to institute and prosecute said proceeding in the name of the United States, the amount collected from the party offending to be paid into the Treasury of the United States.

Sec. 6. That the Secretary of the Interior may lease small portions of ground in the park, not exceeding ten acres in extent for each tract, for a period not exceeding ten years, to any one person or company at any one place, on which may be erected hotels and out-buildings, or exclusive privileges heretofore made or given in regard to the use of the public; but such lease shall not include any of the geysers or other objects of curiosity or interest in said park, or exclude the public from the free and convenient approach thereto, or include any ground within one-quarter of a mile of any of the geysers, the Yellowstone Falls, the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone river, or within three hundred feet of the Mammoth Hot Springs; nor shall any hotel or other buildings be erected within the park until such lease shall be executed by the Secretary of the Interior; and all contracts, agreements, or exclusive privileges heretofore made or given in regard to said park, or any part thereof, inconsistent with this act, are hereby declared to be invalid; nor shall the Secretary of the Interior, in any lease which he may make and execute, grant any exclusive privileges within said park except upon the ground leased.

Sec. 7. That the President shall appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a commissioner, learned in law, who shall reside in said park and who shall have jurisdiction to hear and act upon all complaints made by any and all violations of the law or of the rules and regulations made by the Secretary of the Interior, and the government of the park and the protection of the game and objects of interest therein. He shall have the power, upon sworn information, to issue process in the name of the United States, for the arrest of any person charged with the commission of any misdemeanor or within the park, and to summarily try the person so charged and, if found guilty, to fix the punishment as in the next section provided. 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Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A SPRING POEM.

NOW the adolescent homo
Seeks Lumbricus in the shade,
Toiling in paternal garden,
Deftly turning earth with spade,
While the Harporhynchus rufus
Chants his lay in yonder glade.

In this phrase I seek to tell you
That the boy is digging bait
For Salvelinus fontinalis
Near his father's garden gate,
Heedless if the school-bell ringeth
Or the teacher marks him late.

But I see that I've neglected
Adding foot notes to each term,
Hence I'll try to be explicit.
And call on science to affirm
That the Latin name Lumbricus
Is another word for worm.

Salvelinus fontinalis—
There is not the slightest doubt
Boys from Maine to California
All would join in mighty shout,
Laughing at your lack of knowledge,
If you don't know that's a trout.

And, likewise, the Harporhynchus,
Which is singing in the bush
While his mate is incubating,
Pouring fourth his soul in gush,
That's another patronymic
For our brown, our native, thrush.

Hence I only meant to tell you
In the plainest sort of terms,
That this is spring and thrushes sing
Mid nature's budding germs,
And boyish thought turns toward trout
And agile angle worms.

FRED MATHER.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.—XIII.

THE rain grew certainly "had a skinner agin us," for when we got out late next morning the rain was coming down with a steady persistency that moved Ben and the skipper to retire behind old Dan's tent for another talking match, a necessary part of the camp work that we were somewhat accustomed to when occasion demanded, and it seemed that on this particular morning there never had been a time in camp when an exchange of views to ease our minds was more needed.

After breakfast the question was what to do with ourselves. We could not take the girls out to fish in such villainous, rough, rainy weather, and the only thing left for them was to take to the big tent and talk, read, suck maple sugar and pester the philosopher for lunch at irregular intervals, and brag of what they were going to do in the way of depleting the lake of fish when sunshiny days did come. Dan and Muller could sit humped up over the crib or checker board in one corner of the tent and never find out it was raining except when called at meal time. Jim and Mother Jim did not seem to be in pressing need of companionship or consolation aside from that found in each other (newly married people are generally afflicted that way), but what was to become of the two old loons, Hyper and the skipper?

After standing around the fire in our rubber coats for half an hour, "fust on one leg an' then on t'other," like geese on a frosty morning, dodging the smoke puffs and dis-cussin' the situation, I suggested as the only way to keep peace and quiet in camp, that we go a-fishing, and was utterly amazed when the old varmint said "he didn't feel very peert that day an' he b'leaved he wouldn't go out; he'd stay in camp an' make a little fun fur the gals to keep 'em from git'in' the blues, an' git a leetle better acquainted with Miss Annie."

It may be said that Miss Annie, a tall, stately young lady, unobtrusive and gentle in her ways, had come into camp almost a stranger, and for a day or two had seemed rather backward and diffident; but after a few days' contact with the "Jones family" had worn off a layer or two of her natural shyness and reserve, she was as full of life and fun as any of them and had become quite a favorite.

Old Ben had stood in great awe of her for several days, not having, as he said, "jest made up his mind how to size her up." But one morning he had arrived at a conclusion and paid her his highest compliment when he said with grave deliberation, "Tell ye what, Hickory, at first I was kinder afeard ov her, she 'peared so dignified and onsociable-like, but now the gals hev got her thawed out. I can notice a heap o' difference in her an' ye kin jest bet she's a hell-rackin' good gal an' don't ye forget it." After this he seemed easier in mind and was not so "feard" of her, and at the time he declined to go out fishing he and Miss Annie were the best of friends, indulging in frequent encounters of jesting wit, in which Hyper, with all his aptitude at quick retort, not infrequently suffered an inglorious defeat.

The girls were greatly pleased when they learned that Uncle Ben was not going a-fishing, for whenever he was in camp there was no lack of fun and good feeling; he kept them in great good humor, and laughing at his quaint sayings till they had the sideache. I did not catch the drift of the scheme the sly old fox had in mind when he played the "not a feelin' very peert" dodge to get me out of the way, but got ready to go alone—he knew I would go a-fishin' anyhow—however, I found it all out when I returned to camp in the evening. He even helped me pull the lightest of the boats up on the bank to tilt the water out of it, and half an hour later I was across the lake with bass rod and bucket of frogs drifting down shore, locating the likely-looking water to be fished when the weather cleared up and we could take the girls out. The rain stopped falling some time in the afternoon, but it did not improve the fishing much, and during the whole day I got but three big-mouthed bass, a couple of longsnouts and six or eight goggle-eyes which, when first hooked, put on as many airs as a two-pound bass. I had found three or four places, however, notably one a mile and a half perhaps below camp on the opposite side, that prom-

ised good sport when the weather settled and the fish took a notion to feed, and I pulled back in the evening quite satisfied over a well spent day.

When I had pulled the boat up on the bank and stood the rod on the lee side of the big popple, Miss Kit with measured step and mischief in her eye led me to the north end of the fly, and there on the philosopher's table lay a handsome trout a trifle over a foot in length, and then they all tittered and looked mysterious except old Ben who stood apart with a self-satisfied smirk on his face that made me feel like "teehing him up with a bresh," for I saw through his scheme of the morning without waiting for the story to be told. Here was the solution to his "not a feelin' very peert" when I wanted him to go out with me for a day's sport. The hyperbolical old varmint had hung around camp "entertainin' the gals" till the rain was over and then stolen off up the road to the stream near Alexander's and inveigled the third and last trout out of the pool from which I had taken the other two big ones, and now there the blessed old sinner stood with a quizzical grin making crows' feet at the corners of his eyes, looking so innocent that I was moved to join in the merriment and ask for the story of the capture.

"Ye see," he began, after lighting the brier root and coming to an anchor on a camp stool, "I knowed when I fooled ye this mornin' an' got ye off a-fishin' by yerself that ye wouldn't be back till night, an' after ye was gone I fooled 'round with the gals an' let on I was kinder out o' kilter—but I didn't miss my dinner, an' turned up fur lunch every time mind ye—till it quit rainin', an' then I jest slipped out o' camp with ole quintessence an' a box o' wurms an' hied off up the road to the little erick where ye ketched that red hoss t'other day. I didn't fool away any time a pickin' rozberries along the road; fur I 'lowed if I didn't ketch that trout ye'd staked a claim on in less'n five minutes after I dropped my hook in the water I'd go back to camp an' let on I'd only bin to the little branch jest over there in the woods where ye overtook me an' the schoolmaster. I kep' on till I got inside o' the field nigh the woods where you said the deep hole was, an' when I got where I could peep over an' see the water I stopped an' baited my hook mighty keferful, an' slippin' up soft as a cat walkin' on moss, I dropped it in above the big tree an' let it drift down to'ards the root, same as you did when ye ketched the first one.

"Before it got in two foot o' the tree, zip! come a streak o' greased lightnin' out from under the roots an' grabbed it, an' before a hungry houn' could a-swallered a fitch o' bacon I give ole quintessence a side flint an' landed that trout o' yourn ten foot back o' me on the grass.

"Ye see, it was all done so sudden like that I furgot to put in any scientific lies on him; but I reckon it's too late fur him to kick about it now, an' I hev an idea that he'll never find out but what he was knocked out o' that hole by a middlin'-sized yartquake.

"That was the only trout I was a-lookin' fur, an' I felt so ehuck full o' pure delight, as old Dan says, that I never thought o' fishin' another solitary second. I broke a twig an' strung Mister Sally-venus—or whatever that durned jaw-twistin' Latin name is that ye call 'em—on it, an' hitchin' the hook on to one o' the crossbars o' the reel and tightenin' up the line, I broke for camp so bilin' full o' glory an' laugh at outgeneralin' James Mackerel that I forgot to light my pipe.

"When I came to the little five-rail fence at the lower end o' the field I was a-rollin' so high that I stepped clean over it without teehin' a splinter, and when I got into the main road I reckon the steps I took wouldn't average more'n two to a rod till I elim' the fence back there by the woods in sight o' camp, an' then I slowed up considerable fur fear I'd git a-go-in' so fast down the grade that I couldn't stop when I came to the lake. When I got nigh the big tent I sneaked up an' poked the trout 'round in front where they could all see it an'—but I'm gittin' powerful dry talkin' so much; guess I'll go after a bucket o' fresh water, an' some o' the gals kin tell ye the rest."

"Yes," chimed in one of the girls as Ben started with the bucket, "We didn't know he was anywhere near until we heard him say, 'Hello in there! Gaze on that, will ye? James—Mackerel's—trout. What'll he say to that?'" And then they told how the old loon danced and hopped around the fire, with old "quintessence" and the fish held aloft in either hand, and from the description I imagined the performance was much after the manner of the ludicrous antics of a sandhill crane when in a hilarious mood.

The taking of that trout was a mine of fun for old Ben, and there is little doubt that not an angling friend of his but has since heard the story of how he "outgeneraled ole Kingfisher an' ketched his trout that he'd left in the deep hole to git ripe."

Kit and I fished the same stream a week after as far up as the deep hole, but got "nary nibble," much to Miss Kitty's disappointment, as she had evidently made up her mind to show her father a few tricks in trout fishing that he'd never heard of. Not even the big trout near the school house could be induced to show himself, although she spit on her bait in a manner that no susceptible and well-regulated trout might well resist, and fished for him with due diligence and great expectations for a good half hour, her paternal parent not far off meantime struggling under ninety-pound pressure of suppressed laugh at her earnestness, and the anxiety she seemed to be laboring under lest she would run out of charmed bait before his troutship found out she was fishing for him.

But the day was not without its pleasures after all. It was a big treat to her to "go trouting with papa," even though she "didn't stir a fin" (this was imparted to Bob with a patronizing air of superior attainments in the art gentle that would have floored an older angler than Bob), and her heart was made glad on the return to the boat, which we had left a short distance above Horton's Bay, with an apronful of rarely beautiful ferns, a wreath of "squaw vines" with their bright red berries, a bunch of wintergreen and a few sheets of "natural writing paper" peeled from a birch sapling near the water, to say nothing of a bouquet of wild flowers half the size of a camp kettle; and we pulled down to camp with the boat freighted with about as much happiness as it could well float under.

But once more has the tale of a trout caused a divergence from the trail.

As we sat around the big fire after supper talking over the day's events and listening to the sweet refrain of the multitudinous musquito, the first signs of a break in the weather appeared in the west and south, and by the time we were ready to beat a retreat from our enemy and seek refuge in the tents, numerous rifts in the slowly moving clouds disclosed patches of blue sky dotted here and there with a bright star blinking and smiling at us a promise of a fair morn.

HOW SILKWORM GUT IS MADE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Silkworm gut being indispensable to the angler and to fishing tackle makers they will be interested to know how it is produced. I have not been in Spain before during what the Spaniards term the "gut harvest," the season when the worms are killed and drawn out into fishing gut. The worms are bred by the country people in their cottages or houses, which usually consists of two rooms or one floor. The roofs of the houses being nearly flat, no fireplace in the houses, the cooking is done outside in the yard. The wind-ows are simply iron cross bars without glass in the sleeping room. They tie together bamboo cane reeds (which grow plentifully there) with string, forming a bed from twelve to fifteen feet long by four feet wide, raised from the floor about four feet high. The worms are spread all over these beds formed of cane, and are fed five times daily by covering them with mulberry leaves. Before feeding all the dead and sickly worms are picked out so that the others are kept in a healthy state. The worm lives about fifty days, during which time they sleep three days at a time, in all twelve days. When they are ready to spin into the cocoon they creep upon branches of small trees out of the gardens, which are placed over the worms. They are taken off, put into vinegar, where they remain for six hours, then put into water. Some of the country people make a special business of this and purchase the worms from others, and employ girls to draw out the gut, which is done by taking off the head and taking hold of the entrails by the thumb and finger and pulling them out as long as they will come, then placing the gut in clear water again. When a sufficient quantity of two or three thousand are made, it is tied in bunches and hung up to dry in the yard or garden. Some worms produce one gut, some two, and a few three guts. It is afterward sold by the pound weight or rolls to the gut makers. The very severe weather of the last three weeks has killed thousands of worms and destroyed a great quantity of grapes and other fruits, so that the production is nearly one-fourth of the gut which is usually produced. The gut makers boil the gut with soap and a little soda, when the outer skin or film comes off easily. It is then washed, bleached and hung up in rooms. Then girls are employed who place each gut between their teeth, holding the other end with their fingers and rub it with wash leather. It is then sorted, the strength, lengths and quality, re-rubbed and tied in bundles of 100, then in 1,000 each for sale.

MURCIA, Spain, April 22.

S. ALLCOCK.
(Of Redditch, England.)

NEW YORK FISH LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please allow in your valuable paper brief notice of the new trout law, Chapter 124, Laws of 1886, amending Section 19 of the game laws, just published and now in effect. It seems to have become a law without the assent of the Governor. Its first change is to prohibit the "trout caught on Long Island in April" from being sold in the Adirondaeks (forest preserve). A more senseless piece of legislation it is difficult to conceive. Will some legislator who originated or voted for it rise to explain it or the evils or dangers from Long Island trout being brought or sold in the Adirondaeks (Franklin, Essex or Hamilton counties, for example) by which this provision is protective or necessary? Without an explanation, it appears at this distance folly or worse.

Its second provision is to repeal the important provision of 1885 against marketing trout under six inches long, intended to protect State fry by allowing them a two-years growth; also to promote and induce more effort in stocking waters which theretofore had seriously lagged for want of this protection. Probably no provision in the game law has been more beneficial, or has received more universal sanction or been better lived up to by all classes of sportsmen, than the six inch provision (fish dealers under a scarcity of trout alone excepted). It has appealed both naturally and easily to the sympathies and sentiment of all as affording a proper recommendation to give a second year's growth to the fry. Hence its general approval. The expressions of thanks which its author has received in its behalf from all classes may be regarded with just satisfaction and pride, as well as its merits. Why any legislator could seek to tear it away, or even to allow it to pass by his neglect, is a matter yet to be explained. Its other benefit has been that, until this protection of fry was afforded, the restocking of waters with fry was generally abandoned as useless.

It costs money and great effort of individuals to go to the State hatchery to procure the fry, bear the expense of transportation, watch them on the way night and day, and still greater effort, expense and hardship to transport them in the difficult winter season from the railroads far into the wilderness without roads, and there properly deposit them in waters where they are to flourish. When thus deposited they are free for all, whether contributing to the hardship or expense or not. Can it be expected that individuals will continue to do all this without at least one year's protection? Is this likely, when they may be immediately caught by the "stream robbers," and are sold in the market to supply "trade"? Is it protection to trout that fry should be so traded in, or that should make this repeal expedient or necessary? At this distance unexplained these provisions seem inexplicable except as possibly indicative of ignorance or carelessness, incompetency or the like. There are at present no facts upon which to base any of these motives or conditions, and none are charged; the reader is left to his own opinions until explanation can be made.

If game laws intended to promote and protect the food supply are to be made a farce or football for legislators, it is time the laws and appropriations for State hatcheries and protectors be done away with, else that the public should see to it that competent and practical men be chosen to make laws, and that all tricksters, paupers, incompetent and bad men of all sorts should be left at home regardless of caucuses or party.

The protection of fish and game is for economic purposes of food supply and is both general and public in nature to the whole State, and as such demands both the wisdom and honesty of legislators in the domestic affairs of the whole State. In no other sense has it any place on our statute books. The matter of sport and recreation came in of their own accord as incidental only. If fish and game are to be committed or left to the tender mercies of the ignorant, half-starved and greedy population of those sections where they happen to exist, for protection or consumption, let them be so committed wholly; let all other general provisions and appropriations be repealed so that the other sections of the State may turn their attention to other sources of food supply and leave legislators more time to bestow wisdom upon other objects. The bill passed and now in effect seems to corre-

KINGFISHER.

pond with Assembly bill No. 609, bearing the impress of being championed by Hadley, of Franklin county, made chairman of the Assembly committee on game laws by the Speaker, a professed sportsman, of which committee Berry, of Fulton and Hamilton, and White, of Oneida, are members. This is all that is known of its origin, history or motive.

It may be presumed that these men, as others aiding to pass it, have correctly represented their constituents and will return home at the end of the session in the glory of their efforts, their salaries in their pockets and decorated with the title of "honorable" to their names. Be it so, while the public must submit to the law and individuals condole themselves with their own private opinions upon the event of their work, for so is the law.

It will take years, however, if it ever can be, to repair the benefits which this change has undone. Under the law of 1885, the efforts in time and money to re-stock waters the past year have been more than doubly increased over previous years upon the faith of that law. The coming year will most likely witness its relapse or abandonment—a prospect anything but cheering to those having the matter at heart. It looks, and is doubtless intended as the first step toward repeal of all laws protecting fish and game in the interests of the great marts of trade. Whether so or not, it will have a most depressing influence upon all further efforts by the treatment it has received at this legislative session. The other defects and changes need not be noticed.

Another specimen of the same kind is the bill (by Hadley) professing to protect song birds for "five years," only with an exception that it should not apply to those who kill them to study their "habits or history" without limitation. Of course, all who kill song birds can say they are studying habits and history. Hence the law would be nugatory. Whether this is by oversight, incompetence or by design or otherwise, the reader may judge. Comment is unnecessary.

JOHN D. COLLINS, Secretary.

UTICA GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, May 17.

LARGE AMERICAN TROUT IN ENGLAND.

AN enormous American trout has recently been taken in England, as will be seen by the following letter to *Land and Water*:

SIR—A pond trout of 9½ pounds may well make a troller's mouth water. Yet this was the weight of a "trout," 2 feet 1 inch long by 7 inches deep, which was captured in the ponds of Mr. Basset, of Tehidy, near Camborne, just a week ago.

I have seen the fish and identified it as a specimen of the American lake trout (*Salmo fontinalis*), with which Mr. Basset stocked his ponds some nine years since. This one was taken on a ground line, but the fish is said to show excellent sport when taken on a trolling bait, and it is an exceedingly voracious feeder. I apprehend, however, that its presence in a pond probably means the extermination of all common trout in it.

THOS. CORNISH.

PENZANCE, April 26.

Although Mr. Cornish speaks of it as a "lake" trout, by which name we know the *S. namaycush*, this is no doubt a slip of the pen. The editor of *Land and Water* appends the following to the above letter:

"Mr. Cornish's information will be of the greatest interest to fishcultivists, both in England and America. In America, where the *fontinalis* is indigenous, the weight recorded is rarely exceeded; and recent investigations have tended to show that the largest ever captured weighed 12 pounds 2 ounces. The fish is commonly called a brook trout, although Mr. Parker Gilmore has contended in these columns that it is a char; and the knowledge that it can attain so great a size in a mere pond in England will doubtless be a surprise to the majority. The big American fish referred to above was caught in the Rangeley Lakes, noted waters for producing large *fontinalis*, which are widely known as Rangeley trout in the States. We note that the fish took nine years to attain to the weight of 9½ pounds; it would be interesting to learn how large the fish were when placed in the pond. We read in *FOREST AND STREAM* that an Oquassa trout is said to have grown 10 pounds in six years."

BRANDY POINT TROUT.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In reading over Capt. Barker's letter on the above subject in your issue of April 22, it occurred to me that a short history of Brandy Point might be interesting to at least a portion of your readers, especially to those who visit the Rangeley lakes. Away back in the forties this point was known as a famous Indian camping ground from time to time unknown.

All the old growth of trees were marked with Indian hieroglyphics made with stone implements, and the grounds were cleared near the extreme point, and many Indian relics have been found there.

The Point is situated about two miles above Upper Dam, on Lake Mooselucmaguntic, making out into the lake a mile or more from Sandy Cove. No one in later years knew of this fishing ground except a few of the old hunters of this region. Annance, the Indian who was educated by the State, and did some hunting on these lakes; also Mettallac, the lone Indian of the Magalloway; and to Phillips the famous hunter of the thirties, who froze to death on the Cuscutic; also to your correspondent from 1840 to the present time.

In 1880 we accompanied Mr. John A. Monheimer with his brother and a gentleman from Kentucky on a fishing trip up through the Rangeleys, who were also guided by the famous John Danforth. Arriving at Upper Dam we found the camps crowded with some fifty fishermen from all parts of the country, all trying for and expecting the big trout, but only securing some five or six fish a day. This was about the middle of September. We secured our rooms and rigged our rods, and tried the old places below the dam, capturing several pound trout, and after satisfying ourselves that the river was being overfished and the chances slim for much sport there, I proposed to my party to go on up the lake for a try, and one of them joined me, and we pulled directly to Brandy Point, and soon found we had struck them, for in two hours we had netted seven trout weighing thirty-five pounds, the largest one seven and a quarter. Coming on night we returned to camp, and had the pleasure of surprising about fifty men by moonlight, with our seven fish spread out on the grass and the men standing in a circle around them. One of the guides came to me privately and offered me fifty dollars to tell him where we caught them. Probably his party sent him.

The next day we all went up and camped there for several nights, and caught a satisfactory lot of trout and smoked them Indian fashion—spread on cross sticks over a slow night fire.

After my party left the lakes, I introduced Gen. Hubbard and his friend from New York to the Point. They were stopping at Camp Kennebago, and they had such good success that they came the next year and camped twenty days on the Point, but that year the trout did not come on until October, when it was close time.

While at the Point with Gen. Hubbard, a gentleman from Philadelphia, with a lady for a guide, came down from their camp on the Cuscutic and fished a day or two, and while there the woman caught an eight-pound trout and played him very handsomely, and reeled him in and netted him alone. These trout were very highly colored and very gamy. They were coming on to their beds to spawn. The beds are formed of pebbles collected together by the trout themselves, in a surface several feet across; and every year they come on and clean off all moss and sediment that gathers there during the past year some time before the spawning season arrives, and at such times they will readily take the fly.

All the trout I have ever seen taken at Brandy Point were taken legitimately—with fly hooks only.

Steamers running up and down the Mooselucmaguntic pass very near the point and parties can send and receive their mails daily, and the scenery from this place is the finest on the lake, and being only five miles from Captain Barker's camps at Bemis stream, a party might occupy one of his beautiful camps and go daily for a fishing excursion to this place and return in season for tea at camp. The fishing grounds are sufficiently extensive to give plenty of room to several boats and on certain days large catches are frequently made.

The name "Brandy" Point is very suggestive to gentlemen of the "old school," but nowadays the State laws prohibit brandy.

BETHEL, Me.

I. G. R.

KINGFISHERS GETTING LOST.

THE idea of "Kingfisher" and old Ben being lost in the "bresh" and almost in sight of their old camping grounds, where one would imagine they knew every section post, not only in the Intermediate region, but in the whole Traverse region; but the tenderfoot may smile his best smile, even "Yo" and "Wawayanda" will indulge in a hearty laugh at the dilemma, and "Nessmuk" will give us something trite at our expense, for I must confess "I've bin thar," and got lost within gunshot of a public road. "Norman" can extend a hand of greeting and a word of sympathy, because I have not only been lost but have dumped out a basketful of beautiful trout climbing over just such a network of fallen trees and limbs, the results of those "capfuls of wind" that once in a while sweep across the Traverse region and almost cover up the trout creeks and streams in Northern Michigan. Sore and bruised I again set to work to replenish my creel (for it was all my life was worth to attempt to recover the trout fallen from their creel in my tumble. I could not cut a stick long enough to strike bottom). How readily the genuine angler gets over such little mishaps, and goes in for such sport as only comes on a Michigan trout stream. There are times when I almost long to drop a worm into the old streams or cast a fly for grayling in the feeders of the Manistee, or jump into the Boardman and lay out long casts while trout are rising to the fly, while Pine Lake streams rise into my dreams as I turn over the memories of the past. May the fates ever favor old Ben when he hooks "spotted sardens." I was hoping he had taken to the fly, even though he can lay "a'out" half a mile of line to hang on to a tree. Try it, Ben, and you'll get something bigger than "sardens."

"Kingfisher" will remember I have always held up the brook trout as the sport *par excellence* for the angler, but his telling combats with *Micropterus dol.* stirs the blood, makes him an object to be envied. Here are waters teeming with fish while running up the river—but not to stay—but some how nary a bass comes to our hooks. A splendid bay, with favorable surroundings and everything denoting bass, but the water is fouled with sawdust—sawdust that stifles fry by the millions, and that a bronze-back could not exist in.

North of us, south of us, within a day's sail, lie trout streams that Ben would delight to fish; big boulders, massive rocks, swirling waters, deep holes full of big fellows where a "little sardene" won't stand a shadow of a show, and fishing palls on the senses because of the voracity of these spotted big ones, who will often rise to anything like hair and wool, even a salmon fly will draw them jumping from the waters, and the angler is obliged from shame to quit fishing. I presume eternal sunshine cannot be the home of the brook trout, but as I write this, a vast expanse of pack ice thirty miles by ten miles wide is waiting for the balmy spring breezes to move it out and permit us to get up to the trout streams. Seeing this dreary, frigid mass makes one long for some of the soft, warm days that come in April at the home of the Kingfishers! May they ever enjoy their summer outings in dear old Michigan; but if they ever desire a change, let them communicate with "Norman," and the boy who so longed to pull the oars for the old one-armed veteran while he "tussled" with his big bass, who has almost grown into manhood, promises not to "wrestle" with him, but run him up along the north shore to fishing grounds that will warm the cockles of the old bass fighter's heart. Minnesota has not the soft lambent beauty of Michigan, and our fishing grounds do not please by drawing masses of dude sportsmen to enjoy the smiles of summer resort belles, but to the angler who loves quiet nooks, wild rugged beauty, towering rocks, huge monoliths towering skyward around whose base old Superior ever beats in somewhat mournful cadences, or lashes in storm-tossed grandeur, but where rock fishing for speckled trout is perfection. To the angler who loves to push up against a seething mass of waters into a chasm where the sunlight rarely reaches; where cliffs rise 150 feet above you, and big trout twenty-four inches long are caught every summer and are not considered as rare specimens.

I would not say for a moment that Minnesota is no place for ladies to come for fishing, because they do come here, and some of them prove themselves adepts in taking the brook trout; but the nights are cool, decidedly so; and camping is something that must be provided for more liberally than in the regions in which the Kingfishers have made themselves a name. Even "Kelpie" would not go out and roll up in a blanket and sleep all night in this cool region; but the days are loveliness, the fishing superb, wild fruits in abundance, and the air an elixir for many of the woes of humanity.

DULUTH, Minnesota.

NORMAN.

THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, has no empty "classes" to cheat its policy-holders; it has \$3,055,000 assets and \$2,089,000 surplus for their protection.—*Adv.*

BLACK BASS PROTECT THEIR NESTS.—At Newton Center, Mass., about seven miles from Boston, there is a handsome sheet of water called Crystal Lake, which was stocked with black bass some years ago. This season a pair of these fish chose a spot where the village boys bathe as the proper place for them to make their nest. Last week one of the boys stripped and walked in at the customary place, but had not gone far before his companions heard him scream and he rushed ashore with a bleeding toe. Investigation showed that the toe was lacerated with fine scratches, and while the boy claimed to have been attacked by a snapping turtle, the others ridiculed the idea and suggested that he had been scratched by a brier. Another boy tried the place with the same result and declared that something had bitten him and had tugged away at his toe. A council of war was held and three boys ventured cautiously in to investigate. Hand in hand they went, peering anxiously into the water, when they saw a rush and the two outside boys were bitten while the middle one escaped. One of the bitten boys fell flat on his back, and as his feet went up a large black bass came to the view of his comrades on shore and the mystery was solved. The boys having found out what sort of an enemy they had to deal with now take in sticks and drive the fish from the nest before venturing in. As the teeth of the black bass are like minute bristles no serious harm was done, but three boys were badly scared for a while.

THE WORCESTER FISH DAY.—Worcester, Mass., May 22.—On Tuesday evening the Worcester Sportsmen's Club held a special meeting, at which the subject of the annual fish day was discussed, and sharp criticisms were made of the manner of making returns on the part of some of the members. A motion to substitute a field day with trap shooting was laid on the table. The committee, L. G. White, G. J. Rugg, David M. Earle, E. S. Knowles and A. B. F. Kinney, were instructed to draw up strict rules and regulations, and to rule that a man's returns of fish shall be looked upon as honest only in accordance with his ability and reputation as a fisherman. The contest will be for honors only, and each man who attends the supper is to pay for himself. The committee yesterday reported in print, as follows: "The committee appointed by the Sportsmen's Club to make arrangements for the annual fish day decided upon Thursday, June 3, for the fishing and the following evening for the supper. With regard to the day, a radical departure from that of former years is proposed by the committee. There are to be no sides chosen, but the day is to be devoted to a fishing trip for individual honors and records. It is hoped by the committee that every member will join in the sport. A first-class supper is to be furnished, and a good social time is promised."

KILLING A SALMON.—One evening W. J. Florence, the actor, sat in the club room telling of his exploits on a salmon river in New Brunswick. "How many salmon did you catch?" a visitor inquired. Florence nearly fell from his chair at the ignorance displayed in the question. "Fishermen, sir," said he, with freezing hauteur, "never use the word catch as you apply it. They kill salmon. They never catch them." The rebuked listener turned scarlet, but made no response. A moment afterward Lawrence Jerome, the uncle of Lady Randolph Churchill, and an excellent story teller, began to talk of his adventures on a salmon stream. He was describing himself as standing on a bank at daybreak whipping a "Jack Scott" over the water, when he hooked a big salmon. "I was so excited," he said, "that I dropped my slungshot into the water and lost the fish." "Dropped what?" Florence asked in open-eyed astonishment. "My slungshot," Jerome replied. "Why, what could you do with a slungshot at such a time?" Florence inquired. "Best thing in the world to kill a salmon with," Jerome said, going right on with his story while everybody roared.—*Philadelphia Press.*

SALMON ANGLING IN MAINE.—We have lately published several accounts of the capture of salmon in the Penobscot with rod and reel, and in consequence of these reports Mr. Thomas J. Conroy concluded to try his flies in those waters. Mr. Conroy had never killed a salmon, but had cast with a salmon rod in the annual tournaments of the Rod and Reel Association and had carried off some prizes for his skill. He left for Bangor on the evening of the 18th and three days later took a twenty-pounder, which we saw on Saturday last at 65 Fulton street. He writes that there were twenty rods on the river that day and that six fish were hooked, but only two were brought to gaff. His fight lasted one hour and twenty minutes and the fish led him nearly a mile. Mr. Conroy thinks that it will pay the angler to go there about June 1 and try his skill. It is gratifying to know that the stocking of the river is beginning to bear fruit.

THE TROUT IN THE MILK CAN.—The Bangor (Me.) *Commercial* tells this pretty little sequel of the trout in the milk can story: "A few days ago the New York newspapers published the story that a milk dealer of that city had found a trout in a can of milk which had been shipped from the dairies of Capt. J. W. Benedict, of Warwick, N. Y. Now Capt. William Hobson, of the Seventeenth Maine Regiment, and Capt. Benedict were in the same army corps during the war of the rebellion. They became the warmest of personal friends, but were separated in 1862, since which time neither had heard anything of the other. Two days after the appearance of the trout story Capt. Benedict received a letter from Capt. Hobson. The latter had read all about his old comrade's trout in the milk can. The result has been the opening of a warm correspondence between the two veterans and the arranging of a pleasant reunion at an early day."

MICHIGAN ANTI-SPEARING LAW.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Permit me, through your columns, to acknowledge the receipt, through the mails, of a copy of the seventh annual report of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, and to call attention to the absence from its synopsis of our fish laws of the Statutes of 1872, Section 2,191, making it unlawful to take fish, except with hook and line, in the counties of Mecosta, Newaygo, Osceola, Wexford, Manistee, Grand Traverse, Leelanaw, Antrim, Emmet, Cheboygan, Mackinaw, Charlevoix and Barry. I am not aware that these laws have been repealed. They are embodied in a "warning notice," a copy of which I inclose, which was drafted by two of the lawyers of this county, and was intended to prevent spearing.—F. H. THURSTON (Central Lake, Mich., May 19, 1886).

ARKANSAS.—Clarendon, Monroe County, May 18.—White River is one of the prettiest and best fishing streams in the United States, and contains many kinds of fish, from the long gar pike, some of which weigh 150 pounds, to the game and nimble trout and bass; also four or five kinds of perch, and the much talked of and dreaded catfish. Have seen catfish caught here that weighed 100 pounds. All we have to do to catch "catty," is to suspend a line 150 to 200 feet long from the Texas & St. Louis Railroad Bridge which crosses here. The 15 to 25 large hooks on the line are baited with almost any kind of fresh fish or meat. Crayfish or crawfish, of which there is an abundance, make fine bait for perch and catfish.—CAVALIER.

ADIRONDACK PRESERVE ASSOCIATION.—A new organization under this title has secured possession of the old Rhineclander estate in Hamilton county, N. Y. The property embraces 22,000 acres, with trout streams and lakes. The Association will erect club houses, engage gamekeepers, and otherwise improve and protect their possessions. Mr. J. L. Marvin, No. 1½ Cedar street, New York, the active organizer, is enthusiastic in his estimate of the advantages the new club will offer its city members. The officers are: Henry C. Squires, President; James L. Marvin, Vice President; W. E. Freer, Secretary; Geo. W. Stiebler, Treasurer. The membership will be limited to 200, shares being \$100.

FLY-FISHING FOR SHAD.—Baltimore, May 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You are in error in asserting that shad may be successfully taken with the fly only in the Connecticut and Housatonic rivers. Whether they may be successfully taken anywhere is, I think, debatable; but that shad do rise to the fly in the Chattahoochee River, at Columbus, Ga., is a fact. In proportion to the number of fishermen who try for shad with the fly at Holyoke and Columbus, I feel confident the result is decidedly in favor of Columbus. Shad also rise to the fly in the Patapsco, at the Relay House, B. & O. R. R.—CHES. A. PEAKE.

TROUT FROM A POND.—Detroit, Mich., May 21.—I received from my brother, now in Muskegon county, this State, per express yesterday, a dozen fine trout, taken from a pond that was stocked five years ago; and as they have not been disturbed, there are now some excellent fish in it. One, that was 18 inches long, was taken by hand on a flume recently built. Those I had were all taken with the fly, but the worm is preferred, it is said. The latter are only obtainable some four miles distant.—C. J. THOMAS.

MARYLAND.—Amateurs at Port Deposit and Lapidum are having fine times trolling for rockfish. One day recently Oscar Morrison caught 73 and George Stephenson 40, with hook and line, in a few hours. They were small, however, weighing from three to four pounds. Some very large ones have been captured by gilliers and seine-haulers, one Saturday fully three feet long. Black bass fishing will also soon commence in the Susquehanna, and parties from the cities are already making fishing arrangements with our local boatmen.

A MONSTER SALMON.—Last Tuesday an enormous salmon arrived in New York from the Columbia River, Oregon. It lay on the slabs of Commissioner Blackford, in Fulton Market, and was labeled, "The largest salmon ever caught." It then weighed 64 pounds, but is said to have weighed 72 when caught. Many people estimated its weight above these figures.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NOTES.—New London, N. H., May 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The big trout of Sunapee Lake and the landlocked salmon are beginning to take hold, but very little fishing has been done so far. One hundred thousand brook trout fry and 30,000 landlocked salmon fry have been successfully hatched and liberated.—SUNAPEE.

STRIKES AND RUMORS OF STRIKES have filled the columns of the daily papers for weeks and months. The business man who reads FOREST AND STREAM finds there too a good deal about "strikes," but his spirit is not perturbed thereby.

RED BANK, N. J., May 19.—Took five bass yesterday P. M., first of the season. Water too thick for good trolling. Prospects good for bass this summer.—WILD.

ROBERT BRYANT, of High Bridge, N. J., publishes an attractive catalogue of rods, reels and anglers' supplies manufactured by him.

THE WORLD'S PASTIME EXPOSITION, a display of all classes of goods relating to different pastimes, will open in Chicago, July 3.

CHAUTAUQUA LAKE, N. Y., is cursed with a set of dynamite fish-killers, who are rapidly cleaning out the bass and pickerel.

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Cal., May 4.—The fishing is better at Sancho Poho than at any other part of this section of country.—C.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY, based on the lectures of the late M. J. Guest, and brought down to the year 1880, with a supplementary chapter upon English Literature of the Nineteenth Century. By Francis H. Underwood. With maps, tables, etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 64 pp. Price, \$1.20.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER'S BOOK, embracing the natural history of sporting fish and the art of taking them. With instructions in fly-fishing, fly-making and rod-making; and directions for fish breeding. To which is added *Dies Piscatorie*, describing noted fishing places, and the pleasures of solitary fly-fishing. With a supplement containing descriptions of salmon rivers, inland trout fishing, etc. By Thaddeus Norris. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Cloth, 704 pp. Price, \$5.50.

THE BADMINTON LIBRARY. Racing by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, and W. G. Craven; Steeplechasing by Arthur Coventry and A. E. P. Watson. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Cloth, 419 pp.

THE SCIENTIFIC ANGLER. Being a general and instructive work on artistic angling. By the late David Foster. Third edition. Illustrated. London: Remrose & Sons. Cloth, 354 pp.

MODERN WHIST, together with the laws of whist. By Clement Davies. New York: Scribner & Welford. Cloth, 94 pp.

MR ISAACS. A tale of modern India. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co. Paper, 316 pp. Price, 50 cents.

ALLEN'S bow-facing oars, \$8 per pair. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

WORK AT COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.

BY FRED MATHER.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

THIS station of the New York Fish Commission, of which I am the superintendent, is on the north shore of Long Island, and is intended for both salt and fresh water fish. Some work is also done for the United States Fish Commission, and the expense of this is borne by the general government, and the fish hatched are mainly distributed within the State. These latter fish are mainly salmon, land-locked and lake trout. In some cases, such as the whitefish and shad, the eggs are given by the United States, and are distributed by the State, an arrangement of great value to the latter.

During the past season we have had 262,000 trout fry at the station. Of these there were 40,000 eggs taken at the station, 112,000 eggs bought by Mr. John D. Hewlett, of Cold Spring Harbor, from James Annin, Jr. and W. L. Gilbert, the fry from which went into the waters of the north and south sides of Long Island, and 110,000 fry were received from the New York hatchery at Caledonia, in charge of Mr. M. A. Green. We have on hand at present writing 3,000,000 eggs of the smelt, 1,000 eggs of the *Ogusasa* trout from Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, a gift of Mr. Elliott B. Hodge, Commissioner of that State. One million whitefish from eggs sent from the Northville, Michigan, station, of the U. S. Commission, under charge of Mr. F. N. Clark, by order of Prof. S. F. Baird, have been hatched and distributed to Great Pond, near Riverhead, Long Island, and to Lake Ronkonkoma, a large lake in the center of the island. Previous plantings have been made in these lakes, but we have been unable so far to learn the result of them. It is hoped, however, that this fish may find a suitable home in these waters.

On this subject the County Treasurer of Suffolk county writes me from Riverhead, under date of Jan. 30, 1886, as follows:

Fred Mather, Esq.: DEAR SIR—I will be very glad to assist you in any way. I have two parties out trying to get a specimen of the whitefish for you, but have failed so far on account of the ice, but will give it a thorough trial when the ice is gone and report to you. I am having a net fixed now to try to catch one or more. There is a pond one and a half miles long just above Riverhead, good running water, which I hired two men to clean out of all worthless fish, such as catfish, suckers and what we call "roach." They caught about two and a half tons of turtles, which we carted off and buried. I was in hopes to get some black bass to place in this pond, and would like some whitefish for it now. We have a good place for lake trout, and if you will send us some and let us know when they will arrive, I will take especial pains for their care. Perhaps the brown trout might do well here. (Signed) J. HENRY PERKINS.

In the salt-water department, we have hatched and turned out over two million tomcods, or as they are sometimes called on the coast, frost fish, a small relative of the cod which seldom exceeds a pound in weight but is quite an important little food fish in our harbors. In January we had some 2,000,000 codfish eggs of which a very fair percentage were developing, until a blizzard blew through our old dilapidated shanties, which we use for hatching houses, and froze up the pipes and the eggs in the jars. We had watched the development of these eggs daily under the microscope with great interest and felt sure of success until the cold snap put a stop to all further development.

Of the brown trout, which by the way I believe to be the gamest trout in America, we had some three thousand eggs from our own fish, and have received 25,000 from Germany through the courtesy of our good friend, Herr von Behr, president of the German Fishery Association; with a promise of 50,000 more from Herr von dem Borne, the well-known fishcultivist of Berneuchen.

From the United States Fish Commission we have 500,000 salmon hatched from eggs received from the hatching station at Orlando, Me., under charge of Mr. C. G. Atkins. These will go into the headwaters of the Hudson, the Salmon River, emptying into Lake Ontario, the Oswego River and some 50,000 will go by request of State Commissioner R. U. Sherman to the waters of the Saranac, whose outlet is into Lake Champlain and down into the St. Lawrence. These fish are now ready for distribution. We have also about 34,000 land-locked salmon from the United States works at Grand Lake stream, Me., in charge of Mr. H. H. Buck, also sent at request of General Sherman, for the waters near the Adirondack hatchery, either in Saranac or in Lake Brandon, formerly known as Little Clear Pond, now set apart for the State hatchery, on whose outlet it is located. The hatching season has been exceptionally good, and the losses of eggs and fry have been down to the minimum. The work at the station was done by two men and myself, until in February we were reinforced by Mr. F. A. Walters, superintendent of the Adirondack hatchery, who in former years had been my foreman, but who by an accident to the dam at the hatchery under his charge was relieved from duty there for the present.

Last fall some new ponds were made; the only ones which were there when the State took possession were drained and quantities of eels taken from them, which, no doubt, destroyed many fry in former years. A fence has been put around the place and the grounds greatly improved. A new hatchery is sadly needed, as the two buildings now used for this purpose are not only small but so decayed as to be ready to tumble down. The men have worked in these buildings with six inches of ice under their feet, and at times with water freezing within ten feet of a red hot stove, and while ice has occasionally formed to the depth of a quarter of an inch in the hatching troughs it has done no damage there. But the two-inch iron pipes which convey the salt water to the jars did freeze and the flow was stopped. The eggs of the cod, being so light that they would not bear a strong current, consequently the flow had to be shut down to a very small quantity, and all froze, as did some small English soles also.

The station, with these advantages of fresh and salt water, could be made, with a proper expenditure of money, the most important one in the United States. Its flow of fresh water is not anything like as great as at some other stations, but the height from which this water is taken—some forty feet above the hatchery, renders it possible to use the water over many times; in fact, we do so now. The brick building on the hill, in which there are twelve troughs with a capacity for 30,000 salmon each, receives the water first; it then flows into a little pool, where egg shells and dirt may settle, and is conveyed on the upper floor of the main hatchery, in which there are eleven troughs, and it then passes into the ponds. Another spring supplies the lower floor of the hatchery, which has nine troughs, and hatching tables on which twenty-five McDonald jars can be placed and either salt or fresh water turned into them.

The fresh-water supply is capable of running more troughs than we now use, but the floor surfaces of the buildings will not permit them. The salt water which is within three hundred yards at low tide, is pumped into a reservoir on the hill and led into the buildings through a two-inch iron pipe, so that practically the sea is above us. The density of the water is sufficient to hatch codfish and oysters, and many oysters were hatched here last season by order of Mr. E. G. Blackford, of the New York Fish Commission, who is in charge of the oyster investigations of the State, an account of which is given in another paper. We have successfully hatched shad in the spring water here, and may repeat the experiment this year. It is now three years since we began work here, and our last season's work will foot up to about six millions of fry of different species, hatched and distributed.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y., April 10.

PROTECTING MACKEREL.—A bill to prohibit the capture of mackerel during the spawning season has been before Congress for some time, and on Monday last the House spent the day in considering it. Mr. Hewitt (N. Y.), in opposing the bill, said there were three results that would follow from its passage: First, it would deprive a very large number of people of cheap and nutritious food; second, it would deprive more than two thousand fishermen of employment between the months of April and June; third, it would confine mackerel fishing to the States of Massachusetts and Maine. The mackerel arrived on the coast about the end of March at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay and proceeded northward, reaching Massachusetts and Maine in the month of June, at which time the operations of this bill would cease. He denied that spring fishing produced fish of an inferior grade, and he quoted from a letter from Prof. Baird to the effect that that gentleman could see no beneficial results that would come from the bill. The spawn of a single mackerel produced 500,000 eggs, and it was impossible for man to destroy these ocean fish. A fisherman had told him that he had met a school of mackerel seven miles long and two miles wide, so densely packed that it seemed as though the water had no room among them. Mr. Milliken (Me.) said the same argument that was made against this bill had been made against the proposition to restrict the catching of menhaden. It had been said that menhaden could not be destroyed by man, but for the past few years menhaden had been so scarce off the coast of Maine that the fishermen could not catch enough for bait. The same was true with the lobster fisheries. When he was a boy he used to catch plenty of lobsters one and a half and two feet long. Today they were not only scarce, but so small that they seemed to have hardly left off their swaddling clothes before they were caught. Mr. Lore (Del.) said that the bill was a practical prohibition to the catching of mackerel from Cape Hatteras to Massachusetts. The people of Delaware did not wish to be confined to salt mackerel, as they would be under this bill. They wanted fresh mackerel now and then. Finally the bill was passed—yeas, 120; nays, 80. It prohibits for a period of five years, from March 1, 1887, the importation into the United States or the landing upon its shores of mackerel (except Spanish mackerel) caught between March 1 and June 1 of each year. The penalty prescribed for a violation is the forfeiture of the mackerel imported or landed, and, if the vessel violating the act be a United States vessel, a forfeiture of its license. Nothing, however, in the act is to be held to apply to mackerel caught off shore with hook and line from open rowboats less than twenty feet keel and landed in said boats.

EVERY pair of Allen's bow-facing oars warranted. Send for little catalogue, free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 23.—Eight annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

May 18, 19, 20 and 21.—Third Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club, St. Louis, Mo. Geo. Munson, Manager.

May 25, 26 and 27.—First Dog Show of the Ninth Regiment, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. W. H. Tuck, Secretary, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

July 20, 21, 22 and 23.—Milwaukee Dog Show. John D. Oleott, Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.

Aug. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—First Annual Dog Show of the Latonia Agricultural Association, Covington, Ky. George H. Hill, Manager, P. O. Box 76, Cincinnati, O.

Sept. 14, 15, 16 and 17.—First fall dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3689.

MASTIFF JUDGING AT NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

May a high private venture to differ, fundamentally and radically, from your views on the above subject? And may he express the opinion that the many and grievous sins toward the mastiffs that the W. K. C. has been guilty of are almost to be pardoned for the service they did the breed in the selection of Dr. Perry as their judge this year? He had the courage to award his prizes according to what he believed the best and truest type of dog, and to disregard what is supposed to be the ruling fashion in England (mark me, I say "supposed") meaningly, and will prove it further along. For his first prize winner he selected the dog with the fewest faults of any shown. A dog, beaten in some points by several others in the class, yet without the other defects that these dogs had, and which far outweigh their special merits, and this dog Baby is of an average high order of merit all over, if not of superlative greatness in any one point. The philosophy of dog judging seems to have generally commenced at the wrong end by selecting dogs for special merits and then making allowance for faults that condemn them, even as dogs. Surely this is nonsense and illogical, and is there any reason why judging should not be logical? For instance, Snoozer may have a wonderful head, short in face, broad and flat in skull, deep and broad in muzzle, but he may have "layback" enough for a fair bulldog, ears that would honor a second-rate bloodhound, legs that would ornament a spider in their crooks and a walk that would put a broken-legged grasshopper to shame. Now a mastiff should have a broad skull and short face, but he should also have a blunt, squarely truncated muzzle; does layback fill this bill, or is a pug really square in muzzle? Yet the short face carries all before it; or this "shortfaced" specimen may not have the foregoing defects, but he is about the size of a big setter; a mastiff used to be supposed to be a big dog, size is a natural requirement, yet the pigmy goes first; or worst of all, this marvel of perfection may be actually a cripple. Is lameness or lack of power in his legs a characteristic of the breed? Yet the judge overlooks all these vital defects and blindly bows down at the feet of "short face." Is this philosophical? Pen your judge up in this corner and he deftly evades you by "character." Now character is an essential mark of any breed, but it must be a logical deduction from the standards and scales set up by the fanciers of the breed, not the judge's private opinion of what the ruling fashion may be in England, and unfortunately the practice with us, is too much to imagine that English fanciers are all crazy on the subject of head. Now the course of some of the lights of the Old English Mastiff Club, certainly seem to point to the conclusion that all that a dog need have is a head, and that if that can be seen sticking out of his stall, it is a waste of time and trouble to take him into the ring.

But after all is that the authority on the matter? Let us see. Mr. Hanbury must surely be accepted as one of the authorities of the club; with the exception of Mr. Nichols, he is the only breeder of long standing and great repute; he put Prince Regent over Crown Prince, Prince Regent being

longer in face, squarer in muzzle, and good in hooks and legs, Crown Prince having as much layback as a pug, hocks that are so straight that like the man that stood so straight that he leaned back, his hocks bend forward, and forelegs that are as big at bottom as at top. It would seem that Mr. Hanbury reasoned that he was sufficiently eminent as an authority to smile at the storm of adverse criticism his ruling would evoke. Then Mr. Beaufoy judged and reversed the logic of Mr. Hanbury's ruling; does this show that Mr. Beaufoy preferred the pug-nosed type to all other virtues and merits in a mastiff? Stop a bit. Shortly after this Mr. Beaufoy wanted a stud dog, at Dr. Forbes-Winslow's sale. Did he buy Crown Prince? Nary a buy; he took Prussian Prince (money could not have been the deciding point here). Then his famous stud dog, Beau, the best all-round dog in England, died. Crown Prince was still in the market. Did he buy him? Not he; he bought H. M. King Canute, another good all-round dog. So the logical deduction seems to be that Mr. Beaufoy judged the way he thought the rage was running, but when he wanted a dog for his own use, he took one of the type that pleased him the most. Again, why does Crown Prince go begging in the market? He can be bought for less than King Canute cost. If short face, straight hocks, upside down legs, etc., are the true type of English mastiff, why does this exemplar of these glories seek a purchaser in vain? Now the fact is that the idea that the extreme of short face is the necessary qualification in a mastiff, even in England, is a delusion and a snare. I think I have proved that Mr. Hanbury and Mr. Beaufoy do not so hold, and from all I can gather from English fanciers, the sober sound judgment of the majority of English fanciers is against it. Richard Cook, Esq., the honorable secretary of the O. E. M. Club, a great admirer of Crown Prince, freely admits that the dog is "too bulky." Messrs. Taunton, Portier and Nichols are also unequivocal in their commendation of the ultra bulldog type, and M. B. Wynn, enthusiast as he is for short face and an approach to the bulldog type, yet is as emphatic as any one in condemnation of weak loins, straight hocks, large ears and general lack of power.

Two notable instances of the uncertainty of what the ruling English type really is occurred to me at the New York show. Mr. S. W. Smith said that Baby was the type of dog that he would have put first a few years since, but that it was now difficult to say what the English fancy really asked for. Another well known English fancier told me that Baby was the type of dog that was winning when he left England ten years since, and that he had been puzzled on his visits there within the last few years to determine whether the fancy went for mastiffs, or an enlargement of his special fancy, the pug. This last gentleman kindly obliged me by bringing his pug alongside of a "short-faced" mastiff; point after point we went over their heads, and finally concluded that the only difference in their types was that the pug's nose was fairly straight on top, while the mastiff's was dishd, and that the pug had nice, neat ears, and the mastiff beastly big flaps; the mastiff having rather more "layback." Of course in legs, feet and body, the pug was way ahead.

Will it not be well for us to stop and consider what we want in a mastiff and what his characteristics really are, and not go dreaming off on rolling twenty pug dogs into one and calling him a mastiff, robbing the pug of his power and soundness in the meanwhile?

You, Mr. Editor, have mentioned dogs of late that are absolutely disqualified under the scale. The minimum for height is fixed at 27 inches, and some of the dogs you have commended fall a very big inch short of this. How then can they be good specimens?

May I ask you, as a favor to American mastiff fanciers, to publish the standard I inclose? It is that prepared by M. B. Wynn, Esq., and that prepared by Mr. Portier for the Old English Mastiff Club is about the same, only hardly as intelligible.

And will not our judges take this standard, think it over, reflect on the type of dog it contemplates, and ask themselves if a logical application of this standard justify them in some of the rulings they have made.

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., May 17.

POINTS OF THE ENGLISH MASTIFF.

(Prepared for the Mastiff Club by M. B. Wynn.)

Head.—General, very massive and short, with great breadth and depth of skull, and squareness of muzzle. Expression lowering. Forehead, broad, flat and wrinkled; eyebrows heavy, with a broad stop extending well into the forehead. Cheeks, full. Eyes, wide apart, small, and sunken, dark brown in color. Muzzle, short, truncated, deep and broad, not tapering toward the nose; jaws very wide; line of profile from stop level, not drooping toward the nose (i. e., not hound muzzled), black in color. Nose, large; nostrils large, and a well-marked line between. Lips, thick and pendulous, they should fall forward not hang at the corners of the mouth as in the bloodhound. Teeth, large, undershot or level. Ears, small, pendent or semi-erect, not placed so low as in the hound, the darker the color the better.

Body.—General, thickest and muscular, with great length and bulk, on comparatively short legs. Neck, short, thick, and muscular; dewlap slightly developed. Chest, deep, wide between forelegs. Shoulders, wide apart across breast and back; shoulder blades deep. Back, long and broad. Loin, broad, flat, and muscular. Thighs, straight, muscular and thick. Stern, fine, short, straight, thick at root, tapering to tip, and carried down generally. Forelegs, short, from elbow to ground straight, with plenty of bone and muscle. Hind-legs, straight, well curved from stifle to hock, with plenty of bone; dew claws admissible. Feet, round, large and compact. Coat, hard, short and fine. Color, fawn, with black ears and muzzle, or good brindles equal. Pies are admissible and equal for purity—award no points for color.

Height.—General, produced by depth of body, not by length of limb. Dogs, from twenty-seven inches at shoulder and upward, the greater the height the better, providing there is no loss of symmetry and character, and that the weight increases in proportion. Bitches, generally average three inches less than dogs.

SCALE OF POINTS FOR JUDGING.

Head 40 Points.

Shape of skull.....	10
Girth of skull.....	10
Ears—carriage and size.....	5
Bluntness.....	3
Breadth.....	3
Depth.....	3
Lips.....	3
Color.....	3

Body 35 Points.

Neck.....	4
Breadth of Breast.....	4
Loin and Back.....	4
Girth of chest.....	4
Shoulders.....	4
Length.....	4
Thighs.....	3
Stern.....	3
Legs.....	3
Feet.....	2

General 25 Points.

Size, height, and general appearance of bulk.....	15
Coat.....	5
Fawns with dark ears and muzzle	5
or brindle with dark ears and muzzle	
Red with black muzzle, or all black, award 3 points only.	

Total 100

Fawns without dark points, ditto brindles, reds without black muzzle and pies, award no points for color.

Dogs of 27 inches at shoulder should weigh 120 pounds; 28 inches, 130 pounds; 29 inches, 140 pounds; 30 inches, 150 pounds; 31 inches, 160 pounds; 32 inches, 180 pounds; 33 inches, 190 pounds; 34 inches, 200 pounds.

Award a lesser number of points in proportion to the deficiency in the specimen being judged.

[When it comes to expression of opinion, we cheerfully concede that our correspondent is unapproachable. As a logician, however, in reporter's parlance, "he should be content with vhc." He starts off by complimenting Dr. Perry upon having awarded his prizes to what he believes to be "the best and truest type of dog." This deduction would be more logical had Dr. Perry followed this type by giving first in the open bitch class to Ilford Cambria, of the same type as Baby, instead of following "the ruling fashion" by awarding the prize to Lady Gladys, an undersized specimen, with the same faults behind that are seen in Ilford Caution, and had he in the champion bitch class placed Rosalind over Prussian Princess, not so good in loin or legs, and not nearly so good a mover as Rosalind, but with a head more in accordance with "the ruling fashion." In writing of the ruling fashion in England, Mr. Wade emphasizes the word "supposed" in a manner that leads one to believe that the ideas of our judges upon this point are all wrong. Then with delightful frankness he proceeds to prove the contrary by pointing to the course of some of the lights of the Old English Mastiff Club, and quoting a single instance where a judge made a decision not in accordance with "the ruling fashion" (condition of dogs not stated), adding "that he was sufficiently eminent as an authority to smile at the storm of adverse criticism his ruling would evoke." As Mr. Wade has quoted Mr. Sidney W. Smith, we take the liberty to add his closing remark, which was, "Baby may be the best dog, but Ilford Caution is the better mastiff." Mr. Wade cites the purchase by Mr. Beaufoy of Prussian Prince and His Majesty King Canute instead of Crown Prince, and adds, "Money could not have been the deciding point here," but does not tell us what the deciding point was. We will supply the missing link. Mr. Beaufoy is too well versed in the science of breeding to purchase a six-year-old worn-out stock dog that has a disputed pedigree when he can procure a "good all-round dog" (except for a weakness behind) like King Canute, the best living representative of his old favorite, Beau. Mr. Wade says that dogs under 27 inches are absolutely disqualified. In order to make this statement as intelligible as his remarks upon "the ruling fashion," he should have added to it the last paragraph of the standard, which says, "Award a lesser number of points in proportion to the deficiency in the specimen to be judged." A "deficiency" is not a disqualification. Mr. Wade's request that judges read and ponder the standard is all right; but in view of the fact that the rules of the kennel clubs are silent upon the subject of standards, we fail to see just how a judge who makes a wrong decision can be brought to book save by the intelligent criticism of the public press. If Mr. Wade will "take this standard, think it over, reflect on the type of dog it contemplates," he will learn that while a perfect head will score 40 points to the good, a weak loin—counting it equal in value to back—will only take 2 points and bad legs but 3 points from the grand total, and in case only two legs out of the four are bad, the "logical deduction" is that 1½ points only will be demerited. He will also learn that "a walk that would put a broken-legged grasshopper to shame," does not count as a demerit, and that "size is an absolute requirement" to the extent of 5 points only. He will not learn, however, from this or any other standard that the muzzle of the pug should be other than cut off square or that he has any "layback." We are not discussing the merits of the standard which Mr. Wade recommends, but merely pointing out some of its plainer teachings and the "logical deductions" which naturally follow.]

ST. LOUIS DOG SHOW.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

THE third annual dog show of the St. Louis Gun Club was held in the east nave of the Exposition Building May 18, 19, 20, and 21. The entries numbered 88, and but very few were absent. The judges for pointers, English setters, beagles, dachshunds, greyhounds and deerhounds was J. M. Taylor of Cleveland, Ohio; Irish and Gordon setters, Mr. W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y.; Dandy Dinmonts and Scotch and hard-haired terriers, Capt. C. W. Bellairs, St. Louis, Mo.; St. Bernards, collies, fox-terriers, spaniels and all non-sporting except as above, J. H. Naylor, Chicago, Ill. The judging gave general satisfaction, and the local visitors as well as those from a distance, expressed themselves well pleased with the exhibition. The prizes in the regular classes were liberal, and the specials were very numerous, amounting to 114. As has been stated in these columns before, special prizes are becoming a nuisance at shows, and in place of assisting the finding out of the best dog of the different breeds are in many cases so offered as to become a gift to the animal. The management, especially Mr. Geo. Munson, worked hard to make the show a success financially and otherwise, and we are pleased to say their efforts were crowned with success. The weather was warm, in fact we might say on Friday it was too warm for the real comfort of the dogs, and there was a falling off in the attendance during the afternoon. The quality of the dogs in most of the non-sporting classes was poor, while that in the pointer and most of the setter classes was good.

POINTERS.

Robert le Diable was the only entry in the champion class for large dogs, and he was absent. There were no entries in the heavy weight bitch class. In the open class for large dogs, eight faced the judge and they were an excellent lot. Young Meteor, placed first, is an exceedingly good one, back of his neck which is too short, his head is a trifle coarse, and his ears are placed too high. Second went to Topsy, a good dog with the exception of being very throaty. Third went to Sweep, coarse in head and a trifle weak in stifles and hocks, otherwise a good one. In the open class for heavy weight bitches first went to Belle Faust, a good one, and well known to your readers. Second went to Vixen, a very large bitch with little lumber about her, except for her bad ears, and being a trifle long in barrel, we like her very much. Third went to Nellie, a fair bitch, plain in head, short in neck and light in stifles. Robin Adair was alone in the champion class for light weights, and received the award. Vanity alone in the bitch class, also received the award. There were three dogs shown in the open class; first went to Krupp, transferred from the larger class. He was shown bad in coat, and is short in head, otherwise he is an exceedingly well made dog. Second went to Krupp's litter brother Rod, also shown in bad coat, he is a good all round dog and we liked him better for first. In the open class for light weight bitches, seven faced the judge. First went to Keswick, she was placed first at the late N. Y. show; and is well known to your readers. Second went to Dell, a nice little bitch full of quality, excellent in neck, shoulders and chest, her ears are not as good as we would like them, and her feet are not good. Third was withheld. Ten dog puppies faced the judge. First went to Maximum, a big puppy strong in bone, he is a trifle throaty for a puppy, and too long between the couplings. Second went to Colonel Faust, he is well put together with plenty of bone for a youngster. In the class for bitches first went to Miss Woodford, a fair all round puppy. Second went to Nellie B., like her brother Colonel Faust, she is a good puppy well put together.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

There were two dogs shown in the champion class, Paul Gladstone and his illustrious sire old Gladstone, for exhibition

only. He was looking remarkably well and is exceedingly active for a dog nine years of age. Paul received the award. He was shown in grand shape and was as hard as a rock. The more we examined him, the more we were impressed with him. He is a small dog of great substance, and is so exceedingly well put together that it is difficult to find many faults in him. His head appears much better than when we last saw him. Juno A. was first in the champion bitch class, she is a fine bitch and is well known to your readers. In the open class first went to Mandan, a description of him will be found in your report of the New York show. His condition has much improved. Second went to the well known field trial winner Roderigo. His bench show form has improved since we last saw him, and it takes a good one to beat him. Third went to Bridgeport, a well made dog with but few faults. He is of a heavier type than Major Taylor likes. In the bitch class eighteen faced the judge. First went to Dixie, excellent in head, chest, shoulders, legs and feet, she is a trifle sway-backed and long between the couplings. Second was given to Vixen III., a description of her will be found in your report of the late New York show. Third went to Haidee, a sweet little all-round bitch, we think her good enough for any company. In dog puppies first went to Goldstone, a very promising youngster. He is a trifle light in muzzle and long in the back. He will be heard from again. Second went to Dashing Prince, a fair puppy well put together. In bitch puppies first went to Darkness, a fairly well made one. Second went to Fawn II., a very nice all round bitch, we thought her fully equal, if not better, than Darkness.

BLACK AND TANS.

were a weedy lot; Nora, the only entry in the champion class, was absent. In the open class for dogs first was withheld, and second went to Don, a poor specimen. In the open class for bitches the best bitch was Patti, in fact she was the only good specimen shown, and through the careless handling of an attendant, who brought her before the judge, she would not stand on her feet to be looked over, and Nellie, a bitch, weak in stifles, hocks, pasterns and too long in the body, was given the place. If Mr. Pierce had seen Patti on her limbs as he did later, she would have been given the place, as she is a very symmetrical bitch, with capital limbs; Nellie was the better in head and feathering, and the tan was much better in color behind. Nellie was also given the place for puppies. Second went to Nell, poor in head, legs and feet, and a trifle weak in back.

IRISH SETTERS.

Elcho, Jr., was the only entry in the champion class for dogs, and he was awarded the prize. Faun, alone in the class for bitches, received like honors. In the open class for dogs, first went to Glenclair, he is a typical Irish setter, with few faults, and was properly placed. Second went to Patsy, he is put together for work, his plain head is his worst feature. Third went to Frank, a racy built youngster with lots of substance, but shown too thin. In the open class for bitches Laura B. was properly placed first; she is a symmetrical bitch with rare substance and quality, we might add that her head is a trifle to much of the English setter type. Second went to Grace Glencho, a new bitch, she is of the true Irish type all over, combined with substance; if shown in condition she will be heard from again. Third went to little Lorna; her faults which are few are well known. In the class for dog puppies two poor specimens were shown, first was withheld and second was given to Bob White. In the class for bitch puppies, first was given to Bridget D. II., a fair specimen but not first rate in color. Second was withheld.

A full list of awards in the regular and special classes will be found below.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—No entries. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, E. Mansfield's Suda's Amant Sam; 2d, W. F. Suda's Chub; 3d, W. F. Suda's Caesar II. **Bitches:** 1st, E. Mansfield's Ashmont Sam; 2d, A. J. Pierce's Queen Victoria. **Com.**, G. P. Jones's Beech Grove Queen.

ST. BERNARD.—CHAMPION—No entries. **OPEN—ROUGH-COATED—Dogs:** 1st, E. S. Marston's Switzer; 2d, W. P. Dye's Frank. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, Mohawk Kennels' Noma and Clio. **Puppies:** 1st and 2d, Mohawk Kennels' Jumbo and Snowflake. **SMOOTH COATED—Dogs:** 1st, J. H. Garth's Rector II. **Bitches:** 1st, A. M. Maunell's Emir. **Puppies:** No entries.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—CURLY-COATED—1st, M. Rowan's Carlo; 2d, J. H. Holmes's Prince Albert. **WAVEY COATED—1st,** S. S. McCuen's Miro; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Carlo. **Very high com.**, W. J. Cuddy's Jumbo.

GREAT DANES.—1st and 2d, Dr. G. Nicolai's Caesar and Nero. **GREYHOUNDS.**—CHAMPION—G. S. Parvin's Major—**OPEN—1st,** J. F. Nicholson's Belle; 2d, B. O'Keefe's Longfellow. **High com.**, R. H. Henry's Darby and R. S. McDonald's Gypsy. **Com.**, G. W. H. Benton's Fly and R. S. McDonald's Richard III. **Puppies:** 1st, B. O'Keefe's Speed. **High com.**, V. Loth's Colonel.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, withheld; 2d, R. S. McDonald's Gold Dust.

POINTERS.—CHAMPION—Dog, Absent. **Bitch:** No entry. **OPEN—LARGE—Dogs:** 1st, C. J. Engel's Young Meteor; 2d, F. Fink's Gypsy; 2d, Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Sweep. **Very high com.**, St. Louis Kennel Club's Drake and W. H. Linn's Shot. **High com.**, C. J. Bremmer's Bow Faust. **Bitches:** 1st, St. Louis Kennel Club's Belle Faust; 2d, C. B. Rode's Vixen; 3d, J. Drees's Nellie. **High com.**, J. H. Kraft's Betsy Hawkins. **Com.**, J. Drees's Black Bird and L. Labadie's Jessie. **UNDER 55 LBS.** **CHAMPION—Dog:** J. H. Kraft's Robin Adair. **Bitch:** St. Louis Kennel Club's Daisy. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, G. A. Castleman's Krupp; 2d, J. B. Castleman's Rod. **Bitches:** 1st, St. Louis Kennel Club's Keswick II.; 2d, G. A. Castleman's Dell. **PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, W. E. Hughes's Maximum; 2d, C. B. Rode's Colonel Faust. **Very high com.**, E. R. Hickerson's Snipper. **High com.** and **com.**, J. Drees's Black Prince and unnamed. **Bitches:** 1st, E. L. Munson's Miss Woodford. **Very high com.**, J. H. Kraft's Llewellyn and C. J. Munson's Meekness.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Dog, Memphis and Avert Kennels' Paul Gladstone. **Bitch:** Memphis and Avert Kennels' Juno A. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, R. B. Moran's Mandan; 2d, Memphis and Avert Kennels' Roderigo; 3d, Colorado Kennels' Bridgeport. **Very high com.**, J. A. McDonough's Count Gluckstone. **High com.**, Colorado Kennels' White Cloud and J. N. Macklin's Gath's Mark. **Com.**, A. H. Blanke's Dashing Dan. **W. A. Albright's Shot** and S. H. Scowell's Lake II. **Bitches:** 1st, W. Bedford's Dixie; 2d, Mrs. E. C. Franklin's Vixen II.; 3d, Memphis and Avert Kennels' Haidee. **Reserve,** Dr. W. G. Moore's Bess II. **Very high com.**, Colorado Kennels' Galatea and J. N. Macella's Dora Berwyn. **High com.**, Burnap and Lane's Ma Belle and E. F. Morgan's Akron Girl. **Com.**, J. Durling's Reno. **Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Daisy Queen II** and **South St. Louis Kennels' May B.** **PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, P. H. & D. Bryson's Golosone; 2d, Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Dashing Prince. **Very high com.**, J. A. McDonough's Brook and South St. Louis Kennels' Dick. **High com.**, F. Fink Jr.'s Dick. **Com.**, South St. Louis Kennels' Dan. **Bitches:** 1st, Collins & Whiting's Darkness; 2d, Colorado Kennels' Fawn II. **High com.**, South St. Louis Kennels' Madge S.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Absent. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, withheld; 2d, Dr. S. Whitaker's Don. **Very high com.**, T. T. Washington's Grover Cleveland. **Bitches:** 1st, W. Ehler's Nellie; 2d, J. B. Wickroy's Patti; 3d, F. A. Pratt's Sue. **High com.**, A. Kaunmeyer's Nona. **Puppies:** 1st, W. Ehler's Nellie; 2d, J. B. Rothwell's Nell. **Very high com.**, T. T. Washington's Grover.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Dog, Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. **Bitch:** F. M. Brasher's Fawn. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Claire-Retta Kennels' Glenclair; 2d, R. C. Van Horn's Patsey; 3d, J. H. Naylor's Frank. **Very high com.**, C. Hanitch's Dash. **High com.**, H. A. Comstock's Royal C. **Com.**, F. Thorne's Bismarck, E. B. Frost's Grover C. and W. F. Rupphoff's Doc. **Bitches:** 1st, J. M. Lukley's Laura B.; 2d, J. M. Freeman's Grace Glencho; 3d, Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Lorna. **Very high com.**, E. F. Weiss's Clara Belle. **High com.**, J. J. Lucas's Flash. **Com.**, H. Rider's Beauty, Belle and C. B. Beck's Biddy B. **PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, withheld; 2d, J. E. Law's Bob White. **Very high com.**, W. M. Fairbault's Shane Rhue. **Bitches:** 1st, Mrs. W. Fitzgerald's Bridget D. II. **Very high com.**, W. R. Fairbault's Maid of Erin.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, J. D. Olcott's The O'Donoghue and Storm; 3d, W. T. Campbell's Harry. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, J. D. Olcott's Chippewa Belle and Jepsy; 3d, C. B. Rodes's Nora. **Puppies:** 1st, J. D. Olcott's Wad; 2d, C. B. Rodes's Captain Slash.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—No entries. **OPEN—1st** and 2d, withheld. **Very high com.**, T. C. Martin's Dick.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, J. S. Lewis's Keno; 2d, Mrs. E.

C. Franklin's Prince Obi. Very high com., Mrs. E. C. Franklin's Colonel Mac. Bitches: 1st, Jos. Lewis's Vic; 2d, Lake Shore Kennels' Blue Silk. Puppies: 1st, F. E. Scheele's Black McDonald; 2d and very high com., Mrs. E. C. Franklin's Fanchon and Count Leo.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, R. Hyatt's Pat Malloy. Very high com. and high com., P. Chew's Jack, Tim Driver and Boss.

BEAGLES.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. Geo. H. Hill's Banker; 2d, C. Thomas's Dan. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. Geo. H. Hill's Marjory. Puppies: 1st, withheld; 2d, H. Roach's Oak Wild.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st and 2d, B. F. Seitzer's Nimrod and Fanchon.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, A. Willbrandt's Bergman; 2d, B. F. Seitzer's Prince. High com., C. Bibbinger's Rowland.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, P. H. O'Neill's Halo; 2d, Trinity Fox-Terrier Kennels' Veto Joe. Very high com., T. McHugh's Punch. High com., W. Wilson's Viper. Bitches: 1st, Trinity Fox-Terrier Kennels' Lily; 2d, W. R. Over's Flimsy. Very high com., St. Louis Kennel Club's Fay II. and W. H. Thompson's Rye. Puppies: 1st, E. L. Munson's Virus; 2d, Trinity Fox-Terrier Kennels' Vagabond. Bitches: 1st, C. J. Munson's Vic; 2d and very high com., Trinity Kennels' Vim and Nellie Bly. High com., Jos. Lewis's Lent.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION.—Dog: J. A. Long's Rob Roy. OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, J. A. Long's Clifton Hero; 2d, J. Ridsy's Young Rob Roy; 3d, A. & J. Hosie's Jock. Reserve, Tower Grove Kennels' Rob Roy III. Very high com., D. E. Esenhardt's Keno. High com., Tower Grove Kennels' Ben Lomond, T. E. Doan's Bruce and H. S. Turner's Bruce. Com., J. B. C. Lucas's Mountaineer and R. F. Henry's Ben Lomond. Bitches: 1st, 2d, 3d and high com., J. A. Long's Picture, Madge Wildfire, Cornet and Flyaway. Reserve, Tower Grove Kennels' Frisco. Very high com., L. Crawford's Bess and Tower Grove Kennels' Queen Victoria. Puppies: 1st, A. K. Sawyer's Mack; 2d and high com., Tower Grove Kennels' Ben Lomond, Mack Dhu and Ben Dhu. Reserve, W. S. Henry's Nelson. Very high com., J. A. Long's Dundee and R. F. Henry's Ben Lomond. High com., S. Stewart's Sullivan, C. T. Maxwell's Clifton Hero, Jr. Bitches: 1st, Tower Grove Kennels' Frisco; 2d, L. Crawford's Bess. Very high com., J. Ridsy's Heather Belle.

BULLDOGS.—1st and 2d, J. P. Barnard, Jr.'s Brimstone and Kinz. BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, J. Lewis's Maud Lee; 2d, W. H. Over's Kit. Very high com., C. H. Bailey, Jr.'s Jack. High com., C. J. Voorhees's Grange and J. Busby's Pet. Puppies: 1st, C. H. Bailey's Tiger.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. B. F. Lewis's Smart; 2d, H. Muss's Lady. Com., M. E. Nolan's Flora. Scotch.—1st and 2d, J. H. Naylor's Heather and Whinstone Yet.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Mrs. J. H. Naylor's Pansy and Bonnie Briton.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Prizes withheld.

PUGS.—Dogs: Mrs. G. H. Hill's Joe; 2d, withheld. Very high com., Mrs. Dr. Mulhail's Pop. Com., Dr. R. N. Kealhofer's Rex and Mrs. M. A. Fanning's Mugwump. Bitches: 1st, Miss Fanni's W. Baker's Lady Dufferin; 2d, Mohawk Kennels' Todv. Com., Miss Mollie Roersch's Pearl of York. Puppies: 1st, Mohawk Kennels' Todv; 2d, withheld. Very high com., C. Roersch's Fairy. High com., H. Roersch, Jr.'s Cupid.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, J. Clancy's Jack; 2d, withheld. Very high com., C. Hillman's Tiny. Com., J. Clancy's Folly and J. G. Chapman's Jesse.

TOY-TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. J. D. Phillips' Clip; 2d, Mrs. F. E. Benton's Flossie. Very high com., Mrs. Martin Nolan's Betsy Trotwood. High com., Miss Mary J. Keane's Dick II. Com., Miss Eliza N. Keane's Gillye.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, Mrs. B. F. Wilson's Prince Albert and Flora. Very high com., M. Nolan's Patti.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. B. F. Wilson's Jim.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, J. C. Irwin's Babie; 2d, C. Weyrich's Pedro.

POODLES.—1st, A. Sander's Lillie. McCELLANEOUS.—1st, Glendoch Collie Kennels' Sir Lucifer; 2d, Dr. Leidner's Mexican terrier Bats. Reserve, D. Tipping Jr.'s retriever Black Jack, Jr. Very high com., W. Kamphman's Irish retriever Rover and Miss Maggie Stevens's Mexican spauel Don. High com., E. Krome's retriever Sport and H. Russell's Mexican spauel Chiquita. St. Louis rough terriers.—1st and 2d, A. Bower's Tippi and Lillie.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

MASTIFFS.—Best dog, Ashmont Sam; bitch, Beauty; puppy (two) As'mont Sam; bitch puppy, Queen Victor.

ST. BERNARDS.—Best rough-coated, Switzer; puppy (two), Jumbo; smooth-coated, Recty II.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Best curly-coated, Prince Albert; wavy-coated, Miro; best of either, Miro; kennel (two), J. H. Holmes's stud dog Prince; brace puppies, Prince and Prince II.

GREYHOUNDS.—Best, Belle puppy; Emir; brace, Longfellow and Speed. Best deerhound, Gold Dust; Great Dane, Caesar.

POINTERS.—Best (three), Keswick II.; bitch (two), Keswick II.; black, Speed; dog puppy, Maxiumum; bitch, Miss Woodford; kennel, St. Louis Kennel Club.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Best (three) Paul Gladstone; bitch, Juno A.; in open classes, Maudan; dog puppy, Goldstone; kennel, Memphis and Avenet Kennel.

IRISH SETTERS.—Best (two), Elcho, Jr.; bitch, Laura B.; dog in open class, Glenclaire; bitch, Laura B.; puppy, Bridget D. II.; brace, Elcho Jr. and Laura.

GORDON SETTERS.—Best, Nellie; dog puppy, Grouse; bitch puppy, Nellie.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Best (three), The O'Donoghue; bitch (two), Chippewa Belle; brace, The O'Donoghue and Chippewa Belle; puppy (two), Wad.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Best dog, Keno; bitch, Vic; puppy, Black McDonald; pair, Keno and Vic; owned in St. Louis, Prince Obi.

FOXHOUNDS.—Best, Pat Malloy; pack, P. Chew.

BEAGLES.—Best dog, Banker; bitch (two), Marjory; brace, Banker and Marjory.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Best dog, Virus; bitch, Fly; dog puppy, Virus; bitch, Vico; dog in open class, Halo; bitch, Fay; pair, Veto Joe and Fly.

COLLIES.—Best dog, Clifton Hero; bitch (three), Picture; dog puppy, Mack; bitch, Frisco; brace, Clifton Hero and Picture; kennel, J. A. Long, puppy bred by Clifton Hero, Mack.

Best bull terrier (two) Maud V. dog, Jack. Bulldog, Brimstone. Black and tan terrier dog, Smart; bitch, Lady. Dandie Dinmont, Pansy. Toy terrier, Clip. Rough terrier dog, Tip; bitch, Lilly. Dachsund, Pearl of York.

Pugs.—Best (four) Joe; bitch, Lady Dufferin; puppy, Teddy; owned by St. Louis lady, M. E. Esenhardt.

Handsomest dog, Paul Gladstone; ugliest, Dundee; best owned by lady, Vixen III. Mexican spauel, Don. Brace from St. Louis, Clifton Hero and Picture. By child under 10 years old, Dundee.

DEATH OF LANG.—Blairsville, Pa., May 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: All dog fanciers who attended the recent bench show at Pittsburgh will remember R. W. Wehrle's Gordon setter puppy Lang. This dog attracted considerable attention from the fact that he was one of the most promising puppies of his class in Western Pennsylvania, and we might add the entire State. His owner received several very good offers for the purchase of the dog, but refused them all, in the idea that by keeping him in this section of the country and under his own control he would be enabled to do something toward the introducing and maintaining of a pure and fine breed of dogs of this sort. Shortly after Lang was brought home from the Pittsburgh show his owner noticed that he seemed to be affected by a lung disorder, and this soon developed into quite a serious trouble, but by good management and careful treatment it subsided. A few days ago the same trouble in an aggravated form made its appearance. All was done for his relief that possibly could be done; but to no avail, and Lang "passed in his chips." The primary intention of this communication is to call the attention of managers of bench shows to the fact that they should exercise great care in excluding from the show all dogs who have the slightest indication about them that they are suffering from disease. When Lang was at the Pittsburgh show his owner noticed that in the same kennel with him was a dog affected with sore eyes and whose general appearance indicated that he was diseased, and Mr. Wehrle feels confident that dog is the innocent cause of Lang's death. Until a few days after the Pittsburgh show Lang was in the best of health, and there is no doubt in the minds of those conversant with the affair that had the diseased dog been excluded from the show Lang would to-day be alive. It cost Mr. Wehrle \$500 to learn this lesson, and managers of bench shows and other interested ones here have it for nothing. If the lesson is heeded it will, perhaps, have not been too dearly bought.—THE DUKE.

THE BEAGLE BITCH TRINKET.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Recently Mr. A. C. Krueger reported the beagle Trinket (Flute—Queen) as bred to Bannerman. In reply I stated that a party in Pittsfield, Mass., advertised a beagle bitch for sale. He wrote me that he would sell her for \$12, and added, "I have her pedigree which I will let the man have that buys Trinket." Knowing Trinket as a show winner and the dam of show winners, I was suspicious regarding her identity. And although I replied at once that if his bitch was the original (Flute—Queen) Trinket, winner at Meriden, I would take her, he did not reply until some weeks later, when he wrote that she was, and had won two prizes at Meriden, but that he had sold her. Trinket won one prize at Meriden; she was bred by N. Elmore and sold to Mr. J. W. Marroway, and I bought her from him. Mr. Krueger has probably been imposed upon regarding the breeding of the bitch and I requested the use of another name. I claimed priority of name, which it is customary to acknowledge, particularly as my Trinket is a show winner, and registered in the *American Kennel Register*. Notwithstanding, Mr. Krueger further advertises the beagle Trinket for sale in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. After the publication of my former letter I feel compelled to state that I am the owner of the beagle known to the public as Trinket. As I showed that the Pittsfield party gave a fictitious show record for his hound, and also claimed her to be the same name and breeding as another well known one, Mr. Krueger certainly should have taken time to investigate the breeding of his hound, which is doubtless fictitious.—H. F. SCHELLHASS (Brooklyn, N. Y., May 18).

CHANGED NAME AT SHOWS.—New Haven, Conn., May 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have a dog that won first in a puppy class at New York in 1884, and was commended at the last show. I have lately changed his name and have registered him in the A. K. R. Would his A. K. R. number be sufficient identification in entering him at future show, or shall I have to give his former name as well?—E. S. PORTER. The A. K. R. rules say: "2. All dogs entered for competition or exhibition only shall be entered in the name of the bona fide owner. Such entry must be identified by the name of the dog, its date of birth, and, if known, the name of its sire, dam and breeder; otherwise, it must be entered 'pedigree unknown.' If the name of a dog which has won a first prize has been changed, its name at time of winning any and every such prize, and the place thereof, must be given. 3. If a dog is entered without being identified, as directed in Rule 2, it shall be disqualified from competition."

AN UNFAILING REMEDY FOR ALL SKIN DISEASES.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Take train oil, one quart; petroleum oil, one gill; turpentine, one-half gill; sulphur, one pound; mix to the consistency of cream; then dress the dog all over with the mixture, rubbing well in with the hands until every part of the dog is saturated; allow to remain for a week or ten days, then wash off with strong solution of soda, warm water and softsoap. If the dog licks off the mixture, all the better, it will help him. The only medicine (if needed) is a dose of salts twice a week for a fortnight or three weeks. A few weeks after the above treatment the dog will look like a new animal with a fine healthy coat. If very bad case of mange repeat dressing, but it is seldom necessary. I have cured the very worst cases possible, including a noted stud setter now in Canada.—JOHN R. ROBINSON, representative of the late E. Laverack (Sunderland, Eng., May 12).

POINTERS FOR CALIFORNIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: A. B. Truman, the well known dog man of San Francisco, has received two very handsome lemon and white pointer puppies from the kennels of Dr. J. B. S. Holmes, of Rome, Ga. These puppies are very fine ones, and are a great addition to the pointer stock of the Pacific coast, and will be of great interest to all lovers of the pointer. Their sire is Sensation, and their dam is Seph G., winner of the first prize, open class, Westminster Kennel Club. Everything goes to indicate that they will make grand dogs to hunt the California quail.—PRIAR TUCK.

THE TEXAS FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—The Texas Field Trials Club was recently organized at Marshall, Tex., with the following named gentlemen as officers: President, Mr. Amory F. Starr; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. J. D. Rudd and W. M. Robertson; Secretary, Mr. J. F. Sharp; Treasurer, Mr. Edmund Key. The Executive Committee consists of Harry Blocker, C. B. Cook, Jr., S. H. Green, Frank Y. Hall, Edmund Key, W. H. Pope, W. V. Richardson, W. M. Robertson, W. J. Rosborough, Jr., J. D. Rudd, J. F. Sharp, Amory R. Starr, A. B. Waskom, W. E. Winston and E. P. Womack.

ST. BERNARD AWARDS AT NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: My bitch Belle II., open class smooth St. Bernards, was awarded vhc. at the recent Westminster Kennel Club show. This award does not appear in the published list, as it was made after the first day of the show. Through an oversight on the part of Mr. W. W. Tucker, the judge, he did not notice her when in the ring. The award was afterward duly recorded in the judge's book.—K. E. HOPP.

SPANIEL SPECIALS AT NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In your list of specials at New York, you omit the one for best liver and white field spauel won by Dash II. (A. K. R. 36009). E. M. OLDHAM. [There was no special of the kind in the published list, nor did the secretary mention it in the additional list sent us and published last week. Will the W. K. C. kindly explain?]

POINTER IMPORTATION.—Lad of Bow, Beppo III. and Lass of Bow, the property of the Graphic Kennels, of Jersey City, reached Hoboken on Saturday last on the German steamer Eider. They arrived in excellent condition, and the owners are greatly pleased with them. Lad and Lass of Bow are heavy-weight pointers, and Beppo III. is a light weight; all of them are liver and white. Lass of Bow won second prize at the recent field trials in England.

TOM BALL.—May 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I notice in your issue of April 22, that "Lilibulero" states in his letter of March 27 that my bulldog Tom Ball could be purchased for \$100. This is not correct. I refused \$100 for him four times and sold him for more.—J. C. LYALL.

IMPORTANT SALE OF GREYHOUNDS.—Mr. H. W. Smith, of Worcester, Mass., has disposed of his kennel of greyhounds, with the exception of Friday Night, which he will keep.

MR. WM. TALLMAN has bought out the Blackstone Kennels, comprising Foreman, Plantagenet, Mack B. and some very nice Laverack bitches, and is now the owner and manager.

A NEW ONE.—England is to have a *Pet Dog Journal*, to take special notice of ladies' pets. It will be published at 211 Cardigan Lane, Headingley, Leeds.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound, for retaining duplicates, sent postpaid, 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Pop. By H. C. Miner, New York, for orange, with white markings, St. Bernard dog, whelped March, 1885, by Ditty (Sirias—Thora) out of Orgar (Hector II.—Nres II.).

Count Ranger. By N. Palmer, Baltimore, Md., for white, black and tan ticked Liwellin setter dog, whelped Aug. 12, 1883, by Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Nora) out of Gertrude (Gladstone—Sanborn's Nellie).

Belle. By Neally Morgan, Newmarket, N. H., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Feb. 8, 1885, by Dash (Berkley—Bennett's Lily) out of Beauty (Rocket—Madge).

Bessie Gladstone. By E. A. Melzar and Dr. Homer Emerson, Milton, Mass., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 2, 1884, by Don Gladstone (Gladstone—Juno) out of Bessie T. (Gladstone—Major Taylor's Floy).

Whisper. By J. L. Wyckoff, Perry, N.Y., for black, white and tan foxhound dog, whelped Feb. 20, 1886, by Whcopy (Dick—Spotty) out of Flora.

NAMES CHANGED.

Bertha to Betsy Trotwood. Black, with white frill and feet, cocker spauel bitch, whelped Nov. 19, 1885 (Kiddlewink—Gretchen), owned by Geo. W. King, Denver, Col.

BRED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Belle—Thunder. Theo. B. Stubbs and Wm. M. Wood's (Linwood, Pa.) English setter bitch Belle to Thunder, April 27 and 28.

Justly—Sir Lucifer. Glendoch Collie Kennels' (Bethlehem, Md.) English bitch sherdog bitch Judith (A.K.R. 3161) to their Sir Lucifer (A.K.R. 3678), April 12.

Patsy—Dash. J. J. Lanigan's (Boston, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Patsy (Prince—Peg) to Mrs. H. Edmonds's Dash (A.K.R. 1465), April 20.

Vic—Dash. Mr. Murphy's (Boston, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Vic (Sam D.—Rory) to Mrs. H. Edmonds's Dash (A.K.R. 1465), May 7.

Myrtle—Rattler III. W. S. Diederfer's (Baltimore, Md.) beagle bitch Myrtle (E. 15,725) to his Rattler III (A.K.R. 2798), May 19.

Faustina—Ross. E. A. Melzar and Dr. Homer Emerson's (Milton, Mass.) English setter bitch Faustina (Dash III.—Nellie Dale) to E. A. Melzar's Ross (A.K.R. 2169), May 17.

Maud—Black Pete. E. S. Bird's (Rockland, Me.) cocker spauel bitch Maud (Sam—Daisy) to J. P. Willey's Black Pete, April 22.

Shina—Black Pete. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spauel bitch Shina (A.K.R. 1484) to his Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071), March 10.

Jet W.—Obi II. W. Scott's (Waterbury, Conn.) cocker spauel bitch Jet W. (A.K.R. 351) to J. P. Willey's Obi II. (A.K.R. 432), March 27.

Ada—Obi II. J. W. Kelley's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spauel bitch Ada (Obi II.—Woodstock Dinah) to J. P. Willey's Obi II. (A.K.R. 432), May 7.

Critic—Obi II. W. O. Partridge's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spauel bitch Critic (A.K.R. 309) to J. P. Willey's Obi II. (A.K.R. 432), May 5.

Doric—Obi II. S. R. Hemingway's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spauel bitch Doric (A.K.R. 2787) to J. P. Willey's Obi II. (A.K.R. 432), April 11.

Jet B.—Obi II. F. J. Smith's (Farmington, N. H.) cocker spauel bitch Jet B. (A.K.R. 1200) to J. P. Willey's Obi II. (A.K.R. 432).

Woodstock Queen—Obi II. Jas. Luckwell's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spauel bitch Woodstock Queen to J. P. Willey's Obi II. (A.K.R. 432), Feb. 4.

Blackstone Gladstone. E. W. Clark, Jr.'s (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Blaze (Count Noble—Rosahnd) to P. H. Bryson's Gladstone (Dan—Petrel), April 1.

Jolly Nell—Black B. A. J. Calahan's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Jolly Nell (Prince—Jolly May) to Blackstone Kennels' Mack B. (Dick Laverack—Twilight), April 1.

Countess B.—Foreman. B. Thorpe's (Woodbury, N. J.) English setter bitch Countess B. (Dashing Lion—Victoria) to Blackstone Kennels' Foreman, April 28.

Pansy—Mack B. Blackstone Kennels' (Tarrytown, N. Y.) English setter bitch Pansy (Plantagenet—Jessie) to their Mack B., April 24.

Jessie—Mack B. W. Tallman's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) English setter bitch Jessie (Blue Dan—Flake) to Blackstone Kennels' Mack B., May 13.

Orphan Girl—Foreman. E. R. Troxell's (Pittston, Pa.) English setter bitch Orphan Girl (Leicester—Peers) to Blackstone Kennels' Foreman, Washington Market (Fairly II.), April 3.

Lulu—Foreman. Blackstone Kennels' (Tarrytown, N. Y.) English setter bitch Lulu (Mack B.—Beauty) to their Foreman, April 12.

Belle of Bridgeport—Plantagenet. John White's (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Belle of Bridgeport to Blackstone Kennels' Plantagenet, April 8.

WHELPS.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Leo. Elu City Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) greyhound bitch Leo, May 3, six (two dogs), by Dan.

Wanda T. E. P. Thomas's (Hoboken, N. J.) cocker spauel bitch Wanda T., May 16, seven (three dogs), by Hornell Silk (A.K.R. 1937).

Red Rose. W. O. Rogers's (Jefferson, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Red Rose (A.K.R. 839), May 4, eight (five dogs), by S. C. Colt's Barney O'Shea (A.K.R. 421).

Scouty. J. L. Raub's (New London, Conn.) cocker spauel bitch Scouty (Snipe—Flake), April 17, nine (five dogs), by Ideal Kennels' Pilot (Dan—Daisy Lee).

Bessie Gladstone. E. A. Melzar and Dr. Homer Emerson's (Milton, Mass.) English setter bitch Bessie Gladstone (Don Gladstone—Bessie T.), April 18, five (two dogs), by E. A. Melzar's Ross (A.K.R. 2169).

Frolic. W. Tallman's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) English setter bitch Frolic (Foreman—Jessie), May 8, nine (six dogs), by Blackstone Kennels' Mack B.

SALES.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Max and Nellie. Black, white and tan English setter dog and bitch, whelped Oct. 26, 1885, by Count Gladstone out of Glen (A.K.R. 1938), by Theodore Potter, Glendale, O., to C. C. Richardson, same place.

Dupe. Lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Oct. 26, 1885, by Count Gladstone out of Glen (A.K.R. 1938), by Theo. Potter, Glendale, O., to John Smith, Cincinnati, O.

Count Ranger. White, black and tan ticked Liwellin setter dog, whelped Oct. 12, 1883, by Count Noble out of Gertrude, by H. Pape, Hoboken, N. J., to N. Palmer, Baltimore, Md.

Nellie Husted. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Aug. 17, 1884, by Glencho out of Red Lassie, by Thos. J. Farley, Albany, N.Y., to J. A. Garlaud, Jr., New York.

Jessie III. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Oct. 29, 1883, by Foreman out of Old Jennie, by W. Tallman, Tarrytown, N. Y., to N. Wallace, Watertown, Conn.

Whisper. Black, white and tan foxhound dog, whelped Feb. 20, 1886, by Whcopy out of Flora, by H. E. Cook, Hillsdale, Mich., to J. L. Wyckoff, Perry, N. Y.

Count Gladstone—Glen (A.K.R. 1938) whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Oct. 26, 1885, by Theo. Potter, Glendale, O., to Thos. Goff, Batavia, O.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

J. G. H., Shamokin, Pa.—A pointer pup four months old, after eating is frequently troubled with biccoughs. Ans. Your puppy probably eats too fast—bolts his food. If the trouble continues so as to annoy him or you, feed from the hand and note the effect.

E. J. B., Scarborough.—My pointer bitch through accident was bred to a mongrel dog. Will it affect the pups she has in the future, that is, pups from a finely bred dog? Ans. It may or may not. If she has never had puppies it is more likely to than if she had had one or two litters. Authorities and observations differ on this point. No absolute answer can be given.

M. H., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. What is the best wash and ointment for general use in kennels for slight heat or irritation of the skin? 2. What is the best food for weaning and breeding puppies, and also for pups? 3. What is the best food for pups from 10 to 14 days old away from the mother? Ans. 1. Carbolic or sulphuric soap, balsam of Peru ointments. 2. Ashmont's milk is probably what you want.

W. H. K.—I am unable to report any change in my dog. He certainly is no worse. I conclude that the treatment must be continued for some time. His belly is considerably drawn up. Ans. Give five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice daily in the food in place of the mix after the latter has been continued for ten days from the first administration. Feed principally fluids.

J. A. F., Steelton, Pa.—A whippet will not eat anything and is getting very thin, but seems all right in everything else, and is lively enough when taken out. Ans. Keep the dog's bowels in good order with reasonable doses of syrup of buckthorn when needed. Give five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic three times daily for two weeks, and if your dog is not better let us know.

C. F. L., Haverhill, Mass.—1. One of my four weeks old pointer pups is swollen up to nearly twice his normal size. Was all right until ten days ago and growing as well and as rugged as any in the litter; he does not appear to be in much pain and eats fairly well. I treated him for worms and he passed a large quantity. 2. One of the same litter had an abscess form and break on its belly just inside his hind leg. I kept it clean with water and carbolic acid, it has healed all right, but has left a small bunch, looks like a rupture. Can it be trussed any way so as to reduce it? Ans. 1. You must rid the dog of the worms

C Williams.....	001010110-3	10 00 10 01 00-3-8
H S Williams.....	110110111-8	10 11 11 11 11-9-17
J Herriman.....	110110010-4	11 10 00 01 11-5-9
H Beinkampman.....	010110111-5	10 01 11 10 10-5-10
T Martin.....	111110111-31	11 11 11 10 11-9-18-62

Chatham Gun Club, No. 2.

Schley.....	111110001-6	11 10 11 11 11-9-15
S M Roach.....	001101110-5	10 10 10 00 00-4-9
G McAlpin.....	111010011-6	11 11 11 10 10-8-14
S Neidlinger.....	000100000-2	10 10 10 10 00-4-6
B Bell.....	111110011-7-26	10 01 10 11 11-7-14-58

Match for gun, at 10 single pigeons, 5 pairs double:

E L Neidlinger.....	001111100-6	11 01 11 10 11-8-14
A S Butts.....	100110110-6	10 01 01 11 01-6-12
T Martin.....	111111111-10	11 11 10 11 11-9-19
H L Williams.....	101111110-8	10 10 10 10 11-6-14
A Ayres.....	101110111-8	10 11 01 11 11-8-16
R W Allen.....	000000000	
B E Bell.....	010101000-4	10 10 00 00 01-3-7
M Beinkampman.....	011110000-5	10 11 01 00 00-5-10
E A Crawford.....	110101111-8	11 11 10 11 11-9-17
J W Critchlow.....	001010101-5	10 11 11 10 10-7-12
J P Chapman.....	110110111-7	10 00 00 11 11-5-12
A Silverberg.....	111111111-9	10 10 10 01 10-6-15
J L Dubose.....	101110111-9	10 11 10 10 00-6-13
P B Hays.....	011110111-8	10 11 11 11 11-9-17
L J Merriman.....	100011011-6	10 10 11 w.
T T Hall.....	111010101-6	10 11 11 11 11-9-15
C P Davis.....	010010111-6	11 11 10 10 10-7-13
J C Manning.....	111011110-7	01 11 11 11 11-9-16
S M Roach.....	101001101-5	00 11 11 01 00-5-10
J W Pead.....	111110011-8	00 10 10 10 11-6-14
J Rudeman.....	111110111-9	11 10 10 11 11-7-15
H S Williams.....	111110111-9	11 11 10 11 11-7-15
J Rucker.....	101110111-7	10 10 10 11 11-7-14
T Buryman.....	101101101-6	11 10 00 01 01-6-12
H Rucker.....	001011110-6	10 01 00 w.
C Westcott.....	011011111-8	11 11 11 11 11-10-18
H Gibbes.....	111000101-5	10 11 00 w.
Hershback.....	011001101-6	00 10 11 11 10-6-12

Won by Martin, Westcott and Lemcke divided second, Crawford and Hays divided third.

Match at 5 pairs double pigeons:

J C Manning.....	11 01 11 11 11-7	C A Williams.....11 10 10 11 10-7
L J Merriman.....	10 01 11 11 11-7	J B Dubose.....11 10 00 10 10-6
L S Martin.....	10 10 11 00 00-5	F T Harder.....11 10 00 10 10-6
W M Buryman.....	10 10 11 11 11-7	A S Silverberg.....00 00 11
A L Butts.....	10 11 10 11 10-7	G S McAlpin.....01 11 10 11 10-7
S M Roach.....	10 11 11 10 01-7	H L Williams.....10 10 10 10 11-6
A Ayers.....	11 10 11 11 11-8	R B Hays.....10 10 01 10
J P Chapman.....	10 10 11 10 11-7	C B Westcott.....10 10 10 11 11-7
J M Rivers.....	00 00 10 11 11-5	E A Crawford.....01 10 10 11 11-6
H B Lemcke.....	10 11 11 01 11-7	J C Manning.....10 10 00 10 11-5
Beinkampman.....	11 11 11 01 11-7	J A Critchlow.....10 00 10 10 11-5
J Rudeman.....	01 11 01 10 11-7	

First, Beinkampman; second Ayers and Merriman; third, miss and out, Maing.

Match at 5 pairs double pigeons and 5 singles:

E S Neidlinger.....	00001-1	11 10 11 11 01-8-9
A Ayers.....	11101-4	11 01 10 10 00-6-10
Martin.....	10111-4	10 01 11 11 11-8-12
H S Butts.....	11100-2	00 01 01 01 01-5-7
Head.....	10100-1	11 00 11 11 10-7-8
McAlpin.....	10110-3	10 10 11 10 11-7-10
Lemcke.....	10110-3	11 11 10 11 01-7-10
Freeman.....	00111-2	11 11 10 11 01-7-10
H L Williams.....	11101-3	11 11 11 10 11-10-13
Manning.....	11100-2	11 11 10 11 10-8-13
E H Crawford.....	11101-4	11 11 11 11 11-10-14
J Rudeman.....	01111-4	11 11 11 11 11-10-14
Hays.....	11110-4	01 10 10 11 11-7-10
L J Merriman.....	11101-3	10 00 11 11 11-7-10
Roach.....	10101-3	00 11 01 11 10-7-9

Crawford first, H. L. Williams second, Martin third.

Match at 5 singles:

T T Hall.....	11111-5	J W Schley.....01111-4
B E Bell.....	01011-3	L J Merriman.....01101-3
H Gibbes.....	01010-2	S C Abrams.....01011-3
J C Manning.....	01011-3	C A Drayton.....01010-2
E L Neidlinger.....	01011-3	H B Lemcke.....11101-4
J P Chapman.....	11011-4	H Rucker.....11111-5
R W Allen.....	00110-2	J O Bradley.....01010-1
A S Silverberg.....	10111-4	L R Sills.....01010-2
Dr Roach.....	10101-2	M R Freeman.....01010-2
A Ayers.....	11101-3	J B Dubose.....11011-4
C Westcott.....	01011-3	C P Davis.....11011-3
H W Hopkins.....	01111-4	E A Crawford.....01111-4
H V Palmer.....	01111-4	T G Rawls.....11101-4
H L Williams.....	11101-4	G S McAlpin.....11011-4
J A Critchlow.....	01111-4	T T Hardee.....11100-2
C A Williams.....	10101-3	T Martin.....11111-5
J Rucker.....	01011-3	
H A Beinkampman.....	11100-3	

Rucker and Martin first, Lemcke second, Hays third.

Match at 5 clays:

Neidlinger.....	11101-3	C B Westcott.....01111-4
A Ayers.....	11110-4	A S Silverberg.....01010-1
G H Gadsden.....	10100-2	Judge Freeman.....00111-3
T T Hall.....	11111-5	P B Hays.....10011-3
H A Beinkampman.....	11011-4	J C Manning.....10111-4
C A Drayton.....	01011-2	Dr Roach.....01011-3
L D Lockart.....	10100-2	Abrams.....10000-1
B E Bell.....	01100-3	Manning.....11111-5
H B Lemcke.....	11100-3	Crawford.....11111-5

Crawford first, Manning second, Lemcke third.

Match at 5 singles:

E L Neidlinger.....	00001-1	C T Davis.....00000-0
St Clair Abrams.....	01101-3	T G Raub.....10001-2
Judge Freeman.....	01110-3	J F Wadley.....10100-2
Gadsden.....	00010-1	C A Drayton.....10100-2
S M Roach.....	00100-1	L R Sills.....10011-3
H Williams.....	10111-4	J W Pead.....10111-3
J A Critchlow.....	00000-0	

T Williams first, Abrams second.

Match at 3 doubles:

J C Manning.....	11 11 01-5	E A Crawford.....01 01 11-4
W Allen.....	00 10 00-1	Thos Martin.....11 11 11-6
H L Williams.....	10 11 11-5	J L Merriman.....01 10 11-4
B E Bell.....	11 11 11-6	T T Hall.....11 10 10-4
J W Pead.....	11 11 11-6	P B Hays.....11 10 11-5
A S Butts.....	10 10 10-3	C B Westcott.....10 11 11-5
A Ayers.....	10 10 10-3	J Rudeman.....10 11 11-5
C P Davis.....	11 11 10-5	H B Lemcke.....11 11 11-6

Lemcke first, Rudeman second, Crawford third.

Match at 10 singles, 5 pairs double:

T T Hall.....	01011010-6	10 10 10 10 01-4-10
E A Crawford.....	110110111-8	11 11 11 11 01-17-17
C P Davis.....	011101111-7	10 11 10 11 11-18-15
J C Manning.....	111110111-9	10 10 10 10 10-16-15
A Ayers.....	101110111-9	01 00 10 10 10-16-13
H L Williams.....	111110111-8	10 00 11 11 10-16-14
Thos Martin.....	111110111-9	10 11 10 10 11-16-15
L D Lockart.....	010001011-8	00 10 10 10 10-4-7
E S Neidlinger.....	000000000-0	10 00 00 11 11-5-7
H Lemcke.....	010111111-8	00 01 01 11 11-5-7
M S Beinkampman.....	000000100-1	10 10 11 retired.
A S Silverberg.....	101110100-6	11 01 11 10 01-7-13
S M Roach.....	1010111-5	10 11 11 10 01-7-13
P B Hays.....	011111111-9	01 10 10 11 11-14-6
E H Gadsden.....	101111111-8	11 11 01 11 11-19-17

Westcott first, Martin second, Lemcke third.

Match at 10 singles:

A Ayers.....	001100110-4	B E Bell.....010001110-5
A S Butts.....	100101111-6	H S Williams.....110011111-8
E A Crawford.....	110101111-8	J Rudeman.....101000111-8
G S McAlpin.....	100010111-5	P B Hays.....010001111-8
J W Pead.....	000011101-5	S M Roach.....101100111-7
T T Martin.....	111110111-9	E S Neidlinger.....001011010-5
H B Lemcke.....	101111111-8	Judge Freeman.....100000001-2
J C Manning.....	110110111-7	S J Merriman.....101110110-7

Martin first, Crawford second, Williams third.

Match at 6 singles, 2 pair doubles:

Thos Martin.....	11111-6	10 11 11-3-9
A L Williams.....	10101-4	11 11 11-3-9
A S Butts.....	10101-4	11 11 11-3-9
A Ayers.....	11010-3	01 11 11-3-6
E A Crawford.....	10111-5	11 10 10-3-8
Neidlinger.....	10101-3	11 11 11-4-7
Pead.....	11010-3	11 10 10-3-6
Hays.....	11111-5	10 11 11-3-8
Roach.....	01100-3	10 10 10-2-5
L J Merriman.....	01111-5	10 10 10-2-7

Martin first, Crawford second, Williams third.

THE BUFFALO TOURNAMENT.

BUFFALO, May 18.—The three days' shooting tournament opened auspiciously to-day at the Driving Park. Peoria blackbirds are used, and prizes aggregating \$900 are being contested for. Two contests are on the programme for each day. The tournament has brought together many of the best shots in the country, including most of those who were present at the State shoot of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game held in Buffalo on September 13th. Among those who contested to-day were H. B. Whitney, of Phelps, N. Y., the boy wonder, who won the Pierce diamond badge in 1884, D. M. Levever, C. Wagner, and A. Baker, of Rochester; Eugene Smith, of La Salle, W. H. Fleischer, of Irondequoit, Ed. Hudson, Geo. Luther, A. G. Courtney, Wm. Erb, alias Coter, a Lafayette, Ind., professional shot; F. L. Chamberlain and J. J. Wightman, of Cleveland; Francis Drake and J. C. Lineman of Bradford, and others equally well known. The tournament is considered the first there was of the kind, and the pluck of Messrs. Ed. Taylor, president of the Audubons, J. P. Manning, J. P. Fisher, Otto Besser, Jr., and Eugene Bertrand in holding it is commendable. Buffalo shots were conspicuous by their absence, which may easily be accounted for by the fact that there are no Buffalo sportsmen able to compete with those from outside who make shooting their business.

The day was all that could be asked, there being no wind. Two sweepstakes were shot before the regular contests, the entrance being \$1. Five traps were used and 5 birds shot at in each sweepstake. In the first there were 16 entries. The scores follow:

F L Chamberlain.....	11101-4	Frank Drake.....10111-4
C Wagner.....	11111-5	D M Levever.....01111-4
William Myers.....	10001-2	E H Smith.....11111-5
A Baker.....	11111-5	E Hudson.....01110-3
William Coter (Erb).....	10111-4	George Stauben.....10111-4
George Luther.....	10111-4	A G Courtney.....01110-3
J A Prechtel.....	10111-4	H B Whitney.....11111-5
J J Wightman.....	10111-4	H H Fleischer.....1 out-1

The two were Coter and Coter took first money, 50 per cent., Smith and Whitney divided second money, 30 per cent., and A. G. Courtney took third prize, 20 per cent., of the \$16.

In the second sweepstake there were 21 entries, making the purse \$21. The score follows:

C Wagner.....	11110-4	F Drake.....11101-4
E H Smith.....	11110-3	George Luther.....10111-4
A Baker.....	10100-2	William Richmond.....11111-5
J J Wightman.....	11111-5	J J Wightman.....11110-4
H B Fleischer.....	10110-3	A G Courtney.....00000-0
Ed Hudson.....	11101-4	Otto Besser, Jr.....01101-2
H B Whitney.....	11111-5	P A Poole.....00101-3
D M Levever.....	11100-2	J A Prechtel.....01011-3
J Koch.....	10111-4	George Stauber.....10011-3
J Grau.....	10001-2	William Myers.....00000-0
F L Chamberlain.....	00111-3	

When the ties were shot off Richmond took first money, Drake, Luther and Wagner divided second and Whitney took third.

The first regular contest was at 10 birds, the prizes aggregating \$150, being \$50, \$30, \$20, \$10 and \$5 respectively. Thirty-one of the sportsmen entered at \$5 apiece. Some very good shooting was done. Coter, Lineman, Wagner and Whitney killing a straight string of birds. The following is the score:

E H Smith.....	101111111-9	Henry Quinn.....011000011-5
W Coter.....	111111111-10	O Besser, Jr.....010101001-4
A Baker.....	111111111-8	Louis Fritz.....010101001-4
C Chamberlain.....	111111111-7	J O Manning.....100101110-6
F Drake.....	100011111-7	Geo Stauben.....110110111-8
J C Lineman.....	111111111-10	Wm Richmond.....110110111-8
Ed Hudson.....	101110111-8	Geo Luther.....111110110-8
J Prechtel.....	111111111-9	J Koch.....1100110101-6
Ed Taylor.....	111110010-7	H B Whitney.....111111111-10
C Wagner.....	111111111-10	D M Levever.....1100110101-7
E Hudson.....	010101011-5	A G Courtney.....110111111-9
Geo R Vine.....	010101011-6	H H Fleischer.....111111111-9
G E Fisher.....	111110111-8	J J Wightman.....111110001-7
J F Jones.....	110000001-2	W Myers.....1111000101-6
Geo Jenne.....	001100011-6	John Grau.....001010101-4
F Schwartz.....	100101001-5	

The first three prizes were divided by those who were tied on 10, 9 and 8 birds respectively. Wightman took fourth money and Myers fifth prize.

The second contest was at 10 birds for a purse of \$150. There were 26 entries and the score resulted:

George Jenne.....	011011001-6	J Koch.....000111000-4
Ed Hudson.....	111111111-10	W Myers.....010101010-6
H B Whitney.....	010110111-7	J A Prechtel.....111101110-8
H H Fleischer.....	111101111-9	A G Courtney.....111011011-7
E H Smith.....	101101011-7	George Luther.....111101111-9
W Richmond.....	111101111-9	W Coter.....111111111-10
A Baker.....	011111111-9	F Kimball.....111111111-10
F L Chamberlain.....	110111111-9	Geo R Vine.....000101101-4
Frank Drake.....	101101111-5	J J Wightman.....111001010-4
C Wagner.....	111111111-10	J P Fisher.....010110101-6
J C Lineman.....	111110111-9	O Besser, Jr.....000101000-2
J Dingens.....	001010111-6	J O Manning.....0100101000-3
E Taylor.....	1111011011-8	Sol Scheu, Jr.....000000000-0

Those tied on 10 birds divided first money. Richmond and Luther tied on 9 birds, divided after the others had been shot out. Those tied on 8 and 7 birds respectively divided.

A sweepstake followed the regular contests, which was won by Smith who took first money. Whitney took second money.

May 19.—The second day attracted a larger crowd than on the first day and the contests were at times very exciting. The shooting began at 11 o'clock, a sweepstake being the first match.

The first regular contest was for a purse of \$150, at 10 blackbirds and brought out 20 of the sportsmen. Hudson and Barnes tied for first money, \$50, which they divided; second money, \$40, was divided by Wagner, Courtney, Koch and Greene, who were tied on 9 birds. Koch, a Buffalo hunter, did some very good shooting and his success rather encouraged some other Buffalo shots. Third money, \$30, was divided among Luther, Baker, Chamberlain, Whitney and Richmond, Courtney and Baker divided fourth money, and fifth was divided between those tied on 6 birds. The following is the score:

J A Prechtel.....	011101110-8	A J Mmter.....	101010101-6
A Baker.....	110011010-7		
There were 37 birds in the second contest, which was the same as the first. The purse of \$150 at 10 birds. Ties were numerous and the money was all divided except third, which was shot for and won by Baker. The score follows:			
E H Smith.....	110111010-7	J Koch.....	111011001-7
W Gombert.....	111110110-8	A Baker.....	010111101-7
W Richmond.....	111110110-8	J O Manning.....	000111111-7
F L Chamberlain.....	110101001-5	J J Wightman.....	111111100-8
G Geo Luther.....	011111101-8	H B Jones.....	100010001-8
J S Barnes.....	111111101-9	C Greene.....	110111010-7

COLUMBUS, O., May 18.—Central Ohio Shooting Association tournament opened on the fair grounds to-day under very favorable auspices. The attendance was good and the shooting fair. The official scores are:

First match, at five American clay birds:	
Aston.....10111-4	Mack.....11110-4
Ackerman.....10101-2	Kiefer.....00011-2
Buntin.....01101-3	Damsel.....11111-5
Mason.....01111-4	Wendt.....01001-2
Wickersham.....01101-3	Duffy.....11111-5
Allen.....11111-5	

Duffy, Damsel and Allen divided first, Aston, Mason and Mack divided second, Buntin and Wickersham divided third.

Second match at five Lowsky clay pigeons:	
Aston.....11101-4	Buntin.....00110-2
Southwick.....01010-2	Wickersham.....00111-3
Gugle.....01101-2	Allen.....01011-3
Damsel.....01111-4	Webb.....00101-2
Drake.....10111-4	Siebert.....10100-2
Mason.....11111-5	Kiefer.....10101-2
Wendt.....10101-5	Ackerman.....11011-4
Duffy.....10101-3	Mack.....11011-4
Graham.....01010-2	

Mason took first prize, Damsel and Mack second and Duffy and Wickersham third.

Third match, at 5 American clay birds:	
Gugle.....00101-2	Buntin.....11111-5
Southwick.....01111-4	Allen.....11011-4
Damsel.....10101-2	Webb.....10010-2
Wickersham.....10101-2	Kiefer.....11110-4
Mason.....11111-5	Ackerman.....11011-4
Wendt.....11111-5	Mack.....00101-2
Duffy.....10101-3	Buck.....11101-4
Graham.....11011-4	

Mason, Wendt and Buntin divided first, Southwick and Allen divided second, Drake and Duffy divided third.

Fourth match, at 7 Lowsky clay pigeons:	
Aston.....11101-4	Damsel.....10110-4
Kiefer.....01111-5	Graham.....11111-5
Duffy.....10111-6	Webb.....10000-3
Ackerman.....11111-7	Wendt.....11011-6
Wickersham.....11111-7	Webb.....00100-3
Drake.....00110-4	Mack.....10100-4
Mason.....01111-6	Allen.....10111-5
Buntin.....11101-6	Southwick.....10011-4
Ackerman, Wickersham and Damsel divided first, Duffy and Mason divided second, Kiefer and Allen divided third.	

Fifth match, at 7 American clay birds:	
Aston.....11111-7	Buntin.....11111-7
Kiefer.....01001-3	Allen.....00011-4
Duffy.....11101-6	Mack.....10010-3
Wendt.....10101-5	Ackerman.....10010-3
Wickersham.....01010-4	Harlow.....00111-5
Webb.....01111-5	Hamel.....10111-6
Siebert.....01101-5	Gugle.....00101-3
Mason.....01010-4	Southwick.....11100-5

Aston, Buntin and Allen divided first, Duffy and Damsel divided second, Southwick and Harlow divided third.

Sixth match, 5 singles and 2 pairs of American clay birds:					
Duffy.....	11111-5	11 10-8	Mason.....	10111-4	11 00-6
Wendt.....	11100-3	10 11-6	Webb.....	10111-4	10 10-6
Buntin.....	09010-1	00 00-1	Damsel.....	01011-3	01 11-5
Aston.....	10110-3	11 10-6	Gugle.....	00101-2	11 10-5
Ackerman.....	01011-3	01 01-5	Kiefer.....	10110-3	11 10-6
Buck.....	11100-3	11 11-7	Southwick.....	10111-4	10 10-6
Wickersham.....	10111-4	00 10-5	Graham.....	10010-2	11 00-4
Allen.....	11100-3	11 11-7	Harlow.....	11101-4	10 11-7
Duffy took first prize, Buck, Allen and Harlow divided second, Mason and Kiefer divided third.					

Duffy took first prize, Buck, Allen and Harlow divided second, Mason and Kiefer divided third.

MIDDLESEX VS. JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.—Well, the return match between the Middlesex Gun Club and the Jersey City Heights came off on the grounds of the former club at Dunnellen on the 19th inst., and came near being a Waterloo for the Heights boys. Query? Have the Jersey City Heights really had their day and is their glory departed for ever? Or is the old Jersey City Heights a team of champions, brilliant victories unparalleled in history, at last puffed up and arrogant become enervated, relying upon their past record, to meet an ignominious defeat at the hands of a club of but a few months' existence? The 10:30 train from Jersey City carried a large delegation of the Jersey boys to Dunnellen, where they were met at the depot by Dan Terry, Captain of the Middlesex Gun Club, and escorted to coaches to the grounds, some half mile distant. The Middlesex have a fine club house, the residence of which is very satisfactorily arranged in regard to the sun, boundaries, etc. It is a building about the club house is a cool cellar beneath for the preservation of the birds, only being sent to market. It would make a tip-top wine cellar, only the Ms. are decidedly prohibition or anti-wine. The Ms. are a right good sort of boys and know how to treat their guests. The collation served up was good and in ample quantities. We missed the superb clam chowder of our friend Carmody, though we saw his glowing face among the intensely interested delegation from the Heights. As the close of the match, there were many little episodes, so to speak, of an interesting character. Dr. Burdett lost one bird by his gun catching under his coat. Two birds on each side were scored lost by the dog in his haste driving the bird out of bounds. In each case the bird would probably have been gathered by a careful man. One of the Middlesex men lost his bird because his gun was not in proper shape as he went to the score. Dickens's next to last bird was clearly shot on the ground, as both the ground and the ground had been decided had a decision been called for in time. No less than two and probably three, birds would have been decided lost to the Middlesex, had the challenges been prompt, on the position of the gun below the elbow. But there seemed a disposition on both sides to have everything fair and friendly. During the shooting of the second squid it seemed evident, or at least probable, to both Captain Terry, of the Middlesex, and Captain Heritage, of the Jersey City Heights, that some of their most reliable team shooters would not be on hand. Therefore, a compact was made that instead of 5 men on the last squid, there should be only 2, making only 17 men on side. Heritage named his men (Dr. Burdett and J. von Lengerke), but before the finish of the score of the third squid Terry's men appeared. Heritage's did not. The Middlesex boys insisted on shooting the 20 men, knowing that it was their only show. As the third squid's score showed the Jersey City Heights 2 birds ahead, and with their two shooters mentioned they would surely win. Heritage knew this, and insisted on not filling the squid with shooter shooters against the last men the Middlesex could furnish, as they had been held in reserve especially; but the Jersey City Heights boys don't know how to do a small thing, and as they have always prided themselves on shooting a full team and the full strength of the club, they decided to fill out and shoot the 20 men, all thinking that they would surely be beaten, Captain Heritage especially being very indignant—with reason, too. He had the interest of the club at heart; he knew he had the man. The boys all appreciated his zeal, but they at the same time felt that the honor of the club was of far more value than the \$50 (the price of the birds). As long as it was expected that the match, like the previous one, should be 20 men on a side, and the J. C. H. had that number of men on the ground, they ought to shoot them even if they did lose, and they are all better satisfied to have it come out a tie than to have won the match with 17 men and a slur on the good name of the club. Our jolly sporting editor of the *Constitutionalist* (Plainfield) tries to make an outrageous pun, and a very muddy chestnut at that, and give a dig at Jacobus, the steel business. That won't do, my dear E. There was no dog in the last shot at all; the bird dropped dead 5 yds. or more from the back score, and was picked up and held up in the presence of all by Capt. Heritage. That was a very creditable shot of young Still, a young member of the club, his first shot on a team, put on at the last moment, no wonder he was nervous. He did not do himself justice. But the last shot, when Middlesex had killed Still, must kill to the ground. To miss a shot, how he was to be to the ground, the gun trembling in his hand, his knees shaking, but with firm compressed lip he planted his foot down and called "pull." The bird proved to be an incomer. Still was shooting Von Lengerke's gun, a close choke. The bird came on to all appearance unharmed. Sutherland of the Jersey City Journal and the undersigned both scored it lost and the match won by the Middlesex, when a shout went up and pandemonium broke loose. The bird had dropped dead just behind Still and within bounds. How was it? How was it? How was it? And poor Still, they took him in their arms carrying him into the club room amid the most vociferous acclamations, and in their excitement nearly smothered the young hero. Still secured the bird and will have it stuffed as a memento of how he, the youngest member, the first time he shot, saved the club from defeat. From the score it will be seen that there was some very poor, really unaccountable poor, shooting. The percentage, as all agree, was up the third squid's score, finishing decidedly in favor of the Middlesex, about 90 per cent. But there is no excuse for an old shot like Collins making such a record. When he shoots his own gun with his own shells loaded as he knows how to load them he is a safe man, but rushing from his office, reaching the grounds in a hurry, shooting first one member's gun then another's, is it a wonder that he gets but 3 where the club counted on him for at least 7 out of the 8? It is not justice to himself, it is a wrong on the club. The match was a tie, or draw, all

bets were declared off, and the breath came regular and the blood in its course through the system dropped to its usual velocity. The duffer saved the day. The following is the official score:

Twenty men each club, 25 yds. rise, 8 birds per man, 1 barrel only, gun below elbow until bird is on the wing. Major J. S. Hutchinson, Judge for Middlesex, George B. Eaton judge for Jersey City Heights, Capt. J. S. Staats, referee; G. F. Sutherland scorer for the Jersey City Heights, Judge G. P. Suydam for the Middlesex.

Middlesex.		Jersey City Heights.	
First Squad.		First Squad.	
Alexander.....00011010-3		Whitehead.....01110000-3	
Hoffman.....00111101-5		Hughes.....01011111-6	
Clark.....00100111-4		Bird.....10101010-5	
Gedde.....11010111-6		Headen.....11111010-6	
J. D. Vorhees.....01111111-7-25		Eams.....01110001-4-24	
Second Squad.		Second Squad.	
Day.....10111011-6		Canon.....10101011-5	
Jobbs.....11011100-5		Col'lins.....00001101-3	
Miller.....01011111-6		Holcomb.....11110000-5	
Forrest.....10110100-3		Demarest.....00111111-6	
Ridgens.....01111110-6-26		Il Siegler.....01011111-6-25	
Third Squad.		Third Squad.	
Rudolph.....10101011-5		Quinlan.....01010101-4	
Shepherd.....11000011-4		W. Siegler.....10111111-7	
Squire.....11101111-7		B. S. Paye.....10111111-7	
Williams.....00101111-6		J. Claffy.....11111111-8	
Force.....10101011-5-26		F. Payne.....10100101-4-30	
Fourth Squad.		Fourth Squad.	
Greeley.....11111011-7		Toffey.....01010111-5	
Gibson.....11000111-5		Maher.....01101111-6	
Cammermeyer.....11110111-8		J. Von Lengerke.....11111100-5	
Chapman.....01101111-6		Burdette.....01011111-5	
Telly.....11101011-6-30		Still.....10010101-4-28	

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JACOBSTAFF.

KNOXVILLE GUN CLUB.—Match for gold medal at blackbirds, 3 traps, 15 yds. rise, 3 angles. Armstrong, Ross, Slocum, Dow and Duncan 18 yds., Eldridge 21, rest 15:

W. Armstrong.....01111111111111111111-23	
J. M. Ross.....11111011101111111111-22	
J. W. Slocum.....11110111101110111111-18	
S. B. Dow.....1111110011111100011011-18	
M. W. Calkins.....010011031010111011010-15	
W. Jenkins.....1000001101011010101010-14	
T. C. Eldridge.....110101010101111110011001-14	
T. Townsend.....000101010101000011010101-11	
J. C. Duncan.....01110101010000011010101-14	

Mr. S. B. Dow was the winner in the April shoot of the club on a score of 21 out of 25.

Clay-pigeon match, 1 trap, 15 yds., 3 angles:
 Rose.....1111111111111111-14 Colkins.....1011000011110-9
 Armstrong.....01011111110110-11 Eldridge.....1010101010101-9
 Woodbury.....10101111010110-10 Townsend.....0011011101010-8
 Duncan.....10101101010101-10 Dow.....0011010110001-8
 Slocum.....01010011111110-10 Jenkins.....1100011100000-8

LONG BRANCH, May 19.—The West End Gun Club held its last shoot of the season on their grounds at West End to-day. The match was to decide who should possess the gold medal and who the leather medal. Ten glass balls were shot at 18 yds. The following is the score: Chas. Morris, 9; E. E. Tabor, 4; Gen. Vickers, 10; D. C. Bearmore, 8; J. Van Dyke, 8; Wm. Goodwin, 9; Richard B. Moore, 6; Elyvon 10; 10. As General Vickers and Elyvon tied, it was decided that they should shoot at 5 balls to decide the contest. Green broke 3 and Gen. Vickers, 5, which gave him the medal. The leather medal was awarded to Mr. E. E. Tabor.

COLLEGE MARKSMEN.—The Harvard Shooting Club held a class shoot on the afternoon of May 20, at East Watertown. A high north-west wind interfered considerably with the scores; 25 birds, 18 yds., 5 angles: '86 team—Slocum, 20; Austin, F. B., 17; Allen, W. S., 15; Bradley, 20—72. '87 team—Palmer, F. S., 19; Mead, F. S., 15; Coolidge, F. S., 15; Austin, 11; handicap, 12—72. '88 team—Clyde, 12; Overton, 4; Carpenter, 9; average score, 13; handicap, 20—68. '89 team—Grew, 13; Perry, 11; Greene, 11; Proctor, 6; handicap 24—65. In shooting off the tie between '88 and '87, 5 birds, '88 won, 18 to 11.

JAMAICA PLAIN GUN CLUB.—At the annual meeting, May 22, the following officers were elected: S. D. Harris, President; D. L. Brown, Treasurer; J. F. Boothby, Captain; C. H. Cilley, Secretary. The report of the treasurer shows the club to be in a flourishing condition financially with a good prospect for the future. The members are all active shooters and turn out in good numbers at every shoot in proportion to their membership which is rapidly increasing.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., has a flourishing gun club. The shoots are held alternate Saturdays.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

There are still many clubs not represented below, and some of the dates in the table are not official. We ask the aid of club secretaries and others in completing and correcting the list:

29. Portland, Cruise.	10. Hull, Novelty, Hull.
30. Corinthian, Club, Marblehead	10. Corinthian, Club, Marblehead
31. Sandy Bay, Pen. Rockport.	10. Sandy Bay, Pen. Rockport.
32. Knickerbocker, Spring Reg.	13. Beverly, Cham, Marblehead.
33. Onondaga, Opening, On. Lake.	13. Great Head, Ladies', Winthrop.
34. S. C. Y. C., Opening, N. Y. Bay.	14. Hull, Cham., Hull.
35. New Haven, Opening, N. Y. Bay.	15-17. Amer. (Steam), Annual.
36. Toledo, Pennant, Toledo.	17. Sandy Bay, Cor., Rockport.
37. Brooklyn, Opening, N. Y. Bay.	17 to 25. Knickerbocker, Cruise.
38. Atlantic, Opening, N. Y. Bay.	17. Jersey City, Annual.
39. Corinthian, San Francisco.	17. Atlantic, Cruise.
40. Newark, Annual.	21. Hull, Ladies', Hull.
41. Jersey City, Opening, N. Y. Bay.	22. Boston, Cup, City Point.
	23. Dorchester, Club, Harrison.
	24. Beverly, Club, Mon. Beach.
	24. Corinthian, Ladies', Marblehead.
	24. Sandy Bay, Pen. Gloucester.
	24. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop.
	24. Quincy, Club.
	24. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop.
	30. L. Y. R. A., Belleville.
	31. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
	31. Hull, Cruise, Eastward.
	31. Sandy Bay, Ladies', Rockport.
	AUGUST.
	2. Sandy Bay, Open, Rockport
	2. L. Y. R. A., Kingston.
	2. N. Y. C., Annual, Cruise.
	6. L. Y. R. A., Oswego.
	7. Corinthian, Open, Marblehead.
	7. Beverly, Club, Mon. Beach.
	7. Quincy, Club.
	8. Quaker City, Review.
	9. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop.
	9. L. Y. R. A., Toronto.
	11. Great Head, Ladies', Winthrop.
	14. Sandy Bay, Club, Squam.
	14. Hull, Open, Hull.
	14. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
	14-29. Quaker City, An. Cruise.
	21. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
	24. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop.
	25. Hull, Ladies', Hull.
	25. Corinthian, Club, Marblehead.
	25. Hull, Cham., Hull.
	25. Sandy Bay, Open, Squam.
	SEPTEMBER.
	2. Boston, Cup, City Point.
	3. Quincy, Club.
	4. Dorchester, Club, Harrison.
	4. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
	4. Corinthian, Cham., Marblehead.
	5. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
	6. Newark, Open.
	6. Quaker City, Cup, 2d Class.
	8. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop.
	11. Hull, Cham., Hull.
	11. Corinthian, Sweepstake, Marblehead.
	11. Sandy Bay, Sweep, Gloucester.
	17. Toledo, Pen., Toledo.
	19. Quaker City, Review & Cruise.
	19. Sandy Bay, Club, Rockport.
	19. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop.
	25. Buffalo, Club, Lake Erie.
	25. Beverly, Club, Nahant.

THE SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.

A VERY important meeting of the S. C. Y. C. was held on May 19 at Delmonico's with Com. Canfield in the chair. Besides the ordinary business of the club several matters came up which are of general interest to yachtsmen and which incidentally serve to show that the club is in as sound a condition as ever and as active in the promotion of yacht racing. On motion of Mr. Tams the section of the by-laws reading, "There shall be an annual squaldron cruise, the date for which shall be fixed at the regular meeting of the club held in May," was stricken out as not properly a part of the by-laws, but a matter to be settled by the officers according to circumstances. Last year, owing to the many events on hand, the cruise was omitted, but one will probably be ordered this season. Notice was given that the club would, after May 31, occupy the old basin, formerly held by them, between Tompkinsville and Stapleton, Staten Island. The club yacht *Venture* will be moored here and a janitor will be in attendance. Four new members were declared elected and the names of five candidates were presented. A letter was received from one of the members who lately resigned, asking leave to withdraw his resignation, which was granted. The following amendments were read by the secretary in the absence of Mr. L. P. Bayard, their proposer. The first proposition was to amend that part of Rule II, Section 1, relating to classification of cutters, sloops and yawls to read as follows:

First class, measuring 75ft. load waterline length and over; second class, measuring 55ft. and less than 75ft. load waterline length; third class, measuring 45ft. and less than 55ft. load waterline length; fourth class, measuring 35ft. and less than 45ft. load waterline length; fifth class, measuring less than 35ft. load waterline length. This change involves only the addition of a larger class and a renumbering of the classes. In view of the large yachts lately built, one of which is the flagship of the club, some such change was necessary, the only question being the limit for the larger class. Seventy-five feet was proposed in the original amendment merely as a suggestion, and the subject was generally discussed. It was desired to keep in the new second class the yachts now racing in the first class, all of which, with one exception, *Edouard*, are under 70ft. waterline. It was suggested that this figure would be better than 75, as when a vessel is once established in a class it is certain to be there for 75ft. is a wide step. After much discussion the length of 71m was fixed upon, thus including *Bedouin*, and the measure was passed.

The other amendment offered by Mr. Bayard was a radical one, and was discussed at length, and only carried after some opposition. It read as follows:

"To amend Rule X, relating to Corinthian crews, by striking out all of Sec. 2 and substituting the following:

Sec. 2. Professional crews shall be allowed on schooners and first class cutters, sloops and yawls."

"Sec. 3. Second class cutters, sloops and yawls may carry four professionals as part of their crew."

"Sec. 4. Yachts carrying professional crews in whole or in part, shall be subject to Rules XII and XIII."

Every year the Sailing Committee have found great difficulty in filling the entries, owing to the difficulty of securing a sufficient number of amateurs to man the larger yachts, and also to the reluctance of many owners to taking their vessels outside in the hands of an amateur crew. In the club and about New York from whose numbers competent crews for any yacht could be selected; but it is very difficult to get together eight or nine men who can spare any time for preparation or practice such as is needed in yacht racing, while at the date of the first regatta a good many have soft hands and pale faces after a winter's work indoors. To handle a yacht of 60 to 90ft. requires a crew of strong, skillful men, well trained and used to working together, and while we have some such crews composed of regular sailors, there are many owners who are deterred from entering by the difficulty of manning their yachts with a good crew for only one race. The club is making special efforts this year to secure large entries in all the classes, which cannot be done, as experience has fully proved under the old rule.

The amendment was finally passed, with the result doubtless that, while some of the yachts now sailing with good amateur crews will retain them, the entries in the larger classes will be augmented by the large racers and probably two or three Eastern yachts, sailed by their regular crews. There will be more and more amateurs employed for manning the smaller yachts. The other regulations of the club, limiting number of crew and providing that the yachts must be sailed by amateurs, are still in force. At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Centre announced that a cup to cost \$1,000 had been subscribed for by members of the club to be offered for the first class yachts *Priscilla*, *Mayflower*, *Puritan* and *Atlantic*, on June 19, the date of the annual regatta, on the following conditions: First, that three of the four yachts should start; second, that the yachts should not be sailed by professional crews; third, that they must carry balloon gas topsails, but otherwise to be subject to the rules of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. Of these, *Mayflower*, *Puritan* and *Priscilla* will in all probability enter, and it is hoped that *Atlantic* will be in also. The flagship, *Priscilla*, has arrived in New York and will be ready before Decoration Day, when the opening race of the club will be sailed. Mr. J. F. Tams has been appointed Fleet Captain. The race will be sailed in cruising trim, regular crews allowed. No entries will be required, but yachts intending to race must carry racing signals at the peak. The prizes will be \$25 in each class. The course will be to and around Buoy 8½.

HOW TO AVOID BEING DROWNED.

THE danger of drowning is present wherever water of any depth is found, and almost every person is liable at times to an accident which may result in their total submersion. Not only sailors, yachtsmen and canoeists, who spend much time afloat, but the ordinary traveler, even by rail and much more so when aboard a vessel, however large, may be called upon without warning to support himself unaided in the water for an indefinite time. In such a case it might be supposed that in this enlightened age the simple principles of flotation, its laws and their practical application, would be included in the elementary instruction of children, even if practical exercises in swimming were neglected; but such is far from being the case. Further than this, there are many who consider themselves fairly expert swimmers who have given no thought to the principles of flotation, on which their safety depends, and which, if well understood, may aid them in keeping afloat long after their powers as swimmers only are exhausted.

Those who would study this interesting subject will find much valuable information in a little book entitled "How to Avoid being Drowned; or, All About Flotation," by F. W. Brewster, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, recently published by Messrs. Roberts & Lytle, of London. The author has made a large number of experiments with floating bodies, and has devoted special attention to the question of flotation in swimming, and the proper and sustained position of the body in the water. The definition of the terms, displacement, density, buoyancy, etc., are very clearly written, and the laws of flotation are explained in a simple and practical manner. The subject of life buoys is treated at length, and we extract a portion as being valuable to the yachtsman, the canoeist, and especially to the traveler. Those who seek amusement on the water are usually more or less athletic and able to swim, at least in smooth water; but the real seaman, as well as the ordinary traveler, is apt to be utterly helpless when thrown in the water, and unable even to avail himself of the support which may be at hand. How much harm may result and how the greatest benefit may be obtained are told as follows by the author:

"The desiderata to be embodied in a life-buoy are: First, that it should be capable of sustaining a human being; second, that it should be easy to secure or take hold of, and third, that it should be easy to use efficiently when secured."

A life-buoy is an article intended to be thrown to a man who is accidentally immersed in water, by means of which he can support himself until the arrival of further assistance; and not, as many persons think, circular things met with, in more or less profusion, on board ship. I am one of those who think it is all but useless to throw anything of the kind from a vessel under way, or where a straggle life is running, to a person who cannot swim, when struggling frantically in the water, unless the life-buoy is attached to a line and sent actually within easy reach. A man incapable of propelling himself through the water, and in swimming, is powerless to do more than hold on to the buoy, neither will the tide or current assist him in such endeavor, and even if he does grasp it, he is too hurried and unexperienced to make proper use of it, unless he can be hauled in at once.

Those responsible for the original production of the old circular life-buoy, still so much in vogue, possibly were of this opinion, and intended it solely for the use of swimmers, for anything more completely useless to a person unable to swim, even when once within grasp, than water, it is hard to find. It is impossible to draw it to the other hand, for the man who is placed within it, or who is able to get into it when in the water, it forms an excellent float. There is, however, ample evidence that its supposed utility is by no means thus limited, and we are driven to the conclusion that its peculiar shape has been adopted either through ignorance or indifference to results,

NEW JERSEY Y. C. 15th ANNUAL REGATTA.

THIS season the New Jersey Y. C. have decided to throw open their spring regatta on June 14 to the yachts of all organized yacht clubs, and have arranged their programme so as to induce as many entries as possible from other clubs. No entrance fee will be charged and a prize will be given in every class in which two or more yachts start. The classes are as follows: Class A, catamarans, 30ft. and over. Class B, cabin yachts, 31ft. and over. Class C, cabin yachts under 31ft. Class D, open yachts, 26ft. and over. Class E, open yachts, under 26ft. and over 21ft. Class F, open yachts, under 21ft.

The following conditions will govern the race: The start will be a flying one from a line between the dock on Bedloe's Island and a stakeboat anchored off the same. The signal to get ready will be given at 10:20 A. M. by a blast from the steamboat's whistle, and five minutes later the signal to start will be a blast of the gun. The lowering of the club flag on the steamboat. Five minutes later a blast of the whistle and the hoisting of the club flag will handicap all boats not then over the line. Course for Class A will be across an imaginary line between stakeboat and dock on Bedloe's Island to Robbins' Reef buoy 17, passing to west of same, thence to and around buoys 9 and 13 in the Lower Bay, leaving on port hand, to south and west of Robbins' Reef buoy 17, to the place of starting. Class B—For Class B the same as Class A, except turning buoy 11 instead of buoy 9. Classes C and D—For Classes C and D the same as Class B, except turning buoy 13 instead of buoy 11. Class E—For Class E will be to Robbins' Reef buoy 17, passing to west of same, thence to and around buoy 13, leaving on port hand and return south and west of Robbins' Reef buoy, thence to starting point. Class F—For Class F the same as Class E, except turning off Lafayette on port hand instead of buoy 13. The race must be made in eight hours.

The regatta will be governed by the by-laws of the New Jersey Y. C.

Length on waterline and half the overhang will be taken as the sailing length, the allowance being in classes A and F, one minute to the foot; other classes one and one-half minutes to the foot.

Any boat shifting ballast will be disqualified and considered out of the race.

The following sails may be carried: Catamarans, jib and mainsail; cabin sloops and cutters, jib (or jib and staysail), jibtopsail, mainsail and working topsail; open sloops, jib and mainsail; catboats, mainsail only. Stormjib may be used in place of jib, if necessary. One man to every 5ft., and one additional for the fractional part of 5ft., will be allowed. Numbers must be carried conspicuously on the mainsail, as the time will not be taken for boats without them. Numbers, not delivered before, can be obtained at the stakeboat, which will be anchored off Bedloe's Island on the morning of the race. Prizes will be delivered at the first regular meeting of the club following the regatta.

The steamer Blackbird, with judges and guests, will leave Fifth street dock, Hoboken, at 9:30 A. M.; West Avenue street, N. Y., at 9:45 A. M., and Pier 8, foot of Rector street, N. Y., at 10 A. M. The entries can be made up to June 7, to W. H. Dilworth, 563 Greenwich street, N. Y.; Geo. E. Garland, 11 Wall street, N. Y.; John Curtin, 95 West street, N. Y.; M. V. E. Everson, 105 Garden street, Hoboken; J. F. Ogden, N. Y. Y. C. House, foot Tenth street, Hoboken.

INSPECTORS AND STEAM LAUNCHES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have waited to see if any one would answer Mr. Vary's letter on "Licenses For Small Steam Launches," in FOREST AND STREAM of March 25. The principle involved is all right. The Government cannot be too strict in the inspection and demands for protection of life and property, but the practice is altogether too sharp and the demands of the law, as construed by some local inspectors, is beyond reason and common sense. No matter what are the abilities of the person owning a boat he cannot run one even for the pleasure and convenience of his family.

I will give Mr. Vary a leaf from the book of my experience. I am a M. E. by profession and hold a State license for an engineer, made the plans of my own engine and intended putting in a Herreshoff boiler; with my boy's help my engine would be entirely a home shop make, a coupled high-pressure, turning 1,300 per minute actual work, my theory was that this was the best.

But I found objections raised on every side: first, you cannot get a marine license; second, you cannot get a pilot's license; third, a Herreshoff boiler won't be passed by the Supervising Inspector! I found objections raised by engineers and government officials on every hand, and one told me the Supervising Inspector of the district had instructions to sit down on all such things as these "tea kettles."

The whole thing is fostered by the narrow, selfish jealousy of the marine men; but let me tell you, I am going to have my boat all the same. More than this, my wife and boy will go out in it, and we intend enjoying many fishing trips in the little firefly. The boy can box a compass, and can bring a tug down Lake Superior from the island in a snow squall, and if my license is not better than the usual license granted to men coming from the fire-hole to pull the throttle and reversing lever of a common tugboat, then I will throw my engineer's diploma to the dogs and make fire of my instrument box and implements, and say goodby to steam-engineering; but I don't have to do it, as the boys say.

DULUTH, MINN. NORMAN.

THE FOUR LARGE YACHTS.

THE spirited action of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in offering a valuable prize for the four large yachts, offers an incentive that will probably hasten still more the fitting out, and bring all of them out on the Bay in regatta week. Should they enter for the S. C. Y. C. Cup, they will probably enter as well for the two preceding races, and we shall see rare sport from such a quartette. Atlantic is nearly ready for a trial trip, and will be under sail this week. The lead is still being piled into her, 65 tons being now in and under the unknown quantity is still needed to bring her down to the load line. Comparisons are odious, but a heavy displacement "lead mine" like Genesta or Galatea carries only 70 or 72 tons, while this American centerboard sloop carries 65+ tons. Also the "complicated" cutter rig of Mayflower calls for 113 blocks, while the simple American rig of Atlantic swings 180. Priscilla left Wilmington, Del., on Saturday morning, and, beating down from New-castle, ran up the beach, arriving here on Sunday, with Com. Canfield and Messrs. Center, Tams, Chubb, and Lemoyne on board. She is now at Poillon's yard. Mayflower will bend sails this week for a trial trip. Puritan has been out at Kelly's railway, East Boston, for a thorough cleaning and a coat of bronze paint. Her rudder has been widened 1 1/2 in. with new backing, and her peak, throat and sheet blocks have been replaced by larger ones.

THE LOSS OF THE OONA.

THE English mails bring the news of a most unfortunate and fatal disaster to the cutter Oona, by which five yachtsmen including Mr. Wm. Evans Paton, the designer, lost their lives. This is the most extreme "five" yet built, nearly 60ft. over all, very light hull, carrying 94 tons of lead, a large sail spread and wide outrigger canoes. She was bound from Southampton on a trial trip, leaving on May 4 with one of her owners, Mr. Plunkett, her designer, Mr. Paton, and a crew of three, one of them the mate of Tara. She called at Kingston on the 5th, and after leaving there encountered a very heavy gale. She evidently was endeavoring to enter the port of Malahide, on the Irish coast, when she struck the bar and went to pieces, all hands being lost. Part of the hull and spar came ashore later on but the full particulars are not yet known. Mr. Wm. Evans Paton was a young naval architect of rare promise, well known as the designer of Olga, Currytush, Luath and other successful boats, and his death is a serious loss to yachting. Until further details are known it is impossible to assign the cause of such a disaster, but it seems that the new boat, to a greater extent than any of her predecessors, was an extreme racing machine, and from lightness of build and size of rig unfit for any other work.

ON THE DELAWARE RIVER.—Editor Forest and Stream: Delaware River sailors do not propose to be left this season, and all the clubs have inaugurated a series of races that in completeness excel former years. From the 30-pound canoe, grading through the tuck-ups, 15ft. to 29ft. open boats, until reaching the 70ft. sea-going schooners; all are getting their ships in the very best order. New ones have been built, and the stock on hand have been improved in model and rig and thoroughly rejuvenated. The Trenton, Riverton, Pennsylvania, Southwark, Cooper's Point Canoe, and Corinthian (15 to 19ft.) and the Quaker City clubs are all in first-rate condition. Mr. C. Middleton, schooner yacht Helela, has presented to the Q. C. Y. C. a valuable and artistic challenge cup, designed by the donor, for first class sloops. Dr. Vallette, schooner yacht Avelon, has also presented an elaborate and very beautiful cup for second class sloops. A handsome cup is in embryo for third class sloops. The Agile (Thomas) in this class, won Commodore Bancroft's challenge cup three times in succession after a six years' fight, and copping local matters, let me bespeak for the Atlantic first choice to meet the Galatea to defend the America's Cup.—R. G. WILKINS.

GREAT HEAD Y. C.—An open regatta of the Great Head Y. C. will be sailed on June 5, off Whitport, Mass., starting at 11 A. M. the courses being as follows: First Class—From judge's boat to flag float moored off Revere Beach Ferry, East Boston, leaving it on port, to Sculpin Ledge, Buoy No. 2, off Long Island, leaving it on port, thence to judge's boat, passing between judge's boat and flag float, to Black Buoy No. 6, Lower Middle, leaving it on port, and back to judge's boat. Distance, 7 miles. Fourth Class—From judge's boat to flag float off Cottage Park, leaving it on port, thence to and around Snake Island, leaving it on port, back to judge's boat, leaving it on port, twice over, finishing between judge's boat and flag float. Distance, 4 miles. The position of the judge's boat is liable to be changed outside of Snake Island for the finish. The classes will be as follows: First, 21 to 26ft., second, 19 to 21ft., third, 15 to 19ft.; fourth, under 15ft. All will start from an anchor, as follows: A preparatory gun will be fired from the judge's boat at 11 A. M. for the first class to come into line. At 11:15 A. M. a second gun will be fired for first class to start and second class to come into line. At 11:30 A. M. a gun will be fired for the second class to start and the third class to come into line. At 11:45 A. M. a gun will be fired for the third class to start and fourth class to come into line. At 12 M. a gun will be fired for the fourth class to start. One man may be carried for every 5ft. of waterline or fractional thereof. Sloops may carry jib and mainsail, catboats mainsail only, with no limit to sail or ballast in the fourth class. The rules of the N. E. Y. R. A. will govern the race. The entrance fees will be \$2 in the first, \$1 in the second and third, 50 cents in fourth. Prizes will be given in each class. Messrs. Peleg Aborn, S. S. Smith and J. H. Bartley are the judges. Entries to be made with Chas. C. Hutchinson, 126 Commercial street, Boston, on or before 12 M. Friday, June 4. All fees to be paid at time of entry. No postponement on account of weather.

QUINCY Y. C. OPENING REGATTA.—The opening of the season by the Quincy Y. C. on May 23 brought out fifteen boats, all but one, the Mabel, going over the course. Mabel carried away her peak balliard block and did not start. Rocket parted her bobstay, but continued the race. The wind was fresh from the southwest. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Thibe, S. A. Freeman	21.03	2 11 46	1 42 26
Echo, E. L. Burwell	23.11	2 07 09	1 44 37
Amy, E. W. Baxter	21.06	2 18 15	1 49 12
SECOND CLASS.			
Tartar, F. L. Dunne	19.11	1 38 55	1 11 57
Pet, J. W. McFarland	20.04	1 44 02	1 17 14
Diadem, L. Hayward	18.06	1 52 35	1 24 03
Mabel, G. R. Howe	20.05	disabled	

THIRD CLASS.			
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Flora Lee, D. H. Lincoln	17.03	1 21 00	0 55 16
Mischief, D. W. Belcher	16.11	1 39 02	0 58 57
Rocket, H. M. Paxson	16.07	1 38 54	1 07 27
Fury, J. H. Putnam	16.09	1 37 43	1 11 24
Elsie, C. F. Hardwick	16.10	1 39 30	1 13 19
Elfin, J. F. Cully	16.08	1 42 12	1 15 50

The first and second prizes in each class were \$5 and \$3. Messrs. E. W. Baxter, W. W. Sheen and C. H. Porter were the judges.

THE AGGIE—LURLINE MATCHES.—San Francisco yachtsmen have been excited lately over a match race between Aggie, a centerboard schooner, 70x23 ft., on loadline, and 5ft. 8in. draft, and Lurline, a keel schooner, 72ft. 3in. x21ft., and 8ft. 3in. draft. Two races were sailed and no conclusion reached, as neither was finished within the limit of ten hours. The course was around the Farallone Islands some thirty miles out in the Pacific Ocean. On May 2, the first attempt, the two started at 10 A. M. the L.S.W. from Point Bonita to Point Lobos, the wind very light, W.S.W. and Lurline leading. About 1:30 the wind increased and shifted toward S., leaving Aggie in a good weather berth, so that she was soon the leader and rounded the outer mark 32m. ahead, in a very light wind. Soon after the wind freshened, and under balloon jib and staysail Lurline made up rapidly her lost time, and took first place, holding it until the finish, which, however, was not until 9:50 P. M., with Aggie about 10m. astern. On May 9 the match was resailed, Aggie going away first at 10:10:43, and Lurline at 10:13:24, with a very light head wind and a light swell. Lurline soon began to make up the loss at the start, and at well up to windward, though Aggie foretrenched on her and gained some in the footing. At 5:01:30 Lurline turned, with Aggie at 5:21. Lurline led all the way home, finishing at 8:29:40, with Aggie at 8:50:02. On May 16 the race was sailed again, Aggie winning by 2m. 46s.

STEAM LAUNCHES AND SAILING BOATS.—A new catalogue of boats and canoes has lately been issued by Mr. F. Joyner of Glens Falls, N. Y., in which is included a new steam launch 25x5ft. 6in., fitted with the new Boston pattern Shipman engine. The hull is built of cedar, copper-fastened and varnished, and is very handsomely finished. The propeller may be fitted so as to swing to either side for steering, by means of a flexible joint, or a rudder may be used. A smaller launch, 18x4ft. 6in., is also built. Mr. Joyner has also several sets of his sailrig and rowing boats of the Irene model, fitted in various styles. The catalogue contains detailed descriptions of many varieties of boats, club gigs and barges, cruising and coasting canoes of the celebrated Diamond model, hunting boats and of canoe sails, rod runners and fittings of all kinds. The agents in New York are Messrs. Adams & Young, 470 Broadway, N. Y.

NEW YORK Y. C.—On May 21, the third regular meeting of the N. Y. Y. C. was held. The date of the annual cruise was fixed for Aug. 4, to rendezvous at New London. The regulation prohibiting the use of clubtopsails on the cruise was reconsidered, but no action was taken. The following members were elected: Messrs. J. W. Thompson, Newbold Brown, George A. Cornack, W. Seligman, Tarant Putnam, James Brown Potter, Joseph Hutchinson, A. M. Huntington, W. Leggett Brown, Dr. E. L. McGinnis, Frederic Gebhard, Charles D. Owen, P. H. O'Hara, Richard P. Lounsbury, George E. Chisholm, John W. Masury, S. K. Pinckney and James M. Motley.

YORKVILLE Y. C.—On May 23 the Yorkville Y. C. started to sail its 6th annual regatta over a course from One Hundred and Fourth street around the Stepping Stones, the time limit being 6 hours. The starters being Eclipse, Goodenough, Traveler, Benzine, Captain, Harry C., Little Dean, Little Bear, Molly McCarthy, Emma B., May-gena and Emily B. The wind was so light that but 5 boats completed the course. Little Dean, Goodenough, Captain, Benzine, Traveler. Traveler was in class D, time 5:45; Little Dean in class G, time 5:12, and Captain in class H, time 5:14.

REVA.—The new Reva, Mr. Pierre Lorillard's twin screw steam yacht, whose first trip on May 22 down the Sound, after two unsuccessful attempts previously. She was trying at a good rate when she passed Whitestone. The boats at her davits prevent her from being mistaken for a harbor tug.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—The annual spring regatta of this club will take place on June 5, starting at 10:45 A. M. A challenge pennant will be awarded in each class, with a prize if three yachts start and a second prize if five start.

CORONET.—On May 22 the new schooner Coronet started on a trial trip, running out around the lightship and back with her owner and a large party on board. She behaved very well and fully comes up to the expectations of her owner.

GRACIE.—The alterations to the hull of the Gracie were completed last week at Piepprass's and she was launched from the railway. Her spars will be stepped at once.

TOLEDO Y. C.—The date of the second pennant match has been changed to July 3 in place of July 5, so as not to conflict with the Inter Lake Y. R. A. at Detroit.

CARLOTTA.—Mr. Belknap's schooner arrived at New York on May 22 from Florida.

Don't twist your neck off, but use Allen's bow-facing oars. Little catalogue free, Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Adv.

HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC VETERINARY MANUAL.—A cure for the diseases of horses, sheep, hogs, dogs, man and poultry. Fourth revised and enlarged edition. That Dr. Humphreys has presented a system of treatment that is at once simple and devoid of danger is unquestioned. That he has also a system which is successful in curing the diseases of domestic animals as well as simple and harmless, brings a wonderful array of facts to prove. It is very difficult to read over in his catalogue the testimony of hundreds of intelligent persons from every part of the country, and of every position in life, and not be convinced. That being admitted, we have then an entire system of treatment for domestic animals, so simple that any intelligent owner or his man can use the Veterinary Specifics without fear of injuring the animal, and successful to a degree heretofore unknown. It has now been in use twenty-five years, and is presumed to have passed its novitiate, and has secured a place and standing not readily assailed, and of its success in curing diseases among animals by such mild and safe means, no one but can wish it the most ample scope and boundless popularity. The above book may be obtained by applying to the Company, 109 Fulton street, New York City.—Adv.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.



SECRETARY—Dr. C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member of the A. C. A., together with the sum of \$3 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the commodore. Money should be sent by registered letter, or money order on Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

FIXTURES.

Mohican Races every Thursday through the season.
May 29, 30, 31—Connecticut Meet, Calla Shasta Grove.
May 29, 30, 31—Hudson River Meet, Coddington's Dock, Roundout.
May 30—Mohican Cruise, Susquehanna River.
May 31—Pittsburgh Regatta.
May 31—Yonkers C. C. Cruise.
May 31—Oakland C. C. Regatta.
June 1—Oakland C. C. Camp, Clear Lake.
June 12—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.
June 12—N. Y. C. C., Spring Regatta, 1st Race Com. Trophy.
June 26—N. Y. C. C., 2d Race Commodore's Trophy.
July 3—N. Y. C. C., Trials International Races.
July 3—N. Y. C. C., 3d Race Commodore's Trophy.
July 10—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.
July 10—N. Y. C. C., 3d Race Commodore's Trophy.
July 24—N. Y. C. C., 4th Race Commodore's Trophy.
Aug. 7—N. Y. C. C., 5th Race Commodore's Trophy.
Aug. 7—Brooklyn C. C., Paddling Race.
Aug. 13—27—A. C. Meet, Grindstone Island.
Sept. 4—Brooklyn C. C., Paddling Race.
Sept. 4—N. Y. C. C., International Cup Races.
Sept. 11—N. Y. C. C., 6th Race Commodore's Trophy.
Sept. 18—Brooklyn C. C., Sailing Races.
Sept. 25—Brooklyn C. C., Challenge Cup.
Sept. 25—N. Y. C. C., 7th Race Commodore's Trophy.
Oct. 2—N. Y. C. C., Fall Regatta.

NEW YORK C. C.

THE New York C. C. opens its sixteenth season on June 12 with its spring regatta, the programme of which will soon be ready. The club house is now at West Brighton for repairs to hull at Starin's dry dock, but will be in place shortly at the basin lately occupied by the Seawanhaka Y. C. at Tompkinsville Landing, S. L. The S. C. Y. C. will move to their old quarters in Bechtel's basin, where the canoe house wintered. The new location of the canoe club is an excellent one, and with the new railroad it can be easily reached in less than thirty minutes from the Battery. During the season, a series of races will be sailed for a trophy offered by Com. Munroe, under the following conditions: These races shall be open to members only, each competitor to sail his own canoe and to sail the same canoe in all races. In these races there will be no limit of ballast or sail, and no distinction of class save that nothing over 33in. beam will be admitted. The trophy will be presented to the winner on the day of the fall regatta, and its holder will be known as the N. Y. C. champion sailor of '86.

The club sailing course will be from the house around a stakeboat off Fort Wadsworth, thence around Buoy 18, and home. Admission to the club house on race days will be by ticket only. The dates for the Trophy races are June 13-26, July 10-24, Aug. 7, Sept. 11-25. The dates for the selection of three or more to defend the Cup will be sailed on July 8 and 5, and the Cup races on Sept. 4, unless the date has to be changed to meet the visiting canoeists. The fleet this year has been increased by a number of new canoes, Com. Munroe's, 15x25, Lassic model; Vice-Com. Stephens' Hermit, 15x30; Mr. Nadal's Lassic model, Sea Urchin, 15x28; Mr. Palmer's new canoe; Mr. Wardell's and several others, while the membership is largely augmented. The club now has the best location about New York, easily accessible and with fine water for sailing, and the present season promises to be the most active it has ever known.

A 500-MILE CRUISE ON THE RIVERS OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY MORRISON F. PEXLEY AND E. RUSSELL COOPER.

(Continued).

NEXT morning we were up and had finished our breakfast before the first symptoms of dawn showed in the east, fully determined to start before the river fog which we knew we were only a few miles distant. About nine in the morning, we arrived at its mouth, and there was a strong wind blowing up stream we soon had all sail set and went tearing along at the rate of four or five knots, and the current running as much more. Toward dusk we ran ashore and had a hasty meal, and again took to the canoes, intending to avail ourselves of every breath of wind. It was a clear, starlight night, but starlight is not the best light in the world to steer by when you are unacquainted with the landmarks and the current is running on to sandbars and under leaning trees that sweep the surface. About three in the morning we passed some lights on the starboard side, which we afterward found belonged to the town of Nicholas. We were now commencing to feel rather played out after our day's paddling and the continued strain on our nerves consequent upon such hazardous sailing. When the first light of dawn spread over the eastern sky, we ran ashore and rolled in, thoroughly satisfied with our canoes, selves, and the world in general, but too tired to think of details. We did not awake until the sun shining into our tents told us that it was past noon, and the diminutive keepsake that I carried suspended by a crushed strawberry ribbon, pointed to the hour of two. The noises that always accompany a large town were brought faintly to our ears, and upon making inquiries at a neighboring farmhouse we found that the town of Marysville was but two miles away; thus we had made in the last twenty-four hours more than 55 miles.

Not having any particular object in visiting Marysville, we contented ourselves with listening to a glowing account of its importance as a manufacturing center for the northern part of the State and were sorry to hear that the hydraulic mines in the Sierras were sending down such quantities of the detritus, known as slickens, that the town is fated to be buried within the next ten years. We again tumbled ourselves on board in the afternoon and went several miles down the river, looking for a good place to camp, but such was the thickness of the slickens deposits on the banks, that we were compelled to sleep on the water, after a light cold supper.

The Feather River, though possessing better scenic effects than the Sacramento, still has the same monotony which characterizes the former, and of late years its beauty has been further marred by the enormous deposits of slickens that now clog the channel where it was formerly 20 or 30ft. deep. Having been for a time on such muddy water, we were struck more forcibly than ever when we entered the Sacramento, by the contrast between the two great bodies of water, one limpid and colorless, the other a deep color resembling brown oyle in tint. The water for about two hundred yards did not seem to mix, and a person might run his canoe down the center and place one hand in water clear as crystal, while the other would bring up a dirty fluid that bore no apparent kinship to aqua pura; half a mile further down the waters appeared more congenial but not entirely sociable, for you might see occasionally a patch of Feather River floating along all by itself, evidently not caring to intermix with its snow-bred brother from the North.

We noticed here a large number of water cranes and other birds of aquatic tastes wading serenely on the shores with much implied contempt for us as though we were unarmed. We bagged several of them, and in accordance with requests from two absent, though often-remembered persons, saved their plumes to deck other heads. Among other things we secured some turtles, which Talisman assured me were extremely toothsome when properly prepared. Here-with I give the receipt, as I saw him manufacture it, knowing that the public will not allow such a meteoric scintillation in the gastronomic line to pass unheeded. Six live turtles were taken from a "green and mossy log" (means of taking unknown); they were then

put into three gallons of cold muddy water and boiled for three hours, after which the heads are chopped off and the meat and fat taken out; next take a dozen pieces of hard rock, half as many potatoes and an equal number of onions; mix well together, being sure not to disturb the weevils in the hardback for fear that they may escape; this is then to be stewed for five hours with the turtle meat, and some Chile peppers and wine added. It is then far superior to anything that comes out of a bash mill; and on one occasion I have known Talisman to wrap himself around one gallon of the article and then do a good day's work afterward. However, he was only allowed to make it once as long as I was chief cook and pot-washer. The 20th day of May found us at the mouth of the great father of mud and gold dust, the American River, which in comparison with the now muddy Sacramento, looks of an inky blackness. When we had passed under the railroad bridge it was commencing to grow dark, but as there was no sign of a beach on either side of the river, we kept on, from minute to minute expecting at each turn to see some place where we might camp for the night. As I was crossing the mid-channel I felt a slight shock as though the keel had touched some obstruction on the river bottom; my source with my paddle the could feel no bottom, and concluded that it must have been some salmon forging his way up stream.

The wind and current had both augmented in strength, so that while the latter was running about six knots, we were sailing seven or eight. Talisman called from across the river to tell me that he was stuck on a bar just as I felt another scrape on the keel similar to the first, and then another. On making a more careful investigation with the paddle than before, I came to the conclusion that the river's bed was a series of waves of sand, the crests of which were scraped by the keels of the canoes in passing over them. Talisman having released himself from the bar where he had grounded, came across the river, and we determined to pitch our tents above the next bend, beach or no beach. When we finally camped it was about two miles from the City of Sacramento, which lay to the S. W. of us, and all through the night we listened to the whistles of the freight engines as they worked in the yards making up their trains, even this usually annoying sound being welcome to us, not having heard it for three weeks before.

When I used the word "pitched" in the above paragraph it was incorrect, for the only pitching that we did was to run the canoes along side a log that jutted out into the stream, and threw our camping kit ashore, to be followed by ourselves, and as the slickens forms the very worst species of quicksand, it was hard work to get ashore at all. While seated at the fire that night, drawing cloverly inspirations from our briars, we were agreeably surprised by receiving a visit from an old "der", who had a cabin some way back from the river bank and had seen our fire. Among some of his earlier experiences which he related to us was the following story, which I give minus the inimitable expressions and grotesque gestures of the old miner:

"In the early days, before California were much of a place, me and some other young fellows got up a party bound up this same river for the gold mines; we were all as green as grass as far as game went, didn't know the difference between a duck and a coot. Did you ever eat a coot?" he inquired. Upon receiving a negative reply he continued and said: "Well, take my advice and never make the mistake of tryin' to. We had an old musket along with us in the skiff, one of them as they call a yawger, and one day, Ed, Martin, one of the boys, shot what we thought was some kind of a duck, and brought it to camp." Here he paused for a few whiffs at his pipe.

"Next day being Sunday, we thought we'd have duck for dinner, so he was picked, stuffed with bread crumbs, bacon and onions, and put on to boil. Well, he must have been on about two hours, when we tried him with a fork to see if he was done; the meat didn't give with a turn. We told Martin to try it with a hunting knife, which didn't have no more effect on him than the fork; so he was left in peace till we finished the rest of our grub. Then one of the boys said that all he needed was more bilin', so we put him back on the fire to bile, and he staid there the best part of the day, and when we went to bed that night he was still a bilin' and tougher than ever. That contrariness made the boys mad, and they was in for bilin' thet shaz if they had to boil 'im ev'ry day till we got to the mines, an' they did, and I'll tell you, if you was ever to run over the next last camp place you'd find him bilin' yet." And the grizzled pioneer leaped back and laughed in his senile hollow tone, at the thought of his first and everlasting potpie.

The immense quantities of mud that have settled on the banks of the American have killed most of the small trees and so withered the larger ones that their beauty is forever gone. About two days of hard work trying to force our keels through the soft quicksand that grated along the bottom, no matter what part of the river you took, we finally abandoned the task and turned our faces southward. About 6 o'clock one fine evening we found ourselves near the mouth of the American and only a half mile from the State capital. On the port bank there was a large and healthy sickens bar. It was impossible to camp there; but on the right side was a bank, seven or eight feet high and covered with small willows. To this we directed our course. Just beside the bank, and partly floating in the water, was a huge pine log. Having assured ourselves that there was no danger of its going adrift, we made the canoeists take to the log, and over the log the provisions were put upon the bank, and then came the problem of how to cook them. There was only room for the two of us to stand on the bank, and the willows were as thick as nature could weave their sickly stems together. Talisman having set his mind on a good supper in honor of its being the last day of the cruise, seized the hatchet and commenced a deadly onslaught that threatened to depopulate the thicket if long continued, while I plunged into the tangled mass of vegetation to secure wood. A more unlikely place for a camp I never saw; the only available wood was the dead branches that had not yet fallen to the ground and disappeared under the cover of the blackberry vines. By dint of hard scratching and a good deal of undignified clambering I managed to get enough wood to cook a good supper and found that Talisman had cleared a good space for the camp fire.

Next morning after breakfast we started in to give everything a general cleaning up, for the last pot of coffee had been boiled and the last hot cake turned, so that we were to leave this cruise. The canoes were cleaned, the brass work polished, the dry storages of the Talisman scrubbed out to remove the smell of onions, but nothing had any effect on them. We next turned our attention to the wardrobes that we carried. Talisman turned his canoe into a laundry and scrubbed away, using the deck for a wasboard, while I mended the various rips and tears that had occurred at different times. By 10 o'clock the strugs of clothes that had been raised by the halliards between the masts were dry and I had finished the last rent. Everything having been carefully stowed on board, we said good-bye to the American River and paddled gracefully and leisurely into our old friend the Sacramento, and in a few minutes reached the city of that name. We were here entertained in the most hospitable manner by our friends and shown off to no small extent by our friend Martin, who evidently thought that a real live canoeist was no small curiosity especially when attired in such a costume as the one that we wore—blue shirts and knickerbockers with stockings to match, white canvas shoes and red sashes and Tam O'Shanter's kind of a head knife suspended by the scabb.

Our hospitable friends at last allowed us to leave and we arrived at San Francisco at 11 o'clock, and found that two of our friends from the club had started across from Oakland, after business hours, for the sake of meeting us, and the next morning (Sunday) we all sailed home together, receiving quite an ovation from the assembled canoe-men.

Here I leave you, hoping that if you have had the patience and good nature to follow us through the description of our cruise in the far West, that you will not be satisfied by simply reading of such trips, but will go and do likewise, when grim winter has released his icy hold upon your rivers and lakes.

On this cruise we made 500 miles by our canoes alone, and by canoe and steamer the distance of 1,000 miles.

Our voyage is ended, the canoes hauled up on the beach of time to wait the flowing tide, each gentle ripple slowly encroaching on the sandy shore, till step by step they once more surround our crafts to float them on its watery deep.

So 'twill be with us as the years drag slowly by, each one helping to lessen the allotted limit of our lives, when that is reached we will be launched on a different course, one where each cruiser must paddle his own canoe.

And the lily stems when we have passed them by, will but sink to rest, till other bands and other minds shall softly part their leaves as they voyage in the wake we have left.

CANOEING AT LYNN.—What little canoeing has been done in this vicinity has heretofore been by the unorganized efforts on the part of a dozen or so of "terrified amateurs," only to or three of whom are A. C. A. men. Their field was restricted to Flax Pond until last season, when they ventured upon Blue Water and participated in the city aquatic event of July 4. This year a serious movement is made toward a beginning, and a club has been organized and steps taken to move the house to a good place on the harbor front, increasing thereby the chances for salt-water cruises and the inducements for new members to join. The following preamble to the rules is adopted: Whereas, Believing from our individual experience that the pastime known as canoeing has claims upon the attention of many persons who, while in need of an active outdoor exercise, are as yet unaware of the merits possessed by this safe, healthful, interesting and inexpensive sport; that it is full of complete diversion from the ordinary pursuits of life; that it requires activity sufficient for physical development and recuperation; that it is replete with opportunities that are conducive to sentiment of a healthy and inspiring sort by reason of the very nature of its pursuit; that it fosters an interest in the history of the primitive people who once dwelt here and with whose traditions and traces the locality still abounds for it is their rude canoe, modified and improved, which is the medium of our sport, and although there is a wide gulf between their simple paddle or pole and the patent appurtenances of today, and from the bush in the bow to the cloud of muslin spread by ballasted Pearls, we believe the canoe is still potent to imbue much of the independence and simplicity which characterized its originators; and, whereas, we believe that in organizing as a club our ability to pursue the sport and to promote its claims, to which we adopt the attention of any person, will be largely increased; therefore, we adopt the following constitution and by-laws: Article 1. This club shall be known as the Sagamore Canoe Club. Article 2. The officers shall consist of a captain, mate and purser. The other articles are modelled upon similar lines to those of other clubs. Ernest Bellaty, of Lynn, is the first captain; Jos. B. Center, of Lynn, the mate, and Clarence Murphy, of Salem, purser, and there are about half a dozen first-class sailing canoes in the club house. The club is to be represented at the Springfield meet.—CLARENCE MURPHY, Purser.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C.—Sixth annual spring regatta, May 22, at 153d Street, New York. First race called at 3 o'clock. Every event was open to canoeists from any club. The weather was perfect; a good strong breeze from the south blowing against the first of the ebb tide made it possible for all canoes to get over the course in good time, yet left the water smooth enough for the paddling contest. A large number of visitors were present, among them many young ladies, friends of club members, and they all got good views of the races from the pier near the club house, where camp chairs were provided for them. Flags were given as prizes to the first and second canoe in each event having three or more starters. A 3-mile sailing race came first, twice around a triangular course: Stag, E. W. Brown; Fox, C. B. Vaux; Yvonne, Wm. Whitlock; Evangeline, C. V. R. Schuyler; Guenn, M. V. Brokaw; Lorelei, E. C. Griffin. Stag, Fox and Lorelei, of the K. C. C., and Yvonne, Guenn and Evangeline of the Brocken C. C., but which was sailed by a N. Y. C. C. member and the line first, Guenn and Stag following very closely and together, the rest a few seconds later; all with medium sized sails or reefs. Fox rounded the buoy first and then shook out a reef, losing the lead to Stag while doing it. Lorelei dropped out. Stag kept the lead to the finish. Yvonne got third place the first round and kept it. Fox second, Evangeline got fourth place and Guenn fifth at the finish. Stag is a 15x30 canoe with dead rise, Fox is same size, same board—only one large plate with flat floor, and Yvonne carrying much more crew than Stag, could never catch her. The Fox sailed the whole race with board up, as the tide helped on the two windward legs of the course. Yvonne sailed her maiden race with a very small spread of canvas. A half-mile paddling race between Gould and Foster was won by Foster. Class IV, paddling race was won by Foster in Lasata against Evangeline (Schuyler), Yvonne (Whitlock), and Lorelei (Griffin). The combination race was left out and a 3-mile sailing race substituted, once around the course. Yvonne (Whitlock) Guenn substituted, once around the course. The boats got off almost exactly even and kept very close together all round the course. Evangeline winning by a length the better of Guenn, Yvonne a few seconds behind Guenn.

MOHICAN RACES.—The monthly race, unlimited as to sail or ballast, for the club champion badge and pennant was sailed over the club course, 3 miles, on Thursday, May 20. Entries: Thetis, P. M. Wackerhagen, senior; Annie O., L. Thomas, senior; Marion B. R. Oliver, senior; Arno, H. C. Cushman, junior. A strong northwest wind was blowing with frequent squalls, and the boats were close reefed carrying an average of 60ft. of sail. Start was made promptly at 5:30, the competitors getting well together. For the first mile Marion B. led, followed closely by Thetis, Annie O., third, and Arno fourth. Then Thetis shook out the reef in her main in spite of frequent knock downs from the squalls, and passing to windward of Marion B. rounded the 1½ mile buoy just ahead of her, the Annie O. some moments later. The captain of the Marion B. then boisted his entire main, giving him 60ft. to Thetis 72ft., both carrying reefed dummies about 15ft. in addition. The race between them was then neck and neck for home, the Marion B. steadily overhauling the Thetis, and finally getting to windward and passing her on the second tack. The pace grew great and the excitement intense, the squalls coming thick and fast and the wind veering about continually several points. On the last half mile the Thetis began to close the gap but in vain, as the Marion B. poked her nose across the line a half a length ahead, just 34min. from the start. Annie O. a minute later, and Arno not timed. The Vesper was not entered, as her captain was absent from the city; but the Marion B., her twin sister with the exception of two light centerboards instead of a single Alwood, upheld the honor of "the model." On Thursday next, May 27, the 60 limit race for the Oliver cup will be sailed.—ROBERT SHAW OLIVER, Captain M. C. C.

A. C. A.—Mr. M. E. Graves, of St. Paul, Minn., is a candidate for membership. Secretary Néidé writes us from St. Paul that he had expected to join the Hudson River regatta at Rondout, but would be unable to do so. He will make a cruise, with a friend, down the Cany-on or Brule Rivers, on May 20.

OAKLAND C. C.—A new canoe, the Spray, 15x36in., has lately been added to the fleet. Her owner and builder is an amateur, Mr. Geo. Engelbrecht. She will have a Radix board as soon as one can be had from New York; meanwhile she has a 3in. keel. The club now numbers 19 with 14 canoes, and several more boats will soon be added, including two from Rushton. The club house is well fitted with kitchen, dressing room, pantries and meeting room. The programme for Decoration Day is as follows: First race, at 9:30 A. M.—Rowing in single sculls, by members of the Columbia Rowing Club. Second race—Paddling in canoes—Class one, two men, three entries; Class two and three, one man each, six and eight entries. Third race—Rowing—Four eared shells, two crews from the Columbia Rowing Club. Fourth race—Sailing, yawls—Nettie, Boudia, Mosquito, Skiffs—Mattie, Rush, Dauntless. Fifth race—Canoe sailing race, Class one—Flirt, Spray, Mystic, Falcon, Zoe Mou. Class two—Water Lily, Shadow, Belle, Columbia, Shadow. Class three—Volante, Undine, Black Dwarf, White Cap. Class two starts three minutes after Class one. Class three starts three minutes after Class two. Sixth—Sailing race (for the prize pennant)—Entries, the winners of the fourth and fifth races, the winning canoe, yawl and skiff. Seventh—Consolation sailing race—Open to all except winners in previous races. Eighth—Canoe tournament—Entries, Mystic, Flirt, Spray, Undine, Falcon, Zoe Mou. Ninth—Swimming race. The first race will be called at 9:30 o'clock sharp. Mr. C. G. Yale will act as referee, and Marcus P. Wiggin and Marcus D. Hyde as judges and starters.

HARTFORD C. C.—Editor Forest and Stream: The regular May meeting of the Hartford C. C. found a number present in their canoe house, and after the admission of several new members there was a general talk on canoeing interests, upon the coming spring meet of this and the Springfield clubs at Calla Shasta, and upon the looks of the canoes in the house. Several of the canoes have just come from renovating shops and are looking finely. All have wintered well and our members are already planning way ahead into summer, the focus of all plans being of course the A. C. A. meet at Grindstone Island. The discussions of the last winter, notably that at the camp-fire of our president, at which the editor of the *Canoeist* was present, have brought forth fruit in the shape of new sails, in new styles, and with promising features for speed and cruising. The members of our executive committee have sent out invitations to all of our associated members to join in a camp dinner on the racing day of the Calla Shasta meet.—SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. W. R.—The accent in name Lefever is on the penult.
G. H. C., Boston, Mass.—It will do no harm to clip the dog.
G. W. J.—Write to J. McNaughton's Sons, furriers, New York City.
W. L. B., Smithburg, N. J.—See Shot columns in last week's paper.
Trefolt, Cleveland, O.—Trefolt is black and tau, with white on chest.

J. B. P., Ohio.—Mr. C. M. Cordell, of Buffalo, can probably give you the information.

W. W. S., Lake Linden.—Make the lower mast 25ft. from ground to upper cap; masthead, 8ft. 6in. long.

F. G. S., Monroe, Mich.—We have never seen the target and do not know the address of its manufacturers.

S. S. H., Creighton, Pa.—We do not know where to refer you. Shall publish them as soon as they can be obtained.

J. T. W., Waterbury, Vt.—100x2 duck is heavy enough for canvas cases. Paint it with boiled linseed oil and terebinth dryer.

P. AND B., Bridgeport, Conn.—There is a pamphlet publication of the New York laws (price 25 cents), but not amended up to date.

H. J. M., New York.—We would not advise in-breeding so closely, although it is frequently done and often with apparently good result.

J. F. L.—For an extended discussion of the squirrel question, see FOREST AND STREAM, Dec. 27, 1897, and Jan. 24, Feb. 7 and March 21, 1898.

J. F. R., Lock Haven, Pa.—1 and 2. Yes. 3. We would not advise spraying, as it is a cruel and unnatural operation and often unsatisfactory.

C. P. E.—See article page 300, and others in former numbers giving full information about the region. There are stage and backboard connections.

C. H. H.—You will find full drawings of Mohican sail in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 13, 1891, or in "Canoe Building for Amateurs," for sale at this office.

W. O. W.—You will be likely to find good quail shooting in the neighborhood of Homosassa. The fishing is good there in January for a variety of fish.

F. C. P.—We cannot give you definite information, but suggest that you will find what you want in any of the bill tows of Western Massachusetts back from the railroad.

Jav. Chatham, R. B.—The Coot is 30ft. x 8ft. 6in. on waterline. The word "board" is equivalent to tack or leg. All three flags should be carried at masthead, of course only one at a time, according to circumstances.

J. C. W. Paterson.—The stock on my shotgun is so long that when I have my finger on the first trigger the butt catches under my arm when I raise it quick. I would like to know how much I could cut off and not hurt the balance. Do you think an inch and a half too much? Aus. Take it to a gunsmith; it can be cut without any difficulty.

R. M. C., British Columbia.—Illustrations of yachts and yacht races are occasionally given in *Harper's Weekly* (Harpers & Bros., New York, \$1 per year) and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* (Mrs. Frank Leslie, New York, \$1 per year). Neither of these give special news reports of yachting. There is no illustrated publication devoted to yachting in this country.

A. V. B., Philadelphia.—1. Where can I get about 1,000 brook trout fry old enough to stock a stream? 2. About what would they cost? 3. About what age is the ordinary brook trout when it weighs a quarter of a pound? Ans. 1. Write James Annin, Caledonia, N. Y.; W. L. Gilbert, Plymouth, Mass., or Livingston Stone, Charlestown, N. H. 2. See answer above. 3. About two years old if well fed.

M. J. E., New York.—Will you be kind enough to inform me how to catch salmon trout? What kind of bait is generally used, and what period of the year is best for catching them? Aus. Troll for them from a boat with a stiff rod, five to seven feet long, and a reel that will hold 200 feet of line. Use a live minnow, chub or suck-r, and 3 feet above it put on 3 or 4 ounces of lead, according to depth of water. Row slowly, so that your bait snks near the bottom. Use lead and line according to depth. We prefer a single hook to a gang.

A. C. G., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Which is the most common way for clubs to shoot, class shooting or unclassified? If a shooter got a pigeon too low for a fair shot, say three feet high, and took it, must he abide by the result or would he be allowed another shot? If the pigeon would have struck the net, but it was broken it before reaching it, would it score, and if so, miss it, and it was accepted by the net would he be entitled to another shot? Where can we get the complete rules for clay pigeon shooting and how much do they cost? Ans. 1. Class shooting. 2. Yes. 3. If he broke it, it would score, if he missed it, it would be scored against him. Write to the Ligon-sky Company.

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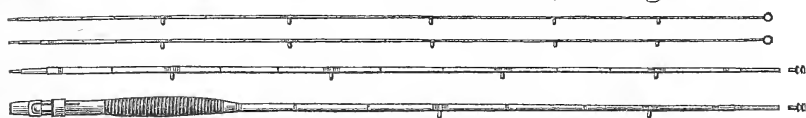
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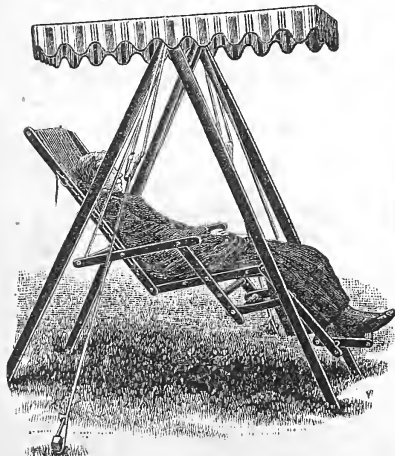
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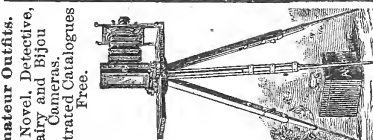
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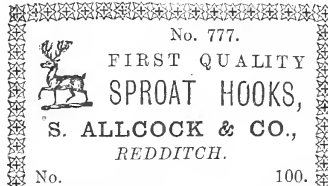
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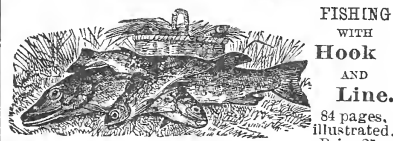
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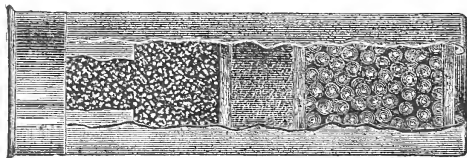
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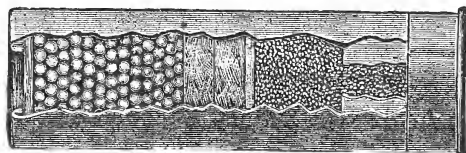


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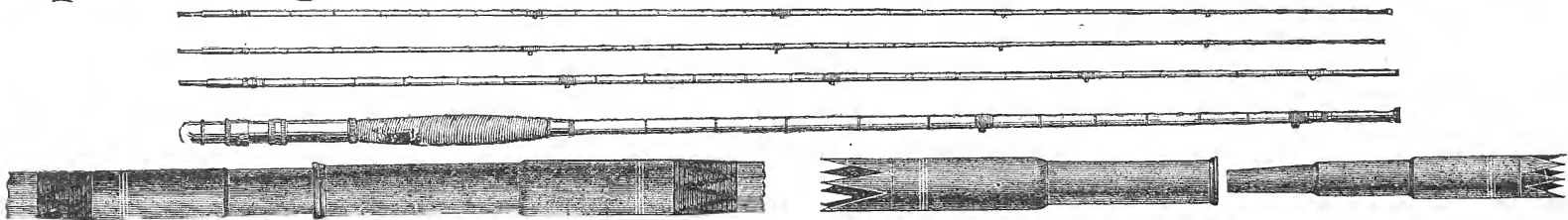
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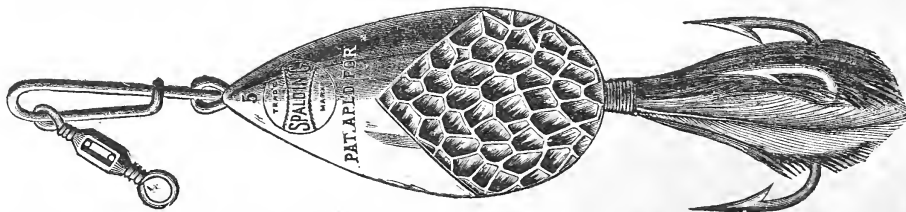
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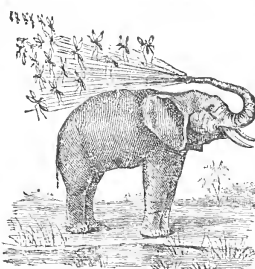
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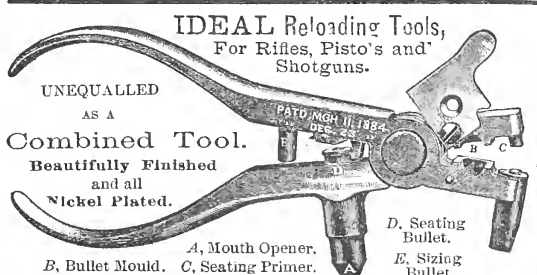
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ket is exacted. When the club was projected, it naturally incurred the opposition of the market gunners, who had pretty well cleaned out the game of the vicinity; and it was also looked on with disfavor by some of the local sportsmen, who resented the notion of having their free range restricted. The market gunners the club could well afford to displease and oppose; the others have subsequently seen the excellent working of the plan and have become members.

The scheme is thoroughly satisfactory in practice. Game has increased since the new order of things. The members, at slight expense and trouble, have reaped decided rewards. The land owners are more than satisfied. They have been relieved of the invasions of irresponsible gunners, market hunters and hoodlums, who formerly tore down their fences, let down the bars, trampled the fields, and now and then left a charge of shot in a cow or horse. They now rest secure in the assurance that if trespassers invade their fields the offenders will be prosecuted by the club, one of whose committees has this special work in charge.

The revenue derived from the club members in fees for game killed is inconsiderable, but the freedom from irresponsible trespassing gunners is a decided gain, and few of the farmers now leasing their lands to the club would be willing to go back to the old disorder of things.

Such organizations should multiply and extend all over the land. There would then be less clashing of interests between farmers and sportsmen; for their interests are in reality identical and should be recognized as such.

THE CONDITIONS OF THE CUP RACES.

ON Tuesday last a reply was received by the Cup Committee from Mr. Beavor Webb, to their letter of April 26. Now that the veil of secrecy is finally withdrawn from this important epistle, it is more difficult than ever to understand why it could not be made public at once, and what reason there was for surrounding such a simple matter with unnecessary mystery. The substance of it is that the committee decline, to sail a race at Newport, they adhere to the race over the New York Y. C. course; and they decline to accept a mean of the N. Y. Y. C. and Y. R. A. time allowance. A concession is made in the second condition, in barring out Flynn's Knoll for the course, as requested by Mr. Beavor Webb last year.

In regard to the first condition, it was hardly to be expected that the club would consent to sail any of the matches so far from home, as the trouble and expense is considerable even in New York, and would be much greater at Newport. Of course the waters are better there, but to sail the races in August would necessitate holding the trial races at a very early date, and before the four boats have been thoroughly tested, while to go to Newport in September, perhaps for eight or ten days, is manifestly impracticable.

In the second condition we believe the committee have made a mistake in sacrificing an outside race over a fair course, for the sake of a mere club pageant which in all probability will be unfair to one boat or the other. The concession in regard to Flynn's Knoll is unimportant, the real fact is, as was apparent to every one who saw the final race last year, that no fair race can be guaranteed over such a course, when the importance of the race is so great and the interest in it so general. It is very easy now to promise to prevent interference by outside boats, but such a fleet as accompanied the race last year is utterly beyond human control, and partakes of the unwieldy nature of a mob in the street. The channel is narrow at the best for a duel between two big boats, one drawing 13ft., and with hundreds of steam and sailing craft rushing about as they please, no open course can be guaranteed, and a carelessly handled tug or lumbering coaster may put a sudden end to the race. Of course, under the deed of gift, the club has the right to sail one race only over this course, but it does not follow that, under the peculiar conditions of this race, such a proceeding is in a true sporting spirit. The Eastern yachtsmen would prefer an outside course, as fairer to both competitors.

As to time allowance, it was not to be expected that the committee would accept a rule which, like the Y. R. A., is really based on the assumption that Puritan, for instance, is 23ft. 7in. wide, and 11ft. 3in. deep, while Galatea is 15ft. wide, and 7ft. 6in. deep, which is virtually what the rule does, making Puritan 140 tons compared with Galatea's 90. Were the rule different and less severe on the wide boat it would be a fair proposal to average it with the N. Y. rule, but under the circumstances their decision cannot be questioned. In his reply Mr. Beavor Webb suggests that the

actual sail area be taken, in place of the approximate result, and there seems no reason why this should not be done as being really a fairer method. As we have not the actual sail area of Galatea it is impossible to tell just what the difference would be, but the method commends itself as a more accurate one and better suited to gauge the contestants in such an important race.

ABOLISH SPRING SHOOTING.

SOMETIMES trifling indications may give us a notion of how a law works, and a word or two from a distant locality may awaken a train of reflection, which will teach a valuable lesson. Such a lesson comes to us in a line or two from a correspondent in Long Island, who tells us that the beach birds have not for years been so abundant there as this spring, and that some of the larger species are even breeding there.

The reason for this is obvious. The law forbidding the killing of these birds in spring is said to have been pretty generally respected in most localities. The birds when they reached Long Island shores were not at once pursued with shotgun and driven away. Finding quiet spots where food was plenty, they have lingered and have become very gentle. No doubt some of them will breed, and as a result the beach-bird shooting in August and September will be better than it has been for years. Every State in the Union ought to pass a law forbidding the shooting of birds of any kind after the first of January.

To match the line from Long Island comes word from a correspondent in the lake region of Minnesota that the red-heads and bluebills are nesting in good numbers there this spring, and that the chicken crop promises to be good. If people can only be induced to protect birds of all kinds in spring, and to make the shooting season short, a beneficent Nature will fill up the gaps made by the sportsman in the ranks of the game birds, and he will have shooting—good shooting—for all time. But the carnival of wasteful destruction which has been going on for so long must cease, and men must learn to enjoy in moderation the good things which the wood and the waters provide.

WAKING UP AT LAST.

THE project to permit a railway to run through the Yellowstone National Park has been before the people for several months. It has been the subject of investigations before several committees of Congress, whose reports have been published and are accessible to the public. Many of these documents have been printed in FOREST AND STREAM, and have been duly commented on. Up to the present time, however, the great daily papers have had hardly a word to say on the subject. Within the past few days the New York Herald and Times have each spoken about the railroad, the Herald having had a column despatch from Washington, made up from the minority report of the Senate committee on territories, published in these columns three weeks ago. The following day the Times published an editorial called out by the Herald despatch, in which the railroad project was denounced as a job, and the strength of the lobby which is working for it was pointedly referred to. Both of these articles take the right side of the question, and we trust that although the interest which is displayed is rather late in manifesting itself, it may not be without its effect.

The statement that two roads are being surveyed to the Clark's Fork mines, neither of which roads will infringe upon the Park, is true, but the surveys are not being conducted by the Northern Pacific R. R., though, if the roads are built, it may be done by that corporation.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB MEET at Vernon, Vt., last week, was a most enjoyable affair for the veterans who form what deserves to be called the old guard of muzzle shooters. In our rifle columns will be found a very full and an appreciative account of the meeting. The presence and participation of some of the representatives of the modern breech-loading rifle added zest to the competition.

THE DIDN'T-KNOW-IT-WAS-LOADED GENIUS is regularly reported in the daily papers, playing his (or her) usual pranks with rifle, shotgun and pistol, which are usually loaded just enough to kill the unfortunate victim of this fatal idiotic playfulness.

THE NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION will convene at Chicago next Tuesday in its first annual gathering.

COMMON SENSE GAME CLUBS.

ATTENTION has been called to the success attending the formation and maintenance of game clubs which lease the shooting privileges of tracts of land. The system is one which is found to work well, and it offers a solution of the vexed problem of local game conservation. The form of organization may be very simple, little machinery is required. The results attained are more satisfactory than those attending any other form of game protective effort, aside from the actual possession of the protected territory.

One such organization is the Middlesex County Association, with headquarters at Middleton, Conn. This society, which has been described at length in these columns, has steadily won its way in the respect of the community, and has accomplished much in creating and fostering a general regard for game laws and the principles of game protection. Its membership is open to reputable persons of 18 years of age and over, the annual dues are small, and there is a considerable tract of country preserved for the exclusive shooting and angling of the members. The association has for four or five years devoted some effort to the restocking with trout of streams in the neighborhood, and the improved fishing has tended to increase public respect for the principles and practices of the society.

Elsewhere are printed the rules of the Easthampton Game Club, of Easthampton, Mass., which is now in its third year. The club has acquired exclusive shooting privileges over a number of adjoining farms and tracts of land. On this territory the club maintains signboards warning off trespassers. The signs read: "Hunting or being on these grounds for any purpose prohibited.—Owner." Each member is provided with a card, on one side of which is the membership certificate: "Mr.— is a member of the Easthampton Game Club for the year ending Dec. 31, 188—, Sect'y." The other side of the card is ruled in columns for memoranda of date, number of grouse, woodcock, quail and gray squirrels killed, and name of owner on whose land the game is taken. Members are required to record all game killed, with the particulars of date and place, and on Jan 1 to report to the treasurer of the club, paying a fee of ten cents for every bird and squirrel killed. The treasurer then in turn pays each landowner for the total amount of game taken on his premises.

The membership of the club is open to persons above fourteen years of age. The annual dues are \$1. Strict compliance with the rule against killing game for the mar-

The Sportsman Tourist.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN RESORTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There have appeared in your paper from time to time inquiries and articles about good points for summer recreation for business and professional men whose general welfare requires rest from indoor duties, and whose inclination is to spend such time in hunting and fishing because their object is more perfectly attained in those health-restoring pursuits. Some of these inquiries are directed toward the Rocky Mountains, and I am quite confident that if those desiring such recreation but realized one-half the enjoyment to be found in that region, not only in the pursuits named but in the contemplation of the scenic wonders which there abound, hundreds would go there instead of longing about the hotel verandahs at the watering places of the East. And yet I know that some who do go to the region named are as to the game and fish more or less disappointed. Not because they are not there, but because of unwise selection of time or place.

Having spent a portion of each summer in these mountains (in Colorado) for several years past, especially searching for the best game and fish regions, I venture a few suggestions, hoping they may serve to assist those who in the absence of friends there in whom they can rely as to these matters might be disappointed.

A recent communication in the FOREST AND STREAM says that fish abound in all the streams of Colorado west of the main range of the mountains. In a certain sense this is true, and yet the individual who, relying on that statement, should go there before the 15th of July, would fail to catch a fish, especially along the railroads and in the larger streams.

There is no doubt but Colorado affords the best hunting and fishing to be found on the continent easily accessible by rail, and yet there are times and also places when neither can be successfully done.

I have always endeavored to find places where both can be had within a reasonable distance of the camp, and have invariably been obliged to go from ten to twenty-five miles away from the railroads, although fishing alone can often be had along the railroad lines, especially beyond the main range in the waters running to the Pacific.

For hunting to kill quantity, of course fall is the best time. But it has its snowstorms and cold. But for all-around pleasure in camp, July and the first half of August is the choice time. The fishing is then at its best, while the young mountain grouse and other small game is good size, and the males and young of the larger game, such as deer, elk and the like, are in good condition. Of course no sportsman would kill more than was required for camp use, and never an old or breeding female. The climate of Colorado is then in its perfection, the atmosphere is dry and yet cool, and an outdoor camp is pleasant as May in the East. The larger streams, owing to the snow in the mountains, which remains until the middle or last of July usually, do not get clear enough before that time for good fishing; but the smaller ones, especially up in the mountains where the beds are rocky, are generally in good condition by July 10. The game at that season has also retreated to the higher altitudes, so that the proper combination is found only in those regions. Poisonous reptiles are unknown in central Colorado, while in that altitude the nights are too cool for mosquitoes, which, with an occasional cinnamon or silver-tip bear and mountain lion, are the only ravenous beasts which live in that region.

A day or so of a drive with teams from the railroad will reach these favorable spots, where, with a fair camp outfit, more real enjoyment can be had than at any other place that I know of on the continent.

A camping party may "rough it" and live on bacon and hard bread and sleep under a dog tent if they desire, but I have never thought it very beneficial or pleasant for those who have but a short time to spend in trying to get used to it. Neither is it necessary to have loads of cots, silverware, etc. The sensible way is to have a good, sizable tent, the necessary camp cooking utensils, with plenty of canned fruits and vegetables, even if it requires an extra team or two extra pack animals to carry them. Thus equipped a party will be comfortable, a very necessary condition to rest and enjoyment. The additional cost amounts to but little, and the larger the party the less the proportionate expense. After years of experiment in camp methods I have settled on the medium standard of equipment as far preferable to either extreme, where recreation is the prime object.

The expense of such a trip, say for thirty days, in the Rocky Mountains, is much less than is generally supposed. I have made them repeatedly from this place inside of \$150 per individual, for all expenses, including cost of camp, teams, etc. Our camping expenses, including teams, tents, provisions and outfit being less than \$1.25 per day each, while out.

If I were to lay out a trip of this kind it would be from Denver via the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad to Manitou, where a day or so can be pleasantly spent among its surrounding natural wonders, equaled in a similar space nowhere in the world; thence through the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, crossing the great continental divide at Marshall Pass (10,852 feet elevation); thence to Gunnison or some town in the Gunnison country, where teams and outfits can always be had at reasonable prices and from whence the best game and fish regions can be reached in one or two days' drive. When the camp is over, return by the Denver & South Park Railroad over the Alpine Pass (11,623 feet elevation and the highest railroad point in America); thence to Leadville, taking the Union Pacific "high line," which runs on the very top of the continental divide, crossing it twice from side to side; thence down the Platte Cañon to Denver. Such a trip comprises all the grandest of Colorado's scenic attractions, and there is no trip of equal length in the world that can compare with it. The expense named will cover this trip, which can be made in thirty days, giving two weeks or more in camp. Acquaintance at the various

points and previously made arrangements brought the expense somewhat below what it would be for a party of strangers going for the first time; but by judicious management it can be done at the price named.

These summer trips have become regular annual events with some of us who prefer recreation in mountain camps to any other, and finding them so enjoyable, have been enlarging our circle from year to year, until last year our members came from five States, even so far away as Alabama, and several of whom we never met until we came together by previous appointment at Denver. We have learned that a camp of strangers get along better generally than one in which the members are too well acquainted, and some of the most pleasant friendships of a lifetime were formed in a Rocky Mountain camp. And so this yearly trip has come to be what horsemen would call a sort of "free for all," the fact that an applicant was a reader of some such paper as the FOREST AND STREAM being regarded as *prima facie* evidence of respectability and a sufficient passport for admission. A true sportsman secures to himself an additional pleasure when he can assist others to participate in the pleasures of the camp and chase.

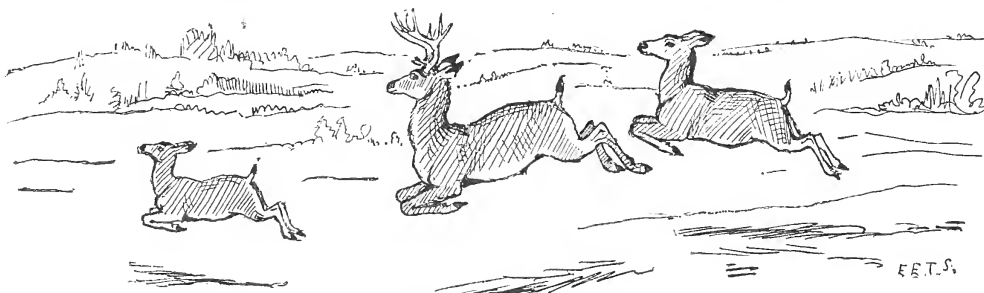
We will make our start this year about the usual time—July 1—and if any reader of the FOREST AND STREAM should feel inclined to join us and will write me, I will cheerfully give him further particulars. The precise camping ground is not yet determined, and probably will not be until after our arrival at Denver, to be then governed by game reports and the condition of the streams. DAVID C. BEAMAN.

OTTUMWA, IOWA, May, 1886.

A CARBERRY DEER HUNT.

THE readers of your most interesting paper are regaled weekly with stirring accounts of bear and deer hunts, in which celebrated hunters have, by wonderful feats of woodcraft and daring, redoubled their claims on Nimrodian fame, and it strikes me that it will afford a contrast and perhaps amuse by its novelty, if I, a novice, recount my own experience in the hunting of my first deer.

This to me most interesting event took place near Carberry, Manitoba, in the fall of '84. Carberry is a village on the south edge of the Big Plain. East, west and south of it is a vast region of sandhills. In the sandhills to the south is a poplar bush about sixteen miles long, within this a spruce bush, and in the middle of the last is a tamarac bog, the source of the Pine River. The deer have nearly all been exterminated in this region; they are so scarce that a white man hardly thinks of going out for a deer hunt, yet an old elk



"JUMPING DEER."

has occasionally been seen, and the Indians sometimes bring a few jumping deer (*Cariacus macrotis*) into the village, while on rare occasions they kill a moose within twenty miles of the settlement.

The prospect of learning something of deer hunting in this locality was not particularly bright, still, I had often seen deer tracks in muddy places, when on ornithological rambles, so there was no doubt of the presence of game; therefore, after the first snowfall, I resolved that since there are some deer about here, and since, after having found a track, it is only a question of time and perseverance before one comes up with the track maker, I do hereby register a vow that I will not cease to hunt in those hills until I bring out a deer, unless the shooting season close before I succeed. Accordingly, on the 27th day of October I set out on foot and traveled fifteen miles without seeing anything. The next day I went further and fared no better. On the third day I found two stale elk tracks, but got home weary and empty-handed, after walking twenty miles through the deep snow. The mileage is given with confidence, as the region was surveyed some years ago, and I have discovered many of the stakes. Next day I went still further and in a new direction, found a stale track, and was led by it to a quiet, wooded tract, where fresh signs were exceedingly abundant. On the fifth day I drove to the bush with several companions, who were glad enough to profit by my labors, though they had laughed at my faith previously. I saw no deer, but Mr. James Duff, who was with me, had five good chances which he was obliged to let slip, as he had only a shotgun.

Early next morning I set off again with my brother. I saw seven deer, he saw two. I wounded one with buckshot but did not get it.

This was the first time I had ever seen a wild deer. I shall not forget the impression made by the sight. We were going over the brow of a hill when I noticed a very fresh track and said: "We had better follow that a little, it looks so new." Before I had gone many steps my brother cried: "Look out, there's a deer just ahead of you!" Sure enough, down in the hollow among the scrub, were the white tails of two deer, bobbing up and down. The deer themselves were of the same color of the scrub, but the pure white tails being held erect, were strikingly conspicuous. I stood gazing at the graceful creatures for a moment or two, and then they moved off a little and commenced to rise in the air with a peculiar bounding action, although without any apparent effort. They seemed to be playing, their movements were so entirely without any appearance of haste or alarm. It did not occur to me at first that they were running away. The idea I had in my mind of a deer speeding was formed on seeing a dog or a fox. I expected to see the labored straining and the vast athletic bounds; but no, these evidently had not yet commenced to run, they seemed to be merely bounding up and down in the air, and it was only on noting the different hilltops which their feet touched lightly in succession, and by seeing the fair, rounded forms rapidly becoming smaller in the distance, that it dawned on me they

were flying for safety. Higher and higher they rose each time; gracefully their bodies swayed inward as they described a curve along some bold ridge, or for a long space the white bannerets seemed hanging in the air while these wingless birds were really sailing over a deep gully. I stood gazing until they were out of sight, and it never once occurred to me to shoot.

When they were gone I went to their trail where they had appeared to be rising and falling over the same place. Here was one track, where was the next? I looked all around, and was surprised to see a blank for fifteen feet; I went on—another blank, and again and again. The blanks increased to eighteen feet, then to twenty and then to twenty-five feet. Each of those playful, effortless bounds covered a space of eighteen to twenty-five feet. Ye gods! They do not run at all, they fly, and once in a while come down again to tap the hilltops with their dainty hoofs. Later on in the day I saw three more and fired two charges of buckshot at them without securing any.

During the whole of the next day I traveled without seeing anything.

On the eighth day I went again with some companions, saw nothing all day. As we were going home, James Duff proposed that I should go with him for another look before we gave up. We went to the wooded shores of what is known as Smith's Lake, and almost immediately started three splendid deer. They ran past us at a distance of about one hundred yards. We both fired. One of the deer was wounded but they all went away, fleetly bounding over the hills. We followed the trail at a run, overjoyed to see a slight drip of blood at each bound. Before stepping on to the top of each hill, we looked carefully lest the deer should be in the hollow. After traveling several miles, as we rose to the top of a hill I peered over, then sank back on the snow, crying under my breath, "Here they are." We both crawled to the brow of the hill, and there, forty yards away, stood two deer looking at us. Our hands began to tremble as we hastily, too hastily, threw up our rifles and fired—without the slightest effect. The deer stood gazing at us. In furious haste we reloaded, and quivering in every limb with the "buck ague," we blazed away with no better luck, and as the deer turned to begin the playful bounding, I sent another useless ball after them. I simply felt sick to think of what we had done; if we had had the slightest degree of coolness, we would have been sure of two fine deer.

However, we were still on the track of the deer we had wounded, and followed in vain until sundown. Then we came upon an Indian who was evidently hunting the same three deer. He had fired at and turned them, and then with an amount of open-heartedness unusual for an Indian, he told us where they went, and added that "they would spend the night there, and he would get them in the morning when the wounded one would be too stiff to travel much." We bade him good night and went homeward until out of his sight, when we turned and went to the thicket where he said the deer were lying. It was dark when we arrived there, but we put the deer out so as to prevent the Indian getting ahead of us in the morning. Then we started off, weary and hungry, for a twelve miles tramp home through the snow.

I have often been asked in the East if the Fenimore Cooper Indian exists or ever did exist. If fine physique, manly qualities and a certain amount of freedom from grosser vices will "fill the bill," I have certainly seen many of these Indians among the Crees. My recent acquaintance was a Cree and a fair representative of his tribe. His name was Chaska. He was about six feet in his moccasins, straight and well built, his features decidedly aquiline, his hair hung in two long black braids, ornamented with a bunch of brass rings and thimbles. He was dressed in the customary white blanket and leggings. A scarlet handkerchief covered his ears. He carried the usual fire-bag, knife and gun. He was a minor chief and evidently a man of experience, for he spoke excellent English.

On the ninth day I went with several companions to the deer bush by dawn before the Indians were astir, although they were camped close at hand. We foolishly went all together into the bush where the deer were; they separated, and we were misled by one of them. When a mile away we heard the Indians behind us, occasionally shouting. It was Chaska directing his two men. Then we heard a shot, then renewed shouting of orders, and another shot, and another, then unmistakable yells of triumph. We went back and found that the Indians had got both the deer. Chaska had put one man at each end of the bush and gone into it himself. He shouted his orders, for as long as jumping deer do not see the hunter they appear to care little for hearing him.

I met Chaska in the afternoon, we were both running on the same trail. I said to him: "Why did you take our deer?"

He said, "How your deer?"

"Because I put the first ball into it."

Then he said, "Who owns wild beasts? The man who kills them owns them, and I killed those deer."

It was evidently no use arguing with him, for he has possession, but I made a note of it for future reference.

We hunted together all that afternoon and I got from him a lot of hints and instructions in deer-stalking. He was really a splendid fellow. I found that, like most of the Indians, he was a very poor rifle shot, and but for his skill and experience in woodcraft, would have fared no better than ourselves.

During the afternoon my companions drove home. Determined to hang on to the last, I hunted till dark and walked home.

During the whole of the next day I tramped about alone. On the next I went with James Duff, who alone of my companions seems gifted with any degree of perseverance. We saw nothing and I had both my feet slightly frost-bitten. On the twelfth day, in spite of my injured feet, I started off alone. Started three deer; followed them in vain for fifteen miles. On the next day my brother drove with me to where I quit the trail the day before, and after following for two hours, we came across two deer which we tracked in vain for five miles. Then we went back to camp for dinner. My brother was disgusted, and after resting, drove home. I

went back to the trail and continued to follow with the utmost caution. Late in the afternoon, as I cautiously peered over a rising, I caught a glimpse of what looked like a deer lying in the scrub beyond. I watched for a few moments until a slight movement of the ear dispelled all doubts. I tried in vain to get nearer, so having guessed the distance at a hundred and fifty yards, I put up the rifle. But oh! how terribly the muzzle wobbled, and I laid the weapon down with a groan—it's no use. But after waiting a few minutes I tried again, and finding my hand now steady, fired. The deer jumped up and stood looking about. I fired again and again, and then as he moved off I wasted a fourth charge. My first shot struck A, the second B, the third C, the



fourth D. If B had come first, I had won my deer; but as it was, he went off gaily bounding. I ran on the track for ten miles. While rapidly ascending a hill I stumbled and had the misfortune to give my knee a severe blow on a projecting root. At night I reached home completely exhausted, after having traveled thirty miles on foot.

On the next, the fourteenth day, I went again with Duff to where I had quitted the trail the day before. The locality was a sort of corner with a way in and a way out. I said to my companion, "Wait until I cross to the exit, then you close in and drive them past."

When I arrived at my appointed station there were two deer tracks just gone out, and Duff's track after them. I called him pet names for being so hasty, and thought, "Well, if you are going to go tearing off in that mad way, you can go; I'll wait here." So I looked out a good warm camping place, and, having the kettle and provisions on my shoulders, soon made myself comfortable and lay by the fire all day. In the evening I took a short walk and came across Duff doing the same. On questioning him, I found that he had seen a track ahead of him which he supposed was mine (really that of an Indian), and thought, "Well, if he is going to go off in that style, it's no use of me following;" so he looked out a camp and lay by the fire all day, on the same hill, and only two hundred yards from where I was "foxing" in the same way.

Altogether I have now traveled 265 miles (215 on foot), have been out fourteen days, have had twelve shots at deer, have had both my feet frost-bitten, have injured my knee and lost weight as well as the confidence of friends, who believed I could do anything I undertook, and still have not killed my deer.

My knee grew worse, so I lay up for a week, but resolved to be a better shot when next I went forth. I made a deer out of wood and set it up 250 yards away from the door and blazed away at it until I was able to hit the mark three out of five times. And then I longed to be free again; but my knee was still very painful. I felt like a hawk with a broken wing; but knowing the danger of overworking a strained knee, I stayed at home for the full week. This was the only time when I almost repented having said I would fetch out a deer, the only time when I felt my confidence shaking. Lying still went hard against the grain, for the only athletic exercise that I delight and excel in is this fast traveling. So far, I have not met with one that I cannot leave behind. Duff is the fastest man with whom I have hunted, and often I have to wait for him to catch up. (I'm bragging now.)

Fifteenth day.—At length feeling my knee fully recovered I once more started off, and my friends smiled derisively as they saw "young hopeful" start hunting again.

In the hills I met Duff with three others. Altogether now five in number, we set off in line to beat the woods. Partridges and hares enough came to hand, but I carried the rifle and cared for none of these things. The line had traveled about three miles, when I struck a fresh deer trail; this was late in the afternoon, but away I went on it until dark. Mr. Gordon Wright had arranged to drive in with the sleigh and so save us walking home. At the time appointed all were at the tryst but myself; all were agreed that it was no use waiting for that fellow; he had likely struck a trail and might be twenty miles away. So they drove home and left me. They seem rather to pity me for imposing on myself such long, toilsome tramps, but none of them realize what a glorious enjoyment it is to me to feel myself so independent in my strength. Ten miles is to me now no more than half a mile to most persons. I can run all day and come home fresh; and always when alone in these lonely places I feel running through me so strong a gush of glorious exhilaration that no trouble in my mind can stand before it; and since a man's troubles are nowhere but in his mind, my troubles all are blotted out and my happiness complete.

"Why do I undertake these toilsome, fruitless tramps?" Surely it is worth it to be perfectly happy, to foreknow that

dim land of the idealist's dream, where sorrow is unknown and whence misery is banished forevermore. The trees are riven around me by the intense cold; my food is spent; the farmers on the plain are glad to stay indoors, but the feeling of this place, the delight of freedom and the fire of health suffice to keep me all aglow; and so I can afford to smile at my companions, driven home in the sleigh, shivering yet pitying me.

A blood red sun was sinking when I crossed Kennedy's Plain, the snow was dyed red, a golden moon was rising through the eastern pink. The endless forest of poplars stood with their marble columns supporting a wide purple roof of thickly interlacing branches. It was so perfectly beautiful and so unmarred by the settler's axe that I almost wished I were not soon going home to Ontario. Then as I went on more glad still after what I had seen, I more than once fairly shouted for very wildness. The road lay for three miles through a dense wood, and as I was nearly through I thought I heard my comrades shouting back to me. I was surprised as it was now night and late; I made the woods echo again with a shout, and then listened for the response. A long melancholy howl, and another, and another and another. "Wolves" I thought, and I mimicked their howling and noted by the sound that they were gathering together, doubtless hunting. Then as they responded to my howls, I noticed that they were rapidly coming nearer. "H'm," I thought, "It's me you're hunting, is it?" I was just leaving the woods and as the sounds bore down nearer on my trail, I turned and stood perfectly still, thinking: "Well, if those wolves are foolish enough to attack a man armed with a Winchester rifle, just let them come on." And so I waited. Nearer and nearer they came until I heard them at the edge of the timber only fifty yards away. They must have seen me then; there was a low growl, a snarl or two, and all was still. I heard them no more, but after a little turned and went on my way.

Next day I tramped twenty-five miles alone, with the usual luck. On the next (the 17th day) I went in a new direction, into the spruce and tamarac swamp. On the road in I had the satisfaction of killing a hare, and of snipping off the heads of three partridges, with the rifle, thereby getting the best possible assurance that my aim was becoming true. When well into the swamp, I came across the tracks of four moose, but it was too late to follow them so I returned.



"A GREAT RUSTY RED BEAST CHARGING THROUGH THE BRUSH."

What a fascination there is about tracks in the snow; what endless stories one will read and learn from the telltale snow; there is something fantastic about the thought that just at the other end of that row of dots is the beast that made them, and it is only a question of time for one to overtake it. The record of every movement is so perfect that it affects one most strangely. I remember long ago writing down a day among the tracks, at a time when I was less accustomed to them, and therefore more impressed than now. Here it is in doggerel for which the writer's then youthfulness must be the apology:

The white owl sits on the low snow drift and thinks that the time flies slow,
Ere the door of the shanty is opened, and forth to the trapping we go.
Over the rolling prairie deep in snow, over the highest ridge into the poplar scrub below,
Reading as I run the tale of the tracks in the snow. Here runs the straight fox trail;
Here one foot raised, he sniffed the light wind I throw;
There's where he struck the hare track fresh, and the fox tracks following go—
And I think of the meeting those trailers will have, a mile away or so.
Now here are the chains of the grouse's trail, they turn and they wind to and fro;
And I crouch low down and peer around, for new are the tracks in the snow.
Then I crawl along, till with a loud whirr the pack for safety go.
Save two that fall at the "bang" of the gun and flecked with blood is the snow.
(Still keeps the owl, his distance safe, but follows now fast, now slow).
Now here is the place where a poisoned bait was thrown a few hours ago,
A wolf has smelt it in the wind, and traced and swallowed it too;
Here 'twas groining his vitals and choking his breath; that wolf skin, is mine, Ohio!
See! he wend a few steps more, and staggered again, but no!
The wild hardy life of the wolf gives strength to conquer this deadly foe.
And soon grow the steps more steady and strong, till he's bounding away o'er the snow.
(Still the white owl following far behind, winnows over the ground full low).

Now here is the place of another bait, and fox tracks come and go, And the bait is gone and the fox is gone, but with shortened steps and slow.

I follow and scan as I onward run, and take in the tale of the snow, To the nearest cover, the dotted guide, and just by the bushes, lo! There's a yellow fur—See! the crafty beast is stark and dead in the snow.

From a high limb the yellow eyes take in the scene below, And bide till the carrion furless lies and is left alone in the snow; And bide till the hunter takes up his spoils, and takes up his gun to go. This is the chance that he longed for so when he followed me over the snow.

Time was wearing on, my deer was not yet killed, and I feared that the season would close ere I had fulfilled my vow, therefore I resolved to lose no more time in returning each evening. So taking three days' provisions in a sleigh, I drove to the bush with Mr. Gordon Wright. On the road we called at Mr. James Duff's, and having added his provisions, he joined us. After a two hour's drive we came to a sandy hill in the woods, it was covered with spruce trees, and well suited for a camp. In the center of the thicket we cleared a space, and then made a wind screen of spruce boughs. Gordon then left us.

After having dined we set out for where I had seen the fresh moose tracks two days ago. These we followed, and after a tedious tramp of about two miles, they led us into a dense poplar bush. Presently we came on the place where they had lain all night, and the signs began to be fresher, but they had so crossed and re-crossed their trail that it became almost impossible to follow or distinguish the most recent tracks.

After wasting about three hours in fruitlessly trying to pick up the trail in short detours of a hundred yards or so, we agreed that it was unlikely they would continue in this locality where we had tramped so long and so often made signal whistles to each other, our best plan would be to make a circuit about the whole grove to pick up the trail where it went out. This involved a journey of fully two miles, and it was not completed when night came on. Accordingly we left off after having gone around three sides, without striking the trail, and returned to the camp.

Nineteenth day.—I slept well on the ground and awoke refreshed about midnight. Duff, being less used to roughing

it, did not sleep much, but kept up the fire and wished for day. So when I awoke, we agreed that it must be near morning, and we set to and made a hearty breakfast. After long waiting in vain for dawn, I went to sleep again, and must have slept six hours before the real dawn came, when once again we made a good breakfast.

We set off as soon as there was light enough for us to see the trail, and in half an hour found where the moose had left the heavy bush. Then came a long tramp over and often through sloughs, for moose, unlike jumping deer, have no fear of a bog, although they evidently distinguish between the willow sloughs which are deep, but safe, being frozen, and the birch sloughs, which look shallow, but are grassy and exceedingly treacherous.

Fresher and fresher grew the signs; more and more cautiously we advanced, stepping in the tracks of the moose to avoid the crunching of the snow. Now we felt sure we were closing on our quarry; presently the wailing of the moose-bird fell on my anxious ear and struck my ear with prophetic force. I glanced at my hunting companion, but he did not seem to under-

stand. Then on ahead of us we heard a twig snap; the suspense was becoming oppressive, but with the utmost caution we continued to crawl on the tortuous chain of tracks, which still wound about as the moose had been browsing. Alas! we were making a fatal mistake. So far we had done all that old hunters could have done. Now that we were within two hundred yards of the beasts, and since there was no wind, we should have separated and gone, one to the right and the other to the left; then, since we might have known they would not go back on their own trail, we would have them compassed about on three sides and so stand the best chance of seeing them. But no, we tried to go on as before; then an unlucky stick cracked, and I thought I heard sounds of motion ahead of me. Another ten minutes' crawl proved it to be true. There the snow showed plainly where the three giant browsers had fallen into line, and gone off at a pace which would put to shame the long, hard gallop of the wolf, or would leave even the swift, untiring deer-hound far behind.

Without caution now but still hopefully, we started rapidly upon the trail. Previously we had trodden in the moose tracks, now it took two springs to cover the space between each of them.

For a few minutes we hastened on when, far on ahead of us we heard a faint "bang, bang," two shots. We stopped and gazed blankly at each other, perfectly disgusted to think that we had driven our moose right into the fire of some other hunters, probably Indians.

Then dejectedly we started again, hoping that it was not so. But suddenly the idea struck me, the chances are the moose will only be turned by the shots, and then they will come back on their tracks. Jim agreed with me, so we then proceeded more cautiously. Scarcely two minutes had elapsed before I saw in a clearer space some two hundred yards ahead, a great rusty red beast charging through the bush toward us. Into the snow I dropped like a shot; my companion saw nothing but dropped because I did. On came the whirlwind of red hair, his body swaying inward as he rounded the trees, like a racer turning a corner. Nose up, horns back, mane erect, a vision of tremendous brute strength as he dashed on toward us with that speed which is his greatest safety.

What thousands of thoughts of moose-killing rushed into my mind as I crouched on the snow, right on the trail, right in the path of the maned monster, that was tearing through the timber toward us. It several times occurred to me that it was most likely he would kill me, but I lay and bode my time. Then, just as he was within twenty yards of trampling on us, I sprang to my feet, shouting:

"Now Jim!"

With two awful snorts that I shall not soon forget, the moose sprang to one side, and for a moment stood and stared, uncertain what to do.

"Bang, Bang!"

With a plunge the monster started off again, crashing through the woods. My heart sank terribly as I thought how like this was to my former failures. But strange to tell, the moose came to a dead halt only eighty yards away, in full view, and again stared at us. Then in an imploring voice of terrible earnestness, I heard Jim behind me: "Oh, Ernest! be careful this time!" I took steady aim for his shoulder and fired; then as he again went off at his former furious pace, I sent a third ball whistling after him.

With feelings of mingled hope and fear we crossed over to his trail, and there—oh! savage glee, at every stride was a jet of blood. What a thrill of hope and triumph.

"Our moose, Jim, if I have to follow to Brandon!"

"Not so far as that," said Jim, pointing to the crimson splashes.

And away we ran on the trail like wolves, fairly gloating over the continued jets of blood.

There are glorious dyes in the sunset skies
There's splendor in heaven's fair bow,
There's noblest color in beauty's bright eyes,
To kindle our feelings, I know.
But to stir up the inmost soul of a man,
And to fire him with frenzied glow,
To double his manhood, yet prove him a brute,
There never were richer, brighter dyes,
Than the spotless white where it crimsoned lies,
With a life being split on the snow.

I had read so much of the tremendous distances that a moose will travel, even with a mortal wound, that I was prepared for a ten mile run, but to my surprise, before we had run four hundred yards, Jim shouted "Here he is."

Sure enough, there he lay, with his knees doubled under him, like an ox in pasture. As we drew near he looked back calmly over his shoulder.

"Guess we better bleed him," said Jim.

"Guess you better look out," said I, "I'd as soon go near a wounded lion as a wounded moose."

"Well, let's give him a couple more balls."

So we both fired into him without the slightest visible effect.

"Let's go 'round to his head."

Accordingly we went around, keeping at a safe distance. Jim was about to fire when our victim's head drooped, then fell flat. I put a ball through his brain, his legs straightened out, quivered and lay still. The moose was dead.

Jim bled him. Then we stood for a few minutes gazing on the magnificent beast with feelings of rapture and triumph; feelings, in my case, not unmingled with regret that what was once such a noble animal should be lying at our feet, shorn of its majestic beauty, and now no more than a great load of butcher meat.

But we were not yet in safe possession; we feared that the Indians were on his trail. So we went back to where we first saw him and satisfied ourselves that there was no blood on the snow until after we had fired.

"Now," said I, "we'll draw cuts for who's to go to Carberry for a team and who's to guard the moose."

"No," said Jim, "I'll go to Carberry; you know better what to do if the Indians come and claim the moose."

As I knew that I was the better traveler, and was, moreover, well acquainted with the country, I would have preferred to run for the team; but Jim was determined to be the messenger, so I settled to guard our quarry.

It was now about 11 A. M. For a while I amused myself examining the splendid animal. By the stretch of my arms he stood six feet three inches at the shoulders, and to this must be added the height of a mane over six inches long. I estimated him to weigh about 800 pounds. After a little I went back on the trail to examine the places he had passed through and learn, if possible, the effect of each ball, for not one had missed its mark. Then, as I went a little further, my eye caught something moving through the woods. Soon I saw that it was an Indian coming toward me. Immediately I turned and set off toward our moose, but he overtook me before I arrived there. He was certainly the least prepossessing savage I had ever seen. At the outset he saluted me in a characteristic manner by giving me a grunt. Not having any particular use for it, I at once returned it. My stock of Indian was very limited and his stock of English was still smaller, so that our conversation throughout was carried on chiefly by means of dumb show. Presently he said, "Moose." Whereat I grunted in that peculiar tone which gives to the sound the signification of "You bet." Then we came to the carcass and he said "moose" again, and, pointing to himself and his gun, made as though about to take possession. Thereupon I pushed him back and informed him that his calculations were founded on erroneous data. Having gazed on me for a second or two with an aspect of doting tenderness, he proceeded to go through the pantomime of shooting twice, then pointed to the wounds made by Jim's rifle, as they were too large for my piece, but I pointed to Jim's weapon and spoiled that move. Once or twice he made a move toward the animal, but I stood between with my rifle cocked. Whereat he kept up a refrain

of "Wah nich seeehy" with such energy that I was afraid he meant something uncomplimentary, but I afterward found that this meant only, "No, brother, you are very bad."

Of course, I was unwilling to resort to violence, but he saw that I was going to hold on to the deer at any price, so he changed his aspect and made show of dividing, and each taking half. To this amiable suggestion I replied with an energetic "Kawain," which literally means "veto," but with my strong inflection meant, at least, "you can bet your life I won't."

I was hungry now, and having my dinner with me, I sat on the moose and ate it, all the time holding my rifle ready, pausing now and then to veto by a large majority all the motions for equitable division brought forward by the member for Dakota, for he kept up his speech most of the time. Finally, having finished my meal, I laid my head three times on my hand, and pointing to the moose, described a tortuous course in the air, then tapped my rifle and clapped my hands five times, which in English means: "For three days (sleeps) I followed that moose; I killed him after five shots, so he's mine and you may as well clear out." At this he drew himself up to his full height (he was about six inches taller than myself) and informed me that he was a Sioux, and that there were four more like him at the camp and they would come. Whereat I thought, "If there are four more as ugly-looking specimens as yourself, the sight of the gang should be enough to scare all the Powers of Darkness into lunacy;" but I could not translate the sentiment to him. So with another look of bewitching tenderness, he strode off to bring the other braves.

Meanwhile I paced up and down, hoping my companions would come soon, but determined to hold the moose at any cost, if the Indians came in force to take him. For five hours I paced up and down, then I heard guns, then an axe and a dog, and in a few minutes Jim reappeared with Gordon Wright and two others in the bob-sleighs, and soon we were all aboard triumphant and merry, and arrived in Carberry about seven o'clock, to find that already word of our success had gone before us, and over a dozen of the neighbors came down to Wright's that night to see the moose and congratulate us.



"PAUSING NOW AND THEN TO VETO."

More than one, when they heard about the Indian's attempted fraud, wondered why I did not shoot him, for "it's nothing to shoot a Sioux." It is unnecessary to add that I did not agree with them.

And so, after traveling about three hundred miles on foot, through the snow, during nineteen days of toil, I have kept my hunting vow and killed the grandest beast of chase that roams America's forests. And those who have taken the trouble to read through this strictly truthful diary (written at the time), can judge for themselves whether the reward was commensurate with the labor. As for me, I never had the slightest doubt on the subject, and both Mr. Duff and myself will not cease to look back on the days of our hunting together, with pleasurable emotion that can be understood only by the sportsman or the naturalist, who appreciates the chase not by the avoider's return, but rather by seeing therein a real elixir of life for the present, and a fountain of delightful memories for the future.

ERNEST E. T. SETON.

DAYS WITH THE BARMECIDE CLUB.

III.

THE sun came along at about its usual time, possibly a few minutes later, but not enough to make any particular difference in the programme, while an unobtrusive shower of melody lent its charms to the loveliness of the morning. The air was fragrant with the resinous odor of pine and spruce and balsam; the lake was smiling in its morning sleep and mirrored the hills and forests that encompassed it and the soft cloud shadows gliding over it. How well the color wears on these great hills, the same dark green that I remember a score of years ago. Yet they need legislative patching, for here and there, and too often, are breaks where the wind, fire or the axe has played sad havoc.

It is a likely morning for fishing and beautiful in its atmosphere of cheerfulness, of content and good fellowship. We found the trout rose best in the early morning and in the gloaming. How unspokeably fair the lake in its emerald setting, its surface lightening up with a benignant smile of welcome. There's a still, small voice which tells us the fish

are on the feed, nay more, we can see them jumping for their morning meal, and we have a suspicious confidence that we can beguile some of them with tantalizing Palmer or hackle.

Goldsmith makes Doctor Primrose say that courtship is a happier state than marriage, and if the uncertain time of wooing is sweeter than the plighted troth, with its warmth and happiness and love, it is most assuredly slightly different from the uncertainty of going a-fishing. The anticipation of the latter is just a degree lower than the delicious tingling which steals down your spine, sparkles in your eyes and glows on your cheeks, when some veteran grandee of the water takes hold and makes your reel to whizz.

Five minutes' pull brings Storm off the east end of the little island, and five minutes later he was lost to all surroundings save his sport. A master of hounds had a motto which was "Throw your heart over and your horse will follow." When Storm's leader was fully extended, you might have heard one trout say to another, "You lead the way, I'll follow." Two trout did come at the first reeling in. No heed gave Storm to the swallows dimpling the water in their rapid flight, to the dragon flies in their shining armor, to the woodpecker noisily tapping a tree on the mountain side, to the kingfisher poised almost motionless overhead, to the swash of the ripples that touched his boat so gently as they passed; but a look of intense pleasure was centered on line and leader. Sometimes a slightly-hooked trout would break away in spite of priest and prayer-book, and vanish into the watery whiteness of the whither, as the Frenchman would say, *wiz ze grand flourece*; but it mattered not, for like an office-holder resigning his position, there were plenty of others competent to fill his place.

Laugh and grow fat, angle and be happy; and angling is only one of the other names for perfect happiness. The bewitchment of its uncertainty hath a fascination like unto that of a charming widow. There is nothing visionary about the angler, for he deals in facts and searches for them; but if perchance he beguile himself with illusions, they are healthy ones. With a heart hopeful as a woman's, hope springs eternal in his breast, till he feels the lissome spring of his swaying rod, when that twenty-four carat ecstasy, the fulfillment of the angler's most extravagant fancy, takes complete possession. No hue and cry attend, for his light flickers under a bushel; no applause follows his skillful handling of rod and line, for none are near and few could appreciate; but we say to the honest gentle angler, as Gil Blas said to the stroller whom he found singing by the wayside, "Bravo! you put your heart into your business."

Time flies. It never flew faster. The sun's rays no longer fell askant, but marked high noon, and we pull ashore to the spring which is close by the outlet where we beach our boats and surrounded by a beautiful fringe of glossy emerald moss, soft as velvet, with great trees sighing above it. How good that water felt, for there was no taste to it, only a cool satisfying feeling it produced as it moistened our lips and throat. The following is an analysis of the water as made by Professor Angostura, of Hoboken. The result is expressed in grains, per Adirondack bucketful:

Sulphate of refresh.	7,733 grains.
Sulphate of wetness.	59,604 grains.
Sulphate of tickle.	12,007 grains.
Carbonate of solace.	29,889 grains.
Bicarbonate of cool.	32,009 grains.
Bicarbonate of life.	19,335 grains.
Chloride of smack.	4,406 grains.
Foreign matter.	Nix.

There was a slight trace of Medford rum, due to the accidental smashing of a bottle some yards above in the summer of '54, but it was so abominably and disappointingly slight that it didn't count.

What a spot for a noon day loaf. The bank bespangled with buttercups and daisies, which take one back to barefoot days when freckled and sunburnt we gathered them on the hillside and in the valley. Clusters of delicate and beautiful ferns were all around us, and water lilies bloom in the cool shallows near shore, and trees lean timidly over seeking like a pretty maiden to catch their reflection in the water. A rich mellow light hung like a veil of transparent gauze over the distant hills, and through the interlacing branches of spruce and hemlock soft beams are falling on the ground and playing their game of little shadows. Dear old resting place, may it be many a year before you are "tickled with a hoe" and made to "laugh with a harvest."

Our luncheon was eaten and digestion assisted by cut-plug and brier roots, and we chinned each other to sleep, all feeling that there was only one way to enjoy nature and that was in perfect carelessness, and it was far in the afternoon before we were again casting our flies, and long before the sun began to fling its parting rays through the branches of the trees we reel up and go to camp, leaving a couple of hours of the best fishing; but we are not insatiable sportsmen, whose only limit is darkness.

Our fish were dressed and put away in one of the cliff ice-houses, and no small job it is to properly care for a big mess of fish. One of the most useful articles a sportsman can carry is a pair of good thumb nails, not too long, but just the right length to be of use in dressing a fish or picking a bird. There is no tool to equal it in its specialty, nor one so easily managed. Indeed we have seen little children, scarcely able to talk or walk, who were really quite skilful in the management of their thumb nails. They are carried without much trouble and you are not likely to mislay them, and so always know where they are. We have learned to get ours in proper trim for an outing, and though we confess ignorance as to what is fashionable in thumb nails, we do know what is useful to encompass the uncertain grasp and the certain gliding of the slipping fish.

Came the witchery of eventide again, full of its subtle charms and dainty graces. The prolonged hush, the solemn stillness, the intermission after the voices of the day are silent and before the voices of the night commence, a

sweet undefined interval between full daylight and twilight. Mountains of snow-white clouds were drifting leisurely toward the west, as if to catch some of the brilliant hues which the sun was scattering so lavishly. The sky was flecked with their sprays and needles of gold, while the far away clouds were tinted with pale luminous lilac and brilliant orange which rapidly darkened, and then deep purple shadows filled the valley, which became fainter and more indistinct in the dream like light as long and low they crept. Then came the crescent moon and the trembling stars, making the sky one great field of throbbing light, and all was like a sweet, soft dream, mingling and harmonizing with our own content.

After everything had been snuggled up for the night, we entertained and wearied each other with recitals of experiences of forest and stream, some perhaps truthful, some probably otherwise.

"Speaking of bears," says Storm, "you have noticed, all of you, that bears in a state of captivity have a great fund of humor. They do many little things which show their appreciation of a good joke; but it was once my good fortune to witness the quaint humor of one which was not only wild but had sufficient reason to be mad. I was hunting between the timbered hills on Cold Springs, in Northern Wyoming. My companion was a dizzy tenderfoot, named—well, call him Ferguson, who actually didn't know tall grass from short timber. He once asked me, in all seriousness, if there wasn't more land to the acre in Wyoming than in New York. We were after white-tailed deer and jumped a bear. My companion shot at it and must have merely stung it somewhere, and not seriously. My rifle, a repeating one, had just that moment got out of order, and was of no present account.

"The bear came for us and we lit out. Ferguson was too speedy for me and soon reached the nearest available tree, while I did my best to get there, encouraging myself by saying, 'Go in legs; if body wins you shall have half.' I reached the tree which Ferguson was hugging, but standing on the ground. 'Quick, Storm,' he said, 'climb right up behind me.' He was either pleading the baby act, insanity, or some defense of that kind, and it proved as good as an alibi. I had barely time to secure a safe position up above, when bruin arrived and halted to survey the ridiculous scene. Ferguson had braced his feet on the ground and was clasping the tree in his closest embrace. Evidently the bear enjoyed the picture, for casting a pleasant look at me and a pitying glance at Ferguson, and saying, as near as I could understand him, 'Well, that fellow just downs my comprehension,' he turned and lumbered away."

MILLARD.

CHEYENNE, Wyoming.

Natural History.

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FRIENDLY CRITICISMS.

A STROLL through the animal quarters in Central Park on Decoration Day showed an enormous crowd of people, all of whom were greatly interested in the various animals confined here. To mingle with this throng and witness the eagerness with which they view the different wild creatures to be seen there, would convince any one of the value of such a collection of animals, the importance of keeping the captive beasts in good condition, of adding to their comfort and of increasing their numbers. It is certain that there is no sight in or about New York which affords so much pleasure to so large a number of people as the collection of animals at the park.

This collection is in charge of Mr. W. A. Conklin, who is greatly interested in it, but he is allowed no sufficient sum to expend upon the animals, and the space devoted to them is utterly insufficient for their needs.

To maintain captive animals in a condition at all approaching health, their surroundings should as nearly as possible resemble those to which they are accustomed in a state of nature. They should have the food best suited to them, and in as great variety as possible; should have as much room as practicable and every attention should be paid to relieving them from the ailments which must necessarily follow the unnatural conditions of their existence in captivity. We feel sure that Mr. Conklin makes every effort to do as much for his charges as is possible, under the circumstances, but in the hope of awakening some intelligent interest in the public mind in this collection we desire to call attention to a number of instances in which the animals are improperly cared for—a stranger may often discover omissions which would be overlooked by one who is always on the ground.

To the left of the Fifth avenue entrance to the Menagerie is a divided cage, which holds a buffalo bull, cow and calf. The animals appear to be in fair condition, but it will be noted by every one who sees them that their coats are very ragged, and that a large part of the winter's fleece still clings to their flanks. The wild buffalo would long before this time have got rid of all this by scratching or by wallowing, and his hide would be as smooth—except on the hump, neck and head—as that of a well-groomed horse. These buffaloes, however, have no opportunity to rub or scratch or wallow, and therefore the effort of nature to throw off the old dead coat should be assisted. The buffalo should be groomed; not perhaps with currycomb and brush, but a heavy card on the end of a long handle, or even a garden rake, ought to be used to tear away the dead hair of last winter's growth. The scratching would not only improve the appearance of the animals, but would add a vast deal to their comfort, and while it might not be very patiently borne at first, would be greatly enjoyed by them after a little. This same scratching, carding or grooming ought to be done to many other animals. The miserable elk, and some of the deer and the camels, would be improved in looks and their health benefited by it.

Coming back again to the buffalo pen, we notice that the floor consists apparently of smooth boards. In a state of nature the buffalo is constantly on the move. Walking and running over ground now loamy, now sandy, or gravelly or rocky, he wears down his hoofs, and this wear is, of course, replaced by fresh growth. In the buffalo pen at the Park there is no opportunity for this wearing away, and the hoofs of the captives grow too fast and show a tendency to become long. It would be an advantage to have the floor of the cage covered with gravel to a depth of three or four inches so that whatever wear is possible in this limited space might take place. It must be said that these captive buffalo appear to be in good condition and healthy.

Passing along the walk among the paddocks occupied by the camels, the cattle of various breeds and the deer, one cannot but observe the limited accommodations allotted to them and the utter absence of any green thing on the ground, for the grass has long since been destroyed by the ceaseless tread of the poor beasts, and only the hard, bare, parched clay remains. It was not always so, for in years gone by the Central Park had a fine deer pasture on the meadow where now the Art Museum stands, and the elk and the deer could then be seen there almost as in nature.

The bears have the best accommodations of any of the animals in the park, and they repay the expense attending the erection of their quarters by the interest which they excite. At all hours of the day the cage is surrounded by a crowd of persons of all ages, who seem never to tire of watching the antics of the animals. In one division of the large cage are two Polar bears in good condition, and in the other three black bears and the two FOREST AND STREAM grizzlies. The latter are most mischievous and full of fun, and spend almost all their time—when they are not begging dainties from the spectators—in playing with each other or with the black bears. They wrestle and box and chase each other up and down over the rocks in very amusing fashion. During one of the warm days we have had recently, the female—known as The Kisser—has spent a great deal of her time in the water tank, where she bathes in most luxuriant fashion. We do not know on what the bears are fed, but are told that it is entirely bread. This should not be so. Any one who is acquainted with bruin at home knows that at this season of the year, and until the berries are ripe, his food consists very largely of roots. So the bears should now have roots given them. A bushel of mixed carrots, turnips and parsnips would go as far as a bushel of bread, and would certainly cost no more. Stale, worthless fruit might be given them in considerable quantities and would cost no more than so much bread, while it would be vastly relished by the animals, would make them healthy and improve their coats. Bears will eat anything, and a variety of food should be furnished them.

An interesting inclosure is the one which contains the prairie dogs. These little rodents do not seem to be in good condition. They have not shed their winter coats, and yet on some of them appear bare patches where the hair has entirely dropped off, as if they were afflicted with some skin disease. Moreover they scratch themselves continually as if greatly troubled with vermin. In their inclosure we saw a heap of corn, on which, we presume, they are expected to subsist. There seems no reason why they should not have an armful of freshly cut grass thrown to them three times a day. It would certainly improve their appearance and their health. Some plan ought to be devised for moving their inclosure from time to time. The labor of making fresh burrows would be good for them, and the change would in a measure rid them of the fleas, which ordinarily trouble them.

Space does not permit us now to call attention to other matters where beneficial changes might be made.

We are sure that no one regrets more than Mr. Conklin, the wretched parsimony of the city government, which forbids him to expend money for the benefit of his collections, but the suggestions which we have made could be carried out without cost, and the trifling labor involved would be a very small price to pay for the improved condition of the animals.

FLORIDA MOCKING BIRDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose you an editorial from the daily Times-Union of this city, which voices the sentiment of ninety-nine-hundredths of the liberal and enlightened people of this State. It applies not only to our sweet-throated songster, but to all of our song and forest birds. Our State has been ravaged the past winter by the taxidermist and millinery butchers, until longer forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. Our beach and shore birds have almost entirely disappeared; our bluejays, cardinals and mocking birds are rarely seen. We are determined to put a stop to this. I am now preparing a game law, which we trust our Legislature will pass in January next; and if so, you may rest assured it will be enforced, at least in this portion of the State. The great work of the AUDUBON SOCIETY came none too soon. Through their agency alone will the depopulation of our woods and fields be stopped. Let them persevere. Public sentiment all over the country is coming to the rescue, and a grand triumph awaits them.

SPORTSMAN.

JACKSONVILLE, Florida.

The Times-Union says:

The destruction of our song birds has been so great of late years that we have found it our duty as well as pleasure to protest against it and to urge that legal measures should be taken to prevent their extermination. Prominent among the feathered choir we have mentioned the mocking bird—the prima donna of the Southern field and grove. The destruction of which we have spoken has been wanton; it had no aim save to destroy something, or to get a subject for the taxidermists, or for those horrid milliners who decorate indescribable bonnets with the remains of feathered beauties, whose natural plumage they debauch with their abominable aniline dyes. But it seems that there is another class of people who war against the birds, and particularly against the mocking birds. Mr. Kennard, of Waldo, sends us the following letter:

WALDO, Fla., April 29.—To the Editor of the Times-Union: Having seen several pieces published asking to have a law passed to protect the mocking bird, I, for one, heartily protest against any such law. I consider the mocking bird one of the greatest pests that we have. We have to depend for support in a great measure on raising small fruits, and no one knows but those thus engaged the amount of damage done by this same curse. And now to have a law passed not giving me the right to protect my own interest! What next? No sir; I say the mocking bird must go. Very respectfully, SAM. J. KENNARD.

Oh, no, Mr. Kennard; the mocking bird must not go. You will feel differently on the subject after you have reflected a little on the cruel sentence of extermination you have pronounced. We don't dispute the declaration of your bill of rights; you have a right to protect your property and your crops; so has every American citizen. But how? If your mule should get hungry and break into your cornfield, you surely would not kill him; you would not even "wallop" him; you would get him something to eat; you would—

"Put him in the barn and give him some hay,
And say, Gee, whoa! Come up, Jerry."

At least that's what we think you would do, for it is what we should do under like circumstances. Now apply this principle to the mocking bird. He is one of your scavengers; he eats twice as many insects as he does berries, and he is

worthy of his hire. Instead of spending money for powder and shot and losing valuable time in gunning for him, plant an extra patch in berries for his use and let him eat his fill of the succulent fruit. He will vary his diet with bugs and worms and insects galore, all of which are destructive of your berries and your crops. The idea that birds are a nuisance because they eat a few berries, is a relic of the unthinking and ignorant ages when the peasant thought the goatsucker bird really milked the goats instead of catching the flies and vermin that were continually pestering the animals.

The mocking bird must *not* go. Look at the trim, saucy fellow as he sits swaying on the topmost bough of the water-oak, gazing brightly up into the clear empyrean, the liquid trills, crescendo, diminuendo and staccato notes pouring from his throat with a spontaneity that tells of his contentment with this world and all that is therein. Note the air of abandon and reckless glee with which he gives the whistle of the quail, the piping of the thrush, the scream of the jay, and the softened sweetness with which he executes the trills and quavers of the smaller of his feathered brethren. The Northern bobolink and robin, the English lark, the tuneful linnet, and the pet of the drawing-room, the canary, are all rivaled at once in his delirious song. He is emphatically a Southern institution. The clash of arms and the roar and smoke of battle did not change him in the least. The sounds of strife and the discordant echoes of brother cursing the brother whose blood he sought added not a single piece to his repertoire or a new note to his song. As he was in the beginning he is now and ever shall be, world without end, the most glorious and truest-hearted songster of the Southern woods. He never has been and he never need be—reconstructed.

O no, Mr. Kennard, the mocking bird must not go; plant him a new patch of berries and let him sing and eat and eat and sing until the long moss ceases to wave and bird songs melt into the song of the angels at the last day.

A NOTE ABOUT AUDUBON.—A Springfield, Mass., correspondent sends us this extract from a letter written by Lewis Warriner, Jan. 2, 1841, Audubon being at that time a guest of Rev. W. O. B. Peabody, the Unitarian minister in Springfield: "I saw Mr. Audubon, the illustrious ornithologist, the other day, a noble specimen of our fallen race, firm figure, tall, something like S. V. S. Wilder, but with nothing of his important air. 'A man of great simplicity,' Mr. Peabody remarked to me, 'He is fifty-six years old. His hair is long and almost white, and he has an eye of uncommon brilliancy. I venerate him more than almost any one. His love of nature is so strong that he is going to start for the Rocky Mountains on the first of May next, to be gone five years. I heard him say that he with his wife and two sons chased a wren fifteen hundred miles and that the wren cost him one thousand dollars. Mr. Howard told me that Mr. Audubon was at a dinner-party at Mr. Th. H. Perkins's in Roxbury when he heard the note of a bird he had been looking for a long time, got excused for a moment, took his gun which he always carries with him, slept in the woods that night, and did not return for ten days, when he found the bird, having been in the meantime on foot to Sandwich on Cape Cod."

HABITS OF THE EAGLE.—East Toledo, May 15.—Editor Forest and Stream: The young eagle hatched April 26 is now about the size of a full grown barn pigeon, and is growing very rapidly. I have closely observed the habits of the eagle for many years. The pairs select their location for nesting generally in the top of a white oak tree and as far from the ground as possible. They nest in the same tree as long as the tree stands, and then select a tree as near by as possible. Their nests range from ten to fifteen and twenty miles apart. They lay out their fishing and hunting grounds, and no eagle is allowed to encroach on another eagle's ground; if it does there is sure to be a fight. As soon as the young birds are old enough to take care of themselves, they are driven away to hunt a new locality for themselves. In the month of November the eagles have a grand rally and are seen high in the air for several days, when the majority go South, but many remain at home all winter.—HENRY HUICE.

New Publications.

"OUR NEW ALASKA."

IT is always pleasant to read a book written by Mr. Charles Hallock. His writings are always vivid and full of life, and convey a striking picture of the scene described. To the sportsman his books have an especial charm, for in his travels Mr. Hallock is sure to discover something that is worth telling about the fish or game of any region he visits, and to tell it in his own entertaining way; a way which sportsmen have learned to love.

It is with great satisfaction that we announce the coming publication of Mr. Hallock's new book on Alaska. That far off corner of the globe, so long neglected, is rapidly coming into prominence in our national affairs, and after having been neglected ever since the date of its purchase, is now attracting the attention of tourist and capitalist, and of trader, miner and fisherman. The Governor of Alaska is now in Washington, urging upon Congress the importance of organizing the Territory, a work which is imperatively demanded by its growing commercial importance.

The most beautiful scenery in America—if not in the world—is to be found in the rock-faced firds of Alaska and along the coast to the south of it, and the charms of a journey thither need no description to the many travelers who have visited it since it was made so easily accessible by the opening of the great Northern highway across the Continent. Nowadays the stream of tourist travel tends strongly toward that northern region which has always been so distant and is now so near. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, and the far off has indeed a wonderful attraction.

Mr. Hallock's personal investigations in Alaska have resulted in the collection of a great amount of material on a variety of topics. He treats of the country—its past and present; of its resources—its timber, its mines, its fisheries and its fur trade; of the Indian question, of the government, of its natural history, the scenery and of sport. The old Russian days, the subsequent period of stagnation, and the present one of activity are fully discussed. Of Alaska's future Mr. Hallock speaks in very hopeful terms.

The book is one which will find its way into the hands of every one who has followed the history of Alaska since it became a United States Territory, and besides these all who expect to visit the region will look eagerly for its appearance.

The volume will be a handsome crown octavo, of about 250 pages, beautifully illustrated from sketches made on the spot, and a map covering all the points of interest along established lines of travel.

It is now in press and will be published about July 1, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE full report of the FOREST AND STREAM's trajectory test of hunting rifles has been issued in pamphlet form, with the illustrations and the tabular summary, making in all 96 pages. For sale at this office, or sent post-paid. Price 50 cents.

THE ELUSIVE BLUE GROUSE.

I.—IN THE SHADOW OF SHASTA.

I do not know whether the grouse of the Pacific slope obtains elsewhere or not. In such works on natural history as I have at hand, I do not find it described at all accurately, the prairie-chicken or pinuated grouse, in size and outline resembling it most. The California grouse is only found in the forests on mountains and the high hills, and I think feeds mostly upon the buds of fir and pine trees. The male bird has the accented appendage about its neck which it inflates with air when "drumming"—I should say grunting—and which is naked and orange-colored. Both male and female have yellowish-red crescents over the eyes, and they are of a brownish blue in color flecked slightly with white on breast and tail.

They are a fine table bird, and it is fun to shoot them. I mean by that, it is fun to shoot them after you see them. Of course one must see any game before he shoots, but it is harder to find a blue grouse when you know where he is, and it is more difficult to see him after you find him, than it is to shoot him, cook him and eat him. For instance it is this way: You want a grouse, and you hear him grunting away in a big tree just over there. You take your gun and step over. After you reach the tree you find you are mistaken in his location. He is grunting at frequent intervals, and you listen a little more carefully, and then you find that he is in a tree up half way on the hillside. After climbing to the tree which you have carefully marked, you hear him and get ready to shoot. He grunts again, and you are surprised to find that he is further up the hill, and you rest a while. Then you re-locate him and this time you get it. He is in a lone tree on the comb of the ridge. You climb leisurely as the hill is steep and there is no hurry. You reach the comb of the ridge and the tree, and find yourself on a small bench of the mountain, with timbered ridges all around. You listen and scan the tree from its lower branches upward, but you can't see him, so you refrain from shooting him for a moment. You look toward camp and see it a full half mile away, and wonder that you could have heard the dull grunting of the grouse so far. While you look you hear him again. You listen twice, and then you swear, if you want to. He is grunting away, and he is down about where you come from, that is, he *must* be. Then you hear another and then another, and they are above, further up the hill—or at least they *may* be, and you hear others in all directions in general, and no direction in particular, and then you begin to think you are drunk—if it is at all possible that you may be so.

But you want a grouse, and the woods are full of them, and you listen, and listen, until you have certainly located one that drums the loudest. He is in a big fir 200 yards to the left, and you start for him, when a small twig drops from the tree under which you have been standing, and looking up you seem to see something. As you look you see the head and neck of a small bird, apparently, away up the tree 100 feet from the ground, the neck grows larger and a dull heavy grunt booms directly down the trunk. You strain your eyes but you can see nothing distinctly, but you fire at the locality with your load of No. 4. Then there is a commotion above, a flutter of wings, a shower of twigs that rattle down the tree, a swish and thud and you have him! You are surprised somewhat, and think of firing up the tree in hopes of doing it again. You know now how to do it, and at once make for others and locate a great many which are not there, and find about a dozen which you never see, finally giving up the sport with a stiff neck and tired legs.

Grouse are still drumming all around, but you start for camp. Suddenly as you stride carelessly along, a grouse whirs away from your feet, and watching it, as it is out of range before you can shoot, you mark it down or rather up in a tall tree, and you see an apparent knot near a limb. You are wise and fire straight and true, and await the commotion as before. But nothing commotes, and on closer investigation you observe that the knot is not the grouse. But he did not leave the tree and you see him half an hour later, just as you begin to despair, higher up than where he alighted and close to the main trunk. He is sitting flat on a limb and his head alone discloses his presence. You blaze away, and this time he comes, and is a beauty. They are both cocks, and the brace will go six pounds. Going to camp you flush a couple of hens, and find a nest with an egg or two as they have begun to lay. The nests are merely bare spots on the ground selected near a stump or a rock.

But as I say it is fun to shoot grouse when you see them. With a good dog the hens could be readily found and shot, but the grunters are the birds to kill, and if they ever come out of the trees, I have not found it out in my experience. In the fall, when in coveys, they take to trees as soon as flushed and scatter, but the whole flock may then be shot (as they rarely fly a second time when disturbed)—if you can see them.

ESAU.

SHASTA, California.

WILDFOWL OF WESTERN WATERS.

(Concluded from page 348.)

OF the ducks to be found in the West the mallard (*Anas boschas*), sometimes called greenhead, is our staple, all things considered. Some other kinds are more numerous, while two other species bring a better price in market, but this latter arises largely from prejudice, as a plump, fat mallard, especially if corn fed, is as fine eating as any duck that flies.

In the fall of the year mallards are generally found about the wild rice marshes or at their roosting ponds, and vast numbers are killed before cold weather closes the waters and drives them southward. But it is in the spring when the bottom lands are overflowed, and the water is a foot or two deep in large tracts of pin-oaks, soft maples and other kinds of timber, that the best shooting is to be had, and the numbers killed at such times are almost past belief.

One man, during the mild winter of 1877-8, killed over three thousand of this species, the water being up in the heavy timber nearly all that season. As a matter of curiosity I wish to mention that this man once killed a mallard,

which was to all appearances a female in every respect except the head, which was green like a drake's, thus furnishing a parallel to the bearded woman or an antlered doe.

THE BLACK MALLARD (*Anas obscura*), formerly known as the black or dusky duck, is not plenty here, but some seasons there is a notable increase in the numbers, although compared with other kinds they can never be regarded as numerous. They are known only as black mallards in the West, under the mistaken impression that they are only instances of melanism in *Anas boschas*. Their haunts and habits with us are very similar to the latter, but they are an entirely different species. I am glad, however, that the authorities have accepted the Western name, as it is more distinctive than black duck, which might apply to any species of dark plumage.

GADWALLS (*Chaulelasmus streperus*), locally known as gray duck, cannot be called plenty, yet when shooting other varieties of shoal water ducks which inhabit rather open water, the bag will usually show a fair sprinkling of them.

PINTAILS (*Agila acuta*), known universally in the West as sprigtails, sometimes sharp-tails, and rarely as water-pheasants. These birds for some unknown reason are usually scarcer in the fall, both relatively and absolutely, than most other species, although a good many are killed. But in the spring when the country is alive with countless millions of wildfowl of every kind known to the West, I think I am safe in saying that pintails outnumber by far any other one species. Immense quantities are killed, and were it not for the fact that the market-hunters do not care particularly to pursue them owing to the low price, the numbers shot would be much greater. The pintail crosses rather frequently with the mallard, producing a hybrid partaking of the characteristics of both in about equal degree. This is the only hybrid I know of whose existence is at all common in a state of nature. There is occasionally a peculiar coloration of the pintails which I have never seen mentioned in any work or writing on ornithology. In this case the feathers of a drake on the forepart of neck, breast and under the wings, instead of being pure white, as it should be in the regulation plumage, is a rather bright brick-dust red. I am satisfied it is not due to age, season or condition, neither is it anything like the dull gray of the summer plumage. When the sun shines fairly on the breasts of a flock of these reddish sprigs they present a very queer appearance.

BALDPATE (*Mareca americana*).—Generally known here as widgeons. These ducks are somewhat more plenty than gadwalls, and considerably more of them are killed, as they decoy better and are apparently not so sharp-sighted and suspicious, still some other kinds are so much more numerous that widgeons do not seem to constitute any considerable portion of the masses.

THE SHOVELLER (*Spatula clypeata*) always called spoonbill here, is fairly well represented at times, and seems to sell as readily as other "small ducks," yet few care to make any special effort to get them, and they are looked on with a good deal of contempt.

BLUE-WINGED TEAL (*Querquedula discors*) are at times very plenty in the fall, especially in certain localities which seem to have peculiar attractions for them, and as they pack close together in large flocks and require such a light blow to kill or disable them, very many are often killed at a single discharge and large bags made. Both kinds of teal bring the same price, though by the knowing ones this species is regarded, fancifully I think, as superior on the table to the

GREEN-WINGED TEAL (*Nettion carolinensis*), which, while not so plentiful in the fall as the preceding, is more so in the spring, but as they are usually in smaller flocks and are much more tenacious of life, perhaps not so many are killed.

THE CINNAMON TEAL (*Querquedula cyanoptera*) I have never seen and believe it never visits these parts, although the appearance of one flock on the Illinois Bottom was reported to me some years ago by a man who might possibly have been mistaken, albeit he claims to have killed one.

WOOD DUCK, SUMMER DUCK (*Aix sponsa*) is the only species which breeds in this immediate vicinity in any considerable numbers. When they arrive in the spring they are almost always paired off, and commence nesting from the latter part of March on through April. By the first of July many broods can fly, and all are able to take wing by Aug. 15, when the open season commences. About the middle of September the most of them have been killed off or gone south, although some scattering ones are to be found until quite heavy frosts set in. In the summer and fall they are in small flocks, and rarely in large droves like most other ducks.

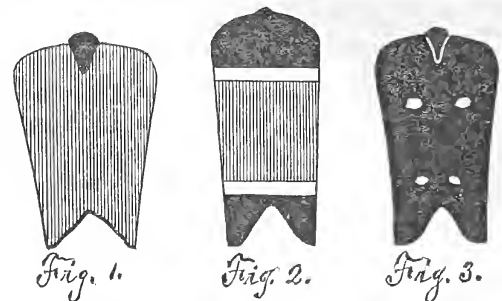
THE SCAUP DUCK (*Fulix marila*) and LITTLE BLACKHEAD (*Fulix affinis*) are both known as bluebills with us, and the names under which they pass in the East, such as broad-bills, blackheads and scamps would hardly be intelligible here. Rarely they are called "blackjacks," but this name is almost invariably reserved for the next species. Bluebills at times are remarkably abundant, especially in the spring, and enormous numbers of them are killed, even by the regular market-shooters, who do not hold them in as much contempt as they do pintails and some others, though the price is no better. They decoy so readily, fly so continuously, and their flight is so steady yet swift, that it is hard for the hunter to resist the temptation, unless large ducks are very plenty, and besides there are always chances for canvasbacks and redheads when shooting bluebills.

THE RING-BILLED BLACKHEAD (*Fulix collaris*) would not be recognized here under any other name than "blackjack." When we wish to be facetious we call him "colored John." Sometimes they are called "ringnecks" on account of the chestnut collar. The remarks on bluebills will apply about equally as well to this species, which perhaps is not quite so much appreciated.

There is a duck which formerly visited this section in pretty fair numbers, but of recent years neither I nor hunters to whom I have spoken about it have been able to get a specimen. I can find no name for nor description of it in any book on the subject, and the Smithsonian authorities are not able to identify it from my description, although professing their ability to do so if they could see a specimen. The bird evidently belongs to the scaup tribe, and I have abundant reason to think that I cannot possibly be mistaken about its former existence. To make my description perfectly clear, I will begin by stating the well-known fact that the bluebills are very light colored on the back, nearly as much so as the canvasback (I am confining my remarks to the males in this description), while the ringneck (*F. collaris*) has the back a very dark brown, nearly black. Well, my great unknown has the size, shape and color of *collaris* in everything except the bill. My recollection is that the eyes are not so bright a yellow either. Premising that I am a very poor draughtsman, and that I draw from memory, I submit the following crude outlines of the bills of the three

species, representing them as if seen from above. The nostrils are not shown.

Fig. 1 is intended to represent the bluebills' bill, the



whole being a light bluish lead color, except the nail which is black. Fig. 2 belongs to the ringneck, in which the base and tip are black, and the center bluish lead color, with two narrow, pure white bands extending clear across, separating black from lead color. It will be noticed that the bill is nearly straight along the sides, not widening near as much as the bluebills'. Fig. 3 gives a faint idea of the unnamed duck. In this case the bill widens toward the tip, not quite as much as the first, yet more than the ringneck's, but instead of being pale blue in color it is black, except four little ill-defined spots, which are bluish white, shading off into the general black. Now that is as good a description as I can give from memory. I have handled a good many, also killed them myself, both male and female, both spring and fall, so it is not a variation due to sex or season. The last one I ever saw was one I shot in the spring of 1876. Since then, as before stated, I have failed to secure one for determination, but a friend just returned from the Sangamon reports a hunter who has noticed them later, so I hope to secure one before long. It may possibly be a cross between *marila* or *affinis* and *collaris*, which might account for the bill, but then the plumage should resemble both species, which it does not. So until I can secure a specimen and have it identified the subject must remain a mystery.

THE CANVASBACK (*Elthya calliservia*) is the prince of ducks. Some think we don't have genuine canvasbacks in the West, but we do, and of just as fine flavor as any celery-fed ones that ever paddled the waters of the Chesapeake. They are seldom plenty in the fall, but in spring, especially with high water after a hard winter, they are here in force. Doubtless not so many as along the coast, but enough to enable those who are fixed for the business and understand it to make bags sometimes of over a hundred a day. It has been reported to me of two hunters, living within fifteen miles of here, taking two hundred and sixty in one day, but one of them I know to be one of the best hunters on the river.

REDHEAD (*Elthya americana*), occasionally called redneck. Usually very plenty in spring and very many are killed, especially by those shooting bluebills with which, and also ringnecks, they frequently travel in the same flock.

BARROW'S GOLDEN EYE (*Clangula islandica*).—Not at all common. My hunting partner killed one in the spring of 1881 and I had it identified by Prof. S. F. Baird, who stated that it was a northern species, not often found so far south, except in the higher Rocky Mountains where it breeds, but that its presence in Illinois had once before been reported from the Wabash River by Mr. Ridgway.

AMERICAN GOLDEN EYE (*Clangula glaucum americana*).—Generally known here as the whistler, but often called big ice duck, big river duck, big butterball, and sometimes big shellduck, from their feeding on shellfish, etc. While not plenty, yet seldom a season passes without more or less of them making their appearance, but their feeding grounds are generally different from those of the ducks pursued for profit, and therefore they are only killed when they come in the way.

BUTTERBALL; BUFFLEHEAD (*Clangula albeola*).—Also variously known as little whistler, little ice duck, etc. This beautiful little fowl is usually moderately plenty, but not a great many are killed, for the same reason given for the whistler.

THE RUDDY DUCK (*Erimaturus rubida*), called in the East "stiff-tail," "spinetail," and "rook," so far as my information extends, is of such rare occurrence here as to have no local name, nor indeed any name at all, though specimens are sometimes secured.

The three species of fish ducks (American sheldrake [*Mergus merganser americanus*], red-breasted sheldrake [*Mergus serrator*] and hooded sheldrake [*Lophodytes cucullatus*]) all visit this section, but are never pursued by the regular hunters.

These are all the species of ducks and geese which, to my certain knowledge, make their appearance along the Illinois River. If any other of the sixteen species of North American ducks which I have left unnoticed ever stray in even casually, I am ignorant of the fact. I have purposely avoided all mention of the loons, cormorants, pelicans, herons, etc.

JUNUS P. LEACH.

NOTE.—Since the above was written I have discovered another hunter who claims to have killed a cinnamon teal, so that its occasional occurrence here may be considered as proved. Very recently a hunter sent me a bird for identification which he had shot on the Illinois River and which proved to be a young male surf duck (*Pelecanus perspicillata*). It certainly is a *rara avis* with us.

J. P. L.

NIPISSENG AND TROUT LAKE.—W., of Cobourg, Ont., asks for more information about hunting and fishing at Nipissing and Trout Lake. Partridges were not particularly plenty, though we saw a number of broods; they were almost as tame as chickens and quite different from the wary bird of this vicinity. There are plenty of deer and moose there. October is probably the best time for them, though were it not against the law they could be easily found in July by floating. The usual way of hunting deer there in the fall is by running them to water with dogs. Still-hunting is very little practiced till snow comes. R. B. Jessup, North Bay, can give more information about the hunting than we can, as we were there in August. September is a good time to go for lake trout and maskalonge; probably the bass would not be biting as freely as in August, but the maskalonge fishing would be better, and the latter are to be found of thirty pounds and upward. The lake trout are in deep water till they go on the spawning beds about October. Live bait, minnows, etc. are best, though they are not very particular.—B. AND H.

EASTHAMPTON GAME CLUB.

FOLLOWING are the by-laws and the form of agreement entered into by the members of the club and the land owners from whom they rent shooting privileges:

BY-LAWS.

1. The name of this organization shall be the Easthampton Game Club, of Easthampton, Mass.
2. Its officers shall consist of a president, secretary and treasurer, and such other officers as the association may deem necessary.
3. There shall be three standing committees called the land committee, the prosecuting committee and the posting committee.
4. The duty of the land committee shall be to negotiate with land owners for the exclusive right of this association to take game on their grounds for such consideration as may be agreed upon between the parties, giving the association the right to prosecute all trespassers under the statute. The area of territory hired for such purposes shall be left largely to the discretion of the committee, but all acts of committees shall be subject to the approval of the association.
5. The duty of the prosecuting committee shall be to keep careful watch of the premises controlled by the association and to prosecute all violations of the trespass act when in their judgment the case demands it.
6. The duty of the posting committee shall be to post such lands as are reported to them by the land committee as being under control of the association.
7. The above-named committees shall consist of three members each, and shall be elected at the annual meeting of the association.
8. The president, secretary and treasurer shall be elected at the annual meeting of the association, or by special election should a vacancy occur.
9. The election of all officers and committees may be by nomination and *viva voce* vote of the association.
10. There may be special committees appointed at any time by the association for special purposes.
11. The annual meeting of this association shall be held on the first Wednesday of July, and special meetings, by request of five members. It shall be the duty of the secretary to notify each member of said meeting six days before the time of its appointment.
12. All members will be required to pay a fee of two dollars on admission to the association. Any citizen of Easthampton may be admitted a member by being recommended by prosecuting committee and paying fees. Any member found violating these by-laws and so reported can be expelled at any meeting duly called.
13. Each member shall report to the secretary and treasurer the amount and kind of game taken, and on whose lands during the hunting season, and pay into the treasury all dues on or before the first day of January of each year.
14. No member shall be allowed to take game for the market. To guard against fires, all members will be required to use the manufactured wad, and none other under any circumstances. All members will use care in climbing fences and see that they are not disturbed or made unsafe thereby.
15. It shall be the duty of the treasurer to pay over to the owners of land, each his share of all dues at the close of the season, *i. e.*, on or before the tenth day of January each year.
16. It shall be the duty of the secretary to record the preceding articles and the following form of agreement, leaving space for signatures in a record book kept for that and other purposes connected with this association.

AGREEMENT.

17. We, the undersigned, agree to abide by the above rules and regulations, and will use our influence to sustain them as long as we are members of this association.
- The undersigned land owners hereby license and grant to the members of the Easthampton Game Club, the exclusive right to hunt upon our respective lands, and allow them to post necessary notices, upon condition that they or their dogs are to do no damage to fences, crops or other property on our respective lands, and that for each partridge, quail, woodcock or gray squirrel killed upon our respective lands, the owner of the land on which the same is killed is to receive ten cents from the club.
- We, however, respectively reserve the right to hunt and allow any guest to hunt on our own lands, and also reserve the right to revoke this license and annul this agreement, as to the club or any of its members by giving written notice to the secretary of the club.

A TAME PREP.—Chelsea, Mass.—While gunning one morning in the fall of 1884, on a marsh in Everett, I shot a ring-necked peep whose tail feathers were firmly tied together by a piece of cotton cord. The bird was tame and had evidently escaped captivity. The bird calmly pecked away while I emptied three cartridges at him. This is something unusual for a shore bird to do. Perhaps by an allusion to the foregoing in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM the ownership of the bird might be brought to light. In explanation of my poor marksmanship, I would say that a run in rubber boots just before the shooting had shaken my nerves considerably.—W. H. W.

DISMAL SWAMP BEAR PROMISE.—Belvidere, N. C., May 24.—A very destructive fire has been for some time raging in the cane brakes of the Dismal Swamp, and the bears and deer are coming out near the shore, where the fire has not burned. Three fine deer were seen last week at play in a field near the swamp, and the bears have begun eating the farmers' pigs. The boys put the hounds in a few days ago and succeeded in killing a very fine young bear. We are looking forward to plenty of sport next fall hunting bruin, as all the back swamp has been thoroughly burned and the berry lands near the shore are still unburned, with the promise of plenty of fruit, and these, with an occasional fat pig, will be sufficient to entice bruin from far and near.—A. F. R.

WHICH IS THE BEST WAY OF PRESERVING BIRDS IN WARM WEATHER?—In Minnesota, during August and September, huntsmen draw prairie chickens and wild ducks as soon as possible after shooting them, and fill in the cavity with grass so as to prevent their spoiling. At Cobb's Island, where almost thousands of beach birds are, or used to be, shipped in the hottest weather to Alexandria, Baltimore and Washington, the old gunners will tell you that birds will keep longer undrawn and unpecked than in any other way. And in the markets of New York city you see all the poultry

try picked, but airtight, as they call it. "Old Timer" is glad Dr. Ellzey has no faith in the scent-suppression notion; but he wishes your compositor would follow "copy," and not print fanciful thing for fanciful theory, or slosh for slash. In Virginia a slash is a piece of wet ground on which briars, huckleberry bushes and the like usually grow, thus forming a good hiding place for partridges. And so the slashes of Hanover, historic as the birth place of Henry Clay, is a section of country famous for its yearly crop of frogs, mosquitoes and huckleberries, coons and possums.—OLD TIMER (Hanover county, Va., May 26).

A BLACK FOX.—Escanaba, Mich., May 27.—To-day I saw a young black fox here that was captured a few days since. I should think he is about one-half grown. The tip of the tail is white. He is rather woolly, as the long hair is not yet out.—A. F. Y.

So easy to row with Allen's bow-facers. Catalogue free. Oars complete, \$8 per pair. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Adv.

Sea and River Fishing.

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CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.—XIV.

I WAS out in the first gray of the morning to find the promise made good with a cloudless sky of spangled blue, paling at the approach of the glorious sun, who heralded his coming by a few faint streaks of light, diverging above the treetops across the lake, and soon a rim of fire peeped above the line of green, and as it mounted and showed full and clear and round above, hill and hollow, lake and woodland emerged refreshed and bright from the week of somber storm, each moisture-laden twig and leaf and blade of grass decked out in glittering jewels by the genial rays of the golden morning sun.

I sat in front of the fly enjoying the scene lost in a dreamy reverie till aroused by the clear, tremulo laugh of a loon away down the lake, rejoicing, I had a conceit, in the fullness of his heart at the glorious morning following the change of weather and the loveliness of the placid lake with its background of green-clad hills.

It was a rare picture, full of bright color and mellow tints laid on with nature's deftest touch; a picture to feel thankful for, and the loon and I had seemingly drifted into the same channel of thought and were rendering up our homage to the weather god, but each in a different way.

But the others were missing all this fresh morning air and invigorating sunshine and there was plenty for all.

Rousing out the philosopher by pulling the blankets off him, we soon had fire going in the stoves and preparations for breakfast under way. Then old Dan and Ben were "pestered" till they agreed to get out as the least of two evils and by the harmless invention that breakfast was ready, and yanking the covers from Muller and Jim a couple of times and receiving as many blessings (?) in return, they were induced to get up, not, however, without sundry growls and snorts at being disturbed out of their morning nap.

When old Ben crawled out of the tent he threw his hat in the air with "Hooray, Danny, come out o' that ye old pelican! ef the sun aint up an' a shinin' like a house afire I hope I may never go a-fishin' agin; hooray!" and then he went through another highly edifying sandhill crane dance of brief duration, seemingly as a "blow off" to his overwrought feelings. He was interrupted in the midst of his grotesque caperings by some littering and talking over in the direction of the "henery," and this appeared to strike him as a new field where he could "hev a little fun." Picking up a short native fish pole lying near the water, that had doubtless yanked out many a brave sunfish and striped perch, he made a wide circuit, and tiptoeing up behind the tent where the girls were having the usual morning chattering match, he brought it down on the sloping canvas with a resounding whack, at the same time shouting "breckfust!" in a tone that might have been heard half way to Sutton's Bay. Simultaneous with the whack six feminine screams and squeals, varying little in pitch or intensity, rent the air, and Ben, dropping the fish pole, fled over to the kitchen fly, his face beaming with satisfaction, to relate how he had "skeered them gals into six different kinds o' conniptions." When the commotion in the tent had subsided a voice from within fired a threat of evening up scores after him in the shape of, "Never mind, Hyper [they had shortened him up from Hyperboler to Hyper], you'll catch it when we come out." But when they came out into the bright sunshine the beauty of the morning drove all thoughts of punishing Hyper out of their minds, and the entertainment was postponed to another day.

This first appearance of the sun for a week worked a marvelous change in the camp, and when all had taken the regular morning wash at the stand near the water and Ben had again yelled breckfust, we gathered around the table with light hearts and smiling faces, the girls looking as rosy as the morning itself, as happy a lot of "old children" as ever surrounded a camp-fire.

Even old Dan was overheard humming fragments of an ancient ditty as he sat at the head of the table stirring his coffee and beating time against the sides of the china tin cup with his spoon. This unusual burst of melody from the old meadow lark so astonished the family that the table chatter stopped, and as he looked up to ascertain the cause of so much silence, he was overwhelmed with confusion by a peal of laughter and a clapping of hands that fairly turned his head; but old Ben, always loaded for fun, knocked all the music out of him and started the hilarity afresh by remarking, in his dry way, "Who ever heard ov a pelican tryin' to sing before?"

The philosopher, too, seemed to have struck a better streak in his cookery than usual; the biscuits were lighter, the coffee had a more "sarchin' an' appetizin' odor," and the corn bread, baked with an eye to tickling the palate of ye skipper, was a marvel in its way, albeit the surroundings were not just at hand to give it the true "Texas flavor," to which old Ben laid the affliction of his watery eyes.

Breakfast over, the first thing necessary was to stretch a couple of clothes lines, a supply of which is always to be found among the "calamities," and give the bed clothing a sun bath and a thorough airing, a part of camp work that should be done every day, "ceptin' when it rains." A little care in this direction will, as old Ben aptly puts it, "keep yer

tents from smellin' like a woodpecker's nest;" and our tents, under the six days of almost continuous rain, had begun to give out a somewhat unsavory and musty flavor which could not well be avoided while everything was damp. In half an hour the lines were strung with blankets, quilts, shawls, dresses, etc., and the little cross fence back of the henery covered with coats, pillows, dirty shirts, old breeches and other gear, all sadly in need of sun and air, and the camp presented the appearance of a general wash day for the whole neighborhood. Lines that had been wet or damp for a week were run off the reels to a stump back in the field and stretched clear of the ground to dry, and about everything movable was spread and hung out to get the benefit of the change o' weather, only the tents and fly being left standing to scam and slack the tension on the guys under the influence of the warm sun rays.

The philosopher, busy with a general clean up of his department, whistled "voriferously" at a city tune picked up from some stray resorter, the frogs in the menagerie box at the water's edge meantime crowding to the side where the sun slanted in through the wires of their cage to croak a grateful accompaniment to the melody to help swell the measure of general thanksgiving.

Then, as a reminder that we were wasting the best part of the morning, a kingfisher came flapping slowly down the lake flying low and cleaving with noiseless wing the wisps of soft gray mist that still hung over the water along shore, and with an upward sweep perched with teetering uncertainty for a moment on a dead limb reaching over the water a few rods above camp, when with a "good morning" bow he unwound a yard or two of line with the old familiar chatter preparatory to a cast in the water below for his morning meal. But the patient fisher was left to his watch for some unwary young perch or shiner to come within reach of his cast, and when at last the camp had been turned inside out, we bethought us it was about time to go a-fishing ourselves, and to this end the boats were drawn up on the bank and emptied of water, tackle overhauled, frogs selected from the box, and in short order the fishing fleet was ready to sail.

Miss Annie demanded the services of "brother Hen" to furnish motive power for her and little Top. Jim offered himself up a willing victim to Mother Jim and Fanny, and old Dan was made happy when Ben proposed to go out with him "ef he'd do half the rowin'." (With only one arm, old Dan can't row a stroke, but the blessed old soul never gets out of humor about it.)

This arrangement left for the skipper Bob and Kit, and the luxury of a nine miles' pull, for we had been elected to go to Provemont to mail divers and sundry letters written during the "rainy season," bring back mail for the party, and lay in a fresh stock of maple sugar, our supply having unaccountably vanished, leaving nothing but a sweet memory behind. (The twins hazarded the suggestion that the sugar might have been left out and got rained on and melted, and then when they thought the skipper wasn't looking, they slyly nudged each other and looked very solemn and innocent, but the scheme didn't work.)

But as the skipper was a tireless sort of an old machine at a pair of oars, he didn't mind a pull of ten or a dozen miles unless against a smart headwind, and after the other boats were off, up and across the lake the "mail boat," freighted with "first class matter," the heft of it represented by Bob and Kit, with the skipper as "route agent" in charge, left her wharf with a good stiff ash breeze blowing in our favor, which soon wafted us out of sight of camp, around the point below where Kit had taken her first bass. Of course where she had taken one there ought to be another, and as a special favor to her the breeze was allowed to die out while we baited and drifted idly along the rushes for a quarter of a mile, fishing with a patience born of hope for that other bass. But not even a hungry longface was around to start the blood to a quicker flow and the breeze was freshened up a couple of knots till we came to the little bay where the big pickerel had been water-logged and killed with a blow of the paddle on our first trip down. Here the same success attended us as at the point above, and we went on our way, however, still hopeful of better luck and with hearts as light as the fleecy streamers of woods gossamer floating by us on the lazy air.

As we passed the flaming red maple bush which the girls had partly stripped on our first trip to the P. O., they wanted to be put ashore for another apronful of the bright leaves, and to this end the skipper was plied with entreaties, and plain coaxing, and compliments and cajolery, and finally with dire threats of a one-sided hair-pulling match when we got back to camp; but as he didn't care much for another lesson in botany he was proof against their entreaties and blandishments, and stood in small fear of the hair pulling, having treated his capillary adornment to a close cut before leaving home, and being in such good trim to resist attacks of this nature he could afford a grin of satisfaction in anticipation of the defeat "o' them two gals" when the hair-pulling match should come off.

Miss Kit simply said, "old contrariness," and Bob, with one of her prolonged and bewildering winks, "wished I wouldn't catch a fish the whole day," and then they lost themselves in a short fit of sulks, but their usual good humor was restored by a trumped up quotation from the "postal laws and regulations" which was twisted into something like, "It shall be unlawful for any person or persons in charge of the U. S. mails to delay the same by stopping or lingering by the wayside to gather a lot of 'bresh' with red leaves on, ferns, cat tails or other flowers," but when Bob struck a fish off the mouth of a little stream a half mile further on a section was readily found in the regulations covering cases of this kind, and the boat was stopped while she gave a display of science in the art, in a tussle with a big-mouthed bass that would have thrown her Uncle Ben into "conniptions."

In truth, however, Bob was as cool as an old veteran, handling her fish with an earnestness and a grim determination on her usually sunny face that quite won the skipper's heart.

There had been no word spoken while the fight was going on, but now when the bass was led alongside, she said with the deliberation of speech that was always a reminder of old Ben, "There, James Mackerel! if you can't catch fish, you can be of some use to Kit and me by getting them in the boat and taking them off the hook." The "sass box" but that bass managed to even things up as he was lifted in the boat by giving his tail just the required flirt to dash near a half pint of water over Miss Bob, at which James Mackerel consoled himself in a quiet chuckle while bending over the fish to release the hook; but Bob seemed to have a suspicion that he had a hand in the shower of water that doused her, and I have a dim recollection that she was not far wrong. However, Bob was not an old enough angler to have learned the odd freaks bass will sometimes get into their heads in

the matter of throwing water as they are lifted into a boat, but when she reads this she will doubtless make up her mind which was the offender that day and have another score to settle with James Mackerel.

The skipper was again made to be of use by putting a fresh frog on her hook and we went on our way.

Twice before reaching a point opposite the "oil well" (the oil well will be spoken of further on) he was of use taking in a fish, one for each of the girls, his own frog trailing away astern on the outside, attracting about as much attention as a "bound boy at a corn huskin'."

As we passed under the bridge at the head of the narrows Kit was impressed with the notion that there might be another bass lurking around the raft of logs where she had taken one a week before, and she laid herself out to perfectly astonish Bob and the skipper by one of her famous "wood-chopper casts" that would drop the frog within a couple of feet of the raft at the exact spot desired. But the best laid schemes of mice and girls, etc. In her anxiety to acquit herself with credit in "Papa's eyes" she put "a little too much vehemence in the cast" and brought the frog down on the outermost log with a whack that knocked him as limber as a wet rag, at the same time the hook caught in the bark of the log and refused to let go, and the fair expert in overhand casting wilted down on the seat utterly demoralized and "bilin' over" with disgust at the unlooked for result of her pet cast.

Miss Bob and the skipper smiled, cautiously at first, then snickered a little, and finally broke into open and unrestrained hilarity that lasted till some time after the boat was backed up and the hook released. The frog had no more life left in him than an old rusty railroad spike.

This ended the fishing for the down trip and we pulled down to the landing and walked up to the store, to be cordially greeted by neighbor Couturier and treated to a lunch of cheese, crackers, cakes and maple sugar, for it was long past the dinner hour, with a draught of cool water from the pump, after declining an invitation to step down in the cellar and sample a glass of his "old port" manufactured doubtless somewhere in the wilds of Chicago or St. Louis.

Friends at home had not forgotten us and we found in P. M. Couturier's receptacle for all classes of mail matter (the drawer under the counter) letters for nearly all in the party, and a bundle of Cincinnati dailies largely taken up with "editorial amenities," politics personals, and base ball scores.

We loafed around the store till the afternoon tri-weekly mail came in from Traverse City, which brought another batch of dailies and two or three letters, among the latter one from "Old Knots," saying he would be with us on the following Wednesday, and requesting me to "announce to that Illinois cowboy [meaning old Ben] that I'm coming up to take his scalp." Whether this was intended to mean a contemplated "risin' o' Ben's har," or as a challenge to a trial of skill in a day's fishing in which he would lay Ben out, was not quite clear, but when told of the message Knots had sent, the old cowboy unconcernedly remarked between whiffs, "ef that ole stub an' twist knots an' 'nails comes up here a foolin' round after my scalp I'll jest fill his ole hide chuck full o' perforated holes."

The pull back to camp was made under the slanting rays of the hot afternoon sun, that struck in on the skipper till he was so lazy toward the last that he could barely lift the oars, and when Miss Kit insisted on taking a first lesson in rowing, she was allowed with a hypocritical show of reluctance to try her hand, but the lesson didn't last long. The rail fence course of old Knots on Black Lake, working his boat in the teeth of a heavy blow, was a chalk-line mark compared with the erratic angles and curves described by our boat, as shown by the double line of bubbles churned up by the oar blades as they were lifted high in air and brought down with a seeming determination to find the bottom of the lake at every stroke. The circus lasted till the over-lapping oars caught one of Miss Kitty's thumbs and peeled off a section of cuticle, the catastrophe eliciting an explosive and very forcible "goodness," with the accent about all on the ness.

When the applause at this feat had subsided and the damaged thumb repaired with a piece of court plaster and duly kissed to ease the hurt, as in the long gone by days when she was a "toddlor" (and it is surprising how bad a hurt a kiss will heal) we swapped seats and again the oars fell with lazy sweep and noiseless stroke as the boat was brought to her course and headed on the last short stretch for camp.

It may be chronicled that we took five bass to camp, besides a couple of goggle-eyes that showed their lack of discretion in trying to swallow Bob's frog, and the skipper's bait was as dead as a pickled herring and without an abrasion or toothmark. Bob's wish had been gratified; I hadn't caught a fish the whole day, but I was in a contented frame of mind at having ministered to the happiness and enjoyment of the two girls, and this was in the nature of a recompense for a duty performed and a claim on a sound night's rest.

The others were all in and arranging the tents for the night, after having enjoyed to the full the bright and beautiful day. Each boat had brought in a string of fish with Mother Jim at the head with a bass of over four pounds and old Dan and Ben at the tail with a "lawyer," which Ben tried to palm off on the girls for a "newfangled lake trout," or "to speak more proper," he said with a flourish, "it's a kind o' a summer spesies o' the canine nanycoosh, which is never known to bite less ye after 'em somethin' to bite at an' spit on yer bait."

After supper the home letters were read over again to make sure nothing had been missed, papers looked over to see what had been going on back in the busy world, and when darkness fell the camp-fire was kindled to repel the thickening shadows, and by the time the experiences and pleasures of the day had all been told over around its cheerful blaze, little Top was in the land of dreams and it was creeping well on to the turn of the night before the circle was ready to break up and exchange good nights.

KINGFISHER.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RANGELEY, Me.—The following catches of trout are reported from Capt. Barker's Camp Bemis. First two days' fishing—Catch of A. Houghton, of Worcester, Mass., 5 pounds and 10½ pounds. Catch of C. H. Fenally, of Westboro, Mass., 4½ and 5 pounds. Catch of Mr. Rawson, one 6 pounds. Catch of Mr. Burton, one 8½ pounds. Catch of C. W. Fisher, North Attleboro, Mass., one 7 pounds. Catch of B. F. Quimby, of Worcester, Mass., 4½, 5 and 6 pounds. Catch of Holley Harrington, 3½ and 5½ pounds. Catch of H. M. Dudworth, 4½ pounds. Catch of Mr. Houghton, 4½ pounds; Mrs. M. A. Whittier, 3½ pounds.

NEW ENGLAND TROUT WATERS.

THERE begins to be more spirit to the reports from the trout waters, and the temptation is greater to be there. Boston gentlemen begin to be seen on the street with faces turned quite a nut brown, and the happy look they wear is to be found only in the eye of the returned and successful sportsman. Will they tell you all about it? Oh, yes! If you only have the time, they will talk you blind about that trout or landlocked salmon; for the landlocks have actually become a feature in the angling in Maine waters. No very large "red spots" have been heard from yet, but good sportsmen are very enthusiastic over the landlocks they have caught. One veteran trout fisherman, who took four landlocks at Rangeley the other day, neither above three and a half pounds, says: "Give me a landlocked salmon before all the other fish I have ever caught. There is more life in one than in two trout. It took me fully twenty minutes to land my largest one—only about three and a half pounds." But it is anticipated that the landlock fishing will drop off as suddenly as it began; that is, if it follows the principle known in other waters, where the landlocks have been known for years. In the Sebago these fish follow up the smelts when they seek the streams and shallow water to spawn, and then the fun with the landlocks begins. The smelts cease "to run" as it is termed, and the landlocks are done for that season. In the Androscoggin waters, where there are no smelts, it is expected that the landlocks have followed up the chubs—minnows—so common there, and that they will take their departure for deep and unknown waters early and suddenly. However, such is not yet known to be the fact in these comparatively new waters for these fish, and their friends may be happily disappointed. At all events the showing up of landlocked salmon in the Androscoggin lakes this spring, has established a happy fact for anglers, and a triumph in fish propagation very gratifying to everybody, and more especially to the worthy fish commissioners of that State, who have labored so arduously in that direction. Commissioner Stanley himself, a very successful and an enthusiastic fly-fisherman, is still firm in the belief that when the habits of the landlocked salmon are better known, they will be taken with the fly at almost all seasons adapted to that sport. He has himself taken them with the fly in Weld pond this spring. SPECIAL.

JULIO T. BUEL.

WHO that has used "spoon bait" does not know the name of "Buel" as stamped upon the silvery spinners offered to the bass, pike, and maskinonge? As the first man in America to take out a patent for trolling and spinning bait, his name became famous among anglers who fish with these implements, and his death at Whitehall, N. Y., on May 13 will be widely regretted. Mr. Buel was a man with a wide circle of personal friends because of his upright life, public spirit and kindly humor. The following notice of him, written by Mr. W. H. Bodwell for the New York Sun, is so complete and truthful that we republish it entire:

"Julio T. Buel, who died in Whitehall on the 13th inst., was probably better known, through his fishing tackle, to the lovers of the piscatorial art than any other man in the country. He took out the first patent in this country for trolling and spinning bait, and was the first to engage in its manufacture. Born in Vermont nearly eighty years ago, in close vicinity to Castle Pond and the many other famous trout streams and lakes of that part of the State, he early familiarized himself with the habits of the trout, and before he was fifteen years of age he was known as the most skillful fly-fisherman of that region. It was in Castleton Pond, when in about his eighteenth year, he made his first experience with a trolling bait. It was a crude affair indeed compared with the beautiful and artistic bait he turned out in later years, samples of which are sure to be found in the outfit of every sportsman who visits the Adirondacks or the great lakes and rivers of this country and Canada. It was almost the counter part of the bowl of a large spoon, made of heavy tin. One side was painted a bright vermilion, and the other was polished as bright as the traditional New England milk pan. To the smaller end was attached the hook, and to the other the line. Young Buel's first effort in Castleton Pond with this rude contrivance was a revelation to all the fishermen of that country. The size and number of fish he took from the depths of the pond had never before been approached. In fact, many of the old residents thereabouts continue to use what is known as 'Buel's spoon' in its original shape and will not believe that any improvement can be made upon it.

"When about 30 years of age he removed to Whitehall, and engaged in the furrier business. But the location was so tempting to a true fisherman that more of his time was given to fishing and devising attractive bait with which to catch fish than to the manufacture of hats. Only six miles away was Lake George, swarming with trout of enormous size, while Lake Champlain, in the vicinity of Whitehall, was a famous feeding ground for muskallonge, pickerel, black bass and pike, while less than a day's journey would take him into the very heart of the Adirondack wilderness. Almost all of Mr. Buel's time was spent in devising baits for different species of fish and in testing them. He made long trips to the Adirondacks, the lakes and rivers where these different species lived, in order to thoroughly test his new devices. When satisfied with the working of one he would secure a patent upon it, lap it away and go to work upon new ones. At first, he used to say, he had no idea of ever making the manufacture of fishing bait a business. But the sportsmen he met on these trips in the Adirondacks and elsewhere, as well as his neighbors, whom he always freely supplied with his baits, soon spread the reputation of his devices, and orders and requests from them poured in upon him from every part of the country. The result was that the furrier business soon gave way to a little rude machinery, and the manufacture of trolling and spinning baits was begun. This was nearly fifty years ago, and the little brick building on Canal street, during all that time, until within a very recent period, has been the place from which has come the great bulk of the fishing bait which has delighted the heart of all scientific fishermen. But the demand outgrew Mr. Buel's facilities for supplying it. He positively refused to put in new and improved machinery, or to increase his force of workmen. The old shop grew dingy, cobwebs hung in festoons over the door and windows, the old-fashioned chairs and the empty dry goods box, known as the 'seat of honor,' stood ready to welcome all who called to talk with 'the judge,' as Mr. Buel became familiarly known in these later years, upon his favorite topic of fish and their habits, and to tell of famous exploits in days past. For the last ten or a dozen years Mr. Buel has been able to go fishing but

very little, and less than a year ago it became plain to him and his friends that he must give up. No man stood higher in the confidence and esteem of his neighbors than Julio T. Buel. For several years he was deputy collector of customs for the district of Champlain, and he also filled various local offices. He had an inexhaustible fund of stories of his fishing experiences, and had an entertaining way of telling them."

SOUTHERN TIER ANGLERS.

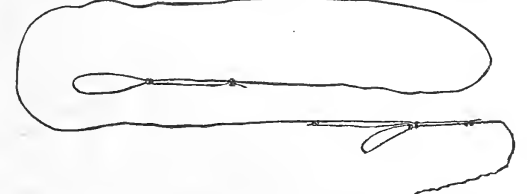
LAST evening train No. 2 on the Erie road brought back to Elmira the members of the Southern Tier Anglers' Association, who were returning from their second annual excursion to the trouting streams of Potter county, Pa. Through the courtesy of John N. Abbott, general passenger agent, and Superintendent Cable, of the Erie road, a handsome special car was provided for the excursionists. It was tastefully trimmed with flags and bore an inscription which told what was going on in it. Train No. 29 drew it Tuesday morning to Addison, where it was side-tracked, and the anglers betook themselves to the special train provided by Frank M. Baker, superintendent of the Addison and Northern Pennsylvania railway. The engine and cars were trimmed with flags, and the big black-and-white inscription banner was transferred from the Erie car to the main coach. Additions to the party were made at several points, and when all names were on the list it read as follows: W. W. Fish, J. S. Fassett, C. H. Gridley, George M. Robinson, G. H. Parkhurst, G. W. Treadwell, Ray Thompson, D. Atwater, J. J. Bash, F. S. Rice, E. L. Adams, N. J. Thompson, Charles H. Baldwin, Jay S. Butler, W. P. Fish, Daniel E. Rick, P. F. S. Slaymaker, R. J. Knox, Elmira; the Hon. William Smythe, Judge C. A. Clark and H. Anstin Clark, Owego; C. S. Mather, Lawrenceville; W. L. Watrous, Waverly; J. F. Parkhurst, and C. L. Pattison, Elkland; Colonel J. M. Jones, New York; W. A. Bayliss of the Erie; Editor Roberts of the Addison Advertiser and the indefatigable, inexhaustible and justly popular superintendent of the A. & N. P. railway, Frank M. Baker. The rain which fell heavily in the morning, but, of course, could not subdue old fishermen, grew lighter and lighter, until at last it ceased entirely, and good weather ruled from that time out. The charming scenery, which makes the line of the A. & N. P. famous as one of the most picturesque in America, was fully enjoyed. At Elkland the pranks began. As the train stopped a boy in fantastic fishing gear came aboard, called loudly for a well known legislator and delivered to him a string of chub, as if filling an order. The laughter over this had scarcely died away, when another stop brought a box by express to a prominent dry good merchant containing a decorated codfish. At Knoxville a huge herb and vegetable bouquet, having in its depths a really desirable nosegay, was presented to an eligible bachelor editor. At Osecola a box was handed to a young man whose thinness is somewhat phenomenal, and which was found to contain "something to hold him together"—a corset. Gaines was reached soon after 1 o'clock, and the anglers, tired with their forenoon's search after trout, were escorted to the Hotel Vermilyea, where they found them in abundance. While waiting to hear the dinner bell some rare music was furnished by a wandering German minstrel, whose rendering of "Narragansett Bay" accompanied by physical contortions of his own invention upon the guitar, will never be forgotten. The excellent dinner was dispatched with all the relish and zest which fisherman's appetites alone can furnish. The printed bill of far, elaborately prepared by the thin genius who received the corset, was a surprise to everybody. It was certainly unique. Stray copies which floated out into the hands of the public, were seized upon by the authorities and locked up as anarchists' manifestoes. With the dessert came the impromptu speeches called out by Toastmaster Fassett. In the midst of this calamitous dispensation an elegant split-bamboo fishing rod was presented to Superintendent Baker. In addition to the other consideration a vote of thanks was given to W. H. Vermilyea and W. A. Rexford of the well managed hotel. This house by the way is the famous Izaak Walton house so long conducted by the late Horace Vermilyea, known as "Uncle Hod, the king of the rod." It has been enlarged and improved and is a popular resort for fishermen. Engineer DeGroat's whistle summoned the party and the train to Galeton, the terminus of the railway. There fine wagons received the members and carried them over the hills and through the valleys to Germania, where August Voss, the landlord of the only gasthaus, gave them a hearty welcome and excellent accommodations. After a first-class supper, the evening was pleasantly spent with cards, music, cigars, fireworks and preparations for the morrow's fishing. The next morning's sunrise found many of the anglers chasing the elusive trout. Fortunately Landlord Voss had secured fifteen pounds the day before, and these were served in superb style by Mrs. Voss for breakfast. Those who did not fish, and those who did, all enjoyed a season in the music room, bowling alleys, etc., of Herr Schwarzenbach's "brauerei," which is the German for chemical laboratory, or something of that sort. Notwithstanding his kindness, Herr Schwarzenbach maltreated his visitors. Last evening the party drove back to Galeton and were given an unequalled trout dinner at the Ainsley House. Many Elmira fishermen know that the cooking of trout is done to perfection by Mrs. Ainsley, and those who do not should find it out by experience as soon as possible. The railway brought the association quickly homeward, a stop of an hour being made at Elkland, where one of the members, L. L. Pattison, entertained his comrades in a most hospitable manner at his delightful home. As the train drew into Addison about nine o'clock the last of the firework stock was employed in giving the valley and village a reddish tint. It is said that an alarm of fire was given in the town because of the unusual sight, and the prolonged whistling of locomotives. Bidding Mr. Baker farewell and taking possession of the Erie car which was soon attached to No. 2, the party came home sadly pondering on the fact that a whole year must elapse before they could go again.—Elmira, N. Y., Advertiser, May 27.

"WOODCRAFT."—When a man has spent a great many months in the woods, he presumably has learned something which other folks of less experience might find it worth while to know. After you have camped out as much as "Nessmuk" you yourself may gather as much woods lore as he has; but it will be rather a sensible thing for you now to secure his book "Woodcraft," and from its pages gather a score or two of hints which will add to the comfort and pleasure of an angling or shooting or camping excursion.

LAKE ERIE BASS FISHING.—The Pelee party of Dayton anglers are all at home again, unburned and heartily pleased with their sojourn on the green isle of the lake, but, according to the Dayton Journal, sorely disappointed with the fishing. But they were not exceptions to the rule. Bass were not running anywhere in the lake. No one of the various parties from Cincinnati, Louisville, Columbus, Springfield, Toledo, Chicago and New York captured the fifth part of an average May string. As a rule, each boat with two good anglers, expects to return to the sojourning place in the evening after an all-day's devotion to the bass with a string of forty to sixty bass, and often more. This time the boats did not average above six or eight bass each all day long. Some of the best rodmen did not get a bite some days and were accordingly skunked. One-half the Dayton party of ten were served that way one day, and some congratulated themselves on taking even one. The stories published from Put-in-Bay were pure inventions. There is absolutely no rod-fishing at Put-in-Bay or near it, at any time. All the good catches reported from that point are made by parties who sail from thence in steamers to the East Sister, Cold Harbor, Old Hen and Chickens, Gull Island Reef and Pelee Islands. The Pelee Club at Sheridan Point, on the north-western corner of the island, and who have the most extravagant angler's outfit in the United States, had no better luck than others, notwithstanding their two steamers, one for supplies and mail, the other for sport. They have two oarsmen for each of their fishing boats, and fish to much better advantage than less expensive parties. This party represents over \$50,000,000 of capital, embracing such wealthy men as Hon. Charles Farwell, Marshal Field, Potter Palmer, Rynarson and others of Chicago. The club numbers thirty-four members. Their original assessment was \$1,000 each, their annual dues are \$200 each, and current expenses during fishing seasons added. They live in luxury, and are enthusiastic anglers. The Leffel party of Springfield, eighteen strong, had a commodious tug and made Put-in-Bay their headquarters. They had no better luck than the rest of us, although they sailed all over the lake. The Middle Bass party, mainly from Toledo, and the Cleveland Club, at Ballast Island, were equally unlucky. The weather was fair and intensely hot, and the water so clear that the bottom at ten or twelve feet depth was plainly visible. Most of the anglers have returned home and the spring fishing season for 1886 may be said to be practically ended. Various theories, none of them conclusive, are advanced for the failure of the bass—which are as conspicuously absent from the pounds as from the cunning rods of expert fishermen. The pound men cannot explain the mystery. Some assert that the bass had their run before the season opened, but this is contradicted by the fact that the pounds did not catch many. Had the bass run as usual, the pounds would have demonstrated it. Others assert that the bass have not yet come up the lake, but that is illogical, the season for running having passed two weeks ago. The most plausible theory for their non-biting is that the fish are on their spawning beds. No matter what was the cause, the spring of 1886 in Lake Erie for bass fishing will be recorded as a dismal failure.

CHATEAUGAY LAKE, Adirondacks, May 20.—For the trolling season this lake is unsurpassed by any lake in the State of its size. In 8½ days I caught 21 salmon trout, besides a good many brook trout, the salmon going from 3 to 7½ pounds, the speckled from ½ to 1½, although very early for brook trout. Others have done as well or better. Altogether about 200 salmon trout were taken this season, which is as good as any lake in the State can furnish for the same area. In the summer we have the best of fly-fishing, trout having been caught weighing 5½ pounds, salmon tipping the beam at 22 pounds. Not a bad record for a small lake. One afternoon 9 salmon were taken which dressed 65 pounds. Indian Point is a pleasant house on the lake, the proprietor, R. M. Shotts, is a genial sportsman and host and has had thirty years' experience in the Adirondacks, and is a perfect guide either in pursuit of deer or the speckled beauties of the water—E. W. Cook. The season opened two weeks earlier than usual here. We had a good catch of salmon, running from three to fifteen pounds. The trout season opens fair with good catches. Deer are all around us, and are robbing my cow of her pasture, but thanks to our legislators, they will soon be more "shy."—R. M. SHUTTS (Chateaugay Lake, N. Y.).

ATTACHING DROPPERS.—Centralia, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a cord tied so that you may see how I attach droppers to the leader. No doubt your readers will



understand it without a long description. If droppers are not to be used and only the stretcher fly attached, then omit the first loop and you have a straight leader. I think this a better arrangement than the one illustrated by "Percyval" in your issue of April 15. The leader can be shortened or lengthened at pleasure, and the droppers can be placed at any distance desired.—SPICEWOOD.

LAKE ST. JOSEPH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed a paragraph in a late number of your valuable paper, relating to Lake St. Joseph, near Quebec, Canada. This lake is a very fine, but by no means a new one. But the Quebec & St. John Railway is now opening out some splendid fishing grounds in that direction. There is good trout and black bass fishing in the lake, also large 'lunge' or great lake trout are sometimes taken. The Messrs. Waters and son wish to pose as great fishermen and are frequently informing the public, through the press, of the wonderfully large fish they catch, but never relate that they take them off night lines at the wee sma' hours of the morning and not in the "afternoon," as stated. As this style of fishing is illegal, these lines which, by the way, were quite a curiosity, being one-quarter of an inch thick, with some fifty or sixty hooks and ten pound sinkers attached, were seized and exhibited in Quebec with the owner's name placed on them. It is said that these splendid 'lunge' can always be obtained fresh at the hotel from ten to fifteen cents per pound; therefore strangers need no ropes nor get up at unearthly hours to procure these fish. It may not be sportsmanlike, but they need not return home with empty baskets.—VERBUM SAP.

THE "SUN'S" FISH YARNS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About two weeks ago there appeared in the Sun an article in regard to the trout fishing in Eastern Pennsylvania, which was calculated to make any decent trout rod jump out of its case, put itself together, thrust itself into the hand of its owner, and drag him willy nilly to the scene of such astounding piscatorial exploits. Now, I do not mean to contradict, impugn, or even question the strict accuracy of the statements in the article aforesaid, notwithstanding the result of previous investigations of such matters. All I wish to say is this: I sent a copy of the newspaper, having marked the article with red ink (it was so ink-redible, you know), to the proprietor of a certain village hotel in the heart of the Monroe county trout region, and asked him to tell me what he knew about the alleged facts concerning the capture of so many one, two and three pound trout in his vicinity. Here is his reply, received to-day. Neither his grammar nor orthography is as good, perhaps, as that of some of your deer hounding legislators at Albany, but he always tells the truth: "Dear ser, I recieved yours and aboute the fishing up thair I dont now, that seams like a big fish story I would like to se you a gain. Yours truly —."—K. (Perth Amboy, N. J., May 28).

FLY-FISHING FOR SHAD.—Holyoke, Mass., May 31.—Nothing new on last week's report of shad fishing. On Friday, 28th inst., they ran the net all day; result, two shad. Up to noon to-day, four shad. Fishing not a shadow of its former self. Unless the Massachusetts Commissioners of Fisheries commence hatching here again through August and September, the shad industry of this place is done. Anglers will have to try the Housatonic; Chatahoochie at Columbus, Georgia. If taken at Columbus in deep water, why not in the Hudson and other streams where the shad abound? It is all folly, a scientific stick in the mud, to say shad don't feed in fresh water. All nature proclaims against such a theory, at the very time when all their powers are called into the most active exertions, going up stream against strong currents and turbulent waters, and reproducing their species, the most eventful period of their watery lives, unless it is out of the water into the frying pan.—THOMAS CHALMERS.

LAKE DRUMMOND. Belvidere, N. C.—The skipper of the Coot, in his map of last issue, does not give "Lake Drummond" sufficient prominence. In accordance with his scale, he makes it only about 3x4 miles, while in reality it is 6x7 miles and a most picturesque piece of very deep and clear "juniper water," with excellent bass and perch fishing for those who know the ropes—no "greenies" or "fancy fishermen" need apply—only those "to the manor born" can succeed there, i. e., only those who have had experience, or have an experienced guide, can do enough to pay for the inconvenience of getting in and out. The Dismal Swamp canal was cut for the purpose of getting at the Valencia cypress and juniper timber of that region and not the pine, as represented by "C. P. K." although much pine is now rafted through the various canals, from the highlands of the different eastern counties of North Carolina.—A. F. R.

NOTES FROM NEW ORLEANS.—The waters in the bayous of the Mississippi Sound are fast clearing and settling. Silver fish have been seen round the Rigolets, and fishermen are preparing to go out to capture them.—A new sporting club has been formed at Look Out. It is composed of twelve members, comprising the leading business men of the city, and is called the Pearl River Club.—There is on the tapis a pegging fish match. In this each contestant is tied to a peg on the border of a stream and fishes there a certain length of time. The one catching the least number of fish pays for the dinner.—Quite a crowd assembled in front of Branch 27, at West End, yesterday, to view the big catch made by Sam Merlin. It was the biggest thing of the kind ever hooked in these waters, the monster garfish weighing 150 pounds and was fully six feet in length.

A NORTH CAROLINA BASS.—Belvidere, N. C., May 24.—A friend of mine caught a bass of the big-mouthed persuasion last week which pulled down the scales at ten pounds strong two hours after being caught. The fish was caught in a millpond near this "hamlet," and was a "fighter from away back."—A. F. R.

DR. J. A. HENSHALL is making an extended pleasure trip up the Mississippi River in company with Judge Longworth, of Cincinnati. The party are on Judge Longworth's pleasure yacht Co., specially built and fitted up for such cruising. Dr. Henshall's address is care Geo. B. Ellard, Esq., 158 East Third street, Cincinnati.

COLUMBUS CASTING TOURNAMENT.—The anglers of Columbus, O., are talking of a fly-casting tournament. Persons interested should address Mr. W. H. Miller, Box 245, Columbus, O.

Every pair of Allen's bow facing ears warranted. Send for little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

PROTECTING NEW YORK OYSTER BEDS.—Fish Commissioner E. G. Blackford has appointed Joseph W. Mersereau of Staten Island, State Oyster Protector. The bill creating the office provides that it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, corporation or corporations, to place or cause to be placed in any waters within the jurisdiction of the State, any sludge acid or other refuse matter, resulting from the manufacture or process of manufacture, or treatment of crude or refined material from any oil refinery, or oil works, any sugar refinery or sugar works, or from any gas house or building or buildings used for the making of gas, or to deposit in the waters any substance injurious to oyster culture. The law further provides that it shall not be lawful to throw or cause to be thrown from any boat, scow or vessel whatsoever into the waters of Long Island Sound, or into the bays or harbors opening into the same west of a line drawn from Eaton's Neck due north to the boundary line between New York State and the State of Connecticut any cinders, ashes, refuse or garbage. The Fish Commissioner is authorized by the law to appoint a person, who shall be known as the State Oyster Protector, whose duty it shall be to patrol under the directions of the Fish Commissioner the oyster regions of the State. The salary of the Protector is fixed at \$1,000 per annum and expenses. Mr. Mersereau is an old oyster planter, but of late years has been in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. His application was indorsed by the oyster growers of Staten Island, and the dealers at the foot of West Tenth street. He will enter on the discharge of his duties at once.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 22.—Eighth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

July 20, 21, 22 and 23.—Milwaukee Dog Show. John D. Olcott, Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.

Aug. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—First Annual Dog Show of the Latonia Agricultural Association, Covington, Ky. George H. Hill, Manager, P. O. Box 78, Cincinnati, O.

Sept. 14, 15, 16 and 17.—First fall dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, secretary, Bergen Point N. J.

WILKESBARRE DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I herewith send a few notes on the Wilkesbarre dog show, which opened for three days on May 25, but as I had just sufficient time to get through with my classes and catch the train for Philadelphia, I had no opportunity of looking at the setter or beagle classes. The show was got up for the benefit of the armory fund, for which a fair is also being held in the city, and the gentlemen in charge deserve the greatest credit for the way in which the show was arranged and managed. The dogs were nicely and comfortably benched in the old Armory building, a good ring was provided for the judging, and in addition we had a well printed catalogue, for which I suppose we must thank Mr. W. H. Tuck, the secretary. In mastiff dogs our old friend Agrippa had a walk over and also beat Duchess for the special. It was a close thing between the litter sisters Duchess and Rena, but the extra height and better head of Duchess turned the scale. The Rev. Chas. F. Kelley won first and second in St. Bernards with Bonivard II. and Cassandra. Both were out of condition and Cassandra had a big litter of puppies in her stall. Newfoundlanders were the usual collection, first going to a black and white of good size, but curly coat, and second to a short coat, black dog, weak in head.

As Mr. Lindsay was unable to attend the show I was set down for pointers, but had only five in two classes. The three dogs were an odd lot. Sweep was the best in head and style, but is shelly. Fred, liver, is deficient in quality and wide in front. Trump was as fat as a pig, very thick in head and crooked in front. Of the two bitches, I gave first to Dora, as Beau Beau was in shocking condition. The winning spaniels are nearly all old friends, the only new face of consequence being Hornell Fancy, of the same buff color as the one shown at the Fanciers' show. It ought to turn out a good one, but it was very timid in the ring. The four fox-terriers made up a very poor class, and I stretched it to give Nellie a second prize; but she was of the right size and the others were giants. The winning collie, Major, was a very fair specimen and won easily. Only one half-bred terrier was shown as a bulldog, and got nothing; but the bull-terrier class was a good one, thanks to Mr. Dole's entry of four. Count of course won, and the grand body and make up of Mark-Eyed Victor was not to be denied in comparison with his mother's weak head and wall-eye and Lady in White's lack of condition. This is a new bitch of Mr. Dole's, wonderfully good in head.

A class for Skyes was filled with rough terriers and with three of the same sort in the miscellaneous class. A very fair lot of six was picked out for a rough terrier class; a blue saddle and tan dog got first and next came a pure white, shown too fat, but good in coat. Thumb, the winning pug, is of good size and otherwise a fair little dog. Ky-ky was not in condition to show off well. Sir Lucifer, fresh from his great victory at St. Louis, excited the curiosity of the country folks. He won easily enough in the large miscellaneous class, and Boss, a Mexican hairless, was as easy a winner in the small class. Mrs. Kramer had the Italian greyhound prizes all to herself. The last class was greyhounds, and Begonia won from what must have been a good dog at one time, but he was showing too many signs of old age to beat the bitch. Following is a complete list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, Lackawanna Kennels Agrippa. Bitches: 1st, G. U. Sturdevant & Co.'s Duchess; 2d, Col. S. H. Sturdevant's Rena.

ST. BERNARDS.—1st and 2d, Rev. C. F. Kelley's Bonivard II. and Cassandra.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, W. Bauer's Cimarron; 2d, G. H. Parrish's Rover.

POINTERS.—Dogs: 1st, G. H. Butler's Sweep; 2d, W. W. McCain's Fred. High com., J. Laning's Trump. Bitches: 1st, J. Laning's Dora; 2d, Lackawanna Kennels' Beau Beau.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Prof. E. R. Sprague's Royal Date; 2d, G. H. Wright's Kollo. Very high com., T. S. Sperring's Flight. High com., E. O. Weeks's Don. Com., Dr. E. Troxell's Duke. Bitches: 1st, H. Bowdley's May; 2d, H. M. Beck's Victoria Dale. Very high com., M. Coolbaugh's Trunket.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, I. H. Roberts's Bruce; 2d, R. A. Spalding's Garry. Very high com., L. B. Hillard's Micky Free. Com., G. L. Darte's Rex. Bitches: 1st, 2d and very high com., I. H. Roberts's Hebe, Jessie and Little Nell. Very high com., W. W. Kendall's Lorna Doone. Com., C. A. Quick's Glennie. Puppies: 1st, C. A. Quick's Glennie. Very high com., S. C. Struther's Fashion II. High com., J. B. Woodard's Mack.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Mikado and Hornell Dan. High com., S. Ayers's Barney.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Black—1st, American Cocker Kennels' Doc; 2d and very high com., Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Jack and Hornell Silk. Very high com., W. T. Payne's Suzette and Lackawanna Kennels' Bubble. Com., W. Ricketts's Jack. OTHER THAN BLACK—1st, 2d and very high com., Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Fancy, Hornell Belle II. and Hornell Tri-color. Very high com., M. Martin's Gipsy. High com., F. Bullard's Psyche.

BEGGLES.—Dogs: 1st, J. Kaschenbach's Driver; equal 2d, W. F. Streeter's Frisk and Rallywood. Very high com., H. C. Wolfe's Frisker. Bitches: 1st, W. F. Streeter's Lizzie; 2d, J. C. Huntington's Betsy. Very high com., O. Smith's Swift. UNDER 12 INCHES.—1st and 2d, W. F. Steeter's Marchboy II. and Skipper. Very high com., H. C. Wolfe's Frank.

FOXTERRIERS.—1st, withheld; G. Dearie's Nellie.

COLLIES.—1st, N. Harvey's Major; 2d, O. Thomas's Zeus. High com., E. Huff's Tip. Com., Gen. P. Oliver's Nemo.

BULLDOGS.—Prizes withheld.

BULL TERRIERS.—1st, F. F. Dole's Count; 2d, F. M. Chase's Mark-Eyed Victor. Very high com. and high com., F. F. Dole's Young Venom, Lady in White and The Baron.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, F. H. Gates's Fly; 2d, W. L. & J. L. Carey's Zip.

ROUGH TERRIERS.—Open—1st, F. A. Phelps's Budge; 2d, J. A. Waring's Beauty. Very high com., J. Langford's Tony.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, N. Wolfe's Nig; 2d, L. Hart's Tiny.

PUGS.—1st and 2d, G. W. Fisher's Thumb and Ky Ky. High com., J. Howell's Nankipoo.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, H. W. Huntington's Begonia; 2d, Gen. P. Oliver's Flash.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, 2d, very high com. and high com., Mrs. Annie M. Kramer's Tiny, Effie, Dixie and Don. High com. and com., Lackawanna Kennels' Posey and Dot.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Over 25 lbs.—1st, Glencoe Collie Kennels' Sir Lucifer; 2d, Lackawanna Kennels' Muff. Very high com., E. G. Butzbach's Jumbo.—Under 25 lbs.—1st, L. T. Morgan's Boss; 2d, W. J. McLaughlin's Tip.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best brace of pugs, Thumb and Ky Ky. Best beagle, Marchboy II.; mastiff, Agrippa; cocker spaniel, Doc; English setter, Royal Dale; sporting kennel, I. H. Roberts; non-sporting kennel, F. F. Dole.

PACIFIC COAST DERBY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you herewith a correct list of the entries for the puppy stake at the next meeting of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, to be held in December next. Somehow the number of eligible youngsters is very small this year, but there are scores of little fellows whose owners expect to be heard from next year. It would not surprise me if the list of puppy entries in 1887 would number forty to fifty. It will be noticed that there is a preponderance of pointers this year, but the California Kennels (Post and Watson), of this city, have now one litter of pups from Janet (Count Noble—Dashing Novice), by their Harold, litter brother to Gath's Hope and Gath's Mark. Their Sweetheart (litter sister to Janet) has just arrived home from her long trip to Tennessee, whither she went to visit Sportsman. In about a week she will add several youngsters to increase the stock of pure bred dogs in this State. These blue blooded setters will come in contact next year with young pointers sired by Vandevort's Don, Cosby's Bow, Jr., Barney's Tom Pinch, and the Bassford Kennels. There is a prospect of this year's trials being held in the San Joaquin Valley, where birds are plentiful, the ground level, and the cover more like that where the Eastern trials are run. It is of no use to attempt to have field trials in a chapparral thicket.

The great trouble here is to get for judges men who have had experience at field trials. Many members of the club hope that Mr. Vandevort will consent to act as one of the judges this year. The entries closed May 1, with a forfeit of \$5 and \$15 additional to fill. Fifty per cent. of the entrance money goes to the winner, thirty per cent. to second and twenty per cent. to third.

POINTERS.

FRAIL (J. M. Bassford, Jr., Vacaville, Cal.)—Liver and white bitch, age not stated (Lemmie B.—Beautiful Queen).

CLIMAX (E. W. Briggs, San Francisco Cal.)—Lemon and white dog, one year (Bang Bang—Bellona).

JAYBIRD (E. R. Robbins, Sacramento, Cal.)—Liver and white dog, nine months (Bow, Jr.—Ash).

FLEET (H. A. Bassford, Vacaville, Cal.)—Liver and white dog, age not stated (Lemmie B.—Beautiful Queen).

BEN CORTON (H. C. Brown, Sacramento, Cal.)—Liver and white dog, five months (Bow, Jr.—Jessie Belle).

PRUDE (H. C. Brown, Sacramento, Cal.)—Liver and white bitch, five months (Bow, Jr.—Jessie Belle).

VANEAU (G. T. Allender, Marin, Cal.)—Liver and white dog, ten months (Glen R.—Josie Bow).

PROFESSOR (G. W. Bassford, Vacaville, Cal.)—Liver and white dog, ten months (Glen R.—Josie Bow).

SANCHO PANZA (N. E. White, Sacramento, Cal.)—Liver and white dog, nine months (Bow, Jr.—Ash).

ENGLISH SETTERS.

SHOT (Chas. Kaeding, San Francisco, Cal.)—Black, white and tan dog, nine months (Regent—Fannie).

MAB (E. G. Eastman, Oakland, Cal.)—Black, white and tan bitch, thirteen months (Regent—Sybil II.). N. E. WHITE.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., May 11.

DOG SHOW SECRETARIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have received a letter from Mr. H. B. Hanford saying I quoted him correctly. He writes me as follows: "President Gregg certainly did say to me, 'This is a poor place for protests; we don't bother much with them.' to which I answered that 'if the society could not "bother" itself enough to see that justice was done, it could not expect to have many New York exhibitors at its next show.'"

Mr. Hanford will furnish an affidavit as above should Mr. Gregg deny his rash assertion. President Gregg is in a hole, and the only thing for him to do is to pull the hole in after him.

V. M. H.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On the above subject I would like to say that I find that I have been unjust to the Pittsburgh committee in my strictures on their refusal of the protest in the St. Bernard puppy class. In common with many others, I had got the idea firmly fixed in my mind that the puppy class was restricted to twelve months and under. The fact is that by the most marvellous blunder I ever saw in a premium list, the ages for puppies were not given in several classes, among them mastiffs, St. Bernards, and Newfoundlanders. (As the Pittsburgh club is death on setters, they got this fixed at eighteen months.) Now what a committee ought to do under such circumstances, I confess, is a little too deep for me. All other exhibitors in the mastiff and St. Bernard classes had taken it as under twelve months, and with the exception of the winning puppy, all were under that age. But when a committee does not specify the age of a puppy class, what is the right thing to do is somewhat of a puzzle.

Nothing, however, can justify such action as "V. M. H." reports the president to have taken. To say to a protestor, who was apparently in good faith, that the club would not act on protests, was simply the most atrocious piece of high handed injustice I have ever yet known in connection with dog shows. If this is not disproved, the exhibitor who exhibits there again, will certainly be a fool, unless he "stands in." I note that "V. M. H." does not say that this was within his knowledge, and if he has proof of it, he certainly owes it to the doggy public to give it. I trust, however, for the sake of so old a show as Pittsburgh, that there has been some mistake about it.

W. WADE.

HULTON, PA., May 24, 1886.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE A. K. C.—The annual meeting of the American Kennel Club which was called for the 29th ult. at the Hoffman House, was not held. Another illustration of this organization's way of doing things. This was an important meeting of the most important club in the country; yet, there was no quorum. Proxies were in abundance, but it was unanimously decided, by those present, that the proxies could not be counted as club representatives, unless there was a quorum, as Section 3 of Rule 10 stipulates that "At any regular or special meeting of this Association, five members in person shall constitute a quorum." As it was, there were only three. J. L. Morgan of the Hartford Club, J. O. Donner of the Westminster, and C. J. Peshall of the New Jersey Club. Mr. Vredenburgh was at his post, but he acts as secretary only. The Hartford, National Field Trials, Montreal, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh clubs had not even the courtesy to communicate with the secretary, and state their inability to send a representative, or to mail their proxies. The meeting is adjourned to Thursday, June 10, at 8 P. M.

SPANIEL JUDGING AT NEW YORK.—"Senex" used to charge the Hornell Club with "selling the little ones for cockers and the big ones for field spaniels." If his shades could revisit this earth, how they would haunt the spaniel judge at the late Westminster show for awarding a prize to Brahmin as a cocker, and also a prize to his son Bandit as a field spaniel! These awards suggest a few queries. Does Mr. Kirk consider a field spaniel and a cocker spaniel as the same except as to weight? If so, why does he not exert his influence to have the "cocker" class abolished, and the field spaniel class made into two divisions for large and small dogs respectively? If Mr. K. does consider the cocker a distinct type or breed, it certainly would seem that the prize should have been withheld from one of the dogs mentioned on the ground of being cross-bred.—BRINDLE.

DOG LOST.—Stolen about May 10, the all black Newfoundland dog Major. He is rather small, flat-coated, carries tail low. About four years old. His front teeth are a good deal worn down from carrying sticks and stones. He is believed to have been sent to some other city. Any one who may recognize him will confer a favor by communicating with William Burke, FOREST AND STREAM office.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound, for retaining duplicates, sent postpaid, 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Ben Adam. By Jas. W. Bullock, Cincinnati, O. for fawn mastiff dog, whelped Dec. 10, 1885, by Adam J. (A.K.R. 3367) out of Yolande (A.K.R. 3364).

Budge, Snudge, Quaker and Shaker. By Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass. for fawn pug dogs, whelped March 11, 1886, by Tam (Young Toby—Judy) out of Titania (A.K.R. 471).

Janish. By Empire State Kennels, Savannah, Ga., for white, with brindle markings, bull bitch, whelped Nov. 25, 1885, by Boz (A.K.R. 443) out of Bellona (A.K.R. 173).

Lady Glen. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 17, 1885, by King Bow (Bow—Taffey) out of Sue (Hindoo—Princess Bow).

Little Jim. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for black, white and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped April 10, 1886, by Wasp (Vakeel—Village Belle) out of Fannie (Pincher—Dumpty).

Countess Tashko. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 12, 1885, by King Bow (Bow—Taffey) out of Ruby Croxeth (Croxeth—Seitner's Lass).

Young Bow. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Dec. 12, 1885, by King Bow (Bow—Taffey) out of Ruby Croxeth (Croxeth—Seitner's Lass).

Bradstone. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for black, white and tan Llewellyn setter dog, whelped Feb. 26, 1886, by Pride of Dixie (Gladstone—Countess Druid) out of Victory (Count Rapier—Reign).

Bow's Beauty and Lady Pearl. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for liver and white ticked pointer bitches, whelped Dec. 17, 1885, by King Bow (Bow—Taffey) out of Sue (Hindoo—Princess Bow).

Elaïne and Alice. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for black cocker spaniel bitches, whelped March 31, 1886, by Jack out of Nellie.

BRED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Newton Abbot Lady—Young Obo. A. Clinton Wilmerding's (New York) spaniel bitch Newton Abbot Lady (Bend Or—Lady Bird) to J. P. Willey's Young Obo, April 1.

Queen Bess—King Ban. W. B. Seaman's (Elizabeth, N.J.) red Irish setter bitch Queen Bess (A.K.R. 1970) to Chas. T. Barney's King Ban (Elcho—Bess), May 3.

Coro of Wetherall—Rockingham. F. Windholz's (New York) English setter bitch Coro of Wetherall (Sir Alister—Mena) to his Rockingham (Bethus—Bess), May 2.

Edith—Shady. C. E. Gilchrist's (Charlestown, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Edith (Brush II.—Olivia) to F. H. Perrin's Shady (A.K.R. 2085), May 22.

Rosa—Bracket. J. H. Phelan's (Jersey City, N.J.) pointer bitch Rosa (A.K.R. 1443) to Graphic Kennels' Bracket (Graphic—Bloomo), April 22.

Revel III.—Donald. Graphic Kennels' (Jersey City, N.J.) pointer bitch Revel III. (Graphic—Beryl) to their Donald (Bob—Sappho), April 26 and 28.

Lucia—Bracket. D. S. Gregory's (New York) pointer bitch Lucia (Croxeth—Belle) to Graphic Kennels' Bracket (Graphic—Bloomo), May 17.

Seph G.—Graphic. J. B. S. Holmes's (Goldsbrough) pointer bitch Seph G. (Scray—Dart) to Graphic Kennels' Graphic (A.K.R. 3411), April 17 and 18.

Daphne II.—Essex. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Daphne II. (A.K.R. 480) to the Essex (A.K.R. 393), May 3.

Daphne K.—Bob. F. W. White's (Worcester, Mass.) pointer bitch Daphne K. (Prince—Chip) to G. W. Amory's Bob (Bang—Princess Kate), April 20.

Judy—Duke. F. A. Smith's (Detroit, Mich.) pug bitch Judy (Pugy—Flossy) to D. M. Ferry's imported Duke, May 12.

Flash—Barney. Detroit Kennel Club (Detroit, Mich.) fox-terrier bitch Flash (Frogan—Fannie) to W. W. Wheaton's Barney (Peter II. Fawn), April 28.

Bow Queen—King Bow. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Bow Queen (Sleaford—Dawn) to their King Bow (Bow—Taffey), May 4.

Ruby Croxeth—King Bow. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Ruby Croxeth (Croxeth—Seitner's Lass) to their King Bow (Bow—Taffey), April 23.

Sue—King Bow. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Sue (Hindoo—Princess Bow) to their King Bow (Bow—Taffey), May 13.

Reign—Dashing Bervyn. Detroit Kennels' (Detroit, Mass.) Llewellyn setter bitch Reign (Belton—Breezy) to Arnold Burges's Dashing Bervyn (Dash II.—Countess Bear), May 11.

Early Dawn—Dashing Bervyn. Detroit Kennels' (Detroit, Mich.) Llewellyn setter bitch Early Dawn (Nixey—Princess Louise) to Arnold Burges's Dashing Monarch (Dash II.—Countess Bear), May 5.

WHELPS.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Topsey. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Topsey (A.K.R. 3262), April 28, three dogs, by his Merchant Prince.

Countess. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Countess (A.K.R. 2220), May 3, twelve (six dogs), by his Ilford Caution.

Bess. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Bess (A.K.R. 2971), May 7, ten (five dogs), by his Ilford Caution.

Brown Betty. A. W. Day's (Dunellen, N.J.) spaniel bitch Brown Betty (A.K.R. 3008), May 5, five (two dogs), by A. Clinton Wilmerding's Black Prince (A.K.R. 62); four black and one liver; two bitches since dead.

Zona. Wm. H. Moseley's (New Haven, Conn.) spaniel bitch Zona (A.K.R. 1880), April 2, seven (four dogs), by A. Clinton Wilmerding's Black Prince (A.K.R. 62); six black and one liver; one dog since dead.

Florie. Samuel Coulson's (Montreal, Can.) red Irish setter bitch Florie (Glencho—Biddy), May 21, eleven (four dogs), by his Shaun Rhue (Conn—Nan).

Berice V. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Berice V. (A.K.R. 3008), April 33, ten (six dogs), by his Merchant Prince.

Flame. John G. Tod's (Harrisburg, Tex.) red Irish setter bitch Flame (Von—Floss), April 29, thirteen (seven dogs), by S. Conrad's Rufus (Rufus—Cara).

Quittie. Warwick Kennels' (Bridgeport, Conn.) beagle bitch Quittie, April 30, four (one dog), by J. Ellis's Jim.

Piney. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Piney (Banman—Kate), May 12, five (three dogs), by Shaner's Driver (Warrior—Fanny), all since dead.

Vickey. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Vickey (Racer—Vic), May 21, three (two dogs), by W. E. Deane's Little Duke, Jr. (Little Duke—Rose).

Donna. Chas. E. Taylor's (Bath, Me.) English setter bitch Donna (Royal Clue—Dryad), May 18, three dogs, by A. M. Tuck's Dash III. (Blue Prince—Armstrong's Old Kate).

Fly. W. H. Moseley's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Fly, April 18, eight (six dogs), by E. A. Cannon's Yale Belton (Belton—Blonde).

Temptation. M. Mills's (Jersey City, N.J.) pointer bitch Temptation (A.K.R. 1590), May 8, eleven (four dogs), by C. J. Peshall's Nick of Nasa (Naso II.—Pettigo).

Hornell Blanche. Geo. J. Northrop's (Marquette, Mich.) cocker spaniel bitch Hornell Blanche (A.K.R. 3612), April 21, three (two dogs), by Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Silk (A.K.R. 1397).

Janet II. Wm. T. Wells's (Wethersfield, Conn.) collie bitch Janet II. (A.K.R. 3626), May 6, five (two dogs), by Lathan Kennels' Montrose (A.K.R. 891).

SALES.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Trinket. White, black and tan beagle bitch, age and pedigree not given, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to W. Stewart Diffenderfer, Baltimore, Md.

Budge, Snudge, Quaker and Shaker. Fawn pug dogs, whelped March 11, 1886, by Sam out of Titania (A.K.R. 471), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.

Janish. White, with brindle markings, bull bitch, whelped March 25, 1885, by Boz (A.K.R. 443) out of Bellona (A.K.R. 1730), by R. W. Livingston, New York, to Empire State Kennels, Savannah, Ga.

Marion. Black and white cocker spaniel bitch (A.K.R. 2689), by A. Clinton Wilmerding, New York, to C. V. Sewell, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Suzette. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 15, 1885, by Sport out of Suwanne (A.K.R. 658), by A. Clinton Wilmerding, New York, to W. T. Payne, same place.

Bessie. Pug bitch, whelped Sept. 13, by Bunny out of Judy, by Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to T. J. Flack, Washington, D. C.

Edith. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 12, 1885, by Brush II. out of Olivia, by Chas. E. Taylor, Bath, Me., to C. E. Gilchrist, Charlestown, Mass.

Pride of Dixie—Victory whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 26, 1886, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to W. Fischer, same place.

Pride of Dixie—Edith (A.K.R. 110) whelps. English setters, whelped Feb. 21, 1886, by Detroit Kennels, Detroit, Mich., a black, white and tan dog to Wm. Fischer, same place; a liver and white dog to F. W. Chapman, Darlington, Wis., and a white bitch to S. A. Howes, Battle Creek, Mich.

Bannerman—Queen whelps. Beagles, whelped Jan. 23, 1886, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., one pair to Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Jack—Nellie whelps. Black cocker spaniels, whelped March 31, 1886, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., a dog each to J. Sinclair, W. H. Blades and ex-Mayor W. W. Wheaton, all of same place.

Harold—Dido whelps. Red and white English and Irish setters, whelped March 6, 1886, by California Kennels, Sacramento, Cal., a dog to P. C. Jurzens, Traver, Cal.; a dog to E. Owen, Elk Grove, Cal., and a bitch to Dr. C. M. Hill, Eureka, Cal.

Pride of Dixie—Victory whelp. Black, white and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped Feb. 26, 1886, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to W. C. Thuston, same place.

Yale Belton—Fly whelps. English setter bitches, whelped April 9, 1886, by Wm. H. Moseley, New Haven, Conn., one each to Charles Hinkley and F. A. Canon, same place, and one to Geo. Cheltis, New Marlboro, Mass.

Black Prince—Zona whelps. Spaniels, whelped April 2, 1886, by Wm. H. Moseley, New Haven, Conn., a black dog to S. R. Hemingway, a liver dog to John W. Francis, a black bitch to Chas. Hinkley, a black bitch to Jas. E. McCann, a black bitch to Wm. A. Chamberlin, all of same place, and a black dog to C. E. Longley, Providence, R. I.

PRESENTATIONS.

Jack—Nellie whelp. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped March 31, 1886, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to David Downing, same place.

ALLEN's bow-facing ears can be attached to any mouth in 5 minutes. Try them. Little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Adv.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB.

VERNON, Vt., May 27.—A dozen sedate-looking gentlemen squatted along on low stools, clad in work-a-day clothes, each looking with a pre-occupied air out through the low shutter opening of the house in which they sat. There a lull in the blowing day and away banged a dozen rifles with the noise and effect of small pieces of ordnance. This was the scene which greeted your correspondent on his arrival at this quiet Green Mountain hamlet yesterday morning.

It was the annual spring meet of the National Rifle Club, and the men were shooting with the old style muzzleloaders at the old-fashioned targets, and scoring according to the old mode of string measure. They were a sort of Rip Van Winkle gathering, and one felt prompted to ask where they had taken the long nap and where they had kept the weapons from rusting all the time. The club itself has grown into one of the institutions of the country. Its record runs back long before the war, and far back in the fifties and forties the charter members tell of gatherings where there was some shooting, plenty of rivalry and no end of a good social time. The weapons of those days were of massive affairs and the printed notices of the meetings with the list of allowances which the 40lbs. barrels are to make to the 15lbs. pigmies shows what at one time were the classes of rifles in the meetings.

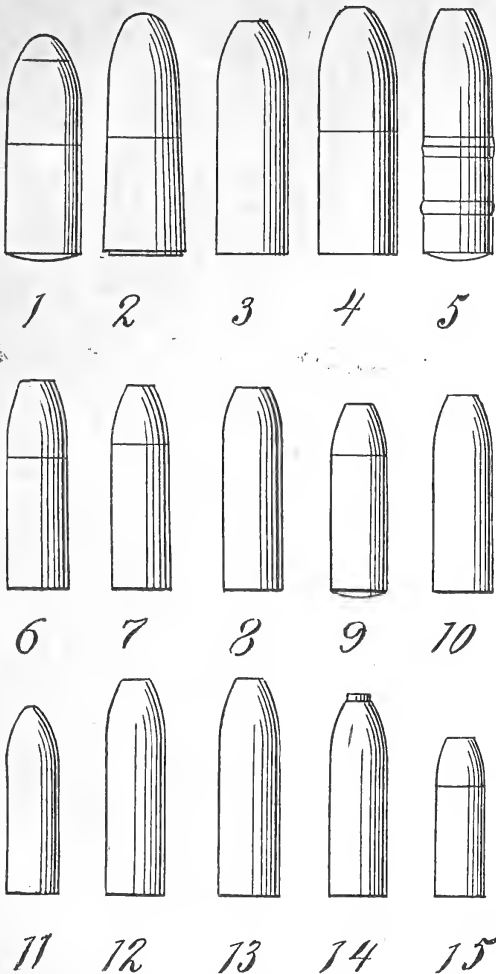
The club has been a progressive affair though, and now such a thing as a 40-pound barrel would be a rarity. Members recall such, but they were handicapped out of existence and nobody seems particularly sorry that they have gone. The club is rather an aggregation of the sports of the country. There are officers elected at the fall meeting. Then a programme is made up. It is always the same. Three strings of ten shots each. Shot on two days. Each one shooting hands \$5 to the secretary. This fund pays the trifling expenses of the meeting and the remainder is divided in a sweep-stake fashion. Those who enter become members for the nonce and when the meeting breaks up and the shooters take courtly adieu one of another the society exists only in the secretary's notebook and the next gathering. There are no disputes, no expensive machinery, no eating up of funds in numerous waste. Simple shoot and good fellowship, what could be more truly rural, more idyllic, more sportsmanlike.

The oldest member shook his head, thought a while, thought some more, and finally said that he reckoned the first steps were taken in 1854 or '55 toward making the gatherings more formal than they had been. Before that time they had met and shot, but after a surprise party fashion, nobody being quite sure when he started for the rendezvous whether he would have a solitary bit of practice or whether he would form one of a jolly company. All in all the club is a unique sort of an institution. The one great aim of its members is to secure the greatest accuracy. Such a trifling fact as the utter impracticability of lugging the arm about in any useful fashion for hunting or general target work, does not seem to bother the National members at all. Once convinced that they can gain a quarter inch on a string of ten shots by adding half a dozen pounds of metal to the barrel and the added weight is put on without a question.

This particular spring meeting was to become an episode in the history of the club. Much correspondence had been indulged in with the Walnut Hill marksmen, and these capital shooters of the modern school had promised to come up Vermontward and try conclusions with their antediluvian prototypes. The old fellows were delighted with the prospect of a good lively set-to, for the spirit of fight is strong within them, and there had been so much talk on the score of the olden times. Such a thing here and there, and every body was charmed at the prospect of having the two classes of arms brought side by side, each in the hands of enthusiastic experts and each shooting under the same weather conditions. So when the 12 o'clock train came up from the southward at vester noon, and out of it tumbled Himman and Rabbeth, Frye, Ellsworth and Maynard, each with rifle and shooting traps, it was generally agreed that the spring meeting of 1886 was to be a big success. The chroniclers were there too, ready with pen and pencil to picture in word and the doings of this novel rifle meet. Mr. Gould came down from Boston, that the Rifle might know all that occurred, and with convenient camera caught the various doings of the riflemen.

The new comers were greeted in the most kindly spirit. There was the range 40 rods away from that little out-house sort of a shooting box. Across yonder bit of low-lying water-covered meadow to the face of the low hill where a temporary fence of slabs sufficed to hold the paper in place. Such a scene here and there, and all manner of streamers, for each marksman carried his own private wind signals, and stuck them up as his fancy dictated. Some used long whip-lash streamers of silk, slightly weighted at the tip. Others again preferred the bag-like bits of muslin and these stood out like great bleached boloznas. One had contrived a wee wind signal, a model on a quarter inch scale of the big dial at Creedmoor. It was a picturesque range, but the main interest was at the firing point. Here was the house we have mentioned, and on the side facing the range, the old-fashioned westward shutters lifted up, really opening the house side. They were low and one was compelled to stoop or sit down on the low stools if a view of the targets was desired. Pushed up against this opening ranged in line were the rests on which the muzzleloaders were placed. They were of the saw-horse pattern, securely fastened to stakes driven into the soil and so arranged that when placed upon them the gun muzzle would be about 2ft. from the ground. Along the outer side of the shooting box, and close to the side facing the range, were the workbenches with notches along its front edge, and here the members do the manual work of the shooting, cleaning and swabbing, patching and loading, with all that care and deliberation which characterizes the typical muzzleman.

Let us take our friends in order, beginning in that far away corner where a portly gentleman whose clear eye in a measure belie the slight tinge of gray in his hair. He is Mr. R. C. Cressy, of Brattleboro, Vt. His arm is of Brockway make, with the latest catalog barrel, navy workbench with notches along its front edge, and here the members do the manual work of the shooting, cleaning and swabbing, patching and loading, with all that care and deliberation which characterizes the typical muzzleman.



THE BULLETS—FULL SIZE.

Grains.	Grains.	Grains.
1. Stephenson.....603	6. Brockway.....417	11. Hinman.....258
2. Brown.....671	7. Cressy.....338½	12. Rabbeth.....330
3. Lowe.....585½	8. Park.....356	13. Frye.....330
4. Smith.....649	9. Cox.....305½	14. Ellsworth.....293
5. Penn.....572	10. Fletcher.....339½	15. Farrow.....163½

box weighed 389½ grains, while a powder charge weighed 84½ grains. He uses a greased paper patch laid in two pieces across the gun muzzle. Like the majority of the other weapons, his arm is slightly choke bored, a point upon which some of the marksmen lay a great deal of stress. His method of attaching the weapon to the rest is very simple. The crosspiece attached to the barrel has in it a V-shaped notch, and this goes to a screw fastened in the rest top. In the rear there are the usual thumbscrews, one below lifting the rear of the piece, and one on either side giving the brass notched piece in which the barrel rests a lateral motion.

Next to Mr. Cressy sits D. A. Brown, of Boston. He has a round barrel arm made by Warner, of Syracuse. It falls within the 15lbs. standard, has a uniform twist of rifling with one turn in 20in., 8 grooves, of .45-caliber. The barrel is 30in. long, and is slightly larger at the muzzle than the breech, the purpose of this disposition of weight of metal being to stiffen this outer end of the barrel and prevent in a measure the springing of the barrel. Mr. Brown uses a Warner made bullet, with a hard point built up of a 1 to 1 antimony and tin composition, while the rear end of the bullet is of pure lead, the two parts are closely swaged together, and the taking of the rifling by the pure lead heel is the point aimed at in this composite missile. He uses powder of the Dead Shot brand, American Powder Company make. The bullet, weighed by your correspondent, as all the other powder and bullet weights in this report were taken, showed a weight of 671 grains, while a single powder charge showed 142½ grains. In loading, Mr. Brown uses a linen she-lacked and then greased, two narrow strips laid crossways of the muzzle in order that the eight grooves might be taken uniformly. His shooting stand resembles exactly a miniature gun carriage. There are two long ways on either side on which the cross head forward rests and slides, while at the rear there are two side and bottom screws. Mr. Brown is deliberation and good nature itself. His every motion is cyphered down to a system, and it is almost amusing to see him pour the powder in, and then with moistened rod at once look for it. Yet in this way he avoids that constant menace of the absent minded muzzle marksmen, a bullet in the barrel and no powder behind it.

Next in the line came Farrow—W. Milton Farrow, known on every rifle range from California to Constantinople. He is now a Brattleboro resident, making rifles, and it was one of his own make that he was shooting. He had secured a rest and had elbowed his way in among the old timers. His weapon was the plummy one of the meet-ing. It weighed complete but 5lbs., had a 34in. barrel of .38-cal. and had 7 grooves of 1 turn in 16in. The rifling was peculiar with a ratchet cut and one on which Mr. Farrow pinned his faith. The powder charge—American Co. FF. make—weighed 46grs. and the bullet 163½grs. The last was a 1 to 20 composition, hot drawn. In loading,



Mr. Farrow, after carefully cleaning, inserted the patched bullet, and after pushing it home with a gauged wooden rod, from the rear in-serted the freshly loaded cartridge shell behind it. Mr. Farrow had all the advantages of the dead rest, the long sight and the sliding when the recoil came. He had clamped a crosspiece to his barrel near the muzzle and this enabled him to use the wooden rest he had secured.

Mr. L. Park, of Greenfield, Mass., was next in the line of closely-crowded shooters. He was the funny fellow of the company and sandwiched his shots with rallies of wit. He had come up to have a good time, and his advice to those about him on shooting topics would have filled a manual on the subject. He strongly urged a member who had missed the foot-square target to take the rifle down and introduce the weapon to the target, while his sly jokes at the men

who knew it all were often keen and to the point. He had an octagonal 15lbs. barrel, .38-cal., 1 to 16 even twist, 8 grooves. The bullets were of uniform composition, 1 tin to 20 lead, and the powder used was Hazard's FFG. The barrel was 30in. long, and was made by Brockway. A charge taken showed 82½ grains of powder to 356 grains of lead. In loading he used paper patches; while on the rest a very complete brass cast rear device for elevating and swinging the rifle butt. The big, booming piece did not look out of place in Mr. Park's big, brawny clutch. He handled it like a toy pistol, but a puny National Guardsman would have found it a stiff burden.

Mr. F. Penn is one of the younger members of the club. He resides at Dover Plains, N. Y., but generally manages to get up and enjoy the shoots. He uses a gun made by Phillips, of New York, and in this meeting was in very bad luck, owing, he thought, to the use of some special cartridge he had made. These were of the composite type with a hard point, made by putting 2 ounces of antimony in a pound of lead, while the bullet heels were of pure lead. The weapon was of .45-caliber, having 8 grooves of a gain twist rifling starting in at one turn in 72 inches and finishing with one turn in 24 inches. The barrel was 27 inches long, of octagonal form, and into it he poured Hazard's FFG powder. One charge weighed showed 128 grains, while one of the bullets turned the scale at 572 grains. A stout wooden block held the gun while the entire block was moved on its bed from a center pin forward by the three rear screws. It was a simple, strong, though somewhat clumsy device. A paper patch was used in loading.

Mr. E. B. Stephenson followed along the line with his big muzzle-loader. It shook a small section of the State when it went off. It was a .50-caliber weapon with a 30in. 15lbs. octagonal barrel made by Ferris. There were 9 grooves, necessitating in loading three paper patch slips. The rifling grooves were concentric with the bore of the barrel and had a gain twist increasing from 1 in 72 to 1 in 24in. The bullet is worthy of special attention. It was of the composite order, with a soft heel, a soft point and a hard inner section, this gave that close grip on the rifling when the upsetting came which was particularly striven for in this make of bullet. A paper patch was used and Hazard's FFG powder. A charge taken and weighed showed 608 grains of lead and 118½ of powder. The rest device was the simplest in the house. Two bent strips on either side forward preventing any jumping up of the muzzle, while the barrel rested on a broad tongue, the upturned edges of which afforded place for the screws used in side adjustments.

Veteran L. C. Smith was next in the line, a patriarch among patri-archs, he knows the history of the club since its formation. He was a charter member and has never missed a meeting. He is yet full of shoot and is always deep in some experiment to settle some point in the science of rifle shooting. The consequence is that as a prize winner his name does not appear as often as it otherwise would. His gun has a 28-inch octagon barrel. To name its maker would be difficult, since it has been cut and re-cut so frequently. It is of .44-cal. with a uniform twist of 1 in 18. The bullet is of similar make to that used by Mr. Brown, and comes from the works of Warner, at Syra-cuse. Behind it he puts Fg powder of Hazard make. A sample charge weighed 113 grains in powder and 649 grains in bullet. He uses a cut paper patch, made in the form of a Greek cross, so that the paper is not doubled below the heel of the bullet. His rest in shooting is a very complete one with a pair of guiding ways forward, while the shifting of the trigger end is done with great throttle valve wheels. This, as many of the other guns, has the double nipple. In place of using the ordinary percussion cap, a flat primer is placed over the nipple paper, and over it a false nipple with a striking pin is screwed. This pin when struck by the falling hammer starts the primer and the charge is ignited without any loss of powder or spitting from the touch-hole.

D. S. Cox, of Neperan, Westchester Co., N. Y., has a .38-cal gun having a 28 in. octagonal barrel, with 8 grooves and a steady twist of 1 in 16. His bullet is 1 to 20 uniform composition, and the powder FFG, Hazard. The loss of one hand puts him to some disad-vantage but not to any material extent, and he is always ready on time for his shot in the string. He uses stout parchment paper patch cut very narrow. His rest has a narrow iron guiding way forward, while a brass resting block, near the breech, enables quick adjust-



ment to be made, as the cross hair lines of the telescope demand. A sample load showed 305½ grains of lead and 69 grains of powder.

Norman S. Brockway has the solemnity of an owl, and carries about with him the responsibilities of the whole match. He is a rifle maker at Bellows Falls, and knows all about this style of rifle. He is the secretary of the club, and seems to have a life lease on the position. He goes to work in his methodical way, not only in his official labor, but in his shooting as well. He uses one of his own make of rifles, an octagonal barrel, 28 in. long, .42 cal., with 8 grooves, twisting evenly 1 in 16 inches, and the powder used is Hazard's FFG and the patch strips are of the usual parchment paper sort. A V an the rifle cross head pushed home close on the screw projecting from the rest bed, and the rifle is ready for shoot-ing, guided by the stout compact directing rest at the rear. One charge showed that the cold pressed bullet of 1 in 20 compositions weighed 417 grains, while the powder showed 99 grains.

C. F. Fletcher, of Bellows Falls, Vt., is another of the young men in the ranks. He uses a Brockway made gun and has a .38-cal. rifle with a 28 inch octagon barrel. There are six grooves of 1 in 16 twist, and the bullet is of the cold pressed type and of 1 in 20 composition. The powder is of Hazard FFG make, a charge taken weighed 320½ grains of lead with 82½ grains of powder. He uses a paper cross patch, and in loading is most careful in every movement, being specially care-ful about the cleaning out of the rifle before inserting a fresh charge of powder. His rest is of a simple sort, a V notch forward and a block with three screws at completing the fixtures.

Wm. V. Lowe is a Fitchburg, Mass., citizen, and comes up to the match with what he styles a mongrel gun, that is several makers and remakers have tried to make it better and with varying success. It has a 28-inch octagon barrel, .45-caliber with a uniform twist of rifling 1 turn in 20 inches and 8 grooves. He uses a combination bullet lead butt and hard joint, and employs Fg Hazard powder, one charge taken and weighed showed 108 grains of powder to 535½ of lead. His patch is a thin parchment paper one cut in Greek cross fashion and with an abundance of grease. His rest is of a double base, the upper one on which the rifle was placed being movable at the rear and so admitting a vertical and lateral adjustment.

Outside of the shooting house the breechloader visitors from Bos-ton were accommodated. A rest was improvised by driving two stakes in the ground, placing a crosshead and then a long plank with a notched block at the end enabled the Bostonians to sit comfortably on chairs and draw their rifles carefully and exactly.

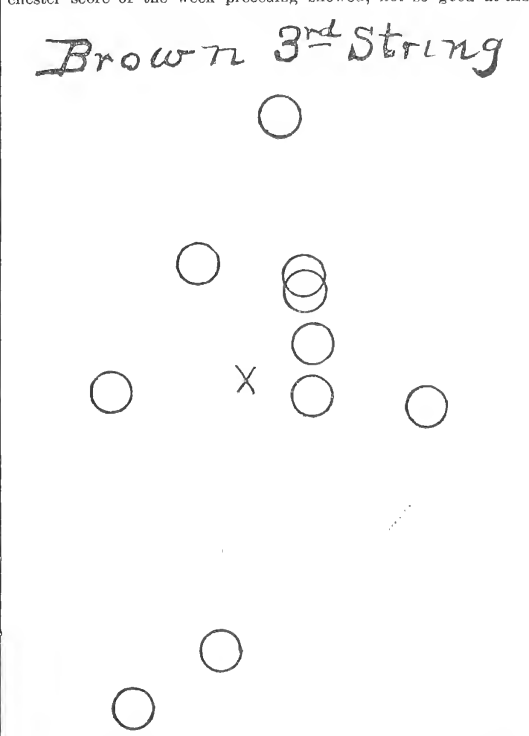
Mr. Hinman used a .35 ea. Maynard and into this he put the patched bullet and the freshly loaded shell, charged with Laflin and Rand musket powder; a sample charge of powder weighed 61½grs., while the bullet of 1 to 20 composition weighed 258grs.

F. J. Rabbeth had a Remington-Heppburn rifle of .38 cal. It had a round barrel and aperture front sight, as did the arms of his associates—Messrs. Hinman, Frye and Ellsworth. He had the regular 30gr. Remington patched bullet, as shown, of 1 to 20 composition. It

was loaded with Laflin & Rand musket powder. A sample charge showed, powder 67½grs.; bullet 330grs.

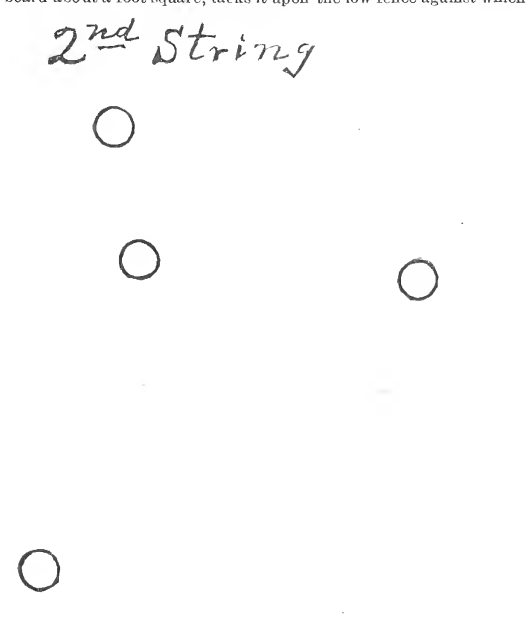
Mr. Frye used a Ballard .38-cal. rifle of the ordinary make. His patched bullets were the 30gr. Remington make and the powder, Hazard's FFG, a sample charge weighing 55½grs. in powder and 330grs. in lead.

Mr. Ellsworth, jolly and fat, capital at off-hand work, as his Man-chester score of the week preceding showed, not so good at the



strange rests provided, was provided with a 30in. long barrel Ballard of .38-cal., loaded with a homemade bullet of 1 to 30 composition. The rifle was in all respects like that of Mr. Frye, with the full Rigby barrel. The powder used was Oriental Fg and a pattern charge showed 48grs. of powder to 293grs. of lead.

The plan of shooting is a very simple one: On the morning of the first day each man devotes his time to fixing up his shooting stand. There is a small trunk full of tools—oil bottle, rags, ammunition and quick-knocks of every kind—to be unpacked; then the gun itself and the telescope and the rest fixture, all are unpacked, and the various parts put in place. This is no small job. Each man takes a card-board about a foot square, tacks it upon the low fence against which



the shooting is done, and then the small black patch or "budd" is banged away at until the marksman has everything down fine. He watches the flags, makes due allowance for wind, finally determines just where the aiming budd is to be placed in order to get the shots aimed about the spot where the lines drawn from opposite angles of the piece of cardboard cross in the center. So it may happen that each of a dozen men may be aiming at a dozen different points and all striving to get their shots bunched at the same point. When each man has got his piece in good working order there is a pause for luncheon, and then comes the counting string. It is shot on a time limit; that is, a timekeeper with watch in hand waits until all are loaded and then the call of "Time" is made. Five minutes elapse, and in that period of time the shot must be fired. Each rifle is in place, with hammer raised, "click," and the hair triggers are set. Then in silence each waits for those flags to be a trifle less frisky; for that fidgety wind to swing about to the other side of the center before touching off. Each is, in fact, waiting for that precise wind which prevailed when he fired his last trial shot, the record of which he knew and was satisfied with. Often in a temporary lull the line of rifles will go off in a volley. While again, some unlucky one who waited for a better chance is compelled, when he hears the voice of the timer call out "Four and three-quarters," to shoot in whatever wind may be blowing at the time. As the rifle recoils, the right hand is ready to check it; but from first to last there is no sighting beyond a glance through the telescope to see that the cross-hairs have not been directed to another point.

For loading another five minutes is allowed, and there is need of it. First the muzzle end of the barrel is wiped off, then the false muzzle is carefully fixed and linked down; then comes the pumping and the cleaning. One after another the patches are adjusted to the wiping rod and passed down. There are patches wet with saliva and others saturated with oil. Finally come the cleaner bits of rag, and then perhaps another final patch, fixed just right. Each man has his own style of swabbing out, and the expression of serious concern on the faces of some as they keep their eyes on the rafters as the stick goes up and down almost suggests that a silent prayer goes up as the stick goes down. The barrel clean, the loading is in order. The powder is poured from the flask with just such a tap and no other to the measuring tubes. Then down the funnel at the barrel mouth, and if the shooter be particularly careful he carries his method to the point of sending a stick down to see that the powder is really there, and the light stick resting on the granules gives them just the proper amount of packing. Then the patch, in some of the false muzzle inserted in side slips until they cross directly over the bore; or perhaps if the patch is already cut out, it is placed in a depression cut across the top of the false nipple. Now the bullet, just given a turn in the greasy finger or perhaps wiped carefully with an oily rag and then placed upon the patch. The ball starter now comes in and assists in pressing the bullet well down into the barrel, a collar fitting over the barrel end, a piston in it whose hollow end just

FIRST STRING.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
Fletcher.....	1 3-13	3/4	1 11-16	1 1/2	7-16	5/8	9-16	3/4	3/4	13-16	=9 7-16
Rabbeth.....	4	3/4	1 11-16	1 1/2	2 1/2	1 3-16	15-16	1 3-16	1 1/2	5/8	=12 5-16
Brown.....	1 3-16	1/2	7/8	2	2 5-16	1/2	3/4	2 11-16	2 1/2	3/4	=13 5-16
Lowe.....	7/8	3/4	2 13-16	1 1/2	2 13-16	3/8	3/4	9/8	1 1/2	1 1-16	=13 11-16
Cox.....	2 1/2	2 1/2	1 1/2	1 7-16	2 5-16	1 1-16	1	3/8	3/8	11-16	=14 1/2
Brockway.....	3 1/2	1 15-16	1 1/2	1 13-16	1 3-16	11-16	3-16	1/2	1 1/2	2 1/2	=15 3-16
Hinman.....	2 1/2	2 5-16	1 13-16	2 1/2	4 1/2	2 1/2	2 1/2	1 1/2	1 5-16	4 1/2	=24 9-16
Park.....	2 15-16	1 15-16	1 15-16	1 7-16	1 7-16	1 5-16	3-16	1 1-16	1 1-16	3 1/2	=17 1-16
Farrow.....	2 1/2	2 1/2	2 1/2	3 11-16	1 1/2	2 11-16	3 3-16	2 1-16	2 1/2	1 9-16	=25 1-16
Ellsworth.....	2 1/2	3 1/2	1 1/2	2 1/2	5 3-16	1 1/2	3 7-16	4 1/2	3 1/2	4	=23
Stephenson.....	6	4 1/2	3 1/2	1	1	1 1/2	2 13-16	1 1/2	2 1/2	3	=25 3-16

SECOND STRING.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
Human.....	2	3/4	2 9-16	1 5-16	1 9-16	3/4	1 1/2	3	1 7-16	1 13-16	=10 3/4
Rabbeth.....	9-16	13-16	2 9-16	1 3-16	2 3-16	1 1/2	9-16	3 1-16	1 1/2	3 11-16	=17 1/2
Park.....	3 7-16	7/8	15-16	9-16	3/8	1 1/2	2 1/2	11-16	11-16	15-16	=13 3/4
Brown.....	15-16	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	3/8	3/4	1 13-16	1 1/2	=12 1/2
Smith.....	1 1/2	2 1-16	15-16	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 13-16	2 1/2	1 11-16	3/4	1 1/2	=10 1/2
Fletcher.....	3/4	9-16	2 1/2	11-16	3	1 13-16	2 1/2	1 1-16	1 1/2	2 7-16	=16 11-16
Brockway.....	1 9-16	5-16	2 7-16	4	15-16	5-16	1 11-16	1 1/2	1 13-16	3 1/2	=17 7-16
Frye.....	2 1/2	3 1/2	1 3-16	2 1/2	1 1/2	2	2 1/2	3 1/2	4 1/2	3 1/2	=26 11-16
Stephenson.....	5 11-16	3 1/2	2 1/2	2	1 1/2	3/8	15-16	13-16	1	2 1/2	=19 13-16
Ellsworth.....	3	1 1/2	1 1/2	3 7-16	2 1-16	2 1/2	3 1/2	4 15-16	4 1/2	3 1-16	=30 1/2
Lowe.....	1 1/2	2 1/2	4 9-16	3 5-16	2 1-16	3/8	15-16	1 1/2	3	3 1/2	=23 1/2
Cox.....	4 3-16	4 1/2	4 5-16	3 1/2	4 1/2	2	3 1/2	1 9-16	7-16	1 1/2	=28 3/4

THIRD STRING.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
Brown.....	2	1 9-16	1 1-16	3/8	3/8	11-16	11-16	1 9-16	3/4	3/4	=9 13-16
Fletcher.....	2 1/2	1 1/2	9-16	15-16	1	1 5-16	1 1/2	7-16	2 3-16	2 1/2	=14 1-16
Lowe.....	1 1-16	1 1/2	3/4	13-16	3/8	3/4	2 15-16	3 1/2	1 1/2	1 5-16	=14 1/2
Frye.....	2 15-16	2 1-16	3 1/2	2 11-16	2 1/2	3-16	1 11-16	1 7-16	1 3-16	4 1/2	=22 5-16
Brockway.....	2	1 1/2	1 15-16	1 13-16	2 1/2	7/8	3/4	2 1/2	3/8	2 1/2	=10 1/2
Rabbeth.....	3 1/2	1 1/2	3 1-16	4 1-16	2 1/2	7/8	1 15-16	2 1/2	2 1/2	2	=24 1/2
Park.....	2 1/2	1 1/2	3 1/2	5/8	3/4	2 1-16	1 7-16	7-16	1 1-16	2 9-16	=16 11-16
Hinman.....	3 1/2	3 5-16	1 1/2	2 1/2	1 7-16	2 1/2	1 13-16	2 1/2	2	3 1/2	=24 5-16
Cressy.....	1 13-16	2 1/2	2 3-16	1 13-16	7-16	2 1/2	1 1/2	2 1/2	1 1/2	2 1-16	=18 3-16
Ellsworth.....	1 3-16	1	2	1 1/2	4 5-16	5 9-16	2 1/2	1 5-16	4 3-16	1 1/2	=26 3-16
Smith.....	1 11-16	5 1/2	2 1/2	1 1/2	1	1 1/2	2 1/2	2 1-16	1 1/2	3 1/2	=21 1/2
Stephenson.....	7/8	1 1/2	1 9-16	4 11-16	7-16	3	2 1/2	9/8	7/8	6	=21 13-16
Farrow.....	2 1-16	3/4	5 1/2	3 15-16	1 1/2	6 1/2	9-16	1 13-16	4 1/2	2	=28 3/4
Cox.....	3 1/2	3 11-16	3 3-16	2	2 1/2	4 1-16	1 1/2	1 1/2	2 1/2	1 11-16	=20 1/2

fits over the bullet point, and with several sharp blows from the lump of leather-bound lead at hand, the bullet, patched with exactitude, is pushed down out of sight. Then the rod comes in again, and down the bullet is propelled, now very easily, until it rests with a fixed pressure upon the top of the powder. The capping is another operation, the old cap picked off with point of pen-knife, and when a new primer has been inserted and the nipple rescrewed, the piece is ready for the timer's call for the second shot.

Meantime a lad has patched each bullet-hole with a narrow strip of paper, a second shot comes, it may cut the patch, if so there is no dispute as might very readily arise when such close shooting is done. So on through the series of the shots consuming an hour and a half perhaps, for each man, when time is called, looks and waits for the wind to suit him, and the loading is a matter not to be slurred over by any means.

The question of a proper allowance to be made the smaller rifles was the first one considered after the Bostonians had unlimbered and prepared for work. "Make your own proposition and we will agree to it," was the generous proffer of the home guard of muzzle shooters. So the visitors thought that ten per cent. for telescopic sights should be allowed, then an additional ten per cent. for the fixed rest, and finally three inches off the string for the difference in the weight of weapons. Under these conditions of difference the men shot, and the complete scores of the several strings will show how the handicap worked.

The first string was shot on the afternoon of the 26th. The weather was chilly, far past the point of comfort, while a wind flickering and shifting in fish-tail fashion from about the 12 o'clock point, made the shooting very "unsartin." Indeed, the breech man soon found out where the advantage of the rest system was, for where they with where the eye down to peep sight were unable to catch any fluctuation of the wind, and often pulled trigger just as the gust followed the lull, the muzzle shooters sat with eyes wide open watching the streamer, and when the right second came a slight pressure of the finger on the hair trigger and off the piece of ordnance went. It will be seen that the light guns held their own, and Rabbeth, quick to catch the condition of the difficult new range, had won a place among the three prize winners at the head of the column. Fletcher made a very creditable target indeed, especially under the conditions. The shooting over, there was a general pilgrimage to the targets, and as Secretary Brockway drew the tickets the probabilities of place were canvassed. On the back of each bit of pasteboard the shooter's name was written, so that when the scorer having thrust a pin into the exact center and having attached the measuring rod, did not know the marksman as he read off the shots in inches, eights and sixteenths.

An evening spent in rifle chat, in talk of trajectories and deflection, of initial velocity and windage and all the other topics of interest to marksmen, and all hands retired to an early couch to sleep sound till early morn, then up for a double string. The wind had moderated in a great measure, and again the marksmen were at it bright and early to get windage before the time was called on the first string. The breechmen had caught the bearing of things in better shape, worked together with more harmony, and the counting up found two of them leading the score. This was somewhat of a surprise to the host club men, but they were satisfied that the score bud had been made in direct rivalry, and were more than pleased with the fact that the breechloaders could do so well. The target of honor in this match belongs to Mr. Hinman. It is unfortunate that the antiquated style of marking does not admit of numbering the shots, but such as the target is we present it, in full size, and remembering that it was shot at 220 yards, it is good work even from the sort of rest provided for the day.

With a sky threatening rain, there was no recess between the second and third strings of the meeting. The wind had died down some, and the strange rifle range sight was presented of men waiting for a bit more breeze to come up to wait them on the target. This was the position of those men who had sighted during the morning when the wind was fresher and could not afford to do any trial shooting in the midst of their string. There were at the finish of this string

fewer men who carried off their targets rather than have their scores go upon the record. None of the breech men appear in the place of the winners, though Mr. Frye just falls within it. Mr. Farrow, who was not in good luck. He was busy at his perpetual experimenting, and was not in the best of form. The big Warner gun of Mr. Brown came to the front in good style, and a string of less than 10 inches was deserving of special credit when the rather tricky wind is considered. In addition to the 50, 30 and 20 per cent. division to first, second and third in each string there was a silver medal presented by Mr. L. C. Smith for the best aggregate string of the meeting. This went to Mr. Brown on a total of 35 1/2 inches for the 30 shots. Very close, even with the arm used.

SUMMARY.

	1st String.	2d String.	3d String.	Total.
Brown.....	13 1/2	12 1/2	9 1/2	35 1/2
Fletcher.....	9 7/8	16 1/8	14 1/8	40 1/8
Rabbeth.....	12 1/2	11 1/2	10 1/2	40 1/2
Hinman.....	16 1/2	10 1/2	16 1/2	43 1/2
Park.....	17 1/2	12 1/2	16 1/2	46 1/2
Brockway.....	15 1/2	17 1/2	16 1/2	49 1/2
Lowe.....	13 1/2	23 1/2	14 1/2	51 1/2
Ellsworth.....	22 1/2	21 1/2	15 1/2	59 1/2
Stephenson.....	25 1/2	19 1/2	21 1/2	66 1/2
Cox.....	14 1/2	28 1/2	26 1/2	69 1/2
Frye.....	18 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	39 1/2
Smith.....	16 1/2	21 1/2	21 1/2	39 1/2
Farrow.....	19 1/2	22 1/2	22 1/2	44 1/2
Cressy.....	18 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2	55 1/2
Fenn.....	19 1/2	19 1/2	19 1/2	58 1/2

The meeting, on the whole, had been a capital success; so thought the old National Rifle Club. For though it is old in years it is full of the true youthful sportsman's feeling; so thought the visitors, for they had been most kindly treated and carried away with them only the most pleasant recollections of the quiet little Vermont village just over the Massachusetts line. To our readers we present the whole story, with figures and picture. The targets are taken from the original cards. The scores are from the official record, while the weight of powder and lead where given are from the samples taken by your correspondent [and weighed by an expert in the Fairbanks Scale Co. on a Fairbanks scale.—Ed. F. AND S.]. There were regrets for absent ones; for Gardner of Scranton, Romer of Peekskill, Warner of Syracuse, Tyler and Col. Rice of Vermont, Wm. Wetmore of New Hampshire, D. C. Pearl of Meriden, Conn., and W. B. Farrington of Boston, while the standard conundrum was where Phillips, the gunmaker, had hidden himself in the Far West. The adieu were given, with an accompanying hope that the next meeting of the club would see a

large delegation of the modern school of marksmen, those who think with your correspondent that accuracy of the very highest degree may be secured without the accompanying discomfits of the heavy ordnance style of weapon.

Following are records of winners at former meetings of the National Rifle Club, furnished by Secretary N. D. Brockway. Strings of 10 shots at 40 rods, given in inches and fractions:

No. 1 String.	No. 2 String.	No. 3 String.
L. Spencer.....17 5-16	H W Smith.....15 15-16	L. Spencer.....16 1/2
W Farrington.....13	W Farrington.....16 1/2	G Lenuard.....19 15-16
W G Langdon.....20 1/2	L. Spencer.....19 1/2
D J Spence.....11 3-16	N Lewis.....10 1/2	G H Ferriss.....15 9-16
W Farrington.....10 1/2	W Farrington.....10 1/2	W Fand Watts.....16 3-16
A Haven.....12 13-16	D J Spence.....13 7-16	W Y Flaisted.....10 1/2
W Farrington.....10 7-16	A Haven.....13 13-16	A Haven.....15 11-16
H W Smith.....13 1-16	W G Langdon.....1-16	W Farrington.....16 11-16
A Haven.....15 3-16	H W Smith.....20 13-16	G G Williams.....1 1/2
A Marrill.....11 15-16	W Wetmore.....10 15-16	G G Williams.....11 5-16
J H Lord.....12	J F Brown.....11 15-16	J H Lord.....1 1/2
N Johnson.....13 11-16	T Williamson.....13 3-16	T Williamson.....12 13-16
H W Smith.....12 1/2	J Williamson.....12 1/2	D A Brown.....11 3-16
A Paul.....13 1/2	A Paul.....14 1/2	J J Eastman.....12 3-16
J J Eastman.....17 1-16	J J Eastman.....16 11-16	A S Fowle.....14
N Hatch.....10	W W Wetmore.....10 1/2	H W Smith.....13 1/2
E Phillips.....12 1-16	A Haven.....12 3-16	C Bradley.....13 9-16
D C Pease.....13 7-16	H W Smith.....13 9-16	W W Wetmore.....14 5-16
J Williamson.....10 5-16	J Williamson.....13 1/2	W W Wetmore.....10 11-16
N S Brockway.....11 5-16	W D Craft.....14 1-16	J Williamson.....11 7-16
N Hatch.....13 1/2	E Phillips.....14 1/2	W D Craft.....12 1/2
J Williamson.....13 13-16	J Nichols.....12 15-16	H W Smith.....12 1/2
N S Brockway.....14 1-16	N S Brockway.....14 1-16	J Williamson.....13 15-16
J Williamson.....15 11-16	J Williamson.....15 11-16	D A Brown.....16 1-16
N S Brockway.....9 1/2	D A Brown.....13 5-16	G Day.....8 1/2
D A Brown.....14 1/2	N S Brockway.....14 1/2	H F Fletcher.....11 1-16
L Amador.....14 7-16	N Hatch.....16 1/2	E Phillips.....15 1/2
J Williamson.....10 7-16	N S Brockway.....9 1/2	H W Martin.....9 9-16
D S Priest.....12 1/2	H W Martin.....10 7-16	N Hatch.....11 11-16
D A Brown.....13 1/2	J Williamson.....1 1/2	N S Brockway.....12 1/2
P A Reinhard.....10 5-16	H W Smith.....11 12-16	H W Martin.....11 1-16
D S Priest.....10 11-16	D A Brown.....12 3-16	A Brown.....12 9-16
H J Hutton.....11 1/2	N S Brockway.....12 7-16	H J Hutton.....13 1/2
D H Brown.....10 15-16	D A Brown.....10	C F Fletcher.....12 7-16
J Williamson.....14	J Williamson.....10 1/2	D A Brown.....12 9-16
H J Hutton.....15 1/2	W D Craft.....11 11-16	J N Madden.....14 1/2
J N Gardner.....7 13-16	N B Tyler.....9 13-16	J N Gardner.....11 3-16
N B Tyler.....10 1/2	D A Brown.....11 1/2	N B Tyler.....12 13-16
J Williamson.....11 1/2	L Park.....12 13-16	E Phillips.....12 1/2
H Warner.....5 1/2	N S Brockway.....11	C F Fletcher.....9 1/2
C F Fletcher.....9 11-16	J Williamson.....13 1/2	H Warner.....9 1/2
R C Cressy.....10 1-16	H J Hutton.....13 1/2	N B Tyler.....10 1/2
D A Brown.....11 1/2	N S Brockway.....11 13-16	H J Hutton.....9
N S Brockway.....12 1/2	H Warner.....13 1-16	N S Brockway.....9 11-16
H Warner.....13 1/2	D A Brown.....14 1/2	H Warner.....10 9-16
C F Fletcher.....9 1/2	N S Brockway.....16 1/2	C F Fletcher.....10 1/2
L Park.....12 1/2	C F Fletcher.....11 3-16	H J Hutton.....12 1/2
N S Brockway.....12 13-16	L Park.....12 13-16	L Park.....12 11-16
C F Fletcher.....6 1/2	F Fenn.....13 11-16	N S Brockway.....11 15-16
F Fenn.....10 1/2	C F Fletcher.....13 13-16	D A Brown.....16 1/2
R C Cressy.....12 3-16	E Stephenson.....14 1/2	C F Fletcher.....16 1/2

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Mass., May 22.—A match was shot between teams from the Arlington Heights Rifle Club and the Hillsdale Rifle Club, of Waltham. The score:

Arlington Heights Rifle Club.	Hillsdale Rifle Club.
G G Franklin.....7 4 7 6 8 8 9 10 9 8 7-6	G G Franklin.....7 4 7 6 8 8 9 10 9 8 7-6
A F Davis.....7 10 3 6 7 7 9 7 7 8-75	A F Davis.....7 10 3 6 7 7 9 7 7 8-75
A Lloyd.....6 6 6 7 8 10 6 9 9 7-73	A Lloyd.....6 6 6 7 8 10 6 9 9 7-73
J C Holmes.....5 9 7 6 8 10 7 6 9-73	J C Holmes.....5 9 7 6 8 10 7 6 9-73
C T Parsons.....4 6 8 4 9 8 5 8 7 5-64	C T Parsons.....4 6 8 4 9 8 5 8 7 5-64
G W Pierce.....5 7 5 3 6 4 8 10 6-63	G W Pierce.....5 7 5 3 6 4 8 10 6-63
D Smith.....4 8 2 5 4 4 3 2 8 4-44	D Smith.....4 8 2 5 4 4 3 2 8 4-44
P Jones.....4 4 3 3 0 3 3 6 6 6-38-506	P Jones.....4 4 3 3 0 3 3 6 6 6-38-506
J R Mouroe.....10 9 6 5 8 7 5 8 6 6-70	J R Mouroe.....10 9 6 5 8 7 5 8 6 6-70
W H Stone.....6 8 7 9 0 6 6 7 7 7-69	W H Stone.....6 8 7 9 0 6 6 7 7 7-69
L D Denison.....4 9 6 7 8 7 7 7 7 7-67	L D Denison.....4 9 6 7 8 7 7 7 7 7-67
E A Emerson.....4 8 4 5 7 8 6 6 7 9-64	E A Emerson.....4 8 4 5 7 8 6 6 7 9-64
W L Clarke.....6 5 6 4 4 6 5 8 6 8-68	W L Clarke.....6 5 6 4 4 6 5 8 6 8-68
R B Edes (mil.).....3 5 5 4 6 7 5 4 4-55	R B Edes (mil.).....3 5 5 4 6 7 5 4 4-55
M Nethercote.....6 5 5 4 4 6 5 5 3 4-48-409	M Nethercote.....6 5 5 4 4 6 5 5 3 4-48-409

BOSTON, May 27.—The attendance to day at the range at Walnut Hill was fair. A strong 6 to 9 o'clock wind prevailed. During the day a team match was shot. Scores:

Decimal Off-Hand Match.—200yds.											
C E Berry, D.....	9	10	10	9	7	10	8	7	10	10-90	
A L Brackett, C.....	10	6	8	9	8	9	9	7	7	4-77	
N F Tufts, A.....	9	9	9	4	6	9	10	6	7	7-75	
E B Souther, D.....	7	6	7	6	8	9	8	7	7	7-75	
J R Mills, D.....	7	7	10	9	6	7	9	7	7	7-75	
W H Oler, D.....	9	9	7	6	4	8	10	10	6	3-72	
D P Jaw, C.....	8	6	8	4	5	9	10	6	10	7-72	
T Stewart, A.....	8	10	5	8	8	6	2	3	6	7-68	
State Militia Match—Off hand.											
W T Goodwin.....							18	18	19	20	
R B Edes.....							19	19	21	21	
Team Match at 200yds.—First Team.											
N F Tufts.....	9	5	5	7	5	8	7	8	7	-70	
R B Edes (mil.).....	6	4	6	9	5	7	4	5	5-56	+7-63	
A L Brackett.....	5	7	7	7	7	3	6	6	6	-80	
W T Goodwin (mil.).....	4	2	9	7	3	3	9	2	6-45	+7-52-245	
Second Team.											
C E Berry.....	10	6	7	7	9	6	6	7	5	4	-69
E B Souther.....	10	4	5	5	5	4	6	8	5	7	-59
H Dennis (mil.).....	6	4	6	4	8	3	5	4	3	4-7	+5-52
T Stumckley.....	4	1	7	3	9	9	6	4	4	1	-45-225

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., May 30.—Last Friday in a telegraphic rifle match with Waltham, Mass., our club made the following score, 200yds., off-hand, Himmán target center, light very bright, wind one point from 11 o'clock:

Hazeltine.....	8	8	5	9	7	9	7	10	7	—79
Burns.....	6	7	8	6	8	7	7	8	5	—68
Penner.....	8	4	0	5	8	7	9	10	7	—67
Currier.....	8	4	0	5	7	7	5	4	7	—54
Ward.....	6	5	5	0	5	4	4	—39		
Watson.....	0	10	0	4	0	5	0	10	—39	
Waltham.....										—44

NEWARK, May 26.—On Monday last Mr. Godfrey Snellen, of the Essex A. R. C. shot a match for \$50 with Mr. Lever of Elizabeth, at the Essex range. The match was shot under rules of the N. R. A. at Zettler ring target. Mr. Snellen won the match with the score of 1,141 points, to Mr. Lever's 1,100 points, out of a possible 1,200. Another match was arranged between the same parties, for the same amount, for an early date at Elizabeth, Mr. Snellen to give Mr. Lever 30 points.

IOWA STATE SHOOT.—The ninth annual convention and tournament of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Game and Fish will be held at Burlington, Iowa, June 15 to 18, inclusive. The association has made every effort to make this the most successful meeting ever held in the State, and judging from the numerous assurances received, the managers believe the attendance will be double that of previous years. The grounds selected are very fine, buildings commodious, and the comfort of visitors has been carefully looked after. The committee promise lots of live birds, and almost every variety of inanimate targets; and four shoots will be carried on at the same time, enabling shooters to enter different matches and avoid those long waits between shoots. There is a large number of extra prizes, some of them very valuable, and a large citizens' purse, also a novelty shoot, which will be very interesting.

WORCESTER, Mass., May 27.—Battery B. of the State Militia, is located here. It is the only organization of this kind in the State, and has two objects in view, practice and to meet the joint standing committee on military affairs of the Legislature. The result was a surprise, to all, it being the first time the men had used the guns with ammunition. The distance was 200yds. The target was four by six feet with an eight inch bullseye. Out of the possible 25 the work of each man was as follows:

Capt F W Wellington.....	5453—21	Corp Dunkertou.....	4323—14
Lieut J E Merrill.....	4132—10	Priv Doherty.....	3232—11
Surg F H Gifford.....	0534—15	Priv Stickler.....	4323—11
Lieut C F Bigelow.....	5432—14	Priv Corcoran.....	5432—16
Lieut E E Frost.....	2332—13	Priv Watson.....	4423—15
Hosp Stwd J H C Radley.....	2331—14	Priv Sweet.....	5432—17
Serg Joseph Bruno.....	4533—17	Priv Hunt.....	3230—7
Corp Weeks.....	5430—15	Priv G Searles.....	5432—18

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

RIVERSIDE CLUB.—Topsham, Me., May 20.—Match for club badges, 25 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise:

York.....	11101100010101001010w.		
Hall, A. E.....	1011100010100011110101—13		
Goud.....	0100101001010101010100—14		
Alexander.....	01101101010101111111—19		
Hall, M. C.....	01010001110111010000—13		
Simpson.....	01011000011010000001w.		

Ties on 13: A. E. Hall 001; M. C. Hall 111.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., May 20.—In the State sportsmen's shoot today, at seventy live birds, there were fifty-six entries. Middlebrook won first money; Wheeler, Dollarhide, Micklejohn, Kelly, and Downie Durdege second; and third money was divided between Asafarther, Warren Merz and Erichson. Shoot No. 6 was a surprise shoot at six blackbirds. There were fifty-four entries. Peterson, Yocum, Lueck and Holt tied on a clean score, and in the shoot off Yocum won a basket of chickens. Erichson, N. H., Alder, Lawson and Allen, of Dollarhide third, and Middlebrook fourth.

LOWELL, Mass., May 26.—The Lowell Rod and Gun Club began a short shooting tournament on its new grounds in Tewksbury to-day. There was a very large attendance including many well-known marksmen from various parts of New England. There were 20 events. The special prize of \$100 for each day, offered by the United States Cartridge Company, divided in four parts, was won as follows: Davis and Beaudray, of Worcester, divided first, \$40; Faulkner, of Lowell, \$30; Adams, of Lowell, \$20; and George, of Boston, second, \$30. Perham, of Truro, Cooper, of Exeter, N. H., Alder, Lawson and Allen, of Boston, third, \$30. Bager, of Marlboro, and Frost, of Lowell, fourth, \$10.

NEWARK VS. ELIZABETH.—The Southside Gun Club, of Newark, sustained its first defeat on Thursday, May 20 at the hands of the Elizabeth Gun Club. Teams of 9 men shot at Lockport "bats," a new form of "crockery birds." Each man shot at 21 in the match and the clubs tied on 113 broken. The tie was shot off at 3 birds each and Elizabeth men broke 21 out of 27, while the Newarkers only smashed 18, making the total 139 to 130.

OTAWA, May 25.—The Liguwsky champion pigeon shooting contest took place in Ottawa on Saturday last. Tarpo took the cup for Cameron, of the former owner, by two points. The following was the score: Throp 19, Cameron 17, DeLaurier 15, Smythe 5, Cameron, however, made a good show in the closing sweepstake, securing seven straight and winning first money.

DES MOINES, May 20.—A contest for the championship of the U. S. in wing shooting live birds was held here to-day between J. Stice, of Jacksonville, Ill., and C. W. Budd, of this city. The trial was with fifty birds, and was won by Budd, with a score of 47, to 41 by Stice. Budd missed the three first, but shot the last 47 birds straight without a miss. One month ago Budd won the champion medal from Stice at Jacksonville, and now holds it subject to challenge once in thirty days for a year.

NEW DORP, S. I., May 27.—Emerald Gun Club of New York City. Men at live pigeons, ground traps, 21, 25 and 30yds. rise, 80yds. bound, shot under club rules. Prizes:

R Reagan, 21.....	0001000111—4	N Measel, 30.....	101010111—7
L Schermernhorn, 30.....	010111110—7	F Schrader, 21.....	010111111—8
T Codey, 25.....	010110111—7	Wm Glassum, 30.....	101000101—5
J Measel, 25.....	110101010—7	J W Godfrey, 25.....	101010101—7
P Butz, 25.....	101010100—6	L Gehering, 21.....	101010011—7
J J Keenan, 21.....	111010100—6	M McMunn, 21.....	001111111—8
H DeLaurier, 21.....	101010100—6	G Remsen, 25.....	010101111—7
J Sidney, 25.....	101010000—4	A McHale, 21.....	010001001—3
J Howard, 21.....	010001011—5		

Ties for first, 25 yds.: Schrader 1110—3, McMunn 1111—4. Ties for second, 30yds.: L. Schermernhorn 10, T. Codey 0, J. Measel 111111—8, N. Measel 11, L. Gehering (25yds.), O. G. Remsen 11111111—9. Ties at 25yds.: P. Butz 11111—5, P. J. Keenan 1111—4. President Howard again wins fourth, a handsome gold medal.—Times, Conn., Recording Secretary.

WORCESTER, Mass., May 26.—The arrangements for a tournament under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club are complete. It will be at Coal Mine, Brook Range.

WINCHESTON, Mass., May 26.—At the regular meet to-day of the Wincheston Gun Club, the men tried their hand at breaking clay pigeons. The four men out of a possible ten made the following totals: J. Sutherland, Jr., 10; F. F. Hopgood, 8; A. H. Felsb, 3; P. S. Doris, 2.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

ALLEN'S bow-facing oars, \$8 per pair. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Advt.

ONE IN SIX of those insured under the accident policies of the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn., in 1884, was killed or injured by accident, and received cash benefits.—Advt.

AMONG THE NORTHERN LAKES of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa, are hundreds of delightful places where one can pass the summer months in quiet rest and enjoyment, and return home at the end of the heated term completely rejuvenated. Each recurring season brings to Oconomowoc, Wausau, Beaver Dam, Frontenac, Okoboji, Minnetonka, White Bear, and innumerable other charming localities, with romantic names, thousands of our best people whose winter homes are on either side of Mason and Dixon's line. Elegance and comfort at a moderate cost can be readily obtained. A list of summer homes with all necessary information pertaining thereto is being distributed by the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY, and will be sent free upon application by letter to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.—Advt.

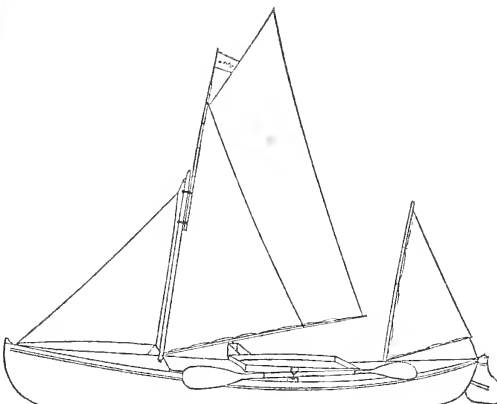
Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, raps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

Mohican Races every Thursday through the season.

June 12—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.	
June 13—N. Y. C. C. Spring Regatta, 1st Race Com. Trophy.	
June 20—N. Y. C. C. 2d Race Commodore's Trophy.	
July 3—N. Y. C. C. Trials International Races.	
July 8—W. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Erie.	
July 10—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.	
July 10—N. Y. C. C. 3d Race Commodore's Trophy.	
July 24—N. Y. C. C. 4th Race Commodore's Trophy.	
Aug. 7—N. Y. C. C. 5th Race Commodore's Trophy.	
Aug. 7—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.	
Aug. 13—W. A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.	
Sept. 4—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.	
Sept. 4—N. Y. C. C. International Cup Races.	
Sept. 11—N. Y. C. C. 6th Race Commodore's Trophy.	
Sept. 18—Brooklyn C. C. Sailing Races.	
Sept. 25—Brooklyn C. C. Challenge Cup.	
Sept. 25—N. Y. C. C. 7th Race Commodore's Trophy.	
Oct. 2—N. Y. C. C. Fall Regatta.	



PITTSBURGH C. C. OPENING.

THE Pittsburgh C. C. opened the season May 27, in their usual fashion, which is more of a social gathering than a regatta. An excursion steamer was chartered for the day, and with the canoes, their skippers and invited guests—ladies and gentlemen—ran up the Monongahela far enough to escape the smoke of the city, and then tied up to the bank for the day. Owing to delay in starting and time required to make the run up, the first race was not called until after lunch. The intention had been to have three sailing races, class A, B, and a free for all; but as class A would be simply a gift for Nirvana, that race was dropped, and the free-for-all called first—about 3 P. M.

The entries were Lorna, J. K. Bakewell, just come home from Washington; Marguerite, G. H. Singer; Delight, R. W. Bailey; Amariyllis, C. F. Holdship, and Katrina, W. E. Woodwell; all class B, and Nirvana, A. K. Nimick, of class A. Holdship and Woodwell, whose own canoes are still in their winter quarters at Coumough Lake, were both in strange boats which they had never sailed before. The left seat, Marguerite, was returning when second shot was fired. The six canoes were strung all across the river, Lorna on the extreme right, then Katrina, Nirvana, Amariyllis, Delight and Marguerite. The wind seemed to come in narrow streaks, and Katrina was the first to catch it, running 100 feet ahead of the line. As there seemed to be a little more wind on the right, Delight edged over across Nirvana's stern, but had hardly done so when a puff on craft then another being becalmed, by the time the line was tolerably equal, for after running two-thirds of the way to turn, the whole six were lapped. Under the bridge the wind was very bad. Delight was first around, with Amariyllis close behind, and Nirvana next, while the others lost all steerage way and drifted about, head down stream, for a time, thus losing all chance for the race.

On the first leg to windward Nirvana was much the best handled and promptly took the lead. After one or two tacks, however, the wind headed her off just as she crossed Delight's bow, and she bad to tack and follow in second place. The wind now increased to a good whole sail breeze, but it was puffy and uncertain in direction, and before long Nirvana got a slant which enabled her to stand directly down the river for a little while. Delight, on opposite tack, being compelled to run square across. This, of course, gave the Class A boat a good lead, and for some time it looked as if she had the race safe, but when almost to the lower buoy the wind failed her, and the larger canoe closed up as to follow Nirvana's stern close around the flag, and they settled for final run on nearly even terms. Meanwhile the rear boats had finally rounded the pier, and Katrina, on her best sailing point, started in for third place. Amariyllis had such a long lead that it took almost all the windward work to get past her, and when the buoy was turned the leaders were almost up to the finish line, so the old Lansingburgh had to be content with third, the first club race the ever failed to win.

The two canoes in the slow race of it before the light breeze, and the larger canoe finally scraped ahead, and on her maiden race by only 9 seconds. Delight is a new, double board canoe, built by Capt. Ruggles, of Charlotte, N. Y., is 15ft. long, 30in. beam, and carried 80ft. of sail in this race. Nirvana is only 14 by 27in., and carried 67ft. She was built by Stephens in the spring of 1884, and needs no introduction to any A. C. man who was at Grindstone last year.

CANOEES AND SAILING BOATS.

AMERICAN canoeists have always taken a great interest in the Nautlius canoes as the pattern after which the majority of American canoes were modelled for many years. The one shown above is the fourth of this water, and has a special interest from the fact that she was the subject of a lengthy controversy as to her ownership between "Deja" and our canoeists last season, the result being two races, both won by the canoe. The larger boat in this case, the Wideawake, was 16ft. long, 3ft. 6in. beam, decked like a canoe, with a centerboard of 130 pounds. She was schooner-rigged, fitted with oars, and had a belt of cork 3in. in diameter around each gunwale to increase her buoyancy. The Nautlius was 14x28, rigged as shown, a very inferior boat as respects to those of to-day. The question of superiority was easily settled by two races, one on Sept. 9, 1874, and one on Oct. 3, on the Solent, the first in a light to moderate breeze, and the second in a fresh breeze and rough water. The two are described as follows in the Field of September and October:

[From London Field, Sept. 9, 1871.]

"The course selected for this miniature yacht race was from Southsea Pier to the Gillicker Buoy and back, a distance of five miles. The wind at starting was a nice S.E. breeze, with the sea in a lumpy condition, which, however, smoothed down when the wind got lighter. At 2:30 stations were taken up, with all sail set—Nautlius under large Chinese mainsail and a mizzen; Wideawake (a schooner) under gaff main and foresails and fore staysails.

"At 3:07 she was hailed aft, and the vessels came off on their course. All doubt as to the probable result of the race was once dispelled by the little Nautlius walking right away from her large opponent. The tide race, with its accompanying breakers, was steadily sailed through; the Nautlius increasing her lead and stand-

lug well up to windward, weathered and 'wore' round the mark buoy, the Wideawake being a little short of a mile before the time. The Wideawake, however, stuck pluckily to it, but with little hope of regaining the lost ground, as the wind was falling light. During the whole time the wherries accompanying the race had to use oars as well as sails in keeping up with the leading canoe. Messenger, the ex-champion sculler and builder of the boats, who had come down from London on purpose, accompanied the race in one of these sailing wherries. When the Wideawake rounded the buoy the Nautlius had run a mile and three-quarters on her homeward passage of two miles and a half, and arrived at Southsea Pier this winner by nearly two miles. The wind now died away altogether, and a calm came over the face of the deep." Wideawake was to be back to Southsea.

"The chief interest in this match, from a boating point of view, was occasioned by the great difference in the design, size and rig of the competing vessels; the Nautlius, by Mr. Baden-Powell, a bona fide traveling canoe, a well-known flyer, having taken the two first sailing prizes of the Canoe Club—beam 2ft. 4in. and woe len keel 14in. deep—against the Wideawake, nearly twice her size, and having an iron drop keel, 130 pounds."

[From London Field, Oct. 7, 1871.]

The second race or return match between the Nautlius canoe and Wideawake was sailed on Tuesday last, and created some excitement at Southsea, where several members of the canoe club had gathered to witness the event. It will be remembered that the first match between these vessels ended in a victory for the Nautlius, and that the owner of the Wideawake was dissatisfied with the result, which he attributed to lack of wind. A lively correspondence ensued in our columns, culminating in an agreement to sail a second match, the owner of the Nautlius (the smaller vessel) considerably allowing to his opponent the choice of course.

At noon on Tuesday the Wideawake arrived on Southsea Pier, and was carried thence to a point some distance to the eastward by five men, a sixth bringing up the rear with a heavy box of ballast upon his shoulder. Both the vessels have been so thoroughly described in these columns, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon their peculiarities. We may, however, mention the fact that the Wideawake is no longer schooner-rigged, her owner having made something like a yawl of her. The Nautlius used the sliding spret rig with which she won the canoe club sailing races.

As the time fixed for the start approached, a steamer, which had been chartered for the occasion by Mr. George Bishop, left his yacht Pandora at Gosport and proceeded to Southsea, having the Nautlius in tow. On board were a party of ladies and gentlemen, including "Nautlius," "Ringleader," "Octoborn" and other members of the canoe club. By the time that such preliminary arrangements as taking ballast on board and adjusting life belts were completed, half an hour had passed, but both vessels were ready to commence the race at a quarter to three. "Wideawake" had previously proposed, and "Nautlius" had agreed, to sail from Southsea Pier round the Spit Fork to the Gillicker Buoy, and thence to Southsea Pier, so that when they met aloft with sails up, a flying start became almost a matter of course. At 2h. 50m., with a nice breeze blowing from the westward, the two vessels started away very evenly. Almost as soon as they were under way the Nautlius commenced leading, and, although much the smaller vessel, was so well handled that before the Spit Fort was reached she led the Wideawake by more than a hundred yards. Mr. Powell went well to leeward of the fortification, but his opponent kept close to the stonework. Directly the Wideawake got under the lee of the fort, she became to a certain extent at the mercy of the westward going tide, which carried her dangerously near the wooden piles. Fortunately, no accident occurred, and as each vessel in turn escaped from the butt of the masonry, sheets were hauled in and the Wideawake bowled along over the scatestest sea, the back of her fleet little leader. As the wind met the tide, quite a lively sea was knocked up, and white horses were plentiful; still the little vessels behaved remarkably well, and considerable admiration was expressed by the spectators at the manner in which they flew along. This was decidedly the most exciting part of the interesting match, as, although the Nautlius had a long lead, the Wideawake at last appeared to be holding her own. For to some minutes the leader was bothered by a cutter, which persistently heaved to, and, however, the yacht had sailed away under the influence of a freshening breeze, the Nautlius was put at the seas very prettily, and the Wideawake, which had gained a good deal, tore through the seas, wetting her occupant considerably and appearing to ship water freely. It was just the weather for which her owner had expressed a desire, and it was, moreover, precisely the weather in which she appeared to the greatest advantage. As the two craft went dashing along it was felt that the time had come when the question of superiority was to be decided. Even the ladies on board the accompanying steamer appeared to be greatly interested in the match, and scarcely turned to look at the ironclad Sultan as they passed her. As the competing boats stood on in the direction of Ryde Pier through some very lively water, Mr. Powell eased his vessel admirably over the bigger waves when, after having sailed perhaps a mile and a half, he reached the Spit Fort, he let her go for a few yards, lifted suddenly, held his mainsail aweather, and notwithstanding the lumpy water, accomplished the feat of staying—slowly, but thoroughly—by the aid of sails and rudder alone. During the performance of this well-executed maneuver, the Wideawake shot past to windward, and stood on to the southward, while her lively rival started upon a long leg for the Gillicker Buoy. Having gone perhaps two hundred yards beyond the spot at which the Nautlius went about, the Wideawake proceeded to follow suit; but the attempt was anything but successful, for, as her head flew up into the wind and there remained, so that she was helplessly in trouble. A few vain attempts to get away, her skipper gave it up and paddled her about. This was felt to be the climax of the match, as such a course of procedure on the part of a competitor was tantamount to an acknowledgment of defeat. Very little interest was taken in the portion of the race which followed, as the Nautlius fetched the Gillicker Buoy without difficulty at 3h. 45m. 30s., the Wideawake following at 3h. 45m. 55s. Mr. Powell then sailed from the Spit Fort, and, where he set his foresail (spinnaker) and doffed his life belt, and across the mouth of Portsmouth Harbor to the pier at Southsea, which he reached at 4h. 20m., having occupied exactly one hour and a half in accomplishing the distance of about six miles. The Wideawake ran goose-winged from the Buoy, but did not go to the pier. [The results of the two races were to prove the superiority of the small canoe over a much larger boat of inferior model, and to demonstrate the ability of the canoe under sail in really rough water when properly handled.]

THE ROYAL C. C.—HENDON LAKE.

ON Saturday last the members of this club sailed a match on Hendon Lake, the prizes being the "senior flag" and a sweepstake. The weather was anything but nice for canoe sailing as a pastime; but was the weather which had been, so to speak, asked for to test the various canoe models in a hard blow and rough water. The wind was a strong westerly breeze, a gale down channel, and created quite a lively sea on Hendon Lake. The canoes were limited to eighty square feet of sail, but the Nautlius was necessary in the circumstances, as close reefs were the order of the day. The match was robbed of its entries all but two, owing to the severity of the elements. Sabrina, in taking a preliminary canter, with a good deal too much sail on, by the way, capsized, and was not pumped dry and put in sufficient order in time to start, though her owner pluckily managed to start, and was sailed three times as much weight in her center plate. The triangular course was sailed, and the wind was steady and strong on two sides, but baffling, and with heavy squalls on the third side. The three rounds—six miles—were well sailed, and, considering the faulty side, over half a mile in extent, it was a very fast race, the total time being 1h. 29m. for the six miles, about one mile and a quarter of which was dead slow for pace, with savage knockdown puffs from over the trees. Nautlius won the flag at 5:30 P. M., followed by Diamond at 5:36 P. M.

This match winds up the club races on Hendon Lake, unless some visitor should be found to challenge for a race, or a supplementary race or two be made among the members. The match, however, has given Mr. Powell the opportunity of testing his new boat at hard-weather sailing, with results which ought to satisfy him.

One question of considerable interest to canoe sailors—in contemplation of the International Trophy races to be sailed in America this September—has been much debated during the race, namely, the effect in such weather of the American fashion of the skipper sitting out on the "weather deck" and steering by hand, and the Nautlius

THE TRIAL TRIPS OF THE NEW YACHTS.

IN view of the coming races during regatta week much interest has been taken in all yachting men in the speedy completion of the new boats, and especially in the indications given in their trial trips. Both of the two new ones, with Priscilla, were to be tested, and this has now been done as far as a preliminary sail, with furl and unstretched canvas and rigging can do. The first out was Priscilla, who made the trip up from Wilmington successfully, though there is much to be done before she is in racing trim and fit to pass judgment upon.

The first of the new pair under sail was Atlantic, who made her opening effort on Thursday last on New York Bay. The day was rainy and unpleasant and promised badly, but in the afternoon a fresh breeze came in from S. W. bringing with it the big yawl, Cythera, just in from England via Madeira and Nassau, meeting Atlantic below the Narrows.

At 3 A. M. the yacht was towed out of Mumm's Basin, scraping on the bar just outside. When anchored in deep water her board was swept in and hung, and by 10 A. M. the gentlemen most interested in her were on the ground discussing the weather anxiously. After waiting for a time for Com. Fish, Messrs. Church and Lawton of the Regatta and Construction committees, with Mr. Mumm the builder, Mr. Phillip Ellsworth, Captain Joe Ellsworth, Mr. Low, the rigger, Mr. Sawyer, who made her sails, Mr. J. T. Lovejoy, Mr. Frank Hopkins and Mr. Langley went on board, and at 11:30 the yacht was under way, with lower sails set and a boat astern. Daphne sailed in company for a short time, but the big boat soon left her astern. Outside the Narrows Grayling joined company, for a heat down to the upper Hospital Island, the stickstecker having decidedly the better of the bout. Off the island both started down wind, the schooner soon leading the new boat considerably.

Next Fanny was met with and the two ran down together, the new boat leading, but she soon turned back to meet Priscilla, as the latter was seen coming down. Atlantic hove to in the Narrows and started when Priscilla was just on her weather quarter. The start was quite even, the iron boat being about 300 ft. to windward. Both boats held the harbor tack down toward the Hospital Island, and at the end of half an hour the new boat was from two to three hundred feet ahead of Priscilla and in a weather berth. Here Atlantic jibed and started home, but it was some little time before Priscilla decided to follow, Atlantic being 300 or 400 ft. ahead. The conditions of the race down were soon reversed, Priscilla rapidly picking up the other and passing her. A topsail was set on Atlantic, but she could hardly hold her own.

In the Narrows Priscilla turned and went down again, while Atlantic continued to Bay Ridge, anchoring about 4:30. While the brush was not conclusive, she seemed to hold closer to windward than Priscilla, though the latter was so close to the West Bank that any further luffing would have been dangerous. It was very evident that the amount of ballast, said to be 55 tons, was insufficient, and the 10 tons of iron in her will be removed and 20 tons of lead put in. In the smooth water she trimmed very well, and entered and left the water very easily. On Saturday and Sunday she was out again, trying and sweating canvas.

It was intended to try Mayflower on Friday last, but the tide was not high enough to float her out of the basin dredged for her next to Lawley's Wharf. On Saturday she hauled out and anchored and next day sailed for Marblehead. She ran out to sea for some distance in company with Huron and then the two started for Marblehead, Mayflower arriving some distance ahead of Huron. On Decoration Day she was out again with Huron and beat her badly. Her ballast has been made up, improving the trim, and she sailed much better than on the previous day. In the afternoon she anchored off City Point again. Puritan was out to Marblehead and back, but did not sail with Mayflower.

DECORATION DAY.

THE observance of Decoration Day seems likely to be diverted from its original purpose, and it is already largely celebrated as the first outdoor holiday of the year, the New Year's Day of the Outers; and while it seems wrong to depart from the beautiful idea of the day as originally instituted, there is no doubt that such a holiday is of the greatest benefit in this age of worry and bustle. Of course the water sports claimed a large share of the holiday makers; oarsmen, boat sailors, canoeists and chiefly yachtsmen have looked forward to it for months as the formal opening of their season. About New York the day was a very disappointing one for the latter, as there was not wind enough for sailing and all the races ended in tedious drifts. A large number of vessels were afloat about the city, but all suffered from the dull weather. Down the bay were the big schooners, Atlantic, Priscilla, Montezuma, Rena, Winth, the curious little shoal-draft schooner that did so well in the South, the winter, and most noticeable of all, the first real representative of the "picturesque rig" yet seen in American water, the big yawl Cythera, with a comical looking mizzen aft, lying the stars and stripes, and with New York on her stern. She was built by Fife, of Fairlie (the elder), in 1874, and has done a fair share of racing in her day before obituary.

In 1875 she was rebuilt by Reid, of Port Glasgow, and is now about 85 feet waterline, 17 feet 3 inches beam, and draws 13 feet. With her high bulwarks, bold side, and seagoing rig she looks the perfect ship that she has proved herself to be. She was purchased last winter by Mr. W. A. W. Stewart, who joined her in England in company with his wife and Mr. C. Smith Lee of the Oriva. With Captain S. Grosvenor Porter, of the P. M. S. S. Co., as navigator, the party left Southampton for Madeira, and were caught in a gale in the Bay of Biscay, being taken to four harbors. Stopping at Madeira and Nassau, they arrived at New York on May 27, in 6 days 6 hours. The voyage was undertaken for the benefit of Mr. Stewart's health, which has been greatly improved. On Monday Cythera was under sail early and down with the yachts, returning in the evening. Mr. Stewart has secured an American registry for the vessel, under an old law, we believe, and will sail her under the American flag, an important fact in view of the importation of cutters of late.

The largest tug out was that of the Atlantic Y. C., who were ready early off Bay Ridge, the huge sail of Atlantic conspicuous above all others. The wind was northeast, and a little rain fell from the cloudy sky. At 10:30 the fleet started and sailed down the Bay with very little wind. The small yachts, Arab, Nomad and Merlin, turned Buoy 11 at 11:31:30, 11:32 and 11:32:30, respectively, after which they were becalmed and came to anchor. The others continued down the Bay with no better results. Atlantic was towed home by the tug hired by Mr. Stebbins, the photographer, and the others found their way home as best they could late in the afternoon. No times were taken at the finish.

The fleet of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. were at anchor off Staten Island with mainsails set and racing flags at the peak, for a race down the bay; a prize of \$35 being given in each class. At 11 A. M. they were sent away by a gun from the flagship, Clara and Ysout going over the line first. Both Clara and Bedouin are fitted with faced mainsails, a fashion that the little one, at least, is not likely to follow long. The fleet went down with booms off and spinnakers set. Priscilla far astern she waited to time the laggards and then had to get her anchor. Once in the Lower Bay the wind dropped, coming at times from the S. W. and then from its old quarter, so that yacht racing was not to be thought of. Priscilla found her way home, thanks to the tide, after anchoring for a time, and was ready to time the winners. Clara came in at 6 P. M. and Bedouin about the same time, the latter not finishing as she had no competitor. The Knickerbocker Y. C. were to sail their annual spring regatta and 44 yachts started, but they met with the same ill luck, and at 5:30 p. m. the race was declared off and will be resailed on Saturday. The order of the boats that turned the Gangway buoy was:

Lizzie R. 3 49 00 Triant 4 32 05
Ananda 5 21 24 Tivoli 4 50 00
Duster 4 00 00 Surf 4 52 30
Loena 4 06 00 Culprit Fay 4 59 40
Adle 4 29 25 Undine 5 02 55
Black Hawk 4 30 30 Lena 5 06 00

The Newark Y. C. started a race in Newark Bay, but failed to find wind, so the race was declared off.

The New Jersey Y. C. fleet started from Hoboken in the morning, sailing down to Sandy Hook, and the Jersey City Y. C. were out also. The Brooklyn C. Y. C. celebrated the opening of their new club house at Guntherville, and the Pavana Y. C. of Jersey City started a scrub race without time allowance which was won by the Hoodoo with Fedora second.

In Boston the chief event of the day was the South Boston Y. C. race, the course for the first class being 11 miles, for the second and third classes 3 miles, and fourth class 6 miles. The conditions were as follows: Yachts winning two races in the series will be awarded the championship prize. Other prizes will be determined on the best relative showing made in the series. In case of a tie in any class no yacht should win two races in three, there shall be a "sail off" among the winners of first positions during the series which will determine the prize winners. In determining second and third prizes, first positions will take precedence of seconds, and seconds of thirds.

The prizes were: First class—Championship prize, a silver cup, value \$40; second prize, a silver cigar stand, value \$15. Second class—Championship prize, a silver cup, value \$35; second prize, a silver cigar stand, value \$15. Third class—Championship prize, a silver cup, value \$35; second prize, a silver pitcher, value \$12; third prize, silver cup, value \$6. Third class centerboards—The same. Fourth class

keels—Champion prize, a silver cup, value \$15; second prize a silver cup, value \$5. Fourth class centerboards—The same.

The judges were Messrs. Thomas Christian, Alvin J. Morrill, G. F. Clarke, R. V. King, W. K. Prior; regatta committee, Commodore Henry Hussey, chairman, O. A. Ruggles, J. B. Farrell, C. McKenna, W. C. Cherrington, W. H. Buckley, James Bertram, John J. Bligh. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS KEELS AND CENTERBOARDS.				
	Length.	Start.	Return.	Corrected.
Violet (c. b.), J. H. McKee	34.06	10 50 09	12 53 02	1 36 57
Maggie (c. b.), Henry Hussey	32.07	10 53 12	12 59 13	1 38 32
Percy H. (k.), H. Blackmer	34.09	10 51 10	1 00 02	1 54 52
Breeze (c. b.), C. Paget	39.09	10 51 15	1 00 02	2 08 47

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.				
	Length.	Start.	Return.	Corrected.
Lizzie Warner, T. Lutted	35.04	10 59 40	12 45 52	1 21 24
Hector, M. J. Driscoll	37.03	10 59 40	12 44 31	1 20 51

SECOND CLASS KEELS.				
	Length.	Start.	Return.	Corrected.
Altair, A. J. McLeod	28.09	10 54 11	12 50 10	1 33 19
Dorcas L., W. H. Lyman	28.03	10 54 11	withdrawn	
Optic, George S. Hutchinson	27.07	10 54 12	12 52 30	1 34 45
Mabel, Almon Wight	25.05	10 54 12	1 00 00	1 40 30
Nellie, A. J. O'Leary	27.03	10 54 12	1 00 15	1 42 11
Haven, Danforth & Harvey	36.03	10 53 04	12 53 48	1 34 08
Cyrus M. Shady	32.02	10 55 04	12 51 50	1 51 46
White Wing, F. Williams	37.00	10 55 04	12 52 30	1 33 36

THIRD CLASS KEELS.				
	Length.	Start.	Return.	Corrected.
Monarch, C. H. Taylor, Jr.	21.05	10 57 00	1 00 18	1 32 40
Fearless, F. G. Cooley	21.09	10 57 00	12 45 45	1 19 58
Cooper, Thomas Scanlan	22.10	10 57 05	12 48 17	1 23 12
Vera, J. Farrell	28.08	11 00 01	12 50 06	1 30 08
Adeline, C. H. Burrows	21.08	10 57 03	1 03 28	1 35 56
Unique, F. J. Stuart	19.10	10 57 00	1 03 10	1 35 15
Diana, U. Burgess	23.10	10 57 05	1 01 12	1 38 47
Volante, J. M. Hale	23.00	10 57 00	12 56 25	1 30 35
Ventura, W. C. Cherrington	24.10	10 57 00	withdrawn	
Wanda, George W. Griffiths	23.09	10 57 00	1 01 03	1 37 21
Zepho, F. M. G. Wood	25.09	10 57 00	1 01 10	1 38 09

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.				
	Length.	Start.	Return.	Corrected.
Alta, E. G. Robinson	24.02	11 15 00	1 04 52	1 33 13
Tike, John Bertram	30.03	11 15 00	1 09 15	1 30 41
Georgie, A. Drinkwater	21.00	11 01 00	1 01 12	1 41 36
Yvette, J. B. Farrell	11.10	11 01 00	12 58 22	1 38 47
Nereus, W. L. Nicholls	22.05	11 00 00	12 44 25	1 16 29

FOURTH CLASS KEELS.				
	Length.	Start.	Return.	Corrected.
Hebe, E. G. Stevens	18.05	11 02 05	1 00 10	1 57 55
Lady May, W. J. Tilley	15.00	11 01 35	2 41 10	1 11 12
Flora Lee, D. H. Lincoln	17.01	11 00 06	12 21 40	0 56 39
Victor, C. A. Borden	17.02	11 00 07	12 23 23	0 57 27

FOURTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.				
	Length.	Start.	Return.	Corrected.
Louie, W. C. Cherrington	19.04	11 00 10	12 51 08	1 23 11
Mischief, Frank Christau	19.02	11 00 10	12 36 30	1 12 35
Charlotte, Thomas Cross	18.04	11 00 09	withdrawn	
Vidette, P. F. Burke	19.05	11 00 12	12 36 30	1 12 39

The winners were: First class—prize, Violet; second, Maggie. Second class keels, first, Altair; second, White Wings. Second class centerboard, first, Hector; second, Lizzie Warner. Third class keels, first, Fearless; second, Volante; third, Tike. Third class centerboards, first, Flora Lee; second, Victor. Fourth class keels, first, Mischief; second, Vidette.

A band was in attendance and the entertainment closed with dancing in the evening. The Dorchester Y. C. sailed their 94th race and opening sail. Starting at 10:30 and no boats started in the second class. The summary is as follows:

THIRD CLASS (KEELS).				
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.	
Echo, Burwell & Litchfield	25.01	3 16 50	2 32 05	
Kitty, E. H. Tarbox	23.04	3 21 37	2 34 02	
Gem, H. W. Savage	26.06	3 40 10	2 57 25	

FOURTH CLASS (CENTERBOARDS).				
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.	
Mascot, G. F. Burkhardt	22.03	3 58 18	3 08 33	
Gracie, J. W. Hill	23.01	4 02 26	3 14 26	

FOURTH CLASS.				
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.	
Mabel, G. R. Howe	20.01	1 57 43	1 25 10	
Tartar, F. L. Dunne	20.01	1 53 41	1 26 08	
Scamp, Frank Gray	18.05	2 08 36	1 28 51	
Thistle, S. A. Freeman	30.10	2 02 57	1 31 19	
Sheep, Walter G. H. Woodsum	18.08	2 10 40	1 33 50	
Myrtle, G. H. Poor	19.01	withdrawn		
Sea Gull, W. H. Besarick	20.09	withdrawn		

FIFTH CLASS.				
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.	
Rocket, H. M. Faxoux	16.02	2 11 11	1 33 00	
Nonpareil, Edward Lanning	19.00	2 12 12	1 35 22	
Guenn, W. L. Guenn	17.06	2 12 31	1 36 37	
Dora, George Lewis, Jr.	16.10	2 13 39	1 36 31	
Nada, William G. Gay	17.02	2 16 08	1 39 33	

The prizes were as follows: Third class, \$15 and \$10 for keels, \$15 and \$10 for centerboards. Fourth class, \$12 and \$6. Fifth class, \$5 and \$5. The judges were A. J. Clark, Erastus Willard and W. B. McClellan, and the judges' boat the Belle, Capt. J. E. Baker.

The sweepstakes race of the Jeffries Y. C. was sailed in the afternoon, starting at 1:05. A close race was had between the cutter Eolus and the centerboard sloop Seabird, the former winning. The times were:

FIRST CLASS KEELS (SLOOPS).				
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.	
Eolus, Rood and Johnson	36.00	2 00 13	2 00 13	
Zulu, Charles Pike	26.00	2 01 59	2 01 59	
Emily, J. H. Porter	25.06	2 04 05	2 03 37	

SECOND CLASS KEELS (SLOOPS).				
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.	
Zetta, Fowle and Warren	18.09	1 57 57	1 53 10	
Judith, E. Pigeon	22.09	1 58 20	1 58 20	
Dora, E. H. Wells	18.00	2 11 45	2 05 54	
Lillie, H. Wells	18.00	2 13 59	2 08 08	
Thega, Johnson and Hall	21.04	2 10 05	2 08 34	
Gipse, F. W. Proctor	21.08	2 10 02	2 08 29	

CENTERBOARDS.				
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.	
Topsey, John McGlynn	18.11	1 52 09	1 47 46	
Seabird, Charles L. Joy	22.08	1 50 20	1 50 26	
Mischief, Belcher	16.02	1 59 15	1 51 44	
Spoker, Fred Lovejoy	18.03	1 58 15	1 52 49	
Clytie, E. A. Cook	19.01	1 57 37	1 57 45	
Unknown, Ambrose Martin	18.00	2 02 25	1 57 45	
Fancy, C. E. Flagge	19.07	2 01 01	1 56 30	

There were two cash prizes in each class, \$10 and \$5, respectively first and second. In the evening the club observed its first "ladies' night," and the spacious apartments were crowded with pretty devotees of all that is nautical and their bronzed and salty looking cavaliers in true sailor rigs. Dancing, music, both vocal and instrumental, and a bountiful collation brought to a close a red letter yachting day in East Boston. The regatta was in charge of Messrs. E. T. Pigeon, J. B. Pigeon and John Marno acted as judges, and Ambrose A. Martin officiated as measurer.

The Great Head Y. C. sailed a race in the afternoon off Winthrop, 12 boats starting. Fancy, C. E. Flagge, won in first class, and Ariel, Mr. Belcher, in the second class.

At Rockport the Sandy Bay Y. C. sailed the first race for the Cunningham Cup, over a 6 mile course, 16 yachts starting in a good S. E. breeze. The Louette won in 2:33:50, actual time, with Silver Cloud second.

A race was sailed at Fall River for local yachts, resulting as follows:

FIRST CLASS.				
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.	
Alice, L. A. Budlong, Providence	22.25	1 24 14	2 24 03	
M. F. Swift, C. W. Anthony, Fall River	22.25	2 25 29	2 25 29	
Kelpie, C. F. Jones, Providence	27.50	3 47 30	2 41 15	
Witch, James Lawley, Bristol	did not finish			

SECOND CLASS.				
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.	
Tapena, C. E. Williams, Fall River	22.25	2 52 01	2 52 01	
Twilight, W. Allen, Bristol	did not finish			

THIRD CLASS.				
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.	
Ideal, N. Simmons, Dighton	24 37 33	2 41 36	2 41 36	
Windward, G. E. Jenkes, Providence	24 36 35	2 43 09	2 43 09	
Julia, C. W. Herreshoff, Bristol	24 50 55	2 44 05	2 44 05	
Julia, C. W. Herreshoff, Bristol	24 52 52	2 45 52	2 45 52	
Annie, G. Handle, Fall River	24 54 35	2 48 38	2 48 38	
Kickamut, C. Barker Warren	25 52 30	2 52 32	2 52 32	
U. S. J. A. Ricketson, Fall River	25 57 00	2 54 51	2 54 51	

FOURTH CLASS.				
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.	
Unknown, J. W. Young, Swansea	25 56 38	2 59 27	2 59 27	
Hope, J. Norris, Fall River	25 58 51	2 59 40	2 59 40	
Idle Hour, J. Kingston, Fall River	25 59 49	2 59 49	2 59 49	
Nellie, S. Hagerty, Fall River	26 04 17	2 56 43	2 56 43	
Cora May, F. Pratt, Pawtucket	26 03 45	2 57 49	2 57 49	

FIFTH CLASS.				
Bertha, P. F. Davis, Fall River	1 49 35	1 49 35		
Florie, L. P. Davis, Somerset	1 54 51	1 53 01		
Wide Awake, A. Simmons, Fall River	1 59 57	1 57 15		
M. Louise, G. Simmons, Fall River	1 51 58	1 50 08		
Zara, J. W. Gladhill, Providence	1 55 35	1 53 30		
Uma, C. J. Crane, Pawtucket	1 55 42	1 53 42		
Yvesal, T. Calvert, Fall River	1 58 23	1 55 23		
Madaw, J. Buffinton, Swansea	2 12 58	2 09 21		

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

D. R. S., Bridgeton, N. J.—The New Jersey open seasons for woodcock are July 1–31 inclusive, and Oct. 1–Dec. 15 inclusive.

E. E., Danville, Ind.—June is as bad a month as any for black bass in Northern Indiana and Michigan. The fish spawn in May, as a rule, although a few may be found attending to their nests by the first of June.

PATTERSON, Ont.—Are the "compressed fluid steel" barrels made by Greener superior to the best Damascus barrels and why?—DECOY. Ans. Only advantage is in their tightness, being much lighter in weight than laminated or Damascus.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.—I should like to ask if the conical bullet caps, advertised in your journal, can be used in a Ballard rifle .22-caliber without injury to the same? I should very much like to use them if I can do so without injury.—W. Ans. Yes, if barrel is wiped out after use.

ELKHART, Ind.—Please tell me, if possible, where I can get Kay buck-shot cartridges, 10-gauge? I have had your city pretty well searched over for them in vain, but they are really a good thing and I want more of them. If not to be had will the Winans and wooden regulator do as well?—A. L. Ans. A. B. Kay & Co., Newark, N. J.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.—Will you kindly advise me what penetration one ought to expect from a 7½ to 8-gauge gun with cylinder barrels, also modified and full choke, 3drs. F.F. powder, 1oz. No. 8 chilled shot. What kind of earboard is used for testing the penetration?—F. Ans. Full-choke gun, 3drs., 136oz., 270 pellets to ounce; 21 sheets.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis.—Please tell me what sized wads I must use in a Parker gun, No. 12. The card that comes with the gun says that it is targeted with No. 9 wads. I don't believe I can load paper shells with wads larger than the shell without bulging my cartridges. Also, is laminated steel as good as Damascus steel except in name and appearance?—B. Ans. Parker guns require larger wads than other makes on account of their method of boring. Laminated and Damascus are equally good if of same grade of metal.

M. M. B., Berlin Heights.—I have kept wild geese for the past twelve years which have never bred until this season. This morning the old geese came off with three goslings, but as I know but little of their habits, under the circumstances, have not examined to see whether she has more eggs yet in the nest. Would you be so kind as to give me any information you may possess regarding food, care, etc., for the welfare of the youngsters? Ans. Treat them in all respects as you would tame ones, seeing that they have plenty of green grass with their other food.

WEAKFISH, New York.—1. Have you ever heard of the common brook euryfish being successfully used as bait for weakfish? Does weakfish bite as early as June 1 here, and on what bait? Ans. 1. No; but we do not see why they would not be good. Salt water bait can usually be had cheaper. 2. Some seasons they do, it depends upon temperature, but July is a better month.

UMPGA FERRY, Ore.—I have an extra fine Winchester rifle that has a beautiful polished stock. Can you tell me how I may put such a finish on a curled or birdseye maple stock? In what way does a matted rifle barrel differ from any other? Who now holds the cup shot for at Creedmoor by English and American riflemen in 1876?—E. Ans. Any good gunsmith can do it with pumice stone. Matted rib is made by putting fine line across the top of the barrel, which takes away all reflection of light. The English have the champion trophy.

COAHOMA, Memphis, Tenn.—I send by this mail a bug, which has been kindly treated to a dose of chloroform before he took the sleeper for New York. There have lately appeared large numbers of these beetles around the electric lights in Memphis and Vicksburg. They fly against the lights, and fall on the pavements in such numbers as to excite general remark. He is a stranger to these

parts. Can you give his name and occupation, and where he came from? Ans. The specimen is a *Belostomatidae*, a water beetle quite common and very destructive to young fish and fish eggs. It passes the day in the water, but leaves it at night to take long flights.

VIKESBURG, Miss.—You will oblige me by answering in your next issue the following questions, viz: 1. What material advantages have metallic shot shell over those made of paper? 2. Are earboard wads better than felt for over shot in a full choke gun? 3. Is there any machine in use for crimping metallic shells without injury to the shell? 4. In loading a No. 10 metallic shell with No. 8 wads for a full choke gun, will any injury to the gun result?—P. Ans. 1. No advantage. 2. Yes. 3. No. 4. No, if the barrels are of proper thickness and strength.

MANTTOWOC, Wis.—In your issue of the 8th inst., Mr. Milton P. Peirce, of Philadelphia, says: "I would as soon do without a rifle as without a telescopic sight, whether for target or general game shooting." etc. Would you please inform me where such sights for hunting purposes can be obtained. To avoid any misunderstanding I would say that I do not mean telescopic sights for stationary target or turkey shooting, but such as are "practical hunting sights."—A. W. Ans. Only one kind of telescope sights and they extend the whole length of barrel, and are intended to magnify the object. "Practical hunting sights" do not magnify. Both kind can be procured at 178 Broadway.

NORWICH, Conn.—Inform me through your columns how much more, if any, a pair of 10 gauge barrels would weigh over a pair of 12, both ordered to be made up into an 8lb gun, barrels to be of same material and length. 2. If I had a single barrel 12 gauge bored out so as to make the interior diameter equal a 10, how much weight of metal would be cut away? 3. Could I easily get a barrel heavy enough to have it cut away this much or would I be obliged to have it specially ordered?—C. B. S. Ans. The 10-bore barrels will weigh less than the 12-bore of same length, but how much less can't say. There are plenty of 12-bore barrels thick enough to bore out to 10, but would probably have to be specially ordered.

SEA ROOTS.—We have your inquiry for tackle and bait for rock bass. Please tell us what waters you fish in, and we can judge what fish you refer to. In explanation we would say the "rock bass," *Ambloplites rupestris*, of the fresh waters from Vermont to the Great Lake region and Manitoba south to Louisiana is fished for in a different manner from the salt water "rock bass," *Serranus clathratus*, of the Pacific coast. Again: the "striped bass," *Morone saxatilis*, of the Atlantic coast is called "rockfish" in the South, and in intermediate places the names are combined and it is known as "rock" or "rock bass." The first named fish can be taken with a trout rod and fly, or with minnow or worm bait.

CENTREVILLE, Ontario.—Is it necessary to reduce or crimp rifle cartridge shells around the bullet in order to give good results? Does a set of reloading tools usually include a shell reducer? Where could I get a pair of bullet moulds to cast bullets with concave base?—T. Ans. The bullet should fit snugly in the shell. Set of reloading tools does not include shell reducer.

FEATHERS FOR FLY MAKING.—New Haven, Conn., May 26.—O. E. B., Fall River, Mass.—I noticed your inquiry in FOREST AND STREAM, May 20, about procuring feathers for fly making. As I have had some difficulty that way myself, I thought perhaps you would like to have one or two points I have found out. Feathers of the turkey, dove, hen, partridge, etc., are not hard to obtain; in the fall you can easily get them in the markets. As to hackles a good point is this. The Japanese stores are now selling for from 10 to 20 cents apiece small dusters entirely made up of hackles of all the natural colors. A couple of these will furnish all you will want for amateur work, and they are in my experience 100 per cent. cheaper obtained in this way than through the dealers. If you happen to be in New York at any time, you can get them at Van Tine's, on Broadway, but almost any store that sells Japanese goods has them, in any large city. You can get almost any thing you want for fly making of A. B. Shipley & Son, 503 Commerce street, Philadelphia,

Penn. Send for catalogue, 10 cents. These dealers are excessively high priced, however, and you are not always sure of getting exactly what you want, but you can get those things from them that you can't elsewhere. As to dyed feathers, blue, green, yellow, red, etc., for wings of flies, the best plan I have found is to go to the warehouses of the wholesale feather dealers. There are plenty of them in New York, if you should happen to be there. To find them consult a business directory. Andrade is a good one. I can't say as to other places; you can get what you want there for a song. In one place I picked up enough scattered feathers from the floor to tie flies for several years. You may also at some of these places get dyed hackles, but not always. The millinery stores are good places to rummage in for these peacocks' feathers; you can get them at any of these places, either at the Japanese stores or at the wholesale houses, or at stores where they sell fancy goods. In conclusion, allow me to recommend keeping camphor with your feathers, etc., or the moths will play havoc with them.—PERCYVAL.

CAPE GOD.—There is no process by which lines weakened by age or decay can be strengthened. The samples of twisted hair lines which you sent seem to be quite strong, but from the size of them we judge them to have been stronger. We would not risk them with a salmon, a modern water-proof silk line is smoother and stronger. As for the rods which your father left, they being lancewood, are liable to be serviceable, but test them. If you can lift a three-pound weight off the floor with them, with the line running through the rings to the reel, you may consider them fit to handle a twenty-pound salmon with. If you break a joint in the test, you may find the remainder of the rod good. The condition of these rods will depend on the character of the place where they have been kept. If you have a rod maker near you, let him examine them.

GREENHORN.—Opelika, Ala.—There is a pond in this vicinity that is teeming with black bass, locally called trout, that with the primitive method used are very hard to capture. A few are caught with minnows, but this kind of bait is hard to procure and keep. Now, I want to know if you can tell me how best to fish for them, and what would be the best artificial lure to use. I have never seen any fly fishing done, nor have ever even seen a fly. Ans.—Examine the stomachs of the fish, and learn what they are feeding on. For artificial baits or flies write to our advertising tackle dealers. We cannot recommend artificial baits but small "spoon hooks" may be used. The grandest sport, however, is with the artificial fly, if you can cast it. We advise that you get a stout fly rod, say about 10 feet long and from 8 to 10 ounces in weight, a click reel, not a multiplier, a silk line and leader, and a few flies and learn how to cast. You will need a landing net also.

A pet deer in a Sacramento saloon, being frightened, jumped out through a pane of glass 7 inches wide by 13 inches long. The spectators looked on in amazement, it seeming impossible that so large an animal could pass through a hole so small.—San Francisco Alta.

Mr. Barnum says that he has wasted \$5,000 on boomerang throwers. "You've heard of Australian bushraen," he said, "who have a weapon made of a bent stick that they throw with wonderful skill, hitting the prey unerringly, the boomerang returning of itself to fall at the feet of the marksman? I had an agent to go from London to the wilds of New South Wales; but he writes me that the accounts are two-thirds lies; and the remaining third isn't worth bringing away. The boomerang is a fact, and the native Australian savages fling it at game—missing about as often as hitting; and it will return, if it strikes nothing, to somewhere near the starting point, but with no sort of certainty. My man searched thoroughly, and witnessed the feats of the best experts to be found, but they amounted to nothing in particular. The famous boomerang is practically a myth."

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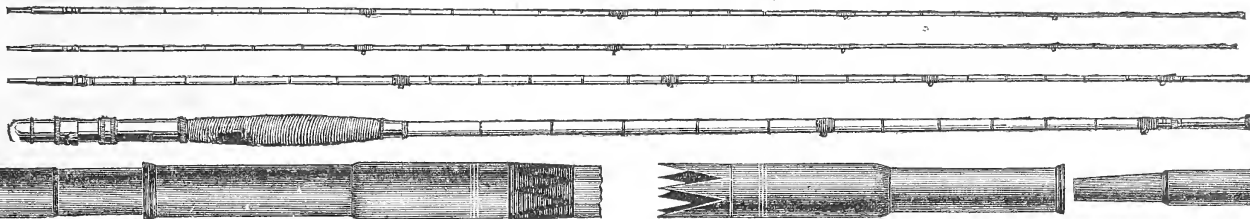
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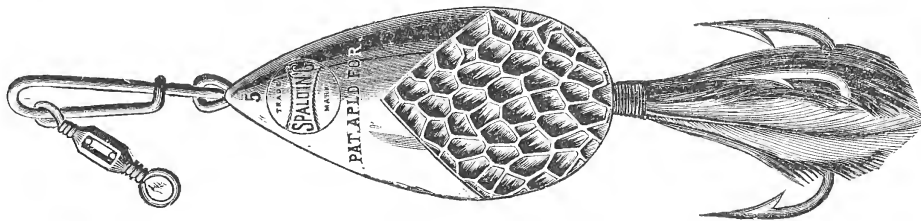
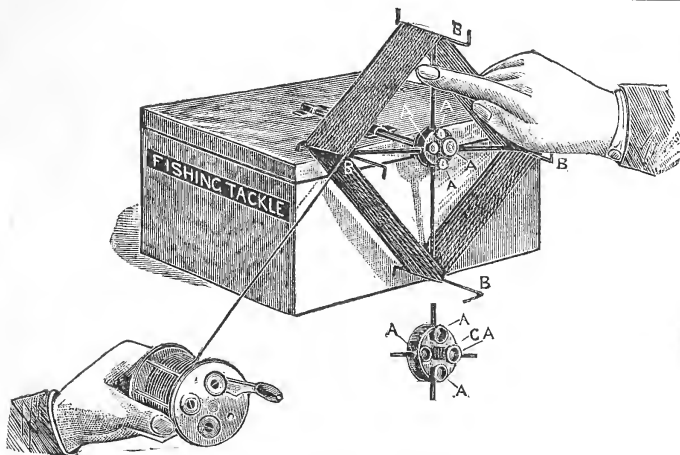
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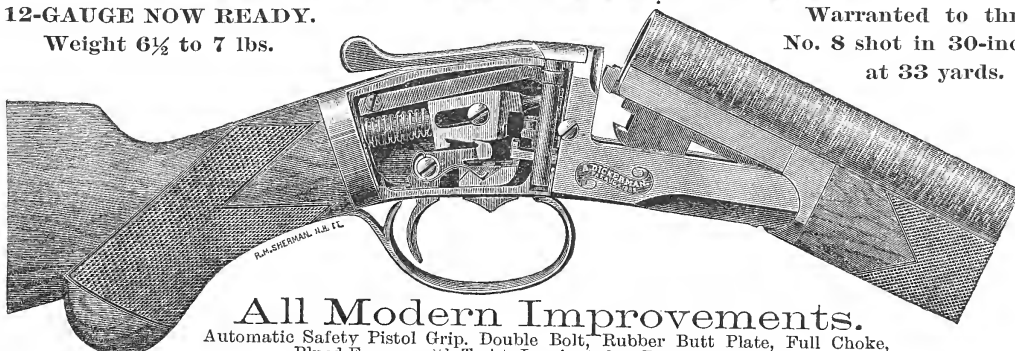
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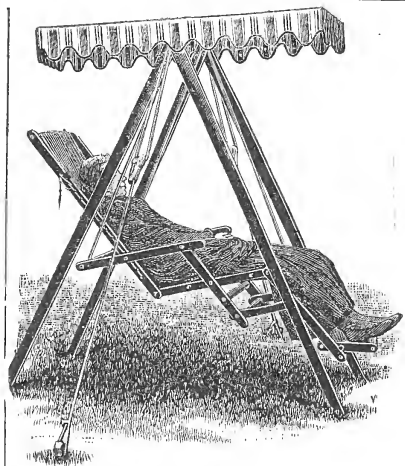


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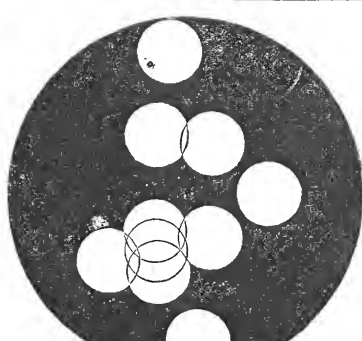
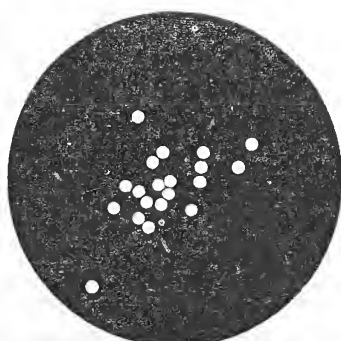
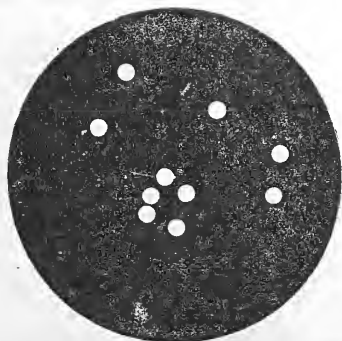
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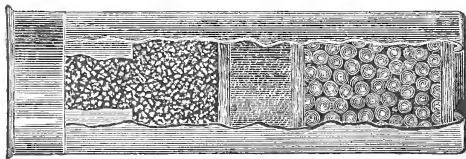
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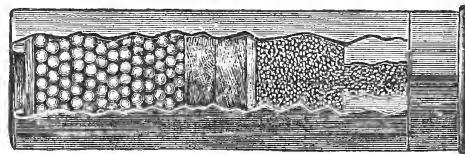


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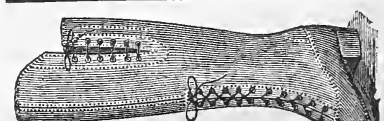
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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SIX MONTHS, \$2.

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PAUL SEES A GREAT LIGHT.

THE forest warden of the Adirondacks, Mr. Samuel F. Gorman, who has made an investigation of the woodlands of that region, reports to the Forestry Commission that a vast amount of the State's timber has been and is now being "converted to the use of private persons," which is a polite way of saying stolen by timber thieves. Forester Gorman's inspection also developed the interesting fact that the Northern Adirondack Railway Company has trespassed upon the State's land in Township No. 14 of Franklin county and has cut off the woods. The Forestry Commission has brought a suit against the Northern Adirondack Railway Company for \$25,000 damages. This railway, which now extends from Moira to St. Regis Falls, has been authorized to extend its line twenty-four miles further to Buck Mountain. It is purely a timber road. Its contemplated extension is for the purpose of opening a tract of dense forest of 30,000 acres, which is to be cleared. The construction of such a road means that the woods will disappear before it. Whatever the lumberman leaves is destroyed by fires set by locomotive sparks. A timber railroad converts the land into a desolate waste. The effect, if less speedy, is as sure as that of a forest fire. The result of the Northern Adirondack Railroad lumber operations will be a curse to the region. Even so mentally myopic an individual as Paul Smith has at last come to recognize this.

Smith is a typical North Woods landlord. Last winter, when the deer hounders were working to bamboozle the New York Legislature, they brought him down from his Adirondack hotel and put him on exhibition on the floor of the Assembly as a North Woods sage and philosopher. The members were given to understand that Smith, who is reputed to own everything and everybody—men, souls and boats, in his Adirondack bailiwick—was in favor of hounding, as a potent means of deer preservation. The stratagem had the desired result. Members who would not know a deer from a hedgehog were so impressed by the sapient air of the gray-headed wise man of the North Woods that they voted clubs every time by an overwhelming majority; and Smith went home to put his vassals in trim for the next dog campaign. The deer in his region are so nearly extinct that the "sports" who patronize his house can get venison by no

other mode than dogging, and Smith with characteristic logic reasoned that if hounding would only bring more patrons to fill his till this year, the last deer ought to be clubbed—for after Smith the deluge.

When the forest destroying railroad was projected, inasmuch as it would bring tourists almost to his door, the thrifty sage of the St. Regis was delighted. The certainty of the desolation to be wrought disturbed him never a tittle; the road would bring grist to his mill; if it ruined the country, well and good—after Smith the deluge. But the desolation has come before the arrival of the guests. The ruin is already being wrought. The forests are thinned out. The witchery of the woodland is gone. The hills are shorn of their glory. And Smith is bewailing. He is reported to "groan every time he hears of the progress of the road." His hounding philosophy has failed him. As a sage he would now pose in sorry plight for the instruction of Assemblymen. Paul is beholding a great light. It is not a miraculous manifestation from above like that which shone about Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, but a feeble glimmering of common sense admitted by the clearing away of the trees about the famous Adirondack hostelry. Possibly when the last deer has been clubbed and the last tree felled, every Adirondack Peter Simple may have profited by the new dispensation of unobstructed sunshine and sense.

A NEW USE FOR DOGS.

SOME individuals value dogs as pets, friends and companions; some maintain them as guardians of life and property; others as useful auxiliaries in the field; in some part of Europe dogs are used as draught animals and beasts of burden; certain Indian tribes eat dogs; among some savage nations the dog is worshipped; in other lands dogs are looked upon as materialized souls of the departed; the Supreme Court of the State of Maine holds that dogs are wild beasts, *feræ nature*, and as such may be lawfully made war upon and exterminated; city dog catchers regard dogs as the legitimate plunder of highway robbery at thirty cents apiece; and the pound man reckons up their value when after drowning they are sold to the offal gatherers; fashionable ladies wear small or large dogs, just as they assume or put away new styles of headgear; Dr. John Brown made use of a dog as the subject of a literary effort which—as such things go—is immortal; circus clowns train troupes of trick dogs; blind men are led about by dogs to beg; some dogs are life preservers, rescuing human beings from watery graves; in Damascus dogs are protected as scavengers; in London dogs are cut up alive by vivisectionists; the "best dog in the world" is used chiefly for brag; and again, in every part of the world there are dogs which are good for nothing save drowning in a bucket before ever their eyes open to give them a glimpse of the world.

A New Jersey doctor, Beriah A. Watson, has discovered a new use for this creature. He had the genius to recognize in the dog an animal possessing a spine, which might, by a proper device of a devilish trap, be broken for experimental purposes. The doctor is an "expert" employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in accident damage suits. An expert is a man who is employed to go on the witness stand and swear to the best of his knowledge, belief, medical skill and conscience, in defense of the side which retains him. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has been annoyed by suits brought against it by persons who claimed to have received spinal injuries in railroad accidents. The Jersey City doctor, being employed to give his professional aid and comfort to the railroad as defendant in such suits, conceived the brilliant notion that by subjecting a few hundred dogs to prolonged torture he might gain some data that could be worked to the pecuniary advantage of his employers. By carefully noting the death in life of a sufficient number of brutes whose spines had been broken in his trap, and making detailed memoranda of the successive stages of their agony, he hoped to save to the Pennsylvania corporation the few hundreds or thousands of dollars it might otherwise be compelled to disburse; and thus conscientiously earn his wages as its servant.

The doctor at once became a dog fancier. He developed a great taste for dogs. He liked them—that is, he liked to break their backs in his trap and then study them as they staggered about or fell down and died. Forty-one dogs, gathered up by newsboys, had been led into the doctor's barn and put through the trap, and their living and dying duly recorded, without anything of material benefit to the railroad "expert," when the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals stepped in and put an end to the abomination. There is every prospect that the doctor will be

denied any further watching of broken-backed dogs. If he longs for new scientific fields to conquer, there is an opening up on the Northwest coast. The Kootenai Indians of British Columbia have a cheerful custom of carrying the helpless old people of the tribe to remote localities and there abandoning them to die. Science might profit by a minute and faithful record of the successive stages of the subject's symptoms, as observed by a dispassionate and coldly professional student. The savages probably would not interfere, and the doctor, baulked of fame and fortune from his investigation of broken-spined dogs, would have the field of lingering Kootenai dissolution all to himself.

POLLUTING NEW YORK HARBOR.—Few persons are aware to what an extent the waters of New York Harbor and the western end of Long Island Sound have been polluted by the oil refineries at Staten Island and Hunter's Point. These refineries have for years poured a substance known as "sludge acid" into these waters, and this has settled all over the bottom, making a sticky mass which has destroyed the oysters, lobsters, crabs and the smaller life which attracts fish, and has also left a scum upon the surface which is offensive. We have repeatedly called attention to this matter as an outrage upon the people, and now that the bill which was introduced into the Assembly by Mr. Doyle has become a law we hope to see it enforced. We referred to this in our fishcultural columns last week, and now that Commissioner Blackford has appointed a man to enforce this law, we hope that the big oil refineries will be made to take care of their refuse. The new law makes it unlawful for persons, corporations, oil refiners, etc., to cause any refuse matter to be placed in any of the waters within the jurisdiction of the State, under a penalty of \$1,000 for each and every offense; and also forbids the throwing from boats, scows and any vessels whatever, of ashes, cinders, refuse or garbage, into the waters of the Long Island Sound, west of Eaton's Neck, or into any of the bays or harbors opening into the same, under a penalty of \$500 for each and every offense. Although intended primarily to protect the oyster beds, it is just what is needed for the fishing interests of the harbor and Long Island Sound. We hope to hear that the great "Standard Oil Works," which has so long made a sewer of Newtown Creek and the harbor, will be asked to step up and pay some heavy fines.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.—Another triumph has been scored for fishculture. Salmon have been taken in the Hudson this season to the number of perhaps half a dozen at present writing. They are all recorded from Troy, below the State dam, with exception of one taken in Gravesend Bay which we noticed a few weeks ago. In former years an occasional stray salmon has been captured in the river at rare intervals, but these fish, coming just four years after the first stocking of the river, point to the planting of 1882 as the source of their origin. In that year a small plant was made for the U. S. Fish Commission, from the hatchery of Mr. Thomas Clapham, at Roslyn, Long Island, by Mr. Fred Mather, who has since continued the work on a larger scale, from the station of the New York Fish Commission, at Cold Spring Harbor, under orders of Professor Baird of the U. S. Fish Commission. State Commissioner Blackford is making efforts to get all the information possible concerning the capture of salmon in the river; and we shall, no doubt, hear of others being taken. The eggs from which these fish were hatched came from the U. S. station at Orland, Me., in charge of Mr. C. G. Atkins. The Hudson may yet become a salmon stream. Put up the fishways now and protect the fish which have escaped the meshes of the innumerable shad nets of the lower river, and give them a fair chance.

A TYPICAL CASE.—The effort now being made by the citizens of Antrim county, Michigan, to put a period to the netting and spearing of the remaining fish in their waters is a typical case. The illogical views of the spearers, the apathetic attitude of the average citizen, the difficulties, oppositions and hostilities encountered by the reformers, all have their counterparts in every locality where similar reforms have been attempted. The success of the Antrim County Association—for it is backed by men who know how to achieve success—will be an encouragement for other like movements in Michigan.

THE LARGE TROUT RECORD.—The record of brook trout which weigh 10 pounds or more, now includes a fish of 10 pounds 10 ounces, caught in Lake Mooselucmaguntic, Maine, last week. It is reported in our angling columns.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE TROUT STREAM THAT NOBODY KNOWS.

HAVE you heard of the trout stream that nobody knows,
Stealing silent and sheltered 'neath o'erhanging trees,
While out through the meadows it ripples and flows,
Kissed by the grasses, caressed by the breeze?

Secuded it wanders unheeded by man,
Unknown to the angler, secure from his wiles,
And the trout, unmolested (no fear of the pan),
Leap and dart and bask safely in nature's sweet smiles.

I heard of a trout stream that nobody knows
(A friend (?) told it me and I vowed I'd ne'er tell),
The world after that had a couleur de rose,
And my dreams were of trout creeks, rods, reels and—well.

I resolved to explore this wonderful stream,
To enjoy a day's outing alone by its side,
And so, by the virtue of stage coach and steau,
I arrived like a bridegroom equipped for his bride.

For no bridegroom adjusted his nuptial day tie
More deftly than I tied my leader that day;
I tested my reel and the shade of each fly,
And trembling and eager went forth to the fray.

I followed directions and soon found the stream—
It was sparkling, pellucid, than crystal more clear.
But what is that signboard, Great Scott! do I dream?
"No fishing or hunting allowed around here."

Like most of the craft, I discarded the sign,
And made a deft cast o'er a black darkling pool.
A rise, a stroug tug and a quick straight'ning line,
And I landed a chub!—less than six by the rule.

Down a well-beaten path I encountered a boy
With a twig for a rod and a pail for a reel;
His face was all radiant and shining with joy,
For his pail held a sucker, two chubs and an eel.

He offered the lot for a broad silver half,
And remarked, "They are better than nothin', you know."
But I spurned his kind offer, demurred at his laugh,
And wended my way to fresh pastures below.

Encouraged, I worked as I ne'er worked before,
Tried new flies, luscious worms, every art I possessed.
But I got not a rise, and met anglers more
Than I'd any idea the whole country possessed.

At last I departed disgusted and sore,
With a hearty consignment to deepest of woes
Of that friend who had put me (he's my friend no more)
On the banks of that trout stream that nobody knows.

H. W. D. L.

DAYS WITH THE BARMCEIDE CLUB.

IV.

IT WAS a bonny morning with a mild and exquisite sky of tenderest blue. It was impossible not to feel the exhilaration in the magic of the forest air, more potent in its effects than the cunning products of alchemy. A scarlet-headed woodpecker making the chips fly in some hollow beech tree awakened us. The engineer and conductor of our freight train had remained over a day at Our Lake in order that he might have a mess of trout to take home with him, as he said his "old woman would be powerful dispirited if he come back out no fish," so giving him what we had on the ice and instructing him when to come after us, we bade him good-bye, and away we went with the enthusiasm of reawakened life to our sport; Roy and Storm to the lake, and Glen to the brook below—a baby of a river and a pretty stream it is, alive and bristling (if a brook can bristle) with charming surprises as it flows on to join the river ever so far away; here running riot or chanting gaily around the slippery rocks and working through or leaping over the smooth boulders, with a rippling musical sound like the refrain of an old ballad; then a stretch like a sheet of undulating glass, over which the rosy mayflowers lean and blush at their own vanity; jutting rocks and fallen trees turn it this way and that, hold it for a little in stillwaters, while it gathers masses of creamy bubbles, then releases it and lets it go in white-capped disorder, dancing to its own wild music and seeking the rest it never finds.

In the quiet at the upper pool, just above where the waters begin to whirl in furious dance, resided one of the best known and most influential trout in the "destrict." We had been told of him on our way up, and informed regarding some of his peculiarities. One man said he was an old "sockdolager," whatever that may be, while another said there was no use trying for him, but cautioned us not to miss fishing the pool, for there were others in it good enough to try our tackle to the last ounce.

Glen was to have the pools this morning, and none more likely to render a good account of his stewardship, for, as Tom Northbeam described Mr. Greenshield to the clergyman, "I think he must have been a fish one day himself, he knows all their doings so well." A coachman and a scarlet ibis were attached to the carefully examined leader, a few throws on the shallow stretch above to remove the kinks, and Glen, making a quarter turn, landed his flies in the center of the pool, drew them slowly toward him and placed them further to the other side almost under a little fringe of alder; and his troutship went for that beautiful stretch, not with the boisterous rush of the school boy nearest the door, but like a polished gentleman entering a drawing-room. Quickly, as the almost imperceptible movement on top of the water showed, he sucked in that ibis; and just as quickly Glen fastened the hook. How suddenly everything changed. The trout was no longer the quiet, mild-mannered gentleman, but a fighter from the word, one who would not hesitate at any expedient to smother everything. He thinks the end justifies the means and he is right.

There was no misunderstanding the intentions of those demoniac gyrations. He's not one "to surrender ere the assault," nor for some time afterward, and he evinced a complete unity of purpose, a pressure, as it were, on the line of at least a hundred pounds to the square inch. See him! how that trout can play seven-up. He's high, low and game to the last. A neighboring kingfisher chattered his displeasure from the bare arms of a deceased pine in his noisy way, but there was a selfish sound about it that merited and received no attention. The trout is moving slowly and surely away

as the measured click, click, click of the reel announces, and heading down stream, Glen prepares to carry him through the short rapids to a pool below, where he brings him up with a round turn as smartly as though he had been hitched to a snubbing post. No, no, Mr. Trout, I am not afraid of you now (which reminds me of what the old lady said to the little boy who was eyeing the pie which was cut in very small pieces indeed, "Help yourself to a piece, sonny, and don't be afraid of it." The boy answered, "I would not be afraid of it if it were twice as big.") Carefully, now, shshshsh! At last he yields to the combined influence of split bamboo and coercion. Now the landing net. So-o-o, good enough. Toss him ashore on the long lush grass. Handsome fellow you are, whether leaping the cascades, rushing through the riffs, circling among the eddies, or breaking upward in the mirror-like pools, a fit theme for the eloquence of Dawson, and on the table a dietetic glory to whom Soyer can do no more than justice.

Perhaps he didn't weigh a ton, but probably he was a "sockdolager," and surely the pool was worth the trying, as were also the others just below, as Glen's reel testified ere he was through with them. The angling on the lake was equally good for Roy and Storm, and the morning's sport was full of abundant satisfaction. The late afternoon fly-casting was a repetition of our morning's experience, though we returned to the water every fish that was not seriously damaged, and which we thought would have a good chance of growing older, heavier and wiser.

Not much more than a stone's throw from Our Lake was another lake of perhaps three quarters of a mile long, and averaging about two hundred yards in width. The shores were very irregular, and from no point could an extended view of the lake be had. Between this and Our Lake was a carry (or drag) of not more than thirty yards, and you launched your boat into good fishing, but the other end afforded better and gave you besides a nice outlet where one was almost always certain of a few good rises. We have never paddled the length of this lake without seeing from one to a dozen or more deer feeding along shore. Its jutting points and sudden turns enables one to paddle very close to the deer before they are aware of the presence of strangers, and many a time did we amuse ourselves by seeing how near we could approach them, and then watch their curious movements before they were fully satisfied as to our identity, and then how gracefully they would bound away and disappear in the forest.

Did we kill any of them? Now that is a leading question, especially as this was the close season; but to be candid and truthful, Storm did kill one and only one, a young buck, though he might easily have killed a dozen. We found him quite a welcome addition to our supplies at camp and thereby reconciled our consciences to his unseasonable taking off. All facts considered, we don't think any sportsman in the world will attach any blame nor unsportsmanlike conduct to the proceedings, and if they do we can only plead that honest confession, which is said to be "good for the soul," is like charity, it "covers a multitude of sins."

The outlet of the lake was very broad, smooth and shallow where it left the lake, but gradually narrowed until it became as turbulent as the orthodox mountain stream. The fish at the head of the outlet were of fairly good size, but grew smaller as the stream grew narrower and more rapid in its movement. We gave it several investigations during our stay in the neighborhood, more for the sake of variety than for any extra inducements it afforded in the way of sport.

The only well-defined break in the circle of hills which encompassed Our Lake was near the upper end, where the land was low and swampy and covered with a heavy growth of tamarack. A few rods south a neighboring lake discharged its surplus into this, and here was always a favorite place for casting the fly with almost a certainty of reward. There was also a wide spread of lily pads, and by casting just on the outside edge of them and using a scarlet ibis one could coax, in the early morning before the sun was fairly under way on his day's journey, a half dozen or more early fish. Red ibis would do the trick; or, if flies of that description were not in the book, a little piece of red flannel carefully attached to the hook made a very taking substitute; in fact, so wonderfully well did it answer that we economized to the extent of using in this particular locality the flannel fly altogether.

By poling or pushing our boat through the lily pads toward the tamarack swamp we could a frogging go, and by using a medium-sized hook and a piece of bright scarlet flannel secure quite a welcome addition to our menu; in fact, as trout and, shall we say it, venison (that venison is like Banquo's ghost, it will not down) began to pall on our appetites, the frogs more than compensated for their failure to longer tickle our palates. The catching of them could hardly be catalogued under the head of sport, but it contributed a little variety to our day-to-day doings.

Toward the lower end of the lake is a small rocky island, partly covered with blackberry bushes, but entirely denuded of timber. It is called Friz Island from the alleged fact of a French deer hunter passing several days there, nearly freezing and starving before he was rescued from his predicament. He was bounding deer late in the fall. He had put out his dogs and then rowed to the island, there to watch for any deer which they might drive into the lake. Unfortunately he neglected to secure his boat, and the first intimation he had of his actual position was seeing the little craft go drifting down toward the outlet. Here was a pretty howlded, for he was unable to swim a stroke; he had no matches to set fire to the small green brush at hand, and not a mouthful to eat. His friends at the settlement, when his dogs returned without him, organized a party to search for him, and found him after he had been a prisoner for eight or ten days. He was found more dead than alive, but complained only of the cold, which he called "friz." Served him right for hounding deer, and we hope it cured him, but doubt it.

MILLARD.

CAPT. MARTIN SCOTT.—Every one of your readers should know all about Capt. Martin Scott and of his famous muzzle-loader rifle shooting, also the famous story of that wise coon, also of Capt. Scott's heroic life and of his gallant death upon the field of battle where (near the writer of this) he fell face to the enemy. Now who will be kind enough to write an article for FOREST AND STREAM, giving a short account of Capt. Martin Scott's career, both as a great rifle shot and hunter and as a military man. I hope some one of his old comrades of the early days of our western frontier will step to the front and answer to this most worthy call. There must be I think a few yet remaining of his old associates who knew him better than myself. I will wait for a time to hear them speak.—MAJ. H. W. MERRILL (New York, May 21).

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

BIRDS OF CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

A PRELIMINARY LIST, BY LEWIS B. WOODRUFF AND AUGUSTUS G. PAINE, JR.

Drawn up May 31, 1886.

The nomenclature and classification are those of the American Ornithologists' Union "Check List." For some valuable additions to this list credit is given to Mr. E. T. Adney.

1. *Larus marinus* (47) Great Black-backed Gull.—Winter visitant; rare.
2. *Larus argentatus smithsonianus* (51a) American Herring Gull.—Winter resident; abundant.
3. *Aix sponsa* (144) Wood Duck.—Summer resident; not common.
4. *Branta canadensis* (172) Canada Goose.—Rare; generally observed during migration.
5. *Botaurus lentiginosus* (190) American Bittern.—Rare. A specimen was observed May 10, 1886, by E. T. Adney.
6. *Ardea cirescens* (201) Green Heron.—Summer resident; not common.
7. *Nycticorax nycticorax naevius* (202) Black-crowned Night Heron.—Summer resident; not uncommon. A specimen has been observed in December.
8. *Fulica americana* (231) American Coot.—Spring and fall migrant; common.
9. *Actitis macularia* (263) Spotted Sandpiper.—Summer resident; common.
10. *Agelaius coccifer* (273) Killdeer.—Rare. Observed by E. T. Adney, Sept. 3, 1884.
11. *Colinus virginianus* (289) Bob White.—Resident; not common.
12. *Bonasa umbellus* (300) Ruffed Grouse. Resident; not common.
13. *Accipiter velox* (332) Sharp-shinned Hawk.—Rare. Observed by E. T. Adney.
14. *Buteo borealis* (337) Red-tailed Hawk.—Resident; most common in fall.
15. *Haliaeetus leucocephalus* (352) Bald Eagle.—Very rare. A specimen remained two months in the Park during the fall of 1886.
16. *Pandion haliaetus carolinensis* (364) American Osprey.—This species is not rare in the vicinity of Riverside Park, and occasionally is observed flying high over Central Park.
17. *Syrnium nebulosum* (368) Barred Owl.—Winter resident; common.
18. *Nyctala acadica* (372) Saw-whet Owl.—Resident; not common.
19. *Megascops asio* (373) Screech Owl.—Resident; not common.
20. *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus* (388) Black-billed Cuckoo.—Summer resident; rare. E. T. Adney.
21. *Ceryle alcyon* (390) Belted Kingfisher.—Summer resident; not common.
22. *Dryobates villosus* (373) Hairy Woodpecker.—Resident; not common.
23. *Dryobates pubescens* (394) Downy Woodpecker.—Resident; common.
24. *Sphyrapicus varius* (402) Yellow-bellied Sapsucker.—Migrant; not common.
25. *Melanerpes erythrocephalus* (406) Red-headed Woodpecker.—Rare. Observed by E. T. Adney, Aug. 27, 1885.
26. *Colaptes auratus* (412) Yellow-shafted Flicker.—Resident; not uncommon.
27. *Antrostomus cocciferus* (147) Whip-poor-will.—Summer resident; rare. Observed by E. T. Adney.
28. *Chordeiles virginianus* (420) Nighthawk.—Summer resident; common, breeds.
29. *Chaetura pelagica* (423) Chimmey Swift.—Summer resident; very common.
30. *Trochilus colubris* (428) Ruby-throated Humming Bird.—Summer resident; common.
31. *Tyrannus tyrannus* (444) Kingbird.—Summer resident; very common; breeds.
32. *Myiarchus cinerascens* (432) Crested Flycatcher.—Summer resident; rare. Observed by E. T. Adney.
33. *Sayornis phoebe* (436) Phoebe.—Summer resident; very common; breeds.
34. *Contopus virens* (461) Wood Pewee.—Summer resident; common.
35. *Empidonax flaviventris* (463) Yellow-bellied Flycatcher.—Rare. Observed on Sept. 19-Oct. 10, 1885, by E. T. Adney.
36. *Empidonax minimus* (467) Least Flycatcher.—Summer resident; very common; breeds.
37. *Alauda arvensis* (473) Skylark.—Six pairs were let loose in the Park by Mr. J. R. Jones in 1867. The experiment could not have been a success, as there is no sign of their having become naturalized.
38. *Cyanocitta cristata* (477) Blue Jay.—Resident; not common.
39. *Corvus americanus* (488) American Crow.—Resident; common.
40. *Dolichonyx oryzivorus* (494) Bobolink.—Summer resident; not common.
41. *Molothrus ater* (495) Cowbird.—Summer resident; common; breeds.
42. *Agelaius phoeniceus* (498) Redwing Blackbird.—Summer resident; not common.
43. *Sturnella magna* (501) Meadow Lark.—Summer resident; common.
44. *Icterus spurius* (506) Orchard Oriole.—Summer resident; common, breeds.
45. *Icterus galbula* (507) Baltimore Oriole.—Summer resident; common, breeds.
46. *Scolecophagus carolinus* (509) Rusty Blackbird.—Spring and fall migrant; common.
47. *Quiscalus quiscula* (511) Purple Grackle.—Arrives first of March and remains till December. Abundant; breeds.
48. *Carpodacus purpureus* (517) Purple Finch.—Summer resident; not common, breeds.
49. *Loxia curvirostris minor* (521) American Crossbill.—Winter resident; rare.
50. *Spinus tristis* (529) American Goldfinch.—Resident; abundant.
51. *Spinus pinus* (533) Pine Siskin.—Spring, fall and winter visitant; not uncommon.
52. *Poocetes gramineus* (540) Vesper Sparrow.—Summer resident; common.
53. *Ammodramus sandwichensis savanna* (542a) Savanna Sparrow.—Summer resident; common.
54. *Zonotrichia leucophrys* (554) White-crowned Sparrow.—Spring and fall migrant; not common.

55. *Zonotrichia albicollis* (558) White-throated Sparrow.—Spring, fall and winter resident; abundant.
 56. *Spizella monticola* (559) Tree Sparrow.—Winter visitant; not common.
 57. *Spizella socialis* (560) Chipping Sparrow.—Resident; abundant in summer; breeds.
 58. *Spizella pusilla* (563) Field Sparrow.—Summer resident; common; breeds.
 59. *Junco hyemalis* (567) Slate-colored Junco.—Winter resident; abundant.
 60. *Melospiza fasciata* (581) Song Sparrow.—Resident; abundant in summer; breeds.
 61. *Melospiza georgiana* (584) Swamp Sparrow.—Summer resident; not common.
 62. *Passerella iliaca* (585) Fox Sparrow.—Migrant; abundant. A few remained through the winter of '84-'85.
 63. *Pipilo erythrophthalmus* (587) Towhee.—Summer resident; common.
 64. *Cardinalis cardinalis* (593) Cardinal.—Resident; common; breeds.
 65. *Abia ludoviciana* (595) Rose-breasted Grosbeak.—Summer resident; not common.
 66. *Passerina cyanea* (598) Indigo Bunting.—Summer resident; not common.
 67. *Piranga erythromelas* (608) Scarlet Tanager.—Summer resident; not common.
 68. *Chelidon erythrogaster* (613) Barn Swallow.—Summer resident; abundant; breeds.
 69. *Tachycineta bicolor* (614) Tree Swallow.—Very common in spring and fall.
 70. *Chicocola riparia* (616) Bank Swallow.—Summer resident; common.
 71. *Ampelis cedrorum* (619) Cedar Waxwing.—Resident; most common in summer.
 72. *Vireo olivaceus* (624) Red-eyed Vireo.—Summer resident; common; breeds.
 73. *Vireo gilvus* (627) Warbling Vireo.—Summer resident; not common.
 74. *Vireo flavifrons* (628) Yellow-throated Vireo.—Summer resident; not common.
 75. *Vireo noveboracensis* (631) White-eyed Vireo.—Rare summer resident. Observed by E. T. Adney.
 76. *Mniotilta varia* (636) Black and White Warbler.—Summer resident; common.
 77. *Helminthophila vernivorus* (639) Worm-eating Warbler.—Rare summer resident.
 78. *Helminthophila pinus* (641) Blue-winged Warbler.—A very rare summer resident.
 79. *Helminthophila chrysopetra* (643) Golden-winged Warbler.—A very rare summer resident. E. T. Adney.
 80. *Helminthophila ruficapilla* (643) Nashville Warbler.—Spring and fall migrant; common.
 81. *Comptolypis americana* (648) Parula Warbler.—Chiefly spring and fall migrant; very common.
 82. *Dendroica aestiva* (652) Yellow Warbler.—Summer resident; abundant; breeds.
 83. *Dendroica caerulescens* (654) Black-throated Blue Warbler.—Spring and fall migrant; very common.
 84. *Dendroica coronata* (655) Myrtle Warbler.—Spring and fall migrant; abundant.
 85. *Dendroica maculosa* (657) Magnolia Warbler.—Spring and fall migrant; very common.
 86. *Dendroica cerulea* (658) Cerulean Warbler.—Observed by Mr. Basil H. Dutcher, May 5 1886.
 87. *Dendroica pennsylvanica* (659) Chestnut-sided Warbler.—Summer resident; common; breeds.
 88. *Dendroica castanea* (660) Bay-breasted Warbler.—Spring and fall migrant; not very rare.
 89. *Dendroica striata* (661) Blackpoll Warbler.—Spring and fall migrant; very common.
 90. *Dendroica blackburniae* (662) Blackburnian Warbler.—Spring and fall migrant; not uncommon.
 91. *Dendroica virens* (667) Black-throated Green Warbler.—Spring and fall migrant; very common.
 92. *Dendroica vigosii* (671) Pine Warbler.—Spring and fall migrant; not common.
 93. *Dendroica palmarum hypochrysea* (672a) Yellow Palm Warbler.—Spring and fall migrant; common.
 94. *Seiurus aurocapillus* (674) Oven Bird.—Summer resident; common.
 95. *Seiurus noveboracensis* (675) Water Thrush.—Chiefly spring and fall migrant; not uncommon.
 96. *Seiurus motacilla* (676) Louisiana Water Thrush.—Rare. Observed by E. T. Adney.
 97. *Geothlypis trichas* (681) Maryland Yellowthroat.—Summer resident; very common; breeds.
 98. *Icteria virens* (683) Yellow-breasted Chat.—Summer resident; not common.
 99. *Sylvania mitrata* (684) Hooded Warbler.—Very rare. A male specimen was observed on May 11, 1886. The movements of the bird were watched for more than an hour.
 100. *Sylvania pusilla* (685) Wilson's Warbler.—Spring and fall migrant; not common.
 101. *Sylvania canadensis* (686) Canadian Warbler.—Spring and fall migrant; common.
 102. *Setophaga ruticilla* (687) American Redstart.—Summer resident; very common; breeds.
 103. *Mimus polyglottos* (703) Mockingbird.—This species has been repeatedly observed, but under conditions that render it probable that the specimens were escaped cage birds.
 104. *Galeoscoptes carolinensis* (704) Catbird.—Summer resident; very common; breeds abundantly.
 105. *Harporhynchus rufus* (705) Brown Thrasher.—Summer resident; common; breeds. A specimen remained through the winter of '84-'85.
 106. *Troglodytes aëdon* (721) House Wren.—Common summer resident; breeds.
 107. *Troglodytes hiemalis* (722) Winter Wren.—Winter resident; rare.
 108. *Certhia familiaris americana* (726) Brown Creeper.—Winter resident; common.
 109. *Sitta carolinensis* (727) White-breasted Nuthatch.—Resident; common.
 110. *Sitta canadensis* (728) Red-breasted Nuthatch.—Winter resident; not common.
 111. *Parus atricapillus* (735) Chickadee.—Winter resident; common.
 112. *Regulus satrapa* (748) Golden-crowned Kinglet.—Spring and fall migrant; common. Occasionally seen during the winter.
 113. *Regulus calendula* (749) Ruby-crowned Kinglet.—Spring and fall migrant; common.
 114. *Turdus mustelinus* (755) Wood Thrush.—Summer resident; common; breeds.
 115. *Turdus fuscescens* (756) Wilson's Thrush.—Summer resident; common; breeds.

116. *Turdus ustulatus swainsonii* (758a) Olive-backed Thrush.—Spring and fall migrant; not common.
 117. *Turdus aonalaschke pallasi* (759b) Hermit Thrush.—Spring and fall migrant; common.
 118. *Merula migratoria* (761) American Robin.—Summer resident; abundant; breeds. A few winter.
 119. *Sialia sialis* (766) Bluebird.—Summer resident; common.
 NOTE.
 120. *Passer domesticus* (—) House Sparrow.—Resident; very abundant; breeds.
 121. *Carduelis elegans* (—) European Goldfinch.—Resident; common; breeds.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

THE editor recently suggested that those who favor the objects and aims of the AUDUBON SOCIETY should do their best to help it along, and if necessary smother their pet aversions to any unfortunate class of birds which may have incurred their displeasure, until the objects aforesaid shall have been accomplished. I consider this position a sound one and hope that it will be generally so regarded. I am reminded of a man who the other day in speaking of our new fish and game protective association, said to me that had we inserted in our constitution one article which had been omitted he would join the society. This was, he said, a clause discountenancing the catching of fish on the Sabbath.

"My dear sir," said I, "if you had attended the meetings and helped to organize the association, you could have proposed that or any other article you chose, and it would have been put to vote. As it was we lacked your valuable assistance and had to do the best we could without it."

This man will reap the benefit of our labors in the increased supplies of fish at his door; and those who do not join the AUDUBON SOCIETY because they want to shoot hawks or some other feathered creature will nevertheless profit by its efforts and the result of its work. KELPIE.

MAY 31.
 THE "HOOF SNAKE" MYTH.—Logansport, Ind., June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Tally one more in favor of the hoop snake question. I clipped the following from the Peru (Ind.) *Sentinel*.—KANKAKEE. The inclosure reads: "Most all our readers have heard of the hoop snake, but comparatively few, if any, have seen one. Indeed, many are inclined to doubt the existence of it, but all surmises are set at rest, as James Nolan, living on O. P. Webb's farm one half mile south of town, killed one Monday forenoon. He discovered it in a ravine and when it saw him it rolled up in the shape of a hoop, but he struck it with a club and disabled it. Mr. Nolan had never seen a hoop snake, but had heard of it and noticed that when he touched the body with a stick the tail at once struck the stick with considerable force. He experimented some time until thoroughly convinced that he had found the genuine hoop snake. After it was entirely dead Mr. Nolan cut off the needle in the end of the snake's tail and now has it in a bottle where all can see it who are disposed to make the trip to his residence. The needle, or sting, is seven-sixteenths of an inch long, looks like a thorn from a locust tree and is of a black color. The snake is five feet and six inches long, of a black color showing golden as it moved. The under surface of the monster was a dirty yellow. The remains are still where the snake was killed and can be seen by all who are curious to look at a genuine hoop snake. Mr. Nolan is a truthful man and there is not the slightest doubt that he killed a hoop snake, as both the snake and stinger can be seen. We believe it is the first instance of the kind in this country."

GAME BREEDING IN CONFINEMENT.—Osakis, Minn., May 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the benefit of your readers I note the breeding of wild game in captivity. T. B. Johnson, our leading merchant, has his yard inclosed with wire netting, the meshes small enough to hold quail. In the yard he has a happy family, consisting of two antelopes two years old (the female of which threw two fawns about a week ago), rabbits of several kinds, California quails, Bob Whites, parrots, and several cages of native birds. The Bob Whites he has had two years. The first season they laid, but the nest was destroyed by a cat; last year the hen bird laid, and after sitting about a week, was killed. The cock bird then took the nest, hatched out the young and reared them. The flock of eleven has dwindled down to five, two of which are now laying. The California quail, of which he has ten, are dropping their eggs around the yard, but so far do not make any nests. They are all very tame, so much so that they hardly get out of the way of even a stranger.—S. W. S.

THE TOLEDO EAGLET.—Mr. Emory D. Potter, of Toledo, O., writes to Dr. E. Sterling, of Cleveland, under date of June 2, of the Toledo eaglets: "I visited the birds and found the woolly head as lively as a cricket. The old ones will allow no one but Mr. Hulce, who feeds them, to come near the cage. I never heard before of eagles breeding in confinement. The young one is growing nicely. Mr. Hulce has bred quail, blackbirds, robins, ring doves and several other kinds of wild birds in wire cages. The eagle laid one egg last year (at five years old) but it did not hatch. I see no reason why he may not stock the whole country with eagles and the singing birds of our forests.—E. D. POTTER."

CROW CATCHING MINNONS.—Richardson Lake, Me., June 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw a somewhat curious feature in the crow line to-day while I was looking upon the lake, which I never saw before, but may be common enough for all I know—that of a common crow striking for minnows in the water. After two unsuccessful efforts the crow carried off from the surface of the water in its bill a minnow about three inches long. It was in quite plain sight, and evidently taken from a school of small fry about 100 feet from the shore.—J. P. W.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—1 black-headed lemur (*Lemur brunneus*), 1 Mousa monkey (*Cercopithecus mona*), 6 Rhesus monkeys (*Macaca erythraea*), 2 Hamadryas baboons (*Cynocephalus hamadryas*), 1 Diana monkey (*Cercopithecus diana*), 1 black-headed spider monkey (*Ateles melanocephalus*), 2 Gillespie's hair seals (*Zalophus gillespiei*), 1 Peruvian Jay (*Xanthoeca inca*), 1 yellow-winged sugar bird (*Caretta cyanea*), 1 European wax-wing (*Amphispiza bilineata*), 2 Egyptian geese (*Chelone pex egypciaca*), 1 ground dove (*Chamepelia passerina*) and 2 twoline pythons (*Python bivittatus*). Presented—1 wildcat (*Lynx rufus*), 1 opossum (*Didelphis virginiana*), 1 woodchuck (*Arctomys monax*), 5 yellow birds (*Chrysomitris tristis*), 2 crows (*Corvus americanus*), 5 crow blackbirds (*Quiscalus purpureus*), 1 great-horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), 8 screech owls (*Scops asio*), 1 robin (*Turdus migratorius*), 4 alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), 1 pine snake (*Erythronotus melanoleucus*), and 1 red-bellied terrapin (*Pseudemys rugosa*). Born—3 prairie wolves (*Canis latrans*), 1 bactrian camel (*Camelus bactrianus*), 5 prairie dogs (*Cynomys ludovicianus*), and 1 elk (*Cervus canadensis*). Exchanged—2 golden eagles (*Aquila chrysaetos*).

Game Bag and Gun.

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THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE full report of the FOREST AND STREAM's trajectory test of hunting rifles has been issued in pamphlet form, with the illustrations and the tabular summary, making in all 96 pages. For sale at this office, or sent post-paid. Price 50 cents.

TURKEY SHOOTING FOR A HAT.

ABOUT the middle of April myself and three others planned to go to the woods and spend a week after turkeys, so one Monday morning we packed a tent and camp equipments and some provisions into a wagon, and drove to the woods where we proposed to camp. We arrived at our destination a little before dark, and after pitching the tent and making some hasty arrangements for the night, ate our supper and turned in, planning to be up early in the morning, there being a prize of a new hat awaiting the man who should kill the first gobbler. The hat was to be paid for by the other three.

Our camp was situated near the line between Garland and Perry counties, in a very mountainous piece of country, being on the watershed between the waters running south to the Washita, north to the Fourche la Pave, and east to the Saline. The teamster who had brought us out was to return home in the morning and come after us again at the end of the week. Our party consisted of, first, Mr. P., a man of somewhere near fifty years of age, who belongs to the legal profession. He had acquired some experience in woodcraft previous to this trip. He used a breechloading gun of Colt's make. Second, Mr. L., of about one-half the age of the former, of mercantile pursuits, a genuine lover of the woods and the gun, and who never lets a chance of enjoying them go by unimproved; his gun was a Parker. Third, Joe A., a native of this State, also a half centurion, and who had spent probably one-half his life in camp among the forests and mountains of the frontier. He still sticks to the old muzzleloading rifle, and says he would not give it for any of the new-fangled perpetually loaded arrangements of the present day. Every one to his notion, you know. Lastly, the subscriber. My gun on this trip was a .38-cal. Ballard rifle.

Thursday morning was cloudy and windy, a state of things rather unfavorable to our morning's hunt. Mr. P. and Joe went to the east of camp and Mr. L. and I went to the west. It was not yet daylight, and the clouds obscured the moon, which was just past full, so that traveling in strange woods was attended with some difficulties. After leaving camp a short distance we separated, each one taking a different direction and striking out for himself. I followed a narrow ridge of the hills until I thought myself far enough from camp and from the others, and daylight beginning to appear, I sat down to wait and listen. The wind made so much noise among the treetops that sounds could not be heard at any great distance. After waiting until the sun must have been fully up I thought I heard the gobbling of a turkey to windward and I moved in that direction and got near enough to hear him quite plainly; but he seemed to be traveling away from me, and the country being so rough and broken I did not succeed in getting near enough for him to hear me call, so I had to give him up, and finally returned to camp. I found Mr. P. in camp, and the others soon came in, no one having yet won the new hat.

After breakfast we fixed up the camp in better shape and then started out again, Joe and Mr. L. going together this time and Mr. P. and I taking the opposite direction. The country is a series of high, rocky and gravelly ridges, running in every conceivable direction, with steep hollows between, some of them occupied by small streams formed by springs. A good country to get lost in unless one is pretty well versed in woodcraft. The woods had been burned over earlier in the spring and was very free from underbrush. The timber is mostly yellow pine, interspersed with hickory and several kinds of oak. Our object to-day was not so much to procure game as to look for signs and locate the ranging places of turkeys. We saw several deer during the day, but, it being the close season for them, we did not pay much attention to them. We found turkey signs quite plentiful and saw turkeys three or four times; but the woods being so open, their sharp eyes proved better than ours, as all we saw were either running or flying. But we learned the woods and found their range, and laid our plans to "sarcumvent" (to quote Nattie Bumpo) some of them in the morning, when we would have the chances more in our favor. We killed some squirrels and saw a good many quail, but the open season for quail having closed the 1st of April, they were not molested.

We returned to camp about the middle of the afternoon, and somewhat later the others returned, also bringing some squirrels. Joe had taken a running shot at a gobbler but without effect, and Mr. L. had seen a turkey hen within shooting distance but did not shoot, as it was agreed among us that we would not kill a hen at this season of the year, although there was no law to prevent.

Wednesday morning we left camp before daybreak, and each one started for the place he had selected the day before. The morning was still and warmer although still a little cloudy. But the moon gave sufficient light to make traveling tolerably easy. I went to a high part of the ridge where several hollows started out from near the same place, running off in different directions, and Mr. P. went to another such place some distance away. Soon after daylight I heard a gobbler in the head of a sharp hollow a little to my right, and soon after another off in front of me and further away. I commenced to call and both would answer me, and soon the one nearest me flew off the roost, alighting about seventy-five yards from me and somewhat below me, as I was on the top of the ridge. I began to think that perhaps the new hat would be mine, but just about that time I heard the report of a gun away off to the east of me, and I was not quite so sure of it. But in about five minutes after, I had the satisfaction of seeing first the head and neck and then the body of the gobbler appear above the rise of the hill and coming toward me. He came up within about fifty yards of me, and stopped to look and listen for the old hen he supposed to be up there on the ridge. I was sitting with my back against a tree, facing him, gun to shoulder and finger on trigger, and hardly daring to wink or draw a long breath. As soon as he stopped the front sight dropped upon his breast and the sharp report of the rifle startled the echoes. The turkey gave one bound and spread his wings to fly, but the bullet had done its work and he rolled upon the ground a dead gobbler. The other

one evidently left for a safe country as I heard nothing more of him. I took my dead turkey and went off in the direction Mr. P. had taken. I soon met him coming toward me. He said he had heard a turkey gobbling near him, but could not call it up as he was a poor hand at calling. We moved off across a hollow and over the wet ridge, when we heard another gobbling off to the south of us. We went around the point of a hill toward him, and having the hill between us and him we succeeded in getting near enough for him to hear me call, so we prepared ourselves for him and I undertook to call him up so that Mr. P. could get a shot. After answering me several times he seemed to be coming nearer, and finally we could hear him strut and drag his wings just around the point of the hill from us. There was an old pine turned out by the roots not more than thirty yards before us, and soon he stepped out from behind this root into plain view. Mr. P. fired one barrel and the turkey rolled over, but got his wings spread and started to fly, the steep hillside giving him a good start. But Mr. P. gave him the other barrel before he had fully got under way, and he fell and rolled and flopped down the hill to the bottom, where we found him feet up, dead.

We were both now well satisfied to go back to camp, where we found Mr. L. with a fine gobbler hung up before the tent. He immediately asked me if that was my rifle he heard about five minutes after he shot. I told him it was, and asked if he killed his turkey outright or if he had to run it down before he got it. He said the turkey managed to flop off a little piece, but he had him in hand when he heard my shot. So we decided that he had won the hat by about two minutes and a half.

We dressed one of the turkeys and cooked breakfast, and after waiting some time for Joe ate our share and put his by the fire to keep warm. Joe did not return until nearly 10 o'clock, and we had become really concerned about him. He said he had heard the report of our guns and was determined he would not come back empty-handed if he could help it; but luck was against him this time, as he did not get a shot at anything. "But," said he, "I'll get even with the rest of you before the week is up," which prediction he fulfilled to his satisfaction. We spent a portion of each day in hunting, aside from our morning's trip, but the woods were so open that we were not very successful in getting any game in the daytime.

Thursday morning was clear and still and delightfully warm, and every gobbler in the woods seemed determined to make the most noise. At one time I could hear four different turkeys gobbling in as many different directions. I succeeded in calling up and killing one before the sun was fairly up; then changed my position, so as to call for Mr. P. again. I commenced to call and two came from opposite directions. I fixed myself to shoot one and Mr. P. the other. Mr. P.'s came within shooting distance first and he fired, killing his. The other turned to run and I fired, but missed him. He arose and flew across a hollow in front of us, alighting on the other side, and started to run up the hill. I had another cartridge in the rifle by the time he struck the ground. He was fully one hundred yards away, but could not run very fast up the hill. I fired again, hitting him in the back, and he came tumbling down the hill toward us. Joe came into camp this morning also bringing two turkeys. Mr. L. was the unlucky one this morning, he having got a shot, but did not kill his turkey.

Friday morning was cloudy and windy again, and Joe was the only one of us who brought in a turkey. Friday evening our teamster arrived, and we made preparations for our last hunt in the morning. Saturday morning was clear and still. Joe and Mr. L. each got a turkey. Mr. P. and I did not meet with success this morning. We did not hear but one gobbler, and he had found other company before we got near enough to him to call. We got within sight of him and a hen, but they saw us and flew before we were within shooting distance. The proceeds of our hunt were eleven turkeys, Joe killing four, Mr. P. and Mr. L. two each, and I three.

LEW WILLOW.

ARKANSAS.

THE ELUSIVE BLUE GROUSE.

II.—IN THE THICKETS OF THE MUSSEL-SHELL.

THE sun's first rays, peeping through the open door of our log cabin, banished all thought of sleep for that day. Springing from under the warm blankets with a sigh of regret, Jack Miller and I hastily pulled ourselves together, and our boots on the wrong feet, of course, as we always did when in a hurry. After an exchange of prisoners had been effected, we finished our simple toilet, and raced over to the cabin serving us for a kitchen, dining-room and drawing-room combined.

As we ran the keen, bracing and invigorating air made us feel like race horses with sinews of steel, while the thick October frost was ground into diamond dust by our heavy riding boots.

Bursting into the kitchen, we found cook busily making baking powder rolls and frying salt pork and potatoes, which merrily sputtering over the fire strongly appealed to my ravenous appetite.

Jack and I were spending a year on our Montana cattle ranch. This ranch is situated on the Musselshell River, and consists of four roughly-built cabins with a stable, all having mud roofs, and a few miles of superb pasturing land under fence. We had about eight thousand cattle on the range, and eighty horses for round up purposes and daily use.

The penetrating smell of breakfast soon brought out of their shack our six men, but half awake, with tousled heads and disordered clothes. But a turn at the only wash bowl and towel of which the ranch could boast, soon transformed them into as many handsome cowboys, all perfect specimens of their class. They were each known by some curious sobriquet, and were quite a peaceable set of fellows when not full of bad whisky.

Finishing a meal of a size to make an Eastern man pale with horror, one of the boys rode after the horses feeding in the pasture a little distance away. He soon appeared, driving them before his circling lariat into the corral. There we lassoed and saddled our favorite hunters, and, slipping guns into slings, galloped off to wage war upon the grouse.

At this season the favorite retreats of mountain or blue grouse, as they are sometimes called, are thickets of young cottonwood along the river bottoms, in which grow many kinds of berries and roots. The young birds, fully fledged by this time, become very fat and juicy, affording excellent sport for both gun and palate.

There was a large tract of land covered with these thickets about seven miles down the river from the ranch; for this we now set out. A pleasant ride brought us to it, and selecting a promising spot, we picketed the horses with a lariat.

Our grouse is a noble game bird. It is about twice the size of a partridge, much swifter on wing, and more delicately flavored. Their plumage assumes a dull gray tint at a little distance, corresponding so closely to the color of brush that it is almost impossible to distinguish them until they dart from under your very feet. In summer, when flushed, they go but a little way and then settle down until again disturbed later on. However, a mile is no long flight when they are thoroughly frightened. Some of their habits resemble very closely those of the domestic fowl. They are extremely fond of rolling and scratching in loose earth, and always cackle when excited exactly like a hen. It is terribly annoying to hear them all around you and not to be able to catch the least glimpse of one on the ground.

I had scarcely torn my way through a thickly woven mass of wild currants and rose bushes, when whirr—whirr—whirr—r-r, I darted five grouse. Quickly throwing up my gun, I emptied both barrels at this covey, and had the satisfaction of seeing two of them fall. Securing these I slipped a couple of fresh shells into my smoking gun and pushed ahead.

About this time Jack made a very fine shot, deserving mention, as it is seldom accomplished. He was a little ahead and about fifty yards to the right, when three birds were flushed. Killing two with the right barrel, he dropped the third with his left, in very pretty style.

Shooting a good many grouse on the way we finally emerged from the tangled undergrowth, to find the Mussel-shell rippling at our feet. A herd of deer drinking from the shelving bank opposite vanished like phantoms through the brightly tinted bushes, leaving no proof of their reality, save delicate prints on the yielding sand.

The sight that met our eyes was too beautiful to describe. Like a band of burnished silver, winding in and out between bristling cliffs and spurs of the ancient mountains, ran our tiny river. Here and there, dotting its placid surface, lay flocks of ducks and geese, welcoming each newly arriving comrade with wild and musical cries of delight. Tall cottonwood trees lined either bank, over the tops of which could be seen the white-haired Snowies, seemingly separated from our touch by a light veil of haze.

The impatient neighing of our ponies dispelling a reverie which had stolen over us, we snatched up our game and took the shortest cut to them, finding they had eaten up everything within range. Springing into the saddle we went to another place also frequented by grouse. There we found them in abundance, and shooting until ammunition gave out suspended operations for the day.

We must have presented a funny appearance riding home with necklaces of grouse, gamebags full of grouse, and grouse hanging from every conceivable place. Our bag was as follows: Jack's shooting 21 birds and I 25 made a total of 46 grouse.

Arriving home before dinner time, we dressed half of our game, and had a hard time to get them all in the oven at once. The reader will not believe me when I say those 46 grouse disappeared in three meals.

W. S. S.

NOTES FROM THE NORTH WOODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having just returned from a two-weeks camping out in the Adirondacks, I will give a short account of how things looked there this spring from a sportsman's point of view. First, the winter has been unusually mild and the spring unusually early, hence game has wintered well and prospects for fall hunting are very good. Our camp was on the highest waters of Hamilton county and twenty-five miles from the nearest house. Within a mile water flowed into Cedar River, thence into the Upper Hudson, Moose River, thence through Black to St. Lawrence rivers, and also through West Canada Creek to the Mohawk, showing us to be on the water shed of the Wilderness. The mountains about us there are locally known as the Blue Ridge, and being so inaccessible are the great breeding place of deer. A large pack of wolves now stay in this section, and if they keep on increasing the State should offer sufficient bounty to insure their extinction, as they kill more game than the sportsmen. One of our guides, a trapper who lives all winter in said mountain, came on a pack of twelve wolves that had a buck down, last March. He drove them off, but the deer's throat was cut. He skinned out a quarter, which, with his peltries, made quite a load on snow shoes, and went to his winter camp about one and one-half miles away. He returned for more meat in less than two hours, but found the bones only, the wolves having made short work of what he had left. Having his rifle this time, he tried to get a shot at the rascals, but they were too shy. He says that the hawks, owls and foxes were very destructive of partridges the past winter, and hardly a day passed that he did not find their feathers on the snow and evidences of their sanguinary taking off.

In felling a tree ninety feet back of our camp, a partridge was scared from her nest in which we found eleven eggs. She came back toward evening and afterward was so tame that every day the boys would watch her with interest. Squirrels are very numerous there this spring. A guide caught a young one which we soon tamed and had around camp while there. Hedgehogs prowling around nights furnished a chance for fusillades that awoke the tenderfeet in the party with novel sensations. In going in we had to leave part of our supplies at Pillsbury Lake (named after the new warden of Blackwell's Island, a true sportsman, by the way). The guides going back for the duffle next day found that a bear had been there before them, and had made away with the bacon, left his teeth marks in the soap bars, torn open and scattered the crackers and flour, and raised Cain generally. But we found fish so plenty that we did not miss our loss. Bears are very numerous and will furnish excellent sport for hunters this fall. Deer are very plenty, and can be readily seen by daylight anywhere in that section.

We had an A1 cook in "Honest" John Plumley, of Long Lake (as Murray's book calls him), and the increased avoirdupois of every one in the party shows what good cooking and camp life can do for any one that is sensible enough to try it.

I am glad to learn through your valuable paper that the Rhinelander estate has got into hands that will help enforce our game laws. I do not believe in large estates in America, but the good results of Dr. Brandreth's owning a six miles square township north of Raquette is known to all familiar with the Woods. I have fished and hunted all over the Rhinelander estate, and know that if in the right men's hands it is a grand thing for the south part of Adirondacks and a sure place for sport for its owners.

We all feel that we have secured a new lease of life by our trip, and that with renewed energy we can in business

easily make up for the time spent so gloriously on the lakes and streams of the North Woods. M. S. NORTHRUP.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., May 31, 1886.

Mr. P. H. Apgar, of Syracuse, who has been an annual visitor to the North Woods for thirty-five years, writes from Number Four to a home paper: "Governor Seymour was well-known to many people here, and his sudden death was a shock to them. Years ago he was a frequent visitor to the Wilderness, and he could tell many tales of his adventures during these excursions which were always made in the winter season. He used to say that the winter months were the best time to see the Wilderness; that then there was far more to be learned of the habits and character of the animals than in summer, that the proper time for hunting and trapping was after the snow fell. He had no passion for angling, and was no expert huntsman and paid little attention to either; but he liked to study the habits of the game that abounded in the Wilderness. He would occasionally shoot a deer, and once killed a moose, said to have been the last one ever seen in these woods, although hunters thereabouts claim to have crossed their tracks within the last five or ten years.

"What remained of the moose were mostly, if not altogether, destroyed by the last generation of hunters, and the deer will be exterminated by the same methods before the close of the present generation, if the Legislature continues to play with this question as it is now doing. A year ago it passed an act prohibiting the hounding of these animals at all seasons; this session it so amended the act as to legalize the practice between the 1st of September and the 5th of October. Other parts of the act are so framed as to give the hounders a virtual monopoly of the slaughter. No 'floating' is permitted until the middle of August, which in effect prohibits that method of hunting, for deer seldom come to the water at so late a period, and after hounding opens, of course, floating would be a ridiculous formality. No deer can be killed in any way after Nov. 1, and this is also a prohibition against 'still-hunting'—the only method of hunting those animals which is justified by the rules of true sportsmanship. So, if the law is enforced, the result, as before stated, will be to render the drivers complete masters of the field, with power to slay the deer *ad libitum*. Everybody who is experienced in woodcraft knows that the hounding of deer is the surest and most effective means of destruction yet invented. Floating, crusting and trapping are harmless pastimes compared with the death-dealing practice of hounding. The main support of the new law came from the northeastern part of the Wilderness, where the deer have been nearly exterminated by hounding, and where venison can be no longer obtained to any considerable extent either by hounding or any other method of capture. The principal operations of the hounders will now be transferred to the Beaver River, the Fulton Chain and the Oswegatchie, where the deer have had some chance for their lives, and where very few were slaughtered last year. Any one who may come upon these waters in September will be regaled day and night during that month with the music of the hounds, and will be enabled to estimate for himself the extent of the bloody work which will then be in progress under the sanction of law.

"The passage of the new act has caused no little hubbub throughout the Wilderness, particularly in the western portion. It is the universal topic everywhere, and will continue so until some change is made or the act wholly repealed. Everybody here, guides and others, are hostile to the measure, and will place all legal obstacles in the way of its enforcement. Already steps have been taken to combine all parties against the hounding of deer on the waters of the Beaver River, and the same course will be taken on the Fulton Chain and Oswegatchie. On Monday evening last a meeting of persons interested in the matter was held at the house of S. B. Edwards, which was attended by about twenty individuals. C. W. Puffer presided and Charles Griffith acted as secretary of the meeting. After an animated discussion it was unanimously resolved that a society be formed for the purpose of discouraging in every proper way the hounding of deer under the law, and of using their best efforts for the repeal of the obnoxious measure. The society having been duly organized, those officers for the first year as follows: President, Joseph C. Dunbar; Vice-presidents, Mark Smith, Charles H. Smith, James Lewis, John Hitchcock, Charles W. Puffer, S. B. Edwards and William R. Smith; Secretary, Charles Griffith; treasurer, Charles Fenton. A paper was then presented and adopted pledging the members of the society and others whose signatures may be obtained to discountenance and oppose by all lawful means the practice of hounding. The paper was ordered printed for general circulation. It is quite safe to conclude that the 'deerslayers' will find a cool reception along the waters of the Beaver River this fall.

"Mr. Fenton is still engaged in enlarging his house for the accommodation of summer guests at Number Four. He has lately removed the 'little red house' to a new location and converted it into a cottage, and is building a two-story house in its place to be ready for occupation this season. He is also building a boat house at the landing on Beaver Lake of sufficient size to accommodate twenty-five or thirty boats."

MONTREAL, June 1.—The Fish and Game Protection Club of the Province of Quebec, which was organized in February, 1859, has just been incorporated. It is admitted by all that it is one of the strongest organizations of its kind on this continent, and counts among its members some of the leading men of the country. The act of incorporation reads as follows: "An act to facilitate the formation of Fish and Game Protection Clubs in the Province." By virtue of an order in Council No. 192, approved by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, on the 20th day of May, 1886, M. M. George, H. Mathews, John Nelson, Jr., William H. Rintoul, Louis Alphonse Boyer, William H. Atwater, Edward B. Goodacre, George U. Ahern, Hubert Root Ives, Isaac H. Stearns, Jas. Slesor, Ernest Lacroix, Andrew Dawes, H. W. King, Thomas C. Brainerd, C. de Salaberry, Robert McKay, A. N. Shewan, all of the city of Montreal in the said Province, and others marked in the schedule hereto annexed (over 300). And all other persons who are now or who may hereafter become members of the club incorporated in virtue of the said order in Council, are hereby constituted a body corporate and politic under the name of "Fish and Game Protection Club of the Province of Quebec." The act of incorporation was obtained through the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Selkirk Cross, who spared neither time nor labor in his endeavors to place the Fish and Game Protection Club of Montreal upon a sound and legal basis.

A WINTER HUNT.

FOR thirty-six hours had the large flaked snow been driven down by the January wind; and when on Friday night A. R. and myself met, we planned a hunt for the succeeding day. Rabbits were plenty and pinnated and ruffed grouse were common. If the thermometer was below 20° we were not to go, and so the first thing early in the morning was to look at the slender tube of mercury so as to see if we could fulfill our bright hopes for the day. How gloomy I felt to see the mercury away down in the morning, but bound to at least try it anyhow, I shouldered game bag (filled with grub) and gun and started to R.'s. He met me at the door, and with "We'll go, anyhow" at sight of me, he started back and soon reappeared all prepared. Without a word we trudged along until the last house on the limits of town was passed, and then we both exclaimed, "We-w, but don't the wind hum."

Sweeping across the level prairie it gathered great drifts of snow and hurled them against the snow fences near the railroad track on which we were walking. Well bundled up we easily kept warm by fast walking, but soon decided to leave the track and cut across fields to the grounds, so making a big jump into the drift at the edge of the railroad embankment we tug, roll, stumble and crawl through the drift. Going due north we had to face the wind, which we at first slightly dislike, but soon feel fully repaid when a great flock of chickens start up with that whiz and whir that tightens every muscle and on which all thoughts are instantly eulored. Having a favorite single barrel, it brings down one an instant slow in taking flight, while R., having a more difficult show, emptied his two loads, in order to be sure of the one he first chose.

Not having wanted to take the dogs through the storm, we take their place and dig our victims out of the drift into which they dove. Having seen the rest settle in a neighboring cornfield, we followed them, and by keeping a large hill between we were able to get near them. But as we came near the top of the hill we were obliged to walk openly toward them. As we saw them they took flight, and being out of range we were obliged to retrace our steps.

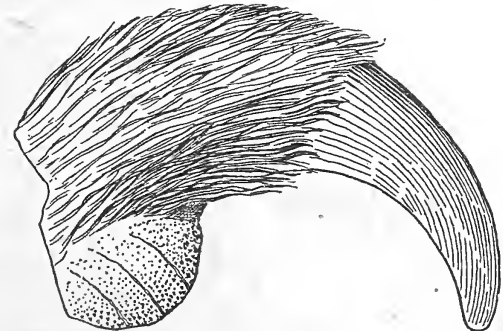
Seeing brush and timber half a mile in advance, we tried a short cut that led across a valley or ravine. As we approached the cut, R. gave a big jump trying to cross it. It was filled with snow and he sunk up to his arm-pits, while his feet paddled in a puddle under the snow. Slowly approaching him, by the aid of a scarf I succeeded in pulling him out, and, taking another path, we went on.

Going through a large field of hazel brush we saw no rabbits whatever; so we concluded that, on account of the storm, they had all taken to the timber, as they generally do. Facing toward the tall trees, we plunged through the immense drifts. On reaching the edge of the woods we stopped at an old straw stack to eat dinner, or rather our frozen bread and meat. Digging in the straw, we soon were rested and warmed, and then we started on our fun.

Through the timber ran a small stream. We each took a side and walked down, beating the brush; we came to bunny, buried in some great heap of twigs and branches; he would wait until we knocked at his door, by kicking it, then out he would pop to run about thirty feet only to turn a somersault into the soft snow. We would sight a little in front of their ears and paying no attention to brush, we were very sure to get our meat. Going for about a mile in this way I suddenly came upon tracks in the snow. Calling R. we went on very slowly for about fifty feet, when up with a "wheet, wheet, whirr" went a ruffed grouse. I shot and then R., but he flew on unharmed on account of the trees. Stooping and looking along the surface we saw seven gathered near together, all attention. Hastily reloading we counted and shot, not wishing to take them on the wing among the trees. Three remained while the rest went on, two of which we afterward got. Returning we got a few more rabbits, and as we reached town after the worst walking I ever had, chilled and very near played out, R. had 5 rabbits, 1 chicken, 2 pheasants, while I had 6 rabbits, 1 chicken, 3 pheasants; R. 8, myself 10; so the single barrel held its own stoutly against the double. CANVASBACK.

OSCEOLA, Ia.

FORECLAW OF THE BIG GRIZZLY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you an exact size sketch of the foreclaw of the big grizzly which "P," your most able correspondent and Rocky Mountain hunter, killed, and a full account of which appeared in your columns in the Christmas number. "P" sent me this claw just before the time of your publication, as a gift and curiosity. It is referred to in his article and I think a published sketch of it will prove interesting and



furnish an item of authentic history for the naturalist. The boys and the beginners with the rifle and at hunting will look upon it with a kind of cold shudder, and the city and village "expert" will have to admit that there is no "tender-foot" about this bear nor about "P." either. I often see, Mr. Editor, your two young half-grown grizzlies in the Central Park menagerie. In their new iron-grated cage they always attract crowds to see them. There are other species of bear mixed with them, but there are none whose claws seem more striking than theirs. As they have access to a hole in the rock for sleeping, and the privileges of climbing the rock by day, it is presumable they sometimes imagine they are in their native mountains themselves, and thus for the moment they appear to be as "happy as two young cubs."—MAJ. H. W. MERRILL.

MR. PRINGLE'S SNIPE SCORE.—A correspondent wishes full details of Mr. Pringle's famous snipe score in Louisiana some years ago. Can any of our readers furnish the information?

THE STANDART SHOOTING CLUB, of Denver, Col., is an organization of sportsmen, who have secured the exclusive shooting privileges on certain lakes on the land of J. W. Bowles, Esq., about one and one half miles west of Littleton, Colorado. The club has erected a comfortable, commodious club house, with bunks and bedding and necessary kitchen utensils, and sufficient stable room; has planted wild rice and erected blinds, and has decoys and other accessories. The lease of its lakes runs for five years from 1884, with privilege of extension for a like term. While the house and grounds are neither large or elegant, they are comfortable and sufficient, and while it is not believed the game will be seriously depleted by our members, a great deal of genuine sport is afforded. The club as an organization, and its individual members, have materially aided in securing proper game laws, and insisted upon their strict enforcement.

HOW LONG DO FOXES AND HOUNDS RUN?—A New York fox hunter has printed a statement that red foxes in his section run before their best hounds from twelve to forty-eight hours. Pray, how fast can any animal run after he has been running forty-eight hours? In Virginia all the fox hunters who catch red foxes will tell you that if a pack of hounds fail to run into reynard or to run him to earth within six hours of constant running he goes scott free that day. Sometimes an old red will run straight away thirty or forty miles and throw out all the huntsmen and all the dogs except a few of the stoutest and fleetest; but you can never prove by any one that that fox was caught. A long fox chase, that is to say, a chase of twelve hours, means slow dogs, and they can't catch a red fox unless a load of lead is thrown into him; and any fox hunter who in this State would swindle a fox out of his life by shooting him would be inexorably tabooed by all the fraternity. But no fox and no hound ever ran forty-eight hours on a stretch.—RED EYE (Virginia).

QUERIES ABOUT MOUNTAIN SHEEP AND GOATS.—Rocky Mountains, Montana.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Very little is known about our bighorn (*Ovis montana*) and our goat (*Apoecerus columbianus*). Now cannot some of your many readers tell us something about their habits? Following are a few questions I would like answered: Are the summer and winter ranges of each different? Which side of the mountains do they stay on most in winter? Which in summer? When does the rutting season begin and how long does it continue? About what time are the young born? What is their principal food? Do they eat much grass? What quadruped is their greatest enemy?—GREENHORN.

GAME PROSPECTS IN TEXAS.—Edna, Tex., May 21.—We are having an exceptional dry season this spring, and the prospect for chickens and quail is very fine. I came a distance of twenty-five miles this morning by rail, and saw two broods of chickens in the road, they were about the size of quail and could fly nicely, while the pairs of quail flying up along the road bed were innumerable. Wish you could come down here this fall, I could give you all the turkey shooting you wished, and throw in deer for good measure.—LEX.

THE BEST READING FOR CAMP.—Aroostook County, Maine, May 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I start to-morrow for a summer's outing in the wilderness—upper St. John and its main tributaries. I shall divide the season into several trips, coming down each trip for a recruit; and copies of the paper will be so nice to take along for reading. I had no reading on my trip up there last summer. I go where I will meet none others, roughing it in its fullest sense (just what I like), my one pole the only companion.—MAINE.

APPLETON, Wis., May 31.—There are a number of ruffed grouse left over here; I saw six different ones in a few hours stroll a few weeks since; one of them was drumming. They were not at all wild. I think deer had a pretty hard winter on account of deep snow. A large herd wintered within five miles of town, but few people here knew of it, and none were killed illegally I believe.—FUR.

"THE ENCHANTED SUMMER-LAND" is the apt title given by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway to the favored country reached via their line and its connection. A handsomely printed pamphlet bearing this title and descriptive of the summer resorts, angling and shooting points, is sent out by R. S. Hair, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

SULLIVAN COUNTY, N. Y.—Monticello, June 7.—Young partridge and woodcock are very plenty and good shooting can be had in this vicinity next fall. Deer are also quite plenty five miles south of this place on the barrens. Good bass fishing can be had here any time during the summer; all the lakes are well stocked.—C. F. KENT.

CLUB RULES.—We have frequent calls for copies of club rules, by-laws and constitutions. Secretaries of gun clubs, angling clubs and game protective associations will oblige us by sending spare copies of their printed rules, that these may be in turn sent to organizers of new clubs.

TENNESSEE.—Nashville, May 21.—Bob White can be heard in all directions. With a favorable summer sport will be good here next fall.—REX.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE PARK ON HORSEBACK is the title of a pleasing little book by Gen. George W. Wingate, just published by the O. Judd Company. It is an account of a trip made last summer by the author, in company with his wife and daughter. Instead of following the ordinary route of tourist travel, the party went to Bozeman, there procured guides, wagons and animals, and made the trip to the Park on horseback, a method which gave them great satisfaction. The party visited the Mammoth Hot Springs, the Geyser Basins and the Canyon, returning to Bozeman by way of the Madison Basin. Thence they curiously spelt Tarzans' Pass and Henry's Lake. They had a delightful trip, a number of adventures, such as losing their horses and meeting "bad men," and good fishing. After passing out of the Park General Wingate killed a few elk. The book is pleasantly written and the story is told in a simple, attractive fashion. The principal merit of the narrative is that it gives in great detail just what the party took with them, what they found useful and what superfluous. It will, therefore, prove a useful book of reference to those who propose for themselves a similar trip through this region. The chapters on game and on the flora of the Park are by far the least satisfactory in the book, and contain many erroneous statements. That on the rifle, on the other hand, is very useful, though we can by no means agree with all the author's conclusions.

THIRTY CENTS A WEEK, at age 25, buys a Life Policy for \$1,000 in THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn. Cheapest First-Class Goods in the Market! Apply to any Agent, or the Home Office at Hartford.—Adv.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THAT OLD BOAT.

FELLOW angler, if you have the patience to read this, then tell me, does it not agree with a number of similar experiences that you can easily recall as your mind quickly turns back over the pages of memory? Some one has raised great hopes in your mind by telling you of some mysterious lake or pond that very few people ever fish. He describes it, and the wonderful luck he had there, or ought to have had but for some unforeseen accident. After he concludes his glowing account you mentally put this spot down as a place to be visited on the first opportunity.

After a time fortune favors you and you prepare for the trip. How carefully you plan and what keen anticipation swells your heart. At last, after the journey, you arrive. Perhaps you have come on the cars, perchance been driven, or again possibly it is your own mules that have carried you with your goods upon you back. No matter, you arrive at the stopping place near by and then descend to the lake. Finally, loaded down with duffle of various sorts, you burst through the bushes or struggle through the marsh and stand upon the shore. The lake lies with its shining levels before you. How beautiful it appears to you. Your eye sweeps the shore line, scans the points, explores the various bays and nooks, and you mentally decide on a number of promising spots which you feel quite certain are full of monsters, all eagerly awaiting your bait or fly. And it is almost equally certain that these spots are likely to be some of the very worst in the lake. It is not till an angler knows his ground that he can feel at all positive on this point. But this is the first time that you have seen this water, and you decide that you will have fine sport. You mentally run over all the points you have heard in its favor, and a bright glow tints the coming hour. This is the way an angler always feels when he sees a new lake. His hope always tips the balance of uncertainty on the favorable side.

But, while admiring the lake, you have also been looking for the boat. At last you find it. It looks anything but encouraging. In the first place it has been built with an utter disregard of all principles of natural science. Here are no "wave line" theories exemplified, it is all rule of thumb and a very bad rule and thumb it must have been. Then it is made of huge planks an inch thick and though it may weigh only 300 pounds now, it will weigh four tons at least after you have pulled it a couple of hours in the teeth of the wind, with those short stumpy oars, one of which weighs a pound more than the other and is a foot longer, and on a seat which is sure to be too high or too low. In one case you will either bark your knuckles on your knees, or in the other nearly crack your back at every stroke. Then you can easily see that as it has no skag and with those unequal oars, it will steer sixteen ways of a Saturday, and your chief endeavor will be to keep it straight. This, however, is no easy task, for the old thing being so heavy, when it begins to turn it is bound to keep on doing so. At first it turns so slowly that you think you can easily check it, but it keeps on in spite of every effort, swinging faster and faster till it suddenly whirls with a velocity that takes your breath away and makes your head swim.

But I have become so interested in describing its vagaries afloat, that I have forgotten to tell how it got there.

When you find it on the shore with its remnants of gray or red paint on the worn planks, it is half full of water. The bottom has various relics on it, such as bleached worms, some dead fish, an old tin bait can, some rusty tackle and other things which evince a former occupancy. Perhaps there is even a minnow or two swimming around in it, who survived the ordeals of the last excursion.

When you see the water your heart sinks. The boat will leak! But no! you recall the heavy shower of the day before. That is it! there is where the water came in! The boat has been so well soaked that you decide it cannot leak. Vain hope! wait till you have been afloat an hour or two.

But you must get the water out. You take the tin can and commence bailing. After ten minutes steady work, which has produced no apparent effect, you decide that you will turn the boat up and dump it out. The rest come to help, and finally, after a struggle which makes every muscle in your back, arms and legs crack, she is on her side and the water running out. After letting her down, you notice the seats are all wet and you will have a chilly feeling when you sit down. Finally the duffle is aboard and you are off. Then you notice those little eccentricities that I mentioned above.

After you row a while or have been at anchor a short time, you notice a thin thread of water creeping along the side or bottom. She leaks! never mind, we can keep it under with the bailer. About this time you get a fish. This raises your hopes to fever heat. He is small, but the big fellows will be along in a minute. He is quickly taken from the hook and thrown into the bottom of the boat. He rewards this attention by getting into that wet spot and flapping his tail in a way that sends a shower bath over you. Compelled by this annoyance to stop fishing, you hastily kick him up under the forward thwart and hope he will die there peacefully. For a time all seems well, but soon he is back there again and the process is repeated. This time you kill him and decide that henceforth you will be humane and kill your fish.

You do for a time and all goes well save that the water in the bottom is steadily gaining ground and your feet and everything else are getting very wet. You grin heroically and resolve to not mind it. Perhaps the sport has been growing brisk and in a moment of forgetfulness you throw another fish down without first killing him. This time the effect is tremendous. There is now so much water in the bottom that as soon as he strikes it a regular rain commences over every one. In catching him you get wet all over. And thus the time goes on and mayhap you will have good luck and just as possibly not, but whether you do or not you will be sure to excrete that old boat.

In concluding I cannot help relating an incident that happened last summer, and which illustrates the above. A party of us were out bass fishing. We had precisely such a boat as I have described above. It was divided into three compartments by vertical boards. The middle compartment leaked very badly, and there were about five inches of water in it, in spite of our efforts. I sat at one end, Van, who had been rowing, sat in the middle, over the water, with his feet on the dividing board. Between us, on the second thwart,

was a youngster of twelve. The last of our party was in the bow.

We had scarcely been anchored a moment before I heard an exclamation from the boy. I turned around and saw him tugging at his band-line. He was in a state of great excitement and his eyes stood out like saucers. He immediately began hauling in line with astonishing rapidity. Before I could remonstrate a two-pound bass broke water. The boy took in line so quickly that when he broke he was no more than four feet from the boat. In his course in the air the bass accurately described a right angle, for at the very top of his leap the boy, by a vigorous jerk, swept him horizontally through the air and to the boat.

He fell, full of vigor and fight, directly into the middle compartment and at once unhooked himself. The first intimation of the sport that Van received was a dose of water. He smiled grimly and never stirred. The water was just deep enough to swim in well and the fun began. The boy made several vain efforts to catch him and then retired with me to the stern. We grinned securely and awaited events.

Pretty soon Van got a teacupful of water down the back of his neck. His ire began to rise. The bass made another circuit and Van got another ducking. This time human nature could stand it no longer and he went for him. Round and round went the fish, Van chasing. The bass was so quick and slippery he could not get hold of him. Meanwhile he was getting wetter all the time. At last, full of wrath, he seized a stretcher, and on hands and knees in the water, hunted that bass into a corner, got him between his knees and fast and clnbbd him till he was dead. When he arose he was a streaming and sorry spectacle, but he calmly, without noticing us, went on with his fishing. As for us, we laughed till we were tired and then resumed our sport, but we had no luck. I think the fish must have heard that fight in the boat and concluded that it was a dangerous neighborhood and retired from it.

But oh! these boats; what has the great band of outers not suffered from them. It is all very well for the canoeist who totes his dainty craft with him to smile, but we are not all canoeists and we cry—who shall deliver us from the curse of this bondage? PERCYVAL.

TROUT FISHING ON CEDAR RIVER.

[The following relation takes the place of the "Camps of the Kingfishers" this week. After reading it, the reader will perhaps reflect that in no respect was the composition of the camp more felicitous than in its possession of two such chroniclers as "Kingfisher" himself and "Snake Root."]

I HAD never creeled a trout. Bass I knew and salmon I had worried to the death. The silver perch, rock bass, the naughty pickrel and the whole horde of mongrels, to say nothing of the sucker tribe, were familiar to my hook; but trout—the beautiful trout—was with me a stranger. Hence, when Jeems Mackerel, the mighty "Kingfisher," quietly remarked one night by the camp-fire that there were trout in Cedar, I mentally concluded the day was not distant when Cedar and myself would become acquainted.

The opportunity was not delayed. We had encamped last August—eight of us, including the cook—on Central Lake, Michigan, at the mouth of Sweeney's Creek. At fishing we were a dismal failure. Neither bass nor maselonage noticed our presence. We caught pickrel, and even deigned to watch the blue gills and rock bass swallow our bait, for we were getting desperate. Old Knots swore once or twice in a moment of absentmindedness, a thing so unusual with him it startled the boys and caused Uncle Dan to lose his balance on a log and fall over backward. The old "Suckermooogen" was so dazed by the continued succession of ill-luck that he couldn't see a big deer that trotted on the opposite side of the lake one morning, and offered to bet "the beer" that it was an Alderney cow. You see Bill is a cattle raiser. Another one of the party lost his appetite feeding on pickrel bones, and still another began to talk sentiment.

This thing couldn't last. So one night I nudged Jeems Mackerel in the side, and suggested that "to-morrow would be a good time to try the trout on Cedar." He swallowed the bait.

"All right," said he, "we'll get up early, gather a nice lot of clams for bait and be off."

Now this was contrary to my orthodox views of trout. I had read in divers publications of the exquisite and thrilling pleasure experienced in luring the gamy trout from their lurking places in the sheltered pool. I had heard how artificial flies, deftly constructed, had been lightly dropped on the water, only to be caught up by a gleam of gold spangled with spots and alive with electric activity. To my mind trout fishing was encircled with a perfect halo of angling de light—a dream of picturesque beauty and loveliness, of sylvan shades and shadowy pools, of delicate and deft handling of willow rods and enticing flies. To submerge all this imagery in the cold and clammy proposition made by Jeems Mackerel to gather "clam bait" to catch trout with gave a shock to my nerves that was paralyzing. I was sorry afterward the shock didn't confine me to camp.

Next morning I rose early, and following instructions, occupied the half hour before breakfast in boating about the shallow water in front of camp, searching the bottom for clams, or "mussels," as we called them down in Kentucky. To catch a clam requires some art where the water is three or four feet deep. They rest on the bottom with the shell slightly ajar, and the prospector gently protrudes a sharpened stick toward this orifice. If the aim is good and the approach gentle and the thrust made at the right time the clam shuts his shell on the stick and is lifted into the boat "just as easy." But if the stick touches the shell too soon or the aim is imperfect the jaws of that clam close quickly and its prospect of being used as bait is gone, perhaps forever.

When passing through Cincinnati, en route, I had bought a small red box in the shape of a new moon, as something likely to prove useful on our trip. This red box was now brought forth and partly filled with clam, chopped into small pieces like boarding-house hash. Tying this around my waist with a twine string, that other beautiful theory of landing trout with a "tapering willow rod" was exploded by equipping myself (again at J. M.'s suggestion) with a short, stout, stiff cane pole—just such a pole as the darkies use to catch suckers with in Elk Horn Creek. Jeems Mackerel condescended to inform me, when these arrangements were completed, that I "now appeared the *beau idéal* of a trout fisherman—*sans peur et sans reproche*," or some gibberish of that sort. Strongly suspecting that he was attempting to grease me with doubtful compliments, I cut short his foreign phrases by remarking, in the most sarcastic way, that anglers, like poets, were born, not made.

There was something more in the shot than chagrin at the despoilment of my preconceived notions of the implements essential to trout fishing, for every soul in camp is an ardent

believer in Jeems Mackerel as a "born fisherman." The tacit recognition of his proficiency in that line, whether perceived in my retort or not, at least silenced his batteries.

Half an hour after sunrise we glided down the lake, skirted the wooded points jutting the swamp where the eagles built their nests, rounded the three pretty islands below, threaded the patches of weeds that grew thickly in the shallow waters adjacent, entered the mouth of Intermediate River, and gliding rapidly down its crooked stream, soon landed a half mile above Bellaire, at the head of the rapids. This growing village we reached after a few minutes walk, and at once began inquiries among its inhabitants touching Cedar, its trout qualities, and the best place to strike it. Sifting the information gained, we concluded our best course would be to reach the coveted stream at a point some three miles away, at the intersection of the township road, then follow its meanderings until close to Bellaire, by which time we estimated the sun would be low and our creels heavy.

As we left the village by a road that led straight away to the east, piercing the center of a broad avenue cut through the dense forests, we fell in with a brother angler, a native, hastening in the same direction. A glance at his outfit sent another shock to my notions of trout fishing. A bamboo pole, fully seventeen feet long and an inch and a half at the butt, lay on his shoulder, and we judged its elasticity as scarcely discounting a good-sized fence rail. The line attached to its small end seemed large enough and strong enough to haul a cow out of a sink hole. Matching this formidable equipment was a stout canvas bag slung from the shoulder, close and compact, and capable of hiding a bushel of trout.

"Say, Kentucky, how's that for high?" said my Kingfisher comrade as we closed up on our new friend.

"Well, I should say nearly twenty feet," I replied. "Do you think he can travel on Cedar with that rig?"

"Oh, yes. You see he takes all the stiffen' out of the trout when he jerks 'em with that pole. Just breaks the spinal column at the first snatch, and saves any further killin'." And then, you see, when the stream is too deep to wade, he just lays his pole down, one end on each bank, and snakes across to the other side. Bet yer life, though, that canvas bag will cook his trout before night."

The explanation and prediction were both satisfactory, for if there is anything Jeems Mackerel can't explain, or any aching void of human inquiry he can't fill, and do it in a way that fills you chuck full of satisfaction, it is not going to be found lying loose around camp.

Overtaking the angler with the big bamboo, we suggested inquiringly that "perhaps he was going fishin'—perhaps not." "Well, I reckon perhaps you are right," said he, "leastways I calculate on ketchin' a few trout out of Cedar before I get back."

"Thar ain't nothin' like tryin'," said Jeems Mackerel (who had a way of dropping naturally into any style of vernacular that he chose—a peculiarity that more than once upset the gravity of the camp of the Kingfishers, "for if old Bill Hess hadn't a tried he never would a strangled that wild cat up in Canada. That cat gin him a powerful tussel, though, but Bill ain't the feller to squeal when a cat is tryin' to scratch a hole in his bread-basket."

With this quaint allusion to an unknown episode in Bill Hess's adventures (unknown probably to Hess himself), Jeems Mackerel relapsed into silence. I looked away through the woods at something that wasn't there, and our new comrade, after waiting apparently to hear how Hess got away with the cat, wisely concluded the matter was postponed, and changed the subject.

"Thar's a friend of mine going to jine me out here by the Fair Grounds, and we are goin' to fish together. Three other fellows," he added, "went troutin' on Cedar early this mornin'. Guess they'll get the best of the luck before we hev a chance."

By this time we reached the inclosure denominated the Fair Grounds. Two or three acres of weeds and stumps, surrounded by a plain board fence, and supplemented by a few board shanties, it had more the appearance of a deserted clearing than a spot dedicated to an exhibition of the products of industry. At the further end of the inclosure our new acquaintance raised a loud hullo, which was quickly answered from the other side of the clearing, and his expected friend was seen wading across the field. A half mile further on they turned sharply to the left, and bidding us good bye disappeared in the thick woods.

The sun was now getting high in the tops of the trees above us, and not yet having compassed more than half the distance, we fell into a long Indian lope and "lit out" for our destination. Jeems Mackerel is long-winded and tough, and despite that constitutional weakness for water that prevented him from passing a brook without imbibing a goodly portion of the crystal fluid, he managed to keep a good second. A half hour more brought us to a point where we detected a faint path, nearly obscured by fallen leaves, diverging to the left. As we had been instructed to follow the left fork of the path about this distance out, I halted, and studying the "lay," asked Jeems Mackerel what he thought about it. Circling round and examining the faint traces of travel, then taking an observation by the sun of the direction in which both forks of the road pointed, the old veteran, whose instinct was equal to the scent of a deerhound, and seldom was at fault in an emergency, finally remarked, "Well, I guess we'll take the left hand path. It aims right anyhow, and a feller that aims to be right and fails, ain't to be blamed much."

His conclusions were right, for the path proved to be a sort of cut-off that led into the main township road a few yards over the hill. Following the latter down a sharp descent, we landed on a bridge of logs that spanned a small, clear, rippling stream. The township road was merely a path through the dense woods, and the bridge of split slabs, though evidently long built, had not even the imprint of a wheeled vehicle upon its smooth surface. It was a virgin bridge, and no doubt one of those cases of work ordered for the benefit of the contractor.

"I guess we ain't lost," said Jeems Mackerel, as he dropped the butt of his rod upon the bridge and peeped slyly over the edge into the water. The latter formed a small pool on the upper side of the bridge, and gliding swiftly under its cover, halted in a twirling eddy on the lower side before it darted under the bushes and vanished.

"Call this a trout stream?" I disgustedly inquired, "why, it isn't big enough to furnish a day's washing for a country hotel."

"You bet it's a trout stream—a genuine orthodox, square up and down camp meetin' trout stream," replied Jeems Mackerel, "and I'm going to lift a speckled trout out of the water in about two minutes."

He unwound his line, attached a small bit of red clam to

his hook, and cautiously slipping to the edge of the bridge, dangled the bait temptingly on the surface of the water just under the shadow of a clump of bushes. There were no trout there or they were not hungry, for none sprang to the feast. Changing to the lower end of the bridge, he tried the eddy for only a second, when the quick jerk upward of rod and line indicated that something had been developed.

"There! I had a bite."

The eager expression of pleasure that illumined his features at this one nibble amused me greatly, and I encouraged him with the inquiry: "Was it a fly or mosquito bite? Looks as if it was about the same size and strength."

Covering me with a crushing look of pity at my apparent lack of appreciation of the presence of trout, he caught the bait in one hand, and raising his rod overhead with the other, he leaped from the bridge into a fresh pile of "bresh," and waded through while it cracked and bent and switched his legs and body. "Come on," said he, "we'll follow the stream down and fish as we go, for we are 'bound for the happy land o' Canaan.'" The "bresh" and logs were "powerful thick," and I hunted around for a better opening than wading through a thicket. Spying a log covered with green moss that seemed to reach out into the wilderness, I cautiously stepped on it and meandered toward the top. The next thing I knew, the moss being damp and slimy slid out from under one foot, and after trying to make one leg three feet longer than the other, and grasping at the twigs and branches in reach, I gave a free pantomime of hair pulling from a head that wasn't visible, and then went down with a crash into a mass of brush and logs that were not quite as soft as a bed of balsams. The fall didn't hurt me much, but surprised me a good deal. Rising on one elbow, I looked up and listened. I expected to hear Jeems Mackerel express his satisfaction at my style of traveling. Fortunately he had disappeared, and I counted one in my favor.

Anybody can disappear on Cedar. It is the worst tangle I ever saw. The fallen timber looks as if it had been tied up into knots and "crimps" and "bangs." The standing timber is so close and the shade so dense one can't tell whether it's dinner or supper time. The soil is light and spongy, and affords so little hold for the roots of trees that the latter topple over as soon as they get big enough to catch the wind. Wind-rows are common. In fact, the whole forest seems a wind row. Logs heaped on logs, trees on trees, brush growing everywhere and around everything, an interminable mass of limb, and log, and brier, and brush, until one is dazed with the prospect of getting through it. And right in the midst of this fearful labyrinth, as if ashamed of sun and daylight, the waters of Cedar River steal their way. Into its hidden pools and foam-clad eddies even the flecked sunlight dares not peep.

Picking my bruised limbs from the "bresh" and recovering my cap and rod, I crawled through to the other side, where I found just room enough to stand upright. My companion had vanished. The smell of the woods, the tinkle of the stream and the one incipient nibble had fired his soul, and he was off "a-huntin'" for the speckled beauties like an old hound on a hot track.

Guessing that down stream was my course, I had only to trace the water in the deep tangle and follow, as best I could, its uncertain wanderings. This was no easy job in that wilderness of fallen timber and mazy thickets. Trailing my rod behind me I crawled or climbed from one vantage point to another, until shortly I spied a little quiet pool under the brow of a projecting bank. This I approached under cover, and baiting my hook with a bit of clam gently dropped it into the water. A splash and a quick tug at the line instantly followed. Small as was the evidence of something alive in that hole, it sent an electric tingle through every nerve. Mechanically I jerked the pole upward, and at once found myself fishing in the leafy branches overhead. I had missed my first bite, or rather my first trout. Recovering my line and a bunch of twigs at the same time, I cleared the hook and again sought to tempt the concealed fish. But it was idle. He let me "severely alone."

Moving a little further on I tried another pool, about the size of a water-bucket, that lay partly concealed under a big log that covered its face. The clam had scarcely reflected its rosy coloring in the crystal depths, when a galvanic current ran up the line and caused me to yield a responsive jerk. The effort tossed a massive trout of about five inches length, backward among the leaves. I searched for the little darling that had dropped from the hook and soon had its diminutive form stretched in the palm of my hand. It was my first trout. Mingled disgust and wonder seized me. Disgust that I had come so far and suffered so much to capture such a wee thing as that, and wonder at the icy coldness it imparted to my hand. Then I began to admire the spots on its sides, coupled with the rich band of gold that melted above imperceptibly into a shade of bronze, and below into a pinkish tint bordering a base of silvery white. And when I recalled what a fierce tug it gave at the hook I was not sure I had any right to get mad about the matter after all.

One fact at any rate permeated my brain at that time and has never gotten away since and that is—for its weight and appearance, no fish on the "livin' yearth" (as J. M. would say) can equal a trout for an unhesitating solid square pull at the end of a fishing line. There's no dodging about a trout—no sickly, sentimental nosing about the hook. He goes at the bait with a dart like a skyrocket—sometimes leaping clean out of the water—and as he flashes back to his cover with the hook in his mouth, an impression crosses your mind that you have captured a streak of greased lightning.

Dropping my first trout back into the water—for it came within the guardianship of the law—I now hastened to overtake Jeems Mackerel. Perhaps you know what it is "to hasten" along the banks of Cedar. Well, it means a good deal more than one may care to tell. Plunging to your knees in mud and slime, stumbling over roots, butting against trees, bruising your limbs on logs, scratching your nose on briars, sinking the naked hook to the barb in your fingers, and all this time the flies are sticking their poisonous fangs in the back of your neck and the mosquitoes are tasting your ears and making blood pimples on your nose. There nothing like trout on Cedar.

After ten minutes of "hastening" I saw the bushes shake ahead, and getting nearer, spied the old "Kingfisher" skinning out on a limb that projected over a pool much larger than I had yet seen. He was showing his rod ahead, and, with knees hugging the slender limb, was balancing the hind part of his body in the air to prevent too much of it from getting on the wrong side.

I stopped and watched the maneuvers of the old veteran. After getting as far out on the limb as he deemed safe and sufficient, he bent a branch down until he could put it under his left arm as a steadier, and then unreeling about a foot of line he projected the hook previously baited toward the sur-

face of the pool. "Virtue has its own reward," and so had Jeems Mackerel. A trout instantly took the bait, and a second later was dangling at the extremity of the short line. Jeems was now in "hookety." The limbs were too thick to recover the fish properly, and his hold too precarious to go fooling round. The old fish hawk seemed to study a bit, and then just slid the rod backward between his legs, keeping the tip slightly elevated until he could reach the wriggling trout, which he took off and slid into his breeches pocket for safety. Then fingering his clam box with his left hand, he rebaited the hook, and bless my eyes! if he didn't actually spit on his bait and again drop it in the pool for another bite. "Superstition and raisin' is stronger than edicashun," says "Old Knots," and after that feat of Jeems Mackerel, I don't doubt its truth.

The trout wouldn't take the bait any more, so Jeems Mackerel backed himself down to solid earth as a bear would back down a tree—stern foremost. Getting upright on his hind legs, the old fellow caught sight of me. Giving a self-satisfying chuckle, and dropping naturally into one of his vernacular styles of expression, he remarked: "Snake Root! yer'll have to do a heap more things than skinnin' a log if yer goin' to circumvent trout on Cedar. Yer can't tell always when or whar yer goin' to ketch 'em, or what kind of bait they'll tackle. They are just like wimmen—monstrous fickle and onsartin' when you want 'em most."

As he delivered this sage piece of philosophy, he slid his hand into his breeches pocket, and extracting the trout, proceeded to string it on a forked twig with several others he had previously captured. Then turning round, he started to lead the way along the stream. "Come on, pardner," said he, "and we'll rake some more of the toothsome mcrcsels from their dens."

Alas for the treacherous soil of Cedar! As the old "Kingfisher" closed his comforting assurance, one of his feet went down in a muskrat hole and the other got tangled up in a root, and for about twenty feet there was a regular circus performance. The right foot scattered dirt and leaves as it came forcibly from the hole, and toppling forward, Jeems nearly lost his balance, then executed a semi-hop and jump, only to reel off sideways; snatching at saplings and wiping the bushes clear of dry debris from the last flood, he finally landed, head on, against the trunk of a monster hemlock. But for the obstacle, I firmly believe he would have continued to fall fully twenty feet further.

"Jerusalem!" he exclaimed, "my brains feel sorter paralyzed." Then glancing anxiously at his rod that went fishing in the bushes on its own hook, he added, "What would Uncle Dan Sloan say to see me playin' leap frog that way? It reminds me," he continued, "of the day old Bill Hess killed a bar upon Sturgeon. Arter trackin' him a long ways old Bill finally caught sight of him down in a holler. Takin' a quick sight he let 'Old Hannah' loose, and down tumbled the bar over a log in the bushes. The bresh was so thick yer couldn't see yer hand afore ye, hardly, and old Bill was so anxious to stick his knife in the brute, he forgot his eddication and went a runnin' to the spot. He couldn't tell exactly the lay o' the land, and befo' he knowed it he jumped over a log and lit kerfummux right on the bar. The varmint was only skotched, and when Bill jumped on him, it sort o' waked him up like, and givin' a screech like a wildcat, it up and tried to hug Bill. As his gun was empty and his knife onhand at that particular minit, Bill didn't think it was necessary to stop and explain the accident, but he up and lit out—and they do say [at this point Jeems Mackerel paused to chuckle] that he riz and fell over logs and 'bresh', and tore saplins worse nor a three-legged mule with a bushel o' horns on his back. He just cleaned a path in the woods so plain that next year the county surveyor run a wagon road whar Bill had blazed the way. However, let's likker."

Involuntarily I felt for the small flask of "soothin' syrup" or Kentucky "opodeldoc," which I carried in my hip poeket for use in case of possible snake bite.

"No, no," exclaimed the veteran "Kingfisher," resuming his normal expression, "that article and myself don't harmonize. We are not on speakin' terms. Humanity was never made better by its use, and while I don't interfere with my friends in finding a spell o' comfort and a realizin' sense o' consolation in light doses of the fluid—as for me, I don't want any better liquid than sparkles and bubbles right out o' the ground. It's the coolestest, the sweetest and the purest drink on the face of the livin' yearth, and Michigan is the spot where it comes up colder and fresher and more self-satisfyin' than anywhere else, accordin' to my notion."

As he concluded this bit of apostrophe to water and to Michigan, Jeems Mackerel picked up his rod, and gathering the half dozen trout that had been scattered among the leaves by his prolonged fall, he led the way in search of another trout hole.

Aside from the difficulties of travel involved in climbing over fallen timber and creeping through the matted undergrowth, it was frequently necessary to make detours to get around points that were too formidable to attack, or to avoid marshy places where depth was no object. Meanwhile the flies were getting in their work and the mosquitoes were having a jamboree time. They had evidently posted spies and pickets out on the edge of the forest, and the whole tribe had been informed of our presence as providing a supply of choice meat. There is nothing modest about the actions of a Cedar River mosquito. He just plants himself where the flesh is tenderest and proceeds to dig his way into the soil with the indifference of a sexton. Just think of 40,000 of these insects following you for hours and taking turns at tasting your blood!

We had been following the little stream in its tortuous course for perhaps a mile in a straight line, or about five miles as we wobbled, and by industrious work had managed to creel about a dozen trout, none of them weighing above four ounces. Hunting the deepest holes, the stream finally seemed to divide up and disappear, and while searching for it we suddenly came plump on a watercourse five or six times larger. It went splashing on its way, diving under roots, darting under banks of green mould and behaving like a genuine forest torrent.

This was Cedar River itself, and we had simply been spending hours in fishing a tributary of that famous stream. Jeems Mackerel ought to have known better. If he didn't, he might at least have suspected that something was wrong, for it wasn't the first time he had trouted on Cedar. However, we forgave him freely for two reasons: First, because we have no doubt the old fellow was actually lost, and second, because Cedar River didn't afford any more trout than its tributary. As I looked at the little string of fingerlings that dangled on his twig, I could not repress a pang of sorrow that the poor things should be weaned so soon,

The old "Kingfisher" never seemed to tire nor grow impatient. One minute he would be astride a swinging limb, and, with one hand clutching a branch overhead, he would strain his back trying to drop his hook under an opposite bank, just where the water paused a minute to enjoy the rest it could find nowhere else. Then he would skin out on a log and imitate his namesake by sitting motionless for an indefinite period, under the delusion that the trout beneath would forget he was there. Or, lying flat on the ground and nudging along as he pushed his rod in front, he would crawl slowly and painfully to the brink of some eddying pool only to return disappointed. With the zeal of a disciple and an implanted love of nature in her original robes, I stuck closely to the practices of the veteran fisherman, and with a little more than equal lack of success.

As the afternoon wore on the shadows rapidly deepened and gathering clouds warned us of rain ahead. We hurried along as rapidly as it was possible, for a night passed in the swamps of Cedar, with its millions of flies and mosquitoes, and its damp, chilly atmosphere, was a prospect too gloomy to contemplate. We had only time to pause now and then to try some pool more inviting than the rest. Travel as we might, there was no moment too pressing for the old "Kingfisher" to kneel down and swallow a mouthful of the deliciously cool water of every spring and tiny rivulet we passed. May the time never come when the tinkling music of the running waters and the clear depths of the cooling springs shall cease to refresh, with their poetic imagery, the weariness of his mind, nor fail to plant themselves as free gifts of nature beside his path, wherever his footsteps may tread in the gentle pastime of "ye noble angler!"

At last the rain drops began to patter down through the leaves and fall in larger drops on the ground at our feet. In half an hour the rain had increased to a steady fall that bethought no letting up. Fortunately we now came to a sort of path, made by cutting off the saplings two or three inches above the ground, and hewing a log out of the way here and there. This at least indicated the shortest way out, and while we took an occasional tumble over the stumps, and slipped on the wet banks of the numerous gullies we crossed, we made fair headway. Jeems Mackerel said there was an old clearing ahead somewhere, and when we reached that we had only to climb the bank and find ourselves in sight of the Fair Grounds. Pulling down my hunting cap and buttoning my coat to the chin, I faced the rain with all the contentment possible. Jeems Mackerel's old slouch hat bent its rim down and shot its peak to the sky as if it were used to rain and rather enjoyed it. At last, after an hour's twisting and tumbling, a gleam of light was revealed ahead, and then the long, gaunt forms of burned trees reached up toward the leaden sky. The faint path we followed suddenly terminated at a huge upturned tree that blocked the way. Climbing the trunk we saw nothing ahead but a mass of wet weeds, marsh grass and brush. The outlet was shut off entirely.

"Got to fly," said Jeems Mackerel.

"Wings too wet," I replied.

"Watch me sail," said J. M., and suiting the action to the word he poised himself on the end of a limb, then with rod overhead he leaped into the dripping weeds and bushes. There was evidently a bottom to the thing, as he demonstrated by wading through to the top of the bank. I had no choice but to follow. In dropping among the brush I nearly broke my ankle on a concealed limb. I didn't know it was there. The reeds shed water like a duck's back. By dint of hard pulling and slipping and sliding I reached the top of the bank. The more extended view this elevation gave me, enabled me to see J. Mackerel wading waist high through the tangled grass and burrs and sprouts that infested the clearing. He was making a "bee line" for the Fair Grounds and shedding water as Jim Wolf shed "sassers" as, fighting the tomcats, he fell off the shed roof into the plates of candy set out to cool. I followed his illustrious example, tracking him by the water line, and bent brush and weeds, and soon had the satisfaction of reaching the main road where it crossed a tiny rivulet.

Taking a short rest under a tree while the Kingfisher was making away with a quart or two of his favorite beverage from the cooling stream, I noticed two or three dozen spoiled trout scattered over the ground. It needed no second thought to recognize in their pallid forms the rejected contents of that old canvas bag we had seen earlier in the day, and about whose cooking properties Jeems Mackerel so forcibly prophesied.

From this point to Bellaire, the rain fell in torrents. We first sought shelter under the trees, hugging their trunks and dodging the streams that came down the under side. As the cold drops finally went crawling down our backs, between skin and cover, and having a prejudice against the mean feelings that come of being soaked by inches, we concluded to quit temperizing and to walk into the deluge like men. It rained some. In fact it came down so hard we began to feel sorry we hadn't some cork life preservers with us, so we could float and save the labor of traveling. Jeems said he hadn't had so much fun "since the big storm on Carp Lake."

[Mem.—That was the time Jeems Mackerel wrote of the big fish biting his spoon in half, and of his riding four foot waves in an egg shell. Jeems is a veteran.]

As we tramped through Bellaire, with sand and water mixed sloshing in my shoes, I remembered that little speech of J. M.'s about my being the "beau ideal" of a trout fisherman, "sans peur et sans reproche." The thought excited my risibles until, laughing outright, the old snipe heard me and looked around inquiringly.

"Nothin', only laughin' to keep up the circulation."

He knew that was a whopper, but reserving his wrath, he turned his face to the front and pushed on. It was getting dark when we reached the boats. The "Kingfisher's" fondness for rowing (he resents any interference with his prerogative as chief oarsman) served him a good turn on the backward trip up Intermediate River and Central Lake to camp. While the exercise kept him warm, I sat in the stern and shivered with wet and cold. I fancied the old rascal (Jeems is a shade under seventy) enjoyed my discomfort. I afterward got even with him on a tour to Six Mile Lake.

Our arrival in camp was hailed with such a degree of welcome that we almost forgot the troubles of the trip. I am not sure, though, that the prospect of a change from pickering to trout for breakfast didn't have something to do with that welcome. "Old Knots" said that on this special occasion there would be no harm in breaking the rule of abstemiousness and swallowin' a dose of "opodeldoc" to drive chills and rheumatism from the system. Uncle Dan removed his pipe from his mouth and suggested that "all things were made for some use, and as we might be wene snake bit unbeknownst, there was no harm in vaccinatin' against the pizen." As "Suckermooogen Bill" added his approval with

the sage observation "that there was but one time to die," I felt my strength as a cold-water disciple oozing out my finger ends, and with desperate resolution was about to submit to the infliction, when Jeems Mackerel concluded the inquest by icily remarking, "When a fellow wants to go to the circus, it's wonderful how anxious he is to have the children see the animiles, and how much natural history that is in a Bengal tiger, a spotted hyena and a monkey."

I firmly believe Jeems Mackerel will become a confirmed cold water inebriate. I had my satisfaction, however, for while he was satisfying that enormous appetite of which he is almost sole possessor, he attempted to drain the bottom of a can of peaches, and a humble "yellow jacket" that had gone to sleep in the bottom touched the hot end of his body to Jeems's tongue, and for ten minutes I thought he was trying to exhibit that circus, "natural history" and all. "Suckermooogen Bill," a splendid cattle doctor, spent two days treatin' what he called a "ginooise case of black tongue." Uncle Dan thought it was small pox and wanted to inoculate. I suggested that Furr and Snyder might go around the neighborhood and collect up the children and bring 'em to camp to see "the evil effects and witness the awful example of indulging too much in cold water as 'it comes sparklin' and bubblin' fresh out o' the ground."

When the old Kingfisher got well of that "yaller jacket," he spent most of his time persuading the boys not to mention the subject outside of camp, and specially not to let his wife know anything of the circumstance, "for," said he, "she always did vow that men had more tongue than wimmen, specially if Jeems Mackerel was around."

We never told anybody about the affair, and don't expect to, as we consider this little episode "don't count."

Snake Root.

FRANKFORT, KY.

THE NEW YORK TROUT LAW.

THE laws regulating the capture of all kinds of trout, have again been amended by the Legislature of New York, and the bill has been signed by the Governor. In our issue of May 27, Mr. John D. Collins complained of errors in the law as it stood, and on the 25th the bill introduced by Mr. Doyle to correct these errors, had passed. The Governor has signed it, and we notice that the date of capture for brook trout is restored to April 1, except in the counties included in the forest preserve, and that the new brown trout are protected. We regret that the clause restricting the capture of brook trout under six inches in length, was left out. Perhaps this was "done in the engrossing" where it is claimed that the error in the former law occurred. We give the law in full:

AN ACT to amend chapter one hundred and twenty-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled, "An Act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game." Passed May 25, 1888; three-fifths being present.

The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. Chapter one hundred and twenty-four, of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled, "An Act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game," is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

§ 1. No person shall catch, or attempt to catch, or kill or expose for sale, or have in possession after the same has been caught, or killed, any speckled trout, brook trout, California trout, brown trout, salmon trout or land-locked salmon, save only from the first day of April to the first day of September in each year, except in the counties included in the forest preserve, established by chapter two hundred and eighty-three of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty-five, where it shall not be lawful to catch, or attempt to catch or kill, or expose for sale, any speckled trout, brook trout, brown trout, and California trout, save only from the first day of May to the first day of September, and salmon trout and land-locked salmon from the first day of May to the first day of October in each year. No person shall at any time take or catch any speckled trout, brook trout, brown trout, salmon trout, land-locked salmon or California trout, from any of the waters of this State for the purpose of stocking a private or public pond or stream except from the waters of Lake Ontario. No person shall at any time willfully molest or disturb any of the fish mentioned in this section, while they are upon their natural spawning beds during the spawning season, except in the waters of Lake Ontario, nor shall any person take any of said fish, or any spawn or milt from any of said fish while upon their natural spawning beds in any of the waters of this State (except such as are wholly private). Any person violating any of the foregoing provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of ten dollars for an attempt, and twenty-five dollars for each fish caught or killed, exposed for sale or had in possession during the prohibited season aforesaid; and a penalty of fifty dollars for disturbing or molesting fish upon the spawning beds, or taking spawn or milt therefrom, with twenty-five dollars additional for each fish taken thereon. The foregoing provisions are not to apply to the operations of State or public hatcheries, or to the artificial propagation of said fish by State or public authority; nor to the taking, transportation or possession of fish-ry thus artificially propagated or distributed for the stocking of waters. Owners or proprietors of private hatcheries are also exempted therefrom to the extent that they may take fish, spawn or milt in their own private waters, for the purpose of artificial propagation, inclusive of the sale, transportation and possession of fish-ry or spawn thus obtained or propagated for the purpose of stocking waters. In all other respects these provisions are to apply. No officer of the State nor any person, shall place or deposit in any of the waters of the Adirondack region of this State (so called) any fish, or fish-ry, or spawn, or milt, except speckled trout, brook trout, brown trout, salmon trout, California trout, or land-locked salmon unless the fish deposited or placed in such waters are indigenous to the particular water where placed, except that non-preying or non-destructive fish, such as usually constitute food for the species above named, may be therein placed. Any person offending against this provision shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment in a penitentiary or county jail for a period not exceeding eighteen months or a fine not exceeding a penalty of five hundred dollars, or both, in the discretion of the court, for each fish or spawn deposited in violation thereof. No person, common carrier, corporation, association or company shall, at any time, carry or transport or have in his or its possession for the purpose of transportation, any speckled trout, salmon trout, California trout, or land-locked salmon caught or killed in that portion of this State constituting the forest preserve; and any person, common carrier, corporation, association or company which has in his or its possession any such trout shall be deemed to have them in possession in violation of this section; provided, however, that they may transport from the forest preserve, or have in possession for the purpose of transportation, speckled trout, brook trout, brown trout and California trout from the first day of May to the first day of September, and salmon trout or land-locked salmon from the first day of May to the first day of October in any year, caught or killed in the forest preserve, for each owner of said trout, provided that they be accompanied by such owner. Any person offending against this provision shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each trout or part thereof had in possession for transportation in violation of this provision, and may be proceeded against in any county of this State in which the offender or prosecutor resides or the offender has an office for the transaction of business.

SECTION 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

THE NORTHERN LAKES OF CANADA are described with routes, guide to best camping, fishing and shooting localities, hotels, cost of travel, etc., in a 200 page guide book prepared by Barlow Cumberland, Toronto, Canada. There are maps of the Muskoka Lakes, Simcoe and Couchiching, Georgian Bay and other waters. The book is crammed full of useful information, designed to point out the way and make it easy for tourists, pleasure seekers, sightseers, anglers, shooters, canoeists and all the other wings of summer outers in the Dominion. The maps are of special value, being drawn on the panorama plan,

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.

Troy, N. Y., June 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several salmon have been taken below the dam at this city within the past week. There are known to be four and there are rumors of others. The largest one which we have any positive record of weighed 14½ pounds, and it was a fine plump fish. The salmon are now stopped at the dam here and are being taken in nets. This should be stopped at once and fishways should be built to allow them to reach the upper river where they can spawn. The fact that there are salmon in the Hudson should arouse anglers and game protectors to see that the first crop is not destroyed.—J. H. R.

Mr. H. P. Schuyler, of Troy, has written to Mr. M. M. Backus, of New York, that on Monday last a 14½ pound salmon was caught at the State dam, making the third within a week whose aggregate weight was 35 pounds. Mr. Backus writes to Mr. Blackford that there is an impression at Troy that a few years ago the State Legislature made an appropriation for a fishway at Troy, but it never has been built. Mr. Schuyler says that the fish referred to will be the last one killed, as "a few knights of the angle intend to take matters in hand," and that his brother has notified the fishermen that all fish taken in future must be returned to the water, and adds: "I believe the waters in the vicinity of the dam are swarming with salmon that are unable to get above the dam."

Troy, N. Y., June 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Two salmon have been taken here. These must be fish that were planted three or four years ago by the U. S. Fish Commission from the Long Island hatchery. I saw the first shipment taken to North Creek by Mr. Mather in 1883 while they were on the platform at Saratoga, and expressed my opinion to him that it was doubtful if they would ever return, because they were so small. I am prepared to believe that more will come.—D. Y. SMITH.

Troy, N. Y., June 4.—On the second day of June some fishermen took from the waters of the Hudson, just below the State dam at this city, a strange fish, some ten pounds in weight. They presented the fish to their employer, who was also ignorant of its proper name and species, but found it very good eating. Yesterday another of the same fish was taken at the same place. It was brought to the city and in the evening I had the pleasure of inspecting a fine male salmon, which measured 28 inches in length, 16 in girth, and weighed 10 pounds 8 ounces. Did not the Legislature provide for the construction of a fishway in the above-mentioned dam? If so, let us have it at once.—SEYMOUR VAN SANTVOORD.

EYED HOOKS.

"NOTHING is new," said Talleyrand, "but that which is forgotten," and the saying is strikingly illustrated by the eyed hook. Eyed hooks have been in use by fishermen so long that the "oldest inhabitant" does not recollect their first adoption; and yet when their existence had at last become like the aborigines of this country, almost improved off the face of the earth, they were suddenly resuscitated—reinvented with some improvements—and, lo! according to Mr. Levison (and others), those which have the eye turned up are "about perfect," and, to pile Pelion on Ossa, those with turned down eyes, labelled with the talismanic name of "Pennell," are "much superior" to the "about perfect" ones. Moreover, Mr. Levison recommends fly-fishermen not to lose much time about giving the latter hooks a fair trial. I would suggest that the angler wait till their price is more reasonable. At present the manufacturers ask what is aptly characterized by a large English firm of dealers writing recently a "murderous price," in fact, about ten times that of the best Sproat, which is, in my opinion, a far superior weapon in regard to shape of bend.

To those who are not acquainted with the eyed hook a few words concerning its history, form and utility may be of interest. The "turned up" eyed hook existed at least half a century ago. That I know, for in the fly-book of my paternal grandfather I find the remains of flies dressed on them. But they were ill made and coarse, and usually of the Kirby bend, a maker who is said originally to have derived his secret of tempering hooks from Prince Rupert. Hence these hooks, till within the last few years, were employed chiefly for sea-fishing and night lines for eels; their apotheosis in the dress of a quill-gnat floating fly had not yet been accomplished.

At last, about five years since, the disciples of the floating-fly school of up-stream fishing for trout, beginning with those fishing the English Itchen, Test and other Hampshire chalk streams, found that the drying of the fly in the air cracked off so many flies—added by the gossamer gut which is used of necessity—that some remedy, partial or entire, became imperative. The needle-eye hook was first tried and found undesirable because the eye cuts the gut, and finally, Messrs. Bankart and Hall—two justly esteemed premier fly-fishermen—after countless experiments and failures, succeeded in devising the turned up eyed hook which, as to bend, they decided, after the most exact and careful trials, be it remembered, should be a modification of the Sneek and Limerick. I have fished with these hooks over the shyest of English trout—those of the Itchen—and can indorse the enthusiastic opinion of all the chief anglers of England, from Francis Francis downward; and also that of Mr. Levison, that they were and are "about perfect." That was the general verdict. They hooked the fish with certainty, showing that a rigid gut snell was not absolutely necessary at the end of the shank; their penetration and holding power were conceded to be in advance of the Sproat or round bend, and their fouling quality, by reason of the "Sneeky" side twist, was *par excellence* all that could be desired. "The force of nature could no further go," was opined by all who thought about the matter. In a word they were "about perfect."

But anon arises the drastic and reforming Mr. Pennell. This gentleman, I gladly concede, rejoices in a piscatorial record of a very high character. In it we find that he had undoubtedly written the best book on pike fishing, substituted six typical and supremely bizarre compilations of feather, silk and tinsel for the thousand and one flies of the entomologist angler, with which he proposed to slaughter all the members of the family *Salmonidae*; and that his is the distinction of having advised down-stream fly fishing, withstanding to the face that price of trout fishers, Stewart, author of the "Practical Angler." In his recent volume of the Badminton series, he advances the "turned down" eyed hook. This gives its only right to be named after him: for the down-eyed hook was made by Allcock & Co., of Redditch, as they assert, twenty years ago for Holyrood, of

Gracechurch street, London, and the bend of the hook is precisely that of the old Limerick. It is amusing therefore to read Mr. Pennell, writing (*Fishing Gazette*, April 8), "I am advised that the sale of these hooks under my name by unauthorized firms would be contrary to law." How sublimely modest in the gifted author of "Puck on Pegasus!"

To advert, however, to the practical utility of the eyed hooks generally, it seems to me that their chief merit lies in their being less liable to break off in casting, and in the ready changeability of which they are susceptible. Still in this regard their benefit is like every good thing in this "best of all possible worlds," not unalloyed. When fishing a cold mountain stream in a chilly wind—not by any means an impossible conjunction of events—with numb fingers, the tying of even the "gain knot" (Mr. Pennell's again, though as old as the first bit of string) is fraught with difficulty, and I know by experience that the tiny fly may more easily slip from the fingers than the old-fashioned snelled hook, and that the eye of the hook to this short sighted generation of neuresthetic and over-worked money grubbers is often provokingly indistinct, and as evening gathers round and the fish hasten to make the most of it, this is to say, the least of it, like Lord Palmerston's world, "a fortuitous concatenation of incongruous" circumstances against the enjoyment of the eyed hook, whether its eye squints up or down.

J. HARRINGTON KEENE.

MANCHESTER, VT.

ANTRIM COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Antrim County, Mich., Game and Fish Protective Association at Central Lake, the following officers were elected: Roswell Leavitt, of Bellaire, President; George M. Clow, of Central Lake, Vice-President; F. H. Thurston, of Central Lake, Secretary; Thomas M. Rushton, of Central Lake, Treasurer; George W. Albrecht, of Bellaire, Vice-President for Kearney township; Jesse A. Cary, of Central Lake, Vice-President for Central Lake township.

Mr. Leavitt moved for a vote to see whether, as a society, the association will exert its influence to enforce the present statute laws of this State for the protection of game and fish. In response every member voted "yea."

The following explanation of the spirit and purpose of the association is given by the secretary in the *Breeze*: "The following is intended to explain the motives and intentions of those who have organized the Fish and Game Protective Association: They believe that among our inalienable rights are life, liberty, and the catching of fish. Life and liberty we have, but how to catch the fish? I used to be called a good fisherman, and settled on these lakes expecting to have all the fishing I wanted. In the past three years I have not caught ten pounds, and I think it useless to try with the only legal means—a hook and line. Some say: 'Spear them—net them—shoot them—blow them up with dynamite.' In answer it may be urged that such methods are illegal. But we are told to pay no attention to the laws, that nobody minds them, and that we can't get fish unless we break these statutes, or buy from those who do. Now there are those among us who, while quite willing to fish with spears, are not prepared to defy the law, and who believe that disregard of existing statutes of any kind is a very bad sign. If A breaks one law, B another, and C a third, and so on without hindrance from public opinion, we should soon have no law. It is better that our laws should be obeyed; then, if they are wrong, or need improvement, let all combine together about the needed changes. Our association mean to try its best to learn the reasons why the supply of fish in our waters, once bountiful, has in most of the lakes so fallen off that we can hardly get a 'mess' of bass or pickerel unless we spear them, and even by such means only in spawning time. Such is the general verdict. If this is the fact, and if we must depend upon the spear for our supply of fish, then by all means let spearing be legalized, so that when a man wants to exercise that craft, he need not go about it like a thief. 'If it shall appear that the fault is in the absence of proper fish ladders at the dams, let measures be taken to have the needful work done, and give the people a fair chance, which, I take it, means the chance to catch a few fish with a hook and line, as we did five years ago. If a man has no spear, he ought not, therefore, to be defrauded of his rights. Some have talked about this association proposing to do something or other to interfere with the rights of the poor. How can this be done? The poor, as the rich, whoever they may be, are equally affected by existing laws, they can join the society for twenty-five cents, and one would think, could easily outvote all other classes. It would seem for their interest to join the society, and add their influence to assist in obtaining the repeal of unjust laws, if any such exist, and help to secure the passage of others which shall maintain their rights in our fish and game."

"One gentleman of Central Lake spoke feelingly, just before the organization of the society, and said that he could get as much fish now as he ever could. He admitted that it would be by spearing (contrary to law). His brother stated that fish are very scarce compared to their former abundance. The first did not favor the association, the second did."

"A prominent farmer of Echo, who attended the meeting but heartily opposed it (mainly, as I think, from a misapprehension of its objects), emphatically denounced the whole movement as contrary to the interests of the poor. He said that the supply of fish would always be about the same, and as many as people wanted could be had on the upper lakes. Perhaps he was right in this last statement. The fish in spawning time are likely to go up stream as far as they can get, but they seldom return to feed the poor along the shores of Central Lake. The spears around Six Mile Lake and Scofield's dam attend to that part of the business, but how long will the supply last?"

"I once asked this same gentleman from Echo to use his influence in getting a starch factory established at Central Lake. It would have been backed by heavy capital, and would have proved an important industry. It offered to pay 25 cents, cash, for potatoes just out of the ground, regardless of size. He in reply, speaking as now, in what he said was the interest of the poor and needy, scouted the idea. The price was too low, and he fought the project tooth and nail. There has since been no year when potatoes could not have been bought for less money, and just now they go begging at fifteen cents. The shrewdest sometimes fail in judgment, and we may thank this gentleman, and those who sided with him, that we have no home market for our potato crop."

"There is no doubt that we ought to have in our waters a better supply of fish, but without organized efforts we shall never have it. This is why a few, among whom are represented the farmer, the teacher, the lawyer, the merchant, and

others, have joined hands and made a move in what they believed to be one of the real interests of the people of Antrim county. Will not others, no matter what may be their occupation or possessions, assist us by joining the Antrim County Fish and Game Protective Association, and help secure equal rights for all? F. H. THURSTON."

DECORATION DAY AT BLOOMING GROVE

THE special car attached to the 4:30 P. M. train on the Erie road on Saturday, May 29, contained thirty-three members and guests on their way to the club house of the Blooming Grove Park Association, to pass Decoration Day. At the house were already twenty-seven guests, and the newcomers swelling the number to sixty, it took the superintendent some little while to arrange accommodation, but all were provided for.

Sunday, May 30, bright and warm, a beautiful day, was passed in various ways, some starting early for the Blooming Grove and Shohola fishing, others rowing on Lake Giles, no fishing being permitted there until July 1. Others walked over to the breeding park, to see the trout hatching and the new fish ponds. In the hatching troughs were upward of 75,000 fry, some hatched from eggs brought from the Michigan State Hatchery, some from Caledonia, some English brown trout, eggs imported from England, and some from eggs taken from the club's own breeders. In one of the raceways were 250 breeders all from the Shohola, as fine trout as one would want to see. Besides stocking its own streams the club will soon be in a position to supply the market with eggs and fry. One of the prettiest sights was to see the deer in the breeding park, an enclosure a mile square, come up to the salt lick. Timidly they step along, until at a word or a movement of the body, though you are standing 300 yards from them, away they dash out of sight. In this park are upward of 300 deer, and none are allowed to be killed, except in the fall, bucks may be killed still-hunting. Sunday was a quiet day though the members and guests were all enjoying themselves. In the evening, in the large parlor around the piano, the whole party of sixty joined in Moody and Sankey hymns, and later camp meeting tunes and some secular music. All seemed to catch the spirit of the occasion and each vied with his or her neighbor, in the desire to make it pleasant for all.

Monday was the day fixed for the several contests. Annexed are the scores, and it will be seen that they are scores to be proud of. There were several private contests, both in rifle shooting, pigeon and clay-pigeon shooting. Evening came too soon. Hardly was the day long enough to allow all the contests. Monday evening the various victors celebrated their victories by offering entertainment to all who would accept. Chess, billiards, whist games were indulged in, and the air of Pike county was made to resound with chorus after chorus. Some of the party left the club Monday afternoon for New York, but the larger part waited for Tuesday morning and the special car. Tuesday morning was perfectly beautiful when the six coaches left the club house at 6 A. M., all too sorry to go. Among those present were D. G. Croly, T. W. B. Hughes, G. H. McLean, Dr. S. M. Nash, R. J. Leggett and wife, H. W. Nason and wife, H. M. Williams and wife and daughter, T. E. U. Curtis, N. S. Smith, W. H. McCord, R. B. Lawrence and wife, H. W. Banks and wife, W. H. H. Stafford and wife, Joel Parker, W. F. Owens, J. B. Miley, H. M. Montgomery, C. R. Hewitt, Daniel Youmans and wife, D. Bacon, Dr. E. M. Sell, Frank Reynolds and many others.

Rifle match, 300 yds. for club prize, silver badge:
Curtis.....3350-15 Nason.....4333-17
Nash.....4344-19 Stafford, Sr.....5333-18
Smith.....4243-9 Parker.....4333-10
Stafford, Jr.....4344-18 Hughes.....5042-14
Lawrence.....4344-19 Bacon.....3933-10
Williams.....4295-10

Tie for first:
Nash.....4444-16 Lawrence.....4443-15
Stafford, Jr.....3 Ties for second:
Stafford, Jr.....3 Stafford, Sr.....4
Match won by Mr. S. M. Nash.

Contest at clay pigeons for club prize, silver badge:
Nash.....0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0-4 Bacon.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0
Smith.....1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0-4 Curtis.....1 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0-4
Stafford.....0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0-1 Chapman.....1 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1-4
Lawrence.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-10 Owens.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0
Williams.....0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0-1 Parker.....1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1-1
Nason.....1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1-9 Wyse.....0 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 0-3
Stafford.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0

Fly-casting for club prize, silver badge:
Nash.....71ft. Lawrence.....78ft.
Nason.....76ft. Raymond.....65ft.

Team match at 20 live pigeons:
Chapman.....1111-5 Lawrence.....00110-3
Nason.....0011-2-7 Smith.....01110-3-5
Second match, at 10 birds:
Chapman.....110-2 Lawrence.....110-2
Nason.....00-0-2 Smith.....00-0-2

NEW FISHING IN CONNECTICUT.—Over the hills to the west of Newton lies a pretty spring-fed body of water, which the maps call Fountain Lake and the natives Taunton Pond. It is a favorite place with the fishermen, and unkind critics have asserted that there were more anglers than fish there half the time. It has been stocked half a dozen times, more or less, and the Connecticut Legislature has made laws for its special benefit without permanently increasing the number of its denizens. Four years ago, however, the pond was stocked with German carp. For two seasons nothing was seen of them, but last year a few representatives of the new fish were discovered prowling about places where the bottom is muddy. During the past few weeks some of them have been caught, and a day or two ago Andrew Nichols who lives near the pond and understands the science and art of fishing in it, captured a carp that weighed fifteen and one-half pounds—ten pounds more than any other fish ever taken out of the pond. The big carp is now a prisoner in a tub at Nichols's home. The scales on some part of its body are said to be as big as a silver dollar. The capture has boomed fishing in that locality generally. Fishermen who have invested bait in speculations in the Housatonic River have just solved a riddle which puzzled them for a year. About twelve months ago there appeared in the river what seemed to be a new fish, a sort of a cross between a bass and a prickback. This spring a good many of them have been caught, and, as they seemed to be larger than those of the same species captured last season, the wise men among the fishermen were kept busy trying to solve the problem. And now it turns out that they are rock bass which got into the Housatonic in this way: Three years ago the fish commissioners put into the river at New Milford 50,000 of what were supposed to be landlocked salmon fry. By some mistake the cans were mixed up and the greater part of the fish were rock bass. This explains the new species and the fishermen's puzzle.

THE FLUTTERING FLY.—We give herewith a cut of a new fly, invented by Mr. Wakeman Holberton and patented by Mr. Charles F. Imbrie, of the firm of Abbey & Imbrie, New York. A glance will show that the head of the fly is near the bend of the hook instead of at the end of the shank, in fact it is turned completely about. It is claimed that the new fly offers less resistance to the air in casting and more resistance to the water in drawing it in, thereby giving it a fluttering, lifelike motion, in fact appearing more like a natural insect than the old patterns whose wings close when being drawn through the water. Mr. Holberton says of this fly: "While the peculiar fluttering motion adds very much to its attractive qualities, its great merit lies in its superior hooking qualities. A fish cannot nip at the wings or tail, but swallows the hook before any part of the fly. In five days fishing this season I caught sixty-six trout, losing only three that were hooked, an unusual small percentage, as every angler must admit."

THE FLUTTERING FLY.
Patented May 4th, 1886.

HOOKED IN THE GULLET.—The fight of a hooked trout depends much on the way in which it is hooked. A Detroit correspondent who sends a drawing of a 17½ inch, 24-pound trout, says: "My brother writes from Muskegon county as follows: 'I inclose a life-size drawing of a sockdologer (trout) that I caught out of the pond near the dam; was just about to draw up my line and go home when I felt a slight nibble, and drew up promptly but no game. Dropped in again and felt the same, but left the bait (the tail of a minnow) to allow the fish to gorge it; and sure enough he did, and when I pulled he came to the surface with a rush, and Paul, who was standing near, said, 'Brose, you have got a whale this time sure.' The hook had caught in his gullet and the strain caused him to keep his mouth open which soon drowned him. He didn't make half the fuss in consequence that a smaller one would have done caught in the lip. I finally drew him up on the shore of the dam, and Paul grabbed the line and flung him out, and you bet we just enjoyed the sight of so fine a fish, the largest caught in the creek so far, and a beauty in shape and color. Since then have caught a few; have taken forty-two in all.'"—C. J. T.

ANOTHER BIG TROUT.—Mr. Thos. B. Mills, of Wm. Mills & Son, No. 7 Warren street, N. Y., sends the following communication, describing a large trout just taken "in out of the wet" at Rangley: Quosoc Angling Association, Indian Rock, Me., Camp Kennebec, June 5, 1886.—Dr. Charles Haddock, of Beverly, Mass., George Oakes guide, took off Sandy Point, Lake Mooselucmeguntic, a trout weighing 10½ pounds. The weight was taken nine hours after fish was caught, and must have been at least 11 pounds at time of capture. Length, 28½ inches; girth, 16½ inches.—CHARLES G. WHITE, F. H. LOVELL, THOS. A. PERKINS, THOS. B. MILLS.

SUSQUEHANNA BASS.—Athens, Pa., June 7.—Bass fishing on the Susquehanna promises to be good here this summer, as they are taking the fly quite readily now as bait is not obtainable yet. The largest bass caught this season weighed 4 pounds 9 ounces and was taken by Mr. E. W. Davies on a black fly. A few others have been caught, but none as large as this. "The Six" have just returned from a trouting trip to Pine Creek, Potter county, with a fine mess of trout and all of good size.—P.

A SALMON YARN.—Now that the Atlantic coast rivers are being stocked with salmon, the hardy seafarer is gradually turning his inventive faculties from sea serpent yarns to stories of big salmon seen at the mouths of the stocked rivers and in the harbors. Capt. Studwell, of Babylon, L. I., is ahead with a tale of a salmon eight feet long observed last Friday evening in the Great South Bay.

THE DETROIT LAKE, ST. LOUIS, ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS FISHING AND SHOOTING CLUB issues for the benefit of members of the club and their invited guests, round trip tourist tickets from St. Paul or Minneapolis to Detroit and return, good until Oct. 31, following date of sale, at rate of \$6.

CLUB RULES—We have frequent calls for copies of club rules, by-laws and constitutions. Secretaries of gun clubs, angling clubs and game protective associations will oblige us by sending spare copies of their printed rules, that these may be in turn sent to organizers of new clubs.

ALLEN's bow-facing oars, \$8 per pair. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Adv.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

SHAD FOR THE HUDSON.—Two car loads of shad have been sent from the central hatching station of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington for the Hudson. They were offered to the New York Commission and accepted by State Commissioner Blackford. The first lot of 1,000,000 were planted at Troy and the second shipment of 500,000 were put in a Catskill. These with the 250,000 from Cold Spring Harbor, planted at Greenbush, makes a total of 1,750,000 already planted. As the shad of the Potomac spawn before those of the Hudson these fry get an earlier start. The New York Commission usually begins hatching about Catskill in June.

SALMON FOR THE ANDROSCOGGIN.—Belfast, Me., June 8.—The Fish Commissioners of this State have placed one hundred thousand salmon fry in the tributaries of the Androscoggin River. The fry are strong and healthy and promise well.—H.

FISHWAYS FOR NEW YORK RIVERS.—The Governor of the State of New York has signed the bill providing for fishways in the Schoodic and Mohawk rivers in Montgomery and Schoharie counties.

The so-called "trout" of South Georgia and Florida is not a trout but a black bass. Our perch are not perch but sunfish. A jack is a pickerel. Catfish are not all catfish; some of them are bull pouts. Our red-finned pike is only found in Southern waters and near the Gulf. Our war-mouth perch is a rock bass.—Quitman (Ga.) Free Press.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 22.—Eighth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

July 20, 21, 22 and 23.—Milwaukee Dog Show. John D. Olecott, Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.

Aug. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—First Annual Dog Show of the Latonia Agricultural Association, Covington, Ky. George H. Hill, Manager, P. O. Box 76, Cincinnati, O.

Sept. 14, 15, 16 and 17.—First fall dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, secretary, Bergen Point N. J.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3689.

IRREGULAR BENCHINGS AT DOG SHOWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your report of the recent show held by the W. K. C. your reporter complains of the manner of benching the dogs, those belonging to one exhibitor all together, regardless of class, offering as his objection, the trouble visitors and reporters have in finding certain dogs, the same of the attendant when required to take them into the judging ring.

It is true this trouble exists to a small extent, but there are greater conveniences to the exhibitor than he mentions, "a few steps in caring for them and the pleasure afforded in seeing them together."

The time is past when the "intelligent" exhibitor will put his dogs into the show to be cared for and shown by the regularly employed assistants of the club, knowing well the great disadvantage they will be under in the charge of a stranger, one almost always ignorant of what is fully required of him. The feeding, watering, and exercising is not all, particularly a young or inexperienced animal, wants. Then the pulling or kicking into the ring so often seen (the superintendent cannot be everywhere at the same time) and placed behind his (the attendant's) legs. We saw Mr. Donner send a well known handler for a bitch that was treated thus at the above show, and she really deserved her fate, which, under some hands, would have been overlooked. Then, how many dogs are groomed by the assistants?

You may say this is foreign to the subject. What is desired to be shown is of much greater importance to the exhibitor than you intimate—to have his dogs together that he may personally (or by proxy) groom, feed, water and generally care for them—the unobstructed view of each other, the smelling, an occasional caress; the presence will assist the dogs in enduring their confinement, there will be less noise, less nervous excitement, no fighting round the corners or over tops of the stalls, and last, but not least, far less cause of disease so prevalent and so much feared at shows. I have never had a case (or had one reported me in those I have sold) of distemper from attending the shows, and I attribute it in a great measure to training my dogs, young and old, within seeing and smelling distance of each other.

I think this greatly overbalances the slight inconvenience the visitors and the few reporters are put to in finding and comparing certain dogs. For the latter there are ample opportunities in the judging or exercising ring, upon the floor, etc., during the four days (it should be three) of the show.

Doubtless the management you complain of was the result of the gentlemanly superintendent or the club listening to the requests of exhibitors and waiving any desire or pride they may have had to have seen the numbers run with the catalogue.

As an exhibitor, I know its value and am for it all the time; if I cease to exhibit I will not deny it, having "been there."

Ask the owners of the dogs, from two to six in number, on the open benches in the show, and see if they do not say there is even much more than has been stated above in it, and surely they, as the foundation, should be condescended as much as possible with consistency.

E. W. JESTER.

St. George's, Del.

DOGS OF THE OCCIDENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Being a constant reader of your valuable paper for the past several years, and deriving great pleasure from reading it, I desire to correct a few misstatements in the interesting communication from Col. Stuart Taylor, published in your issue of May 13. He cannot be very well posted on dog matters, nor can he be very well acquainted with many of the dog fanciers or sportsmen on this coast; if he were he would know that your paper has many subscribers here, also that there are many fine bred dogs of various breeds owned by gentlemen in the Far West. The Colonel is known to be an impulsive man, and without a doubt has rushed into print on the impulse of the moment regardless of facts, of which he could have convinced himself if he had conversed with any of the many gentlemen who take an interest in kennel matters on this coast. I will, with your permission, mention a few of the many noted dogs that are owned here.

Senator Geo. Hearst imported to this coast the red Irish setter bitch Kate II. (E.K.S.B. 11,552), bred by Capt. J. H. O'Brien, Dublin, Ireland. She is by Sandy, dam, O'Brien's champion Kate. She took first prize at Belfast and Portland shows in 1882. She was exhibited at Crystal Palace of 1882-3, and on both occasions was beaten by her mother, champion Kate, the best Irish setter bitch in Great Britain. Mr. C. N. Post, of Sacramento, is the owner of a fine Irish setter bitch named Dido, bred by Capt. J. D. Brown, of Missouri Valley, Ia., one of the prominent breeders of the West. Dido was sired by champion Ben, dam Jessie, by imported Grouse out of imported Gipsy. Dido is a very fine bitch, but is strongly marked with white. A number of fine Irish setters are owned by Mr. A. B. Truman, of this city. The most prominent are Lady Elcho T. (A.K.R. 2777), Mike T. (A.K.R. 2779), Nemo T. and Bob T. Lady Elcho is by champion Elcho out of champion Noreen, and is a full sister to champion Elcho, Jr., a full sister to champion Glencho, half sister to champion Berkeley, half sister to champion Brush, half sister to champion Joe, Jr., the most noted dog that ever worked a field. On three different occasions he defeated the king of English setters, Gladstone. Lady Elcho is related to too many noted dogs for me to enumerate. Mike T. is by Nemo out of Nida, Nemo by Larry out of Quail III. Nida by Larry out of Red Bess, Larry by champion Elcho out of champion Rose. Quail III was imported *in utero*, and is by Red Gauntlet out of Quail II. Red Bess by King Bee out of Fannie, King Bee by imported champion York out of imported Banshee. Fannie by champion York out of Gipsy. This strain requires no eulogy, as it is well known throughout the dog world. Nemo T. is the sire of Mike T. He was purchased by Rev. Dr. Hill, of Salem, Ore., from the Cortland

Kennels, of Peekskill, N. Y. Last, but not least, the grandest dog that I ever saw (and I have seen quite a number of them) is Truman's Bob T., sired by Willard's Bob out of Senator Geo. Hearst's imported Kate II. I have in my possession a photograph of J. A. J. Sprague's champion Brush, which I have shown to a great number of my friends, and they one and all pronounced it the photograph of Truman's Bob T. This dog is as intelligent as he is beautiful. Mr. Scott is the owner of three very fine red Irish setters, Jerry, Lena and Pat O'More. Pat O'More is by champion Rory O'More out of Nora O'More. The above mentioned are very fine specimens of their breed and were purchased in the East by Mr. R. H. Neil. Chas. B. Keating, the well-known gunsmith and sportsman, is the owner of a very fine Irish setter, sired by Colgate's Pat out of Howe's Gipsy. He is a large and powerful dog. Judge E. Leavely, of Gilroy, is the owner of a full brother to Truman's Mike T., and there are a great number of the strain owned by R. H. Neil in this State.

This is as far as my limited knowledge extends of the Irish setters on this coast. In regard to other breeds it will afford me great pleasure to contribute what little knowledge I have of them to your valuable and interesting paper, from time to time. I desire to inform your readers that we have on this coast the full brothers and sisters of some of the most noted dogs in the United States.

It is a settled fact that the California Bench Show and Field Trials Club, of San Francisco, will give a bench show, commencing on the last week of July next. It is to be hoped that the Colonel will not wander in the future, and if his time is not occupied too much with the arduous duties of his federal office, I would be pleased to have him call around and see my file of the FOREST AND STREAM, when I will endeavor to convince him, by the records, that the term innocuous desuetude is rather wrongly implied in his kind and interesting communication to your much read paper. In my next communication I will endeavor to inform your readers of the quality of pointer stock on the Pacific coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 25.

THE A. K. C. AMENDMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the last meeting of the A. K. C. the following amendment was adopted:

"The champion rule was amended so as to authorize show committees to transfer a dog from open to champion class which had become qualified subsequent to the date of closing of entries."

It does not appear to me that the foregoing amendment could possibly have been discussed in all its different bearings before its adoption by the A. K. C. Viewing it now from the standpoint of an exhibitor, it further appears that it will lead to no end of complications and absolute dissatisfaction as well as annoyance both to exhibitor and the club.

To place the matter as I view it, it will be necessary to illustrate its workings. Assuming the premises, the case is as follows: I have 6 dogs—3 bitches and 3 dogs—two of which are already entered in champion classes. I have one dog and one bitch in open classes. I have won first in both open classes at New Haven and Boston, and not until after the entries at the W. K. C. are closed and the week preceding the show do I get advice that my dogs have won each first at Hartford. According to the amendment this throws both open class dogs into the champion classes, so I now have two bitches and two dogs in those classes.

Now the privilege must be allowed me to withdraw either two of my four dogs in champion classes, refund me my entry fees, change the catalogue now already in the hands of the printer, perhaps in those of the binder; also allow me two more entries in open class, and here change the catalogue again. In the event of not being allowed to withdraw two of my dogs from the champion classes, I am compelled to show the four against my will, thus subjecting my own dogs to be beaten by my own, which I otherwise would not permit.

In addition to this I must keep the two I have at home continually in good show form in order to meet such an emergency at the very eleventh hour; and since it takes at least six weeks to accomplish this, I must be at the additional expense without any apparent benefit accruing to either myself or my dogs.

Provision must be made allowing me to withdraw whichever of my dogs I please from the champion classes into which they have been thrust at a day's notice and also to substitute others in open class. I have now only touched upon the interests of the exhibitor who is within a stone's throw of the show at which this amendment will apply; what shall I say of the exhibitor who ships a good dog from St. Louis to Boston, and the owner when the show opens is notified that his dog is thrust into the champion class. He would never have shown against some champions, and here he is defeated without a chance of escape. Will he "kick"? Put yourself in his place. In case he is allowed to withdraw his dogs who will defray expenses of carriage, etc. The club? If not will the exhibitor be satisfied with the change?

A dog also may be fit to win in open class and yet have no chance against the champion, and to enter would mean positive defeat. Again there are special prizes for dogs in open classes which incentive to win may be sufficient for me to expend additional labor and time in getting my dogs in perfect condition and which I now am barred from competing for, as my other dogs are not in proper form. There are a dozen other reasons why this amendment should be abolished.

I trust the A. K. C. at its next meeting will recognize the force of my remarks and arguments and act upon them.

COMMON SENSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THE BREEDING OF TRINKET.—In reply to Mr. Schellhass regarding his beagle bitch Trinket (Flute—Queen), let me say that when his first letter appeared in which he drew my attention to the doubtfulness of the breeding of my bitch, I immediately sent a reply, which appeared May 25, and which read as follows: "For his note of May 8 concerning my beagle bitch Trinket, allow me to thank Mr. Schellhass for drawing my attention to the matter. My Trinket is the same bitch he alludes to as being advertised some time since by a Pittsfield party. Mr. Schellhass missed a very good chance to procure a first-class fielder for \$12. The price asked me for this bitch was \$25, and I consider her worth double that as a hunter alone. I shall investigate the correctness of her breeding and inform your readers of the result of my investigation, assuring them at the same time that it was far from my intention to misrepresent anything in connection with my dogs. Should this meet the eye of D. J. Jaquith of Pittsfield, Mass., from whom I purchased Trinket, I hope he will see the necessity of explaining the matter." Since then I have investigated the matter to the best of my ability. I wrote to Mr. Elmore, whom Mr. Jaquith gave as the breeder of this bitch. This gentleman seems to know nothing of selling or breeding this same bitch. This, together with Mr. Jaquith's failure to reply to any of my letters recently written him in regard to the full pedigree of the bitch, which he had promised to send with her, but failed to do so, leads me to believe that the breeding of the bitch has been misrepresented to me, and I am therefore under the circumstances perfectly willing to withdraw any claims made by me in ignorance of the facts, for this bitch. In regard to my advertising her under the name of Trinket, I cannot see how any one can construe this as a misrepresentation; besides that, I had sent the copy of my advertisement to the FOREST AND STREAM before I received the copy of Mr. S.'s first letter. —A. C. KRUEGER (Wrightsville, Pa.).

MASTIFF JUDGING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I could not possibly get a mention in the class for logic that you would win first in, but then, it would be the logic of the collegian in the old song:

"Oh! logic, logic, not the shallow rules
Of Lockes and Bacon's, antiquated fools;
But wit's and wrangler's logic."

And you will remember how he demonstrated that an eel pie was a pigeon, and was rewarded by a promise of a chestnut horse, which was made good by a horse chestnut.

I do not think it will conduce much to the satisfaction of your readers for us to discuss horse chestnuts vs. chestnut horses, so I will let all your dogs at me go by unless they affect the more important question of what a good mastiff is. You quote Mr. S. W. Smith as saying that Baby was the better dog, but Ilford Caution the better mastiff. Which is the eel pie and which pigeon here? Isn't a mastiff a dog? If so, how can the worse dog be the better mastiff? Or are you giving only "wit's and wrangler's logic"? If the age of Crown Prince was the only objection that Mr. Beaufoy had to him, why did he select a dog in King Canute that is decidedly free from the snub nose and ricketiness of Crown Prince? (As I understand it, H. M. King Canute is lame behind, not straight or weak.) Dogs under twenty-seven inches are not disqualified by the standard? Why ain't they? Does not the standard propose to show what is the correct thing, and when it gives twenty-seven inches as the minimum, does it mean that twenty-five inches will do? Or can it be said that a measurement falling below the minimum is within the scope of the standard? This must be "eel pie." "Deficiency in the specimen" won't do, for that plainly means falling short of the intended perfection, but twenty-seven inches is a fixed, definite statement that allows of no ratiocination. Your worst stumble is over the comparative value of head and weak loin. Does not the standard say of loin, "broad, flat and muscular?" How can a weak loin be a muscular one? This must be "pigeon." As to "a walk, etc.," not counting as a demerit, do you propose to say for one moment that the standard was designed to encourage the breeding of lame dogs? If not, where is the significance of your reference? I "prove" the contrary by pointing to the course of the lights of the O. E. M. Club, do I? Well, the italics I now put in should dispose of that, or does "logic" imply that "some" is the whole? "The rules of the Kennel Club are silent as to standards," but is it not the place of the judge to learn what the standard set up by the conservators of the breed is, and then try to apply it? Your reference to the disputed paternity of Crown Prince loses force when it is remembered that the only question among English breeders is, was he by the Shah or by his son, the Emperor? As to the placing of Ilford Cambria and Lady Gladys, I understood Dr. Perry that he preferred Ilford Cambria, but that her indifferent condition and Lady Gladys's rare fettle was what decided him. This is a point that there is no use squealing about; it never can and never will be reduced to a positive definition, and must be left to the judge's fancy. As to Prussian Princess and Rosalind, I never saw the former move, and am positive that to my fancy she has far the grander head, as Rosalind sadly lacks depth of lower jaw. I just want to know if there can be any "plainer teaching" than that crippled dogs, dogs that shamble instead of walk, watch dogs that could not spring on a toad, should not be first prize winners? If you say that this is not correct, then you must say that we should breed lame dogs! The first-prize winner should be the dog we want to breed; if he is lame, we want to breed lame dogs. Considerations as to what he may prove in the stud are totally foreign here; the only question is, "which is the nearest the dog we want to breed?" and all the dog show rot that was ever got off cannot chance this proposition.

Now as to your criticisms on Baby. You say he is light of bone. He measures 11 inches, tight measure. My De Buch, who has always been commented on, "immense bone," measures just the same. "He stands too high on the leg." Well, he is 30 inches at the shoulder, and his elbow is fully 2 inches above the lower edge of his chest. If there is another dog in the land as comparatively short on the leg as this, please name him. Again quoting De Buch, he is always called short on the leg, but he cannot approach this. "He is faulty in muzzle." Well, I don't see where, unless "faulty" means short of perfect. He certainly would be improved by more breadth of muzzle, but it is only 3½ inches long and girths 15 inches. The lack of breadth is chiefly due to his muzzle being almost perfectly parallel, an excellence very uncommon in mastiffs, as I have seen them. "There is a lack of substance all through him." I will admit that he was low in flesh, but he is a dog of tremendous power and activity, and the man who could stand before his rush or spring will be well balanced on his pins. I would rather risk an encounter with any three of your dwarf or cripple pets than one with him. I may have been all wrong in supposing that layback is a characteristic of a pug, and if so, I beg the pug's pardon; but I do know that the one I compared with a "short-faced" mastiff was a first prize winner, and it *did* have lots of layback, if not as much as the mastiff.

The fact is, that the amount of rot and humbug that has crept into dog matters, particularly as to judging, is tremendous. Only a little while since, as sensible a man as "Porcupine" asserted that the puppy type of a collie was the correct one. Now remember that fashion can make enormous fools of us all, but the reign of the jade is only temporary, or rather the slut only sticks to one thing for a moment's time; and when you say that "a walk like a broken-legged grasshopper" is no demerit, you are bidding very high for the hussy's favor, and may get it, but don't you forget it, she will spile you very suddenly, and you will look very pretty in the fine mudhole she will land you in. I am sure I am very willing to "go before the country" with you on this bare issue as you state it, that a lame dog can be a good specimen.

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., May 28.

[We are not disposed to chop logic with our correspondent. There are a few points, however, in this communication that we will briefly notice, leaving to Mr. Wade the task of deducting and classifying the logic. In his article two short weeks ago, Mr. Wade speaks contemptuously of the course of some of the lights of the Old English Mastiff Club, which "certainly seem to point to the conclusion that all that a dog need have is a head, and that if that can be seen sticking out of its stall it is a waste of time to take him into the ring." To-day he says of Prussian Princess: "I never saw her move, and am positive that to my fancy she has far the grander head." If in deducting the logic of this, Mr. Wade should conclude that "the ruling fashion has been followed" with a vengeance, we can assure him that he will find but few to dissent from his view. Mr. Wade also "vigorously defended" Mr. Dalziel for placing Prussian Princess over Rosalind, notwithstanding the fact that he had not seen her move, and consequently was ignorant that her bad legs and shambling gait would "plainly teach" that "the ruling fashion" was still to the fore, and blindly followed. Mr. Wade trots out a lame dog with a flourish and offers to throw himself, dog and all, upon the mercy of a jury of his countrymen and abide the issue. Whatever he is driving at we fail to understand. A glance at the remarks which he misquotes will show that the fault of lameness was not under discussion, but that we only mentioned it to illustrate the working of the standard. When Mr. Wade can point out a single instance where FOREST AND STREAM has not condemned the fault, it will be time enough to "go before the country." It is an axiom of the intelligent mastiff breeder that a good head means good blood and a bad head the contrary. Bad legs and weak loins may soon be bred out by judicious mating, while

it takes years to alter the character of the head. That the standard, although in accordance with the ruling fashion, is too lenient with radical faults may be true. We tried to show Mr. Wade that his mastiff standard does not take due cognizance of what may be grave faults. We cited as an example the broken-legged, grasshopper-gaited specimen described by our correspondent, and pointed out to him that under the standard such a specimen might win, for the greatest number of possible merits forfeited by the lameness would be, under that standard, only 3½ out of a total score of 100 points. By proving this we were not in the least defending lameness as a desirable or even tolerable quality of a mastiff. On the contrary, we consider it a fault so grave that we think the standard ought to provide for positive demerits for the infirmities of the broken-legged grasshopper specimens. Nor does it follow that, since the standard permits such things, the judge or critic who impartially applies its rules as a test of the comparative merits of animals under examination is a blooming idiot or a deep-dyed villain, if occasionally a "good all-round dog" gets beaten by a competitor worse than him at some points, but enough his superior at others to win the place. If Mr. Wade will use the flood of eloquence and ink at his command in giving practical lessons of instruction to breeders, showing them just how they can produce grand-headed specimens that are perfect in other respects, instead of wasting his energies in waging Faustian warfare, he will both deserve and secure the sincere thanks of every lover of the noble breed.]

SPANIEL JUDGING AT NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What is "Brindle" trying to get through himself? In last week's FOREST AND STREAM he tells us of things that didn't happen at the recent New York show, and endeavors thereby to cast discredit on Mr. J. F. Kirk as a judge of spaniels. He states that Brahmin and Black Beau, Jr., won! The latter won, although he does not improve as he once gave promise to, and always will lack substance and be light of muzzle; but where did Brahmin win? Certainly not at New York, where he had competitors. There were two there better than he in his class, and I am not quite certain but three.

"Brindle" asks, "Does Mr. Kirk consider a field spaniel and a cocker as the same, except as to weight?" Certainly not, "Brindle," certainly not (though I hardly know the gentleman, I think I can answer for him). The field spaniel is a heavier headed, coarser dog all over than the cocker, with more lumber, but at the same time a most useful dog in the field; while the cocker is "eminently a well built, graceful and active little dog, showing strength without heaviness or clumsiness," etc., etc. [Vide American Spaniel Club Standard.] A winning cocker cannot be fattened up and be made a good field spaniel; nor a typical field spaniel be reduced and made to win in the cocker class. Sabe? We might breed two cockers and get both good field and cocker spaniels in the same litter. Why is it so? Because from time immemorial our predecessors, the English breeders, have bred cockers and field spaniels together, and our dogs to-day throw back. Whether it is advisable to alter this, or if it can be done, I am not prepared to say. However, "Brindle," be more careful next time you write for the public weal (?) and read up on spaniels beforehand.

BULLDOG.

AN "EXPERT" IN CRUELTY.

DR. BERAH H. WATSON, of Jersey City, was arrested last Friday on the charge of cruelty to animals. The arrest was made at the instance of President McAneny, of the S. F. P. C. A. and Mr. C. J. Peshall, President of the New Jersey Kennel Club. Watson is the Jersey City surgeon of the Pennsylvania Railroad and is an expert employed by the railroad company to give testimony in suits against it. The company found that people who were injured on the road frequently claimed that after some time had elapsed succeeding an accident they suffered from spinal diseases. In order to controvert this Watson began his experiments on the dogs. The matter coming to the notice of the S. F. P. C. A., President McAneny of that Society and Agent Crosby repaired to the doctor's barn, where the experiments had been made. The Jersey City Journal reports the visit as follows:

"The details of what was seen, and the information gained from the young man, who is evidently an assistant of the doctor, in his so-called scientific experiments are almost beyond belief. In one corner of the place was a pen, about twelve by six feet in dimensions, and in this were confined six dogs of mixed breeds. By the aid of a long stick the animals were stirred up and all seemed to be active and healthy except one, a large black brute, which refused to move from his recumbent position in response to the prodding of the stick. 'Where does the doctor get all these dogs?' asked Mr. McAneny of the conductor.

"He gets them all over," was the reply. "Many of them he buys from boys."

"How often do you feed them?" he was asked.

"Twice a day with fresh meat from the butchers."

Turning their attention from the pen, the visitors entered a partitioned room on the other side of the building. Its dimensions were about twice those of the pen. In this was rudely constructed table running the length of the room, a stove, several glass jars, which evidently contained specimens of some sort, and hanging upon the wall was a contrivance which looked like a portion of a set of harness, made of leather and canvas; attached to the ceiling of this room was a suspended rope. From questions put to the young colored man, the method used by the doctor is as follows: The harness is placed upon the dog selected for the experiment, and he is hoisted to the ceiling. A trap door is opened, and the dog being loosened from the harness, is allowed to drop through the trap. Under the dog is a similar trap opening in the floor below. Suspended from this lower trap door is a square frame of iron, suspended by side bars, about three feet below the floor. From two sides of this frame are projections of iron six inches long, extending inward, the space between the two points being about four inches. As the dog descends he comes down back first. He strikes against the iron projection, and if the result happens to be a fracture of the spinal column, the poor brute is ready for the long days of agony which he must endure to satisfy the curiosity of his tormentor. What becomes of the dogs which may be otherwise injured, the visitors did not learn.

Addressing his guide, President McAneny said: "Of course when the doctor breaks the dog's back you stop feeding the animal?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "we don't give them anything to eat then."

"How long do they live—a week or ten days?"

"About ten days," was the reply.

The young man showed the officers the place in which the maimed and suffering brutes are kept during the time of experiment, but it was empty. He denied that there were any such dogs about the place at that time, and a search of the premises failed to show any reason for doubting his assertion.

Dr. Arrowsmith, the veterinary surgeon of the S. F. P. C. A., visited the barn last night at the request of Mr. McAneny, and made an examination of the inactive black dog. He stated this morning that the animal was all right.

In explanation of the experiments being made by Dr. Watson, the surgeon made the following statement:

"I have known of these operations for some time, and I am satisfied that there is no cruelty exercised. Dr. Watson is an expert of the Pennsylvania Railroad in matters of accident, and he is working hard to gain the information necessary to determine a question which is often raised in the cases of parties who are injured by accidents. The desire if to find

whether a concussion to the spine will, after a lapse of two, three or six months, produce a decrease of vitality or loss of nervous power along any portion of the spinal cord. The dogs are placed under the influence of an anæsthetic, and the dog is then subjected to a blow or a fall. The desired effect, a simple concussion to the spine, is not always the result, as an injury to the muscles or tissues defeats the end desired."

The members of the New Jersey Kennel Club have interested themselves in the matter, and President Peshall, of the club, held a consultation this morning with President McAneny, of the S. F. P. C. A. It was decided that the work of Dr. Watson does not come within the limitation of Section 17 of the act for the prevention of cruelty to animals, which reads as follows:

"Nothing in this act contained shall be construed to prohibit or interfere with any properly conducted scientific experiments or investigations, which experiments or investigations shall be performed only under the authority of some regularly incorporated medical society of this State."

Certain physicians who have been spoken to about the case, say that there cannot be any possible benefit derived in the interest of science, and that the only apparent benefit to be derived from the experiment is to secure expert testimony for the use of the railroad and other corporations in defending suits. Mr. McAneny endeavored to see Dr. Watson, but was unable to do so.

A later report in the Journal says:

There is now in the hands of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals a book in which the doctor kept a minute record of the features of each case, and a perusal of it may be interesting to the opponents of this system of scientific (?) research, as well as to those who are disciples of the practice. It will be seen that these operations, when stopped by the officers of the S. F. P. C. A., had extended over a period of about four months, commencing on Feb. 9. A resident in the vicinity of the doctor's place said yesterday: "The assistants came every other day about 3 o'clock and this is the day for them. Each dog seems to have been designated by a number." Here is a specimen of the records of the tortured brutes:

dog no. 22.

April 8—Stump-tailed dog. Dog dropped, apparently stunned for four minutes; pupils dilated. Nine minutes after fall dog got up and walked unsteadily across laboratory floor, and fell slowly. Answered calls. Forelegs stiffly extended. Saliva flows freely; occasional deep sighs; when placed on the table the dog expectorated a large quantity of bright red blood, mixed with frothy mucus. Seven hours after the drop the dog again arose, walked unsteadily across the laboratory floor and coughed periodically two or three times, expectating with each effort thick bloody sputa. The dog died at noon on April 9, and the spine was preserved for further examination.

It is probable that the Society will bring a separate suit for each case noted in the doctor's record. President Peshall, of the Kennel Club, wished to have the six dogs found in the pen taken from the barn and placed in the care of a competent person, but as the doctor promised that the animals should be well cared for, it was decided to let them remain there. President McAneny, of the S. F. P. C. A., has been the recipient of many thanks for the promptness which he has displayed in the matter, and he in turn feels grateful for the assistance which he has received from Mr. Peshall. The cases will be prosecuted vigorously, and with all the power of the Society.

Dr. Arrowsmith has explained that his expressed opinion of the want of cruelty in the operation was founded on Dr. Watson's untrue assertions to him. A Dr. Cropper, of Jersey City, has been arrested as an accomplice in the maltreatment of the dogs.

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your list of entries for the Western Field Trials Derby you have Capt. Tucker's "Katarax" a black and white setter dog. It should be black and white pointer bitch. Will you please make the necessary correction.—R. C. VAN HORN.

L. & W. RUTHERFORD'S KENNELS.—Mr. Thos. Dawson has taken charge of the Messrs. Rutherford's kennels at Allemouchy, N. Y.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound, for retaining duplicates, sent postpaid, 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Joan II. By F. H. F. Mercer, Ottawa, Can., for Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped March 17, 1886, by Johnny (Ben-Jean) out of Jill (Flash-Judy).

Donal. By S. M. Young, New York, for red Irish setter dog, whelped Sept. 9, 1885, by Kelso (Glencho-Sweetheart) out of Tara (Nimrod-Sweetheart).

Met. By J. H. Conklin, New York, for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Oct. 20, 1885, by Elcho, Jr. (Elcho-Rose) out of Meg (Elcho-Rose).

Gladiator. By Geo. Ricker, Quincy, Ill., for black, white, tan and blue ticked English setter dog, whelped July 22, 1885, by Bonaparte (Royal Blue-Mojedaka) out of Queen Dido (Rake-Dido).

Tony. By E. K. Howes, Milwaukee, Wis., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 14, 1884, by Toby (Faust-Lady Jane) out of Lady Lou (Toby).

Paris Jr. By Chas. A. Tuttle, Newmarket, N. H., for blue belton Llewellyn setter dog, whelped Jan. 10, 1886, by Count Gladstone (Royal Blue-Mojedaka) out of Paris Queen (Paris-Miss Twilight).

Florence W. By Willard Van Tassel, Elizabeth, N. J., for black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped May 10, 1886, by Dixon's Pilot (Grouse, E. 5,091-Dixon's Man) out of Boss A. (A.K.R. 2490).

Apollo II. By Wm. J. Ehrlich, New York, for tawny and white rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Nov. 21, 1885, by Nero (Apollo-Diana) out of Favorite.

Burly II. By Wm. J. Ehrlich, New York, for tawny brindle and white rough coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Jan. 25, 1885, by Bello (S.H.S.B. 14) out of Gemma (S.H.S.B. 111).

Gold Medal. By Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., for pug dog, whelped April 20, 1886, by Bradford Ruby (A.K.R. 2997) out of Flossy (A.K.R. 2490).

Gold Coin II. By Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., for pug dog, whelped May 29, 1886, by Treasure (A.K.R. 472) out of Peggy (A.K.R. 1894).

Genus. By W. H. Cookson, Hudson, N. Y., for tan and white fox-terrier bitch, whelped Feb. 25, 1885, by Regent Vox (Tackler-Sandy Vic) out of Nettie (A.K.R. 1704).

Dandy and Jenny. By W. H. Cookson, Hudson, N. Y., for black, tan and white fox-terrier dog and bitch, whelped Feb. 25, 1886, by Regent Vox (Tackler-Sandy Vic) out of Nettie (A.K.R. 1704).

Little Marquis. By Wm. J. Ehrlich, New York, for tawny and white pointer dog, whelped April 2, 1886, by Count (A.K.R. 8178) out of Young Venom (Old Prince-Venom).

Pride of Naso. By Geo. L. Wilms, Jersey City, N. J., for liver and white pointer dogs, whelped May 15, 1886, by Nick of Naso (Naso II. E. 8,123-Petigo, E. 15,175) out of Devonshire Queen (A.K.R. 3127).

Nick of Naso and Queen of Naso. By Geo. L. Wilms, Jersey City, N. J., for lemon and white pointer dog and bitch, whelped May 15, 1886, by Nick of Naso (Naso II. E. 8,123-Petigo, E. 15,175) out of Devonshire Queen (A.K.R. 3127).

Belfast and Ovid. By Harry E. Fletcher, Woodford's, Me., for red Irish setter dogs, whelped March 21, 1886, by Prince (A.K.R. 1963) out of Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181).

Cumberland Kennels. By Harry A. Fletcher, Woodford's, Me., for his kennel list of Irish setters.

Duke-Rhabe Kennels. By Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., for his kennels of setters.

BRED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Vaynal-Bang. Tuckerfield Kennels' (West Newton, Mass.) pointer bitch Vaynal (Meteor-Rita Croxteth) to their imported Bang (Bang, E. 732-Salter's Luna, E. 5,016), May 10.

Belle Randolph-Bang. Tuckerfield Kennels' (West Newton, Mass.) imported pointer bitch Belle Randolph (Duke of Westminster's Sam-Juno II) to their imported Bang (Bang, E. 732-Salter's Luna, E. 5,016), May 3.

Daisy Ranger-Bang. Tuckerfield Kennels' (West Newton, Mass.) pointer bitch Daisy Ranger (Ranger Croxteth-Fannie Faust) to their imported Bang (Bang, E. 732-Salter's Luna, E. 5,016), April 28.

Daisy R-Bang. Tuckerfield Kennels' (West Newton, Mass.) pointer bitch Daisy R. (Croxteth-Bliss) to their imported Bang (Bang, E. 732-Salter's Luna, E. 5,016), April 19.

Lue-Bracket. Mr. Gregory's (New York City) pointer bitch Lucia (Croxteth-Belle) to Graphic Kennels' Bracket (Graphic-Bloom), May 17.

Ida-Buckelwe. Capt. C. E. McMurdo's (Charlottesville, Va.) English setter bitch Ida (Dashing Rover-Randee) to Duke-Rhodie Kennels' Buckelwe (A.K.R. 30), May 21.

Sheila-Otho. Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N.J.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Sheila (A.K.R. 796) to their Otho (A.K.R. 438), May 11.

Nellie-Harold. Geo. C. Brown, Jr.'s (Carson City, Nev.) Irish setter bitch Nellie to California Kennels' Harold (Cath-Gem), May 17.

Little Fraud-Rex Gladstone. J. Yearseley, Jr.'s (Corte-ville, Pa.) English setter bitch Little Fraud (Druid's Boy-Victoria) to G. F. Clark's Rex Gladstone (Royal Gladstone-Mollie Druid), June 4.

Judy-Hector. H. B. Brackett's (Littleton, N.H.) bull-terrier bitch Judy (A.K.R. 3319) to J. W. Newman's Hector (A.K.R. 3318), April 13.

Fannie-Ranger. Wm. J. Furness's (Ogdensburgh, N.Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Fannie (Sam-Snipe) to his Ranger (Blanchard's Yarra-Nellie), April 15.

Nora-William Tell. C. H. Brewster's (South Hingham, Mass.) pointer bitch Nora (Favorite-Lotta) to C. A. Parker's William Tell (A.K.R. 2640), May 11.

Vera-William Tell. C. W. Tuttle's (Pawtucket, R.I.) pointer bitch Vera (Grant-Roxy) to C. A. Parker's William Tell (A.K.R. 2640), May 27.

WHEELS.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Meg Merrilies. Harry A. Fletcher's (Woodford's, Me.) red Irish setter bitch Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181), March 1, ten (six dogs), by his Priuce (A.K.R. 1968); four dogs and four bitches since dead.

Ruth. Wm. J. Ehrlich's (New York) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Ruth (Landgrave-Bella), April 30, ten (two dogs), by his Nero (Apollo-Diana).

Fride of Delaware. J. Yearseley, Jr.'s (Corte-ville, Pa.) English setter bitch Fride of Delaware (Carlowitz-Ollie), May 24, eight (three dogs), by G. F. Clark's Rex Gladstone (Royal Gladstone-Mollie Druid).

Alice. H. W. Holmes's (New York) bull-terrier bitch Alice (Dutch, Jr.-Nellie, A.K.R. 1701), June 4, seven (three dogs), by R. & W. Livingston's Grand Duke (Dutch-Young Magnet).

Mo. F. L. & C. G. Weston's (Boston, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Ino (Ruth-Lilly), May 9, eight (seven dogs), by W. H. Pierce's Glencho (Elcho-Noreen).

Florida. Wenzel's (Hoboken, N.J.) Irish setter bitch Florida (Chief-Becky), March 22, ten (five dogs), by his Tim (Biz-Hazel).

Younge. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N.J.) Irish setter bitch Younge (Elcho-Rose), May 19, ten (six dogs), by his Chief (A.K.R. 231).

Jersey Beauty. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N.J.) Irish setter bitch Jersey Beauty (Chief-Doe), May 18, ten (five dogs), by his Tim (Biz-Hazel).

Dorah. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N.J.) Irish setter bitch Dorah (Chief-Doe), May 12, twelve (two dogs), by his Tim (Biz-Hazel).

Newton Abbot Lady. A. Clinton Withering's (New York) English setter bitch Newton Abbot Lady (Bend Or-Ladybird), June 5, seven (one dog), by J. P. Willey's Young Obo (Obo II-Darkie); one chestnut, six all black; one black bitch dead.

Fly. H. J. Tobey's (Hudson, N.Y.) fox-terrier bitch Fly (A.K.R. 3182), April 20, six (four dogs), by J. E. Thayer's Mixture (A.K.R. 2097).

SALES.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Ross. D-rebound dog, whelped May 7, 1885, by Dunrobin (A.K.R. 1236) out of Shelloch (A.K.R. 2314), by Mrs. Geo. Shepard Page, Stanley, N.J., to Mrs. Harriet B. Corcoran, Springfield, Mass.

Perone. White and orange St. Bernard dog, whelped June 16, 1873 (A.K.R. 418), by Wm. Montgomery, Jr., Bergenfield, N.J., to E. T. Sprague, New York.

Joda Jr. Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped March 17, 1886, by Johnny out of Jill, by F. H. Mercer, Ottawa, Can., to John S. Wallace, Toronto, Can.

Donal. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Sept. 9, 1885, by Kelso out of Tara, by Jas. B. Blossom, Morrisania, N.Y., to S. M. Young, New York.

Don Petrel and Dick Petrel. Black, white and tan English setter dogs, whelped March, 1885, by Don Juan out of Petrel III, by F. E. Lewis, Tarrytown, N.Y., to Wm. Tallman, same place.

Fancy. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped April, 1885, by Plantagenet out of Jessie, by F. E. Lewis, Tarrytown, N.Y., to Wm. Tallman, same place.

Lulu. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped April, 1885, by Mack B. out of Beauty, by F. E. Lewis, Tarrytown, N.Y., to Wm. Tallman, same place.

Foreman. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped February, 1886, by Dashing Monarch out of Fairy II, by F. E. Lewis, Tarrytown, N.Y., to Wm. Tallman, same place.

Plantagenet. Orange belton English setter dog, whelped July, 1886, by Dashing Monarch out of Petrel, by F. E. Lewis, Tarrytown, N.Y., to Wm. Tallman, same place.

Mack B. Orange belton English setter dog, 4 yrs. old, by Dick Lavercack out of Twilight, by F. E. Lewis, Tarrytown, N.Y., to Wm. Tallman, same place.

Daisy Lavercack. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped June 1, 1879, by Thunder out of Peers, by F. E. Lewis, Tarrytown, N.Y., to Wm. Tallman, same place.

Apollo II. Tawny and white rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Nov. 21, 1885, by Nero out of Favorite, by Wm. J. Ehrlich, New York, to August Schmid, same place.

Fritz. Red Irish setter dog, whelped January, 1885 (A.K.R. 3160), by S. M. Young, New York, to Dr. W. T. Van Vredenburg, same place.

Marguerite. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped April 2, 1886, by Count out of Young Venom, by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to H. W. Holmes, New York.

Little Marquis. White bull-terrier dog, whelped April 2, 1886, by Count out of Young Venom, by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to A. Stirling Pennington, Baltimore, Md.

Young Count. White bull-terrier dog, whelped April 2, 1886, by Count out of Young Venom, by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to Jas. H. Preston, West Windsor, Conn.

Husler. White bull-terrier dog, whelped April 2, 1886, by Count out of Young Venom, by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to George Dashiell Fowle, Philadelphia, Pa.

PRESENTATIONS.

Lucille. Liver and white pointer bitch, 4 1/2 yrs. old, pedigree not given, by C. J. Peshali, New York, to Master Willie Mansfield, Graceville, Minn.

IMPORTATIONS.

Burry II. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, 16 mos. old (Bello-Genma), by Wm. J. Ehrlich, New York, from Switzerland.

DEATHS.

Daisy Belle. Orange and white pointer bitch (A.K.R. 1788), owned by C. A. Parker, Worcester, Mass., from distemper.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

E. H., Baltimore.—My English setter is suffering with a sort of hacking cough. For some weeks I have noticed more or less of it. At times he seems to get better and then will be worse again, as though he had caught me cold. I at first thought he had a fish bone in his throat, but could discover nothing of the kind. He coughs and gasps in a very annoying manner to day, but otherwise seems in good health and spirits. He had distemper badly about fourteen months ago. It is very likely that the dog has taken cold, as I take him out into the country once a week for a run, and he usually finds a place in which to take a swim; however, his cough is dry and seems so obstinate. Ans. Your dog has chronic laryngitis, a very obstinate trouble to treat. Get nothing of the kind. Give him a solution of hyocyanum, one ounce; of camphor water, four ounces. Mix. Give teaspoonful in water three times daily. You may also make a solution of chlorate of potash, two full tablespoonfuls to the pint of water, and give a teaspoonful every two hours. Painting the throat with iodine sometimes is of benefit.

X., Halifax.—I have a medium-sized black dog of nearly nine years of age. For about a year he has been falling (not in vitality ap-

parently). His coat has become gray and thin, and it is quite bare at the back of his neck, also at his breast and belly. He smells offensively at times and has lately shown one or two small sores. He is also troubled with a sort of dry cough, and I think that he must either have a sore throat or have something wrong with his windpipe. His eyes are bright and healthy, and he is as frisky and in as good spirits as when in his prime, but he is a wretched looking dog. Although very fond of him, I had quite made up my mind to destroy him, but shall await the advice of *FOREST AND STREAM*, with the hope that such advice may assist me in overcoming the extreme measure of destruction. Ans. Your dog is pretty old, and the infirmities of age probably account in great part for his troubles. Give him Fowler's solution of arsenic in five drop doses twice daily in his food for a month; keep his bowels in order.

J. McHugh, Cranston, R.I.—My Irish setter dog is troubled as follows: Shaking his head, rubbing his ears with his paws, ears not inflamed, the back part of his mouth is covered with a thick white coating, and when tied up he runs from the mouth a tough, slimy mucus. When he shakes his head a lot of white stuff drops from his mouth. He is two years old, large and strong, good appetite and feels well otherwise. Please advise me what to do for him. Ans. If your dog has canker of the ear, use the following: Of bromo-chloral and laudanum each two drams, of water six drams. Mix. Drop a little in the ear twice daily. Give five drops Fowler's solution of arsenic twice daily in food.

J. E. F., Nova Scotia.—My thoroughbred bull-terrier, three years old, has been afflicted since last fall with a disease in the head causing a running at the ear. The veterinary surgeon here calls it canker in the ear, and has prescribed for it, but so far without success. Is there any remedy for it? Ans. Yes, canker can be cured. It may be that your dog has suppurative inflammation of the middle ear. For this the best thing is the following: Of bromo-chloral and laudanum each two drams, of water six drams. Mix. Drop a little in the ear night and morning after cleansing.

C. H. S., Gardner, N. H.—I wrote to you some time ago about my dog going blind, and you told me to use pulverized sugar on his eyes, but it does not help him. There is a blue film gathering on the eye; it is working from the lower part of the eye upward. If you could tell me of anything else I would be very much obliged. Ans. Use a solution of copper sulphate or bluestone, strength two grains to the ounce of water, and drop a little in the eye twice daily.

HALCYON, Brooklyn, N.Y.—Give the puppy plenty of exercise and feed milk, well-cooked vegetables, oatmeal and meat broth. As he gets older meat in moderate quantities may be fed. If he is troubled with worms, give him plenty of thick sour milk.

ALLEN's bow-facing oars can be attached to any boat in 5 minutes. Try them. Little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Adv.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

HAVERHILL, MASS., RIFLE CLUB. May 29.—Regular monthly contest for the badges, Creedmoor target:

W. Worthen	445554443-45	C. B. Wright	444544444-42
F. Merrill	444445444-43	L. Jackson	544544443-42
J. Bushfield	454445444-43	E. Brown	444444444-40
S. E. Johnson	444554443-43	C. Bliss	444544445-40
S. E. Johnson	444554443-43	A. Elderly	444544445-40

Worthen took gold badge, Merrill silver badge. Club team match, standard target:

J. F. Brown	5 8 7 10 5 8 6 5 5 9-69
J. Bushfield	3 8 9 5 10 9 10 6 9 9-74
E. Brown	5 7 7 6 5 5 8 5 8 8-64
C. Bliss	4 6 4 7 6 5 7 4 9 8-58
L. Jackson	4 5 6 7 5 4 10 5 8 6-59

S. E. Johnson. 7 7 6 8 8 8 5 4 7 6-60
W. Worthen. 8 5 7 5 9 10 9 8 6 7-71
S. E. Johnson. 6 5 6 6 3 7 7 6 8 6-58
A. Elderly. 9 5 6 7 3 7 7 6 8 6-54
F. Merrill. 7 9 5 4 6 5 4 6 7 9-62-319
May 31.—Telegraph match, Haverhill Rifle Club vs. Cochoche Rifle Club, of Dover, N.H., 200yds., off-hand, standard target, 5 men, 15 shots each:

J. F. Brown	6 7 6 4 9 6 7 4 5 9 8 8 5 6 8-106
S. Johnson	10 6 7 6 8 8 7 8 8 7 9 7 6 7 6-106
W. Worthen	1 5 7 7 8 5 8 8 7 9 10 6 7 10-107
J. Bushfield	7 6 6 6 6 6 8 8 9 6 8 6 8 10-107
H. Tuckfield	4 5 5 6 8 7 4 8 8 8 6 9 7 8 9-101

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The fourteenth annual festival and tournament of the New England Rifle Association, under the auspices of the Springfield Schuetzen Verein, will be held at River Side Grove, near this city, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, July 6, 7, 8 and 9. Over \$1,500 in prizes will be distributed. The following list of matches has been arranged:

No. 1. Target of Honor.—Open to members of the New England Rifle Association only. The winner takes the first choice of prizes and the king's gold badge, and will be crowned Shooting King for 1886. The valuable prize to the number of 35 will be given in connection with the "Target of Honor," which will be announced at the commencement of the festival. Three shots to a score, any rifle, one entry. The king will be crowned and prizes distributed on this target Wednesday evening, July 7, at 8 o'clock, at which time the annual summer evening's fest will be held at the grove.

No. 2. German Ring Target.—Open to all comers. Any rifle, 3 shots a score. Entry \$1, re-entry \$1; entries unlimited. Each shooter can obtain but one prize. Over \$300 in 24 prizes.

No. 3. Mass Target.—Open to all comers, 5 shots to a score, best three scores to count as one continuous score. Entry \$1, re-entry 50 cents; entries unlimited. Each shooter can obtain but one prize. National Rifle Association rules to govern. 24 prizes.

No. 4. Creedmoor Bullseye Target.—Sixty per cent. of entries on this target will be divided among holders of bullseye tickets daily. Ten tickets for \$1. Any rifle within the rules of the National Rifle Association.

No. 5. Bullseye Target.—Two and one-half inches bullseye in 12 inches of black, open to all comers, any rifle. Five tickets for \$1; entries unlimited for the four days; the shooter making the largest number of bullseyes during the tournament to be crowned king of the bullseye target for 1886, and to receive a handsome king's badge in addition to a cash prize of \$25; 5 other prizes.

No. 6. Creedmoor Target.—Open to all comers; military rifles, including specials; five shots to a score, best three scores to count as one continuous score. Entry \$1, re-entry 50 cents; entries unlimited. Each shooter can obtain but one prize. National Rifle Association rules to govern. Over \$120 in 14 prizes.

No. 7.—Open to teams of five men from any regular organized rifle club; German ring target, any rifle, five shots per man. Entry \$5 per team, re-entry \$3; entries unlimited. Four cash prizes, and to each member of the winning team a gold badge, to be known as the "Champion" team of the year 1886, 4 prizes.

No. 8. Military Team Match, Creedmoor Target.—Open to teams of five men, with two substitutes from any company of the National Guard; five shots per man. Entry \$5, re-entry \$3; entries unlimited. Rifles; each team to use the rifle used by their company on or before May 1, 1886. A handsome officer's sword and belt, suitably engraved, will be presented to the company to which the team winning first prize belongs, and a gold badge to each member and an additional gold badge to the member of the team making the highest individual score on the team score which wins first prize.

No. 9. Individual Military Match, Creedmoor Target.—Open to members of the Connecticut and Massachusetts National Guard only. Entry 50 cents, re-entry 25 cents; entries unlimited. Rifles same as in match No. 8; five shots each, best three scores to count as one continuous score; National Rifle Association rules to govern. Many prizes will be given on this target, the competitor making the highest aggregate score to have first choice, the other winners to choose in order of their respective scores. Each shooter can get but one prize.

No. 10. Open to members of the Springfield Schuetzen Verein only, who have not won over 65 points in five consecutive shots on this target; five shots each. Entries 25 cents each; entries unlimited. Each shooter can obtain but one prize.

No. 11. Man Target.—This target represents the head and body of a man, and is divided into half-inch vertical lines, center line counting 20. Open to all comers. \$175 will be distributed on this target in 20 prizes. Three shots to a score, any rifle. Entry \$1.50, re-entry \$1; entries unlimited. Each shooter can obtain but one prize.

REGULAR ARMY TEAM.—Orders have been issued from the headquarters of the United States army for the contest for army prizes with the rifle, to take place this year at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., beginning on September 22, to be conducted by Lieutenant-Colonel Blunt. The military team to represent the United States will be composed of two from the division of the Atlantic, six from the division of the Missouri and four from the division of the Pacific, with one alternate from each division.

BOSTON, June 3.—There was a small attendance at the Walnut Hill range to-day and a 9 to 11 o'clock wind prevailed. Capt. H. F. Briggs qualified for a bronze military badge and J. Francis made the last 86 needed for the Victory gold medal. The team match with the Minneapolis club, which was shot last Saturday is appended:

Team Match—M. R. A. Team.		Minneapolis Team.	
Francis	87	Mandlin	76
Reed	85	Marshall	69
Jewell	83	Dexter	63
Telford	77	Skinner	59
Foster	76	Weeks	56
Edwards	64	Conley	56

Decimal Off Hand Match.	
J. Francis, D.	9 9 9 6 10 9 10 7 10 7-86
A. L. Brackett, D.	7 10 8 8 8 9 10 8 9 8-85
C. B. Edwards, D.	10 8 7 8 9 10 8 4 8 6-78
N. F. Tufts, A.	7 8 8 6 6 10 7 10 7 10-77
C. B. Edwards, A.	4 7 10 6 7 8 5 7 9 7-70
A. C. Gould (mil.)	6 5 9 10 9 4 4 10 6 6-66
F. Carter (mil.)	4 6 6 9 5 9 9 6 5 6-65

Rest Match.	
E. R. Foster	10 9 10 10 9 10 10 10 10-98
J. Francis (mil.)	10 8 10 10 10 8 9 9 9-93
N. F. Tufts	8 10 10 10 8 9 9 10 10-92

June 5.—At Walnut Hill to-day the attendance was large. A strong 5 to 7 o'clock wind prevailed. D. L. Chase made a clean score, at rest, at 100yds. on the standard American target. Mr. W. S. Chase won the silver badge in the militia match. A team match with the Arlington Club resulted in a victory for the Massachusetts Rifle Association. The scores:

Victory Medal Match.	
J. B. Fellows	9 9 9 8 9 7 8 6 6 9-80
J. N. Frye	7 7 7 8 8 8 10 9 9 7-78
A. L. Brackett	10 9 9 7 10 5 9 9 9 7-78
W. Henry (mil.)	10 8 5 6 10 6 8 9 7 7-76
E. B. Southern	9 5 8 7 5 10 4 10 8 9-75

Decimal Off-hand Match.	
J. Francis (mil.)	9 8 8 10 7 9 10 8 6 8-83
W. Charles (mil.)	9 10 10 8 9 9 8 7 6 4-81
A. L. Brackett	10 10 8 6 8 7 7 6 7 7-77
W. Henry (mil.)	6 7 10 9 9 7 9 7 8 7-75
G. B. Yentch	7 7 7 6 6 6 7 10 9 7-71
H. J. Foster, A.	6 9 5 5 5 6 10 9 5 8-68

Rest Match.	
D. L. Chase, F.	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10-100
J. N. Frye, F.	10 10 10 10 10 10 9 10 10-99
D. Chardon, F.	10 9 10 10 10 10 9 10 10-97
J. Hurd, A.	10 9 10 10 10 10 9 10 10-95
E. R. Foster, F.	7 9 10 9 10 10 10 10 10-94
G. B. Yentch	10 10 10 9 10 10 9 8 8-94

500yds. Match.	
L. Grant (mil.)	5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-49
M. Winthrop	4 4 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 4-44
W. Henry	5 4 5 5 4 4 3 5 4 4-43

State Militia Match.	
W. L. Chase	21 22 22 81
C. R. Hurd	18 19

Team Match.		Arlington Team.	
R. Reed	78	G. G. Eranklin	85
J. B. Fellows	76	F. O. Thomas	72
J. Francis	74	G. A. Lloyd	71
C. B. Berry	73	R. Morrison	66
N. F. Tufts	68	A. W. Damon	58
J. N. Frye	60-435	T. Duffer	56-408

WILMINGTON, Del., May 31.—Public matches were held by the Wilmington Rifle Club at Schuetzen Park this afternoon. In spite of the inclement weather there was a fair attendance. The conditions at the first match were: Creedmoor target, 200yds., off-hand and prizes divided by score classes. After deciding ties the prizes were awarded as follows: First, Irwin W. Seeds; second, Jerome B. Bell; third, Charles Heinel, Jr.; fourth, C. Carleton; fifth, Harry A. Heinel; sixth, J. A. Newman. The full score was:

Irwin W. Seeds	45555-24	Harry A. Heinel	44444-20
Jerome B. Bell	45455-23	Robert Miller	54434-20
Charles Heinel, Jr.	45455-22	J. E. Newman	44533-19
Charles Heinel, Jr.	55444-22	Howard Simpson	449 3-18
H. B. Seeds	44554-22	S. J. Newman	34431-18
C. Carleton	44445-21	J. Nedry	33430-13
Washington C. Seeds	44430-13		

The conditions of the second match were: Massachusetts target, 200yds., off-hand, and prizes divided by highest scores. Ties decided, the prizes were awarded as follows: First, Jerome B. Bell; second, J. E. Newman; third, C. Carleton; fourth, Robert Miller; fifth, Chas. Heinel, Sr.; sixth, Harry A. Heinel. The following was the full score:

Jerome B. Bell	10 11 12 10 8-51	W. C. Seeds	8 8 10 5-38
J. E. Newman	8 9 11 11 10-49	H. B. Seeds	12 9 5 7 5-38
C. Carleton	6 11 10 11 10-48	H. Simpson	9 5 7 11 6-38
Robert Miller	11 7 11 10 9-48	S. J. Newman	6 8 10 11-35
C. Heinel, Sr.	10 7 10 8 10-45	Wm. A. Bacon	9 2 5 8-31
Harry A. Heinel	9 7 3 10 11-39	Chas. Heinel, Jr.	7 3 3 10 8-31
J. E. Seeds	4 8 11 9 10-39	J. Nedry	2 6 7 6 3-24
Irwin W. Seeds	4 9 8 11 8-33		

The conditions of the third match same as second. Ties decided, the prizes were awarded as follows: First, S. J. Newman; second, Jerome B. Bell; third, Henry B. Seeds; fourth, C. Carleton; fifth, Charles Heinel, Sr. The full score is as follows:

A. J. Newman	10 8 11-29	W. C. Seeds	6 10 8-34
Jerome B. Bell	9 10 9-25	J. E. Newman	2 12 8-32
C. Carleton	9 8 11-25	Irwin W. Seeds	6 9 5-20
Charles Heinel, Sr.	12 7 9-28	Howard Simpson	8 4 8-20
H. B. Seeds	11 8 9-28	Harry A. Heinel	8 9 2-19
Robert Miller	9 11 7-27	J. F. Seeds	6 4 5-15
William A. Bacon	7 7 8 11-26		

CREEDMOOR, June 5.—There was an unusually large number of entries in the champion marksman's class at Creedmoor to-day. Up to within a few minutes of the closing hour it was believed that Maj. Fox, of the 4th Brigade staff, had won the badge, but at 5:30 Private George S. Scott, of the Brooklyn 23d Regiment, beat the Major's score by two points. The winners were as follows:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total
Priv. George S. Scott, 23d Reg.	23	24	47
Major Fox, 4th Brigade Staff.	21	24	45
Lieut. J. S. Shepherd, 23d Reg.	20	24	44
Maj. Brown, 3d Brigade Staff.	22	22	44
Serge. Bentley, 7th Reg.	18	24	42
Serg. Gen. Robbins	20	22	42
Serge. Lotz, 13th Reg.	21	21	42
Serge. Smith, 23d Reg.	20	22	42

shoot at clay birds, weather fine, trap worked well:			
G Hyde.....	01111-4	11111-5	111-3
A Shephard.....	11101-4	00100-2	011-2
J Taylor.....	11111-5	01110-3	111-3
D Shephard.....	11011-4	00111-8	111-3
G Reading.....	00000-0	00100-1	100-1
C Tomison.....	00001-1	00010-1	001-1

CINCINNATI, May 25.—The second shoot for the Bandle Team Trophy, open to any regularly organized gun club team of five in Hamilton County, took place to-day on the grounds of the Price Hill Gun Club, before an audience which numbered in the neighborhood of between four and five hundred. The weather was all that could be desired, barring an extremely strong wind blowing from the north, which speeded the straight-away birds to an extent simply wonderful. From the start the race was a hot one, but the Miami-town team cut the pace and shot a good strong race, especially during the latter part of the contest, when they broke twenty-three out of the last twenty-five birds shot. This club was looked upon as a mere fill-up, as was the East End, in the shoot before; and, strange to say, they made a laughing-stock of the other clubs entered. The winning team is a country-looking set of men, but, as the shooters term them, "perfect middleers." Wick, Miller, Schatzman and Cole proved a disappointment to their respective teams. The management, judge and referee, gave excellent satisfaction, especially the calling of Mr. Corrie, of Xenia, Ohio. The next shoot will take place on the East End Club's grounds. Appended are the official scores: National Gun Club—Meyer 8, W. Gihman 14, E. Fey 13, Gerhardt 11, Rust 10, Total 55.

Delhi (Ohio) Club—Whitlock 16, Robb 8, Belden 11, McAfee 13, McCullough 12, Total 60.

West End Club—Wenning 10, Joseph H. 15, Spangler 12, Behle 14, H. F. Robinson 12, Total 55.

Queen City Club—Burt 17, H. Ahlers 16, Strunk 15, O. Shaw 12, Wick 12, Total 72.

Independent Gun Club—Barker 13, Paul 13, Kessler 16, L. Fey 14, Kling 15, Total 72.

Columbia Club—Langdon 14, J. G. Dick 12, Whitney 17, A. C. Dick 14, Briggs 12, Total 73.

Price Hill Club—Drost 17, Topf 16, Chick 14, Judge 13, Miller 14, Total 74.

East End Club—Schatzman 11, Cole 14, Stuart 13, Mason 18, G. Given 19, Total 75.

Midtown Club—Small 14, Menger 16, Mr. Nose 17, Althouse 16, Arnolds 16, Total 79.

Wyoming Gun Club—Stoddard 14, Smiley 15, Jewett 12, Allan 14, Clark 17, Total 72.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays, and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., May 28. Match at 20 single clay pigeons, 18yds., all contestants, open, barrel only. The breeze was very considerable, the chances of a strong wind blowing from shooter toward the trap. There were six contestants. Following is the score:

M. Boss.....0001101101011011—13

N. Waldron.....101011010011001101—12

H. Brown.....11110100110101100—13

O. Chapman.....101100101100001111—13

S. Keane.....10110010110101010—12

J. Schnell.....10011001001111100—12

BOSTON, June 2.—There was a fair attendance of trap shooters at the range at Walnut Hill to-day and the weather conditions were excellent. Following are the prize winners: 1. 6 clay pigeons—Baker, Brown and Nichols. 2. 2 pairs clay birds, double—Bartlett. 3. 6 clay birds at angles—Bartlett. 4. 5 blackbirds—Bartlett. 5. 3 pairs clay pigeons, double—Bartlett and Snow. 6. 5 blackbirds—Baker and Allen. 7. 5 clay birds, straightaway—Bartlett and Allen. 8. 6 clay pigeons—Allen. 9. Novelty match, 6 clay birds—Bartlett, Chase, Allen and Curtis. 10. 5 blackbirds, straightaway—Allen, Curtis, Stanton and Henry. 11. Badge sweep, 7 clay pigeons, 18yds.—Adams, Snow and Stanton. 12. Badge sweep, 3 pairs blackbirds, double—Adams, Swift and Chase. 13. 3 pairs clay birds—Stanton. 14. 6 clay pigeons, at angles—Adams, Swift and Baker. 15. 3 pairs clay pigeons—Baker. 16. Novelty match—Stanton. 17. 5 blackbirds straightaway—Stanton and Adams. 18. 6 clay pigeons—Swift. 20. 5 blackbirds, straightaway—Stanton. 21. Novelty match—Swift and Stanton. 22. 5 blackbirds, straightaway—Adams and Baker. 23. 5 straightaway blackbirds, 21yds.—Swift. 24. Miss and out—Snow. 25. Miss and out—Adams and Baker.

Diamond match, 7 single clay pigeons, 3 pairs blackbirds:

Singles. Pairs. Total		Non members.			
Henry.....5	4	11	Allen.....5	2	7
Adams.....7	2	9	Baker.....5	2	7
Snow.....5	3	8	Yeaton.....3	2	5
Curtis.....6	4	10	Adams.....4	3	7
Swift.....7	2	9	Bartlett.....5	3	8
Stanton.....4	1	5	Snow.....6	4	10
Warren.....3	2	5			
Nichols.....3	2	5			

WORCESTER, Mass., June 1.—The second of the series of prize shoots at the South End Gun Club range was shot to-day. The events were: 1. 7 tongueless birds; 2. 4 Maccombers; 3. 5 clay pigeons; 4. 3 pair doubles; 5. 5 blackbirds; 6. 6 clays, straightaway. The scores made were as follows, the last column showing the totals of the two days' shooting:

First Class.		Second Class.	
Jones.....4	4 5 5 1 4—23—43	Whittier.....4	4 5 4 4—21—45
Davis.....6	3 5 5 5—30—60	Franklin.....6	3 2 4 4—21—30
Webber.....7	4 4 5 4—29—61	Cutting.....7	2 4 1 5—23—43
Smith.....7	8 5 6 4—31—57	Kennerson.....7	4 3 3 5—28—49
Doane.....7	4 4 4 2—27—47	Stone.....6	3 3 3 4—23—39
Hudson.....0	0 0 1 3—12—12	Swan.....6	3 3 1 1 5—19—37
Humann.....6	2 3 3 3—21—50	Day.....4	3 2 1 5—15—33
Dean.....5	3 3 3 3—21—50	Claflin.....7	2 1 1 2—16—30

ST. LOUIS, May 31.—The Western Gun Club held its regular medal shoot at the grounds, foot of President street, this afternoon, with the following score. Screened traps, 18yds. rise:

10 Clay Pigeons.		10 Clay Pigeons.	
Thomas Siebenman.....111110111	101010111—16	F. E. Miltenberger.....111110111	101010111—16
Jul Steinkie.....111110111	011110111—16	Thurber.....111110111	111110100—16
Le Faivre.....111110111	101010111—16	Benecke.....101111011	010110111—15
Lenhardt.....100111110	010110111—14	Baker.....111110111	111110111—14
Crayon.....111110111	110011000—13	Bauer.....100111010	101010111—13
Williams.....101100111	101100111—13	Richardson.....101101001	111001011—13
Heithaus.....11110111	010110111—13	McDowell.....100101111	010110111—12
Schaff.....100101111	010110111—12	George C. Hassfurther.....100101001	010100111—10
T. A. Siebenman.....100101001	010100111—10	Labadie.....101010110	011010101—10
Jul J. Hassfurther.....011010101	100000011—9	C. Everts.....000100111	000100111—9
Scheer.....001001000	001001000—9	Erverts.....000000011	000000011—8
Fox.....100101000	000000011—8	Locatelle.....001000001	001000001—7
Blue.....000100101	000100101—7	William Hassfurther.....111000010	100000010—6
Justus.....111100000	111100000—6	Mackwitz.....100000000	000000000—2

After shooting off the ties the medal was won by Theo. Siebenman, Sweepstakes being in order, the following were shot:

First sweepstake, 5 blue rock pigeons, 18yds., screened traps—P. Lawrence first money, Jul. Hassfurther and Denning divide second money, Thurber third, Baker fourth.

Second sweepstake, 5 blue rock pigeons, 18yds.—Kacer first money, Williams and Siebenman divide second money, Hill third money.

Third sweepstake, 3 pair blue rocks, double birds—Siciminski and Crayon divide first money, Williams second, Lenhardt and P. Labadie divide third.

Fourth sweepstake, 6 single Peoria blackbirds—Siciminski and Williams divide first money, Hill second.

CINCINNATI, June 4.—The medal shoot of Excelsior Gun Club took place at Rinkle's to-day with the following score: Medal shoot, 10 birds.

Schaff.....111111111—10	Spelbrink.....111110011—8
Loerke.....111111111—10	Pettker.....011111110—8
Kutage.....111111111—10	Pope.....001011111—7
Griesdeicke.....111111101—9	Rick.....101011011—7
Nolting.....111111101—9	Brockman.....101010101—5
Weiber.....111111101—9	Fischer.....000001111—5
Nagel.....101111111—9	Fink.....111000001—5
Rinkle.....101111111—9	

*First medal. *Second medal. *Third medal. In shoot off Schaff won.

WELLINGTON, Mass., June 5.—The first prize winners at the Wellington Range to-day were: 1. 6 pigeons, Shumway; 2. 6 bats, Warren; 3. 6 pigeons, Shumway; 4. 6 blackbirds, Shumway; 5. 6 pigeons, Snow; 6. 6 bats, Snow and Shumway; 7. 6 pigeons, Wales, Lawson and Stanton; 8. 6 bats, Stanton; 9. 6 pigeons, Parker and Schaefer;

10. 6 bats, Stanton, Swift and Snow; 11. 3 pair pigeons, Schaefer; 12. 6 blackbirds, Wilson and Stanton; 13. 6 pigeons, Stanton and Lawson; 14. 6 bats, Wilson; 15. 6 pigeons, Stanton, Snow and Wales; 16. 5 pigeons, Wilson; 17. 5 bats, Stanton and Schaefer; 18. 5 pigeons, Stanton and Schaefer.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays, and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

BROOKLYN, June 2.—The Fountain Gun Club members had a regular gala day to-day. Men with gun bags and satchels filled with cartridges streamed in through the gates of the Brooklyn Driving Club ground at Parkville, and soon the popping of guns went on at a lively rate. It was the inauguration shoot at the new ground and was the most successful one the Fountain Gun Club has ever had. 34 members shot for the five handsome prizes which had been donated for competition. The terms were 7 birds each, from 5 traps, 5yds apart. Boudan supplied a very good lot of pigeons, and the shooting was very energetic. The men—C. Wingert, 28yds., T. Lenington, 27yds., and M. J. Kearney, 27yds., killed seven straight birds and tied. In the shoot off for choice of prizes 1, 2, 3, Wingert killed three more, and won the handsome silver pitcher presented by Vice President J. H. Sawyer. Lenington killed three out of four and took a silver cup, Kearney got the silver goblet presented by President Crooke. An adjournment was then made to the hotel, where was the inauguration dinner; 54 sat down to it. President A. Crook presided at one table and Vice-President Sawyer at the other. Merriam resigned till far into the night. The score is as follows:

F. Infelix, 27yds.....111011—6	N. B. Cook, 28yds.....0110100—3
E. Dwyer, 27.....111110—6	C. H. Foote, 21.....1001000—3
C. A. Chappell, 25.....010010—2	Charles Lange, 21.....101000—2
Dr. Wynn, 28.....110110—5	T. Linington, 27.....111111—7
C. W. Wingert, 28.....111111—7	C. E. Fiske, 21.....0000—0
H. Thorpe, 24.....001011—4	J. A. Carney, 21.....060000—0
F. H. Andrews, 21.....100111—4	Jas. Halligan, 21.....001101—4
C. J. Smith, 21.....100101—3	R. J. Grace, 26.....110011—5
G. L. Hayes, 25.....010100—2	C. S. Kendall, 25.....110111—6
G. M. Van Saun, 26.....010101—4	W. A. Stewart, 25.....110101—5
F. H. Sawyer, 21.....010101—4	M. J. Kearney, 27.....111111—7
A. W. Phelps, 21.....010101—4	J. Beacham, 21.....110110—10
Dr. C. J. Monroe, 24.....101011—6	W. R. Selover, 25.....000111—3
E. H. Madison, 28.....101111—6	Dr. S. P. Veveridge, 27.....111110—6
L. T. Duryea, 27.....111111—6	W. L. Barker, 24.....110100—7
H. McLaughlin, 27.....111110—6	H. O'Farrell, 21.....101000—3
Able Crook, 23.....010110—4	T. S. Van Name, 21.....011000—2

In shooting off ties of 7, C. W. Wingert first, T. Lenington second, M. J. Kearney third. Ties of 6, C. S. Kendall fourth, L. Duryea fifth.

CENTRAL OHIO SHOOTING ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENT. Columbus, Ohio.—Second day, May 19, seventh match, 5 Ligovsky clay pigeons: Duffy 2, Aston 4, Ackerman 4, Wendt 3, Simmerman 3, Bourner 4, Harlow 4, Seibert 4, Mack 2, Keifer 3, Webb 3, Thomas 4, Mason 3, Astou and Seibert first, Wendt, Keifer and Mason second, Nick third.

Eighth match, 5 American birds: Aston 5, Duffy 5, Ackerman 4, Simmerman 3, Wendt 3, Seibert 4, Webb 5, Southwick 3, Mason 4, Keifer 2, Harlow 1, Madden 4, Irwen 5, Mack 4, Link 2, Thomas 4, Bower 4. Aston, Duffy, Irwin and Webb first, Thomas second, Wendt, Simmerman and Southwick third.

Ninth match, 4 pair Ligovsky clay pigeons: Wendt 7, Ackerman 4, Duffy 7, Simmerman 4, Seibert 5, Aston 5, Southwick 5, Mason 7, Link 3, Mack 3, Harlow 3, Keifer 3, Wendt, Duffy and Mason first, Aston second, Simmerman and Ackerman third.

Tenth match, 4 pair American birds: Aston 5, Mason 7, Duffy 5, Wendt 7, Bourner 6, Ackerman 4, Mack 4, Simmerman 4, Webb 7, Keifer 5. Mason, Wendt and Webb first, Bourner second, Duffy and Keifer third.

The event of the tourney was the eleventh match, conditions, 10 single and 5 pair Ligovsky clay pigeons, for the C. O. S. A. gold medals, prize money, and a valuable red frie setter, donated by Mr. Frank White, of the Boarding and Breeding Kennels, Dunkirk, O. The medals must be won three times to be owned.

Aston.....111110111—9	0 1 1 1 1 1 1—9—18
Duffy.....001101111—7	1 1 1 1 1 1 0—8—15
Simmerman.....111100111—7	0 0 1 1 1 1 0—4—11
Wendt.....100101111—7	1 1 1 1 0 1 1—7—14
Ackerman.....111111011—9	1 0 1 1 1 1 1—7—16
Keifer.....110110111—8	0 1 1 1 1 1 1—8—16
Link.....110110111—7	0 0 1 1 0 1 0—2—9
Webb.....111100100—6	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10—16
M. Leish.....110010101—6	0 1 1 1 1 0 1—7—13
Mason.....111111111—10	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—8—18
Seibert.....111110111—8	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9—17
Lawrence.....100011101—6	0 1 1 0 0 1 1—4—10

Aston and Mason divided first money, Seibert second, Ackerman, Keifer and Webb third. Mason not being a member of the C. O. S. A. the first medal and dog were won by "Aston," Geo. A. Warden, of Springfield. Frank Siebert, of Columbus, won the second medal, J. H. Keifer, of Dayton and Wm. Ackerman, of Lima, shot off for the third medal, the former winning.

Twelfth match, 7 American birds: Southwick 4, Buck 6, Ackerman 6, Mack 4, Aston 7, Bourner 2, Mason 2, Siebert 4, Keifer 6, Lawrence 0, Gray 5. The grand prize of \$50, open to members of the Association only, was divided as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Average.	Prize.
"Aston" (Geo. A. Warden).....	79	61	80 pr. ct.	\$30
"Duffy" (Dr. L. E. Russell).....	79	60	79 pr. ct.	\$15
Chas. Wendt, Kenton, O.....	79	58	74 pr. ct.	\$10
Wm. Ackerman, Lima, O.....	79	55	70 pr. ct.	\$5

HARTFORD, Conn., June 5.—The members of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club formed two teams yesterday, each man shot at 20 pigeons, 18yds. rise:

McCook's Team.		J. Howe's Team.	
E. A. Folsom.....17	J. Howe.....12		
M. Cook.....13	J. Melrose.....17		
L. B. Cary.....12	J. Cook.....11		
O. B. Treat.....11	M. White.....13		
A. C. Mcullen.....13	E. C. Howe.....13		
L. Bushnell.....15	F. E. Watkins.....15		
J. Alger.....13	S. T. Colt.....8		
Vibberts.....15	Miner.....17		
C. B. Latimer.....9	A. C. Collins.....8		
H. M. Jacobs.....11—125	H. M. Jacobs.....11—123		

J. Melrose won the club medal by 110, shooting off a tie with E. A. Folsom, 3 birds, 21yds.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS GUN CLUB.—At club grounds, 167th street and Ridge road, June 5, monthly shoot for club medal, 15 clay birds, 18yds.

Beck.....001010000101—5	Snook.....100110111010—10
Fox.....001010000101—5	Fountain.....101101011010—10
Davidson.....001010101011—7	C. Terwilliger.....101101010110—10
Hunt.....0010000100000—3	Dux.....000001010111—8

Ties on 10: Snook, 11100—3; Fountain, 01110—3; C. R. Terwilliger, 01000; J. Terwilliger, 01000—1. Second tie: Snook, 010—1; Fountain, 011—2.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays, and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

So easy to row with Allen's bow-facers. Catalogue free. Oars complete, \$8 per pair. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE CONDITIONS OF THE CUP RACES.

THE following letter was received on June 1 by the committee. The second letter is the one sent by the committee in April:

MY DEAR SIR.—I am instructed by the committee to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of April 26 last, and to thank your committee for the consideration they have given to the proposals contained in my letter of the 10th April last. I am instructed by Lieutenant Henn, R. N., to say that the reason given in your letter of April 26 he accepts the decision of your committee, that one of the races must be sailed over the New York Y. C. course and not at Newport, but thinks it would be undesirable Galatea should take part in any races until after one at least of the cup races has been sailed, as her doing so would necessarily tend to decrease the interest in them.

Lieutenant Henn would be glad if the committee would consider the

advisability of also barring the False Hook shoal in the New York Y. C. course, as with an off-shore wind and 3bb tide an advantage might be derived by taking a passage inside that shoal.

As the committee do not see their way to an alteration in the mode of determining the time allowance adopted last year, Lieutenant Henn will not, under the circumstances, press this point further, but suggests that the actual sail area of each vessel should be used instead of the approximate sail area found by the New York Y. C. rule.

Both Lieutenant Henn and myself fully appreciate the desire of the committee to meet his views and so to arrange the races as to insure true sport, and I am to inform your committee that his suggestions are made solely with a similar object. We are also fully sensible of the fair and sportsmanlike feeling displayed last year to Genesta, not only by American yachtsmen, but also by the general public of the United States, and nothing shall be wanting on our part to reciprocate and encourage this good feeling.

Again thanking your committee for their courtesy and trusting to have the pleasure of meeting them early in July next, when the suggestions herein can be discussed, I am, my dear sir, yours faithfully,

J. BEAVER WEBB, Esq., Secretary America's Cup Committee, New York, United States of America.

NEW YORK, April 26, 1886.
J. Beaver Webb, Esq., No. 18 Cranley Gardens, London, S. W., England.

MY DEAR SIR.—I am instructed by the America's Cup Committee of the New York Y. C. to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 10th inst., and to say that its contents have had the committee's most careful consideration. I am further instructed to say that the committee, in their previous communication to you, aimed at offering the same terms for the coming races for the America's Cup as were discussed and accepted last year, and which, on trial, were found to be satisfactory; and, with the strongest desire on their part to insure true sport in the contest and to meet every wish of Lieutenant Henn, they were unable to make any great changes from the propositions then submitted.

Referring to your suggestions in detail, the committee feel that it will be impossible to agree that one of the races shall take place off Newport. New York is the home port of the club, and its large number of members reside here or in the immediate vicinity, and, as you are aware, take great interest in the contest, and the committee feel that it would be an injustice to the members if one of the races should take place at such a distance.

Should the Galatea, however, be in these waters at the time of the yacht club cruise there will be several very important races arranged to take place at Newport, in which she is especially invited to participate, and the committee trust this will meet Lieutenant Henn's wishes in respect to joining the squadron and placing himself "en rapport" with American yachts and owners.

For somewhat similar reasons they are unable to leave out altogether a race over the New York Y. C. course. It is the regular race course of the club, the one with which the members of the club and the public are familiar, and in which the greatest interest is felt, and beyond this, it is the course which every challenger must have in mind as the one over which, in the event of a failure to mutually agree upon the terms of the contest, he must sail the one race for the Cup.

With the desire, however, to meet the objections which you make, the committee will agree to har Flyn's Knoll, which they think is quite practicable, and can be provided for in the regulations which will be made for the race.

They will also take special pains to prevent interference by accompanying vessels, which will be in the interest of both the contesting yachts.

The matter of the time allowance was carefully considered last year, and was referred to Mr. George L. Schuyler as umpire, and the committee accept his decision as then made as conclusive upon that subject. In the matter of the umpire the committee consider that the terms of the race should be mutually agreed upon, and it is not likely that referee will be needed. Should, however, any question arise, such as that of construction of terms, to settle which it would be desirable to appoint an umpire, you may be sure that there is no one whom the committee would prefer to Mr. Schuyler.

The committee desire me to assure Lieutenant Henn that in every detail not provided for they will strive in every way in their power to arrange that the race shall be fair and without advantage to either party, and the committee hope that your experience here last year will justify you in assuming that he had here no apprehension upon this point. I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

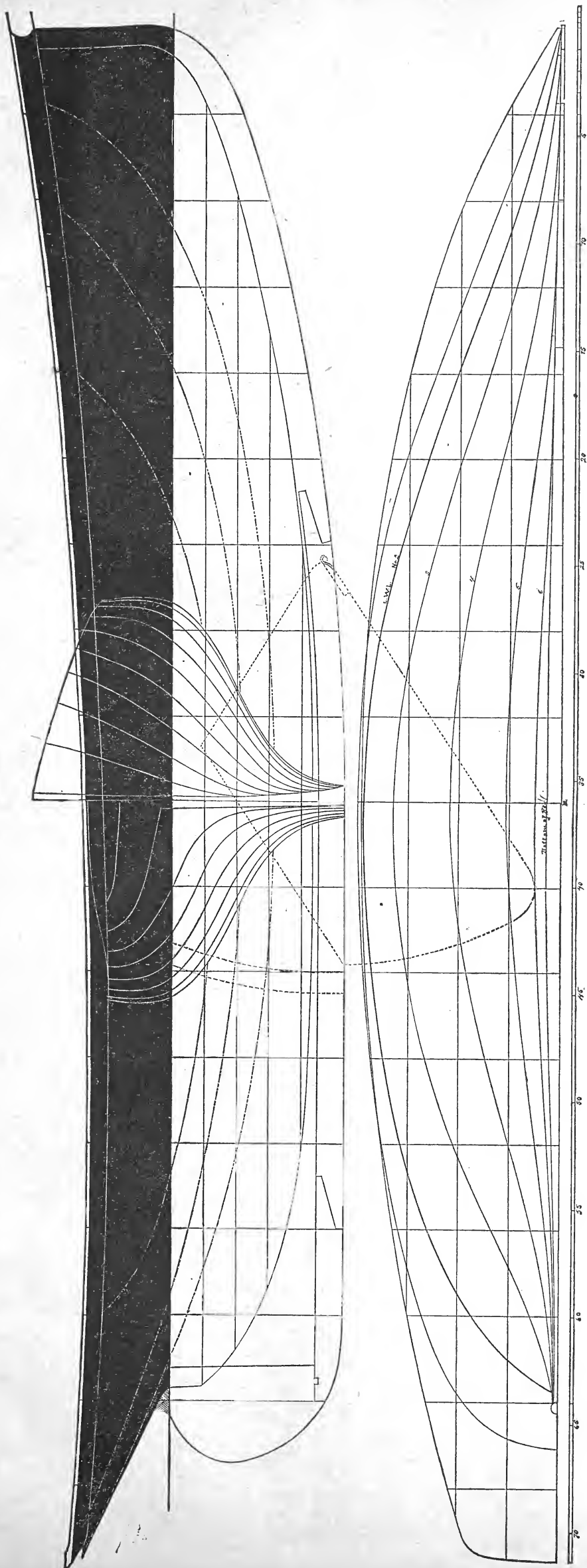
WILLIAM KREBS, Secretary of Committee,
No. 62 Wall street, New York.

GALATEA AND IREX.

ON Saturday last these two met for the first time this year in the New Thames Y. C. race from Southend to Harwich, Marjorie being with them in the A class, with Erycina, Arctura, Neptune, May and Annasoa in class C. Galatea held up well at the start, but owing to some trouble with her boomstays was obliged to retire, I

THETIS

The latter boat sailed over a 10-mile course to Fort Schuyler and return. Elephant and Wacondah are not yet measured, so the final result is not known. Lorna wins the silk club signal for the fastest corrected time over the course. A race for steam yachts was also run, Mystic beating Mary W.



ANOTHER SMALL CRUISER.—On June 1 there arrived at Port Morris, New York, a new cruiser, the *Seabird*, built at Kennebunkport, Me., for Mr. John Thornton, Jr., of New York, by C. Trot. The *Seabird* is similar to the *Elvira* or *Little Ida*, illustrated in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, but is 21 ft. over all, 7 ft. beam, 3 ft. 6 in. depth, with a rocker keel 1 ft. deep. She is a double ender, decked over, with a cabin 7 ft. long with 4 ft. headroom and two berths. Forward and aft are galvanized iron air tanks. The frame is of steamed oak planked with 1 1/4 in. cedar. The ballast on keel is 750 pounds, with 2,300 pounds cast to fit inside and 400 pounds in pigs, making 3,450 pounds, all iron. She has one pole mast with staysail and jib set flying. In charge of Mr. Geo. P. Willis, she sailed from Kennebunkport on May 24, calling at Gloucester, Boston, Chatham, Stonington and Saybrook, and reaching Port Morris on June 1 without any difficulty. From Chatham, Mass., the wind was ahead for the entire distance.

YACHTING NOTES.—Ranger, schooner, has been sold by Dr. Dawson, to Mr. Geo. Chisholm, N. Y. Y. C. Dr. Dawson has purchased the schooner *Elfin*, formerly *Latona*. . . The catboat now building by Capt. Townes for Mr. Vanderveer will have a hollow spar and a loose-footed mainsail. . . A new centerboard is building by Capt. Cuthbert, at Trenton, Ont. She will be 55 ft. over all, 4 ft. L. W. L. and 15 ft. beam, and is for Messrs. Cooley & Turley. . . Fortuna, schooner, Com. Hovey, E. Y. C., left Boston on a tug for New York. . . At Lawley's yard Sachem is painted and nearly ready for launching. The new 47 ft. boat, Mr. Fay's, will be named *Vandal*. Two small keel cats have been started from Mr. Burgess's designs. . . Mist, schooner, has been sold by Mr. J. H. Sherburne, of Boston, to Mr. A. C. Titcomb, of San Francisco. . . Westmore, catboat, of Newport, has been sold to Mr. M. C. D. Borden, of New York. . . Intrepid, schooner, has been docked and is now in commission.

LAUNCH OF A PILOT BOAT.—The new pilot boat, W. H. Starbuck, built by Ellis, of Tottenville, to take the place of Mary and Catherine, No. 6, sunk by a British tramp some time since, was launched on May 29. She is 82 ft. over all, 7 ft. L. W. L., 21 ft. 3 in. beam, 9 ft. 11 in. hold. Her mainmast is 73 ft., foremast 72 ft., topmast 23 ft., booms 52 and 26 ft. 6 in.; gaffs 26 and 20 ft. 6 in.; bowsprit 23 ft. 6 in. outboard. She stuck on the ways owing to her draft. Mr. Starbuck has had her cabin fitted up very handsomely.

GREENWICH Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Greenwich Y. C. was held at Greenwich, Conn., on last Monday, June 7, when the following officers were elected: Arthur E. Rendle, Commodore (re-elected); Geo. Tyson, Jr., Vice-Commodore; J. Williams, Rear-Commodore; Secretary and Treasurer, E. Burton Hart; Measurer, J. M. Tracy. Several new members were elected. The first pennant regatta will be held on June 26. The club cruise will take place about latter part of July, the grand annual regatta on or about Aug. 15, and the fall pennant regatta on or about Sept. 15.

NEW YORK Y. C.—A special meeting was held on June 3, at which the amendment prohibiting the use of clubtopsails on the cruise was reconsidered and withdrawn. During the evening a meeting of the Cup committee was held, at which it was decided that no further correspondence was necessary as Mr. Webb would be soon in New York.

AMERICA.—The lines of the *America* were taken off last week by Mr. McKee as a basis for Mr. Burgess's alterations. The old keel, siding only 4 1/2 in., will be replaced with a wider one, with new garboards. Work will go on as soon as Mr. Burgess completes the plans.

ECLIPSE Y. C.—This club sailed its annual regatta on Monday over the same course as the Williamsburg Y. C., but starting at 104th street. Twelve yachts entered, the winners being *Thorn*, second class; *Unknown*, third class; *Violet*, fourth class and *Venus*, fifth class. The *Osseo* carried the members and guests of the club.

CHARTS OF LAKE ONTARIO.—We have received from Mr. John T. Mott, of Oswego, the series of Coast Survey charts of Lake Ontario, showing the entire lake on one sheet, with larger charts of the various portions down the St. Lawrence to Chippewa Falls.

A VISIT FROM A STEAM YACHT.—We learn from *Le Yacht* that Mr. John Clark's steam yacht, *Mohican*, will sail for New York shortly to take part in the races of the American Y. C. for the International Challenge Cup.

MARJORIE.—Mr. Langley's new catboat, modeled by Mr. Ellisworth, is now completed, and has been named *Marjorie*. She will sail a race on July 5 with Mr. Seney's catboat, for \$250 a side.

Don't twist your neck off, but use Allen's bow-facing oars. Little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to *FOREST AND STREAM* their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to *FOREST AND STREAM* their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.



SECRETARY.—Dr. C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member of the A. C. A., together with the sum of \$3 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the commodore. Money should be sent by registered letter, or money order on Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

FIXTURES.

Mohican Races every Thursday through the season.
 June 12—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.
 June 12—N. Y. C. C. Spring Regatta, 1st Race Com. Trophy.
 June 26—N. Y. C. C. 2d Race Commodore's Trophy.
 July 3-5—N. Y. C. C. Trials International Races.
 July 8-24—W. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Erie.
 July 10—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.
 July 10—N. Y. C. C. 3d Race Commodore's Trophy.
 July 24—N. Y. C. C. 4th Race Commodore's Trophy.
 Aug. 7—N. Y. C. C. 5th Race Commodore's Trophy.
 Aug. 7—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.
 Aug. 13-27—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.
 Aug. 21—Lake St. Annual.
 Sept. 4—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.
 Sept. 4—N. Y. C. C. International Cup Races.
 Sept. 11—N. Y. C. C. 6th Race Commodore's Trophy.
 Sept. 18—Brooklyn C. C. Sailing Races.
 Sept. 25—Brooklyn C. C. Challenge Cup.
 Sept. 25—N. Y. C. C. 7th Race Commodore's Trophy.
 Oct. 2—N. Y. C. C. Fall Regatta.

THE LOCAL SPRING MEETS.

ONTARIO, MAY 22-24.

THE Ontario spring meeting of canoeists took place at Knapp's Point, on Wolf Island, five miles below Kingston, on May 22, and lasted three days.

The situation of the camp was as good as could be desired, and a most enjoyable time was had by the members of the R. M. C. C. and their friends, among whom on this occasion could not be numbered the almost ubiquitous mosquito, the canoeists having got the start of him for once.

The weather was fine, the sailing and paddling courses good, and the mess arrangements were very perfect. Commodore Fairbrough and Vice-Commodore Morrow were in command of the camp, and to their exertions is, in a great part, due its success.

Among the visitors were Mr. J. B. Carruthers, Professor Day, Lieutenants Hudon and Cochrane, Col. Cotton and Messrs. Forsyth and Greet, of Kingston, the Brockville Club being represented by Com. Richards and Mr. F. Turner.

At the last moment and after they had their canoes ready for shipment, Commodore Rathbun, of the A. C. A., and the members of the Deseronto Club were unable to attend.

Saturday and Sunday were spent in enjoyment of the first camping out that most of the canoeists had had this year, a roaring big fire being made each evening and the proceedings being enlivened by songs, stories and miscellaneous fun.

Monday morning set in with a spanking sou'west breeze, which diminished to a zephyr before the races could be started, so the sail-

ing races were a series of drifts with the various boats being becalmed several times.

For the decked canoe sailing race there were four entries, and Turner succeeded in crossing the winning line ahead, with Morrow a good second.

For the open canoe sailing race there were three entries, and the three boats kept within a stone's throw of each other up to the finish gun, crossing the line a little ahead of Panet. The single paddler race was won by Turner, who was closely pushed by Strickland, and the tandem paddling was won by Turner and Panet, Rogers and Strickland coming in second. Com. Richards's canoe Mona, designed by Stephens and built by Sauve, was taken to camp in hopes of a brush with Com. Rathbun's new Ruggles boat Star, but as the latter was not present she did not race. Shortly after the races were over and the prizes presented by Com. Fairbrough, the camp broke up and the always melancholy business of taking down tents and stowing camp material was got through with, while with many a hearty shake of the hand and many a farewell with "I'll meet you at Grindstone" added to it, the canoeists separated, some to go home by steamer and some to cruise to their destinations in their light crafts, all vowing the camp a great success and looking forward to all hands meeting again at the general A. C. A. meet in August.

BROOKLYN C. C. CRUISE, MAY 29-31.

"WHAT shall the Alligators do on Decoration Day?" had been a question of some little moment for us to decide. We had received invitations to attend the Connecticut River meet at Calla Shasta Grove and also the Hudson River meet at Rondont, but as few of us could be absent from Saturday morning until Tuesday, we decided upon a cruise and camp nearer home, with the hope that more of our members would be able to participate than would be the case if we went further away. A cruise from the club house to South Beach, Staten Island, a distance of about seven and a half miles, with Sunday at this place and return on Monday via Capt. Stillwell's Bath for dinner, was the general programme decided upon.

Orders were given for members to be in readiness for a start at 5 o'clock P. M. on Saturday, May 29, each man to be so equipped that he could cruise and camp independent of any one else; but if preferred, two men to mess together. At the same time each novice was in a measure placed under the care and instruction of a more experienced member, while the cruise and camp were under the command of Vice-Commodore Whitlock. At the appointed hour the fleet was in readiness, but a strong E. wind and head wind made it evident that some of the canoes would be unable to reach camp comfortably that night. It was decided to let those who so desired start at once, the others to remain at the club house and to go into camp on Sunday morning. Minx, Mr. Brokaw, Vixen, Mr. Johnson, Pilgrim, Mr. Gould, and Gueun, Mr. Sinclair, made up the first detachment, believing they could get around the forts before dark. They were accompanied for a short distance by Commodore Newman in the Sunbeam, Mr. Messier in the Berkeley, Mr. Baker in the Judy, and Mr. Dennison in the Box.

On Sunday morning the bulk of the fleet, consisting of the flagship Yvonne, Vice-Commodore Whitlock; Evangeline, Mr. Cook; Gauymede, Mr. Budington; Pagan, Mr. Weeks; Niente, Mr. Dummell; Crusee, Mr. Thornton; No Name, Mr. Fosdick; and Lone Star, Mr. Schuyler, had a most enjoyable sail down the bay, reaching camp at about 10 o'clock. Tents were pitched in good form, and, with the canoes drawn up in line upon the beach, made an exceedingly pretty picture. The veterans had come prepared with all the necessities, and the novices, knowing the proximity of the Alligator in general, had come laden with the luxuries of life. The afternoon was pleasantly passed as best suited the different individuals. The Elm Tree Lighthouse tower afforded a pleasant resort for some, while others sailed or dozed, as was most agreeable. Later some of the party returned to the city. After supper the native mosquito arrived in force, but fortunately the tents provided ample protection against his ardent attentions.

Monday morning opened with a strong easterly wind blowing, which drove away the mosquitoes. Breakfast of tongue, omelettes, broiled chicken and coffee was served. Camp was struck, the canoes packed, and the start for Bath was made. Later on a thunder shower came up which quite wet those unlucky ones not provided with oilers. The shower was followed by almost a dead calm, and sails were stowed and paddles were brought into requisition. The tide was running strong ebb, and before the fleet had made Coney Island several of the canoes had been carried below buoy 16. The crew of the Gannymede says he is constitutionally opposed to any kind of rowing, and but in this case it was paddle or no paddle, and he chose the former, and they placed their floats at the service of the canoeists and entered tained them very pleasantly. The fleet set sail at about 4 o'clock for the club house, which was reached at about 6 o'clock.

Comparing notes we found that between Saturday P. M. and Monday P. M. every boat in our club, with one exception (and her owner sailed the Guenn), had participated in the Decoration Day cruise to some extent. The fleet had covered twenty miles. In the party were five novices who had never been in canoes on a cruise before. All felt the cruise to have been a success, and it will probably be followed by other similar ones during the summer.

We find our location in the Province of Quebec a decided improvement upon the former one. The approach through the handsome grounds of the Atlantic Harbor Company being pleasant, while the clear passage from our float to the open waters of the Bay is most convenient. The B. C. C. now numbers twenty-five active members (no associate or honorary members) and a fleet of twenty-three first class canoes.

CRUISE OF THE LAKE ST. LOUIS C. C.

THE Lake St. Louis C. C. taking advantage of the Queen's birthday falling on a Monday, decided to have a cruise occupying the two days. So on Saturday, May 29, we left with a special car full of canoes for a place named Huntington, sixty-five miles from Lachine, canoes for a place named Huntington, sixty-five miles from Lachine. As I will have to name a few of the members on this voyage particularly, it would be as well to introduce the entire party and give the names of the canoes. Our worthy commodore paddled in his old reliable Shaweuegen, in which more cruising and racing has been done than in any canoe in the Province of Quebec. Commodore W. H. Riutoul, Commodore's clerk, Thos. Stewart, Shaweuegen; A. W. Morris, Vice-Commodore, H. W. Nelson, La Fleche; Charles Lamothé, C. D. Monk, Nokomis; A. J. Stewart, Robu Adair, Coquette; H. T. Wilgrees, C. E. Christian, Edith; A. T. Kohl, A. Henshaw, Puri; Fred Stewart, A. J. Henderson, Ida; A. Ward, H. S. Hunter, Peachblow; Forbes Torrance, Alex. Patterson, Vesper; A. Desbaret, F. Rolland, Oregon; E. P. Winslow, Nina; E. B. Jones, H. Laughlan, Lurline; Robert Ross, I. K. Bruce, Chestnut; C. S. Shaw, A. W. Shearwood, Water Lily; Thompson, W. F. Cooper, Bertie; W. Robertson, Geo. Auldjo, Marion L.

With this large party we arrived at mine host "Moirs" at Huntington, where we had our first portage from the car to the hotel. After dinner we walked through the town, singing national airs, to the

roller skating rink, and it would have been an enjoyable sight for a Lachine audience to have watched thirty-two greenbarns on roller skates. It was amusing to see the look of contempt cast upon us by the villagers, who doubtless go there every night, as some are very proficient in the art. Next morning at 8 o'clock we started homeward, and nothing worthy of note occurred till we reached Dewitville, and brother canoeists beware when you strike this spot. Imagine a high wall of rock, reaching half across the river with a cut about 25ft. wide through it, over this they have a rustic bridge. Our commodore hailed some farmers who were on this beautiful piece of architecture, and asked if we could go through. Being answered in the affirmative, he immediately entered this narrow passage, when what was his surprise to find a regular waterfall and rapid about 300yds. long, full of rocks, with a current running at the rate of thirty miles an hour. He got through with no mishap however, I think more owing to his general good luck than anything else, as it was impossible to control your canoe, a good paddler could just keep her straight. The Oregon, Lurline, Edith and Nokomis were all broken, the Oregon so badly that she had to be sent home by express and her crew found places in the other canoes. After an hour's delay in which Messrs. Jones and Laughlan went up to the village and bought rubber cloth, white lead, etc., and patched up their canoe, we started for St. Martine, where we were to stop over night. The rapids on this part of the river, though numerous and rocky, are not dangerous, and were fun to run an hour when in walked our rear-commodore who reported that Monk was up in a field watching his canoe and Messrs. Wilgrees and Christie were there too. We then got a buckboard and sent it for them. The hotel accommodation at St. Martine is very limited; we slept five in a room about 12x14ft. in size, but a sporting life is a hard life and everything counts. Next morning, after a game of baseball, we left for Lachine, encountering a few miles down the river a fall of about 5ft. over which all came in safety except the Edith and Peachblow, who doubtless feeling a little dry, did not watch how they steered and so upset. They and their clothes having been rescued and dried we made another start and followed the commodore Indian file, down the rest of the rapids which, though very enjoyable to me, might not appear so interesting when read about. Suffice it to say, that arriving at Dikie Island, two miles from Lachine, we formed a double line and paddled in this form to the club house, well pleased with our trip to Huntington.

MARION L.

SHERBROOKE BOATING AND CANOEING CLUB.—This club begins its second official season on June 10 with a formal opening of the house, and river illumination. The club is out of debt and owns a good boat house accommodating upward of thirty craft of all kinds belonging to some fifty active members. New members are joining, new boats on the way and altogether a very successful season is expected. The house is always open and full privileges are cordially extended to visiting strangers. During last season the register shows that nearly three hundred strangers were entertained, many of whom were A. C. A. men, who are always specially welcome. The officers for the year are: President, F. P. Buck; First Vice President, A. W. Oliver; Second Vice President, I. Edgell; Secretary, John H. Walsh; Treasurer, W. D. Fraser. Committee—H. R. Fraser, A. T. Winters, W. F. James, J. F. McKill, F. Hains, C. E. Thornton, M. M. Longee. Commodore, J. G. Walton. During the month of August the club will camp for a fortnight on Lake Memphremagog, where canoeists and others interested will be made welcome. The same prizes which were camped there last season encourage us to look for a pleasant time again. Particulars of camp and railway rates will be furnished on application to the secretary or commodore.—J. G. W. (Sherbrooke, Quebec, June 4).

OAKLAND C. C. CLEAR LAKE CRUISE.—The Oakland C. C. started on June 1, on a journey to Clear Lake, taking a steamer to Point Tiburon, across the bay, thence by freight train to Cloverdale, thence 35 miles by mule team across the mountains to Lakeport, where they launch. The fleet will include Mysie, Com. Blom; Flirt, Vice-Com. Harrison; Undine, Sec. Cooper; Zoe Mou, Treasurer Darneal; and A. C. A. men, who are always specially welcome. The officers for the year are: President, F. P. Buck; First Vice President, A. W. Oliver; Second Vice President, I. Edgell; Secretary, John H. Walsh; Treasurer, W. D. Fraser. Committee—H. R. Fraser, A. T. Winters, W. F. James, J. F. McKill, F. Hains, C. E. Thornton, M. M. Longee. Commodore, J. G. Walton. During the month of August the club will camp for a fortnight on Lake Memphremagog, where canoeists and others interested will be made welcome. The same prizes which were camped there last season encourage us to look for a pleasant time again. Particulars of camp and railway rates will be furnished on application to the secretary or commodore.—J. G. W. (Oakland, Calif., June 4).

OTTAWA C. C.—At the annual meeting in April last the following officers were elected: Commodore, W. F. Whitcher; Captain, J. S. Brongh; Secretary, F. H. Gisborne. Members of Committee—W. McL. Maingy, A. Hemming, J. St. C. McQuillin. Auditors—P. B. Symes and W. McL. Maingy. This season was opened by a splendid club cruise from Casselman, on the Canada Atlantic Railway, to Wendover, on the Ottawa River, a distance of fifty miles, with three rapids, under the command of the commodore, took part in the cruise, which extended over the 23d to the 24th inst., and was a great success. The club now numbers forty-eight members. We hope to have a good many more club cruises during the summer.—FRANCIS H. GIBBERNE, Secretary O. C. C.

NEW YORK C. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.—The club house of the N. Y. C. C. has been hauled out at Starin's dock and caulked and sheathed, and is now in position next to the old Sawanbaka, N. Y. C. house at Tompkinsville. The annual regatta will be held on Saturday next, starting at 3 P. M. The programme includes a sailing race for Classes A and B, sailing together, without limit; a sailing and paddling race, paddling race, for Classes III, and IV.; a hand-paddling race, and an upset race. The prizes will be flags for first and second. Boats leave South Ferry at 1:45 and 2:30 P. M.

DOWN THE SUSQUEHANNA.—A party of Mohicans, including Con. Oliver, Mr. Gibson, Captain Metcalf, U. S. A., Messrs. Palmer, Cushman and a guest, Count Thuan, of Austria, are on a cruise down the Susquehanna, having gone by rail to Binghamton on May 28 and started from there. They were at Wilkesbarre on June 5, with but two capsize to record.

TORONTO C. C.—A general meeting was held on June 2, at which the constitution and sailing rules were amended. Nine of the club cruised up the Humber on May 22-24.

Every pair of Allen's bow-facing oars warranted. Send for little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Adv.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

BALTIMORE.—1. A. says if a rifle could be taken a sufficient distance above the earth and fired directly downward there would be a point in the bullet's flight where the force of the powder would be expended, and that gravity alone at that point would give a less velocity than immediately after leaving the weapon. B. claims to have studied the science of gunnery, and contends that the projectile's speed will increase continually. Kindly explain as fully as possible. 2. The same weapon being fired straight upward from the earth's surface, what will be the velocity upward and descending by seconds? Any possible difference in the density of the atmosphere not to be taken as a factor.—D. Ans. 1. Theoretically a bullet might be forced from a point beyond the influence of the earth's attraction, and in its flight pass into the space where it would come under the law of gravitation. 2. The rise or fall would vary so much under different conditions that it is almost impossible to give it. The bullet would fall end over end. Some experiments in that line have been made at Sandy Hook, where the bullets struck 300yds. from point fired from, and they struck flat or all ways; but when they were fired so weak ago I had occasion to take the gun from its case and while doing so I noticed a dark ring around the wads at the breech end. I removed the tallow from the barrels and found a spiral of rust in each. I have tried in every way to remove same, but with little effect. The Petmecky cleaner has no appreciable effect on the discoloration. I took the gun to a gunsmith who said that the marks were not rust, but "stains of rust." Can you tell me how I can remove them without having the barrels bored or cut with emery? Ans. Probably a wire scratch brush would remove them.

AUSTIN, NEV.—Can you inform me through your paper what changes have been made by the Government in the Springfield rifle? I have seen them mentioned as the "Improved Springfield" rifle. I would like also to know if these rifles can be purchased, and if so, where and the price.—C. Ans. It is called the improved Springfield rifle and is now known also as Model 1884. Has new rear and front sights; rear is graduated to 2,000yds.; front has a cover to shade it on bright days. Some minor details about bands changed. A detachable pistol grip is now issued on application. The barrel and other metal parts are finished with a new bluing process which is thought to be much better than old. There were some slight changes in chamber for 500-grain bullet. There has been no change in the rifling. They can probably be purchased on application by letter to the Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.

D. M. P., Vicksburg, Miss.—Early in March I put my gun away for the season after thoroughly cleaning it. To insure its remaining in good order, I melted a lot of tallow and poured some in each barrel, and kept both ends with a wax cover to shade it on bright days. To take the gun from its case and while doing so I noticed a dark ring around the wads at the breech end. I removed the tallow from the barrels and found a spiral of rust in each. I have tried in every way to remove same, but with little effect. The Petmecky cleaner has no appreciable effect on the discoloration. I took the gun to a gunsmith who said that the marks were not rust, but "stains of rust." Can you tell me how I can remove them without having the barrels bored or cut with emery? Ans. Probably a wire scratch brush would remove them.

T. I. M. GREENBUSH, N. Y.—While fishing for eels on the 29th of May in the Hudson, about sixteen miles from Albany, it was noticed that all the eels had, under the skin, parasites varying in length from one to five inches. What are they? Ans. It is impossible to tell without seeing them. The lengths you name are very large for parasites of the skin or flesh of eels. We have known them to have intestinal parasites larger than those but do not know that eels are subject to the kind found by you. The parasites are, no doubt harmless to man as are those of fishes in general.

L. S. E., Philadelphia, 1st.—What is best bait for fresh-water bass and how to use it? 2. What are they taken with an artificial bait, if so, what is most used? 3. What hook is best for pickerel fishing? Ans. 1. The heirmite or dobson hook, hook it through the thorax and let it hang. 2. Yes. Spoons are best, but there are soft rubber imitations of crayfish, dobsons and grasshoppers that are used by some, although we do not recommend them. 3. If a single hook is used, a sprat from 4-10 to 8-10 is good. If gangs are used it depends upon the kind of bait and the size of the fish expected.

Btz, Wellsville, O.—Will you please answer following queries in your question column. 1. I am informed that the "kingbird" (so-called) does not possess a claw or food receptacle, such as is common to most other birds? 2. That they are very destructive to bees? Is this correct? Ans. 1. The anatomy of the kingbird does not differ materially from that of other birds of its family. 2. They are believed to be quite destructive to bees.

DEPRECATER.—In the market reports of the *Evening Post* I frequently notice a quotation of "small birds, 75 cents per dozen." Now, of what species are these birds, whence do they come, and what are they used for? Ans. The "small birds" we presume are peeps, ox-eyes, robin snipe, etc.

"TALES OF THE OCEAN."—Can any of your readers tell me where I can get "Tales of the Ocean"? It has long been out of print, but perhaps among the thousands of readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, there is some one who can tell me where I can procure a copy.—TARPOON.

A. P. S., Allentown, Pa.—We do not know of any makers of the cork coat in this country. You will find full instructions as to tents, waterproofing, and a wash for flies in "Woodcraft," by "Nessmuk," published by the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

TERRA NOVA, St. John's, Newfoundland.—1. The gun is liked by the trappers who use it. 2. "Gibson's Complete American Trapper," advertised elsewhere. 3. The bait is worth a trial if you want night fishing.

H. H. ROTHERFIELD, Sussex, Eng.—We believe that red deer have been imported into the United States from England, but of the result of the experiment we are not informed.

F. B. S.—Hunters Point.—1. The laws will be published in our next issue. 2. You can shoot trespassing dogs, but you will be liable for their value if they are killed.

S. P. C., Cincinnati, O.—You can carry a mainsail of 70ft. and a mizzen of 20ft. Follow the proportions of balance lug sails in "Canoe and Boat Building."

H. & W., New York.—Boats and canoes are sometimes built without any mounds by experienced workmen, but no special model can be made or copied.

W. B. B., New York.—You can get cedar boards of C. F. Hodsdon, 744 Water street. They are of all thicknesses and 6 to 12in. wide.

D. H. K.—You will find instructions for tanning in Gibson's "Complete American Trapper," which is advertised elsewhere.

W. D. A., Jr., Montclair, N. J.—The sails are not too large. Alcohol stoves can be had at any sporting goods store.

SILAS, Boston, Mass.—There is no shooting now in Massachusetts; everything is out of season.

J. M. C., Broome Center, N. Y.—We cannot recommend the boat for your use.

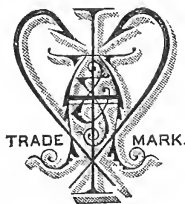
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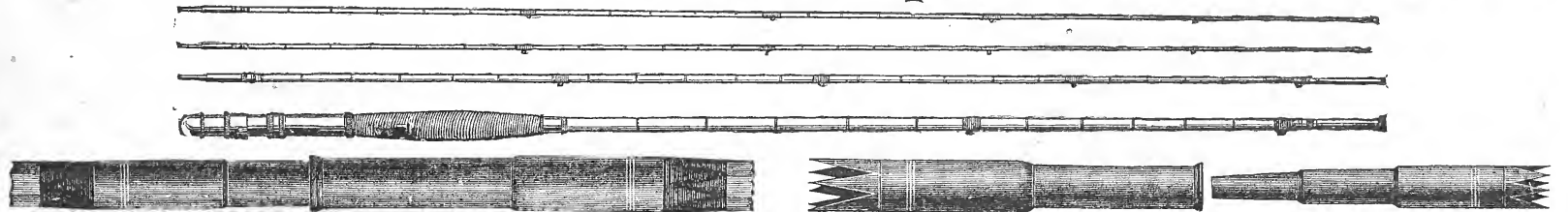
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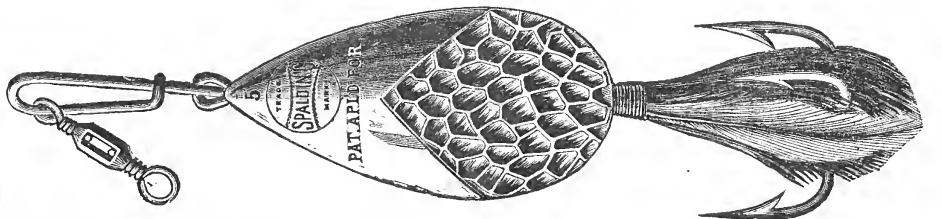
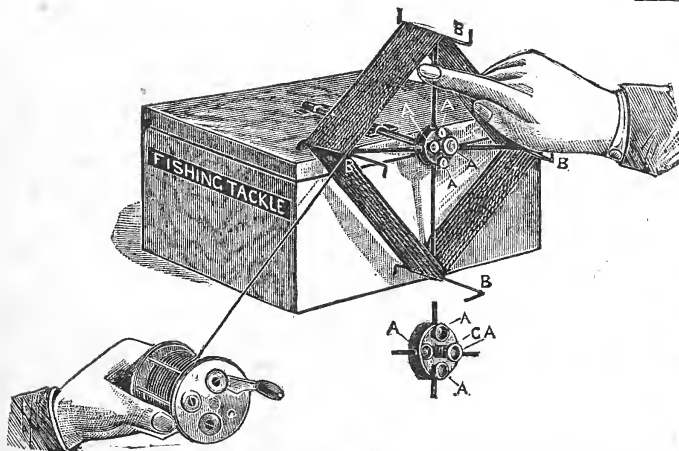
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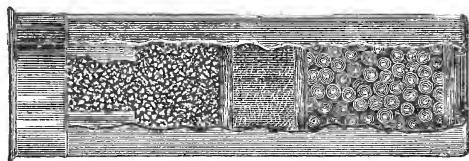
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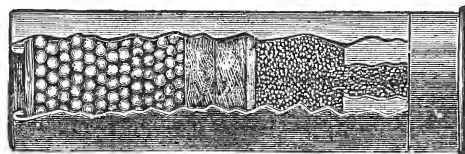


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LOAD No. 1, Second Quality Clay Bird Cartridge—12-Gauge—3¼ drams powder, 1½ oz. No. 7 shot. Per hundred, \$2.25.
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LOAD No. 3, Better Quality Clay Bird Cartridge—12-Gauge—3¼ drams powder, 1½ oz. No. 7 shot. Per hundred, \$2.75.
LOAD No. 4, Better Quality Clay Bird Cartridge—10-Gauge—4¼ drams powder, 1½ oz. No. 7 shot. Per hundred, \$3.

BLUE ROCK PIGEON CARTRIDGES.

LOAD No. 52, Second Quality Blue Rock Pigeon Cartridge—12-Gauge—3¼ drams powder, 1½ oz. No. 8 shot. Per hundred, \$2.25.
LOAD No. 53, Second Quality Blue Rock Pigeon Cartridge—10-Gauge—4 drams powder, 1½ oz. No. 8 shot. Per hundred, \$2.50.
LOAD No. 54, Better Quality Blue Rock Pigeon Cartridge—12-Gauge—3¼ drams powder, 1½ oz. No. 8 shot. Per hundred, \$2.75.
LOAD No. 55, Better Quality Blue Rock Pigeon Cartridge—10-Gauge—4¼ drams powder, 1½ oz. No. 8 shot. Per hundred, \$3.
LOAD No. 56, For Parker Guns—12-Gauge—3¼ drams Dead Shot powder, 1½ oz. No. 8 shot, one card and two 11-gauge pink-edge wads over powder, thin wad over shot. Per hundred, \$2.75.
LOAD No. 57, For Parker Guns—10-Gauge—4¼ drams Dead Shot powder, 1½ oz. No. 8 shot, one card and two 9-gauge pink-edge wads over powder, thin wad over shot. Per hundred, \$3.
LOAD No. 40, Wood Powder Cartridge—12-Gauge—3¼ drams American Wood powder, primed with half dram of fine black powder, 1½ oz. No. 8 shot, wadded with one ¾-inch thick white felt wad between two cardboard over powder (75 pounds pressure), thin wad over shot. Per hundred, \$3.50.
LOAD No. 42, Wood Powder Cartridge—10-Gauge—4¼ drams American Wood powder, primed with half dram fine black powder, 1½ oz. No. 8 shot, wadded with one ¾-inch thick white felt wad between two cardboard over powder (75 pounds pressure), thin wad over shot. Per hundred, \$4.10.
LOAD No. 58, Highest Quality Cartridge—12-Gauge—First grade paper shell, ¾ drams Curtis & Harvey, Duponts Diamond Grain, Orange Lightning, Hazard's Electric, Pigou, Wilkes & Laurence (or any other similar quality powder), 1½ oz. No. 8 shot, either drop or chilled as preferred, one card and two pink-edge wads over powder, thin wad over shot. Per hundred, \$4.25.
LOAD No. 59, Highest Quality Cartridge—10-Gauge—First grade paper shell, 4 drams Curtis & Harvey, Duponts Diamond Grain, Orange Lightning, Hazard's Electric, Pigou, Wilkes & Laurence (or any other similar quality powder), 1½ oz. No. 8 shot, either drop or chilled as preferred, one card and two pink-edge wads over powder, thin wad over shot. Per hundred, \$5.



CLAY PIGEON CARTRIDGES.

LOAD No. 5, Second Quality Clay Pigeon Cartridge—12-Gauge—3¼ drams powder, 1½ oz. No. 7 trap shot. Per hundred, \$2.25.
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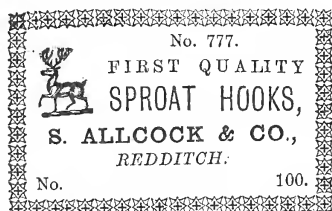
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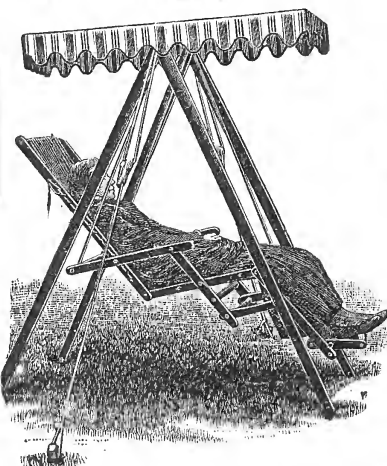
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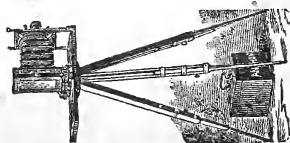
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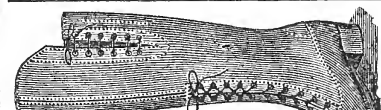
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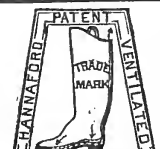
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W. W. LYNCH,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Department of Crown Lands,
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAPTURE OF THE CROW RESERVE.

THE Crow Indian Reservation includes about 4,500,000 acres of land in Western Montana south of the Yellowstone River. Except along the river bottoms it contains little arable land, and nowhere can farming be carried on without irrigation. But the broad prairies, rolling foothills and mountain parks are luxuriant with nutritious grass, and the reservation's advantages as a stock country are unsurpassed. This reservation is all that is left to the Crows of the broad lands that once were theirs. Here they live, subsisting on what the Government issues to them, for few of them have made any progress in industrial pursuits, and there is no game left. Some of the Crows have cows which were issued to them by the Government, and they have a good many ponies, but they have as yet done hardly anything toward learning how to till the ground.

Over the length and breadth of the reservation the cattle-men's herds feed and fatten on the acres which belong to the Indians. The few cows belonging to the latter range with the thousands owned by the whites, and are absorbed by them. It is the old story of the poor man's one ewe lamb which his rich neighbor coveted.

The trespassing of these cattle on the reservation is expressly forbidden by the regulations of the Indian Department. When the present Crow Agent, Williamson by name, went into office a few months since, he at once ordered all the cattle to be removed from the reservation. The cattlemen were not slow to take the hint, and it is charged that this order was the signal for them to put up money to secure permits to graze cattle on the reservation. Such permits have been issued to a number of firms, and, having acquired this foothold, the cattlemen propose to make still more sure of this great pasture land. They wish to secure it beyond a peradventure and for all time. They desire to fasten their grip upon these lands so firmly that it can never be loosened. This is their plan: They have arranged with the present agent to give them permits to throw their cattle on to the reserve. Having secured these permits from the agent, they have turned in the stock in large numbers and are now taking possession of the best locations. The permits which they have obtained cover the best agricultural and grazing lands on the reserve, and on these lands the

cattlemen are building permanent improvements, which will enable them to hold the land, should the reservation ever be thrown open to the public, and to bluff off actual settlers.

Among the firms and individuals who are alleged to have succeeded in getting permits to throw cattle on the reserve are the following: Briggs & Ellis, renewal of permit to graze cattle on the reservation, at fifty cents per head. Hoskins & McGill permit to graze bulls on the reservation, when not needed with the cows that graze north of the Yellowstone. Ash, permit to graze a small band of cattle on the reservation.

It is believed that there is no law for this permit system which is being carried out by agent Williamson, and that any cattleman has as much right to turn his cattle on the reservation as those who have these permits.

It is stated by those who are perfectly familiar with the reservation that Nelson Storey, of Bozeman, is building a permanent ranch on the reservation near Pryor Mountains, and that he has a permit to graze his cattle on the reserve. Whether he has such permit or not his cattle are there by thousands. So also are those belonging to I. K. Dillworth, making with those of Storey perhaps 20,000 in all. Last winter and spring they dotted the whole country between Pryor River and the western boundary of the reserve. Storey had then a hay ranch and corrals on Clark's Fork. Several of the cattle men have boasted that they have the reservation securely in their power.

It is not only the cattlemen who are encroaching on the reservation, for Thos. Barry, a sheepman of Rock Creek, stated last spring that he had a permit to graze his band of 6,000 head on the reservation up to June.

On the south, a cattleman of Wyoming, H. C. Lowell, whose stock ranges on Sage Creek and the Stinking Water, takes advantage of his proximity to the reservation to graze his cattle there too. As the case stands at present, the cattlemen seem in a fair way to gain absolute control of the reservation. This control will not benefit the Indians, who are at present unaware of the state of things, and would strenuously object were they not deceived in the matter, and when the time comes for throwing open the reservation, the desirable locations will be found to be all occupied by the cattlemen, who will find some means of holding on to them. The people and press of the Yellowstone valley are silent on this matter, for the great cattle firms interested have too much influence to be openly resisted.

The greater portion of the reservation is now under the control of the cattlemen. The Crows receive little or nothing in return, certainly not enough to pay them for the risk to their own small bands of cows and horses which are certain to be absorbed by the herds of the white men. The reservation should not be thus taken away from the Indians without their consent and handed over to the control of the rich cattle firms who, if they once fairly become established in it, will with difficulty be removed.

A searching investigation of this whole matter ought to be instituted by the Interior Department. If the agent has any authority for issuing these permits it ought to be known. If he has no authority the cattle ought to be at once removed and the agent too.

A CALL FOR MORE POROUS PLASTERS.

THE National American Swimmers' Association for the Protection of Women and Children from Death by Drowning convened in this city on Thursday morning of last week. A large number of delegates from swimming clubs and surf associations were present, and there were two members of the Lighthouse Board. The president, in welcoming the members, referred to the growth of the summer picnics, the multiplication of excursion steamers, catboats and "death traps," and the consequently growing field of usefulness for the association. A number of highly interesting and valuable papers were read. The delegate from the Wabash (Ind.) Swimming Club, presented a thoughtful essay on the "Impeding Influences of Quicksands in their Relation to Skirts;" and the delegate from the Ann Arbor (Mich.) Swimming Club, followed with a paper based on the researches of Prof. Arnold Guyot, showing that as the waters are gradually receding from the land the ultimate success of the Association was assured.

The secretary then read his report, in which was embodied the information collected by the Association since its last meeting, showing the number of deaths of women and children by drowning in 1885. The total proved to be enormously in excess of the number for 1884. This startling summary had a powerful effect upon the assembly, and it was felt by all present that something ought to be done about it. The Law Committee reported, recommending that the

picnic and excursion season be made uniform throughout the States.

Reports from clubs were then in order. These were particularly eloquent and instructive as showing the lamentable state of general apathy of the non-natorial public regarding the cause of protection from drowning. Some dissension was caused by an inexperienced delegate from Philadelphia who made the point that, inasmuch as in every case of drowning narrated by the speakers and of which they had been eye-witnesses there had been an abundant supply of all sorts of life-preservers, life-rafts, casks, hen coops, feather beds, hatches, oars, cork jackets and patented life-saving devices, the respective women and children would have been saved had the members themselves simply heaved some of these appliances overboard. Another new member somewhat incoherently formulated the proposition that in other cited instances, where infants had perished in very shallow water, the stalwart members of the National American Swimmers' Association for the Protection of Women and Children from Death by Drowning might have plunged in and personally rescued the little ones. These novel propositions were quickly shown by the older and more experienced delegates to be puerile and impracticable; and, harmony having been restored, it was unanimously resolved to pass resolutions. A committee was appointed to draw up the resolutions.

As it was now nearly noon and as the convention had before it important business relative to amending the rule of handicapping contestants in its three days' kitten-drowning tournament, the committee was empowered to adopt its own resolutions and send them to the press. After wrangling over the handicap kitten-drowning rules (during which the Lighthouse Board delegates "slid out") and the election of officers, the delegates took the noon boat for Coney Island, where an exhibition was given by the champion of the association, who succeeded in drowning out the ninety lives of ten cats in ninety minutes. The regular contests then began and continued until late Saturday night, the ties being drowned off Monday morning. The resolutions given out by the committee are as follows:

Whereas, The number of women and children drowned in the waters of the United States is annually increasing at a most alarming rate; and
Whereas, If the deaths by drowning multiply in the immediate future as they have in the immediate past, there is serious danger that the race may become extinct; and
Whereas, It is the unanimous conviction of this convention that something ought to be done about it; therefore, be it
Resolved, That we, the members of the National American Swimmers' Association for the Protection of Women and Children from Death by Drowning, do respectfully petition the Congress of the United States and the Legislatures of the respective States to make suitable provision for the increased manufacture of porous plasters to be applied to the resuscitation of the drowned.

BEAR MEAT.—"Mountain mutton" is the usual term employed by such of the Adirondack hotel men as serve venison out of season. Last Monday a gentleman, who has been prominent in organizing a new club in the Adirondacks, was relating to us the wonderful increase of the weight attained by one of the members during a few days stay at the new club grounds, which increase was thought to be due to the wonderful air, the trout and the "bear meat." In the course of the conversation, by a *lapsus lingue*, it transpired that the "bear meat" was from a May killed buck. The hotel keepers of Franklin county may still learn a point or two in culinary phraseology from the club men of Hamilton county.

THE MAINE HOUSE BURNERS.—Another one of the Shacker Band, of Wesley, Me., has been convicted and sent to jail for his part in the burning of Game Warden Munson's house and barn. In another column will be found an account of the reign of terror exercised by these ruffians. It is an extraordinary story. Dr. Hunter and his friends, who have at great personal peril assisted the authorities in the detection and punishment of the criminals, deserve great praise for their courage and public spirit.

ARE THERE DEER IN THE CATSKILLS?—In a report of the visit of Forestry Commissioner Cox to Slide Mountain, in Ulster county, N. Y., it is stated that in that region of the Catskills, bears, wildcats, foxes and deer are still to be found. We should like to have verification of the presence of deer there. Of the bears, wildcats and foxes, no question can be raised.

ABOLISH SPRING SHOOTING.—The Illinois Sportsmen's Association, as reported elsewhere, will endeavor to have spring shooting abolished from that State. It ought to be abolished from every State.

FLORIDA FOOLISHNESS.

AT the inter-state tournament of the National Gun Association, at Tallahassee, Florida, June 21, it is proposed to trap-shoot martins. Such a proceeding ought not to have the sanction of the National Gun Association, nor of the local club, nor of any individual making pretension of possessing the customary modicum of common sense. It is pure, unadulterated, aggravated foolishness.

All other considerations aside, there are abundant economic reasons why these birds should not be destroyed. Martins are insectivorous. That is to say they catch, eat and destroy vast numbers of injurious insects. In one of the volumes of *FOREST AND STREAM* is given a record by a naturalist, Mr. O. Widdman, of St. Louis, Mo., who watched a nest of a pair of martins sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. to 8 P. M., to see how many visits the parent birds made to feed their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. It is hardly necessary for us to begin at the first pages of the primer and laboriously teach that creatures which perform such services for the community should not be thoughtlessly, not to say wickedly, destroyed in trap-shooting competitions. Florida does not enjoy such extraordinary immunity from insect pests that its citizens can afford to make war on martins and other like birds.

The number of martins which the National Gun Association proposes to trap-shoot at Tallahassee may be very small, so insignificant that the actual results of their destruction will be practically nothing. The harm likely to ensue is not, however, to be measured by the immediate material result of the proceeding. The National Gun Association and the gentlemen gathered in Tallahassee have a certain responsibility, because they will be looked upon as representing the attitude of sportsmen on such questions as this of the destruction of valuable insectivorous birds. If they shoot martins it will be a warrant for others to do the same. If they take a stand against the killing of useful birds, their example will have an influence on others. The proper thing for the Florida members of the National Gun Association to do at Tallahassee is to initiate a movement to secure from the Legislature of the State a law forbidding the destruction of martins and all other insectivorous birds, as well as birds of plum.

SPRING IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

THE latest advices from the National Park, dated late in May, report a mild winter and the spring fairly opened.

Game is said to be plenty and to have wintered well. Elk have been seen in large numbers around Specimen Mountain near the mouth of Slough Creek, and East Fork travelers have reported seeing over two hundred head between Soda Butte and the Mammoth Hot Springs. A good many elk have wintered also in the Swan Lake and Indian Creek country, where they were fairly abundant last August. It is stated that these numbered from three to five hundred.

The usual band of mountain sheep have been seen on the slopes of Mt. Evarts, where they remained until after the lambs were born. Some of these were dropped not far from Gardiner's River.

A small band of fifteen or twenty head of antelope have been seen near the town of Gardiner, between the foot of Mt. Evarts and the river.

Early in the month of May, Geo. Miller, one of the Park Police, went from the Springs to Soda Butte, and when crossing Specimen divide, came upon three buffalo, a large bull, a cow and a smaller bull. As there was considerable snow the animals kept the road for some time, and when at length they turned off, Miller was only about twenty yards behind them. They did not appear to be greatly alarmed, and stopped soon after he had passed them.

A new road was recently opened from the Norris Basin to the Falls for the purpose of taking in building material for one of the hotel companies. James Blanding, one of Lieut. Kingman's foremen, broke this road, and reports having seen twenty-five bison and a great many elk. He did not reach any point where he could overlook the Hayden Valley, which is the great wintering place for game in the Park.

Building by new hotel companies is going on quite vigorously in the Park, and by this time the season may be considered to have fairly opened. A few tourists even went into the Park in May.

THE BOSTON DUMPING GROUND.

THE new Massachusetts game law is in many respects an improvement upon the statute it supplants. Its text is the outcome of much pulling and hauling by representatives of diverse interests. The members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association had as usual the market-dealers to contend against, and as usual the game sellers came out ahead. They still have the privilege of receiving the unseasonable game which can find a market nowhere else. Western prairie chickens and venison and Eastern quail will find their way to the Boston dumping ground, and if Massachusetts game is not displayed on the same stalls it will be because Providence sometimes overrules the natural consequences of such grossly stupid legislation as the Massachusetts people are capable of perpetrating when game interests are at stake.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DAYS WITH THE BARMECIDE CLUB.

IV.

FOUR or five miles southeast of Onr Lake were three other lakes, all discharging their waters through the outlet of the most southerly of these; and their combined flows, in addition to numerous springs which added their mites, made a large stream, one to fill all the requirements of the angler. It was a wild rough place off the beaten track, and we were one of two parties who had visited it in the last three years.

We had to build a raft for our lake fishing, as we found the old one was water-soaked and nearly a complete wreck. If it had ever been "a thing of beauty" it was not "a joy forever," for its beauty, its joy and all its aesthetic and useful qualities were numbered with the past. The tramp from Onr Lake, building a raft and repairing shanty, consumed the greater part of the day, but the time was well occupied and enables us to devote the remainder of our stay to fishing, loading or ornamenting our residence and grounds as best suits us.

We were all pretty handy with the axe and had done our work well. The shanty was twenty yards from the lake and near a large spring which fairly tumbled over a ledge of rock into a low, cool, moss-covered pool, which we utilized as a kind of store house for portions of our supplies.

Healthily tired out after our tramp, day's work and preparations for the morrow, when the day's light was blown out we went to roost. Guide reported in the morning that a hedgehog or hedgehogs had made a nocturnal visit to our storehouse and had got away with a large portion of a bucket of butter. Report accepted with thanks. Hedgehogs may have our butter if they want it more than we do, which they evidently do. We have a rifle in camp and we are going to set that bucket of butter to-night.

The woodland stir and sounds of early morning had barely commenced ere we had finished breakfast and made ready for a raid on the beautiful wet home of the fishes. Storm and Roy take the raft, while Glen goes fishing afoot. There was a sky of tender gray with a suspicion of blue behind, which was trying to assert itself but with no present prospect of success, though the sun was doing its best to help the blue. The wind was so capricious there was no telling when it was blowing favorably for angling. It was a regular spree from all quarters of the compass. We had our doubts, but when you are in doubt take the trick, and Storm and Roy quietly dropped anchor and then dropped flies close up among the lily pads, where a spring branch emptied into the lake, and brought some lusty beauties to their creels.

The red ibis alone would tempt them. Nothing else in our judiciously stocked fly-books possessed any attractions for them. They cared not for highly-seasoned food; only demanded their plain and straight every time. There are some flies to which trout will rise only at certain times, and there are others to which they will rise at almost any time. The scarlet ibis, the grizzly king, the professor, the coachman, the Montreal and some others the practical angler will find killing enough every month the game laws allow him to use them. These are all recognized as standard. There is little need, at least in this country, of burdening yourself with the almost endless assortment of nondescripts, of which piscatorial theorists preach, for the most successful practical anglers find a comparatively limited assortment all that is requisite. A large majority of American anglers will tell you the same thing, though dealers display a collection confusing enough to perplex the novice. You will rarely find me here without a scarlet ibis on my leader. It may be a dropper, but it is more likely to be the stretcher fly.

Glen footed it around the lake to the outlet, where he adjusted his tackle and maneuvered for position. Oh, but it was a rare place for one who loves the mountain stream. There were beetling cliffs, bare and rugged, then openings above, but below a network of tangled branches, places where the fly could not be cast and where strategy only would succeed, then long stretches of shallow where one could cast "far off and fine." In places, huge trees had fallen across and into the stream, making perfect jungles of pine disorder and hemlock, which necessitated detours around them; but not a foot of fishing ground did the careful Glen waste. There was the faintest ripple of a suspicion that on the inside edge of the swirl beyond that projecting rock dwelt a prince of the family Glen has known so many years. He was not acquainted with this particular individual, but his intimacy with friends and relatives justifies his calling. He does not knock at the door, but sends his red-winged messenger and lets him tap ever so gently. No response? Try again and tap a little louder. No response? Try yet again and tap a little louder; push like a humming bird probing a honeysuckle. Al-ha! he is at home, and wide swings the palace gate as he springs hastily on to investigate the wherefore of this unseemly hubbub. Foul play, by my dorsal fin, foul play. Never was challenge fairer offered, and now good rod and reel and leader, all old times, once more. Mitchell to the front, and if you can smash him, don't hesitate a moment. With a wishywash the silver leader cuts a crescent in the dark, quiet pool below, and the wondering trout are bewildered at the eccentric movements of their royal countryman. The eccentricities of royalty were never more apparent. Handsome fellow, reckless devil, rushing frantically through his neighbor's domain. He is as Herbert says to Pip in "Great Expectations," "A good fellow, with impetuosity and hesitation, boldness and diffidence, action and dreaming, curiously mixed in him."

Glen explored the outlet pretty thoroughly for several miles before he returned to camp, and was very glowing in his praise and description of it.

For the men on the raft the fitful wind had indeed proved favorable and all went merry as a marriage bell. Roy managed, by a misstep or a slip, to fall off the raft into ten feet of water, incontinently disappearing and for a few moments was not to be seen, but had left a larger rippling circle than any feeding fish. But a little thing like that would not suffice to dampen his ardor, for to Storm's "What's the matter, Roy?" he resurrected the old "chestnut" for an answer, "Oh, nothing; I only went down to see if the anchor was all right." Reaching camp just in the deepening twilight and hungry as the proverbial fisherman, but with baskets, as Noah said of the ark, rather crowded, we found supper awaiting us. A few meditative puffs and then to bed and rest. Oh, these glorious nights in the woods, where one comes in late from a day's sport and, outstretched on his bed of browse, can find pleasure in listening to the booting of the owl, to the cricket's song and the croaking of the frogs, to the wind sighing through the trees and the plash of the gentle little wavelets that creep murmuringly up to the shore,

kissing the lily pads as they pass and encouraging you to sleep, while the hedgehog, unable to control his predatory instincts, is sacking your butter pail. However, guide keeping awake late that night, patiently awaited his coming and then shot him, so our account with that animal was balanced up to date.

We must cease from our angling for a day. We had been here three days, and during each one all the conditions had been favorable for good creels and we had made the most of it. The fourth day we were not to fish, so we slept until it was late, having breakfast at city hours. To many it would seem a very strange statement to make, that having a superabundance of game we refrained from capturing more at present; but such is the sad fact, and many is the time in the woods and on the plains when we have been guilty of the same offense. Many are the smiles and shrugs of the shoulder that have been given us for opinion's sake on this point, but we have always quietly endured them, because it was never numbers nor pounds avoirdupois that caused us to go out with rod or gun. No person loves to hunt or angle more than we, and we claim that the reckless, cruel slaughter of game for simply killing and wasting and throwing away, is a charge which cannot be held against us; and furthermore, we claim that our captures have been fair and sportsmanlike, and that we are in full sympathy with all laws tending to the better conservation of game, the young buck spoken of in the fourth section of this sketch to the contrary notwithstanding.

The ills and dangers that nature inflicts are numerous and merciless enough, but almost harmless in comparison to the skill employed by even the most honest and conscientious of sportsman; but what shall be said of the desperate chances they run when attacked in season and out by the villainous devices of the pot-hunter. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight," and we hope that law will more severely lock the stable door before the horse is stolen.

But then we had lots of fun around camp. There was plenty to do. Lots of little tricks to busy about. Glen tied a few flies and repaired a few leaders. Storm was boss and all hands at making some improvements on the raft. We read and smoked and slept, traded experiences and enjoyed to the fullest the three square meals provided by guide and company. It was a holiday for guide, as we chopped his wood, helped him get dinner and joined the chorus of his afternoon siesta.

And it was a glorious rest, where every bugle was in perfect harmony with its neighbor, and if one bugler awoke he was not mean nor selfish enough to repeat the miserable trick of the would-be funny man of tickling some sleeper with a straw. As well take a cup of water from parched lips. Nor was it indolence, this afternoon nap. It was medicine and good medicine too, and each man partook of it whatsoever he needed and was content. Full well he knew there would be no stupid finger drumming on the table nor any torturing whistle to disturb the calm.

Then we paddled over the lake and visited many a familiar point of old time and present interest only less interesting from the absence of former outers who had in times gone by frequented them with us. MILLARD.

CHEYENNE, Wyoming.

A DAY IN TUSCANY WITH THE QUAIL.

AN early rise, a hasty breakfast in the big kitchen of the "Fattoria," a run to the kennels, a joyous bark at our arrival, and the old gamekeeper and I sallied forth for the lowlands by the Arno, accompanied by a choice brace of pointers.

Reports had come in the evening before of the arrival of the migratory quail, nearly always quite a sudden event, and a few snipe could always be counted on. The "guardia" and I had loaded a few shells for my gun, a central-fire, which had excited a little curiosity in the neighborhood, as muzzleloaders were the rule, a few pin-fires the exception, and the central-fire an unknown quantity. The prevailing opinion was that it was a good enough arrangement for a gentleman to have, but not of any great advantage save the emolument of gun dealers. This was about twelve years ago.

We walked down the hills, a gentle breeze softly waving to and fro the new-born leaves and tendrils of the vines, gracefully festooning from tree to tree in luxuriant garlands. The dogs were gamboling ahead, now and then turning their heads and looking at us, to make sure whether or not their conduct was open to any criticism, and then resuming their chase through the green, waving wheatfields on either side of the path.

The old gamekeeper was a remarkable specimen, a kindly old giant whose huge proportions were well fitted to strike awe and terror into the craven hearts of any trespassers about the preserves. He sported a pair of cowhide boots, rising high above the knee, whose cubical capacity must have fallen little short of a bushel apiece. Deep in these boots were lost the ends of a pair of breeches, once of blue corduroy, but now somewhat iridescent from the play of light upon the many patches. His coat was of a brown canvas-like material, with more pockets than even Uphre-grove & McLellan can ever have dreamed of, and his cap was of the shape and hue of a section about eight inches below the end of a watermelon. It was graced by a bit of gold cord and a visor, a cap held in greater reverence and awe than ever was the covering of the tyrant Cessler. His gun would have deserved an engraving in a work upon ancient gunnery, a weapon born as a double-barreled flintlock which, after many years, had been placed in the hands of a cunning artisan, whence it had issued as a percussion gun, to again resume its destructive course. The muzzle had worn down to an edge as keen as that of many a razor I wot of, and the barrels held on to the stock partly by force of habit, and partly by the restraining influence of a piece of string. The stock was ornamented by a gargoylic which was alleged to present some similitude to the head of a stag, but which reminded me far more of one of those amazing and shapeless monsters we see depicted in the middle-age pictures of the "Temptation of St. Anthony." In the gamekeeper's hands, however, it proved itself endowed with wondrous qualities.

We soon reached the marshland, and a whistle recalled the dogs to seriousness. They went off ranging over a damp, sedgy field that stretched way off to the Arno, and the old dog suddenly fell on a point, the younger one backing beautifully. We advanced, and with a shrill cry three snipe rose. I shot and killed with my first barrel, but missed with the second; the old keeper had killed his first bird within three feet of where it arose, and downed the one I missed, saying afterward, as he stood reloading his gun, that he hoped my excellency didn't mind, for snipe were scarce and we might

as well bag all we could. He was quite relieved when I assured that my excellency did not object a bit. A little further on the dogs began to work around very carefully in the grass, the quail had been running around, and it was several minutes before they came to a point. We came up to the dogs, told them to go on, and they crawled up carefully a few yards when two quail arose, both of which I managed to kill. They were the first migratory quail I had ever shot, being birds about the size of a rail. They are very strong on the wing, and make as much noise as our quail in arising. They give a strong scent and afford excellent sport, being nearly always scattered singly or in pairs when they have been in the fields for some little time.

We went on further and found that these splendid little game birds were fairly abundant, not nearly as much so as they are on the banks of the Nile, but sufficiently to give us much sport. When a single bird or a pair arose, the keeper always waited for me to shoot first, and notwithstanding this he only missed two shots during the whole day, probably owing to the limited range of his gun, as I shot several birds that day at distances which seemed to him quite extraordinary, for each time he delivered an old Italian saw, to the effect that an oak tree was producing lemons.

The sport was indeed splendid, seldom did more than a quarter of an hour go by without a good point, and by 4 o'clock my fifty shells were exhausted, and we turned to oard home with about four dozen quail and seven snipe, besides two or three larks.

It may be interesting here to say that on the shores of the Mediterranean the quail arrive in huge numbers at certain times of the year, and they are netted in countless thousands and sent alive throughout Italy, where they are sold in the markets, lightly packed in low wicker-work cages. The Bishop of Capri, a small island near Sorrento, used to derive an income of about two thousand dollars from a tithe levied upon the quail netted upon the island, and may do so yet for aught I know. Notwithstanding this slaughter, they still come over from Africa in large numbers, many falling in the sea from exhaustion, or when overtaken by storms. I have often watched them arriving on the shore, and seen them fall so tired that they could be captured with the hands after a short run.

G. V. S.

AT THE AGENCY SCHOOLHOUSE.

LAST autumn a member of the FOREST AND STREAM staff attended an examination at an Indian schoolhouse in far Montana, where the Agency children had for a single year had the benefits of instruction in the rudiments of an English education. The progress which they had made in this short time was very remarkable, and their quickness in learning gave a most encouraging insight into the possibilities of Indian education.

We have recently had further news from this little schoolhouse, news of a very pleasant character, as is shown by the story told below:

Editor Forest and Stream:

At some leisure time, I promised to write you a brief history of the school at this place, or rather, some of my experience at teaching Indian children. We arrived here May 22, 1884. The school was in session then, but closed soon after for a summer vacation.

My first effort was to teach a class of sixteen girls sewing. My assistant and I cut and placed the garments ready for the needle, and they, being great imitators, we found no trouble in teaching them to use the needle and thimble. At the end of two months, we had completed a suit of clothes for each girl. And many a one with much better advantages would be glad to sew as neatly. There we felt our efforts were crowned with success.

Our day school opened September 1, 1884, with a full school, of which only two could speak English, or knew the alphabet. One of these we employed as an interpreter. Great patience and perseverance was required to teach them the letters, so they could understand or speak them in English. Our next effort was to teach them to sing the Lord's Prayer, which was by no means an easy task, but by practicing it a great many times, they came at last to sing it very well. Some of the children have very sweet voices.

About one month after the day school opened a boarding school was started, which accommodates twenty pupils. These children attended the day school regularly. And that gave us a much better chance to teach them, than those that came from the camps, for these latter generally attended the morning session only, in order to get the crackers that were issued to them at noon. They would come with their faces painted a bright red or striped with other colors, and dressed in full Indian uniform. We soon furnished them with water, soap and towel to remove the paint and tried to make them understand it was not necessary in making their toilet for school, to paint. But in this we were not very successful. The first year our supply of books was rather limited, and for the most we used charts, as the children were unable to understand English and the books were of little use to them, until they had made some progress in the language. And here I must say to their credit that they are equally as apt to learn, and in their deportment are above the average of white children. I have had but little trouble in controlling them. If there was any misconduct of any kind, I was never obliged to use any harsher means of correction than to talk to them. They would soon say they were "sorry and ashamed" (that being their words for repentance) and would "try and never do so again." At one time one of my boys, about eighteen years of age, became unruly and I told him I should have to correct him. He let his Indian nature appear and drew a knife. I was not at all alarmed, but talked quietly to him, and pretty soon he began to soften and then to cry, said he was ashamed of what he had done, and would burn his bad boy and be good ever after. So he proceeded to put a stick in the stove to burn, to represent his "bad boy," and true to his promise he has been a very good boy ever since.

It is said that Indians are a spiteful people. I have not found it so with my pupils. They never show the least spirit of revenge at my reproof, on the contrary they seem the more anxious to try to please.

My school is often visited by the leading Indians and parents of the children who attend school. They often ask to talk to them, and always give them good advice, telling them to mind their teachers, and study hard while they have a chance and not grow up in the dark like themselves. At one time, old White Calf, the chief of the tribe, in making a speech, told his boys he wanted them to study hard, and become scholars enough so that when they bought an article from a white man they would know when they handed him a bill, how much change they should receive and not be like himself, take whatever the white man saw proper to give him. The tears came into the old man's eyes as he spoke.

The school is provided with an organ and Gospel Hymn books. The children have learned to sing a great many hymns and patriotic songs including Yankee Doodle. There are some of them that have excellent voices, which if cultivated would make their possessors very fine singers. All the boarding school children can read, a part of them quite well. They take a great delight in writing and all write a very good hand. And all this they have learnt within the past year.

BLACKFEET AGENCY, MON. TER., FEB. 1, 1886.

Natural History.

THE BIRD RANGE INCREASING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following notes may for your readers as well as myself possess a certain degree of interest:

On the 27th of May, in driving along the road about ten miles north of Elk Rapids in the country, I saw a bird at a distance of sixty or seventy yards, and from its appearance and manner of alighting in the grass, I was sure that it was a plover of some sort; a bird which I have never before seen in this region. This one was about the size of the upland plover of New England, but seemed lighter in color. I heard no note, and circumstances prevented me from extending my investigations.

A friend, in whom I have confidence, told me last week that he had seen not far from this village a pair of crossbills, this being the first instance within my knowledge of their appearance hereabouts.

My wife, yesterday, saw a brown thrush (*Harporhynchus rufus*). These I have never seen here, though others may have been more fortunate.

The lady above mentioned was yesterday walking in the garden when a finch alighted on her hat, and after pattering about for a short time took its departure. It may be mentioned that there were no wild birds' feathers upon the hat and this fact doubtless tended to inspire an unusual degree of confidence in the little creature, which left when it was ready to go and not before. It is told that Robinson Crusoe was horrified by a similar incident in his island experience; but I think there was in this case no feeling of that sort. It shows that we are on good terms with the most of our neighbors.

We have not up to this time been annoyed by the English sparrows, although I think that I have seen them as winter visitants. I am informed, however, that in Mancelona, twenty miles distant, they appeared last year in small numbers, but are now very numerous.

This region has only of late years been occupied by whites, and is even now but sparsely settled, and many birds common to the older communities of our State will, I doubt not, find a home here in time, where as yet they are unknown. I have been surprised that in all my excursions upon the waters of this county, I have never yet seen a bittern of any variety. These birds are so widely distributed, that with the abundance of food and other conveniences which our shores could furnish, it has seemed strange that none should come among us. The common blue heron is frequently to be seen, though they are less numerous than formerly. So with the loons, whose nests are regularly robbed by the raftsmen. I have an egg of this bird. I am glad to say that I did not rob the nest. I also have one of the wing plumes of a condor—a quill of extraordinary size, which, with the egg, has a conspicuous place among various outlandish matters which hang upon the walls of my sitting-room. Query. Is this a violation of the pledges I have given to the AUDUBON SOCIETY? I don't know. Were it the magnificent plumage of some tropic bird, or even the lustrous skin of a woodcock, I would have pulled them down at once; but that somber-hued old plume, with its forty years and more of past associations, still hangs on the wall. I have not been able to persuade myself that it is to be regarded in the light of a "decoration."

Although no shooting for millinery purposes has within my knowledge been practiced hereabout, I am persuaded that many of our smaller birds have been killed elsewhere during the migratory season. For example: I am informed by one of the firm of Cameron Brothers, at Torch Lake, that they have always protected the robins, which have heretofore nested in large numbers about their buildings and lumber yards; yet this year they have appeared in numbers sadly diminished. For this no apparent reason exists, save that which I have assigned, and it goes to show that the work of the AUDUBON SOCIETY was begun not a moment too soon.

The Florida gentleman who is so anxious to "stash" the mocking bird should remember that there are a few insects left in his State (there were a good many when I was there) and that without the birds there wouldn't be much of anything else but "bugs."

KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., June 10.

BOYS AND BIRDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As this is the nesting season of our feathered songsters, I wish, through the FOREST AND STREAM and with your permission, to say a word to parents in regard to their boys in connection with birds and their nests.

In many of our Eastern cities and some of our Western cities as well, anti-feather societies are becoming very popular. I am pleased to note this fact, for, as a rule a woman's head-gear is ridiculous enough, but I look with horror upon a hat with a bird on it, no matter how fair the wearer may be. But to the subject. Perhaps it is not very generally known that boys about this time of the year and also later on, form themselves into little bands or clubs as it were, and start off on a crusade against birds and their nests; this is nevertheless a fact, as the writer was an eye-witness to an inventory that was being made by a band of these young robbers who had just returned from a crusade of this kind. One hat, that of the boss robber, contained nearly fifty eggs of various kinds. There were five boys in this gang and all had met with more or less success. Indeed, I was told by one of the boys that he had a collection amounting to somewhat over two hundred eggs at home and that his mother took great delight in looking over the different kinds. However, this might not have been true, at least I should hope not. Parents, do your boys belong to a band or club of this kind? If not, see to it that they do not become members. The remedy for this evil, for it is a sin and a shame, must come through the parents. I contend, and if a gentle admonition will not effect a cure, the flat side of a shingle, judiciously applied, will be found to be very efficacious.

M. H.

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., June, 1886.

CAN A SNAKE POISON ITSELF?—Fort Monroe, Va., May 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Another idol shattered! A newspaper writer says: "Meanwhile the deadly but still pretty creature was writhing about the cane which held it, biting and tearing its own flesh. The strange fact which Dr. Weir Mitchell made known to the world in 1868, that a poisonous snake cannot poison itself, is no less strange because true." If the above assertion be true, what is to become of all our old stories of teasing a rattlesnake until, in his impotent rage, he terminates his own life with his fangs; or if the blacksnake which, when struck by the fangs of his horrid adversary, seeks the aid of some mysterious weed as an antidote, and soon returns to the fight with fresh vigor! No doubt many of the old woodsmen (?) can disprove the assertion of this rash doctor as readily as they can prove that the bullet from their trusty rifle "flies perfectly straight" for sixty or more yards.—A. O. S.

A FLORIDA FOX.—Glenice, Fla.—My next door neighbor's boys recently caught a gray fox, which was prowling around their hen coop one night. This is the first time in ten years residence here that I have seen or heard of a fox in this part of the State. They are sometimes found over on the Gulf coast, but it is a great curiosity here. Strange to say, the boys caught it in a common box trap which had been set and baited with cheese for a possum. Either the Florida fox is not as cunning and crafty as his northern relation, or else this one was unusually simple-minded. It was a full grown female, but seemed to me to be very small compared to those at the North. Dimensions, total length from tip to tip, 37 inches; body, 22 inches; tail, 15 inches; weight, 7½ pounds.—RED WING.

VORACITY OF THE BLACKSNAKE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the early autumn of '74, I was rambling among the Berkshire Hills in Western Massachusetts, when about a hundred yards from a mountain brook I discovered a blacksnake working its way along with difficulty. Calling my friend's attention to it, we killed the snake, and noticing the unnatural size of its body, opened it and found in its stomach a frog nine inches in length. The snake measured three and a half feet. At another time I killed a blacksnake on the bank of the Hoosic River, near Pownall, Vt., that measured four feet and eleven inches, and its stomach contained a large rat. Another instance occurred near the same spot.—E. T.

BEARS.—THE FOREST AND STREAM'S grizzlies at Central Park receive daily through the month of June.

POISONOUS FISH AND FISH POISONING IN CHINA.

BY D. J. MACGOWAN, M. D.

[From the Chinese Recorder of February and April, 1886, by favor of Prof. S. F. Baird, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.]

THE porpoise occupies greater space by far in Chinese ichthyology than any fish. Ch'en's Cyclopaedia quotes thirty authors who refer to it. Few fishes are so prized for their flavor and none so much condemned for poisonous qualities. Like English, German, French and other maritime people, the Chinese name the animal from its resemblance to a pig—it is the ho-t'un—"river pig," of which there are two varieties, a white and a black. It enters the rivers from the sea early in spring, is very abundant in the Yangtze, which it ascends over a thousand miles, as far as the rapids allow. On its first appearance it is fat, and less hurtful as food than at a latter period. A portion of fat found in the abdomen is so esteemed that it is styled "Ti Tsze's milk," that lady being pre-eminent among all comely women for her beauty. One writer attributes the fatness to willow leaf buds, on which the porpoise feeds; but another combats that idea, inasmuch as the fatness is found to exist before the pendent willow branches reach the water's surface and begin to sprout. The former observer, it may be remarked, lived higher up the Yangtze, where the willow buds and porpoise appear synchronously. Another writer says willow buds are hurtful to fish. Porpoises, it is added, are a terror to fish, none daring to attack them; their appearance in large numbers indicates a blow. A centenarian author who wrote at the close of the twelfth century is cited to show the risk of indulging in porpoise flesh. It is quoted by the renowned poet See Tungpo, who remarks that "the price of porpoise eating is death," and then narrates how it happened that the aged author failed to see a full century. He being on a visit to a relative (a literary official at Pang-yang) was told by his host that the southern region produced nothing more savory than porpoise, some was ordered to be cooked for a repast. As the two were sitting down to partake of it, they had to rise to receive a guest; at that moment a cat pounced upon the dish, upset it and, with a dog, ate the dainty contents; but very soon it killed them both, thus plucking death from the watering mouths of guest and host. The poet adds, that in Honan the eating houses prepare mock porpoise dishes, and that in his opinion, the genuine article being fatal, the imitation should suffice to half kill the eaters. Animals seem to be more obnoxious to the poison than man. One authority says that cats and dogs partaking of it invariably die; and fishermen tell me that carrion birds will not eat porpoise entrails, or if they do they die speedily. The liver, which is regarded as a great delicacy, is often poisonous; the eyes and the blood and particularly that part which is found near the back, are always poisonous. All cases of fatal poisoning, however, appear to be due to neglect of certain precautions that require to be observed more minutely after the animals have made their visit to the rivers. In the first place, the parts indicated require to be well cut away and the flesh thoroughly washed, and when cooked to be well boiled. At Ningpo the boiling is kept up by careful people for eight hours. Further to secure safety, the Chinese olive or sugar cane is boiled with the flesh. A man who happens to be taking as medicine a sort of sage will assuredly be killed if he takes porpoise at the same time. The toxic effects vary according to the portion which is taken. The blood and liver are generally poisonous, the fat causes swelling and numbness of the tongue, eating the eyes produce dimness of vision. On the Lower Yangtze the fat is prepared for food by mixing it with liquor dregs and for the true burying it. With regard to the whole "river pig," a proverb says, "Eat if you wish to discard life;" but when well cooked all other food compared to it will be found insipid.

ANTIDOTES.—Antidotes to porpoise poisoning are the cosmetic which women use to give color to their lips (*Mirabilis salappia*) and the fire-dried flowers of *Mimosa catenulata*, pulverized and give in water; or give the Chinese olive (*Canarium*) and camphor soaked together in the water.

TEST.—To test a roe, throw some of the above cosmetic on the roe, when it is boiling; if it turns red, it is safe to eat; if it fails to take the color, it is poisonous.

Notwithstanding most magistrates issue proclamations from time to time cautioning people against the use of porpoise flesh, scarcely a spring passes without fatal cases of poisoning from that cause. The *Shên-pao* lately reported eleven deaths that occurred at Yangchow from eating portions of that fish. Again, five persons died at Anching in April last from eating porpoise. In one family a father and son were the victims; in the one vomiting was induced, in the

other emetics failed to act; both died. In another family a father, mother and daughter died from the same cause. They suffered much pain, with swelling of the abdomen, skin purple and benumbed, with greenish saliva from the mouth. Another case is worth giving, because of the symptoms from a work published in the last century. "A Shanghai graduate when on the eve of departing for the Pekin examination, entertained his friends at a banquet; being hungry, just before the guests' arrival he partook of some porpoise; when his friends arrived he found himself unable to make the usual salutation with his hands, they were paralyzed; soon his whole body became numb, and then his abdomen distended greatly, and he died quickly.

It would seem that porpoise poisoning is commoner on the Yangtze than on the coast, as if the ascent of the great river renders it less fit for food as a like toilsome journey does the shad. It is well known that sailors eat porpoise caught at sea with impunity, and islanders, as the Japanese, rarely suffer from porpoise eating.

POISONOUS FISH.—The Ningpo *Gazetteer* describes a fish, popularly called "tiger fish," which, by its needle-like tail, inflicts poisonous wounds on men and kills fish; men thus wounded suffer excruciating and protracted pain, say the people, who also declare that the spinous tail, if driven into a tree, will kill it; however, I have not found it hurtful in that manner. Somewhat similar is the "tiger fish," with hedgehog-like spines, which, piercing men, occasion pain; its bite is poisonous, and so is its flesh. On the coast of Chekiang and Fuhkien the "swallow-red fish" is found, which resembles the "ox-tailed fish." It darts with extreme velocity, inflicting painful wounds on mussel divers. Yet worse is the poisonous wound inflicted by a species of ray which has three spines in its tail; the pain is such as to keep the sufferer groaning for successive days and nights.

"A sort of sturgeon is found at Loyang which resembles a pig, its color is yellow. Its stench forbids near approach, and it is very poisonous; notwithstanding, when properly prepared, it is considered fit food for the Emperor, for it constitutes an article of tribute."

The tetradon, or globe-fish, is rejected by coastal fishermen, because it is poisonous, but those globe-fish that ascend the river are sought for, and when eviscerated and dried, are edible.

A silure, or mud-fish, is hurtful, particularly the kind with reddish eyes and no gills. No kind is to be eaten with ox liver, or with wild boar or venison. A small species of shark, called "white shark," having a rough skin and hard flesh, is slightly poisonous. Several kinds of eels are represented as hurtful. Some Ningpo people will not eat eels without first testing them. They are placed in a deep water jar, and if on the approach of a strong light they spring up, they are thrown away as not fit for food. There is a kind of eel that has its head turned upward that is not to be eaten. Eels that have perpendicular caudal fins are to be discarded; also, those with white spotted backs, those without gills, the "four-eyed" kind, the kind with black striped bellies, and the kind that weigh four or five catties. The Pên-t'siao shows the fallacy of the popular belief that eels spring from dead men's hair, by stating that they have eggs.

The "stone-striped fish" is described as causing vomiting. "It resembles the roach (b), and is a foot long with tiger-like markings. There are no males among these fish. According to native report, the females copulate with snakes, and have poisonous roes. In the south these fish are hung on trees where wasps' nests are found, by which means birds are attracted that devour the wasps. They swim on the surface of the water, but on the approach of men dive down."

A curious account is given of a poisonous lacertian. "It is amphibious, living in mountain creeks. Its forefeet are like those of a monkey, its hinder resemble those of a dog; it has a long tail, is seven or eight feet long, and has the cry of a child, which is indicated by the mode of writing one of its names. It climbs trees, and in times of drought fills its mouth with water, and concealing itself in jungle, covering its body with leaves and grass, expands its jaws. Birds, seeing the water therein contained, attempt to slake their thirst in the trap, when they are soon gulped down. The poison that it contains is removed by suspending it from a tree, and beating it until all flows out in the form of a white fluid."

Many crustaceans are poisonous—fifteen kinds are enumerated—several of them monstrosities. Antidotes for crab-poisoning are sweet basil or thyme, the juice of squash or of garlic, etc. Crabs eaten in pregnancy cause cross presentation. Crabs are not to be eaten with persimmons. The flesh of the king crab (*Limulus longispina*) is sometimes poisonous, and is employed as an anthelmintic. Field and ditch prawns are included in the list of poisonous crustaceans. Oysters are hurtful betimes in China as elsewhere.

POISONING FISH.

Allied to the subject of poisonous fishes is that of fish poisoning. At an early stage of their history, anterior perhaps to the legendary period when it is said the Chinese made the discovery of fire, and ere they acquired the art of fishing, they probably found dead fishes floating on the surface of streams, and in the course of time observed that the fall of certain seeds into the water was followed by the rise of fish to the surface. Then commenced the practice, which has continued to the present day, of catching fish by poisoning them. Another writer, referring to western China, says: "The waters are perfectly clear, and the people do not use nets in fishing; but in the winter season construct rafts and from these throw on the water a mixture of wheat and the seed of a species of polygonum pounded together, which being eaten by the fish, they are killed and rise to the surface, but in a short time they come to life again. This they call making the fish drunk."

In eastern Turkistan fish are obtained in a similar manner. "In the spring when the melted snow has swollen the rivers the fish are seen swimming about in all quarters. The fishermen immediately take a solution of herbs and sprinkle it on the water, by which the fish become perfectly stupefied and are easily caught. Mahomedans do not eat them to any great extent, except when mulberries are ripe, which are eaten always with them."

In this part of China seeds of the *Croton tiglium* are employed very extensively for the same purpose. They are powdered and cast into the water, and being, like the polygonum, extremely acrid, speedily kill the fish and crustaceans that partake of them; these seeds render them colorless and flavorless, but not hurtful. Purchasers are never deceived, as their appearance discloses their mode of death; they are bought by the poor because of their cheapness. Similar modes of poisoning fish prevail also on portions of the Grand Canal adjacent to the Yangtze, which sometimes call for the magisterial interdicts because damaging to public health. One of the district magistrates of Suchow lately issued a proclamation forbidding the sale of the "thunder-duke creeper, which miscreants employ for catching fish, terrapins, prawns, crabs and the like, killing them and injuring men."

Many centuries before our era, according to the Chou Polity, game laws existed, which interdicted the use of poison in the capture of fish (and of other animals as well) in the spring months; poisoning or capturing them in any way being restricted to autumn and winter, or when the animals attained maturity.

WENCHOW, January, 1886.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

The I-pa-lu states that on the Yangtze, where the waters are brackish from commingling of salt and fresh water, the porpoise is delicious food in early spring, but later it becomes rank and poisonous.

An interesting fact is added, which shows that animal to be subject to a disease which is manifested by a peculiar erup-

tion on the abdomen, which presents a mottled appearance of various colors, smooth and bright like castor oil seeds, varying in number. In this condition the fish is yet more rank, more offensive to smell, very poisonous, but still most toothsome. Besides rejecting these as food, reject also such as have two pupils to each eye, or such as show blood in stripes on the back: the female containing roe—all these are to be buried, lest dogs and poultry eat them, which would prove quickly fatal. Males containing a white substance are innocuous and excellent eating.

In cooking, remove the prickly skin, cut it up fine and boil together with the other portions. That portion of the tail which has no spines is the best flavored—it merits to be styled Yang-fu's stocking (as the fatty part is called after an imperial beauty of Chinese history). The flesh, liver, gills, fins, are all to be most thoroughly washed before cooking; place lard or oil in the pot and add wine, soy, onions, ginger, sugar, etc. Boil slowly for half a day, for it insufficiently boiled the pot-tage will surely kill the eater.

Porpoises disappear with the close of spring. What becomes of them then is not known. In Suchow, every family eats that fish, and for several tens of years I have heard of no deaths therefrom, which is not that as food they are less harmless, but because they are more thoroughly boiled.

Several years ago a friend presented me with two porpoises. I prepared them myself, but after making a meal of their flesh my mouth puckered up, and my hands became numb for a short time, eating the same on the following day, my mouth and hands were affected in the same manner, and I felt generally unwell. I took some olive, *canarium*, which proved antidotal. None of my family suffered from the viand that made me ill, which showed either that I was weak at the time, or had eaten more than they. Some days later, however, those who had suffered from previous disorders, experienced a return of their old affections, as I did myself. I therefore caution those who are fond of porpoise, to partake sparingly of the delicious food.

On the Cheh-kiang coast dried porpoise is sold all the year round by fish-mongers. It requires protracted boiling to become safe eating.

According to the *Dictionnaire Coréen-Francaise*, there is in the Korean coast waters a fish entirely round, a sea-toad, which is seldom eaten; its liver is a mortal poison.

WENCHOW, February 25, 1886.

Game Bag and Gun.

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THE SHACKER BAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last January, Wilber Day, a most notorious poacher of Wesley, Maine, was tried and convicted for burning the house and barn and poisoning the cow, of Fish and Game Warden Fred Munson, of Wesley, in the night time, July 17, 1885.

It was proved on Day's trial that there was a crowd of young scoundrels calling themselves the "Shacker Band of Wesley," the name in Indian language meaning Deer Band. This organization has been in existence for over fifty years, but under other names suited to the exigency of the time. The purpose of this organization is to break down all law and restraint that should in the least interfere with depraved tastes. This crowd of young villains had been taught by the example of their parents and older companions, polished by the careful perusal of dime novel literature all their lives, and it is not wonderful that the result should be that they are finished criminals.

At the Supreme Court, holden at Calais in April, Devereaux Fenlason, another of this band, was tried and convicted for the same offense. The number concerned directly in the burning of Munson's buildings must have been ten or more. I mean the number at the fire the night of July 17, 1885; and at least ten more knew that the building was to be fired. No effort will be spared to bring the whole band to justice. A motion for a new trial was made in each case but was overruled by Judge Libby, and exceptions were then filed to the ruling of both Judge Libby and Danforth and sent up to the Law Term to be holden at Bangor this month. In case the higher court does not grant a new trial these leaders of the Shackers will receive their sentences at the Supreme Judicial Court to be holden at Machias the second Tuesday in October next. These fellows could not have made such a fight had not outsiders helped. We know that poachers and marketmen contributed from all parts of the county; but after the cussedness of the crowd was exposed in court there was a great change in public sympathy, and now I doubt if it would be possible for them to get help outside their band.

That your readers may better understand the importance of bringing this band of outlaws to justice, I must refer to the character of Wesley and its inhabitants during the last fifty years, so that you may also better see the difficulties we have had to encounter the last year in not only maintaining game protection, but in protecting our own persons and property.

Wesley is situated twenty miles northeast from Machias on the border of the great Machias Woods, the best deer park in Maine. Tradition tells us that a turbulent spirit was early developed in one portion of Wesley, and this spirit has steadily increased with the growth and decay of the town until the present time. One of the first acts of lawlessness was the attack on Sheriff Hapgood by several men dressed as Indians, who fired several shots at him, one bullet passing through his hat, and clipped his horse's mane and tail, and they burned property in his custody which had been taken for debt. Years rolled on, and the better portion of the community formed a church and had good schools, and the town prospered. Smart men and women were reared in this town, an honor to county and State; but many of these sought their fortunes in other lands never to return, while on the other hand, those of the lawless party were sure to return, and in some cases had to be helped to return by the town. The population in 1850 was 783; now it is about 250. This emigration has changed the character of the town, throwing the balance of power, by a small majority, into the hands of the lawless, or as they say, "the Shackers rule." Better families cannot be found in Maine than some of those living in Wesley, but at this time they are at the mercy of their fraternal enemies. It is hoped that a brighter day is beginning to dawn in Wesley now that the heel of the law is upon some of the necks of its wicked citizens.

To return to my subject—this turbulent spirit, which was

continually warring with the better element of society, came prominently to the surface at the breaking out of our civil war. They formed a company, drilled and prepared to resist recruiting and the draft, to use force if necessary. The draft came, and they resisted, killing Lieutenant Edwards, Deputy Provost Marshall, while in the discharge of his duty, and then they fled into New Brunswick. This was the most cruel murder in Maine during the war and showed a depravity of hearts not equalled or surpassed by any criminals in the United States. Time passed and no effort was made to hunt out and punish these criminals; officers died or moved out of the State, witnesses were scattered, and finally one by one the outlaws returned; but they were not good citizens, for they were ever ready to engage in any pursuit, lawful or otherwise, that would give promise of remuneration. They made most adroit smugglers and gave much trouble to officers of the Government. They plundered the land owners, taking vessel knees and shingle rift wherever they could find it. They set fire to timberland through malice, plundered logging camps, and whenever offended set fire to mills, barns, houses and such other property as the torch would destroy. This is the history of that lawless spirit as it comes down through the different generations to the present time, and now for the first time has the law stepped in to restrain or quell it. Formerly, whenever the law was invoked, perjury would clear the criminals; for that reason honest men shunned the law, and matters were allowed to drift on to destruction, as the rapid depopulation plainly demonstrates.

When the fish and game laws were enacted, then this element again came to the surface; but it was of a younger generation, with a few of the older ones to plan and cheer them on. They have up to the present resisted the laws, giving no heed whatever to them unless compelled to. The better portion of the citizens of Wesley soon found it was for their interests to have the laws enforced, and they demanded it. Wardens were appointed in Wesley, and then the war commenced. Wardens and all interested in game protection determined to put a stop to this miserable destruction of game in the very midst of our best game region, and our worthy Commissioner, Mr. Stilwell, gave us his most hearty support.

In the summer of 1884 complaint was made that Wesley parties were killing deer for the market. Wilmot Thompson caught Wilber Day and younger brother in the act and made complaint. Day was indicted, but escaped arrest until March, 1885, when two wardens, Pettingall and Munson, succeeded in arresting and putting in jail this most accomplished poacher. He was tried at Calais, convicted and fined, and gave bonds for his appearance at the Superior Court to be holden at Machias the following October. This made the Shacker Band furious, and they determined, to use their own language, to "clean out the whole thing" at any cost. The two active leaders, Wilber Day and Devereaux Fenlason, raved about town like madmen, armed with rifles, pistols and knives, hunting they said, for the "d—d wardens." Others met them at night and made plans for mischief.

Complaint was made in May that parties were hunting and killing deer on the Race Grounds, selling them for one dollar each to boil for feed for hens and to make into compost. Wardens Thompson and Munson were sent to catch the villains, and were attacked in the woods by Fenlason and another Shacker, who is now a good protectionist. The wardens, being well armed, escaped uninjured. These two fellows were arrested, tried before Justice Wilder, of Machias, and put under bonds to keep the peace for six months. This made Fenlason more furious, but his friend left the Shackers.

Soon after this a demonstration was made on Munson's house, next his garden was destroyed in the night and his apple trees girdled. Then more threats were made. On July 17 Munson had business at Machias, which would take him from home over night. Mrs. Munson, as usual when her husband was absent, was expected to stop at her father's, Mr. John H. Gray, about one-half mile from her own house. After milking the cow, feeding the pig, and locking up the barn and the house, Mrs. Munson went to meeting and from there to her father's house. This was the opportunity for the Shackers. They put out their guards, and after they were sure all was quiet, Day and Vance broke open the barn, drove out the cow and fed her with Paris green and meal; then left for home, about three-fourths of a mile from Munson's. Then Fenlason left his beat and touched a match to hay in the barn; others had previously kerosened the house and shed. It was proven at the trial of both Day and Fenlason that about one hour elapsed after the fire was discovered by the two nearest neighbors before the alarm was given. It is needless to say these neighbors were Shackers of both sexes and most accomplished liars. While the buildings were burning, Wilber Day at David Vance's house, assisted by Vance, wrote this letter:

"FRANK ZINK—Irite to inform you we have begun the fun and shall follow our hand on E. M. Smith & Son and Hunter the daval and W. T. and Hill.—FROM A FRIEND."

This note was found the next morning on the doorstep of Warden Zina Pennell, at Whitneyville, sixteen miles from Vance's house. It was proved that Wilber Day wrote this note, and it is known David Vance assisted and J. W. Day placed it on Pennell's doorstep.

After Munson's home with all its contents was burned, the family being left without a change of clothing, Mr. John H. Gray gave them shelter, and Machias friends assisted by presenting Mrs. Munson with a purse of \$100. Mrs. Munson was the only daughter of Mr. John H. Gray, an old and most worthy citizen of Wesley. Elated by the prospect of driving Munson out of town, the Shackers left this note for Mr. Gray:

"MR. JOHN GRAY—If you keep that damd black Fred Munson round your place you will have roast pig, too. Get rid of him as soon as you can, for if you don't you will be burnt out before a month goes by. We have started the fun and we will keep it up. By —, we mean it. Get the damd cuss out and your all right; if you don't, down it burns. We will take some of your cattle as a proof, by —. —REMEMBER."

This convinced all that something must be done; and the best citizens of Wesley petitioned Gov. Robie for aid. The town could do nothing, for the Shackers were in small majority, though they represented but a still smaller part of the property in town. Gov. Robie responded at once, and plans were made to hunt out and bring these villains to justice. My property and person being threatened, I assisted the officers as much as my time and means would allow. I was obliged to hire a special watch for my home when out of town for the greater part of the season. Mr. Stilwell directed his wardens to assist in every way possible, and they gave us most efficient aid.

All was chaos in Wesley. I never witnessed such scenes—frightened women and children, all work nearly suspended,

Every one, save the Shackers, felt that help must come from some source or ruin was at hand. In the mean time one of the advisers of the Shackers was sending letters to papers in different parts of the State trying to give the impression that James Gray, uncle of Mrs. Munson, burned the buildings for the insurance. This was a most cowardly attack on Mr. Gray because he held a mortgage of the property and there was a chance to make up a suspicion, in the calumniator's opinion, against a most exemplary and valuable citizen. Mr. Gray was sick at the time and in consequence of this worry and the constant fear for his property, as well as for the safety of his family, his reason failed and he died last March. His death was a great loss, not only to his family, but to the community. In about three weeks after Mr. J. H. Gray received the second letter, a third one was sent, the Shackers being impatient:

"MR. JOHN GRAY—You was warned once that if you kept that damned black Fred Munson at your house we would burn you out. You disregarded our warning. We don't want to burn you out, but we will if you keep him there. You will get no more warnings, but if he don't leave in a week we will kill some of your cattle, then if he don't get it we will take the hint and burn the house. We don't want your daughter to go; let her stay if she wants to; but he must go. We want you to tell everyone in Wesley that if they keep him (Fred) we will burn them out and by — we mean it. If Fred still hangs round here after these warnings we will have his heart's blood. If he leaves Wesley there will be no more trouble, but if he don't look out for fun. Git rid of him and you're all right—let the woman stay if she wants to.—REMEMBER."

Immediately after this letter was received by Gray, Munson and his family left Wesley; but the trouble did not stop, for in a few weeks the buildings of Warden Samuel Cushing were kerosened and fired, his horse and all his farming tools, buggy, work wagon and harnesses were burned in his barn; and it was only by almost superhuman efforts that his house was saved. It was found after the fire that the horse had been beheaded and his back bone cut in two places.

Public indignation was now nearly beyond control, but we cautioned all not to retaliate, under any provocation, but to trust the officers of the law. We had good men on the watch, reporting often, spies were in the midst of them, detectives were in correspondence and it was only a work of a little time that these villains could continue their atrocious wickedness. In November the wardens commenced their part of the "fun" and the result you have—the arrest and conviction of Wilber Day, a most notorious scoundrel, and Devereaux Fenlason, a most dangerous criminal, because he is a simpleton from birth. It was proved that Fenlason wrote the second and third letters. The Shackers made a most determined fight, and are now doing their best to liberate the two scoundrels now in jail. All the poachers in this part of the State have done their best to help and cheer on these villains, but now protection is more popular than ever before. Mr. Stilwell and his wardens have fought well, to say nothing of his legal friends who did such noble work in bringing these wicked wretches to justice.

I have spent a most miserable year in this fight. I am not an officer, but I am a friend of protection and believe in obedience to all laws, especially when clearly for the benefit of all, as are those for the protection of fish and game. It will be seen by the history of this and, as I have given it, that it was not the game laws that made the trouble, but the old untamed turbulent spirit of the fathers coming down through generations. Two murders in twenty years (Gray's death was as much a murder as was Edward's) is rather a hard showing for a little town of the size of Wesley. It is hoped that the law will continue its good work, and that Washington county will be freed from such scoundrels in the near future. I can not think of what would have been our condition at this time had not the law put a stop to such villainy.

MACHIAS, ME., June, 1886.

SAM. B. HUNTER.

GUN SLINGS FOR THE SADDLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The simple sling for carrying a gun in the saddle which I described in your issue of Oct. 1, 1885, called forth a little later (Nov. 5) two other devices similar to each other in design and application, but entirely different from the one I was using.

While the slings described by "J. J. M." and "G. E. O." possess some advantages, they have the great drawback of being somewhat cumbersome, and the gun being between the rider's thigh and forearm a heavy stumble must cause the gun barrel to pitch wildly forward, striking the flying rider or the horse, and perhaps breaking the stock of the gun as suggested by "J. J. M."

If "G. E. O." had read my article more carefully, his second and fourth objections would not have been given. If the gun fits the sling it does not require one hand to steady it when loping, and it cannot strike the horse in case of a fall, but its greatest fault is in its position athwart the rider, hampering him if the horse makes a bad stumble.

The sling described by "Millard" in FOREST AND STREAM of March 18 is an improvement on mine inasmuch as he leaves the tongue in. The upper one is unnecessary and I think better removed, the lower one keeps the gun from wearing against the horn of the saddle, but "Millard" has omitted the slightly prolonged free end which gives a good hold in slinging and especially in unslinging.

Having said this much for and against the simple strap, I will add that I have now discarded it except for a shotgun and when using a horse that will allow me to fire from the saddle. I always (?) dismount to shoot a rifle. The time lost is something, but the greater certainty of hitting is ample compensation for the loss of time, generally.

There is in use in some parts of this State and in Mexico, a stout leather sheath for carrying a carbine in the saddle. I find that they are kept for sale in San Francisco, and are simply a leather gun case reaching only past the lock and all or part of the length of the barrel. They are provided with two straps, sewed or riveted on, one fastening around the horn if a Mexican saddle or passed through the D of an English saddle, and the other secured to a small ring in the center of the back of the tree.

The carbine hangs on one side of the horse, muzzle forward, under the rider's leg, and by reaching out one hand he can draw it as quickly as a pistol from his hip pocket.

Acting upon the hint taken from this sling I have been carrying my shotgun in this way but without a holster, and have yet to find any fault with the method.

I have a leather strap one inch wide, passed through the D, hanging in a loop in front of my left leg. This is all the gear necessary. I pass the barrels forward between the stirrup leathers, letting them rest in the loop of the strap coming from the D or horn of the saddle, triggers uppermost. Raise the stock up and tie the rear saddle string around the grip, and the gun is in place. If there are no saddle strings a pair can be fastened to a ring in the back of the tree.

I can dismount and unlumber my gun quicker than a man can get out of a wagon and draw a gun from the back of the

wagon and do it with perfect safety, and when I have devised a snap hook to save untying the saddle strings (which I leave in a bow knot) I can prepare for action as rapidly as I desire.

If your gun is too fine a one to be adjusted in this way or you fear dust or rain and have not a full length leather case to hang at the saddle in which to place the gun, put on a cloth or canvas case which will take almost no time to slip off when you unsling the gun. If you use a leather holster leave it in place and withdraw the gun from it when wanted.

The first time you try it you may find the gun uncomfortable to your leg, by lengthening or shortening the forward or rear strap. Just what angle the gun will hang at will depend entirely upon the build of your horse. On some animals the stock will have to be entirely below the hip joint and the barrel nearly level. I have to bring the stock up as far as possible, and the barrel well down on my horse for my own comfort and that of the animal. With a proper adjustment of the gun barrel between the stirrups straps and under the bend of my knee, I can put the horse at any gait and not know of the gun's presence. And if I desire I could carry two guns as easily as one, one on each side. Even with one gun (mine weighs 10½ lbs. loaded) it is not necessary to carry ballast to make the saddle "trim."

If the horse is at all fractious it makes no difference as far as the gun is concerned, when you get off to open a gate (you will have to dismount to open a California rural gate) or walk up a trail leading the horse.

If any correspondent knows of still another way to carry a gun when in the saddle I should like to hear of it.

My gun is provided with a sling that I use when afoot, but I could not be induced to carry a gun in the manner of the British mounted infantry with the gun across the back for the very fear of that "severe blow from the barrel on the back of the head" if the horse should fall. I once fell down a steep hillside with my gun slung to my back, and the bump I received then I can feelingly remember. If the blow received when one is shot out of the saddle over the head of a falling horse is commensurate with the one received while on foot, I do not court it.

W. E. B.

OAKLAND, CAL., May 25.

THE BIRDS AT SOCIETY HILL.

"The time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

IN one corner of the room where I write, my guns are standing, bright and clean, inside and out, ready for use when the season for sport shall come round in the cycle of time. Unfortunately, I have too many of them. Most of them are gifts from my friends, and as such, if for no other reason, are highly prized by me. I keep them in good condition so that whenever occasion shall require, I will find them fit for whatever field usage may be demanded. At present they serve only to remind me of the pleasures which they have afforded, the kindness of the donors and the hopes which they inspire, when Bob White and his mate have reared their brood and they are strong enough to make the air resonant with the whirl of their wings. Then, if on this side of the river of time, I expect to mount my old horse Frank, call up Argo and Esk, and range the fields on the banks of the Great Pee Dee or other localities where the prospects of game are good, and see whether my vision and nerves are adequate to supply my wants and those of my friends with the delicious little bird. Most of my shells are already loaded, boxed and labeled, and my favorite 14-bore will have an opportunity of showing their qualities, "when November chill blows loud with angry sigh." Inasmuch as the sporting season has passed, "I have no delight to pass away the time but to recall some of the bright days, when with chosen company I made the fields ring with the music of my little gun, and now and then had the satisfaction of seeing my pointer retrieve the fallen bird in gallant style. My memory also hords with delight the sayings and acts of my associates and the hospitalities and kindness of my entertainers.

Though too late in the season, my friend Crickett assured Teceel, Mud and myself, that he could find some excellent sport in the vicinity of Society Hill on the Pee Dee in South Carolina. A gentleman living at that place I had known when he was a boy, living in Fayetteville, N. C., but had not seen him for many years. Accordingly, on the 9th of March, we left home in our buggy, and sought the residence of John M. Waddill, where we felt certain we should meet with a hearty welcome. We had to travel about thirty-seven miles, and when we reached our destination, late in the afternoon, ourselves, horses and dogs were tired, and anxious for food and repose. Crickett had arrived the preceding day, and was in the fields when we drove up to the house. We were courteously received by our hostess, and assigned to our quarters. In a short while Crickett and his dogs Jack and Dot, and our host made their appearance. My acquaintance with Waddill was renewed, and he expressed himself—no doubt seriously—as glad to extend to me and the others all the comforts which his house could furnish. Crickett had killed twenty-five birds. These supplied our hostess's table with plenty of game to last until we could add to the stock.

The village, in the suburbs of which we stopped, took its name from the fact that, in the olden time, many of the planters on the river built residences at a convenient spot in the broken sandhills, where they could enjoy each other's society in a greater degree than when living apart on their estates. It was the home of some of the most distinguished citizens of the State, and was famed for the intelligence and elegant hospitality of its inhabitants. Its former splendors have departed, for its wealth has melted away. But the broad fields on both sides of the river are still there; and early in the season, when the herbage is abundant, they afford food and shelter to many coveys of the favorite game bird of the South. As I have said, our visit was made too late. The stubble had been turned over, the sedge had been burned and the cattle had browsed down the grass, so that Bob White had neither feeding places nor shelter suitable for the sportsman.

The morning after our arrival we would have sought the fields at once but for the fact that it was raining. Joe, the large black and tan setter of Teceel's; Argo, my little orange and white pointer, and Crickett's two dogs were all ardent for the sport. Mud, poor fellow, has no dog, and seems to want none, so long as the charity of friends will supply his necessities. Nor did he have a horse, having thrust himself upon the kindness of his kinsman to get himself carried to the hunting grounds. But our host had a gallant bay which he tendered for his use. The "Red Rover" though somewhat ungainly in form and lean in flesh—having been engaged in the Agricultural Department—had plenty of muscle to carry with ease the one hundred and twenty pounds of bones and gristle which were consigned to his powers of locomotion. The rain stopped about 11 o'clock and was succeeded by a sharp wind from the northwest. Notwith-

standing the uninviting character of the weather we concluded to hazard it, and accordingly, mounting our steeds, we set out for the Marlboro side of the river.

After crossing on a bridge, we took up the bank of the stream for several hundred yards following the road, and then turned sharply to the right. Near the point where the road leaves the river stands a monument of white marble—a cenotaph, probably—erected to the memory of Col. Kolb (pronounced Kulp), a partisan soldier of the war of 1776, who was killed at his house near the spot by some prowling loyalists, who had refused to rebel against the Crown and Government of Great Britain. What I thought when I read the inscription upon the marble I will not write. Alas! 'Can such things be without our special wonder?'

At this point, Teceel and I, with Joe and Argo, turned to the left, while Crickett, who had two dogs, and Mud, who had none, followed the highway. It is useless to go into details. Owing to the high wind the birds were all in cover, or in such close proximity to it as to render sport impossible; we found very few birds. When we reached home that night, I think the trophies of all guns amounted to twenty birds. Of these your correspondent can recall that he could legitimately claim only one. This he attributed to the fact that when he started out he inconsiderately put in the stock of his hammerless the choke pair of barrels. At all events, such was the result. Mud was in high glee because the Red Rover had borne him to victory over Wells—a glory which he rarely enjoyed.

We got back just about sundown, tired and hungry, and ready to enjoy the shad whose odor regaled us, even before we entered the dining-room. They were a real luxury—for the weather was cool and the fish were firm and fat. To my taste there is no better fish than the Pee Dee shad in the month of March. After a "square meal" on the part of all of us—and especially Mud, whose appetite is almost satiate, but whose virtuous never assimilate to the production of flesh, so far as we can see—we went to the parlor, and before a blazing fire talked of the past, present and future.

The following morning was a lovely one. At an early hour our hostess gave us an excellent breakfast, and had our lunch prepared. The horses—including the Red Rover—were saddled and brought out, the dogs lightly fed, having had a hearty meal the night before, and we started off to try our fortune in the bottoms lower down the river. Going along the railroad track nearly a mile, we crossed it, and began to hunt an inviting piece of land. We got up some birds, and Teceel and I killed three each, neither Crickett nor Mud having had a shot. Still further on another covey was roused, but all of them escaped. Soon after this my companion, Teceel, and I separated, by accident, and did not meet until night. This mishap threw three of us together, a very objectionable number for decent sport. Crickett, Mud and I followed closely down the bank of the stream, desiring to reach some broad bottoms, where, we were told, we could find an abundance of game. The prospect got worse and worse, and at last, near midday, our road gave out, and we were forced to take the back track. We lunched soon after, and then mounting our horses, changed our course, so as to reach, if possible, a large plantation, the property of Mr. Williams, of Baltimore. We hunted many good looking places on our route down the Georgetown road, but failed to find a bird.

About half past two we reached the estate named above, passed the plantation houses and turned into some fields on the left or eastern side of the highway. Soon we got up some birds and my bag and Crickett's became perceptibly heavier. Poor Mud! He hadn't "toteh" a feather in the last half dozen shots. Soon we could hear the faint boom of a gun, sometimes in rapid succession, which we suspected to be that of my lost companion. We found several new coveys and got more birds. About an hour before sundown my little dog Argo tightened his muscles into rigidity in an open field, near a pine thicket. A single bird flushed and settled not far off. Supposing, however, that there were others, I moved forward a little and ordered him on. A fine covey rose, and as I sat on my horse I fired one barrel only, wounding the bird. Then Crickett came up, and pointing out where the single bird went he flushed and killed it. Proceeding in the direction of the flight of the covey we dismounted. Crickett and Mud tied their horses, but I trusted to the honor of Frank and left him standing in the road with the bridle unfortunately over the pommel of the saddle. We put up the birds and Crickett got two, Mud got one and I killed the bird I had wounded and scored a clean miss at another. Then I saw that Frank had concluded to leave me to make my way back over the eight miles to Society Hill as best I could, and had gone on to get an early start on the provender at our host's barn. The prospect of that walk was not very charming, but I left my companions fusilading, while I "plodded my weary way." Luckily a negro man caught my horse near a mill, and supposing him to belong to a dismounted cavalryman below whose firing he had heard, bestrode the horse and rode toward me. Just as I met him my dog set a covey, and I wasted a load at them, as they flew through some woods. Following the direction I soon met Crickett and Mud, and we got in some shooting. They did better than I. I got in three shots but brought down no birds. I wounded two and missed cleanly as fair a chance as mortal ever had. The sun was just "wrapping the drapery of his couch about him" when I mounted my truant steed, handed the dinky a quarter of a dollar, and we started on the homeward journey. A young man at the mill told us that nearly an hour before he had seen a horseman with gun and dog pass on, who had quite a lot of birds. Crickett began to feel uneasy, for he found that Teceel was the man, and that he did not "stand head" that day.

A dark and weary ride of eight miles brought us to our resting place. When our trophies were counted, Teceel had 19, Crickett had 17, Wells 14 and Mud 7.

The following morning the others bade our kind friends adieu and started on their way to visit Col. Cash, who lives a few miles above. I took a different route, crossed the river and headed for home, via Bennettsville, the county seat of Marlboro—a place which I had never seen, though within thirty miles of my place of residence. I passed through some beautiful country before and after reaching Bennettsville, for that section is one of the most nicely cultivated parts of South Carolina. After leaving the town, a ride of about thirty miles over a strange and very forked road, destitute of mile posts such as did me any service, brought me home. My companions came the next day.

I am obliged to "A. F. R." of Belvidere, N. C., for the expressions of his sympathy in my "wild goose" experience. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." It would afford me pleasure to make his acquaintance. WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BURNT LANDS.

OUR friend is a genial and intelligent man with a fine brainy head, erect and easy carriage, upon whom the weight of many hard days' service and more than fifty winters sit lightly. If a farmer's institute wants an address he can give one both entertaining and instructive; if the Government wants a land survey made he is just the one who can do it, and it can be well assured that no stakes will be carelessly placed or lines shiftlessly projected; and if corporations or capitalists desire territory in the northern wilderness looked up and its value estimated either as land or for lumber, and purchases made, he is the man who will do the same with integrity and discretion, and not infrequently he is an operator for himself. For more than thirty years he has spent nearly every summer or part of the same in such pursuits in Michigan's northern woods, and while his name is Cannon (George Henry) and despite all the grand opportunity afforded him to come in contact with the enticing and greater game of the wilderness, he seems never to have been touched by the spirit of hunting, for he never hunts, neither carries gun or revolver for defense. In the winter he may generally be found at his pleasant farm residence in this locality, where is displayed an intelligent culture of field products and choice variety of fruits.

While we were at supper, a little time since, a genial face looked in on us and said, "Don't be in a hurry, I'm coming to take supper with you." And after supper our talk ran on long, for I like to go over the physical geography, waters and lands, metalliferous indications and developments, game and settlement of this remarkable region. Finally says our friend, "Did I ever tell you about that bear I killed two or three years ago? It was told that — killed it, but I myself was the one." "Let us have it," said I, and he proceeded to relate as follows:

"It was in the Upper Peninsula of the State and near the first of July. I had charge of two companies engaged in looking up and taking notes of the lands which had recently passed to the Mackinaw & Marquette Railroad interest, and at the time was operating in that part of this peninsula known as the 'Burnt Lands,' a peculiar and interesting region, extending southward from the falls of the great St. Mary's River to Lake Huron and westward for many miles, embracing an area of more than twelve hundred square miles. Upward of thirty years ago the forest fires raged with great fury over the largest part of this region, clearing the surface for the most part of the primitive forest growth, leaving here and there the standing blackened trunks of immense trees which the fires had not entirely destroyed nor the storms prostrated. A second and as yet smaller growth has sprung up, chiefly of the deciduous order, although clusters of evergreens, as the pines, spruces and cedar, are found everywhere in groups, which, interspersed in the grassy opening (for the land is famous for grass, which springs up freely wherever permitted), give to certain parts of the country a park-like appearance, which is very pleasantly enhanced by the tall and graceful elms which grow along the streams. This region, too, abounds in game; the black and the brown-nosed bear, deer, wolves, lynx and partridge, the last being common. A remarkable feature of the country is the abundance of several varieties of small wild fruits, each in its season, such as the buckberry, blackberry, raspberry, wintergreen berry and strawberries, thousands of acres being thickly covered by the latter, of fine and delicious quality, in the last part of June and the first of July, thus constituting a fine and favorite feeding ground for the black and brown bear, which are fond of all these berries, and, I may add, seem to extend to the strawberry a partiality as marked as that of man.

"During the summer of 1881 I was engaged with a party of men in a careful exploration of this region. In the berry season the bears congregate in large numbers in the openings and grassy savannahs, and were frequently seen by us. One day we saw seven in one group, quietly feeding on the berries. As they generally were some little distance away when we saw them, and we had not been molested, no particular uneasiness was felt in regard to them, and for many days myself and the several members of the party traversed the country unarmed and often alone in the prosecution of our work, without apprehension of danger. Upon two occasions, however, we received a slight warning upon coming close upon a bear unawares, when sharp growls and a liberal display of ugly-looking teeth gave unmistakable evidence that our presence was not agreeable, and we each time made quick steps in the opposite direction, feeling that they 'were better missed than found.'

"But one day our fancied security received a complete setback. It was in the second week in July, and I had set out early, accompanied by an assistant, to examine the country to the east and north of our camp. We had proceeded less than a mile when we separated, he to explore south and then westward to camp, while I was to go north to a river and then return. I had with me a light axe, which would weigh about two pounds, called by woodsmen a half axe, and a pocket compass; with the latter I obtained my direction, and with the axe would mark a line when desired. Our purpose not requiring a chain survey, I proceeded on my course, carefully taking and counting my steps, which was our method of measuring distance, and enabled us to readily find the locality of the corners, and in the practice of which we had become so expert as to be able to rely upon not varying from the chain survey in the distance of a mile more than from ten feet to ten inches. I had made one tally, or twenty rods, and stopped to enter the required notes in my field book. This through, I stepped over the small body of a tree lying before me, into which I had struck my axe, and was trying to settle the compass needle so as to continue my route, when I was suddenly and greatly startled by hearing a peculiar and startling sound, neither a bark nor a growl, unlike anything I had ever heard and apparently coming from something near at hand. Looking in the direction whence it came, I was astonished to see an immense she bear but a short distance away making furiously toward me, her glossy brown hair fairly glistening and standing straight out, her mouth wide open and viciously red, her whole look and bearing one of intense rage and ugliness, and evidencing intent of the most extreme mischief. To intensify the situation, I at the same moment caught a glimpse of four other bears at a little further distance, and it is not too much to admit that I should have been glad, in contradiction of the usual significance of the popular expression, to have been 'up a tree.' But no such grateful retreat was within safe reach; the locality was in the open, and while I saw a cluster of trees some rods away which might afford me the means of escape if I could reach it, an instantaneous measure of the distance by the eye decided the attempt too dangerous, and that my chance lay

in the result of a hand to hand conflict, to commence the next instant. Dropping my compass, I seized the axe by its handle, and as the bear came up and was about to rear and spring upon me, dealt her the heaviest blow I was capable of upon her head with the back of the axe, which so stunned her that she fell over to the ground. Lucky stars! But the big brute was not dead. She floundered about fearfully, and aught I knew might the next moment rally to the conflict. The determined blow had partially broken the helve of my axe, but hastily turning the axe's edge to the front, I managed to administer several deep cuts in her throat.

"All of this transpired in the course of a few moments. A singular and perfect coolness, without the sense of an effort and undisturbed by a flurry, spontaneously possessed me, and I instantaneously took in everything fully and clearly. It flashed into my mind that I could defend myself, and that her claws must not reach me or I was gone. I seemed to coolly say in my mind, and have ever believed that I said the same aloud, 'Yes, I see you, confound you, come on! I am enough for you!' and felt as I exclaimed.

"Believing the blows I had given the bear would prove fatal I immediately picked up the compass which fortunately had not been broken in the melee, and proceeded on the line of my survey, for I did not like to linger, as I had some apprehension that a scent of the blood might attract other bears to the locality. I had never once thought to call to my man for assistance who at the time could not have been more than forty rods distant.

I continued my survey to the river, and after completing my work and after a couple of hours' absence retraced my steps, very cautiously, surely, when I approached the vicinity of my encounter. Carefully approaching, I found my assailant dead, but evidently she had struggled terrifically and long for she had pounded the ground over a large space and completely cleared it of sticks and leaves.

"I proceeded to camp where all my men had arrived, and after dinner we started for the scene of conflict. We found the bear to be a she brown one of the largest size. She had evidently been followed by four cubs which were, no doubt, the bears I had glimpses of at the time of the onset. We straightened her out and one of the men laid down against her back to enable us to better judge of her size, when we found her length to considerably exceed that of the man. She was in good condition and must have weighed not less than five hundred pounds.

"Taking two paws for trophies and a ham for our cuisine, we returned and enjoyed for several days the pleasure of big bear meat at our table.

"This was one of the extremely rare cases when the brown bear of this region deliberately makes an attack on man. In an experience of thirty years in the wilderness surveying and looking land, I have known or learned of but two other instances; in both of these the bear had been wounded and the hunter was killed. The whole party were now convinced that we had run many risks, and thereafter no one was allowed to traverse the forest alone at any distance from camp.

"In a close encounter with any dangerous or enraged wild animal, I have great confidence in the small axe as a weapon and much prefer it to a rifle, and don't you see good reason why?"

The above is by no means the most interesting matter which can be drawn from the ample fund of our friend's experience, and some other day we intend to draw upon it again.

F. M. WILCOX.

ROCHESTER, Mich., June 7, 1886.

DAKOTA GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Every evening as I ride over the beautiful prairies of Northern Dakota, I find many things to interest me. I see the Eastern farmers and stockmen making new homes and all happy because they at last had courage enough to quit the crowded Eastern States and come to as grand a climate and country as the sun shines on. The untold thousands of acres of waving wheat attest the fact of the plenty in store for all who may come, and the future for those who hesitate but will yet come. Again I see that the crop of prairie chickens is going to be large, I have not seen so many during the three years I have been here, and we all look forward to fine sport after August 15. The plover are here by the thousands, and we go out and bring in all we want.

I took a trip out West a few weeks ago. While at a little town called Dickinson, a large silver-tipped bear was brought in. He was poor, but dressed 498 pounds—a monster. Two cowboys had killed him after a hard fight with nothing more than their revolvers. They were riding, looking after their stock; when they were going through a patch of very high grass and sage brush, this bear, which was eating a calf he had just killed, rose up immediately in front of them and struck at one of the horses, and had the horse been less frightened or less quick in springing to one side and then bounding away, there would have been one less cowboy. The bear could outrun the pony, and had it not been that there were two of them there would have been trouble. I know that some folks think that a bear cannot run fast. It may be that he cannot when he is fat, but I have talked to reliable hunters in this country who tell me that a large mountain bear, when thin in the spring, will get away from a pony on a run of half a mile. The cowboys put eight bullets through this one and he did not seem to mind it; one penetrated the heart; the ninth struck him in the eye and killed him.

On this same trip I counted from my car window twenty antelope in one band, six in another, four in another, all within rifle shot of the train; and I saw a black bear within three miles of a town out on the open prairie. All the people in the train saw him and he was making tracks for a deep ravine where most likely he had a den. There are hundreds of antelope out there, and one hunter told me he had one hundred deer killed at one time last winter and they all lay in a pile till spring and spoiled because he could not dispose of them. The landlord of the hotel at which he was stopping said it was true, as the man came in during the winter and told him to go and get all he wanted, but being sixty miles away and venison selling at three and four cents at home, he did not go.

I see a gentleman in your last issue asks where he may go for a hunt. Let him come here at less cost than many other places and I will send him where he can get all the deer he wants; will be glad to correspond with any one.

W. H. WILLIAMSON.

BISMARCK, Dakota.

BEARS.—The FOREST AND STREAM's grizzlies at Central Park receive daily through the month of June.

COLORADO GAME AND FISH.

DENVER, Col., June 8.—I have just returned from a hasty trip through the mountains via South and Middle Parks, and offer a few notes that may interest those of your readers who are so fortunate as to look forward to a summer or autumn "outing" in this region. Last winter was rather mild and the snowfall light in most of the mountain sections of this State. In March and April there was a good deal of snow that melted rapidly without packing, raising the streams to maximum height by May 20, or about a month earlier than usual. The streams are now falling rapidly. A few trout are being caught with minnow bait, the settlers constraining the law as giving them the right to catch for their own use. By July 1, when the law is off, fishing bids fair to be first rate. All agree that trout are plentiful in all the larger streams. They have not ascended the small streams yet.

Hunters and frontier settlers also agree in the gratifying information that most varieties of game are increasing since the Indians quit roaming over the country and the enactment of our somewhat rigid game laws. It is true the law is frequently violated in respect to both fish and game, but wholesale slaughter, such as frequently occurred a few years ago, is now seldom heard of. The increase is noticeable in elk, deer, bear, beaver, and especially in grouse. The latter is quite remarkable, and this, so far, is an exceptionally favorable season for the birds. Buffalo have almost entirely disappeared, mountain sheep seldom come into the parks but are plentiful upon the high ranges where but very few are killed. Antelope are hardly ever seen in either South or Middle Park; a few years ago they were plentiful.

A hunter, August Bohm, on Williams Fork, in Middle Park, recently killed two bears in one week—a black and a grizzly—the latter a very large one, and for a long time previous a terror to the neighborhood. W. N. B.

HOW LONG DO FOXES RUN?

YOUR Virginia correspondent says no fox or hound ever ran forty-eight hours, which means that he knows nothing about our New England red foxes. Perhaps a Virginia fox can be caught by hounds in six hours, but we have a longer-winded set here in Massachusetts. I have kept foxhounds for twenty years, and always the best I could find, and I never owned nor saw the hound that could catch an old fox on bare ground. I have had my dogs catch them in light snows or in the last of February when the females began to get heavy with young. But I do not believe the foxhound lives that can catch one in twenty that he starts in October or November on the following we have in this part of the country. Three years ago I bought a pair of pups of Col. Tucker, of Gaston, N. C., as he advertises to have the fastest dogs in the South, and expected they would run away from our Northern hounds; but though they are a little faster on a snow track they are not able to get away from my old stock on bare ground, and it strikes me that if "Red Eye," of Virginia, will come to Massachusetts he will find that his fast dogs won't catch a fox in six hours or six days running. I have shot one fox that I know had been running more than thirty hours, as I started him early one morning and the dogs drove him steady all day without my getting a shot. In the afternoon of the second day I made out to get a shot, and, as "Red Eye" says, "swindled him out of his life." It is no uncommon thing in good following for a good hound to drive a fox forty-eight hours, as hundreds of our Northern fox hunters know.

HENRY C. NEWELL.

ASHBURNHAM, Mass.

NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The first annual convention of the National Association for the Protection of Game Birds and Fish began in the Palmer House, Chicago, June 8. At a meeting of the Executive Committee the following clubs were admitted to membership: Big Lake Gun Club, of Little Rock; Pulaski Sportsmen's Club, of Little Rock; Kent County Sportsmen's Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich. The Committee on Credentials reported the following clubs represented by delegates: Ouachita Rod Club, Hot Springs, Ark.; Audubon Club, Chicago; Ringgold Gun Club, Ringgold, Tenn.; Dardene Gun Club, St. Louis; Leisure Gun Club, Evansville, Ind.; Cumberland Gun Club, Chicago; Arkansas Gun Club, of Hot Springs, Ark.; Sportsmen's Association of Western Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh; Iowa State Sportsmen's Association; Missouri State Sportsmen's Association; Santa Fe Rod and Gun Club, Santa Fe, N. M.; South Side Gun Club, Milwaukee; Michigan State Sportsmen's Association; West Side Gun Club, Bay View, Wis.; Capital City Gun Club, Washington, D. C.; Chicago Shooting Club, Chicago. Fish Commissioners Dr. J. G. W. Steedman, of Missouri, and Col. H. H. Rattaken, of Arkansas, were also present. The report of the Executive Committee recommended several changes in the constitution. It also recommended that Congress be urged to take some action to prevent the wholesale slaughter and netting of game birds for export to Europe. The committee thought that the extraordinary destruction of song and other wild and non-game birds, in the past few years, for use for personal adornment by the women of the country, should be considered by the Association. The committee recommended the adoption of a resolution condemning the slaughter of song and non-game birds, and calling upon sportsmen and others to exert an influence in their families and among their associates for the discouragement of the practice of using them for personal adornment. This was adopted. The Law Committee's report recommended that bills be prepared in each State for presentation to the Legislature, for the proper protection of game, birds and fish; that game and fish wardens be appointed in every State and Territory, and that a bill be presented in Congress to regulate interstate commerce in game, birds and fish. This report was adopted. Dr. F. B. Norcom read an interesting paper on the ethics of sportsmanship. He divided sportsmen into three classes, the genuine article, the pretenders and the bad element in every community who kill in and out of season by every device known to man. Dr. J. G. W. Steedman, of Missouri, followed with a paper, in which he favored consolidation of fish and game commissioners into one paid commission in each State, with power to appoint and control paid game and fish wardens. Secretary West also read a paper, advocating better protection for game.

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., June 6.—Quail in this vicinity are about exterminated. Prairie chickens are doing fairly well this year, and shooting in the fall will be good. But we start out after them too early. I wish the law could be changed from Aug. 15 to Sept. 15.—M. H.

MASSACHUSETTS GAME LAW.

CHAPTER 276. An act for the better preservation of birds and game.

SECTION 1. Whoever takes or kills a pinnated grouse at any time, or a woodcock between the first day of January and the first day of August, or a ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, between the first day of January and the first day of October, or a quail between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of October, or a woodcock or summer duck, black duck or teal, or any of the so-called duck species, between the fifteenth day of April and the first day of September, shall be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for every bird so taken or killed.

SEC. 2. Whoever takes or kills a plover, snipe, sandpiper, rail, or any of the so-called shore, marsh or beach birds, between the first day of May and the fifteenth day of July, or a wild or passenger pigeon, or a gull, or a tern, between the first day of May and the first day of October, shall be punished by a fine of ten dollars for every bird so taken or killed.

SEC. 3. Whoever buys, sells or has in possession any of the birds or animals named in this act and protected thereby, during the time within which the taking or killing thereof is prohibited, whenever or wherever the said birds or animals may have been taken or killed, shall be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for the birds protected by section one, and ten dollars for the birds protected by sections two and four; provided, however, that any person, firm or corporation dealing in game may buy, sell or have in possession quail from the fifteenth day of October to the first day of May, and pinnated grouse, wild pigeons and any of the so-called shore, marsh or beach birds, or of the so-called duck species, at any season, if not taken or killed in this Commonwealth contrary to the provisions of this act.

SEC. 4. Whoever takes or kills any wild or undomesticated bird not named in sections one and two, except English sparrows, crow blackbirds, crows, jays, birds of prey, wild geese and such fresh-water and sea fowl as are not named in sections one and two, or willfully destroys, disturbs or takes a nest or eggs of any wild or undomesticated birds, except of the birds herein exempt from protection, shall be punished by a fine of ten dollars; provided, that any person above the age of twenty-one years, having a certificate from the game commissioners, or from the president of the Boston Society of Natural History, to the effect that such person is engaged in the scientific study of ornithology or collecting in the interest of a scientific institution, may take the nest and eggs of, or at any season take or kill, any undomesticated bird, except woodcock, ruffed grouse and quail; but nothing therein contained shall be construed to authorize any person to enter upon private grounds without the consent of the owner thereof for the purpose of taking nests or eggs or killing birds; and provided, further, that the game commissioners and the president of the Boston Society of Natural History may at any time revoke any certificate they have, respectively issued.

SEC. 5. Whoever takes or kills a gray squirrel, hare or rabbit, between the first day of March and the first day of September, or within said time buys, sells, or offers for sale any of said animals, shall be punished by a fine of ten dollars.

SEC. 6. Whoever takes or kills a game bird or water fowl, hare or rabbit, by means of a trap, net or snare, or by the use of a ferret; and whoever, for the purpose of taking or killing a game bird, water fowl, hare or rabbit, constructs or sets any traps, snare or net, or uses a ferret; and whoever shoots at or kills a wild fowl or any of the so-called shore, marsh or beach birds, with or by the use of a swivel, or pivot gun, or by the use of a torch, jack or artificial light, or pursues any wild fowl with or by aid of a sailboat or steam-launch, shall be punished by the fine of twenty dollars.

SEC. 7. The commissioners of inland fisheries shall be game commissioners also; and their authority, by and by duty, shall extend to the protection and preservation of birds and animals in like manner as to fish.

SEC. 8. It shall be the duty of every officer qualified to serve criminal processes, to arrest without warrant any person whom they shall find taking or killing, or who has in possession birds or animals contrary to the provisions of this act; provided, however, that persons engaged in the business of regularly dealing in the buying and selling of game as an article of commerce, shall not be arrested without warrant for having in possession or selling game at their usual place of business. Any officer who neglects or refuses to enforce the provision herein contained shall be punished by fine not exceeding twenty dollars.

SEC. 9. All fines accruing under this act shall be paid one half to the complainant and one half to the city or town in which the offence is committed.

SEC. 10. Whoever takes, carries, sends or transports any of the birds or animals protected herein, out of this Commonwealth, the said birds or animals having been illegally taken or killed within this State, shall be punished by fine of twenty dollars.

SEC. 11. Chapter ninety-two of the Public Statutes, chapter thirty-six of the acts of the year eighteen hundred and eighty-three, and all acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

Approved June 10, 1886.

ABOLISH SPRING SHOOTING.—The New Albany, Ind., *Daily Ledger* remarks: "FOREST AND STREAM is paying a good deal of attention to the subject of spring wildfowl and bird shooting. Sportsmen will indorse this old and reliable sportsman's paper in its efforts to stop the merciless slaughter of birds in the spring of the year. FOREST AND STREAM devotes its attention to encouraging State legislation against the nefarious destruction and says that Congress has no authority on the subject. It may be right in this, but that is a question. If Congress would pass such an act public sentiment would sustain it and the courts would in all probability uphold it. It is worth the trial at all events. It would take a long time to get the necessary laws passed by all the States, while a bill could be put through Congress in a few days. Every man who loves the rod and gun and the buoyant health and genuine sport they afford, will lend his aid to any intelligent effort toward protecting fish and game.

OLD TIME ARMS.—The sale of the B. Homer Dixon cabinet of arms and armor which was held in this city last week included long-handled weapons, maces, martels, battle axes, crossbows, guns, pistols, locks, powder horns, spanners, bayonets, and miscellaneous objects. A wheel-lock pistol of 1575, bearing several engravings, including three coronets, sold for \$310. A wheel-lock patronel gun of 1600 was sold for \$91, while a wheel-lock musket of the sixteenth century brought \$51. A match lock caliver with a beautifully inlaid stock, was knocked down at \$115, while a match-lock musket of 1600 sold for \$55. A military flail, or holy water sprinkler, with a chain and a spiked ball attached, brought \$58.

MISSISSIPPI.—Huntington, Miss., June 8.—We have the finest prospect for quail the coming fall it has ever been my lot to chronicle. This place is situated on a very high bank of the Mississippi, and has been exempt from overflow since 1832. We had an abundance of the feathery tribe last fall, and but few hunters, owing to a scarcity of good dogs. One can see the quail in every direction; while passing through the fields it is nothing uncommon to see a dozen males together. The females are just now bringing out their young. The forests are full of squirrels. It is nothing uncommon to see a huntsman returning with two or three dozen after a half day's hunt. Fishing has not been good this spring owing to the water being high so long, keeping the lakes and bayous filled.—L.

HINTS IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.—Brooksville, Fla.—Two deer hunters, Messrs. Willie T. and Walker, had nearly reached home on their return from a recent hunt, when young Walker rode up on the left side of Willie T. with the remark, "Let me see your gun." The gun was across young Tucker's saddle, the muzzle pointing toward Walker, who caught it by the muzzle with his right hand and pulled it across the saddle pointed toward his left arm, two inches from the shoulder, the arm being bowed in the act of reining up his horse. By some means the hammer of the right hand barrel caught in the pommel of the saddle and fired the entire

contents (twenty-one small buckshot) into his arm, shooting it almost entirely off and severing the main arteries. Young Tucker very successfully corded the arm and begged Walker to remain where he was very quietly, till he could go for assistance, but this he declined to do, fearing to be left alone. He mounted and dismounted three times on his way home, which loosened the cord and caused him to lose a large quantity of blood, from which he died seven hours after. Now a bit of advice: Should a companion get shot in the arm or leg, do not be afraid to open the wound (it will not cause him the least pain), but go right into it, strip the clothing from around it at once, and possibly you can see the artery, and tie it up. If not, by pressing your thumb about on the limb you can stop the flow of blood, and then put a small pebble in place of your thumb, tie your handkerchief around over the pebble, insert a small stick or pocket knife and twist till the flow of blood has ceased entirely. Many men have lost their lives from not having a proper knowledge of such things.—SHEEPHEAD.

HIGH BALLISTICS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If a rifle were carried to a great height, say 20,000 feet above the earth's surface, and discharged earthward, the ball would owe nothing of its initial velocity to gravitation and would decrease in speed with the expenditure of the propelling force, until it reached a point at which its velocity would be precisely what it would have acquired in the same distance had it been dropped from the hand. From that point it would be subject to the force of gravitation and increase in velocity until it touched the surface. Its terminal speed would be the same as that of a similar ball dropped from the hand (provided the height were sufficient for the exhaustion of the propelling force) but in consequence of its higher initial velocity it would reach the earth sooner.—ARCHIMEDES.

!!—Wm. Snider, of Sugar Grove, O., had taken down an old shotgun with the intention of going squirreling, and blew in the muzzle, holding the hammer back with his foot to see if it was loaded. His foot slipped off and ???!!!

ILLINOIS PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—Ought the season for pinnated grouse in Illinois to open Sept. 15, instead of Aug. 15, as at present?

BEARS.—The FOREST AND STREAM's grizzlies at Centra Park receive daily through the month of June.

ALLEN'S how-facing oars can be attached to any boat in 5 minutes. Try them. Little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Adv.*

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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THE "foxing" incident of Mr. Seton's deer hounding experience, as given in your issue of June 3, reminds me of something of the same sort in one of our own excursions.

Several years ago, trout fishing with a friend on a small stream which ran through rather thick forest, we struck the stream about two miles from its entrance into a millpond, intending to fish down to the pond. It was arranged that my friend should commence fishing where we struck the stream and fish down. I was to go down about a mile and commence to fish, and was to place a noticeable stick mid-stream so that he could leave off fishing where I started and follow down stream until he overtook me. I marked my starting place as agreed, and carefully fished down for about half a mile. Not getting very much fishing, I gave up and concluded to wait for my friend to come along. After waiting some time I hallowed in the direction as loud as I could for several times. Getting no reply and feeling tired and sleepy, I concluded I would lie down by the side of a big maple with the root of the tree for my pillow, and have a sleep until he came up. I stood my fishing rod up against the same tree on the opposite side, so my friend would be sure to see it if he did not see me. When my friend came along he saw my rod standing up by the tree but did not see me. He, thinking I had gone out in the woods for something and had left my rod there as a signal for him to stop, he sat down on a log not over ten feet from me, lighted his pipe, and went to reading a book he had with him, the maple tree being between us. After a while I awoke, sat up on the ground, and looking up stream for my friend, wondering what had become of him. I again shouted a tremendous shout—his name—up stream. My friend dropped his book, his pipe fell out of his mouth, and he looked at me as if I was a ghost just risen out of the earth. I was also frightened to see him so close to me and hear him speak so unexpectedly. A little explanation on both sides reconciled each of us, and we left for our buggy.

PORT ROWAN, ONT.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE PRESIDENT AS AN ANGLER.

A LOCKPORT, New York, correspondent, who was a schoolmate of President Cleveland, writes us that the latter's angling proclivities were developed at an early age. The published report of Mr. Cleveland's recent angling trip to the preserved waters of Fish Commissioner Delawar, near Deer Park, has called out the following reminiscence, related to a correspondent of the New York Times, by Mr. Charles B. Andrews, Superintendent of State Buildings in Albany:

"Half a dozen of us floated down the river from Buffalo one day," said he, "fishing for bass. Cleveland was in the party. The water was so clear that we could see the fish twenty feet below us on the bottom, and we were having fine sport pulling them in with our hand lines. Somebody suggested that we drift down Grand Island and eat our dinner on the grass. Before we finished our meal we began to discuss the organization of a permanent fishing club. We agreed upon it then and there. The membership was to be limited to twenty-five and every other week we were to have a fishing trip down the river and a dinner. We became the 'Jolly Reefers,' and by that name we were known around town. The most of us were married men. Our wives saw much to criticize in our name. It suggested to them such

an extravagant picture of sociability, especially when they saw it in cold type, that we could not resist their appeals to have it changed. Grover's uncle, Lewis F. Allen, owned a pretty little island near the Canadian side of the river, and Grover persuaded him to sell it to us. It contained about 40 acres of land and was one of the prettiest spots along the river. We bought it for about \$4,000 and then formally organized the Beaver Island Fishing Club, of which I was elected president. The other charter members of the club were Grover Cleveland, Robert L. Hayes, now Auditor of the United States Express Company in New York; Joseph Fairchild, long the Register in Bankruptcy in Buffalo; John D. Shephard, a large iron manufacturer, and Warren S. Miller, a lawyer.

"Then we built a handsome clubhouse, costing something like \$10,000, and there the members and their wives would come and live a week at a time. This was along in 1869 and 1870. After I had been president two or three years, Mr. Cleveland was elected to the office. We had regular fishing days at which every member was expected to be present. Each man had his boat and oarsman, and, trailing them along behind a steam yacht, we started for the scene of the day's sport. This might be up river or down river, as the Commodore of the day might indicate. Before starting we always elect a Commodore and Secretary. The former had absolute control of the movements of the party for the day and the latter kept a score of the day's catch. This kept the kickers in line, and you know that there are some men who, if the crowd happens to want to go to heaven, will insist on going the other way. The commodore settled all that. I am not sure, but I think Cleveland was our first Commodore. When we reached the fishing ground every man got into his boat and commenced to fish for all he was worth.

"We had a table showing how much the catch was worth. For instance a muskallonge counted 100, black bass and yellow pike 20 each, blue pike and pickerel 5 each, and rock bass and perch 1 each. The Secretary as fast as the members brought their catch aboard the yacht made the account, giving each man credit for his day's work. At the end of the season prizes were given to the man whose total count was greatest, to him who had made the greatest catch in one day, and to whoever had caught the largest fish. Mr. Cleveland got the prize one season for catching the biggest fish, and another for scoring the greatest catch. He captured several fine fish poles and reels in this way. Yes, he was as lucky in fishing as he has been in everything else, but then you want to remember that he attended strictly to business when he sat down to it. The President used to be a pretty good fisherman. He never got excited, and nothing seemed to ruffle his temper. It takes considerable skill to land a good-size bass when he starts upward from the river bottom in the attempt to shake your hook out of his mouth. If he can travel faster than you can haul in your line the chances are that he will slip you. Whenever we heard anybody in a particularly strong voice exclaim 'You rascal,' we knew Mr. Cleveland had lost his fish just as he had got him to the edge of the boat. I'm rather loth to believe that the Colonel took first prize for catch the other day. Still, the President may have been engrossed with other thoughts than those of a purely piscatorial nature."

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.—XV.

THE second Sunday in camp was a pleasant contrast to the first one, and it was spent in a becoming manner, by the girls at least. However, as the evening drew on, some fish found their way to the camp by following a couple of the boats, the stringers hanging over the sides having somehow beguiled them into paying us a visit, but it is not necessary to these chronicles to point out the Sabbath-breaking culprits that took their places at the supper table in abashed silence under the reproving eye of gentle Mother Jim. Some trout there were, too, I believe, that were toiled across the lake to camp, but not even these in all their spotted glory could gloss over our departure from the trail of righteousness, and the culprits for their offending were sent to bed in disgrace. But the morning—and "a mess o' them spotted minners"—softened Mother Jim into a forgiving mood, and they were again taken into favor under a promise to do better in the future. The promise was given, however, with a mental reservation, and broken the very next Sunday, with much the same result, as Mother Jim had about made up her mind that it was a waste of time and breath to try to turn us from our sinful ways.

Breakfast disposed of, the boats were bailed out (Couturier's boats were of the leaky variety and a source of much (dis) comfort), tackle selected, and in short time the camp was deserted, save by the philosopher, who was left to air the bedding, concoct a camp kettle of new-fangled bean soup that he had expended much serious thought on, and devise new schemes for the entertainment of neighbor Horton's pigs.

The boats returned late in the afternoon, each with some fish, but the sport had not been as good as we had expected with the coming of fine weather; but we had enough for the camp and a dozen or more for our neighbors, who were always welcome to the day's catch except a few reserved for home consumption.

The next day was spent in much the same manner, old Ben and the skipper, however, putting in most of the day in "rounding up" a fresh supply of speckled frogs, as the menagerie box would barely furnish bait for another day's fishing.

Wednesday morning opened out blazing hot, and the shade of the big popple seemed to promise so much more comfort than an open boat under the broiling sun, that the girls decided to stay in camp and make life a burden to the philosopher by helping him to get up a famous dinner, in which "rozberry pie," doughnuts, rice pudding, with real rice, and green apple sauce were to be included. The programme once decided on, the philosopher was called on to produce the materials, and the campaign against his peace of mind for the day was opened, with Mother Jim at the head of the column to direct the movements of her command.

A boat coming down the lake a mile away, the oars glistering in the sun as they rose and fell in steady measure, scarcely attracted the attention of the old campers as they lounged in the shade, undecided whether to fish or not to fish; but when it approached within twenty rods and heading for the landing, a hair-raising yell, between the scream of a locomotive whistle and the screech of an untutored child of the forest with his hide full of "unrectified wrath," startled the camp into sudden life and commotion, for nothing "on the face o' this livin' airth" could produce such a melodious mingling of discordant sounds except "Old Knots."

"Ole stub-an'-twist Knots, er I'm a loon!" shouted Ben, and then five lusty yells, accompanied by the shrill soprano of the girls to balance the harmony, went over the water in an answering greeting, and as the boat came on, propelled by the easy, practical stroke of a stranger who handled the oars, preparations were made to receive him.

Old Ben having in mind the threat against his scalp, and having nothing at hand with which to "fill his ole hide chuck full o' perforated holes," hastily collected a half dozen fair sized boulders lying at the edge of the water and as they came within casting distance these were heaved with a precision that dropped them at quick intervals close alongside the boat, and as he could not get out of the way "Ole Stub-an'-twist" was treated to a shower bath, somewhat to his disgust and the astonishment of the boatman who was perhaps not used to this new style of welcome.

When the boat was pulled up and relieved of its load of "Knots," his old comrades surrounded him and he was put through a course of hand shaking, and kicks and cuffs that fairly knocked the breath out of him, and it was not until he had removed the tompon from the muzzle of his (pocket) pistol and fired a shot straight down brother Muller's throat that a truce was called. The missile, however, had no other effect on brother M. than to produce a temporary aberration of mind; it would require a whole battery of this sort of ordnance to lay him out. Verily the ways of welcoming a comrade to camp are divers and various.

The flurry of the first salutation over, the well beloved old "Kingfisher" was presented to the girls, strangers to him except Kit and Mother Jim, the reception was over and the camp resumed its wonted serenity.

But the countenance of Knots was a sight to behold. Instead of waiting at Traverse City for the afternoon boat, and coming in by Sutton's Bay and arriving in camp about 5 o'clock as we had expected, he had started with the boatman Meade, and came overland in an open vehicle to the saw-mill, and from there down the lake in a light yawl, slipping up on us about 10 in the forenoon. Built on the thin-skinned, light blonde order of architecture, the sun "had a skunner agin him," and had poured its rays down on him with such "sarchin' fervidness," assisted by the reflection from the water, that his face was the exact color of a freshly boiled lobster, and shone with the refulgence of a newly varnished red wagon. His face and the backs of his hands, which were in a similar fix, were quite painful for a time, but a few applications of a sunburn lotion and some fresh cream brought relief, and in a day or two Knots was himself again. But to day he had enough of the sun without trying the lake in an open boat for a fish or two, preferring to loaf around camp in the shade, doctor his burns and rest, that he might be fresh for a fair start in the morning. There was no fishing that day till the famous dinner had been disposed of and the shadows had begun to creep and lengthen out over the water along shore, the dinner having such a soporific effect that in half an hour after the big pudding pan had been scraped of its last spoonful, more than half the camp were in a sound nap, and the others too lazy and "triflin'" to draw a full breath. There was "some tall braggin'" as Ben said, over the dinner, that made the girls feel quite stuck up at the part they had taken in preparing it, but as I am writing this where none of them can get at me to pull my hair, I may venture, with a shaky conviction that I am raising a breeze about my ears, that to the philosopher's care and watchfulness in seeing that everything was not burned to a cinder, was mainly due the success of that feast.

Toward evening the spirit moved old Dan and Ben to take a boat and pull down the lake to the first point, and as the sun went down they returned with fish enough for breakfast, for which they received credit marks as being the only two in camp with energy enough left to lift an oar or wield a rod, even in the shadows of the departing day. But the night brought cooler air and refreshing sleep and we were out betimes in the morning sniffing the grateful odors of the woods and laying plans for the day's sport.

We had promised Knots a trout supper for his first day in camp, but his untimely coming in on us and the demonstrations attending it, and the big dinner, and the broiling sun of the previous day had combined to knock out of joint the trip Ben and I had planned up Maybert's Creek.

To-day, however, trout must be had, and Knots was invited to join in the intended slaughter of the innocents, but he is noted for two things, his bump of caution in unraveling the mysteries of an unsupported fish story, and a rooted belief that unwonted physical exercise is not good for the general system, and these two "leadin' traits o' character" moved him to ask about the lay of the stream, the density of the "bresh" along its banks, the probable number of logs and fallen trees he would be called on to straddle or crawl under to the estimated lineal rod, the lowest figure we could set on the number of skeeters to the square foot that would be lying in ambush for him at every kink of the stream thirsting for his gore, etc., and when all had been answered to his satisfaction he straightway made preparations to go out with Jim for a day's plain bass fishing, as trout fishing was a little too rich for his blood. We wished for old Dick, right there, that he might lay him out with one or two of his big, six-jointed, "side-achin'" words.

Here was an old veteran—who had faced the music in the trenches before Vicksburg and a half a score of other places where bullets were thick as mosquitoes in the tangles along Cedar River, who had earned his shoulder straps by three honorable wounds—flaunting the white feather right in the face of the enemy. And he had come up to see us with the especial purpose in view of this time having a few days' trout, but it may be noted that the "Ole Stub-an'-twist" has been promising himself the treat of a day with the trout wherever we have made a camp for the past five or six years, and goes always supplied with a half of the most elaborate and killing flies (with which he "hes heaps o' fun with the sunfish an' goggle eyes), but when it has come to a serious consideration of a trip up the Cedar, Cold Brook, or other stream of like possibilities, his courage has, as Dick says, "almost always invariably" oozed out, and he has gone back to the easier and more comfortable kind of sport—plain bass and pickerel fishing from a boat.

Knots has yet his first trout to take, and if that particular trout lives till Knots catches him, I have a notion he will be a toothless centenarian with an inch of moss on his back and his frame covered with barnacles.

Ben lit the brier root, filled a small minnow bucket with lunch, and when I had placed the rods and bait boxes in the boat we made a bee line for the log road across the lake and Maybert's Creek, leaving the others to divide up and go a fishing or stay in camp as the spirit might move them.

Our trip up the creek netted us over forty trout of fair size, besides the little fellows that we returned to the water

to help swell the count of the first dude that might chance on the stream. The skeeters bit even better than the trout, but Ben affirmed, after his fashion, that "skeeter bites was a cussed sight more unsatisfyin' than trout bites," and we were glad to get out to the road and back to the boat while the sun was yet a couple of hours above the hills.

A hundred yards from where we had left the boat the old road passed through an open spot of an acre or two, on which grew scattered patches of low, scrubby raspberry bushes, loaded with luscious red berries, and while we stopped to pick a few of the most tempting, Ben disturbed a speckled frog in his meditations, and after a fine piece of strategy he was "surrounded" and transferred to the minnow bucket. Beating around through the bushes we "skeered 'em up," as Ben said, every few feet, and in a short time we had the bucket nearly half full of the "speckled beauties" (new name just dug up for this species of batrachian for "old priority" to scratch his head over), and then we tried to figure out what attracted them so far from the water, away out here in a raspberry patch, where there was little grass and plenty of hot dry sand. Could it be that they had a "fruity tooth" and resorted here to satisfy its craving by scooping in a berry at every flying leap at the low bushes, or did they come after the bees and flies and the various kinds of winged and wingless bugs that infested the patch? We gave it up, and we didn't have sense enough to open one of them to see what manner of sustenance he had concealed about his person, or at least we didn't think of it; and this "didn't think of it" is about the main reason why so many of us go blundering through the woods without seeing or learning anything that we can turn to account as a benefit to ourselves or others. But every one cannot be a John Burroughs—may his eye never grow dim nor his pen lose its charm.

The little raspberry patch was a mine of comfort to us, for any day that we ran short of bait we could pull across and in a short time "hive" three or four dozen of the choicest speckled frogs, and the supply held out well on to the breaking up of camp.

Back in the boat again we changed our trout hooks and snells for bass hooks on gimp, and pulling out to the belt of bulrushes, spent an hour in some fair sport with the bass and long-snouts, and then across to camp, hurried a trifle, doubtless, by a vigorous tattoo on the bottom of a frying pan in the hands of the philosopher as a signal for supper.

Knots and Jim came in soon after we got to camp, a little disappointed over their string of fish, but they had passed a pleasant day in old time companionship, and they looked as contented, as Ben made it out, "as a small boy with a pocket full o' marv'ls an' a bran new kite."

Supper over, the camp-fire was started on the same old pile of ashes, and after entertaining the mosquitoes and gnats for a couple of hours and talking little "Top into the land o' nod, the council broke up and we went to bed with the plans all mapped out for the morrow's campaign. KINGFISHER.

NEW JERSEY NOTES.—The Newark *Call*, June 13, reports: Budd's Lake, in Morris county, is one of the prettiest bodies of water in the State. It is only one and a half miles long and less than a mile wide, but it is surrounded by beautiful scenery, is clear and generally calm and moreover teems with fish. Bass, perch and pickerel abound and are easily caught. The bass are chiefly small-mouthed, and it is said that this variety are more numerous and much larger in this lake than in any other New Jersey waters. Large-mouthed bass were placed in the lake last year by the Fish Commission, and a one-pound specimen was recently caught by Mr. Kazner, of Jersey City. A pickerel weighing four and a half pounds, was taken through the ice last winter. Two Newark anglers fished at the lake last week, and among other fish caught a four-pound small mouthed bass in minnow casting. The fish was caught among the lily pads with an eight-ounce fly-rod, and the angler risked his rod in snubbing the frisky captive as quickly as possible and playing him to and fro as close as possible to the boat. At the end of three minutes the fish was almost ready to hand in, but just at this critical moment the reel fell from the rod and sank into the water. He gripped the line against the rod and held the fish away from the boat, while his companion recovered the reel by pulling on the line until the spool was empty. Then putting it back in the reel seat, he wound up the slack line and said "Go ahead." The fish had meanwhile recovered his strength and was exploring the duck-weeds and lily pads, but he was safely boated and brought to Newark. The Forrest House at the lake was opened yesterday and several Newark families are booked for the season. Others have engaged accommodation at Budd's farm house. . . . Sheephead are biting at Barnegat, and the bluefish season at the inlet has fairly opened. Weakfish are being netted in enormous quantities, but are not taking bait with avidity. . . . The excursions to the Fishing Banks by the steamer Joanna will commence to-day and continue every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday until further notice. The Joanna has been greatly improved since last season. The boat leaves Ripley's dock at 8:30. . . . Mr. John C. Roe, of Paterson, now stopping at the Lakeside House, Greenwood Lake, caught 106 fish Wednesday along the lower west shore of the lake. In his catch were 37 bass and 63 pickerel. Mr. George Wilson took 63 bass and pickerel on the same day. Thomas Garrison, the guide at Lakeside, caught 17 large-mouth bass in skittering on Wednesday night, and Senator Griggs and his son had excellent success in fly and minnow casting. Messrs. Samuel and Albert Schoch were at the Fuller House Tuesday and Wednesday, and had fine sport in pickerel fishing, under the care of the veteran oarsman, Bob Terhune. They also caught a few bass. Henry Folsom, of Orange, who was also stopping with Fuller, caught a large-mouth weighing 64 pounds, and F. Knowland a 34 pounder, with thirty other small-mouths. . . . Black bass fishing has been pursued with but little success is the Raritan river at Bound Brook and East Millstone. . . . Fishing is reported to be very good now at Somers Point. Many sheephead, drum and weakfish are being caught with hook and line. While fishing with a net one day last week Silas Boyle, of Somers Point, caught two sheephead, a large drum and five hundred pounds of weakfish in one haul. . . . A correspondent writes: "Seeing in the *Call* last Sunday what strings of perch were caught at Green Pond, Mr. J. B. Merrill and Mr. J. R. Sutton, of Morristown, went up Thursday afternoon and fished in the evening and early in the morning with great success. If anybody wants to catch fish I know of no place where they will be sure of getting the number they will there. There is a nice hotel, but it is so fixed in the landlord's lease—he cannot keep fishermen nor hire out any boats. Visitors have to go to a Mr. Clark, who will give the best accommodation he can in an old log house, but everything is very clean and charges very low."

LANDLOCKED SALMON IN THE MADAWASKA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first landlocked salmon known to have been taken in this river was captured at this place a few evenings since in a dip-net that was taking whitefish. This fish is undoubtedly one of the 50,000 fry placed six years ago by order of the Ottawa Government in Temiscanata Lake, the head of Madawaska River, twenty-two miles distant. Five thousand were placed at the same time in Baker Lake. The size of this fish (8 pounds) shows these waters to be favorable. Temiscanata has long been the favorite resort of a few sportsmen for its splendid trout fishing. Doubtless many salmon have been taken there in the past; if so, the fact has been kept very quiet. Sportsmen can find a hotel, guides and boats at the lake, and many routes may here be taken on streams with plenty of trout and large game. Edmondston is the terminus of the New Brunswick Railway. From here the route is by team twenty-six miles up the Madawaska, a fine drive amid beautiful scenes. P. A. Babin, Esq., of the Babin House, this place, will answer inquiries.—WARFIELD (Edmondston, Madawaska county, N. B., June 7).

HOW TO CAST A FLY.—Paterson, N. J., June 11.—Will some of your readers kindly explain how a fly is tied? I have consulted various angling books as to fly-tying but could not comprehend them. In these books fly tying and casting the fly are so treated that it only explains the author's method, taking it for granted that you know something about the subject. The only comprehensive article on fly-casting that has been my good fortune to read appeared in the *FOREST AND STREAM* May 8; through the medium of this article and the help of a coach I learned to cast a fly to my own satisfaction.—G. A. M.

MINNESOTA FISHING.—Pillsbury, Minn.—During the past month fly-fishing in our many lakes has been exceptionally fine. Large catches and large fish have been the rule. I went out last Wednesday in company with W. L. Hall and O. M. Langly, of Wadena. We left my house at 1:30 P. M., returned before dark, and brought in 101 pounds of fish, mostly wall-eyed pike. We practiced still-fishing, using minnows for bait. Excellent reports are brought in from Long Lake, Big Swan and other noted resorts.—J. F. LOCKE.

AN INTERNATIONAL PLEASANTY.—Mr. Billy Florence, the justly celebrated and world-renowned actor, is a guest at the Windsor Hotel. He is on his way to the Ristigouche for a month's salmon fishing. He was seen by a friend buying a spade in the city, and on being asked the cause he said he was going to test the right of the Canadians to prevent a free American citizen digging his own bait! We wish our genial friend a pleasant trip.—*Montreal Herald*.

SHAD IN THE OHIO.—New Albany, Ind., June 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Did the U. S. Fish Commission place any shad in the Ohio River or its tributaries? For several years the net and seine fishermen here have taken a few shad occasionally and this season a number have been on the market. Fishermen and others pronounce them Potomac shad. If they are how did they get here?—JAP. [The U. S. Fish Commission has for several years stocked the Ohio and its tributaries with shad.]

ROUSE'S POINT.—A picturesque and pleasant resort for anglers, within easy reach of New York, is Rouse's Point, on Lake Champlain. Here is combined the pleasure of good fishing, black bass, pike, pickerel, etc., being abundant, with comfortable living at the hotel, located on the western shore of the lake. See advertisement in other columns.

OSAKIS, MINN., May 29.—Pike are now biting nicely in the lake, thirty to fifty being caught to a line in an afternoon. Bass are also beginning to bite. Redheads and blue-bills are nesting in good numbers here this season. The chicken crop also promises good.—S. W. S.

SHRINKAGE OF WEIGHT.—Bridgeton, N. J.—A drumfish weighed sixty hours after capture eighty-four pounds. What was its approximate weight when landed?—F. S. J. C. [Probably ninety to ninety-five pounds, according to the state of the atmosphere.]

So easy to row with Allen's bow-facers. Catalogue free. Oars complete, \$8 per pair. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Advt.*

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

L. M.—Reference to the dictionary will show you that falcon is pronounced faw-ku.

E. E. A.—You can procure steel traps from any of the dealers in sportsmen's goods in this city. Write them for what you wish.

G. D. S., New York.—I have some 12-gauge paper shells which have been made for more than a year. Do you think it dangerous to use them? Ans. Not if loaded with black powder.

FRANK.—See notice of Chateaufort Lake in our last issue. That will probably furnish a satisfactory reply to your inquiry. For flies consult "Millard's" "Days With the Barmecide Club" in this issue.

F. S., Toronto.—Can you tell what bait to use for trolling for maske-longe? Ans. If you use live bait a sucker or chub is best, the former preferred because it lives longer when trolled. If dead fish are used on a gang of hooks either fish mentioned will do.

Mosquito.—For protection against insects use the preparation recommended by "Nessmuk" ("Woodcraft," page 23), which is as follows: Emsen tar, 3 ounces; castor oil, 2 ounces; oil of pennyroyal, 1 ounce. Smear together over slow fire and bottle for use. Rub it on thoroughly.

LEW WILLOW, Arkansas.—Do you require correspondents to sign their real name after they have written for you long enough so that you know who they are? Ans. It is often a convenience to us if the proper address be given, even by those correspondents with whose pseudonyms we are quite familiar.

J. R., Milwaukee.—1. Is it safe to shoot an English stub twist barrel with live drams of powder, weight of gun nine pounds, twelve-gauge? 2. Don't the choke of a gun wear away faster in a stub twist than in a Damascus barrel? 3. Is the gun as good as any other American make? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. No material difference. 3. Yes.

J. S., St. Paul.—1. Please let me know in your next issue where I can get a book on rules for dog fighting? 2. What is the best book on chicken dog training? Ans. 1. That is a subject on which we possess no information. 2. For training field dogs, Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking" is the best thing in print. We can supply it, price \$1.

N. S. G. C., Brooklyn.—In a sweepstake shoot, five entries, miss and out, two prizes, one drops out in first round, the second on the third round and the third on the fifth round, only two remaining in the shoot; who are entitled to the stakes? Ans. If fourth and fifth shooters have scored five each, they may agree to divide the prizes, otherwise they must shoot for first and second.

M. Hamilton, Ont.—I intend in July spending a couple of weeks in the north trout fishing. Very large trout are caught and I want to cure some specimens to bring home for exhibition. Can you give me a recipe for drying or curing them? Last year I caught speckled trout over six pounds in weight. Ans. Split the fish on the back and take out the back bone. Salt them well on the flesh side and put them on racks to dry in the sun or put a fire under them. Keep them dry.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

SMELT HATCHING.

BY FRED MATHER.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

AT the last meeting of this society I read a paper on "Hatching Smelt," giving the details of my first experiments, and stating at the same time that but little had been done with the eggs of this fish and that the literature of its culture was very limited. I have continued these experiments the present year and have but little to add to what I have before said. The eggs of the smelt are the most unsatisfactory of any fish eggs I have ever handled. Their glutinous character and small size forbids the separation of the dead from the living by the automatic jars or by hand picking, consequently they decay and become foul.

We have this year at the Cold Spring Harbor station of the N. Y. Fish Commission placed them upon the straw coverings of wine bottles, hung in ponds and also placed them in the hatchery in running water. Others were put on tin pans hung in the ponds and in the McDonald jars, under several different conditions; one of these was to place the newly taken eggs in a jar and by slowly rotating it to leave a covering of eggs all around the inside. Another mode was to put them in the jars and give them a strong circulation of water to prevent their adhering in masses as much as possible. The third method was to give a jar a very slight circulation and let them mass together.

The eggs exposed to light on the straw and tin pans in the open ponds out of doors were soon covered with fungus and did the worst of all, although a few hatched.

The first eggs obtained this year were obtained on Feb. 25, to the number of 400,000. Some of these were placed upon the straw coverings, referred to above, and others were put in jars, the main portion being thus deposited. Both these lots began to hatch on April 5, forty days after, and when I last saw them, on April 9, there were perhaps 10,000 already hatched; while the other eggs, taken on the same day and subjected to the same treatment, looked as though they would not hatch for four or five days yet. At this same date (April 9) a lot of eggs taken on March 6, nine days after the former lot, had already begun hatching. This seems to me to be a very wide margin of time for eggs which only take from thirty to forty days to hatch. The time occupied in hatching this year exceeds that of last season on account of the severe cold weather we have had throughout March. The eggs which were taken in thin layers on the inside of the glass jars by rotating, as above described, have done very badly. The others are doing fairly well, for smelt eggs.

I sent Mr. F. N. Clark some eggs this year, cautioning him not to throw them away no matter how badly they looked on the outside, how much fungus there might be there, nor how foul an odor might arise from them. At the same time I had fears that he might do this; for in our experiments we have found that the decaying eggs on the outside masses were so foul that nothing but previous experience could have convinced us that any good could have come from the inside of such a mass.

After looking the eggs over carefully I came to the conclusion that it was a possible thing that the outside eggs died because they were exposed to the light, and made an attempt to get more in order to test this theory, but we were unable to obtain them. I had arranged to divide the next lot of eggs into two portions; putting both into jars which were covered to exclude the light, and gave one a strong and the other a feeble circulation of water to test this method, which I shall do next year if the opportunity offers, for so far our work with smelt has not proved completely satisfactory. We can hatch forty or fifty per cent, and as each little adult smelt has from thirty to forty thousand eggs we actually get a great number of young fish, but we don't begin to get the percentages of fry that we do in operating with the salmon, the trout and the whitefish. I believe that we will reach this result by continued experiment; and it is one of those interesting questions which stimulate a worker to try and discover the cause of this great mortality.

When we remember the fact that a smelt goes up in swift brooks and deposits its eggs on stones, it is hard to believe that the eggs require a feeble circulation, as was suggested by my friend, the late Professor Rice. I have never had the opportunity to examine a stream after the smelt had finished spawning, and see exactly how these eggs were deposited in a state of nature. But the very fact that a little fish bears such a great quantity of eggs within it, shows that nature has provided for a great loss at some portion of the life of the young, either in the egg or afterward. Their exceedingly minute size when hatched, perhaps a quarter of an inch in length and of the diameter of a thread of No. 30 sewing cotton, renders them subject to be preyed upon by exceedingly small fishes, and an ordinary brook trout, when first beginning to feed, could probably accommodate half a dozen young smelts just from the egg in its stomach without inconvenience to itself. The young can swim as soon as they are hatched, and we confine them with brass wire cloth, No. 30 mesh.

Mr. Carman, who supplies me with smelts from Brookhaven, L. I., wrote on April 3, that he had taken a few more spawners, the last of the season, and we sent for them immediately; but before the arrival of the can, the fish had spawned, therefore we can place the extreme limits of their spawning season on his stream, this year, at February 25 and April 3. Some two weeks before the first-mentioned date, Mr. Blackford obtained some smelts from Long Island which were full of spawn, and I sent a man down there for more, but we failed to get any that were ripe. The fish which came to market had eggs extruding from their dead bodies; probably caused by handling and the jolting of the railway on their journey to the market. It is proposed this year, at the suggestion of Gen. R. U. Sherman, of the New York Commission, to plant a few in the Adirondack waters and see if they cannot be established there as they have been in the fresh waters of Vermont; and the result of this experiment will be watched with great interest.

I have spoken of the egg of the smelt as "glutinous," but "adhesive" would be a better term. On one side of the egg there is a filmy appendage which is the means of attachment to whatever it comes in contact with, and under the microscope it appears like an empty egg shell folded over and attached to one side of the egg only, while the other side is clean and round.

MR. CLARK—Mr. Chairman, I would say in regard to the eggs that Mr. Mather sent me at Northville that I found them in just the condition that he said I probably would. The first glance would give to a fish culturist the idea that of course they were all bad; but upon further examination, when you dig into them, you find that there is a small percentage of them that are good. I should say of those eggs that were sent to us about 15 to 20 per cent. were good. While Mr. Mather was reading his paper a thought occurred to me, and in the recital of his different experiments I listened to hear him say that he had tried one way, which he did not. About seven years ago, I think it was, I was at Gloucester, Mass., at the first time they were handling the cod for the United States Fish Commission. Among other experiments which Professor Baird tried was that of taking eggs of the Labrador herring, which are adhesive. They stick solid, and I tried a great many different experiments in taking eggs, and one of the ways was taking them on glass, which I found to be the best; and I think if a person is going to take adhesive eggs of

any kind and let them stick to anything, he will find glass the best of anything. At that time I made a box for hatching on glass. It was a small trough, with places in the side for the glass to slide down. One glass went to the bottom and the top was half an inch under water. The next glass stood half an inch above the water, like that so on down through, keeping the eggs that stuck to the glass on the side toward the water, so that the water passed up right by the eggs, and in that way we succeeded in hatching a better percentage than in any other way. I should think it would be well to try experiments with the smelt the same as they do with the wall-eyed pike, which I think Mr. Nevins and others have tried. I have, and I think the Michigan Commission has tried the same thing.

MR. MATHER—Mr. President, I would say in connection with what Mr. Clark has said that I had read very carefully his experiments with the herring and thought that his arrangement of glass slides was an excellent thing. As I understand it, that is for hatching in troughs, we have put them on the inside of a jar, as I have described, keeping it whirling and letting them adhere on a thin layer. I have now a theory, which of course remains to be proved, that it is the light that is fatal, because we find where those eggs adhere in masses, perhaps the size of a hickory nut or larger, that all the outside eggs become bad after a while and are covered with fungus, but you take hold of this mass and break it open and you will find the little fellow inside there all right, protected not only from the action of the light, but from the water. I don't understand how water can get into this mass. If I had been going to hatch them in troughs I should certainly have used the apparatus that Mr. Clark devised, and which I think is an exceedingly good thing for that mode of hatching.

MR. BISSELL—I would like to say a word about that smelt business. If it is the light that affects the eggs of the smelt, would not the light affect them in the natural conditions in a small stream? May it not rather, or more likely be, the motion of the water? I have been told by our men in the Michigan Fish Commission that one of the reasons that brook trout eggs cannot be handled successfully in the jars is that they have too much motion. Mr. Marks told me the other day when I proposed that during the first stages of handling the trout eggs they might be put into the jars and run in great numbers, and then as the bad eggs were worked off, place them upon trays and hatch them there—he said no, that would not answer, because if they had too violent a motion of the water it would addle the eggs. He said that had been proved by experiment. It seems to me that is much more likely to be the cause of it than the action of the light, particularly at the season of the year when the eggs are cast.

MR. MATHER—As regards brook trout in jars, no doubt the violent motion would be injurious to them, but where you have a little stop cock you can turn that and you can give them as much or as little motion as you like, and you can have a flow. The trouble in hatching trout in jars begins after you have got them hatched and they lie down in masses on each other and smother.

MR. CLARK—Yes, but the jar is not the thing for handling brook trout.

MR. BISSELL—You must have a good strong current in order to carry them up and float them in the jars.

MR. MATHER—With regard to the smelt eggs, I have never seen the natural stream after the smelt eggs were deposited by the fish. I have been on the ground before the hatching season began, and have seen them take smelts in very swift water, and it is a possible thing that the smelt eggs that are taken and adhere to the top of the stones die, while those which get into the crevices may escape. I don't state it as a fact, I simply state it as a possible thing. They do spawn in tolerably swift water. That I know, for I know the streams where they spawn.

MR. BISSELL—Are they shallow streams?

MR. MATHER—Quite shallow and running over stones. I have seen them in New Jersey pretty well up on the Hackensack River, and I have seen them at Locust Valley on Long Island where they take them, and they are both rapid streams. The stream at Locust Valley is a trout stream, very swift, running very rapid, and the eggs which we took last year on stones and placed in our hatching troughs, where we hatch the brook trout eggs, all came to nothing, that is those in a single layer, but where there were four or five deep we could pick off the top layer of bad eggs and find them good underneath.

MR. CLARK—I would like to ask Mr. Mather a question. What percentage did I understand you to say—that you had forty to fifty per cent. of good eggs?

MR. MATHER—That is about what we have now.

MR. CLARK—Well, Mr. Chairman, I don't think, with any adhesive eggs that were ever hatched, where you leave them to adhere, I don't think there is anybody ever hatched anything better than 40 to 50 per cent. of any kind, and I don't think they ever will. We don't with the herring, and we call it good.

DR. SWENEY—It seems to me that from all the eggs that are supplied in the spawning of these fish whose eggs are glutinous or adhesive, there is a provision of nature that the outer layer of the eggs acts as a protective coat to the inner mass, and as the gas permeates through the tissues and the air reaches the eggs on the principle of displacement, as the internal layer of eggs consumes the air, it is resupplied from the outside, and this putrid mass of eggs on the outside which seems so unproductive, may be in part as a defense also against animals, and is not the experience of Mr. Mather going to show that these eggs that seem to be spoiled on the outside, work no detriment to those within. That may be the principle, that the adhering mass of eggs is a protective coat to the inner stratum. It may be the explanation that the gas or vitalized air from the water reaches the eggs through the outer stratum.

A GOLD MEDAL FOR PROFESSOR BAIRD.

PROFESSOR BAIRD, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, has recently received from the Department of Fish-culture of the Lower Seine, France, a gold medal as an acknowledgment for some valuable sendings of fish ova. The medal was designed by Oudine. On the obverse is represented a female head bonnet with a chaplet of cereals. Legend: "Republique Française." On the reverse is inscribed "M. Spencer F. Baird, Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries," and the legend "Departement de la Seine Inferieure. La Commission de Pisciculture, 30 Novembre, 1885." The medal is about the size of a double eagle. It will be placed on exhibition in the north hall of the National Museum.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.—The last Legislature refused to pass the bill creating the office of Chief of the Game Protectors, which was designed mainly to relieve Commissioner R. U. Sherman, the Secretary of the Board, from the burden of looking after the protectors and doing the drudgery of the Fish Commission, which had somehow fallen upon him. In consequence of the failure of this bill, which Gen. Sherman hoped would remove a load of thankless labor by him gratuitously performed to the shoulders of a paid official, the Commissioners of Fisheries at their last meeting authorized Mr. Sherman to employ a secretary to attend to all the work which falls to such an officer. He named Mr. H. H. Thompson, of Brooklyn, a gentleman well known in angling circles and one who is every way qualified for the place by both knowledge and disposition. The other members of the Board have endorsed the nomination, and we hope that Mr. Thompson will find it convenient to accept the duties.

EVERY pair of Allen's bow-facing oars warranted. Send for little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Adv.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 22.—Eighth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS.

July 30, 21, 22 and 23.—Milwaukee Dog Show. John D. Olcott, Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.

Aug. 21, 23, 25 and 27.—First Annual Dog Show of the Latonia Agricultural Association, Covington, Ky. George H. Hill, Manager, P. O. Box 76, Cincinnati, O.

Sept. 8, 9 and 10.—Hornellsville, N. Y., Dog Show, Farmers' Club Fair. J. O. Fellows, Superintendent, Hornellsville.

Sept. 14, 15, 16 and 17.—First fall dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, secretary, Bergen Point N. J.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3810.

HORNELLVILLE DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have been solicited to give a bench show of dogs in connection with our exposition to be held Sept. 7 to 10. To ascertain definitely whether such a show would be acceptable to the leading dog fanciers of the country or not we addressed personal letters to nearly all of them. Their replies and promises to exhibit have led our board of directors to believe that such a show will be not only acceptable to the breeders, but a grand success for all interested. We shall issue a liberal premium list at once which may be had by addressing

C. W. ROBINSON, Secretary.

We claim the dates Sept. 8, 9, 10 for our dog show to be held here in conjunction with the Farmers' Club fair. Our club is a regularly incorporated institution under the New York State laws, and all premiums will be paid. We will have good classes, good judges, good premiums, good attendants, and exhibitors will not have to run the show, but it will be run for them. J. ORIS FELLOWS, Supt. Dog Show.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y., June 8.

DOG SHOW NOTES.

AS we were busy taking notes along came an individual whose jerky gait and unhappy expression of countenance plainly betokened that something was wrong, in his estimation at least. Halting in front of us he surly demanded: "Which of these dogs won the prize?" Before we could answer him, a young fellow, who appeared to grasp the situation, pointed out as the winner one of the worst specimens in the class and warmly praised it for the many good qualities it possessed, scarcely looking at the animal. Our disgruntled friend exclaimed, "That is the worst specimen in the show by all odds." We then pointed at the winner, when he gave a glance and caustically remarked, "That brute! Why he is a great deal worse than the other, only look at him." Just then a well known fancier passed by, led by a wild-eyed exhibitor who yanked a dog off his bench, and placing him in front of the winner's stall, struck an attitude, the very personification of supreme contempt, and in a withering tone demanded to know if such an outrage was ever known. The fancier glanced at the dog, and in a tone indicative of surprise, said: "Why, your dog is the biggest." "Yes," said the owner, with an impatient gesture, "but the judge didn't see it." "And," continued the fancier, "has the longest tail." "I know it," said the owner, violently swinging his arms, "but why didn't the judge see it?" Stopping down the fancier examined his feet, then looking up with wide open eyes exclaimed, "Why he has got the biggest feet." This capped the climax. Wildly gesticulating and stamping his feet, the irate owner burst out, "I knew it all the time, but the blankety blanked judge never looked at his feet."

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

THE adjourned annual meeting of the American Kennel Club was held at the Hoffman House on June 10. There were present Messrs. J. O. Donner, of the Westminster Kennel Club; C. J. Peshall, New Jersey; G. Edward Osborn, New Haven, and following gentlemen holding proxies: A. P. Vredenburg, Philadelphia; A. C. Wilmerding, Cleveland; A. E. Rendle, Hartford, and J. O. Donner, Pittsburgh. Mr. Donner was called to the chair. The regular order of business was gone through and the following officers elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. Elliot Smith, Westminster Kennel Club, re-elected; First Vice-President, Mr. G. Edward Osborn, New Haven Kennel Club; Second Vice-President, Mr. W. H. Child, Philadelphia Kennel Club; Secretary, Mr. A. P. Vredenburg, New Jersey Kennel Club, re-elected. Upon the proposed amendment to the constitution being adopted, making the office of secretary and treasurer one, Mr. Vredenburg had those dual duties thrust upon him. All the old committees are to hold over.

At the meeting on May 6 Mr. Peshall gave notice that he would offer a resolution at the annual meeting to the effect that no member of a club should officiate as judge at a bench show given by his own club. Mr. Peshall duly offered this resolution, but after a lengthy and general discussion of the subject, he withdrew it.

The committee on credentials reported favorably on the application for admission of the Rhode Island Kennel Club.

The Chicago special prize matter again came up before the club, but only in the way of the committee asking for more time.

Mr. C. J. Peshall was appointed a committee of one to draw up a code of procedure to govern all cases of appeal that may be brought before the club in the future.

A protest was made by the Brooklyn Kennels against the awards in the Miscellaneous classes at the late New York show, on the grounds that the winners were not of recognized breeds. On motion it was referred to the Westminster Kennel Club.

The secretary was instructed to communicate with the two dog registers published in this country with the view of securing control of them in the interest of the A. K. C.

The question as to whether champion light-weight dogs should go into open or champion heavy-weight classes was generally discussed and finally laid over until the next meeting for further consideration.

The committee appointed to investigate as to the wins of which clubs giving shows prior to the establishment of the A. K. C. should be recognized by the club, reported progress. The meeting was adjourned, subject to the call of the President.

THE THREE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND TEN PEDIGREE REGISTERS in the American Kennel Register include interesting, incalculable, inexhaustible and invaluable information indispensable in intelligent in (or out) breeding.

Morgan. Orange tawny, white markings, rough-coated St. Bernard dog whelped March, 1886, by Hermit (A.K.R. 23) out of Nun (A.K.R. 23), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to D. H. Patterson, Cleveland, O.

Tenor. Pug dog, whelped December, 1885, by Young Toby (A.K.R. 473) out of Tantrums (A.K.R. 472), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Miss M. G. Kelsey, Clinton, N. Y.

Meinrad. Orange tawny, perfect white markings, rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped March, 1886, by Hermit (A.K.R. 23) out of Nun (A.K.R. 24), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to A. Smiley, Pittsburg, Pa.

Waverly. Black and fawn collie bitch, whelped Aug. 12, 1883 (A.K.R. 895), by Lothian Kennels, Stepmey, Conn., to W. R. Rathbun, Denver, Col.

Janish. White, with brindle markings, bull bitch, whelped Nov. 25, 1885, by Boz (A.K.R. 445) out of Bellona (A.K.R. 1730), by R. & W. Livingston, New York, to Empire State Kennels, Savannah, Ga.

Miss Blaney. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Jan. 1, 1886, by Glencho out of Fanchon (A.K.R. 1844), by Alex. Kirkland, Tarrytown Heights, N. Y., to Burbank Brothers, same place.

Ben Deray. Black and tan collie dog, whelped Sept. 18, 1885 (A.K.R. 3499), by Tower Grove Collie Kennels, St. Louis, Mo., to Francis Teran, Fort Scott, Kan.

Stephon-Beauty IV. whelp. Sable collie dog, whelped March 19, 1886, by Tower Grove Collie Kennels, St. Louis, Mo., to C. A. Cunningham, same place.

DEATHS.

Governor. Black, tan and white collie dog (A.K.R. 2938), owned by Progressive Kennels, Flatbush, L. I., June 1.

Sensation's Lad. Lemon and white pointer dog (A.K.R. 928), owned by A. P. Vredenburg, Bergen Point, N. J., May 25; killed by cars.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE NEWARK TOURNAMENT.

THE 44th annual festival of the Newark Shooting Society was a great success at the shooting park on South Orange avenue during last week. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday were the shooting days, and except for a tricky wind on the afternoon of the last day, the weather was satisfactory. There was a noticeable gathering of marksmen, a half dozen States were represented and the competition between the muzzle and breechloaders was very brisk indeed. All the shooting was at 200yds, and included the ring and man target, the bulls-eye target and a team match with a half dozen skillful teams in close fight.

The leading match was upon the ring target, shot under the following conditions: Open to all comers, Ring target, possible 75 on 3 shots. Prizes: 1st \$50, 2d \$40, 3d \$30, 4th \$25, 5th \$20, 6th \$18, 7th \$16, 8th \$15, 9th \$14, 10th \$13, 11th \$12, 12th \$11, 13th \$10, 14th \$10, 15th \$9, 16th \$9, 17th \$8, 18th \$8, 19th \$8, 20th \$6, 21st \$5, 22d \$5, 23d \$4, 24th \$4, 25th \$3, 26th \$3, 27th \$3, 28th \$3, 29th \$3, 30th \$3. Premium for best 3 tickets \$10, second best \$7, third best \$5. Each shooter may obtain as many tickets as he pleases, but can obtain but one prize and one premium. The score stood:

Wm Hayes.....	71	69	209	J P Norris.....	66	63	62	191
C Zimmermann.....	70	69	208	Hans.....	64	64	63	191
J Copperrsmith.....	71	69	208	G Schack.....	63	62	61	189
W M Farrow.....	72	67	209	G Schilling.....	64	62	60	186
G Joiner.....	73	67	209	V Stembach.....	68	60		
A Begerow.....	73	66	209	D Beyer.....	68	63		
V. H. Hurler.....	68	67	202	B Zettler.....	68	63		
M Dorrier.....	69	66	201	G Weigman.....	71	66		
H Blatter.....	68	67	205	A Seitz.....	66	62		
T Miller.....	69	66	205	Tayntor.....	65	62		
L T Lyon.....	67	67	200	Vogel.....	67	60		
E Flack.....	68	66	64	C Rein.....	71			
E Holzman.....	66	66	137	J H Brown.....	69			
O B Hull.....	69	65	137	C Gensch.....	64			
P Delahanty.....	67	65	136	A Lober.....	60			
J A Huggins.....	66	64	194	C J Zettler.....	65			
J Schneider.....	65	65	192	C W Karcher.....	65			
Hawks.....	64	64	192	G Froehche.....	61			
Hougrhausen.....	64	64	191	S Pazzini.....	61			

It will be seen from the score that J. Joiner and Begerow were tie for the leading place, with 73 in a possible 75. Farrow next with 72, then Hayes and Copperrsmith, Weigman and Rein with 71 each, followed by Zimmerman with 71, and so on down the list.

On the man target the competition was very close indeed, and the shots made were in many cases almost dead in line. The match was open to all comers, with prizes as follows: 1st \$40, 2d \$30, 3d \$25, 4th \$20, 5th \$18, 6th \$16, 7th \$14, 8th \$12, 9th \$10, 10th \$10, 11th \$9, 12th \$9, 13th \$8, 14th \$8, 15th \$8, 16th \$6, 17th \$5, 18th \$5, 19th \$4, 20th \$4, 21st \$3, 22d \$3, 23d \$2, 24th \$2, 25th \$2. Each shooter may purchase as many tickets as he pleases, but can obtain but one prize. The score stood:

L. Flack 57.	
M. Hayes and C. Zimmermann 56 each.	
W. M. Farrow, A. Lober, G. Joiner and B. Walther 55 each.	
V. Steinbach, F. Wiss and A. Begerow 51 each.	
D. Miller, J. A. Huggins, M. Dorrier, E. Holzman and G. Schilling 53 each.	
O. B. Hull, Hawks and Vogel 52 each.	
P. Miser and Honrighausen 51 each.	
G. Weigman, J. Schneider, C. J. Zettler, G. H. Freche and H. Blatter 50 each.	

At the bulls-eye target with its 4in. circle only counting, there were hundreds of shots fired. For the prizes of \$12, \$8, \$5, \$3 and \$2 in order for the greatest number of bulls made during the meeting, the winners were: Hay's 93, Huggins 82, Copperrsmith 80, Lober 30 and Schilling with 18 bulls respectively. There was much interest during the measuring up of the shots and the rule of the measurer was closely watched. The scale is divided into 40th of an inch, and the shot as near below the number as possible. In this scale, S. Dorrier's leading bulls-eye, which brought him 6th prize, was 26-400 of an inch from center of bull to center of shot, or about 1-16 of an inch. The conditions of the match made it open to all comers. The bulls-eye is 4in. in diameter, placed in a black of 12in., with the following prizes: 1st \$40, 2d \$30, 3d \$25, 4th \$20, 5th \$18, 6th \$16, 7th \$14, 8th \$12, 9th \$10, 10th \$10, 11th \$9, 12th \$9, 13th \$8, 14th \$8, 15th \$8, 16th \$6, 17th \$5, 18th \$5, 19th \$4, 20th \$4, 21st \$3, 22d \$3, 23d \$2, 24th \$2, 25th \$2. Each shooter may purchase as many tickets as he pleases, but can obtain but one prize. The score stood:

David Miller.....	177	70	112	367
J A Huggins.....	129	110	135	375
C J Zettler.....	129	107	147	383
A Vanderhorst.....	63	155		218
Dorrier 28, Gentzsch 98, F. Watts 106, Blatter 113, Karcher 116, Holzman 116, Copperrsmith 119, Farrow 131, Flack 137, J. Schneider 138, A. Begerow 145, J. D. Deleahanty 151, Lober 151, Wm. Klein 150, Ph. Klein 170, Brown 190, B. Zettler 212, Lust 210, Joiner 222, S. Lyon 235, Schack 244, Schilling 201.				

The team match was shot on the afternoon of Tuesday and was most closely fought. It was upon the ring target, making a possible score of 250 per man, under the following conditions: Open to all regularly organized clubs, four men to a team, 10 shots per man, on ring target. Each man must have been a member of the club he shoots with at least three months previous to date of match. Each club may enter as many teams as they may desire, but no shooter can shoot in more than one team. Each team will be awarded a gold medal, to be presented to the member making the highest score. After deducting 10 per cent. of receipts and cost of medals, the balance will be divided *pro rata* according to the number of teams entered.

The scores in this match ran:

First Zettler Team.		Second Newark Team.	
M Dorrier.....	208	I Norris.....	201
C Zimmermann.....	191	J P Delahanty.....	191
A Lober.....	206	G Schack.....	199
W Farrow.....	205	G Weigman.....	199
C G Zettler.....	193	H Blatter.....	196

First Newark Team.

J Copperrsmith.....	209	E Holzman.....	210
A Begerow.....	181	J Schneider.....	193
H Von der Horst.....	160	V Steinbach.....	191
F Waters.....	194	C Ochs.....	183
W Hayes.....	206	B Walther.....	187

Second Zettler Team.

G Joiner.....	206	C W Karcher.....	194
J H Brown.....	201	H Albig.....	193
L Flack.....	189	I Luft.....	179
B Zettler.....	190	H Guenther.....	167
D Miller.....	202	P Meter.....	187

The whole meeting was admirably conducted. The officers being: Shooting Masters, A. Begerow, Wm. Hayes, Shooting Committee, F. Haefel, F. Wiss, G. L. Freche, President, Gottfried Krueger; Secretary, L. Mussehl. Not a few of the marksmen will be in attendance at the Washington shoot of this week, while at the big Springfield shoot in July, the majority of those whose scores are given above may be expected again in lively competition.

HAVERHILL, MASS., RIFLE CLUB, June 12.—Practice match, standard target:

Standard target:										
J F Brown.....	8	10	7	7	9	4	8	8	9	8-78
J P M Green.....	5	5	10	6	5	9	10	6	6	10-73
J Busfield.....	5	6	7	10	6	5	7	5	10	5-60
A Elgerly.....	4	10	7	5	6	8	6	6	7	7-55
W Worthen.....	6	8	10	7	7	6	5	4	10	5-63
E Brown.....	5	10	5	4	4	8	8	8	6	6-62

Telegraph match, 100 yds. Comm. Rifle Club, 6 men:

W D Palmer.....	6	10	7	7	7	4	9	10	77
S E Johnson.....	3	9	6	7	10	6	8	6	78
J F Brown.....	8	9	10	7	7	6	9	5	76
J Busfield.....	9	6	7	7	7	8	9	4	74
W Worthen.....	5	10	7	6	4	6	5	3	56
E Brown.....	6	9	6	7	9	6	9	10	431

Thomaston telegraphed 377.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 11.—The scores made at the rifle range this afternoon included the following at 200yds.

Practice Match.

C Foster.....	28	29	27	84
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Handicap Match.

N Johnson.....	7	6	10	6	5	6	5	7	7	68
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Off-Hand Medal Match.

C W Lyman.....	9	9	6	7	8	7	8	7	10	9	80
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W Morris.....	9	9	6	7	5	7	5	10	5	9	75
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E Cole.....	10	6	8	9	7	5	6	9	5	6	71
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T C Williams.....	10	6	6	10	4	4	9	6	8	5	68
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Rest Match.

C M Henry.....	10	9	8	7	9	10	9	10	9	88
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WILMINGTON, Del., June 8.—Matches were held by the Wilmington Rifle Club this afternoon at Schuetzen Park. First match, Creedmoor target, 200yds. off-hand and prizes divided by score classes.

After deciding ties the prizes were awarded as follows: First to S. J. Newman, second to J. B. Bell, third to U. Fuller and fourth to C. Carleton. The following is the full score out of possible 25 points:

S J Newman.....	4544	22	Charles Heinel, Sr.....	4543	20
Robert Miller.....	4445	21	C Carleton.....	4343	18
J B Bell.....	4534	21	William A. Bacon.....	4343	17
J W Scott.....	4444	21	J E Newman.....	4334	17
U Fuller.....	4444	20	Frank Murray.....	4043	16
William F Seeds.....	4444	20	David Magill.....	3445	16

The second was a ten-shot match, Massachusetts target, 200yds. off-hand and prizes divided among the highest scores. Ties decided, the prizes were awarded as follows: First to Robert Miller, second to Charles Heinel, Sr., third to William F. Seeds, fourth to U. Fuller and fifth to J. B. Bell. The full score is as follows out of possible 130 points:

R. Miller.....	4	10	10	10	10	11	7	12	95
C Heinel, Sr.....	10	9	10	10	10	11	8	8	93
W F Seeds.....	12	6	10	10	8	10	5	10	111
U Fuller.....	10	10	6	10	8	9	11	8	99
J B Bell.....	11	6	8	11	9	10	5	8	86
W A Bacon.....	9	11	8	11	9	10	5	8	79
J E Newman.....	9	5	9	5	7	9	10	10	79
C Carleton.....	6	8	9	7	6	11	8	10	87
S J Newman.....	12	10	7	5	4	6	10	6	111
J W Scott.....	7	4	6	9	8	9	6	9	82
F Murray.....	6	6	7	5	3	4	9	11	98

MASSACHUSETTS RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The annual spring meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association will be held at the range at Walnut Hill, June 17 and 18. It is to be a handicap match 200yds., off-hand, 7 rounds, 4 scores to count, entries unlimited.

The principal prizes are: Boston Herald cup, \$50; gold coin, \$40; gold coin, \$30; oil painting, by A. L. Brackett, \$50; gold coin, \$30; gold coin, \$20; gold coin, \$10; silver medal, \$10. There are also four other prizes of money, Rogers' crowns, engravings, scarf pins, etc., the whole aggregating a money value of \$47. The victory silver medal will be awarded the competitor making the highest aggregate on four scores on this match, without handicap. There will be a rest match, 200yds., any position or rest, any rifle under 10lbs. weight, without telescopic sights and not less than 3lbs. pull. Entries the same as in match 1. The prizes are valued in total at \$75.

BOSTON, June 10.—There was a small attendance of riflemen at the Walnut Hill range to-day. R. Reed made a fine score of 89 and another of 89.

Decimal Off-Hand, 200yds.

BOSTON, June 10.—There was a small attendance of riflemen at the Walnut Hill range to-day. R. Reed made a fine score of 89 and another of 88.

	Decimal Off-Hand, 200yds.									
R Reed, D.....	9	9	10	10	8	10	8	10	8	7—89
J Frances (open sights), C.....	10	10	8	6	10	5	7	9	10	9—84

June 12.—Rifle matches were held at Walnut Hill to-day. The attendance was not large. Mr. Francis Rabbeth made a remarkable score of 98 out of a possible 100, with a Sharp's military rifle. Mr. Fellows scored a fine 87 in the Victory match.

500yds. Military.

Lieut. Grant.....	5545	4555	48	C A Parker.....	3455	4555	44
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M G Witham..... 4553 4454 45 John Quailcut..... 5545 5544 44

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

R Reed, D.....	9	10	10	7	3	10	10	10	88
J B Fellows, D.....	7	8	9	10	10	9	10	9	87
W H Oler, D.....	8	8	6	10	7	6	10	7	83
G B Yenetchi, A.....	5	3	9	10	6	6	4	9	59
H Wittington, C.....	6	10	5	4	7	7	5	9	68
F Carter (mill), D.....	9	6	8	6	10	6	5	3	66
F Carter (mill), B.....	7	5	6	6	5	6	7	3	65

Rest Match.

D L Chase.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	99
J Frances (mill), D.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	98
N Washburn.....	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	9	96
J Hurd, A.....	9	8	9	10	10	10	10	10	95
S Wincerster.....	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	7	104

WILLIAMSTON, Del., June 9.—The regular weekly public rifle matches were held under the management of the Wilmington Rifle Club at Schuetzen Park to-day. First match, Creedmoor target, 200yds., off-hand, prizes by score classes:

C Heinel, Sr.....	5544	22	J Manz, Win.....	4444	20
R Miller, R S.....	4544	22	H A Heinel, Win.....	3444	20
J E Newman, R S.....	4444	21	I W Seeds, Win.....	4354	20
S J Newman, R S.....	4534	21	W A Bacon, R S.....	4343	19
W F Seeds.....	4444	20	H Simpson, R S.....	4443	19
C Heinel, Sr.....	4444	20	H Simpson, R S.....	4443	19

Second Match.—Massachusetts target, 200yds., off-hand, prizes by highest scores:

Charles Heinel, Sr.....	9	10	10	10	11	11	1
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sportsmen, and a member of the Chicago Shooting Club. In winning the prize he killed 20 out of a possible 30 birds at 35 yds. rise. Twenty-eight of the birds fell in consecutive order. There were 15 ties on 14 birds. On the shoot-off at 15 birds Ab Price killed 14 straight, defeating his nearest competitor, McFarland. Price received a breech-loading shotgun and \$75 in cash. There were 19 ties on 13 birds. E. M. Hammond killed his 15 birds in order and defeated William Stahl. He took \$50 in cash and a hunting suit. There were also 19 ties on 12 birds. On the tenth round in the 15 bird shoot-off Pond, Whiting and Weber had light records, and decided to divide fourth money, \$10. This ended the shoot.

Shoot No. 3, a club championship contest, was then commenced. The teams were composed of four members, each of the same club and belonging to the State association, and the shoot was at 10 live birds each man, at 25 yds. rise. Owing to the lateness of the hour the shoot was only partially carried out. The first prize will be a \$100 diamond badge given by the association, and four diamond badges, one to go to each member of the winning team. The score will be given with tomorrow's record.

While the team shoot was in progress the open tournament was commenced. It opened with a contest at ten Peoria blackbirds at 18 yds. rise, free for all. The score stood as follows: Lynde 3, Thursty 7, Lamphire 9, Erb 4, Coppins 8, Cotton 7, Smith 7, Beck 2, Pond 5, Ashley 8, Lowe 6, Still 6, Hayward 6, May 8, Alexander 4, Aiken 5, Sheldon 7, McDuff 8, Woodson 7, Edwards 8, Godfrey 9, Hamburg 7, Wells 6, C. W. Smith 8, Brewer 6, Phillips 1, Shaft 6, B. White 7, Chamberlain 9, Sherman 8, Cook 8, Bellamy 7, Strawn 4, Brown 8, Hill 7, Carter 3, Gillespie 6, Flynn 8, Jones 2 (withdrew), Busnell 3, Caboon 9, J. Brewer 7, Wadsworth 8, Turtie 5, Lewis 5, Briggs 4, Brady 4, Hollister 7, Roneh 7, Lane 8, Henninger 7, Taylor 7, P. Stone 3, W. H. Erb 5, W. C. Smith 8, Farnestock 8, Black 6, Grimes 5, Barnard 6, George Kleinman 7, Beck 7, Orvis 8, Hammond 5, Hamline 7, Franklin 8, Airey 3, Stahl 6, Willard 10, Harbaugh 6, Kimball 8, Jones 4, Berger 7, McCartney 8, Laffin 8, Booth 5, Loyd 6, Peterson 8, Brown 8, Fox 3, Phillips 8, Riley 9, Harris 5, Wilcox 7, Okerhauser 7, Dilg 4, C. W. Smith 8, S. J. Smith 8, As may be seen by the score there were ninety three entries. C. E. Willard took first money, \$10.35. On the shoot-off for second money, \$69.75, J. R. Stice of Jacksonville, won and took the purse. He killed six straight birds. Edwards, Wadsworth, Kimball and Orvis divided third money, \$16.50.

A 6-birds weepstake shoot was then shot. There were 53 entries. Hill, Cook, McDuff and Baudle divided first money, \$18.30; Stice took second money, \$10.92, and third money—\$7.38—was not shot for on account of the lateness of the hour.

June 9.—The State shooting tournament was continued yesterday at Grand Crossing. Now that the open tournament has been commenced a number of faces of well known shooters about the country and some from distant States were noticed among the crack shots. The usual large attendance was present, and much interest is being manifested in the various events. The first event of the day, and probably the most interesting of the whole tournament, was the team shoot. The contest, which was close throughout, was at 10 live pigeons each man at 25 yds. rise. The following score resulted: South End Gun Club—John Palm 7, Geo. Christians 9, J. M. Hutchinson 9, M. J. Eich 9—31.

Decatur Gun Club—C. N. Powers 10, W. C. Smith 10, L. E. Brown 9, L. S. Carter 10—39.

Blue Island Gun Club—G. Hasburg 7, Dr. Brass 9, G. Boeber 7, G. Airy 9—32.

Calumet Gun Club—E. Seyfert 6, J. Thoenig 8, W. Kreuger 10, H. Beer 7—34.

Diana Gun Club—L. Hensler 8, A. Stafford 6, H. Ehlers 8, C. Burmeister 8—30.

Chicago Shooting Club—G. Kleinman 9, W. G. Payson 8, R. B. Organ 8, Abe Kleinman 10—35.

Naperville Gun Club—B. Sherman 10, F. Grimes 5, C. W. Sheldon 9, J. H. Ashley 10—34.

Makawba Gun Club—Charles Kern 8, J. Whiting 9, W. Muzzy 8, T. Wilmarth 9—34.

Auburn Gun Club—W. Goddard 8, J. Shoeling 4, H. Shirling 5, J. M. McCracken 4—31.

Chicago Gun Club—Percy Stone 8, C. H. Roach 5, A. M. Fox 8, E. M. Hammond 8—29.

Harold Gun Club—W. Hartman 8, Metcalf 6, C. W. Fairbanks 5, J. H. Taylor 6—25.

Evansston Gun Club—George Franklin 10, G. Beck 10, J. Smith 7, F. Dilg 9—36.

Havlock Gun Club—J. Auffrey 10, H. Ensch 7, R. J. Lewis 7, R. J. Farris 8—32.

Austin Gun Club—Trail 6, G. Davis 8, W. Cook 8, W. A. Henninger 5—27.

Audubon Gun Club (Chicago)—John Kleinman 10, W. W. Foss 9, C. E. Felton 8, H. F. Orvis 9—36.

Cumberland Gun Club—J. Gardner 9, Geo. Farmer 9, J. A. Snyder 8, W. W. McFarland 8—34.

Lake George Gun Club—J. Brady 9, Jaeger 8, J. F. Phillips 8, R. A. Turtie 10—35.

Geneseo Sporting Club—W. H. Harbaugh 8, T. Laffin 8, W. Stahl 9, B. Sands 10—36.

Forest-r Gun Club—Ed Price 10, G. C. Mosher 9, C. E. Willard 8, Abe Price 9—36.

Audubon Gun Club (Jacksonville)—Dr. Henry 10, C. E. Strawn 7, B. White 7, J. R. Stice 8—32.

Forest City Gun Club—J. N. Buker 8, S. J. Smith 9, G. W. Taylor 7, A. Hutchinson 10—34.

Illinois Valley Gun Club—F. F. Farnestock 8, R. E. Franklin 8, H. Connor 7, J. V. Brun 8—30.

The Decatur Gun Club, of Decatur, Ill., making the highest score—33 birds out of a possible 40—took the diamond badge and will be ranked as the champion team of the State during the coming year. For the second prize, \$65 in cash, there were four contesting clubs, the Evansston, Geneseo, Forester and Audubon. On the fourth shoot-off Audubon was shot out and the prize was divided by the remain ing teams. Teams from the Chicago Shooting Club and the Lake George Sportsmen's Association were out for the third prize, a double shot, breech-loading gun and \$25 in cash. On the shoot-off Lake George dropped out. For the fourth prize—a dozen rubberhead decoys and 2,000 paper shells—South End, Naperville, Makawba, Cumberland and Forest City were tied. Naperville did not show up and on the shoot-off Makawba and Cumberland divided.

Shoot No. 6 followed. It was a contest at 10 blue rock pigeons, 18 yds. rise. There were 31 entries. The score follows: Gillespie 10, Henninger 7, Ashley 8, McDuff 10, Sheldon 8, Wadsworth 8, Denning 6, Meaders 10, Bandle 10, Hill 7, Budd 9, Baker 8, Chamberlain 7, Brewer 7, Still 6, Alexander 7, Twichell 7, Riley 9, Cook 3, Fred Erb 5 (withdrew), Games 8, Sherman 5, Bower 7, Willard 8, Hayward 5, Orvis 6, Cotton 7, Franklin 5, Bellamy 4, Kimball 10, Carter 9, Henry 6. First money, \$76.50, was divided by Gillespie, McDuff, Meaders, Kimball and Teipel. Second money, \$45.90, was treated likewise by Bandle, Budd, Riley and Carter, while \$36.60, the third money, was taken care of by Ashley, Sheldon and Baker after three shoot-offs.

There were 54 entries for shoot No. 8, at 15 blackbirds, 9 singles and 3 pairs, open to all. The score was as follows, the first figure representing the total on singles and the latter on pairs: Bandle 8 4, Teipel 8 6, McDuff 9 5, F. Erb 8 6, Sheldon 8 5, McCartney 5 3, Maystone 4 7, Ashley 6 4, Chamberlain 7 5, Meaders 6 5, Stice 8 6, Willard 5 5, Budd 6 3, Hill 9 5, Farnestock 3 3, O'Leary 6 4, Cotton 6 5, Baker 4 5, Gillespie 9 3, Cummings 4 3, J. E. Riley 8 3, Kimball 7 5, White 8 4, Wadsworth 9 5, Denning 8 4, Carter 7 5, Davis 4 5, Bartholomae 4 3, Edwards 5 5, Sherman 6 3, Sheldon 8 3, Caboon 7 5, Wells 6 5, Barr 5 3, Hunter 4 5, Fuller 4 5, L. E. Brown 9 4, L. Van Vleck 6 1, B. Rock 9 5, Lamphire 12, Hayward 9 4, Stannard 9 4, Gaines 8 5, C. Wilcox 20, Shaft 6 2, Still 7 5, Cook 8 4, Smith 4 3, Lambert 5 1, Twichell 5 5, J. Wilcox 7 3, Riley 4 5, Stacy 7 3. Stice, Wadsworth, Rock, Teipel, McDuff, Hill and Fred Erb divided first money, \$70.20 without a shoot off. Hayward, Stannard, Gaines and Sheldon divided second money, \$52.65. Bandle, Gillespie and Carter took third money, \$35.10; and C. W. Sheldon and Andy Meaders divided fourth money, \$17.55, after a shoot-off.

Then commenced shoot No. 5, for a purse of \$1,000, divided as follows: \$400 to first, \$300 to second, \$200 to third, \$75 to fourth, and \$25 to fifth. The contest was at 12 live birds from five ground traps at 30 yds. rise. English rule to govern. The shoot was begun late late and score will be finished to-morrow.

June 10.—The most interesting and at times exciting shoot in the Illinois State tournament thus far was held to-day. Cheers were frequently heard when a favorite stepped to the score and killed his bird. There was the usual large attendance. The first shoot of the day was a contest at 10 blue rock pigeons at 18 yds. rise, \$5 entrance. There were 31 entries. The score at the close of the shoot stood as follows: Bandle 7, Teipel 8, Carter 9, McDuff 7, Sheldon 8, Wadsworth 7, Irwin 7, Meaders 7, Budd 8, Ashley 8, F. Erb 10, Thursty 9, Hill 9, Caboon 9, B. White 8, Hollister 7, Willard 8, Deming 9, Nathans 6, J. E. Reilly 8, B. Rock 6, Lamphire 7, Stice 10, C. W. Sheldon 10, Shaft 8, Nickerson 5, Badger 6, Gaines 7, Cotton 9, Eaton 8, Franklin 10, Twichell 6, Kimball 9, Gillespie 10. First money, \$75.75, was divided by Gillespie, Stice, Sheldon and Franklin without a shoot-off. Carter, Thursty, Hill, Caboon, Deming, Cotton and Kimball treated likewise second money, \$17.25. After a shoot-off, Budd and Bob White divided third money, \$13.50.

In the meantime, shoot No. 5 on the regular programme, commenced the day previous, was being held. This proved the great shoot of the tournament. The contest was for a purse of \$1,000, and in the main shot alone there were 972 pigeons shot at. The purse was divided as follows: \$400 to first, \$300 to second, \$200 to third,

\$75 to fourth and \$25 to fifth. English rules governed, allowing the use of both barrels. Guns of 12 or smaller gauge were allowed half a yard in the gauge. Others shot at 35 yds. The majority of the birds were well, and many a neat shot was made at a long distance with the new well, always evoking applause. The score stood as follows: Beck 12, J. Wilcox 12, Van Vleck 10, Harbaugh 8, A. Price 12, Felton 11, Carter 12, Starn 12, Stohl 22, McDuff 12, Hill 12, Brady 10, Woodring 12, Brewer 12, Gillespie 12, Wadsworth 11, Thursty 10, Bellamy 7, N. Row 11, Maystone 11, Godfrey 8, Hutchinson 11, Shepard 7, Ehlers 10, McCartney 12, C. Kern 8, Wilmarth 12, Chamberlain 9, Williams 9, B. E. Sheldon 9, B. Rock 12, Orvis 12, Draco 10, Wilcox 9, Abe Kleinman 12, Jaeger 8, Irwin 11, W. Baker 11, Sauds 10, Farmer 10, Elch 10, G. Kleinman 12, Fox 10, Meaders 9, Deming 10, Ashley 9, Nickerson 10, Budd 10, Teipel 10, J. E. Reilly 12, Twichell 8, Willard 7, Hollister 7, Whiting 10, W. Foss 10, Bandle 10, Fred Erb 12, Franklin 11, B. White 10, Hammond 4 (withdrew), Hasdell 9, Badger 8, Shaft 10, J. J. Smith 10, R. E. Franklin 10, W. C. Smith 12, John Kleinman 11, Turtie 11, Dilg 10, Reed 9, Barr 10, Christians 11, Stice 11, J. L. Williams 9, C. Beck 11, Laffin 12, Tucker 9, Muzzy 10, Elliott 10, Cotton 10, Henninger 10. There were 82 entries, and of these 20 made straight scores—Beck, Wilcox, A. Price, Carter, Starn, Stohl, McDuff, Hill, J. G. Riely, Woodring, Brewer, Gillespie, McCartney, G. Kleinman, A. Kleinman, Wilmarth, Orvis, W. C. Smith, Fred Erb and Laffo. Each of the 20 men pulled out his entrance money, \$15, leaving \$30 to be shot for. By the time the sixth shoot-off had been completed all had been shot out except Starn, McDuff, Hill, Reilly, G. Kleinman and Orvis. These divided the \$10. Starn, one of the 6 who made a straight score, was the head, is a cripple, both legs having been cut off in an accident some years ago. There were 12 shooters tied for second money. After a shoot-off the amount was divided by Maystone, Baker, J. Kleinman, Turtie, and Christians. Ties on 10, 9 and 8 were postponed until to-morrow.

June 11.—The first event to-day was the shoot-off to decide third, fourth and fifth moneys in shoot No. 5. There were 27 shooters tied on 10 for third money, \$300. Before the shoot-off each drew out \$5 and shot for the remaining \$65. Rock, White, Thursty and Dilg divided the money, each winning 15 yds. for fourth money, \$75. Each divided the money, each winning 15 yds. for fourth money, \$75. Each took out \$5, and on the shoot-off Ashley and Sheldon took the \$3.

Shoot No. 7 followed, at 10 live birds from 5 ground traps 30 yds. rise, English rules, allowing the use of both barrels. There were 57 entries at \$10 each. As first money amounted to about \$175, the shoot was watched with interest. The score resulted as follows: Farmer 8, Walker 9, Orvis 10, Wilcox 5, Draco 6, Starn 8, J. Williams 9, Riley 9, Thursty 7, Stice 9, G. Kleinman 9, Hill 8, E. B. 10, G. Beck 8, Brewer 2, McDuff 9, B. Badger 9, Woodring 10, Wadsworth 10, Maystone 7, Harbaugh 9, Carter 10, J. C. Carter 9, A. Kleinman 9, Badger 10, Turtie 8, Budd 9, Peterson 4, Gillespie 7, Sheldon 10, Kern 8, Twichell 10, Ashley 10, Deming 10, Stohl 6, Colcord 6, Bandle 8, A. Price 9, Elliott 9, Rock 9, Whiting 9, Christians 9, Elch 9, Reed 8, J. Kleinman 7, Baker 10, White 10, W. W. Foss 7, Bellamy 7, Chamberlain 9, N. Row 2, C. Strawn 10, E. Williams 8, Van Vleck 9, Shaft 6, Franklin 7, Ehlers 1 (withdrew). For first money there were 14 straight scores. They were made by Orvis, Brewer, Woodring, Wadsworth, Carter, Badger, Sheldon, Twichell, Deming, Baker, White, Turtie, Laffin and F. Erb. On the third shoot-off Sheldon, Twichell, Baker, Strawn and Erb remained, and on the next shoot off Sheldon was dropped from the winning ranks. Those remaining divided the \$174. There were 17 ties on 9 birds, and after 9 exciting rounds Stice, G. Kleinman, McCartney, Rock, Elch and Van Vleck divided second money, \$130.50. The ties on 8 and 7 were not shot off. Third money amounts to \$87, and fourth to \$43.50.

June 12.—To-day finished the tournament, the crowd was small, most of the sportsmen having returned to their homes. The first shoot was the tie for third and fourth money in shoot No. 7, which was not finished yesterday. For third money eleven tied. After one round on the tie shoot all dropped out except Farmer, Teipel, Price, and E. Williams, who divided \$87. Eight were tied for fourth money, \$13.50, and this was divided between Maystone, Gillespie and Foss.

Shoot No. 9 was at three pairs of live birds, twenty-one yards rise, from five ground traps; \$5 entrance. There were forty-nine entries, and the tie for third money was not finished. The finish of the first round of the shoot left Starn, Budd, Bandle and Stice, who divided first money, \$8.25. Turtie, Twichell, Teipel, Hill and Sheldon shot out nine others on the tie shoot for second money, \$49.35, and divided. Woodring, Cotton, White and Farmer divided \$32.90, third money.

In shoot No. 10, at seven live birds, there were fifty-four entries. Sixteen tied for first money, \$87.75, which was divided between Rock, Woodring, McDuff, Carter, Sheldon and Thursty, after all others were shot out. On the tie for second money, \$62.65, and after a third, \$33.10, A. B. Wadsworth and Abe Kleinman tied for the Muzzy average medal, each having killed forty-seven out of possible fifty birds. They will shoot off the tie at a future date.

TRENTON, N. J., June 12.—Trenton Gun Club, June 10, Ligowsky clay pigeon 5 traps, 5 yds. apart, all at highest tension, 18 yds. rise. The following score: C. H. Allen.....11011010100110110111-15
J. D. Evans.....01110101111111111111-21
J. M. Allen.....1010100100001001001010-9
Wm. Barvis.....1011101101111111111110-14
C. A. Neale.....1011101010101101000011-13
H. M. Loveless.....1011101010101010101011-15
L. A. Leigh.....101110101010000011101101-12
Wm. Fish.....1110101101010101010100-14
L. Hall.....1110101101010101010100-14
J. Williams.....0110010110101010010111-13
J. M. Allen.....1011101101010101010111-13
C. H. Allen.....1101111111111111111111-21
J. Stradling.....0110101111111111111111-6
Wm. Fish.....1000101010101010101010-3

FLEMINGTON, N. J., June 12.—Flemington Sportsman's Club, at 20 globe flights, 21 yds, one trap, weather fine:

W. A. Cotter.....101101111010101110-13
G. W. Hyde.....1011011011011111111111-18
A. Sheppard.....1110101011111111111111-18
C. G. Harding.....011011101001010010110-10
N. Reed.....1010101111111111111111-16
H. Sydnay.....0111111100100101010110-12
C. Emmons.....10111111010100101111-13

Next shoot July 4.

THE RAUB CLAY DISKS.—Mr. Joseph L. Raub, the inventor of the cardboard disks and the magazine target trap for their use, has carried out his idea a step further, and now offers a target which will break, and so meet the demands of that large class of shooters who like to "see the feathers" fly when they have made a hit. The new target is made of straw, and may be put in the trap now sent out with the straw board markers.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla.—The fifth inter-State tournament, under the auspices of the National Gun Association, will be held at Tallahassee, Fla., June 21, 22 and 23, 1886. There will be team, individual and weepstake shooting at live pigeons, live martins, clay-pigeons, globe flights, etc. Prizes aggregating over \$2,500 in cash, also a diamond badge and two gold medals. Some 2,000 live pigeons have been secured, and a lively time is anticipated. Arrangements have been made for special railroad and hotel rates.—H. A. KLINE.

TOPSHAM, Me., May 31.—Riverside Club shoot, 30 pigeons, blue rocks and bats, 18 yds. rise:

Alexander.....1101111011111111111110-27
Purinton.....0111111111111111111111-28
H. W. Smith.....1011111111111111111110-29
A. Q. Goud.....1011101111111111111111-26
A. E. Hall.....111111110111010100101001-16
S. Strout.....101111110110110110110110-19
C. Goud.....011111111111111111111101-23
Keene.....1111100011111111111100010111-18
York.....1111111111111111111101010101010-17
Carr.....0010101011101010111110101000-13

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., June 1.—The Jefferson City Gun Club had its regular badge shoot at Sportsman Park to-day, at 15 globe flights and new handicap rules of the club:

J. W. Bell.....1011111111111111111111-13
W. A. Moore.....10101011111111111111-11
W. A. Dalmeyer.....1110001101010100-8
W. S. Brotherton.....101111111111111111-10
W. A. Dalmeyer.....01111010001011-8
W. A. Fleming.....001001000101000-5
J. A. Linhardt.....1001111110010100-5
A. Brandenberger.....17 yds.....1011111110010100-4
The badge was won by W. Henry. For the second time, if won again at the next match, it will become his personal property.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 4.—The members of the Capital City Gun Club shot on their grounds to-day at 15 birds each.

31 yds.....1010101010111111-11 Peck.....10100110000000-5
Wagner.....0110101111111111-11 Small.....10101000010000-5
Green.....1110011000111010-9 Hosford.....000010100010000-3
Wilson.....00101011111010-9

SARATOGA, June 4.—The gun club met to-day and made a trial of the new metal birds; they proved to be much more difficult to hit than the clay-birds used heretofore. Following is the score:

W. B. Gage.....1111011010-8 L. G. O'Crane.....0010101110-5
H. M. Livingston, Jr.....10111111-8 A. G. Hall.....0110101000-4
W. A. Coster.....10101111-6 A. L. Henthall.....1000100101-4
W. H. Boakes.....001011010-5

UTICA, June 11.—On Riversmen Park this afternoon, the members of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Club had their first shoot for the president's prize. Following was the score at clay:

W. H. Boakes.....10010111-7 11 10 11 11 11-9-16
O. A. Wheeler.....1011011100-6 00 10 11 01 11-8-12
E. D. Fuller.....101101001-6 10 01 01 10 11-8-12
C. Jones.....1111110001-7 00 00 10 10 10-3-10
W. Beckwith.....1111111100-8 10 11 00 00 01-4-12
A. Christian.....101110101-7 01 10 10 10 10-5-12
M. Brunner.....111010110-7 01 10 10 10 10-5-12
J. Hall.....0110110100-5 09 11 11 11 11-8-13
G. Dexter.....111110101-8 00 00 11 01 11-8-12
H. L. Gates.....10101010-5 01 01 01 10 00-4-9
John Pfeiffer.....01001011-5 11 10 11 00 00-6-11
F. Utter.....101111011-8 11 11 11 00 07-15
E. Smith.....000010101-3 10 10 00 10 11-5-8
G. Fox.....110011010-7 10 00 10 11 10-6-13
F. Fisher.....000000000-1 01 01 00 00 05-6
G. Scott.....110011010-6 01 01 01 11 10-6-12
W. C. Harris.....11011110-8 01 11 01 11 10-7-15
C. Koch.....10001000-3 00 00 10 10 10-2-5
Ties of 15 at four, Utter 2, Harris 2. Second tie, Utter 3, Harris 1.

WELLINGTON, Mass., June 12.—There was a large attendance of gunners and a good many ladies at the regular weekly shoot of the Wellington Gun Club to-day. The event of the day was the final contest for handsome hand-painted vase presented to the club for competition. It was won by Stanton, who broke 78 birds out of 80.

SARATOGA, June 10.—The gun club held a meeting to-day, but on account of the rain only five members were present. The score:

Wm. H. Boakes.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-10
H. M. Livingston, Jr.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-10
Wm. B. Gage.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0
J. W. Colcord.....0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0-5
J. W. Lester.....0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0-5

BROCKTON, June 12.—On the grounds of the Brockton Shooting Club to-day the first prize winners were: 1, five bats; Wilbur and Allen; 2, five clay pigeons; Allen and Bartlett; 3, three pair clay pigeons; Bartlett; 4, five Knoxville blackbirds; Edward and L. Packard; 5, five bats; Wilbur; 6, three pair clay pigeons; Wilbur and L. Packard; 7, seven clay-pigeons; Wilbur; 8, seven bats; Tirrell.

BROOKLYN, June 9.—Good attendance was noticeable on the half-mile track to-day at the start of the third regular shoot of the Fountain Gun Club on their new grounds. Out of 97 birds shot at only 28 got away, the shooters being credited with 69 kills. The score is as follows: Class A.—Dr. Wynn, 29 yds.; 7; C. W. Jones, 27 yds.; 6; L. Duryea, 29 yds.; 6. Class B.—Dr. Leveridge, 24 yds.; 6; H. McLaughlin, 24 yds.; 5; T. Linington, 25 yds.; 5; C. Chappell, 25 yds.; 4; C. Kendall, 24 yds.; 3. Class C.—W. J. Stewart, 24 yds.; 6; Dr. Andrews, 24 yds.; 6; Dr. Monroe, 24 yds.; 5; G. L. Hayes, 24 yds.; 3; J. A. Lake, 24 yds.; 3. Ties—Stewart 3, Andrews 1.

NEW ORLEANS, June 6.—To-day the Crescent and Pelican Gun clubs met at the Lower City Park to shoot a match at 15 double bats. The following is the score:

Crescent Team.....15
Pelican Team.....19
R. W. Colomb.....17
D. Dugazon.....17
R. E. Roman.....21
E. Dickson.....22
Paul Landry.....10
G. Ellis.....16
Eug. Balade.....15
G. Surgenon.....13
D. F. Harrison.....24-102
E. S. DeBlanc.....15-102

The shoot off resulted in favor of the Crescent Gun Club by a majority of 4 birds.

NEW YORK STATE SHOOT.—Rochester, N. Y., June 11.—The annual State shoot has been set down to take place June 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25. Artificial targets will be shot at in all shoots but one, such, at least, is the announced intention of the managers.

FITCHBURG, Mass., June 10.—At the regular meet to-day at the River street range of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club, the following were some of the totals made out of a possible 30 clay-pigeons: A. W. Baker, Jr., 15, W. F. Fox 15, J. I. Converse 10, W. A. Simonds 8, J. F. Lord 6.

WINCHENDON, Mass., June 10.—To-day members of the Winchendon Gun Club went out to their range for their regular meet. Out of a possible 20 clay-pigeons the following totals were made: J. Sutherland, Jr., 18, P. F. Davis 12, A. H. Felch 11, H. Lawrence 10, E. M. Whitney 10, S. F. Hopgood 9, F. E. Mann 8, F. M. Brown 7, A. Laurence 6.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 11.—The Worcester Sportsmen's Club held a two days' tournament this week at Coal Mine Brook Range. On the first day there was a contest for a special prize, a Spencer repeating shotgun. In this contest the targets were 5 clay on regular angles, 4 bats 2 angles and 5 blackbirds. There were 41 entries in this event. H. W. Eager and C. B. Holden both scored full marks. O. R. Dicke, T. G. Stanton, E. Welch, W. L. Davis, W. Dean, E. T. Smith, G. Tishury, A. R. Bowdish, 15 each; M. D. Gilman, F. Eames, C. H. Steery, H. Jourdan, E. W. Mmer, J. Beaudry and E. N. Cummings, each 14; C. Doane, G. Sampson, L. G. White, C. A. Parker, C. M. Stark and L. G. Adams, each 13; N. Folsom, R. P. Riter, G. J. Rugz, J. Nichols and H. Gardner, each 12; E. W. Tinker, Alha Houghton, H. W. Webster and L. R. Hudson, each 11; W. S. Perry, J. B. Tougan, A. B. Franklin, E. Whitaker and Frank Stone, each 10; E. Tolson, M. O. Whittier, G. P. Robinson and G. F. Robinson, each 9. Messrs. H. W. Eager, of Marlborough, and C. B. Holden, of this city, having scored the possible 16, shot off the tie, and Mr. Holden won the gun by breaking 16 straight without missing any. Mr. Eager broke 10 and dropped 3 and then withdrew.

On the second day of the tournament the special contest was for a Forehand and Wadsworth gun. The targets were 15 single clay pigeons, and W. Davis, E. W. Miner and J. B. Tougas tied at 14. H. W. Eager, O. R. Dicke, E. Whitaker, A. R. Bowdish and G. Howe each scored 13. W. S. Perry, T. G. Stanton, G. J. Rugz, E. Welch, G. E. Powers and J. Beaudry each scored 12. G. Graham, F. Eames, C. M. Stark, H. W. Webster, R. P. Rider and E. T. Smith each scored 11. C. B. Holden and E. W. Tinker scored 10 each. C. Doane, M. D. Gilman and L. G. White 9 each and A. B. Franklin 8, with a few smaller scores. In shooting of the tie Davis broke 4 out of 5, Miner 3 and Tougas 2, Mr. Davis winning the gun.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 6.—This morning a number of sportsmen met at the old Lava Beds to try the Cincinnati clay-pigeons. After number of trial shots a sweepstakes was started at five single birds, 15 yds. rise. Four men shot, and Messrs. Frost, Hill and Langton, each 10. A 10 bird sweepstakes was next. Frost honors with four breaks each. A 10 bird sweepstakes was next. Frost honors coming out first with 7, while Langton and Eyre tied for second place with the miserable score of three. Below are the scores:

Langton.....000001110-3 Crandall.....10000000-1
Frost.....000111111-7 Casey.....00101000-2
My

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc. of the clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.



SECRETARY—Dr. C. A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member of the A. C. A., together with the sum of \$3 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the commodore. Money should be sent by registered letter, or money order on Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

FIXTURES.

Mohican Races every Thursday through the season.
 June 25—N. Y. C. C., 2d Race Commodore's Trophy.
 July 2—N. Y. C. C., Trials International Races.
 July 8—W. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Erie.
 July 10—Brooklyn C. C., Paddling Race.
 July 10—N. Y. C. C., 3d Race Commodore's Trophy.
 July 24—N. Y. C. C., 4th Race Commodore's Trophy.
 Aug. 7—N. Y. C. C., 5th Race Commodore's Trophy.
 Aug. 7—Brooklyn C. C., Paddling Race.
 Aug. 21—W. A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.
 Sept. 4—Brooklyn C. C., Paddling Race.
 Sept. 4—N. Y. C. C., International Cup Races.
 Sept. 11—N. Y. C. C., 6th Race Commodore's Trophy.
 Sept. 18—Brooklyn C. C., Sailing Races.
 Sept. 25—Brooklyn C. C., Challenge Cup.
 Oct. 25—N. Y. C. C., 7th Race Commodore's Trophy.
 Oct. 25—N. Y. C. C., Fall Regatta.

MOHICAN C. C. RACES.

THURSDAY, June 3.—Omitted, as many canoes were absent on cruise.

Thursday, June 10.—Seventy-five foot limit, silver badge race. Entries, seniors: Vesper, R. W. Gibson; Marion B., R. S. Oliver; Thetis, P. M. Wackerhagen; Annie O., E. L. Thomas; Juniors: Mermaid, L. J. Prince; Arno, H. C. Cushman; Tarantula, Wm. Wheeler. Canoes reported at starting buoy promptly at 5:30 P. M., but the wind was so light that the race was postponed until next day by the regatta committee. Same entries next day with exception of Vesper, her Captain having been unexpectedly called out of town. Moderate wind from N.W., with flaws and streaks.

The canoes got away in a bunch at 5:45 P. M., flying start. Thetis and Annie O. in lead, Mermaid, Arno and Marion B. in order named. Tarantula broke her main ballast and fell out. Marion B. soon took second place, pushing the Thetis closely for first mile. The latter getting a good flow increased her lead and rounded 1½-mile buoy well ahead, Marion B. second, closely followed by Annie O., then Arno and Mermaid in order named.

The homestretch was a beat to windward with a long and short leg. At the end of first leg Marion B. had made some points to windward of Thetis and bid fair to give her a good taste, but going about her steering gear slipped off leaving her rudder useless. The Annie O. meanwhile sailing very close and with a good slant of wind, managed to avoid going about and took second place.

The captain of the Marion B. with feelings too deep for words took out his paddle and finished the race, steering with it, although it was ticklish business sitting on deck when the flaws came. The finish was made in 40 minutes by Thetis with good lead, Annie O. second, Marion B. third, Arno fourth, Mermaid fifth. The Thetis takes the prize for the best sail in the regatta, and the Arno wins the junior pennant for the same period. Thursday next the June champion race.

ROBERT SHAW OLIVER, Captain M. C. C.

NEW YORK C. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.

THE open roof balcony of the yacht club house at Tompkinsville. S. I. was crowded on Saturday with the members and friends of the New York C. C. gathered to witness the annual spring regatta of the club. The floating club house is now moored beside the yacht club house in an excellent location, and the courses were arranged so as to be in view from both places. The first race, for the Commodore's trophy as well as the regular club prizes, was called at 3 P. M., the course as laid out being around a large ship at anchor off Clifton, then up and around the schooner Danitless, moored off the club house and home, making a beat down against the tide, and a short leg across wind and tide. A good breeze was blowing in from the Narrows, but most of the canoes carried full sail. Just prior to the start the first race was taken in tow by a tug and headed for New York, so the course was changed, a barkentine near by being taken as the first mark. The starters were: Nethia, Com. C. K. Munroe; Sea Bee, C. B. Vaux; Tramp, C. J. Stevens; Mime, E. D. Delavan, Jr.; Siren, R. B. Burchard; Sea Urchin, B. S. Nadal.

Sea Bee went off with a lead at the start, with Tramp and Nethia in chase, the others losing time in getting away. Sea Bee worked short tacks well in shore and was soon far ahead, while the other two sailed very evenly. Off Clifton Tramp missed the mark and returned without completing the course. Sea Bee came down the wind very fast, but failed to turn the last mark, and Nethia took first prize in her maiden race.

The next race was for small canoes, paddling, the starters being Messrs. Vaux, Drake, Paine and Seymour. Mr. Paine paddled a Berthon folding canoe, with mahogany deck, a very compact and handsome boat. Mr. Vaux won, with Mr. Drake second.

In the paddling race for larger canoes, the entries were: Lasata, Mr. G. Foster; Nethia, C. K. Munroe. Lasata won after a close contest.

A sailing race over a short course, three rounds, followed, the entries being: Sea Bee, C. B. Vaux; Tramp, C. J. Stevens; Nethia, C. K. Munroe; Mime, E. D. Delavan, Jr.; Sea Urchin, B. S. Nadal; Siren, R. B. Burchard. Sea Bee led the race and won easily, with Tramp second.

The hand-paddling race proved very amusing, the contestants keeping in their boats, their bodies bent close to the deck, while they paddled with hands only. Mr. Foster won, with Mr. Munroe second.

The last was an upset race between Messrs. Munroe, Paine, Delavan and Foster, won by Com. Munroe. The prizes given were silver flags. Races for the commodore's trophy will be held through the season, and the fall regatta will take place on Oct. 2.

LEND ME FIVE DOLLARS.

THE Hartford *Covant* last Saturday, June 12, had this item: "Yesterday a man calling himself Mansfield, who was boarding at the Allyn House, called upon Dr. Parnelle of the Hartford Canoe Club, and introducing himself, said he was one of a party of Chicago canoeists who were at Windsor Locks waiting to come down here the next day. Making an appointment for the afternoon, he went to Bristol to see Commodore Louis Jones. He showed there a letter from the Boat and Yacht Club of Chicago and he repeated the Windsor Locks story and said he had slept all the night before on the river bank at the Windsor Locks. Immediately he asked Mr. Jones to help him get a check cashed at the bank, but that did not work. Mr. Jones telephoned in to Mr. Davidson, also of the club, and he instituted inquiries which showed that there were no canoeists at Windsor Locks and that the gentleman who said he had slept on the river bank had really slept at the Allyn House. The opinion prevails that he is a swindler and there is a rumor that he is the man who swindled bicyclists in a similar way a while ago. If he is honest he has queer ideas of truth."

Dr. Parnelle sent this item to Mr. C. B. Vaux, of this city. Mr. Vaux had just read it, when in walked a man calling himself Bemis, who represented that he was one of twelve members of the Farragut Boat and Canoe Club, of Chicago, who were stranded down at New Brunswick. He presented the following letter:

THE RICHFIELD, Chicago, June 10.—C. B. Vaux, Esq.—Dear Sir: The Farragut Boat and Canoe Club beg to introduce Henry R. Bemis and his company to this membership. They are making the longest unbroken canoe journey that has been attempted in this country.

There are twelve of them starting. They hope to reach New York in time to enter for your club races. The Farragut Club commends them to your favor. Mr. Bemis, who is our Commodore, will ask for what he wants and introduce you, who are salt-water canoeists, to our fresh-water sailors. Our club would be glad to reciprocate favors you may show our wanderers.—Geo. R. Wright, Pres't.

Mr. Vaux, with the hospitality that distinguishes him, invited the whole kit of the Farraguts to call at the club house; but with the caution which also distinguishes him, he politely refused to loan the needy stranger the ready cash asked for.

Mr. Farragut Mansfield-Bemis is presumably still in distress.

BROOKLYN C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.

SATURDAY, June 5, the third contest for this trophy came off, the holder, Mr. Brokaw, being challenged by the donor, Mr. Budington. An encouraging feature of these contests is the large entry and good positions taken by the younger members of the club, who do not feel unduly handicapped by the sail area carried by some in the open races, and which in this is limited to 75ft. The wind was steady, a good whole sail breeze from the north, the course three miles, triangular, once around the buoy. The following started and crossed the line to a bad start in the order named: Yvonne, Wm. Whitlock; Minx, M. V. Brokaw (holder); Lone Star, C. V. R. Schuyler; Sunbeam, J. F. Newman; Niente, A. R. Dumell; Ganymede, T. B. Budington (challenger). The last two handicapped nearly 70yds. The Guenn, also, was sailed over the course with 75ft. rig by Mr. Sinclair, but owners only being allowed to compete, was not in the race.

The first leg was a run with booms to port. The Yvonne increased her lead slightly, the first buoy being gybed around as follows: Yvonne, Minx, Lone Star, Guenn, Sunbeam, Niente and Ganymede. This last boat being wildered, having broken down through haste in rigging and consequent imperfection in important details, and some queer antics were shown by the Niente but no accident occurred. Yvonne mistook the course, not having ascertained where the buoy lay, a careless error which had fatal result in this case, as the ground thus lost put her third round the second buoy. There Sunbeam showed in front, followed very closely by Minx, Guenn and Lone Star. For the second leg, the boat, home excellent judgment was shown by Minx, who kept on a long lead down the Bay circle of the crowd of yachts which ladies' day at the Atlantic Y. C. attracted, and also held a better wind, the breeze being off shore; she finally scored a win and retains the cup. Yvonne two seconds behind her, and Sunbeam a good third. No time was taken, the course not being measured.

A paddling race followed, of which the following is a summary: Course from the yacht club house to the Y. C. B. buoy, half mile paddling, for a special prize offered by the Ontario Canoe Company, Peterboro, Ont.: A. R. Dumell, Niente, first; A. B. Boyd, Guenn, second; G. P. Weekes, Pagan; C. G. Balmanno, Edna.

Saturday, June 12.—The sailing and paddling record races brought out entries as follows: Sailing, 3 miles, twice round, triangular, 1½-mile course, all Class B canoes: Yvonne, Wm. Whitlock, 95ft.; Lone Star, C. V. R. Schuyler, 70ft.; Ganymede, T. B. Budington, 10ft.; Minx, M. V. Brokaw, 70ft.; Sunbeam, J. F. Newman, 70ft.; Tip Top, R. J. Wilkin, 50ft.; Niente, A. R. Dumell, 60ft.; Kelpie, E. Blake, 60ft.; Edna, C. G. Balmanno, 60ft. To a capital start Yvonne jumped for the lead, but was soon collared and passed by Ganymede. Minx, Lone Star, Sunbeam and the others also fought every inch of the run out. As soon as the first buoy was rounded and the reach began, Minx and Sunbeam came rapidly to the front and at one time were closely pressed by Tip Top, whose rig, small as it was, fairly sent her flying at times. Minx got the best of the turn, although rounding the buoy second, and for a while led Yvonne and the fleet, but now being a windward fight she was soon passed by the new boat, which was not again headed. The second round was uneventful, the race finishing in the following order: Yvonne, Wm. Whitlock, first, 46min.; Minx, M. V. Brokaw; Sunbeam, J. F. Newman; Lone Star, C. V. R. Schuyler; Tip Top, R. J. Wilkin, the others withdrawn.

A paddling race followed; places were taken in the order of the entries below. C. V. R. Schuyler, Lone Star; A. R. Dumell, Niente; R. J. Wilkin, Tip Top; M. V. Brokaw, Minx; J. F. Newman, Sunbeam; W. Whitlock, Edna.

Six boats afterward sailed over to the N. Y. C. C., hoping to see something of their regatta, but arrived too late to do more than exchange greetings and sail back. These trials seem to show that of the smaller boats last year's Sunbeam is the best of the new models; Yvonne is either a failure or more probably is a long way off her proper trim yet and her owner will probably have to rely on the well tried Guenn for competition in the near future. The latter promises in time to be a rattler all round (she is not yet half built), and being a windward, is very fast, free, and a very easy paddler. The new Vespe, the Ganymede, seems very fast at times, but to windward has not yet held her own except in smooth water, in which the new Ideal Evangelical occasionally surprises her detractors. The old Shadow Minx, tumble-home keel and all, has proved that, well handled, very few boats can keep with her and much interest is felt in the trials yet to come off, which it is hoped will in a measure settle the much vexed question of what model is the best all round model and which the best open water canoe. GRINN.

THE MEET AT CALLA SHASTA.

FOR a number of years the Hartford and Springfield canoe clubs have held a joint meet on Decoration Day, one year near Hartford and the alternate year near Springfield. In 1885 the Springfields joined the Hartfords in dedicating their new club house, and the subject of a New England meet, which had been talked of by two or three members of each club, gained a new impetus; since then this spark has constantly grown in size, and during the past winter men from both clubs have been doing their utmost to bring it to a New England meet. This year it was Hartford's turn to go to Springfield and it was decided, by a committee formed of members from both clubs, to invite all the canoeists of New England to join in this encampment, in the hope of eventually making it a New England meet. Circulars were gotten up stating that the Hartford and Springfield clubs would hold a joint meet May 29, 30, 31 and June 1, at Calla Shasta, a grove on the west bank of the Connecticut River, four miles below Springfield, and inviting all canoeists in New England to join them. The Owl started up the river with ten canoes and the pretty little schooner-rigged pilot boat, the property of Mr. Thornton Smith, of New York, who left Smith's Island, off Norwalk, Wednesday morning at 5:30 A. M. under sail for Calla Shasta. He reached Saybrook Wednesday afternoon about 5 o'clock, shipped his boat on board the steamboat and reached Hartford Thursday morning. Mr. Smith and his brother Dr. Ledyard, are expert sailors and genuine and enthusiastic cruisers. The day was fine, the weather warm, and as "Mr. Cotton" had been previously ascertained, the "old station" at the locks had no objection to time to let the party through, and the trip was uneventful. They reached Calla Shasta at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A delegation of Springfield men were on hand to receive them. By sundown more men reached the camp from both clubs, and a jolly time was had around the first camp-fire telling stories and singing songs.

Saturday the tents for visiting canoeists were pitched and camp officers elected. As every canoeist, guest, having been presented with a pretty badge of buff, saved ribbon bearing the words "Calla Shasta 1886," and beneath these, the totems and flags, tastefully arranged, of the Hartford and Springfield Clubs. The H. C. C. and S. C. C. badges were the same as the guest badges, with a small flap of blue ribbon bearing the word "member" and the initials of the club. Saturday night about fifty canoes were drawn up on the beach and double that number of men were gathered around the camp-fire, while Billy the janitor, the jewel of the Springfield Club, lent a weird charm to the fire light with his rhapsodic song, "The Great White Silk Hat." The camp-fire was Billy's especial pride, and it was only on such occasions that he deemed it fitting to wear the plug hat which he kindly donated, as a parting gift, to the Hartford Club at the breaking up of camp. At a meeting held in the pavilion, George L. Parnelle was chosen commodore of the camp and Rev. W. H. Larom, chaplain. The subject of a New England Association

was talked over. A committee of one from each club, and one to represent the unattached canoeists was appointed to consider the best form of organization. They reported that in their opinion the men assembled should form an association, elect the necessary officers and apply to the American Canoe Association, to be admitted as a branch of said Association. The report of the committee was accepted, and the following officers elected: Vice Commodore, Paul Butler, Lowell, Mass.; Rear Commodore, E. H. Barney, Springfield, Mass.; Purser, W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn. The Purser was directed to apply to the American Canoe Association for admission as a branch of that organization.

Sunday morning at half past ten the canoeists, to a man, gathered in the pavilion and the Episcopal service was conducted by Rev. W. H. Larom, of Stafford Springs, many of the canoeists being Episcopals, the responses were hearty and the hymns were rendered by a well chosen choir, a short sermon, much to the point, from 1st Corinthians, Chapter XVI, 13th verse: "Quit you like men," gave the small congregation food for thought. After dinner the time was spent in making new acquaintances and showing the pretty little craft that lay on the beach. A thunder storm drove all inside of the tents for a while, but donning rubber coats, boots and hats, all hands scattered out and gathering in a group, held an indignation meeting about the caterer, the small quantity of food, poorly cooked and served, for which the men were paying so much. It resulted in a visit of the whole crowd to the pavilion, where they told the caterer if things were not improved they should take no more meals with him. Well, the laugh came very near being on them, for the next morning (Monday) the caterer, who had been in the habit of reaching camp about five in the morning, did not put in appearance. Six o'clock came and still no caterer, the boys began to wonder where the breakfast was coming from, as only a few were prepared to cook for themselves. Some went to the farmhouse up the road and made arrangements for the balance of their meals while in camp and others began to cook their own breakfast. It was well on toward 7 o'clock when Mr. Man came and only a few were left to drink his poor coffee and avail themselves of the reduced prices.

Visitors now began to flock into camp, all sorts and kinds of vehicles were pressed into the service, the distance from Springfield being too great to walk. Bicycles and tricycles were everywhere every train to Loug Meadow brought friends, and by the time the races were called a crowd was packed within the grounds. At 8:30 the first event was called, a paddling race, ¼ mile and turn, 7 entries. The first prize was won by E. C. Knapp, of the S. C. A., in the Sylph; second prize by F. D. Walker, also of the S. C. A., in the Pecowick.

Second Event—Tandem Paddling, ¼ mile and Turn.—Four entries. First prize won by C. M. Shedd and C. H. McKnight, S. C. A. Second prize, E. A. Mosely, of Boston, and C. Murphy, of the Sagamore Club, of Salem, Mass., in the Katherine.

Third Event—Hand Paddling, 300yds.—Seven entries. First prize won by J. E. Sowles, of the S. C. A., in the Gluck; second prize, L. Q. Jones, of the H. C. C., in the Venture. As there was not wind enough for the sailing races, they were postponed until afternoon, and the paddling races were substituted.

Fourth Event—Standing Paddling, 400yds.—Five entries. First prize won by C. H. McKnight, S. C. A., in the Idlewild; second prize, F. A. Nickerson, S. C. A., in the Glorie.

Fifth Event—Novice sailing.—Five entries. First prize won by Charles P. Nichols, of the Lowell Club, in the Blanche, time 39min. 55sec.; second prize won by G. B. Riley, of the Winchester Club, in the Sylph, time 46min. 35sec.

Sixth Event (Extra)—Upset Race.—Six entries. First prize won by Thornton Smith, S. I. C. of New York, in the Joc. Mr. Smith had been in a canoe but three times before.

Seventh Event—Consolation Paddling.—Three entries. First prize won by A. W. Dodd, of the H. C. C., in the Charlotte.

Eighth Event—Sailing (No Ballast).—Six entries. First prize won by Q. Jones, of the H. C. C., in the Venture, time 25min. 30sec. Second prize, Paul Butler, of the Lowell Club, in the Blanche, time 30min. 55sec.

The four remaining races, sailing (no limit); sailing (limited area), open sailing and consolation sailing, were postponed for lack of wind, but it is hoped that a meet can be held in the fall, when these races will take place.

At 2 o'clock dinner was announced, and twenty-four sat down to a well filled table set under the trees in Mr. Lester's orchard, while a large number went to the farmhouse of Mr. Clarke. The thanks of all canoeists are due Mr. Lester and his good wife, also farmer Clarke, for their accommodation in feeding such a hungry horde.

Sundown saw the camp free from the day's visitors, and a big camp-fire drew all together for the last time at this meet, Banjo playing and singing by Messrs. Patterson, Shedd and Todd made much fun. Every one was enthusiastic over the bright prospects of the new association, and all looked forward to the meet in the fall as one to be remembered by all. Good-byes were being said on all sides, for many of the members were to leave on the night train, others on the early morning train. The last camp-fire of the Calla Shasta meet was at an end, all seemed to feel the sadness of parting and a quiet night was the result.

Tuesday morning was all bustle and hurry, pulling down tents and getting the canoes under way, and noon saw Calla Shasta shorn of its pretty white foliage. A hurrah! for the new association, and the canoeists, have done to its welfare, work for it and make it what it should be, an association of gentlemen. Q. B.

NOTES FROM LOWELL.—For the annual regatta of the Vesper Boat Club, to hold June 24, but one canoe race, tandem paddling, is announced; but this must not be taken as indicating a lack of canoe interest in the club. Since last season quite a sailing boom had been developed and most of the open paddling canoes, so largely neglected here, have been fitted with one or two sails apiece, some of them pretty large spreads too. Among the new craft added to the navy are a Stevens built, 28-inch sailing canoe with heavy lead keel, owned by John Walsh, and a beautiful 14 6x30 open Peterboro, with sail, just received by Ralph F. Brazer. Several new boats have also been received by unattached canoeists and the New Vamessit Club, organized by Messrs. Rolfe and Huntington, have built a small floating boat house at the foot of the Concord River, where they will keep a number of half a dozen craft. Three of these are creditable home-made canvas canoes of similar model to Vice-Commodore Butler's Blanche, which won two sailing prizes at Calla Shasta. One will have two boards, placed well forward and aft. There will probably be no general Merrimack River meet this year, but the Vesper boys have already taken their usual number of one-day trips on neighboring streams. Several Lowell representatives may be looked for at Grindstone in August, and two of the local brethren contemplate spending next winter canoeing in Florida.—F. H. F.

A MOSQUITO NET FOR CANOE TENTS.—Paterson, N. J., June 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now that cruising is in order I send an idea that I have carried out on my canoe L'Amour in regard to mosquito nets. I place two cords on the inside of my Mosquito tent, one on each side, and run them to end at top and bottom. I have made a small tent of mosquito net about 3ft. long, 1ft. wide, and 2ft. deep and very full at the bottom; four rings are fastened, one at each top corner and the cord on the main tent is slipped through the rings. The canoeist when seated in his canoe can pull the net over his head and fasten to coming or push it forward out of the way. The whole affair can be rolled up with the tent without fear of disarranging it.—A. S. PENNINGTON, Com. Paterson C. C.

CANOE SAILS AND TENTS.—Canoeists who are fitting out for camping will find a full list of all that they need in the new catalogue just issued by F. H. Hemenway, No. 60 South street, New York. Besides tents of the ordinary shapes, which he has long made a specialty of, Mr. Hemenway is now making canoe tents of all kinds, for use ashore or afloat, as well as flags, awnings, and club and private signals. He has lately made the sails for some of the new racing canoes, and proposes to devote special attention to this department. The catalogue contains, among other illustrations, cuts of cots, chairs and other camp goods used by canoeists. It is sent free to any address.

A. C. A. PRIZE FLAGS.—The Regatta Committee have received replies to their circular asking for prize flags for the A. C. A. races, from the following parties, who have promised to have made up the flags: W. B. Gibson, Dr. C. A. Neide, J. H. Rushton, Grant Van Deusen, Mrs. Geo. L. Parnelle, Mrs. R. S. Oliver, Mrs. F. S. Rathbun, Mrs. J. B. McMurich, Mrs. J. L. Weller. In order that there may be no lack of flags we would ask any who are intending to give one or more, to at once inform the committee of the fact, so that we may know what we can depend upon.—J. B. McMurich, Chairman Regatta Committee.

LAKE ST. LOUIS C. C.—The date fixed for the regatta of the Lake St. Louis C. C. this year is Aug. 21, at Lachine. The leading event, of course, is the tandem race for the silver challenge cups in best and best open canoes, open to amateur members of any canoe club in Canada of good standing; in fact, any member of the A. C. A. will find a warm reception from the club if he happens to pass Lachine. Any information can be obtained by writing to Mr. Geo. Auldjo, Lachine, P. Q.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—The following names have been received for membership in the A. C. A.: J. H. Ten Eyck Burt, Cazenovia, N. Y. T. J. Baxter, Boston; H. Tucker, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Don't twist your neck off, but use Allen's bow-facing oars. Little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

There are still many clubs not represented below, and some of the dates in the table are not official. We ask the aid of club secretaries and others in completing and correcting the list:

JUNE.	
19. Hull, Pennant, Hull.	24. Sandy Bay, Pen. Gloucester.
20. S. C. Y. C., Annual.	24. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop.
19. Corinthian, San Francisco.	24. Quaker, Club.
20. Quincy, Club.	27. Great Head, Club, Winthrop.
23. Boston, Cup, City Point.	30. L. Y. R. A., Belleville.
25. Greenwich Pennant, Greenwich.	31. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
26. Sandy Bay, Cup, Final, Squam.	31. Hull, Cruise, Eastward.
26. Corinthian, Cup, Marblehead.	31. Sandy Bay, Ladies', Rockport.
26. Great Head, Cham., Winthrop.	
27. Quaker City, Review & Cruise.	
29. Eastern, Annual, Marblehead.	
JULY.	
3. Knickerbocker Cruise.	2. Sandy Bay, Open, Rockport.
3. Oswego Cruise, Charlotte.	2. L. Y. R. A., Kingston.
3. Hull, Club, Hull.	2. N. Y. Y. C., Annual Cruise.
3. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	2. L. Y. R. A., Oswego.
3. Newark, Cruise.	7. Corinthian, Open, Marblehead
3. Toledo, 2d Pennant Match.	7. Beverly, Club, Mon. Beach.
3-6. Quaker City, Reg. and Cruise.	8. Quaker City, Review.
5. Larchmont, Annual Regatta.	9. Great Head, Club, Winthrop.
5. Boston, Open, City Point.	10. L. Y. R. A., Toronto.
5. Sandy Bay, Open, Squam.	11. Great Head, Ladies, Winthrop.
5. Beverly, Open, Sweepstake, Mon. Beach.	14. Sandy Bay, Club, Squam.
5. Toledo, Pen., Toledo.	14. Hull, Open, Hull.
5 to 6 Interlake Y. R. A. Rendezvous and Race, Detroit.	14. Hull, Open, Hull.
6 to 11, Interlake Y. R. A. Cruise to Put-In Bay.	14. Hull, Open, Hull.
SEPTEMBER.	
8. Great Head, Club, Winthrop.	2. Boston, Cup, City Point.
8. Quincy, Club.	3. Quincy, Club.
10. Great Head, Club, Winthrop.	4. Dorchester, Club, Harrison.
10. Hull, Novelty, Hull.	4. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
10. Corinthian, Club, Marblehead	4. Corinthian, Cham., Marblehead
10. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.	4. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
13. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.	6. Newark, Open.
13. Great Head, Ladies', Winthrop	6. Quaker City, Cup, 2d Class.
14. Hull, Cham., Hull.	6. Great Head, Club, Winthrop.
15-17. Amer. (Steam), Annual.	11. Hull, Cham., Hull.
17. Sandy Bay, Cor., Rockport.	11. Corinthian, Sweepstake, Marblehead.
17 to 25. Knickerbocker, Cruise.	11. Sandy Bay, Sweep, Gloucester
17. Jersey City, Annual.	17. Toledo, Pen., Toledo.
21. Hull, Ladies', Hull.	17. Quaker City, Review & Cruise.
22. Boston, Cup, City Point.	25. Sandy Bay, Club, Rockport.
23. Dorchester, Club, Harrison.	18. Great Head, Club, Winthrop.
24. Beverly, Club, Mon. Beach.	25. Buffalo, Club, Lake Erie.
24. Corinthian, Ladies', Marblehead.	25. Beverly, Club, Nahant.

NEW JERSEY Y. C. 15TH ANNUAL REGATTA.

EXCEPT in the matter of wind, the New Jersey Y. C. were badly served by the weather on Monday, as a northeast storm brought a chill rain with it, making it very unpleasant for the spectators. The race was thrown open to yachts of other clubs, and a number of entries were promised, but only a part of them appeared, both Crocodile and Arab being among the absent. Only 19 of the 33 entries started, and but 12 of these completed the course; a very great pity, considering the number of calm days in the yachting calendar and the brisk northeast breeze that blew on this occasion. All classes started and finished off Bedloe's Island, the catamarans turning Buoy 9 and 16, Class B turned Buoy 11 and 16, Classes C and D Buoy 13 and 16, Class E Buoy 13 only, and Class F rounded Fort Lafayette.

The steamer Blackbird was anchored off Bedloe's Island at 11 A. M., by which time the breeze had freshened so much that most of the boats turned in one or even two reefs. At 11:10 the starting whistle blew, with the handicap at 11:15, the yachts crossing in the following order:

Cyclone.....	11 12 52	Teaser.....	11 17 36
Wayward.....	11 12 53	Nemesis.....	11 18 21
Siren.....	11 13 37	Eggr.....	11 18 16
Truant.....	11 13 49	Alexander F.....	11 18 59
Geo. B. Deane.....	11 14 10	Wave.....	11 19 30
Letitia.....	11 14 17	Wabasso.....	11 19 59
Rambler.....	11 14 45	Vixen.....	11 20 28
Cate Cate.....	11 15 12	Henry Gray.....	11 20 00
Louise.....	11 15 22	Triton.....	11 27 00
Charm.....	11 16 11		

All after Rambler were handicapped. The tide was half down and the ebb carried them on swiftly. The small class turned Fort Lafayette as follows:

Cate Cate.....	12 01 00	Wave.....	12 04 40
Truant.....	12 02 30		

The larger boats were timed at Buoy 13:

Siren.....	12 12 10	Geo. B. Deane.....	12 14 45
Rambler.....	12 13 21	Charm.....	12 14 50
Louise.....	12 12 40	Alexander F.....	12 15 40

Shortly after the turn the Charm and Geo. B. Deane fouled in tacking, but no damage was done. The beat home was made against a strong wind, the yachts carrying full sail, though most of them would have been satisfied with a reef in. The new jib and mainsail boat, Siren, built by McGeehan for Dr. Doremus, for the use of his sons, won her first race, sailing well all day.

CLASS A—CATAMARANS, 30FT. AND OVER.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eggr.....	11 15 00	2 11 35	2 56 53
Cyclone.....	11 15 00	Not timed.	
Nemesis.....	11 15 00	2 28 12	3 23 12

CLASS B—CABIN YACHTS, 31FT. AND OVER.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wayward.....	11 12 53	Not timed.	

CLASS C—CABIN YACHTS, UNDER 31FT.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Letitia.....	11 14 17	2 17 07	3 02 50
Alexander F.....	11 15 00	2 18 35	3 03 35
Wabasso.....	11 15 00	2 49 48	3 31 29
Vixen.....	11 15 00	Not timed.	
Louise.....	11 15 00	Not timed.	

CLASS D—OPEN YACHTS, 25FT. AND OVER.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Charm.....	11 15 00	2 31 17	3 16 17
Henry Gray.....	11 15 00	Did not finish.	

CLASS E—OPEN YACHTS, 21 TO 25FT.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rambler.....	11 14 45	Ran aground.	
Geo. B. Deane.....	11 14 45	2 37 10	3 13 15
Siren.....	11 13 37	2 10 23	2 56 46

CLASS F—OPEN YACHTS, UNDER 21FT.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cate Cate.....	11 15 00	2 08 06	2 53 06
Truant.....	11 13 49	Not timed.	
Wave.....	11 15 00	1 59 05	2 44 05
Triton.....	11 15 00	Did not finish.	
Teaser.....	11 15 00	1 55 45	2 40 45

The winners are Eggr, Wayward, Letitia, Charm, Siren and Teaser. The judges were Messrs. Geo. E. Gartland and A. Jeanneret.

SANDY BAY Y. C. REGATTA.

THE second regatta of the Sandy Bay Y. C. was sailed on June 12 over a course from the judges' line off the Pavilion Beach to a buoy off Eastern Point, thence across to a buoy off Rafe's Chasm and return to the judges' line, and repeat, a distance of 12 miles. The yachts were in two classes, 20 to 26ft. waterline and under 20ft., and sweepstake prizes were given in each class, while the Sassafras carried Cup was also to be sailed for. Before the race the Cunningham away her bowsprit. The start was made at 1:50 P. M., Silver Cloud, Lottie, Haskins, Petrel, White Wings, Spark, Louette, Tyrant, Alpine, Jennie C., Puritan, Adele, Osceola and Lottie in order. The order at first was Silver Cloud, White Wings, Louette and Petrel. The full times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Louette, Haskins.....	22.00	2 16 55	2 00 49
Silver Cloud, McLaughlin.....	21.09	2 21 11	2 00 41
Tyrant, Elwell.....	21.08	2 22 24	2 11 06
White Wings, Perry.....	21.10	2 25 55	2 15 34
Petrel, McLaughlin.....	21.09	2 26 41	2 16 11
Lottie, Haskins.....	26.00	2 14 45	2 10 14
Alpine, unknown.....	16.07	2 41 30	2 21 06
Spark, Gaffney.....	18.00	2 41 24	2 24 11
Puritan, unknown.....	19.06	2 43 20	2 25 01

Louette wins a second leg for the cup and first prize in her class.

BROOKLYN Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.

THE annual regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. was sailed on June 12 over the following courses: For classes A and C, crossing an imaginary line drawn from the judges' steamer to a mark buoy anchored in front thereof, a distance of 200yds., to black buoy No. 7, on the lower end of the west bank, leaving the same on the port hand, thence home, crossing said imaginary line at the finish. Distance 13 3/4 miles.

For classes B, D, 1, 2 and 3 start the same as above, thence to Southwest Spit buoy No. 8 1/2, leaving same on port hand, thence home, crossing the imaginary line at the finish. Distance 16 1/2 miles. For Class 4, start as above, thence to Southwest Spit buoy No. 8 1/2, leaving same to port, thence to black buoy No. 5 at Sandy Hook Point, leaving same to port, thence return to Southwest Spit buoy 8 1/2 leaving same to starboard, thence home, crossing said line at the finish. Distance 20 1/2 miles. All yachts, both going and returning, pass to the westward of the stone or dumb beacon and to the eastward of black buoys 9, 11, 13, 15 on the west bank.

The yachts were divided as follows: Class 1.—Cabin sloops, cutters, yawls and schooners of 25ft. sailing length and under. Class 2.—Cabin sloops, cutters, yawls and schooners of 30ft. sailing length and under to 25ft. Class 3.—Cabin sloops, cutters, yawls and schooners of 35ft. sailing length and under to 30ft. Class 4.—Cabin sloops, cutters, yawls and schooners over 35ft. sailing length but not exceeding 45ft. waterline. Class A.—Open catboats, 20ft. and under. Class B.—Open catboats, all over 20ft. Class C.—Open sloops, 25ft. and under. Class D.—Open sloops, all over 25ft. The following yachts were entered in the various classes:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Percy Williams.	Length over all.
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Outvie.....	45.00
Hattie S.....	38.00

CLASS 3—CABIN SLOOPS.

Carrie May.....	25.00
Wacondah.....	35.16 3/4
Elephant.....	37.00

CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS.

Bess.....	27.06
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CLASS 1—CABIN SLOOPS.

Mascotte.....	24.00
Irene.....	25.00
Vida.....	—

CLASS A—OPEN CATBOATS.

Elfin.....	19.11
Psyche.....	18.00

CLASS B—OPEN CATBOATS.

Ripple.....	26.06
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CLASS C—OPEN SLOOPS.

Faustina.....	24.05
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The wind was fresh from S.W. when the fleet started at 1:04 P. M. and the tide was running flood. The larger boats were timed at buoy 8 1/2 as follows:

Carrie May.....	2 50 45	Elephant.....	3 07 40
Wacondah.....	3 55 15	Ripple.....	3 28 20
Outvie.....	3 03 30		

The full summary is:

CLASS 1—CABIN SLOOPS.

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
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Mascotte.....	1 04 13	4 30 21	3 26 11
Vida.....	1 04 41	4 31 00	3 26 16
Irene.....	1 04 58	Not timed.	

CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS.

Bess.....	1 07 00	Not timed.	
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CLASS 3—CABIN SLOOPS.

Carrie May.....	1 04 25	3 49 00	2 44 35
Wacondah.....	1 05 09	3 55 00	2 49 51
Elephant.....	1 04 34	4 03 30	2 58 56

CLASS 4—CABIN SLOOPS.

Outvie.....	1 04 07	4 40 00	3 35 33
Hattie S.....	1 05 34		3 35 53

CLASS A—CAT-RIGGED.

Elfin.....	1 08 35	3 36 59	2 28 24
Psyche.....	1 08 18	3 59 30	2 51 12

CLASS B—CAT-RIGGED.

Ripple.....	1 08 18	4 20 34	3 11 16
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CLASS C—OPEN SLOOPS.

Faustina.....	1 06 43	3 37 00	2 29 17
Surprise.....	1 06 43	3 37 00	2 29 17

Bess had no competitor in the second class, Hattie S. lost her top mast and did not finish. The judges followed the race on the launch Edward Burfield.

ATLANTIC Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, JUNE 15.

A SPECIAL feature of regatta week this year is the presence of a large fleet from Boston, bent on adding to the score of last year's victory a lot of new mugs. Fortuna came in last week, having sailed around; Puritan, Gitana and Thetis arrived on Saturday, the former receiving a perfect ovation from whistles and bells on her passage past the city to her old anchorage off Stapleton while Mayflower was found at anchor on Thursday morning off Bay Ridge. She had left Boston on Thursday night, falling foul of fogs and calms and not reaching New York until Monday night, too late to enter on Tuesday. She went on the screw dock on Wednesday, and will probably sail to-day in the New York Y. C. Regatta.

This year's regatta of the Atlantic Y. C. is especially noticeable from the large proportion of new boats or of boats new to New York waters that entered, no less than 8 out of the 35 starters being on the water for the first time. The regatta was sailed on the trial. First of course is the supreme effort of the Atlantic Y. C., the culmination of twenty years' experience of the American centerboard sloop model. No other club of its size has been as fondly devoted to the ancient American sloop, and none has contended so stoutly for the principles on which that esteemed craft was supposed to be constructed, and it is now not a little amusing to see the result of it; a boat that is even less of a sloop than any of her competitors and that stands forth a confession in wood and lead, of the fallacious views so long held by the believers in the sloop. An attempt is still made to foist upon the public the delusion of dubbing them "sloops," but it is too late to impose on even the greenest yachtsmen. True, they have beam and centerboard to fall back on, but in all other respects they are the direct opposite of a sloop. Technically, in view of their rig, they are cutters, but without falling back on that, three or them at least, Atlantic, Puritan and Mayflower, may fairly be designated as centerboard cutters.

Whatever merits they may show her to possess, Atlantic certainly cannot number beauty among them. It was bad enough when sailing about the bay aloft and decks, she was very well sailed on Tuesday, far seems faster than last year. She was very well sailed for places and was favored more than the others in the shaking up for places and beyond the Scotland, she worked for and fully deserved all she won. The double stay arrangement on her and Atlantic seems to have its disadvantages, as both had trouble at the Sandy Hook lightship in hoisting balloon jibtopsails to windward. The ex-sharpie Vedette also made her reappearance after another "lightning" change, now coming out as a deep draft, lead keel, round-bottomed schooner. The next new one on the list of entries is the schooner Leona, long known about New York, but rebuilt and newly rigged last winter, and sailing her first race in her new form on Tuesday, coming in second to Agnes.

Like her is Gracie, of almost forgotten age, but extensively altered this spring. Her appearance certainly has been very much improved, and as to speed, one race is not sufficient to judge by, though she was well astern out to the Scotland, finally losing to Thetis on allowance.

In the third class was another real new one, Cinderella, Mr. Iselin's racer. Since her race at Larchmont her mast has been shortened 15in. and bowsprit 2ft. Again she was well astern of Clara all day, especially so during the first half.

Concord is a new boat in New York waters, a centerboard, lead keel sloop, owned by Com. H. C. Roome, J. C. Y. C. and Nirvana, a deep keel boat, from Boston, is only new to New York. Another Boston boat, a lead keel one, is Adelaide, built by Wood Bros. for Mr. Robert Underhill. With her high counter, low waist, and consequent sheer, she looked a cousin to Atlantic and was no more of a beauty. Her stern, ending in a big triangle with its lower angle deeply immersed, proclaimed a close relationship to Neva, Gleam, Cricket and other of Wood's boats; but below water she is of a different type, following more the Puritan model. Her rig, of course, showed double headsails. The last new one, Arab, we have before described; a deep, lead-loaded centerboard craft, with very large rig and single jib. The entries in the various classes were:

SPECIAL CLASS.

B.....	Priscilla.....	A. Cass Canfield.
C.....	Puritan.....	J. Maclellan Forbes.
D.....	Atlantic.....	Maxwell, Fish and Lawton.

CLASS A—SCHOONERS.

1.....	Tidal Wave.....	Thomas W. Dawson.
2.....	Montauk.....	John E. Brooks.
3.....	Republic.....	Wright Duryea.
4.....	Grayling.....	L. A. Fish.

CLASS B—SCHOONERS.

6.....	Haze.....	C. W. & J. Hogan.
7.....	Agnes.....	Commodore Hogns.
8.....	Vidette.....	E. O. Williams.
10.....	Leona.....	Rear Commodore Sterling.

CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS.

11.....	Gracie.....	Joseph P. Earle.
12.....	Thetis.....	Henry Bryant.

CLASS D—CABIN SLOOPS.

13.....	Cinderella.....	W. E. Iselin.
14.....	Vivid.....	T. N. Motley.
15.....	Clara.....	Charles Sweet.
16.....	Thistle.....	William Ziegler.
17.....	Athlon.....	Dr. J. C. Barron.
18.....	Bertie.....	Fred Gallatin.
19.....	Roamer.....	J. Cardlegue.

CLASS E—CABIN SLOOPS.

20.....	Concord.....	H. C. Roome.
21.....	Daphne.....	J. Rogers Maxwell.
22.....	Adelaide.....	Robert Underhill.
23.....	Concord.....	Vice-Commodore Swan.
24.....	Stella.....	J. L. Marcellus.
25.....	Penguin.....	Peter Bently, Jr.
26.....	Nirvana.....	T. H. Hall.

CLASS F—CABIN SLOOPS.

27.....	Crocodile.....	John G. Prague.
28.....	Rival.....	Hope & Copmann.

CLASS G—CABIN SLOOPS.

29.....	Nomad.....	H. C. Winfringham.
30.....	Daisy.....	Hugh Boyd.
32.....	Idleran.....	Walter Southwick.

CLASS H—CABIN SLOOPS.

33.....

nearly becalmed, the leaders close together. Priscilla alone carried a big balloon jibtop-sail and what wind there was she caught, drawing into first place on the heat to the lightship.

All came for it well together, but, nipping as close as possible, Priscilla weathered it on starboard tack and was off down hill, wind and tide helping her, while Puritan and Atlantic had to make another tack under the mark before rounding. Atlantic turned second, but dropped her balloon overboard in setting it. Puritan followed, while after her came the cutter Clara, fourth of the fleet. The times were:

Priscilla.....	2 25 25	Grayling.....	2 42 45
Atlantic.....	2 23 26	Gracie.....	2 50 33
Puritan.....	2 30 07	Montauk.....	2 55 06
Clara.....	2 37 30	Cinderella.....	3 00 00

No sooner were they off for home than Atlantic and Puritan began a luffing match, the latter to windward, making two charges for Atlantic's weather, while Priscilla was leaving both. The two stern chasers dropped spinnaker booms in readiness, while Atlantic gained a little; but soon the white one came upon her weather again, this time taking the lead-of her and holding it to the close. After she passed her spinnaker went up. Priscilla following at once, staying her well forward, while Atlantic's was not set for seven or eight minutes after.

Up the Bay was a tedious journey, little wind and no excitement over such a finish. Priscilla continued to gain until within a half mile of buoy 15, the breeze dropped, and by the time she was a quarter of a mile from the finish she lay motionless, save for the flood tide. The others were still coming, holding a light breeze and threatening to pass her, but she drifted on, finishing at 5:57. When they reached the calm streak they also stopped, sails dropped idly and some were taken in the two boats drifting up almost sideways. Puritan had led the sailing, but Atlantic proved the best drifter, and finally crossed the line in an oblique position, while her less fortunate rival, without steering way drifted just outside the markboat and did not finish.

The others came very slowly up to Bay Ridge, the finish being devoid of any excitement. Gracie managed to overtake Thetis and led her in, but lost on time allowance. The times were:

SPECIAL CLASS-SLOOPS.				
Priscilla.....	10 42 55	4 39 58	5 57 03	5 57 03
Atlantic.....	10 41 42	4 54 29	6 09 47	6 08 54
CLASS A-SCHOONERS.				
Montauk.....	10 45 00	(Not timed).	7 20 38	7 30 38
Republic.....	10 45 00	(Not timed).		
Grayling.....	10 42 11	6 10 19	7 28 08	7 21 43

CLASS B-SCHOONERS.				
Haze.....	10 41 36	Not timed.		
Agnes.....	10 43 13	6 51 20	8 08 02	8 08 02
Vidette.....	10 45 00	Not timed.		
Leona.....	10 45 35	7 55 37	8 55 02	8 45 15

CLASS C-SLOOPS.				
Gracie.....	10 45 00	5 58 59	7 13 59	7 13 59
Thetis.....	10 41 12	5 59 07	7 17 55	7 12 17

CLASS D-SLOOPS.				
Cinderella.....	10 47 33	6 20 52	7 38 19	7 29 43
Vivid.....	10 47 32	7 21 58	8 34 26	8 34 26
Clara.....	10 46 40	6 03 17	7 16 37	7 14 12
Thistle.....	10 48 46	6 57 10	8 08 24	8 05 02
Athlon.....	10 49 42	6 18 31	7 28 49	7 25 27
Roamer.....	10 49 13	6 32 00	7 34 56	7 26 45

CLASS E-SLOOPS.				
Daphne.....	10 50 00	7 00 45	8 10 45	8 10 45
Adelaide.....	10 48 23	6 32 23	7 44 05	7 43 16
Rover.....	10 47 41	7 15 04	8 27 23	8 26 34
Stella.....	10 47 48	Not timed.		
Penguin.....	10 50 00	6 20 52	7 30 52	7 26 41

CLASS F-SLOOPS.				
Crocodile.....	10 48 07	5 40 51	6 52 44	6 52 44
Rival.....	10 48 46	5 47 44	6 58 58	6 56 04

CLASS G-SLOOPS.				
Nomad.....	10 50 00	5 30 31	6 40 31	6 40 31
Daisy.....	10 50 00	5 32 35	6 42 35	6 42 35
Ilderan.....	10 50 00	4 45 03	5 55 03	5 52 07

CLASS H-SLOOPS.				
Arab.....	10 47 05	5 01 46	6 14 41	6 14 41
Merlin.....	10 50 00	5 32 06	6 42 06	6 36 09

CLASS K-SLOOPS.				
Hypatia.....	10 49 54	5 14 08	6 27 14	6 27 14

The winners are: Class A, Grayling first, Montauk second prize; Class B, Agnes first, Leona second prize; Class C, Thetis first prize; Class D, Clara first, Athlon second prize; Class E, Penguin first, Adelaide second prize, and Penguin winning Livingston Memorial prize; Class F, Crocodile; Class G, Ilderan; Class H, Arab; Hypatia, walk-over in Class K.

The race was far from satisfactory and by no means settles the question of the best boat. Atlantic did well in the early part, in making up the lost ground at the start, but from the Lightship in she was fairly outdistanced by Priscilla and Puritan, the latter holding first until the wind left them above the line. Thetis, sailed by Captain Crocker, astonished her friends, and the outsiders as well, by the way she went off over the first half of the course and finally won a prize for Boston by beating Gracie. Clara added another to her string of victories, beating her class and everything else except Gracie and Thetis. Cinderella, her special rival, was 15 minutes astern, while the old sloops, Thistle and Roamer, were less than an hour behind her. To-day, most of them met again in the New York Y. C. regatta, the entries being as follows, measurement given being for time allowance:

No.	Yacht.	Owner.	Feet.
10.....	Dauntless.....	C. H. Colt.....	112.60
11.....	Gitana.....	William F. Weld.....	96.33
12.....	Republic.....	Wright Duryea.....	97.06
13.....	Fortuna.....	H. S. Hovey.....	94.50
14.....	Speranza.....	H. W. Colander.....	—

CELEBRATED SCHOONERS.		
16.....	Montauk.....	John E. Brooks.....
17.....	Ruth.....	Henry Maynard.....
18.....	Grayling.....	L. A. Fish.....

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.		
1.....	Atlantic.....	William Ziegler.....
2.....	Priscilla.....	A. Cass Canfield.....
3.....	Puritan.....	John M. Forbes.....
4.....	Mayflower.....	Charles F. Paine.....

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.		
5.....	Gracie.....	Jos. P. Earle.....
6.....	Bedouin.....	Archibald Rogers.....
7.....	Fanny.....	W. R. Travers.....
8.....	Thetis.....	Henry Bryant.....
9.....	Whiteway.....	G. F. Randolph.....

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.		
25.....	Vivid.....	T. N. Motley.....
26.....	Athlon.....	Dr. J. C. Barron.....
27.....	Cinderella.....	W. R. Iselin.....
28.....	Gaviota.....	Edwards.....
29.....	Clara.....	Charles Sweet.....
30.....	Regina.....	R. N. Ellis.....
31.....	Daphne.....	J. R. Maxwell.....

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.		
35.....	Esperito.....	R. B. Hartshorne.....
36.....	Bertie.....	Frederic Gallatin.....

QUAKER CITY Y. C. REGATTA.—The annual regatta of the Quaker City Y. C. was sailed on June 9 on the Delaware, the course being from Market street to Chester Buoy and return, 36 miles. The entries were as follows: Schooners, Helen, Avalon. First class cabin yachts, 38ft. and over, Venetia, Minerva and Sunbeam. Second class cabin yachts, 32 to 38ft., Olga and Consort. Third class cabin yachts, 27 to 32ft., Azile, Minerva, Anita, Nahma and Carrie Z. Fifth class, open boats, Hurley. The wind was from S. E., and the tide running out at 11:05 A. M., when the race started. Minerva led but was soon passed by Venetia, who held her lead to the end. Helen had the better of Avalon over the entire course. More wind came up off Fort Mifflin, and kites were taken in. Venetia turned the mark at 12:50, with Sunbeam at 12:51. Spinnakers were set on the run home. Venetia and Olga lost their topmasts, but continued the race, the former winning. The times at finish were:

Venetia.....	2 37 40	Nahma.....	3 13 40
Sunbeam.....	2 40 50	Minerva.....	3 18 13
Helen.....	2 53 25	Anita.....	3 20 07
Minerva.....	2 53 50	Carrie L.....	3 24 45
Avalon.....	2 56 05	Agile.....	3 36 16
Consort.....	3 13 53	Hurley.....	3 24 46

The prizes were: Schooner class, nickel-plated chronometer clock; first class, first prize, Bliss taffrail log; second prize, swinging ice pitcher; second class, Valette cup; third class, first prize, champion flag; second prize, yacht ensign; third prize, cabin light; fifth class, champion flag. The judges were A. F. Bancroft, S. A. Wood and R. G. Wilkins.

SEAWANHAKE C. Y. C. REGATTA.—The entries for Saturday are as follows: Schooners, Fertuna, Grayling, Ruth Gitana. First class cutters, sloops and yawls: Atlantic, Priscilla, Puritan, Mayflower. Second class: Bedouin, Gracie. Third class: Clara, Cinderella, Regina. Fourth class: Rival. Fifth class: Ysult, Nomad, Culprit Fay, Nyssa, Elephant.

COOPER'S POINT C. Y. C.—The first of the semi-monthly races of this club was sailed in a strong N. W. wind from Cooper's Point around Petty's Island, two rounds or 30 miles. In the first class, 16ft. to 19ft., were the J. W. Norcross, Humes and Middleton. Second class, 14ft. to 16ft., R. G. Wilkins, W. Almond, E. L. Metz, W. G. Cook and Trucksent. The former started at 2:06, the latter at 2:13. The first round was timed as follows: Norcross 2:03, Wilkins 3:30. The Middleton carried away her mast step, Almond fouled the mark, the Humes split her sail and the Metz capsized. The Norcross finished at 4:17 and the Wilkins at 4:40. No other yachts completed the course. Prize flags, the gifts of Capt. Wilkins, were given in each class. The starter and referee was Capt. Rufus G. Wilkins; judges, Frank Carr and R. W. Kerswell; time-keeper, H. Clay Funk. The Wilkins and Almond will sail a match for \$50 per side, shortly.

ALICE, schooner, Mr. W. L. Lockhard, of Boston, has had 8 tons of lead added to her keel.

GREAT HEAD Y. C. PROTESTS.—On June 11 a meeting was held to decide the protests arising out of the races of June 5. That against Flora Lee was not proved and she was awarded the prize. That of Majel against Silver Cloud was not pressed, as the owner of Majel did not appear, and the one against Dart was withdrawn. The prizes awarded were as follows: First class—First prize, \$33; second, \$14; third, \$10. Second class—First prize, \$18; second, \$11; third, \$8. Third class—First prize, \$15; second, \$12; third, \$8. Fourth class—First prize, \$4.50; second, \$2.50; third, \$1.50.

MOBILE Y. C.—At the annual meeting of this club the following officers were chosen: J. S. Woodhull, Commodore; H. Pillais, Vice-Commodore; W. E. Kirkbride, Secretary and Treasurer. Governing Committee, J. S. Woodhull (ex-officio), Chairman; W. B. Curran and F. S. Gibson. The club is in a sound financial condition, and the prospects for a successful season are flattering, having a membership of fifty and a fleet of about fifteen boats, with large additions to both on the card. The only fixed event at present is our annual cup regatta, to be sailed at Point Clear on July 4.

CHESAPEAKE BAY Y. C.—The Chesapeake Bay Y. C. held its annual meeting on June 7. The officers elected for the year were: W. O. S. Dimpfel, Commodore; Col. F. C. Goldsborough, Vice-Commodore, and J. G. Morris, Secretary and Treasurer. J. G. Morris was also elected Measurer. July 17 was named as the day for the annual review of the club, on which occasion a match will be held for Chesapeake canoes and buckeyes. Race to take place in Miles River from Deep Water Point. Messrs. Dimpfel and Morris were appointed regatta committee.

AMERICAN Y. C.—At a special meeting held June 8, Col. W. H. Glider was elected an honorary member of the club. A club signal was presented to him, which he will endeavor to hoist on the North Pole when he reaches it by sailing.

PENNSYLVANIA Y. C. REGATTA.—The times in the Pennsylvania Y. C. Regatta of May 31 were: Birch, 3:15; Bennett, 3:21; Little Tycoon, 3:25, and Cocktail fourth.

ADRIENNE, schooner, Commodore Pfaff, was launched by Lawleys last week. The owner's son will sail her during his absence in Europe.

MIRAMICHI Y. C.—On June 5 the yachts of the Miramichi Y. C. turned out for a short cruise, Kittich, Commodore Miller, leading the fleet.

TORONTO Y. C.—A race was sailed on June 5 between Mischief and Meteor for a purse of \$100, the latter winning by 4 min. 30 sec.

SACHEM.—Lawleys launched Messrs. Owens & Metcalf's schooner on Tuesday, and will have her ready in about three weeks.

XARIFA.—On Saturday last the English yawl Xarifa arrived New York from Antigua. She is a little larger than Cythera.

GREAT HEAD Y. C.—The race of this club on June 12 did not finish, owing to lack of wind.

VANDAL, Mr. Fay's New yacht, is now nearly rigged at Lawley's yard.

UNA, schooner, has been sold to Mr. E. Hanseon, of Boston.

An experiment to test the speed of the swallow's flight has just been made at Favia. Two hen birds were taken from their broods, carried to Milan, and were released at a given hour. Both made their way back to their nests in thirteen minutes, which gave their rate of speed at eighty-seven and a half miles an hour.

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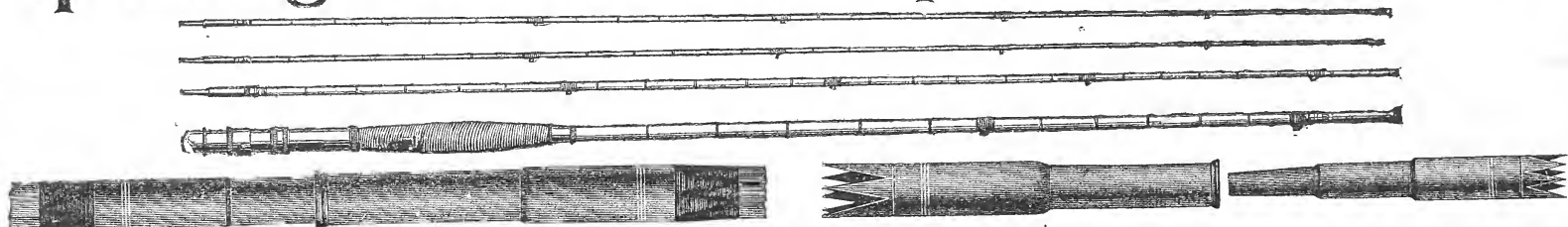
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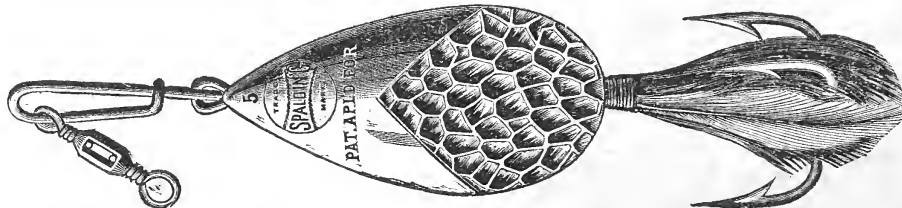
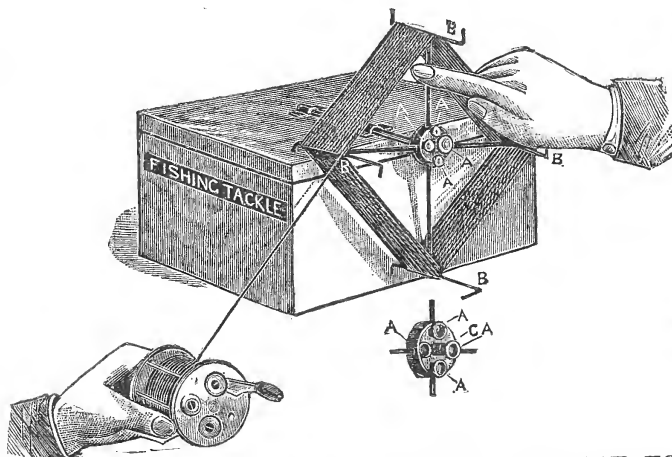
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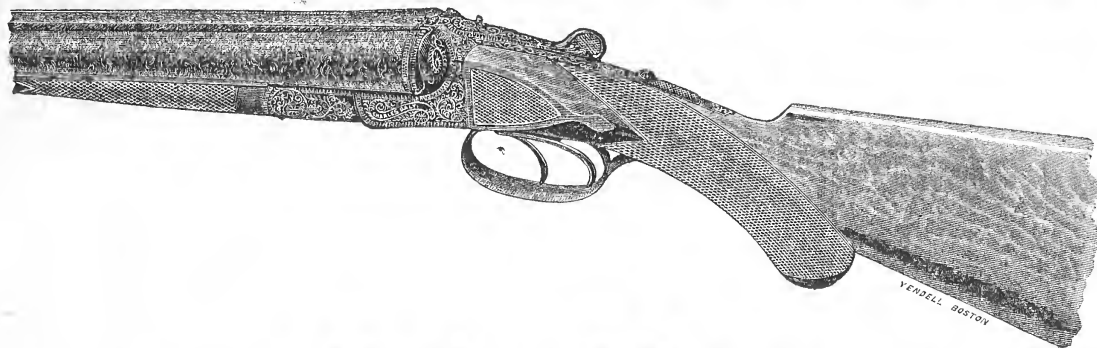
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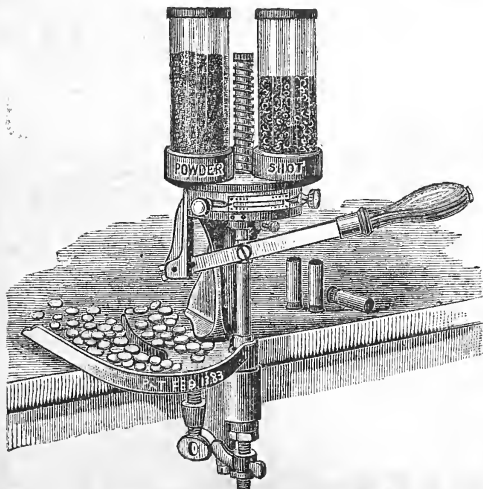
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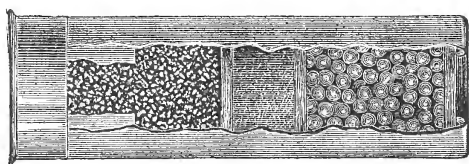
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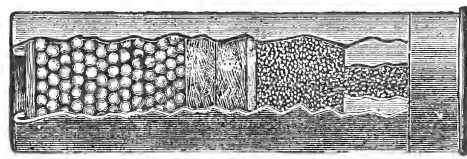


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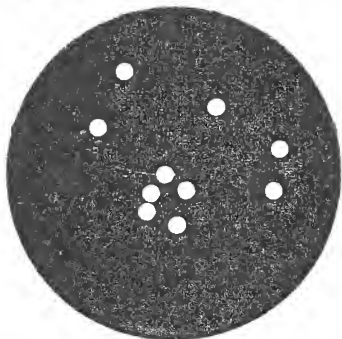
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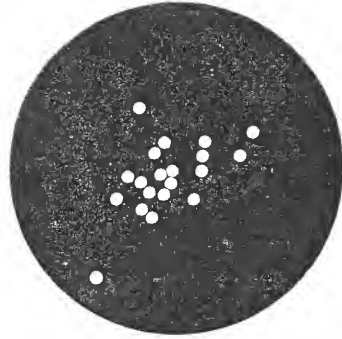
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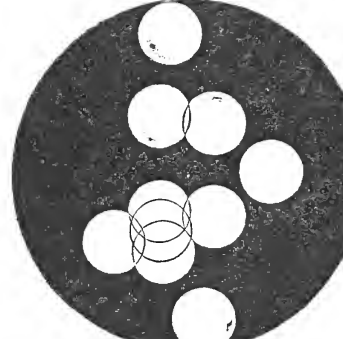
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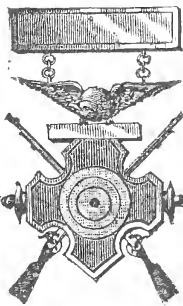
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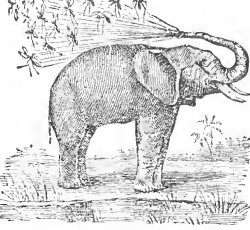
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1886.

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THE CROW RESERVE.

IN reply to the FOREST AND STREAM's charge that the Crow Indian reservation has been captured by the cattlemen, the Interior Department, through Commissioner Atkins, has given out an explanation and a denial. The explanation, as reported in the New York Times, and copied elsewhere, is in effect a corroboration of the statements made by us. The department explains that leases may lawfully be made; but it appears from Commissioner Atkins's own showing that no single one of the cattlemen, whose herds now cover the reserve, has a lease or any warrant whatever for the occupation. They are, therefore, all trespassers, and should without delay be ejected. The sheepman Barry, who, after dickering with the department without driving a bargain, put his sheep on the reserve and paid nothing, is only one of a class of defiant trespassers, who infest the reservation "without a shadow of right."

Having thus shown the condition of affairs on the Crow reserve to be fully as bad as or worse than that described in these columns, the department expresses a touching confidence in its agent and denies the truth of the charges of the FOREST AND STREAM, "basing this denial on a thorough knowledge of his [the agent's] probity, and a lack of any accurate information, etc."—a somewhat extraordinary basis.

The confidence in the Crow agent's probity is good enough so far as it goes, but it is to be hoped that the department will supplement this by securing the accurate information without which it cannot properly remedy the abuses complained of. We again urge the Secretary of the Interior to make a searching investigation of the condition of affairs in the Crow reserve. Rightly conducted, such an inquiry will show the truth of the FOREST AND STREAM's charges—that the choice lands of the reservation have been taken by the cattlemen, who are now practically in control of the reserve, and by the construction of permanent improvements are preparing to maintain their hold in the future; that the Indians do not receive proper compensation for the privileges accorded, are not justly treated, do not acquiesce in the taking of their lands, and are in part deceived as to the actual condition of affairs. When the department's confidence in its agent is complemented or supplanted by accurate information on these points, we trust that prompt official action may fol-

low, and the cattlemen may have reason to give over their boast that they have the Crow reserve in their power.

THE PARK RAILROAD JOB.

THE bill to grant a right of way to the Cinnabar & Clark's Fork Railroad Company through the Yellowstone National Park came up in the Senate last Monday, on motion of Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, the champion of the railroad schemers. Mr. Vest made a strong speech in opposition to the bill. "He denied that the road was intended in good faith to reach mining property. Why had not at least a preliminary survey been made? He would not appeal to men who thought the Mammoth Cave and Niagara Falls should be transferred to commercial use, or that the Great Geysers should be devoted to laundry purposes and dished out to Chinamen for dirty linen. But he would appeal to Senators to preserve at least one spot of beauty from the rack and roar of commerce and the greed and avarice of selfish men. The railroad company's object was not to get to a mine but to carry passengers to and through the Park. The construction of this road, Mr. Vest asserted, would be the destruction of the Yellowstone Park. A former officer of the Interior Department had haunted the Senate in the interest of this bill. Some suggestions had been made to the effect that Mr. Vest and other Senators who opposed this bill were the tools of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. Any statement of that kind was utterly and infamously false. No man connected with that company had ever dared to approach Mr. Vest on the subject. If the Northern Pacific Railroad Company had any interest whatever in the matter it was that a road through the Park should be built, as it would form a branch of that road."

The question went over for a future consideration.

SONG BIRDS AND STATISTICS.

A CINCINNATI gentleman has been entertaining the Society of Natural History of that city with some statistics to prove, theoretically, that the possible destruction of song birds by milliners' agents and other wholesale bird hunters can have no appreciable effect upon the grand sum total of the birds, which for the three Americas he puts at 3,000,000,000, including all the feathered species. His conclusions are (1) that the great bulk of millinery feather goods are from other than song birds; (2) that song birds are in little demand because of their plain plumage; (3) that the birds of brilliant plumage utilized by the milliners are of South American and other foreign origin; (4) that the destruction of harmful species compensates for that of useful species; (5) that even if all the birds so destroyed were song birds, the reduction in numbers from this cause would still be inappreciable in its effects on the fauna of the country at large.

Figures may, under skilful manipulation, be made to prove anything. But no manipulation of figures in the millions and billions can restore to the gardens and orchards and meadows and pastures and woods the birds which have been destroyed to adorn women's headgear. No arithmetician with his addition, multiplication and progression can help the people of this country to see birds where there are no birds. Figure as one may, the incontrovertible fact remains that the song birds have been destroyed in such vast numbers that the effect is appreciable; it has been seen and lamented by men and women in widely separated localities. There is no imagination about it. Those who have undertaken the task of awakening public sentiment to make an end of the song bird slaughter are not engaged in combating an imaginary evil. They are contending against a folly whose actual material evil results are perfectly plain to every one whose gaze is not confined to theoretical expansions of the multiplication table.

THE FIRST TEN THOUSAND ROLL of AUDUBON SOCIETY members will be reached and passed this month. New members are enrolling at the rate of a thousand a week. That means that the song bird feathers have had their day as hat decorations. Ten thousand—and by and by there will be tens of thousands—of people who think alike on such a topic must have an influence on the sentiment of the day.

QUAIL IN THE HAY FIELD.—If there are quail in the hay fields, instead of driving the mower over the nests or the young broods, put the dogs in to locate the birds, mark the spot, and when the team reaches it turn the horses' heads to one side. We suggested the plan last year. It was tried with success. It is a little trouble, but it may save the birds.

SUSTAIN THE PRIZE LIST.

THE officers of the National Rifle Association contemplate the preparation of a circular addressed to the public and asking for the establishment by wealthy citizens of prizes and challenge trophies. Wimbledon has scores of such gifts placed at the disposal of the managing council, and in this way records are kept up and certain trophies carry with their possession a championship in this or that style of shooting. In this way rivalry is kept bright and active, and those in control of the meeting feel encouraged and able to offer large added prize lists in money to each of the matches.

Creedmoor needs something of the same sort. It has had such trophies in the past, and they have helped very much in keeping up the interest in the art. The Army and Navy Journal Cup was such. The Hilton shield of to-day is another example of how popular such a prize may become and how much good it may do.

Gen. G. W. Wingate, the heart of the Association, in talking recently on this subject after speaking of the necessity of keeping up the militia to a state of efficiency as shots, said: "But in order to keep up this skill and bring it to the highest state of efficiency possible we must have competition and emulation, and in order to do this we must have prizes. The prizes given at Wimbledon are to a very large extent contributed by public spirited citizens, and are of such value as to make their acquisition an object for the volunteers. It is necessary that prizes going over from match to match be provided if these matches are to be continued. The Association cannot afford to provide them. What we want is some suitable trophy which can be contended for by teams from different organizations, and not held finally till won three times. Such a course would make the teams more ambitious and would insure a higher degree of skill among the marksmen."

This is exactly the pressing want of rifle practice to-day. It is hardly reasonable to expect militia marksmen to go out and give of their time and money without some incentive. The public has a direct interest in having the shooting ability kept up, and the rich class of citizens perhaps more than others, and it is but fair that trophies, prizes, gifts, etc., be offered, so that when victory does follow effort the winning guardsmen or team may have something to show as an emblem of that success.

We have faith that, if this matter is put strongly and clearly before the public, there will be a prompt and satisfactory response from many quarters, and, the system having been established and its good results shown, there will then be a steady and liberal support to the work which for a dozen years past the National Rifle Association has been courageously carrying on.

THE SIX-INCH TROUT LAW.—Several States have a clause in their fish laws forbidding the taking of trout under six inches in length. The provision is a most wholesome restriction on the unreasonable and foolish destruction of fingerlings. The line between trout fit to basket and trout unfit must be drawn somewhere, and the limit of six inches is none too small. The New York law did have such a clause, but the stupid politicians in the last Legislature did away with it. The markets are now open for the reception of the fry; and Mr. John D. Collins, secretary of the Utica Fish and Game Protective Association, tells that bushels of little trout taken in the headwaters of streams are shipped to New York, Philadelphia and Boston markets. This is not very encouraging to the public-spirited persons who have contributed time and money in efforts to restock the depleted streams of the State.

NEW YORK COUNTY SUPERVISORS.—The county supervisors in New York have authority to add to the protection of game and fish, but no authority to take from it. They may increase the close season on any species; they may not shorten it. The Rockland county supervisors have voted to open the woodcock season July 1. This they cannot do. The State law provides that the season shall open August 1: persons who shoot woodcock in Rockland county before that date will be just as much liable to a penalty as if the supervisors had taken no action; the unauthorized step of the supervisors will excuse no one.

CLUB RULES.—We have frequent calls for copies of club rules, by-laws and constitutions. Secretaries of gun clubs, angling clubs and game protective associations will oblige us by sending spare copies of their printed rules, that these may be in turn sent to organizers of new clubs.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DAYS WITH THE BARMECIDE CLUB.

VI.

CAMP, where so much time is always spent, should be made as pleasant, attractive and convenient as possible. Nay, more than that, if you can make it luxurious with the primitive means at hand, do so. There is little sense in a hand-to-mouth existence, in having everything at sixes and sevens, even in an outing where we are supposed to expect a certain degree of roughing. Roughing it does not mean the hard side of a board, water boiled until it is burned, nor a roof which "lets in the sunshine and the rain." The best man for roughing it is the one who knows how to smooth it.

Odd times were employed in clearing out the underbrush and fallen limbs in the front yard. The little path to the lake was attended to, and now in the darkest night we can go from shanty to raft without stubbing our toes or losing our temper. We made a table with comfortable seats, and our meals were doubly enjoyable that we could take them without cramping our legs and straining neck and back. We made a little landing where we could get aboard our raft as conveniently as stepping from one room to another. We doubled the thickness of our hemlock mattress, and studied in every way to smooth our roughing, and our work was a good investment. It saved time and words. Tom Draw's idea of the man best adapted to roughing it was the correct one. He believed in the man who was accustomed to a good bed and good food.

Guide wanted to go home. Would be gone two days. We gave him a basket of fine trout for his good wife and the children, and she sent back by him all the eggs he could safely pack. They were fresh, and with a few pounds of butter and a pair of chickens, which accompanied the eggs, admirably filled up a blank space in our bill of fare.

Roy struck one morning what he called the condensed essence of a holy terror. He was paddling the raft a few yards out from the lily pads between the landing and the outlet. He had attained with a liberal application of muscle a tortoise-like headway to the craft, when suddenly splash, he heard the upward and downward break of a trout. He turned quickly enough to see the great circling ripple extending larger and larger each moment. He brought the raft to an anchor and cast over the place where he had seen the jump. Expectation was away up on the top shelf. He could now and then see the lusty fellow cautiously following the flies as they were drawn away from him, but he seemed to be positive of the deception, and would survey it with an intelligent look that boded no good fortune for Roy.

Draw in thy shining leader,
Those flies ne'er cheat my sight;
You are luring me to danger
With your graceful casts and light.

Roy had about convinced himself that this gentleman would not be tempted, and drop by drop the spring of hope which bubbled up so brightly was running dry, when lo! the stretcher fly was taken with a flourish that would suffice to throw every train of disagreeable reflections off the track. There was a little preliminary skirmishing and then the battle opened in earnest all along the line, and the party of the first part was fully occupied with the rapid rushes of the party of the second part in the water. It was only by heroic remedies that Roy could prevent a junction of his leader with the water plants close by.

There was something akin to insanity in the movements of the trout, which was a very large one, yet there was method in his madness. Finally he approached the raft unwillingly, took a good look at the captain of the craft, and not being particularly impressed with his personal appearance, refused to venture aboard, and with a desperate rush accomplished his object of getting among the weeds, where he disengaged himself from his unhealthy alliance with the leader, which came back to Roy slightly shortened and with a fly missing. He will remember that tussle long enough to recount it to his speckled grandchildren. Roy was without doubt a trifle disappointed over the result of the strike and play, but took it very philosophically. "Good leather, my boy. You were partly mine for a few minutes anyhow. What further sport could I have counted on with you had I landed you? Now you are free to come again some other day, and thanking you for a pleasant visit I wish you good day and good luck. As the German Ambassador says, 'I don't think you was very much worth nohow.'"

The meeting adjourned. Roy immediately proceeded to repair the damage inflicted by the seceding delegate, and then pulled, poled or paddled a bit further down the shore, stopping occasionally to flirt his flies over some rippling circle made by a late breakfast. He gathered in a half dozen, which remained gathered, and with a kind word and a gentle hand he returned others to their homes, requesting them to add weight and wisdom against his next visit.

One afternoon we returned to camp, where we found Roy puffing away at his briarwood as though his life depended on his consuming a certain amount of tobacco in a brief amount of time. He had evidently not stumbled across prosperity in his morning promenade down the creek, but had evidently run afoul of a mosquito Balaklava, for his face was swollen large enough to give one the impression that it entertained serious thoughts of embarking in business on its own account. It made its owner look as though he contemplated suicide soon as he had finished his next pipe. But how mistaken one would have been to have taken his face as an index to his heart.

"Yes, I've had a splendid time. The walk down the creek was simply charming. The waters purred and sang their songs of summer gladness as cheerfully as of yore, the whispering leaves and swaying branches seemed on the best of terms with the morning breeze, which tempered the rays of the sun but did not disperse the mosquitoes to any appreciable extent, and they have got their work in on me accordingly—thanks to my forgetting tar and oil. But mosquitoes and blackflies must indulge in luxuries occasionally, else they might close shop and retire from business, and I don't propose to boycott them. No, if I didn't have what most people would call good luck, I know of something which has. Another hedgehog has been making a visit to our butter pail. Oh, yes, he's left some. He was no thoroughbred hog, you know. How he must have enjoyed such a find, and how I would have liked to watch him when he discovered the yellow bonanza. Great Scott! how he must have enjoyed it."

"You don't mean to say our butter has been stolen and that it would have afforded you any amusement to have seen a disgusting hedgehog making away with it? You make me tired, Roy."

"What! complaining again? Well, I do love what they call a grumbler, but not a chronic one. Give me one who uses a little judgment, even if it be only a little."

"Come now, Roy, with all your good nature had you been the beggar who asked food of the Barmecide prince you would have pulled his nose and pitched him out of his own window had he dared to have played such a measly old joke on you."

Complain? Well, if there was any complain in Roy's vocabulary it must have begun with a k and an u, for it would never have been found under the C's nor over them. He would be pretty thoroughly demoralized and weakened when he could not make an enjoyable meal of fresh air and mountain scenery. He could extract any amount of comfort and sport from the most unpromising beginnings and the most disastrous endings.

"Where are your trout?"

"There in the basket. I thought I'd just have a little smoke before dressing them."

"There are none here. This is your basket, isn't it?"

Roy, looking benignly on the proceedings, answered yes.

"There is nothing in it."

"Nothing in it? Why, man, it's full of pleasant reminiscences of which you are a part."

"Thank you. You'd better dress them after your next pipe."

"All right, I'll commence on you."

"Where are your fish, anyhow?"

"In the lake"

"That's a good place for them. They'll keep."

Murmuring avails nothing; and Roy's was the right spirit, and we entered into it, perhaps, not fully. To him everything ministers to his pleasure. The birds rioting in song, the shimmer of a rippled lake, the dripping of a leaky roof into his ear, rosy twilight lingering on the hilltop, the doughy heaviness of half-baked bread, the soft plaintive lullaby of a meadow brook and the persistent proings of empty mosquitoes are to him mines of pure delight. The guide said to him one day when he came to camp hungry as a wolf, "I'm very sorry, Mr. Roy, for I think I've scorched the potatoes." "Oh! that's all right; a little scorching improves them and I'm not sure but the more they are scorched the better they are." The only time we knew of his being out of condition and inclined to complain was when he said "Hang a country where dried apples are a luxury."

We saw deer in abundance every day, but refrained from even disturbing them, for the novelty of their appearance had worn off and they had become so accustomed to seeing and hearing us that they almost seemed as though they had lost a little of their instinctive fear of man.

Natural History.

THE FISHER.

THE fisher (*Mustela pennantiae* Erxl.), called by hunters "black cat," is not very abundant, yet sufficiently so to make a special part of the fall and winter hunt.

The size and shape much resemble the fox, excepting the legs, which are much shorter. The color is black all over except the shoulders and neck, which is mixed with a rich gray, when prime. His body is about two feet long, and tail one foot, bushy and black. Weight about twenty pounds.

The fur is valuable, commanding for individual skins in the wholesale market ten dollars. The texture of the hide is thick and tough as compared with the mink (American sable), but the fur is fine, black and long. This animal is very industrious and mischievous—a perfect pest to the martin hunter, sometimes following his lines of log traps for miles and knocking them to pieces and stealing the bait.

A general rule among fur hunters is to build a larger trap, about one in eight, along the mountain side, especially for the fisher, and by so doing the hunter not only saves his martins but occasionally secures a specimen of more value. It is not a sure thing, however, for the fisher is an artful and shy creature, especially if he is an old one and has been trapped before, as then they will often contrive to get at the bait without springing the trap.

The surest way to capture them is with steel traps, and the usual manner of setting it is in open houses built of evergreen boughs, about four or five feet high, and three feet deep. Stick down a forked stick in the extreme back of the cubby, and put your bait on it. Then set your trap in front of the bait (18 or 20 inches from it); cover your trap with fine moss so that it will all look natural; fasten the trap securely to a small detached tree, and tie the top of the tree so that the animal can swing it round at liberty.

The best bait is supposed to be fresh fish, yet he will take any fresh meat, and he is bound to have it too. I once, while hunting the Rangeley wilderness, was sorely tried by a fisher's robbing my traps, and set a steel trap for him, and for several weeks he outgeneraled me by stealing the bait. He knew just as well as I did where my trap set, and he would get around or over it and carry off the bait every time. I tried him in all the ways I could contrive, with no better success. Finally I set in another steel trap in front of the one already set, and next time I visited my traps I had him, and he had eaten or chewed into small pieces every little tree he could reach, even the bough-house in which the traps were set was a pile of chips.

I could always tell when I came in sight of a trap set for a fisher if I had him, for he would invariably eat up his house and every other available thing within reach, and form a mound of chips, a fitting monument of his industry and savageness.

They often gnaw off their foot in the trap and get away on three legs. This is sagaciously done by gnawing all the foot and leg that is below the jaws of the trap and then pulling out the leg. I once caught one with only two whole legs; he had been trapped twice before and lost a leg each time. They are very tenacious of life, and may be said to have "nine lives" like the cat family. The natural food of the fisher in this State is the white hare; they follow them persistently until the poor hare has to succumb to fatigue.

Their noise is like a child when it cries in a mournful tone, and again it makes a sharp, short whistle. The track on the snow shows only two feet, one a little in advance of the other, with sharp-pointed toes, when running, but when walking he spreads out his toes, making a broad track and very near together, diagonally opposite each other. They are very uncertain in their habits, going to-day in one place and to-morrow in another, so that it is difficult to set traps with any certainty for their capture. They run chiefly on

mountains and in the deep forest, beating back as civilization advances, maintaining their solitary habits in the wildest haunts. Some hunters assert that the fishers go into brooks for fish, but I have never noticed any evidence of this. I have caught several specimens alive for zoological gardens, both in this country and in Europe, but they have to be kept in iron-lined cages, as they will continually gnaw wood, and by their industry soon make their escape. Very few are trapped now compared to former years.

J. G. R.
BETHEL, Maine.

ADDITIONS TO CALIFORNIA AVIFAUNA.

THE occurrence of the yellow rail and European widgcon in this State was first recorded by Dr. J. G. Cooper in the Proceedings of the California Academy of Natural Sciences, Vol. IV., pages 8 and 9.

I do not know if the specimens were deposited in any collection and they may not now be found.

It may have been from an oversight or perhaps doubts as to the identity of the species that these two have been excluded from the birds of this State, and yet I do not understand why the statements and data of these birds again in California which I sent to some Eastern ornithologists should have been wholly ignored. I trust that my making known the following facts in FOREST AND STREAM and the presence of the skins in my collection will be sufficient to convince the most incredulous.

Porzana northracensis (Gmelin), Yellow Rail.—I took a female of this species on the salt marsh of Alvarado, Alameda county, Dec. 28, 1883. No. 1169, female. Writer's collection.

The bird flushed from close before me and flying a few yards dropped into the grass and skulked out of sight. It was soon found and pointed by my red setter and I picked it up alive. When first caught it made a sound very much like a young chicken in distress. Another specimen of this species which I have seen was shot near Cordelia, Solano county, last year by Mr. W. G. Blunt.

The small size and probable scarcity of the bird, together with its secretive habits, has no doubt caused it to be overlooked by collectors.

Anas penelope (Linn.), Widgcon.—I received a specimen in the flesh from the market in San Francisco, the source of Dr. Cooper's specimens, which, as he suggests, "were probably stragglers from Asia instead of Europe." (No. 542, male, Feb. 17, 1882. Writer's collection.)

I do not find the Carolina rail mentioned in any work to which I have referred as having been found in California, and take this opportunity to make known its possibly first occurrence.

Porzana carolina (Linn.), Sora.—Taken near Gilroy, Santa Clara county, Jan. 30, 1874. (No. 500, adult. Collection of D. S. Bryant.)

There is figured in Gould's "Monograph of the Trochilidae," the type and only specimen then known of *Selasphorus floressii*. I have just received a second example, shot by a boy near San Francisco, in May, 1885, which is a species new to the United States.

Selasphorus floressii (Loddiges). (No. 2,620, male. Writer's collection.) The appearance of the bird is strongly suggestive of a hybrid between the anna and rufous hummingbirds, but Mr. Ridgway, who identified the bird from my description, writes me that he is "rather inclined to consider it a distinct species."

Should additional specimens be taken they will prove of great interest.

WALTER E. BRYANT.

OAKLAND, Cal., June 9, 1886.

INOCULATION FOR SNAKE BITE.

THE following suggestions are made by Miss Catherine C. Hopley in a communication to the London *Globe*:

The success of M. Pasteur's treatment for hydrophobia will, or might, raise one more hope that the bite of the most venomous snakes may at last be combated. Inoculation for snake bite has, with very few exceptions, been barely acknowledged hitherto, and confined to the savage races. Strange that it should be so, while in this enlightened nineteenth century every means on earth within the range of science, excepting this, has apparently been tried in vain. But now that the success of inoculation for several other previously unmanageable maladies is so pronounced, the time may have arrived for attempts to be made with "attenuated" snake venom also. As is well known, some Oriental nations in long past ages practiced protective means from snake bite, assimilating their bodies with the venom by swallowing it, and also by feeding on the vipers. The power which the Psylli exercise over deadly vipers was attributed to this. They swallowed the venom, and also the flesh. The Arabs, Persians, Egyptians and African snake-charmers all used protective means; some may still do so, like the bushman of South Africa, to acquire immunity in handling deadly snakes. These protective measures among ancient and savage nations, and by the Indians of the Western world, have been too often described by writers of repute to call for recapitulation here. What has more to do with the present subject is inoculation, which has also been extensively practiced. The juices of certain native herbs, themselves powerful poisons, said to be "antidotal," are used also for external applications to the wound, and are injected under the skin for this purpose, and have been used by the Indians of both North and South America from our earliest knowledge of them. The juice of the famous *huaco* or *guaco* of tropical America is one of these, and was thought by Humboldt to impart to the body an odor repugnant to the serpents, as the American white ash, *Fraxinus americana* of the north, is death to the rattlesnake. Certain it is, that in all snake-infested countries, excepting India, the death-rate from their bite is comparatively insignificant. To the superstition and fatalism of the low caste Hindoos (and not only the very ignorant natives) must to a great extent be attributed their high death-rate. They take no rational means either to protect themselves from the bite, or to cure themselves when bitten, placing faith only in charms, incantations, and native quacks. Exactly ten years ago, when writing on this subject, and impressed by the fact that it should be left to savage races only to practice with success a safeguard so much to be desired, and when the conventional "20,000 per annum" dying of snake bite in India was greatly disturbing the public mind, I ventured to throw out the suggestion. "How would it be to try inoculation with some of the Hindoo plants on the natives, but first on some of the animals that are being bitten by thousands in the service of science? Should it be found successful, inoculation against cobra poison might be made compulsory in India, as it is for small-pox in England." (*Dublin University Magazine*,

March, 1876.) It would be well to inoculate a chicken or rabbit with the juice of the aristolochia or some other of the "antidotal" plants first, and then let the cobra bite it; the pain and terror suffered during the existing experiments would be only slightly aggravated, and with a possible favorable result. * * * * *

Both evils are inflicted by a tooth, but while the bite of a mad dog proceeds from a diseased state of the animal, conveying rabid saliva to the blood of the victim, the bite of a venomous snake conveys deadly saliva into the blood with lightning-like rapidity, the rabid saliva of the dog is weeks or months "incubating" its deadly power. Both have been said to be incurable, though the victims of both have frequently recovered, because in both cases the bite might not have been deep, and the patients may have had constitutional vigor to overcome the danger. Fear, feeble health, and nervous prostration have produced fatal results, after snake bite as after dog bite, when the patient otherwise might have recovered, because neither was the snake venomous nor the dog rabid. Pasteur affirms that terror and nervous prostration have sometimes induced symptoms that have been taken for rabies; and some ultratempere editors on "the other side" have set down to delirium tremens what a charitable friend has attributed to mad dog-ism. Cures and antidotes alike for snake bite and hydrophobia have been sought in vain, and baffled human wisdom from the earliest ages—for hydrophobia even more than for serpent venom; and now that a remedy for this dire malady seems well assured, may we not hope that a triumph may arrive for the other also, something that will at length reduce the death-rate in India from snake bite?

BEAR AND MOOSE QUERIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would be very glad if some of the old hunters who read your paper would favor me with information on one or two questions that are not by any means elucidated in such natural histories as I can refer to.

What is the average and maximum recorded weight of the grizzly bear (*Ursus horribilis* Ord.)? One rarely hears an enthusiastic sportsman estimating the weight of the grizzly he recently saw or killed at much under 1,000 pounds. But whenever the scales have been brought in, so far as I can ascertain, it has been voted an immense bear that went over 500 pounds.

What is the maximum authentic recorded height at the shoulder of the moose (*Alces machilis* (Linné) Gray)? I should say that six feet is about the average height of a bull moose, but a hunter friend, a professional, who has killed a great many moose in the Nipissing region, rather surprised me with the following statement: "In October, 1880, Geo. Ross killed in Paxton township, Muskoka, a bull moose that measured 8 feet 2 inches at the shoulders, its antlers weighed 84 pounds and the beast made 800 pounds of clear meat. I saw and measured it myself immediately after it was killed. In the same month and in the same region of Ontario I myself killed a bull moose that was 7 feet 2 inches at the shoulders."

It is very difficult to know how far to credit these hunter statements, but it seems to me just possible that occasionally the moose may attain to such a great stature. A scientific friend totally discredits the statement because the dimensions given are far beyond the known limits of individual variation. But it must be remembered that the variation is in the direction of this animal's specialization; that is, for example, the chief specialization of the common mole (*Scalops aquaticus* (Linné) Coues), is its enormous hands, and they are by far more variable in their proportions than any other part of the animal's anatomy. So also the curlew (*Numericus longirostris* Wils.), its remarkable specialization and its most variable proportion is the length of the bill. Why, therefore, in this case, may not the moose be subject to extreme variation in the elongation of its limbs, which probably is its chief specialization.

However, whatever doubts may be cast on the above records, I have full faith in the honesty of the narrator, and am very sure that the mistake, if any, is due not to deliberate exaggeration, but rather to the baneful habit of trusting one's memory, that has, ere now, led the best-meaning of naturalists into lamentable error. ERNEST E. T. SETON.

New York, June 21, 1886.

BIRD NOTES.

DUTCHESS COUNTY, N. Y.—Of robins the county is full to such an extent that fruit growers complain bitterly of their depredations. Meadow larks are fairly numerous, though not abundant. But the rollicking song of the bobolink is seldom more heard. I saw none and only heard the one trill of a single bird. The beautiful orioles also are very rarely met with. This doubtless is in great measure due to the late fashion of ladies' hat decoration. But to their credit be it said, that through the widely pervading influence of the FOREST AND STREAM, aided by the numerous AUDUBON SOCIETIES, this cruel fashion has been almost entirely discarded. Whether our bright plumaged birds and songsters will ever again be as plenty as heretofore is problematical. There is one, our earliest and sweetest singers, that sings right on, rain or shine, all day long, that has escaped the demands of the milliner, owing to his modest plumage no doubt, and that is the song sparrow. Those I found almost everywhere, and I think they have largely increased of late years. What has become of the chattering martins? I have seen but one family this year. Thrushes, catbirds and the frisky little wren are now seldom seen. Is the miserable English sparrow responsible for their disappearance? J. H. D.

THE TOLEDO EAGLE.—East Toledo, June 14.—Editor Forest and Stream: The eagle hatched April 26 is seven weeks old to-day. It is about one-fourth the size of a full-grown eagle, and is fledging nicely and assuming a fine appearance. It still depends on the mother to pick its food in small pieces, which she puts in its mouth. While the old birds have white heads and white or straw-colored beaks, the young bird is black, with black head and jet black beak. A week ago to-day a gentleman who claims to know everything about birds tried to make friends with the eagles. He was warned to keep away from them; but he put his hand inside the cage, when the female jumped from the nest and put three talons through his right hand. He is here to-day with a very sore hand, and says he will never again try to make friends with the American eagle. When everything is quiet I go inside, clean out the cage and give them fresh water. They pay no attention to me, but if there is any body around I have no business inside the cage.—HENRY HULCE.

BOMBI.—The Central Park Menagerie has a new attraction in Bombi, a rhinoceros just imported. The beast is 11½ feet long and 5½ feet high; weight, 7,000 pounds. As he stands munching hay he appears to be about as high as a horse, one-third longer, and three times as thick through the body. His legs are short, immensely thick, and decidedly bowed; his neck and head are typical of immense power; his horn was sawed off years ago, but quite a stump remains. The armor of hide plates which protect his body seem to be several inches thick. His eyes are small, his mouth enormous, and his usual expression one of contemptuous indifference. Altogether he is a marvel of ugliness, toughness and strength. Even the heaviest of Barnum's elephants would probably have a sorry time of it in a battle with such a brute. Bombi was captured near the delta of the Ganges some ten years ago by a party of hunters, who shot the mother and captured the young one. For the last three years he has been in the collection of Hagenbach, the well-known dealer in wild beasts. The Park Commissioners paid \$5,000 for him.

CROWS AND MINNOWS.—Your correspondent "J. P. W." mentions seeing a crow apparently fishing on Richardson Lake the other day. I have witnessed the same thing there, but I have always explained it in this way: The fish taken by the crows are, in my belief, the dead eubs and minnows which float down from the works of the live-bait sportsmen. Such fish are always plentiful on the surface of that lake in the spring time, and I have often seen the gulls, and once or twice the crows, feeding on them. If "J. P. W." is the "J. P. W." I think he is, I should be very loth to question his opinion on any matter concerning the lake in question, for his experience there has been very extensive and he is a close observer of nature.—SPECIAL.

Game Bag and Gun.

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IN THE OLD BACKWOODS.

WHEN I first started for the great virgin forest that many years ago robed with an almost unbroken sheet the northern part of Wisconsin, where deer were said to be abundant, the sweetness of anticipation was considerably reduced by anxiety to know what I was going to do with all my game. Familiar with the shotgun and nearly every kind of game upon which it is used, a ranger from childhood of the eastern woods and fields, with keen eyes for hidden squirrels and hares in their forms, a fair shot, too, with the rifle at the target, I quite naturally supposed that all I had to do to shoot deer was to get where the deer were. The results seemed a matter of course.

It was early in October that I reached a settler's cabin far in the depths of the "Big Woods" of Wisconsin; just at the beginning of a long spell of that Indian summer that the Northwest alone can show. A dream of sunlight flooded the woods, the winds were still, the leaves, all dry and crisp, covered the ground so that the scamper of a squirrel over them could be heard at a hundred yards.

"There's no use of huntin' now, the woods is too noisy," said my backwoods friend.

The words fell on my ear like those of an unknown tongue. Even had I comprehended them all the advice that the most experienced hunters in the world could have given could not have held me back. So early the next morning I turned my back upon the little clearing and was soon alone in the wilderness.

Scarcely half a mile from the house I began to find signs that even the most inexperienced eye can not fail to read aright. But one animal could make the narrow, sharp-toed tracks that in all directions were so plain upon the spots of bare ground, and in places had pressed dead leaves in the soft soil beneath. Cautiously I peered around, looked down the ranks of tree trunks, explored the green vistas among the bushes, that filled the more open places, and gazed long and earnestly around that amphitheater of the woods where all things fade into a blur of mingled form and color. Tall and trim was the basswood, and grandly solemn the old white oak. There was the dark, shaggy bark of the black oak, the smooth, dark gray shaft of the red oak, the maple all aflame above, and other ancient trees with leaves of brown, crimson and gold yet unshed. With brilliant scarlet the clustered head of the ginseng shone along the ground; there, too, were the purple berries of the fragrant spignet; ferns still green with life stood along the shady slopes; wild cherries glistened with intensity of jet, and wild plums of great size, some of golden hue, others of pink, looked temptingly at me. Yet nowhere was there anything that looked like a deer.

I listened for the sound of bounding hoofs that I had before heard before the hounds, the crash of brush, or the long-drawn snort or plaintive bleat of which I had read. Yet I heard only the drumming of the ruffed grouse, the jarring of leaves beneath the spring of the squirrel, the tattoo of the woodpecker on some high, dead limb, the harsh, jingling note of the bluejay, or the grating notes of the raven wheeling on high.

With step as quiet as thick-soled boots, dead leaves and abundance of dry twigs would permit, I moved along, winding through openings in brush and trying to avoid everything that could make a noise. Cautiously I crept over huge logs hollow at one end, covered with toadstools at the other, and dark and green beneath, only, perhaps, to see the ruffed grouse spread his banded tail, and roaring upward and onward, fade from sight; the gray squirrel scamper to his native tree, the black squirrel taking a sunbath on some outstretched limb, or both fleeing in terror from the little tyrant red squirrel. Yet ever bright before fancy's eye loomed a mighty buck with shining antlers of not less than "ten points," with broad chest and massive neck, glossy coat and great lustrous eyes, standing in a nice open place, broadside, of course—the veritable deer of the artist—distance about forty yards.

The further I went the more certain seemed the speedy realization of this ravishing ideal. For every where the signs of deer grew more plenty and more fresh; and suddenly I came upon a place beside a bush where a great buck had

pawed a square yard or more of ground clear of leaves and sticks. The damp, dark soil was laid bare, and in it were a score or more of large hoof tracks whose smooth indentations still shone with freshness. The bush—a thorn apple—was on that side all broken, scarred and frayed, and its bright little red apples were scattered upon the ground beneath. I had heard of the deer hooking and tearing the brush with their horns at this time of year, and as the sap still shone fresh upon the scratches on the limbs, I looked around in instant expectation and clutched the rifle with the fondest grip of hope. The rustling foot of a northern hare over the dead leaves as it sped away from the clump of blackberry bushes beyond as I advanced sent a tidal wave of ebills along my spine, and my hand trembled so that I could hardly have hit a barn without fastening myself inside and stopping up the knot holes.

Hours passed, yet that buck appeared not except in imagination's field, where every hour he grew larger, fatter and more numerously pronged, yet on I went with faith unclouded. I looked with contempt at the woodchuck that stopped at the mouth of his hole in the butt of some old tree to take a look at me before vanishing within; and even the porcupine which I had never before seen I allowed to feed undisturbed upon the topmost twigs of the lofty elm. I even felt some disdain for that charming bird, the ruffed grouse, that every few minutes burst with resounding wing from my path, or gazed calmly at me from the thorn apple or sloe bush where he was feeding, and for that lovely fish, the speckled trout, that flashed in every little brook I crossed or stooped to drink from. My heart was set upon deer, deer shot with a rifle and secured by still-hunting, and I was nearly blind to all the beauties of what were then the loveliest woods upon which the sun ever shone.

The sun well in the meridian, a growing feeling of vacaney within and a most inviting log finally convinced me that it was time for lunch. But just as I was about to sit down four deep indentations in the ground with fresh, fine soil and moist leaves scattered just ahead of them caught my eye. I stood for a moment as if petrified. One who has never been in such a position can little imagine the feelings of the tyro whose expectations have out-soared even his conceit when such a reality first breaks upon him with all its chilling intensity. I did not have to try the indentations with my fingers to see if they were hoof tracks. The case was distressingly plain, but I could not resist a look over the log for the preceding tracks. Just over it in a little patch of thin, low brush was an oval depression where the leaves and grass were flattened. The bottom of it was warm and it was about fifteen feet from the tracks on the other side of the log. I had heard much of "jumping a deer," but for the first time had an idea of what it generally means.

Without stopping to think how such a large animal as a deer could have thus taken the alarm and bounded away in such open woods without my seeing or hearing it, I started on the trail, looking keenly down every dark lane among the tree trunks, and giving at every flirt of a squirrel's tail or burst of a grouse a convulsive jerk of the rifle, the reaction of which gave me an ague for the next five minutes. But the tracks of the deer showed it still in full bound, now clearing fifteen now twenty feet at a spring, now going clear over a bush which could have been easily avoided, now skipping the trunk of a fallen tree that it would have been as easy to pass under.

Suddenly three or four new sets of tracks joined the first ones, and a moment's investigation showed that a doe and two fawns had started from a neighboring thicket and gone off with the other deer, alarmed, no doubt, by its running.

I hate to confess it, but I was actually verdant enough to think that my chances for a shot were now increased instead of diminished, and full of confidence I started on the trail. In about four hundred yards the length of the jump began to decrease and they suddenly ceased. Just at the end were a few faint tracks where the deer had turned half around and stood still for a moment. Bidding my struggling heart be still I looked cautiously around. I cannot resist a smile as I write it, but I really expected to see no less than four deer—all looking at me—in some open place, as I had so often seen them in pictures.

Instead of that my eye quickly caught some more freshly ploed up dirt in some brush about twenty feet away, and on went the trail again with longer jumps than before. And so I followed it mile after mile, finding plenty of places where the deer had stopped and turned around and then run on again with long jumps, until the sinking sun warned me home. Yet I saw no deer and heard no sound of bounding hoofs.

Day after day for about a week I roamed the woods with about the same results. Tracks of deer were everywhere. On the points of ridges, in little clumps of brush and in old windfalls were fresh beds of deer, often warm, with the tracks of long, leaping feet leading away from them. Once I heard the thump of feet upon the ground over a ridge, but by the time I got there I could see no signs of game except the soft, dark, moist earth and dead leaves scattered about by the sharp-toed feet of a descending deer. Along little creek bottoms where grass grew long and the wild cherries were rank, were places where the bears had rolled and played and fed, yet vainly I sought a glimpse of the shaggy coat. Here the old one had turned over a log to look for grubs, and there she and the eubs had been feeding upon the oak-clad ridges, where the acorns lay thick upon the ground. But, as with deer, my chances seemed in inverse proportion to the number of tracks I found.

Before I had the faintest glimpse of a deer, November came, and with it that radiant change which here is so much greater than in the East. Chilly were the days and cold enough the nights; when the sun shone at all it was with a wan, pale face; the wind sang through creaking trees and snowflakes rode the blasts. The woods, of late so spangled with color, seemed sorrowful and subdued. The ruffed grouse had nearly hushed his drum and the squirrel rarely appeared except during sunny noons. The jay was still heard in the oak where the acorns yet clung, the raven croaked from the lofty pine, the woodpecker beat his tattoo as before, and sometimes a buzzard was seen in the sycamore by the creek; but nearly all other birds were gone. The trees were now quite bare of leaves; the low bushes beneath were nearly the same, and in any direction I could see twice as far as before. The carpet of dried leaves and sticks was now softened down by heavy rains and made no such noise as before; and my thick-soled boots were now replaced by soft moccasins that made an almost noiseless step. What wonder then that all the strings of hope were at concert pitch as I again threaded the woods?

It was at the height of what hunters call "running time," the surest time they all say to kill a deer. "Now the merest

tyro can knock one over," say many. So often had I heard this and similar talk that I rather wished it were not "running time," for I felt no pride in doing anything that any tyro can do. For in spite of the tremendous lowering of conceit I still felt far above the tyro.

I now found tracks more abundant than before, which to my verdant brain meant, of course, that deer were much more plenty than before. Less than half a mile from the house I found them numerous and fresh, and with a thrill of satisfaction I cocked the rifle and looked around for something running. Down long vistas of dark and gray tree trunks my eye hopefully wandered; but nothing was running there. Up a long flat through which ran a little creek I saw tussocks of light-gray grass still green at the bottom, slopes all black and shiny with clusters of ripened berries, red haws and thorn-apples red with dense masses of fruit. The leaves were all off, and I could plainly see (so it seemed) two hundred yards or more through the thickest brush. The golden wild plums still hanging on the trees seemed brighter than ever, and so did the scarlet of the high bush cranberry. But there was a remarkable scarcity of anything running. On the other side the ground rolled away in short ridges, heavily clad with oak, with little patches of brush on their points and in the heads of the hollows between them. But all this was easily seen through (so it seemed), and all the running there done was by a red squirrel along a fallen tree in a hollow.

Having heard that creek bottoms were good places for deer I followed one for about half a mile. The quantity of tracks indorsed the principle which I had followed, but there was nothing running there but a weasel running over a log and a big hare making good time for the cover of a windfall. I began to feel that a glimpse of something even walking would not be a serious disappointment. Tracks were still plenty and fresh; everywhere were spots where the ground had been scraped and pawed or freshly plowed by plunging hoofs, plenty of bushes bent and torn and broken; plenty of lovely openings to shoot through; a vast amphitheater of lovely ground for something to run on; yet nothing running, walking, nor even standing.

"Only a fawn, eh," I was about to remark as my backwoods friend who preferred to hunt alone brought in one that evening. But I caught myself before it was too late. It suddenly occurred to me that that fawn would look immense if I had shot it.

That night it rained a little and in the morning there was a slow drizzle—a capital day to hunt. On the whole yesterday had not been a good day. It was too cold and the leaves and sticks were stiffer than they should be for success. To-day all was soft and silent under foot.

I was soon alone in the deep dark woods. They were wrapt in gloom and silence. No grouse boomed across my path; all the squirrels were still; the bluejay's tuneful squall was hushed, and even the ever busy woodpeckers seemed gone for ever. Nothing but the drip from the trees or the low breeze sighing through their tops. Nothing but cold wet tree trunks all around; dismal looking blackberry, currant and raspberry thickets, weary looking ferns and spiguet; all but the ginseng, whose scarlet head shone the brighter for being wet. No more inviting logs, no dry sunny slopes to rest on; and, to crown all, nothing running.

So wore on the day until about noon, when, in crossing a bit of low ground covered with fallen logs I saw a flash of white in the distance. It was in the furthest circle of trees, very small and very faint, but it brought my rifle in a twinkling from my shoulder. But by the time the rifle was down the white was gone. I could plainly (so it seemed) see everything around the place where it vanished. "It must have been fancy," I thought as I moved on, "or"—At my second step forward the white flipped again just over the distant line of brush, once, yes twice; the second time very faintly but unmistakably, and then all there was still. I went to the place where it disappeared as quickly as possible. There were the fresh tracks of descending hoofs, the soft, dark dirt and wet leaves torn up and scattered about at intervals of about fifteen feet. I gazed long and musingly. I had at last seen something running, or, to be accurate, the tail of something running.

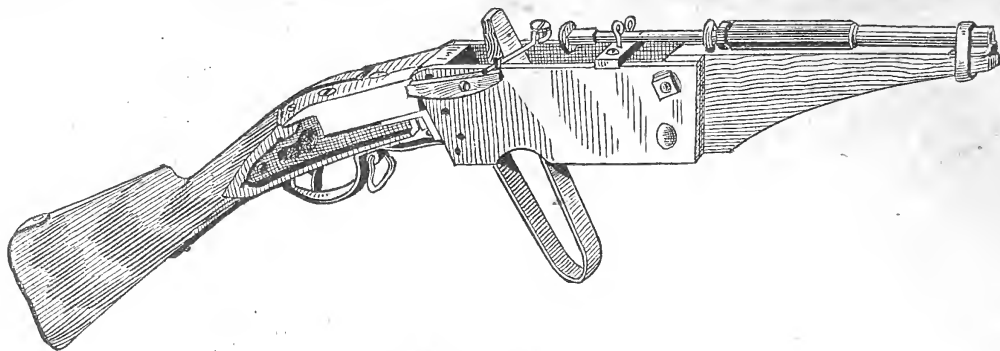
On I went over ridges, across hollows, and along creek bottoms, mile after mile with clothes wet through; yet there was nothing running except an occasional drip from my hat down the back of my neck. But about half an hour before sunset I came to a sudden halt. About one hundred and fifty yards ahead of me was a small, dark looking animal moving over a ridge. It was low, angular and homely in shape; so utterly unlike the deer I had before seen before the bounds, that I might have taken it for a goat or even a hog had I not known there was nothing of the kind in these woods.

Nevertheless the rifle came off my shoulder and I started for the ridge just as the animal passed over it out of sight. Reaching the top of the ridge I looked cautiously over into the next hollow. There were huge fallen trees, the red berries of the prickly ash and the black bunches of the late "choke cherries" all shining in the wet, but no animal was there. As usual there were plenty of nice open places for a deer to stand in and, while I, as usual, was looking in them for a deer and neglecting all other places, there was suddenly a dim flicker of white on the dark horizon of the forest, gone before I could raise the rifle.

"And this is 'running time,'" I thought, as once more alone I stopped to muse on the uncertainties of life. Were all hunters liars? If not where were the deer that were now so tame? No mortal could walk much more quietly than I had walked, yet the only running I had seen was such as no mortal could stop with any rifle yet devised.

A faint sound along the ground cut short my meditations and brought my rifle to full cock at the same moment. In a second more the sound came full and clear, the unmistakable sound of trotting hoofs. Scarcely had I turned to look in its direction than there emerged from some thin brush along the ridge a dark animal on a slow trot. Its head was well down toward the ground, but upon it were a pair of massive horns with half a dozen times on each, and all pointed directly at me. And its distance was scarce fifty yards and that growing rapidly less.

As I raised the rifle—an old time double muzzleloader—and glanced along the sights, I had little time to be surprised; but into the little time I did have was condensed more genuine and joyful surprise than I had ever known before. I could scarcely realize it, but it was true, I hadn't a particle of the buck ague of which we read and hear so much. My nerves were charmingly calm, my hand most blissfully steady, and the sight I took on that coming deer would have sufficed to hit a hundred successive birds with a shotgun. I felt a lofty contempt for the rest of the universe as I saw the bright silver light glitter in line with the low, rakish-looking



A HOME MADE BREECHLOADER.

thing now less than thirty yards away, and pulled the trigger.

Bang went the rifle, and wondrous was the change. As if rising out of the smoke itself stood before me in a twinkling the deer of the artist. There were the great thick neck proudly erect, the big glossy body looming broadside, the fine pointed nose, the flaring ears turned full upon me, the deep, dark eyes full of inquiry and wonder, and over all the broad branching horns with points innumerable, all glittering in the sun, which was now shining from a clear place in the western horizon. There was a sight worth all the toil and patience and disappointment I had endured. And to crown my happiness, I was still delightfully cool, with nerves quite unruffled by my miss with the first barrel. What a supreme moment was that in which my eye again ran along that rifle and saw the silver shine this time upon the massive shoulder that was too big to miss!

But the next moment was infinitely more supreme, for as the smoke of the second barrel cleared away there stood that buck in exactly the same position, his large lustrous eyes looking as if they had not even winked. And there stood I with an empty muzzleloader and fingers benumbed with wet and cold. With the muzzleloading rifle passes away a peculiar experience in the hunter's life. It is somewhat to be regretted, for no hunter is finished without it. The man who has not loaded a muzzleloader with bare hands on a cold day with a deer gazing calmly at him within stone's throw until he gets the cap about half on the tube and leaving just about as it is half adjusted has missed something that all the rest of his hunting life can never supply.

To get one ball down seemed to take an age, and all that while the buck stood there like a statue, and growing ever larger to my excited eye. Just as the cap that I was about to put on dropped from my trembling fingers into the leaves, with a long-drawn "phew," the deer rose in a high bound and galloped away to one side with nearly half a yard, as it seemed, of white rising and falling over his glossy rump at every bound. By the time I got another cap ready I was once more alone, musing upon the new form of "buck ague" of which I had never heard—being too confident because of the game being too close. So intense were my musings upon this that I had to call in the aid of a log just behind me, for the weakness of despair had suddenly seized me in the knees, and my hands shook as if palsied.

"Saints defend us! Here he comes again!" I involuntarily exclaimed, as another deer, looking so much like the first that he seemed the same, came in sight half walking and half trotting, from almost the same place from which the other had come.

Bang went the rifle before I saw any sight upon it at all. Through the smoke there was a gentle undulation of soft gray for a few yards. Then it suddenly stopped in an opening among the trees—another statue even more graceful, if possible, than the last one had been. But it had none of the curiosity of the last one, and as I raised the rifle it turned again into a line of wavy gray, which disappeared over the trunk of a large fallen tree just as I turned the second barrel upon it and fired. In a moment more there was a farewell wave of white in the darkening circle of the furthest trees and once more I was alone.

But not long. For no sooner had I loaded the rifle and begun to feel a trifle composed than I was almost petrified with amazement at seeing another deer coming from the very place from which the others had come. Though I had before heard of several deer following each other at this time of year I had forgotten all about it; and the havoc wrought in my nerves by the sudden apparition was such that I decided to let it come closer than the others had come.

This one, too, was a buck, smaller than either of the others, but quite large enough to satisfy all that now remained of my former ambition. On he came only walking, but still moving fast, for the deer is a fast walker. I had plenty of time in which to collect myself, but found time having the very opposite effect from that desired. In a moment more the buck was passing me some twenty yards on one side, with head downward and quite unsuspecting of danger.

Intending to make sure of him I drew the sight of the rifle upon the very center of his body, I saw the silver shine this time. It danced all over the gray-coated side, but just as it shone for an instant about on the middle (as it seemed) I pulled the trigger. The smoke came back in my face, but when it cleared away there was no deer in sight. I rushed to the spot and found him stretched full length upon the ground, fat, glossy and stone dead.

It is the proper thing to act the child over the first deer, and I was about to indulge in a hurrah and a somersault when I was seized with a sudden sinking of the heart. I had just noticed the bullet hole and the collapse of pride was fearful. It was in the neck, some three inches from the butt of one ear, and just about three feet nine inches from the spot at which I fancied I was pulling the trigger.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

QUAIL IN DUTCHESS COUNTY, N. Y.—In an extended ride through Dutchess county last week, I was greatly pleased to hear the shrill whistle of Bob White ringing from so many meadows. It was a pleasant reminder of years long gone by. But as the fields are quite generally posted, their taking off in the fall is to be enjoyed but by the favored few. But even this is vastly better than their extinction by indiscriminate slaughter.—J. H. D.

ANOTHER BREECHLOADER.

EACH monthly issue of the Patent Office report contains many entries of patents granted on breechloaders. There seems to be a steady supply of them; but occasionally there is one which does not get into the official report, and of this class is the weapon represented in our cut. It is the handiwork of George M. Grant, of North Tunbridge, Vt., and shows what a boy will do when he makes up his mind in a certain direction. George is 14 years old and lives on a farm, just an ordinary New England homestead, with a great barn and a tool house, with its thousand and one odds and ends, old buckles and bits, ancient saws, sleighs and surcingle, queer bits of almost every conceivable sort of junk. George wanted a gun. There were squirrels to be knocked over, impudent little rascals, who whisked their tails in George's very face as though knowing that he had no gun to pop them with, nor any ready cash to buy one at the village store. Then there were woodchucks, equally brazen, and the young Vermonter was sure he could rid the place of the "varmints" if he only had a firearm of any sort. Then there were crows, too, and scores of things which could be blazed away at if there was only a gun to do it with.

The will was there, what of the way, which the old saying has it is always to be found in juxtaposition thereto? The way was in that pile of old junk in the corner of the barn. Poking it over, young Grant found an old Allen pistol barrel. So far good. Now how to use this so that it would enable him to use the .32-caliber cartridge which he found he could purchase so cheaply, for George was to have a breechloader. No muzzleloader for him. Not much. A portion of a discarded Newhouse trap supplied the spring, and then an old musket stock, which may have been carried by some relative who followed George's great namesake, and the young mechanic set to work. Carriage screws, bits of wire, lag screws and such wood as he could cut to purpose assisted him in building up the queer but effective contrivance our artist has so well pictured. The barrel, it will be seen, is held by an iron strap, evidently from the heel of a scythe, which slips on over the front and holds the muzzle end of the barrel in position; then the rear end of the barrel has inserted in it a bed screw. This has a slight motion through the screw eye, while the nut upon it prevents it going too far and at the same time acts as an effective stoppage to the discharge of gas, etc., rearward. The front end of this horizontal screw rests upon the cartridge head. Now how to give it a sharp blow so that the impact should ignite the fulminate. Here comes in the Newhouse trap spring. One end was made fast, the other was brought back, and the wire crosspiece put behind the small pin seen on the front edge of the weapon. An ordinary wooden button acted to liberate the retaining wire when aim had been taken. The free end of the spring rushing forward struck the long screw bolt, and this acting as a firing pin, started the cartridge and the bolt action weapon was discharged. To reload, it was necessary to slip off the front strap, when the removal of the barrel permitted the pushing out of the shell and the insertion of a fresh cartridge. It worked capitally, and the worthy bearer of a proud name was happy and the envy of his companions, while each night saw the precious piece safely tucked beneath his bed.

A drummer chanced that way, one of these pilgrims of commerce who leave no nook nor corner of the country unvisited. He saw the quaint weapon and very soon won the odd contrivance by the promise of a bright new store-made gun. No sooner had it reached the Winchester Arms Co. store here and been duly wondered at than the drummer who had caught it in his travels sent it to the FOREST AND STREAM with the following letters:

NEW YORK, May 7, 1886.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This model (or whatever you call it) was made by George M. Grant, of North Tunbridge, Vermont. He was fourteen years old when he made it. When it came to our notice, Mr. W. W. Converse, president of our company, saw it, and thought that as the boy had shown so much ingenuity he should be rewarded, and we sent him one of our single shot rifles. I inclose you a copy of the letter which I have just received from him.—WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY (P. G. Sanford, Agent).

NORTH TUNBRIDGE, Vt., May 4, 1886.—*Winchester Arms Company:* Gentlemen, I received that rifle all right last night and was very much surprised and pleased. I have wished I had one like it a good many times. I shall prize it more than anything in this world. I never had such a costly present before. And, gentlemen, I thank you more than I can tell; whenever I look at it I shall think of you. Once more I thank you and close. I remain yours truly, GEORGE M. GRANT.

How the weapon came to be made was the question which we put to the lad, and his answer comes to complete the story of how pluck and brains were properly rewarded:

NORTH TUNBRIDGE, Vt., May 8, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I received your letter wishing to know all about that rifle I made little more than a year ago. I had a broken pistol that would not work. I got to thinking one day if I couldn't make a rifle out of it. At that time I had four .32 rim-fire cartridges. I tried one and found they would fit. Then I went to work, when I had time, to make it. I had no one to tell me nor any one to help me. I done it alone. I did not have to buy anything; I found enough on the farm for all I wanted. I worked a number of weeks on it before I got it to work to suit me. When I got it done I loaded it with a .32 rim-fire cartridge, and set up a mark six inches square, eight rods off, and fired. I hit it the first time. I fired a good deal after that and hit well. I have no cartridges now such as I used then. After awhile I lent it to a friend of mine and he let a gentleman have it who was stopping around here, and he carried it to New York. That is all I can think of to describe.

You can guess my surprise at receiving such a costly rifle as these gentlemen made me the present of. I shall think of them and thank them whenever I use it. I shall remember the Winchester Repeating Arms Company as free-hearted gentlemen, and prize the rifle they sent me more than anything I have got. I will close. I remain yours truly,

GEORGE M. GRANT.

"JUMPING DEER."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Being thoroughly familiar with the movements of the *Capreolus macrotis* when in motion, I wish to correct an error in the cuts given illustrative of the "Carberry Deer Hunt" in the FOREST AND STREAM of June 3. The "jumpers" do not fold or bend the legs as represented in the cuts; but let the legs hang as does a carpenter's work bench. Immediately before touching ground the knees bend forward and the hocks backward, and that instant the feet touch bottom, the legs are forcibly jerked straight, the forelegs giving the elevation and the hindlegs doing the propelling, all by that one sudden jerk. That a deer can jump the distance ascribed to these animals is not incredible, but that they do it without reaching out is little short of the marvelous. The track of a jump made by one of these short, though strong-legged creatures is a hole in the snow, all the feet going down near the same spot. The ears, head, neck and entire body retain a fixed appearance, while the whole form goes bowling along unlike anything else in nature. No dog can keep up, not even the view hound, if the deer runs nearly straight, and a horse—the best saddle-horse—loses gradually until the rider pulls him off. Two miles will sicken any horse carrying 160 pounds or upward in such chace. It is downright funny to ride beside a jumper on the prairie and watch him bound along like a rubber ball without seeming to lag; fact is he has himself set for a stand still, but appears incapable of overcoming a momentum which he received in the cove of brush that he was started from by the sniffling hounds or your comrade's horses.

Repeatedly from the saddle and from my snow shoes have I beheld this wingless thing really fly, in the "Carberry Sandhills" and elsewhere; and I have killed them too. Though much shorter-legged than the Virginia deer, they average a heavier weight. Does will reach 170 pounds, and bucks nearly 300. The "great rusty red beast charging through the brush" is very true to life. Mr. Seton's story reads like that of an honest man, and his perseverance is that of a true and enthusiastic sportsman. I assume that he never had the fortune of a clear and prolonged side view of the jumpers, else he would have rendered them standing, even in the air.

HURON.

A CALIFORNIA OUTING.

AWAY we go, leaving San Diego city at 4:30 P. M. one afternoon in February, bound on a duck hunt. Driving north four miles we pass through Old Town (the oldest white settlement in California), with its picturesque adobe ruins and majestic old palms towering far above the quiet deserted hacienda. We arrive at the San Diego River, turn sharply to the left, drive down the levee placed there to turn the river from its original channel (as it bid fair to fill up the channel of the Bay of San Diego), cross the river and find ourselves on the edge of a vast tideland covered with stubby tule and eel grass, intersected by innumerable sloughs, deceptive in depth, breadth, and generally covered with thousands of ducks which come in to feed with the flood tides. The marsh surrounds False Bay, a sheet of water three by six miles, very shallow, and with a very narrow entrance close to the famous mussel beds of our seaside resorts. The surface of the bay is, in season, literally covered with black brant, geese and ducks of every description, together with every variety of shore birds, from the great heron to the wee sandpiper, while the waters are filled with mullet, halibut, bass and myriads of sharks and sting rays, the latter sometimes growing to an immense size. I have seen one cast up dead on the beach measuring, as near as I could calculate, nearly seven feet across.

We located ourselves where the river tumbles off into a slough, making a fall of a couple of feet, and where the ducks were noted for coming to water.

It was a beautiful sunset. We were looking directly west, and the sun was just dipping its beams behind the low sand dunes; the sullen roar of the Pacific was brought to our ears just loud enough to make it musical. Before us for a number of miles was nothing to be seen but tules, and on the right the northern edge of the bay surrounded by low hills, the sky one mass of rose-colored clouds and edged with the fine gold of a gorgeous sunset. To the left, grand Point Loma, crowned by the lighthouse, loomed up majestic and somber, brought into added prominence by the lights of Old Town and the lights of the fishing fleet which anchor under its lee. Behind us is the beautiful Bay of San Diego, calm as a mirror, save where now and then a waterfowl disturbs its glassy surface, reflecting the lights from various shipping, and the thousands of city lights and the wide, white moon, just rising into view behind Mt. San Miguel. The air is soft and the whole situation so entrancing that I regret to break the quiet. Not a sound is heard save the melancholy *cak, cak, ka-a-a* of the rail buried deep in the tules, and the occasional long-drawn sigh from one of the dogs.

Still Merritt and I sat there, our guns apparently forgotten, our eyes bent seaward and our whole being evidently wrapt in a contemplation of nature's beauties. It was a beautiful sight—one will never forget, and if only a brace of old green-heads would—bang—thump—and "Fetch him here, Rowdy, good doggy. Look at this mallard," spoke up Merritt, as his dog proudly brought in as fine a specimen as I ever saw. But I hadn't time to look. The tide had been running in for several hours, and the ducks seemed to be all coming in at one time. In every direction could be seen band upon band of ducks all headed for the one goal, the mouth of the river, where we were awaiting them. The fun waged fast and furious. We became excited, stepped off into the sloughs two or three times, used up more shells in half an hour's work than I thought possible, and the dogs were simply frantic—one would start to heel with a bird, and thump would come a big duck almost on top of him.

The flight came in spurts. For ten minutes one wouldn't see a duck, and presto—whio-oo—swish—bang, bang, "Dead bird, fetch him here, you Rowdy; come in, Trix," bang, bang, and so it would go again for a full ten minutes or so, and then the flight would stop as suddenly as it began.

We ran out of shells about 9 o'clock, and proceeded to retrieve and hook up, and thus ended a most enjoyable little hunt.

A. B. PEARSON.

SAN DIEGO, California.

MONTANA'S CATTLE KINGS.

[Correspondence New York Times.]

WASHINGTON, June 20.—The report that Agent Williamson, of the Indian Office, has been disregarding the law or his duties by permitting the illegal occupation of Indian lands in Montana is doubted by Commissioner Atkins, who furnishes some of the facts concerning the lands alluded to in a recent issue of the FOREST AND STREAM. Agent Williamson was the personal appointment of Secretary Lamar, who had known him for 40 years. He has been known by Mr. Atkins for 50 years, and both Mr. Lamar and Mr. Atkins are prepared to vouch for his integrity in this matter, believing that nothing has been done that will not bear the strictest scrutiny.

The agreement made by the United States with the Crow Indians for a cession of the western part of their reservation provides in one section that in case the tribe consents to permit cattle to be driven across the reservation or grazed thereon, the Secretary of the Interior shall fix the price to be paid for the privilege of all income from such sources to be turned over to the tribe. When Agent Williamson took charge in December, 1885, he found a number of persons grazing cattle on the reservation, notably Briggs and Ellis, Ash and one Wilkerson, to whom he has been charged with issuing permits. The Indians had no objection to make to their presence on the grazing lands. Subsequently Briggs and Ash asked for renewals of their permits, and the Columbia Land and Cattle Company asked for the privilege of grazing a herd of 5,000 cattle in the northeast corner of the reservation, all agreeing to pay such a tax per head per annum as the department should fix, and agreeing to leave the reservation whenever they should be ordered to do so. On May 12 last these applications were referred to Agent Williamson to ascertain the wishes of the tribe and to recommend such a compensation as he might deem reasonable.

Mr. Williamson investigated the matter and reported to the department that the Indians had no objections to leasing the lands for grazing purposes, provided there was no interference with their farms. Mr. Williamson also reported that there were no Indians on the land asked for for grazing purposes, and reported that trespassers were on the ground from whom no revenue was received. Agent Williamson also reported that he considered the terms offered—50 cents per head—to be reasonable and satisfactory to the tribe and recommended that the permits asked for be granted. Under them from 8,000 to 10,000 head of cattle would be given pasturage. The Indian Department has not passed upon the question of these permits, but it is said to be probable that the Government will not grant them. It is said that the business of business men and McGee have asked for a similar grazing permit, but Mr. Williamson, to whom the matter was referred, has not reported on their application.

Relative to the statement that one Barry had grazed several thousand sheep on the reservation—he had asked in February last for permission to graze 3,000 sheep for three or four months, for which privilege he offered to pay 5 cents a head or \$150 for the lot, which terms the Government refused to accept. Nevertheless he grazed his sheep there and did not pay for the privilege.

With regard to Lowell, Nelson Storey and Dilworth, to whom the FOREST AND STREAM charges that permits have been granted, the Government has no information, nor has the department received applications for permits from them, though one McCormick, of Junction City, had recently applied for a permit to graze 1,000 head of cattle. In 1884 the Crows leased 1,500,000 acres of their reservation to Blake & Wilsch for grazing purposes for a period of ten years from June 1, 1885, at a rental of \$3,000 per annum, payable semi-annually in advance. It is possible, to the Government officials believe, that it is part of this land, leased by the Indians without the approval of the Indian Department, upon which the parties complained of by the FOREST AND STREAM are grazing their cattle, and that none of them hold permits granted by Mr. Williamson. There are supposed to be many of these unapproved leases, issued by the Crows to the cattle-men, of which the Government knows nothing, and it is known that part of the reservation is infested by trespassers who have no shadow of right upon the lands. Because of this last fact, Agent Williamson favors the granting of grazing permits, as he believes the parties who hold such permits would drive off the trespassers. To sustain the claim of the department that Agent Williamson would not grant grazing permits, as it has been charged he has done, the authorities point to a letter sent by him to R. B. Briggs, of Big Timber, Montana, under date of May 20 last, in response to his request for a renewal of his grazing permits, in which Agent Williamson says:

"I have been greatly annoyed from complaints of parties who have been trespassing on the reservation, and others who desire to have permits to graze cattle on the reserves as well as other privileges, that you are enjoying privileges which they can't understand. I therefore desire to be distinctly understood that all my actions are open to the inspection of the world, and I do nothing without the approval of the department at Washington, as these matters are of no profit whatever to me, but on the other hand, are of very great annoyance, besides taking my employees from the great and pressing service I have for them to perform here and sending them to look after matters of this kind."

In brief, then, the department denies, in behalf of its Crow Indian agent, the truth of the assertions of the FOREST AND STREAM relative to the illegal granting of grazing permits by Williamson, basing this denial upon a thorough knowledge of his probity, and a lack of any accurate information as to whether the Crow Reservation is used by the stockmen, either with or without permits, or under leases granted by the Crows without Government approval.

MINNESOTA GAME NOTES.—Ashby, Minn., June 17.—From present indications we are led to believe that prairie chickens will be unusually plentiful the coming season. Old birds were more numerous than usual during the spring months. There has been no rain nor thunder storms to injure the eggs or to destroy the hatch. Young birds are in fine condition at present writing. Ducks that hatch in this section of the county are also in excellent condition and plentiful. We have a good hotel, the Hotel Kittson, livery teams and experienced drivers can be had at reasonable prices. D. A. Lindley of New York, and George Smith of Chicago, with other friends, found this a very satisfactory place to shoot ducks last fall, killing from 100 to 200 red head ducks per day during their stay. M. A. Gilbert of Chicago, spent 30 days shooting here. The largest number of ducks killed in one day was 213, the smallest 46; his total killing was 2,760 ducks, principally redheads. This shooting is done in Christina Lake, three miles north of Ashby. Stationary blinds are built with brush, etc., from 200 to 300 yards out from the shore, large enough to cover a boat in which one or two men sit, placing 20 or 30 decoy ducks to lakeward from the blind. The places chosen to build the blinds are in the natural feeding place for the ducks. Many thousand ducks were killed in this way by sportsmen from all parts of the country. Col. John Wilson and his son B. M. Wilson of Chicago; Dr. A. Head, U. S. N., Hartford; L. C. Thomas, Columbia, Tenn.; J. L. Grandin, Tidoute, Pa., spent the last hunting season here with their families and many friends, who would stop for a day or two shooting. Mrs. J. L. Grandin made an excellent record at shooting both prairie chickens and ducks; she is very proud of her ability as a shot. Hundreds of the lovers of shooting make this their headquarters during shooting season, the most of them from St. Paul, Minneapolis and Stillwater. Among the most prominent are G. R. Finch, C. Seabury and J. Tarbox, St. Paul; Chas. Nelson, Senator Sabin and J. Castle, Stillwater; F. E. Daniels, C. H. Russell and John Hall, Minneapolis.—W. S. F.

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.—Athens, Pa., June 14.—One day last week a farmer living about four miles east of here killed a bald eagle measuring seven feet from tip to tip; it was thirty-eight inches long and weighed nine pounds. When he fired only one shot hit it, breaking the end of the wing, and it came at him so fiercely that he was obliged to club it to protect himself. This is the first one killed near here in several years, and I mounted it for the G. A. R. post of this town, and they will place it in their rooms. Grouse have bred well, and last week a friend saw two fine coveys of young about the size of quails. He was also fortunate enough to shoot four mink at one shot that were living quite near them. I hope the bounty on minks, owls, weasels, etc., will so thin them out that grouse and quail will have a chance to breed without being molested.—P.

THE BOOMERANG.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Editor Forest and Stream: Noticing in FOREST AND STREAM of June 3, an article on the boomerang, in which Mr. Barnum is said to have pronounced it a myth, I copy for you the report of Charles Wilkes, Commander of the U. S. Exploring Expedition, on the above-named weapon. In speaking of the weapons of New South Wales the author says: "The most extraordinary is the boomerang. This is a flat stick three feet long and two inches wide by three-quarters of an inch thick, curved or crooked in the center, forming an obtuse angle. At first one would calculate it was a wooden sword very rudely and clumsily made; indeed, one of the early navigators took it for such. It is an implement used both for war and in the chase. In the hands of a native it is a missile efficient for both, and is made to describe some most extraordinary curves and movements. It is grasped at one end in the right hand, and is thrown sickle-wise, either upward into the air, or downward, so as to strike the ground some distance from the thrower. In the first case it flies with a rotary motion, as its shape would indicate; after ascending to a great height in the air, it suddenly returns in an elliptical orbit to a spot near its starting point. The natives in its use are enabled to strike objects which lie behind others with great precision, and to reach those near as if by a back stroke by throwing it at a particular angle. The diagram exhibits the curves of the angles of 22°, 45° and 65° respectively, which I have attained in making experiments with it. On throwing it downward on the ground, it rebounds in a straight line, pursuing a ricochet motion until it strikes the object at which it is thrown. Birds and small animals are killed with it and it is also used in killing ducks. The most singular curve described by it, is when thrown in the air above the angle of 45°, its flight is always then backward; and the native throws it standing with his back instead of his face to the object he is desirous of hitting. It is a favorite weapon with the natives and is frequently seen ingeniously carved.—D. M. P."

AN ADIRONDACK GUIDE'S NIGHT TRIP.—Sunday a telegram was received at Boonville for John W. Chisholm, of Boston, who was supposed to be on the Seventh Lake of the Fulton Chain, announcing the serious illness of his wife. The telegram was not sent until Tuesday morning from Boonville and as the case was an urgent one George Goodsell and James Kitts started in a rowboat from the Forge House to Seventh Lake at nearly dusk, the message having arrived there at about that time. The journey up the lake was made in a very fierce wind, and under a disadvantage owing to the darkness. Upon arriving at Seventh Lake, a distance of about sixteen miles from the Forge House, Guide Goodsell could find nothing of the party, and in almost total darkness returned to Hess camp, where it was learned that the party of which Mr. Chisholm was a member, had gone to Big Moose Lake, about eight miles from the camp. Nothing daunted the guide and his companion, and over lake and through the trail of the woods they continued, arriving at Big Moose Lake at about two o'clock in the morning, where they delivered their message. Mr. Chisholm at once accompanied them, started at daylight and reaching Boonville at about 5 P. M. of the same day, where he took the train for his home. Considering the roughness of the lake, the darkness and distance traveled, the carrying of the boat from lake to lake and other obstacles overcome, it was a trip which took pluck and perseverance. About forty miles were traveled by lake and carry, and most of it in darkness. Many of the Fulton Chain guides are made up of the right material and George Goodsell is among the number.—Boonville (N. Y.) Herald.

A SENSIBLE AGREEMENT.—Gainesville, Texas, June 16.—Editor Forest and Stream: The inclosed agreement looks strange, coming as it does from one of the best game districts in the State, but it will show which way the wind blows in Cooke county.—C. C. The agreement is as follows: In the absence of a law to protect game we hereby agree not to kill any prairie chickens before July 15 next, or quail before Sept. 1, and limit our bag of chickens in one day to the number opposite our names: (Signed) C. Chambers 12, F. A. Tyler, Jr. 12, J. B. Spragins 12, W. O. Dutton 12, J. M. Potter 12, C. C. Potter 12, J. M. Rowland 12, M. V. Cheatham 12, Joseph Cottraux 12, L. K. Hawkins 12, Burt Simpson 12, J. B. Turner 12, J. B. Morgan 12, B. S. Brooks 12, J. Means 12, J. C. Rollins 12, J. R. Stevens 12, M. H. Brown 12, H. D. Buck 12, A. L. Frick 12, R. E. Phillips 12, J. H. Garnett 12, S. D. Parkinson 12, Walter W. Hudson 12, J. T. Rowland 12, J. Z. Keel 12, E. P. Hill 12, C. O. Turner 12, E. P. Bonnar 12, Claude Weaver 12, Green Weaver 12, Geo. F. Peery 8, J. W. Phillips 12 (Gainesville, Texas, June 14, 1886).

KANSAS.—Cimarron, June 14.—I went to the buffalo, southwest of here, in November last; saw two bunches of three and six and killed a two-year old heifer; my companion killed a cow. I am going again in November and shall get meat or stay till I wear the prairie out traveling over it. They are scarce and wild as mustangs. Prairie chickens are nesting here for the first time this season. I am trying, with fair success, to keep them from being killed. Antelope are almost all driven south by the settlers who are setting up the country along the A. T. & S. F. R. R. They are abundant and tame one hundred and twenty-five mile south and southwest from Cimarron. We shall have a large time in November about Great Bend, Kan., coursing jack rabbits, at the meet of the National Coursing Club.—W. J. D.

AN ARDENT HOUNDING PROTECTOR.—The Boonville, N. Y., Herald gives this report of what will be done by one of the gentry whose cause the Herald espoused last winter: "The Sherman party report seeing many deer. At Beaver Lake they saw five at one time; but the preparations for destruction this season are formidable. At Indian Lake on the South Fork, a person who was last year suspected of doing a good deal of unlawful hounding, has erected a large camp and got in a thousand pounds of supplies. He intends to stay all the season, and in the fall to furnish illustrations of how to fill up the woods with deer by driving them with hounds, according to the plan adopted at the recent session of the Legislature."

IRONTON, Mo., June 19.—Quail wintered splendid. At present they are very plentiful, more so than usual. Turkey were numerous in the spring, and we have had a very dry season, which will help our fall shooting considerably. Squirrel are plentiful in the St. Francois River bottoms, about eight miles from here. Deer may yet be found within two miles of Ironton. Fishing was not good this spring; the season was too dry.—W. E. B.

JONATHAN DARLING, of Maine, has brought suit in the Massachusetts courts for alleged seizure of a box containing deer and caribou skins, heads and antlers, in the close season. Darling represents just the class of game butchers whom the protective laws are designed to restrict, and he is naturally the individual to raise a rumpus when his goods are seized.

CROW INDIANS IN THE PARK.—A recent dispatch from Fort Keogh, Mont., reports that small hunting bands of Crow Indians have been killing many game animals in the Yellowstone National Park. Col. Weir, Superintendent, a few days ago caught several of these hunting parties.

!!!—A supposed empty pistol in the hands of John Atkins, a 12 year-old boy of Pottsville, Pa., was accidentally discharged at a children's picnic while pointed directly at George Farquhar, aged 15. ??? ! ! !

KANSAS WOLVES.—An Easton (Kan.) man last week captured an old she wolf and seven young, for which he received \$24 bounty.

So easy to row with Allen's bow-facers. Catalogue free. Oars complete, \$8 per pair. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

ONDAWA.

THE high and mossy mountains roll along
Wavelike, beside thee dressed in feathery green,
Whilst mighty equinox—a parent strong
Of myriad rivulets, with royal mien,
Head gray in cloud, o'er shades the varied scene!
Through dells and grots or festooned dreamy woods,
'Mid plains of emerald or solitudes
Dark with the crag, or from the canopy
Of leafy myst'ry, loud in childlike glee,
Thou fliest laughing, wild, tumultuous—free.

And from thy limpid deeps or cascade's whirl,
Or the translucent eddy's oily curl
Leaps the bejewelled trout! Thus richer far
Than all the mines of gold art thou, Oh Oudawa.

MANCHESTER, Vermont.

K.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

XVI.

SINCE Jim and Knots had forgotten to wind up their "talk" of the day before, after breakfast they were off again in a boat for another hitch at it and another day with the bass. Knots had reconsidered all his well-laid plans and designs against the trout—a "mighty narrer escape" for the trout of Maybert's Creek from being wiped out of existence.

The fishing proved but little better than that of the day before, but we got enough to eat and a few for the neighbors. Either the bass had not yet taken a notion to feed after the storm, or had failed to find their haunts, and by Sunday night old Knots was growling in a mild way at the lack of sport, and even hinted that he would doubtless cut his visit a few days shorter than first intended, but old Dan and I had been out with him for a good many years and knew the symptoms; his stock of "festivities" was running low, and we could foretell the result.

Around the camp fire that evening Dan and I laid out a trip to the extreme head of the lake for next day, to see if the fishing would prove any better up that way, and after an early breakfast next morning we took the philosopher's boat, a light running cockle shell that had been sent over to him from home a few days before, and were half way to Alexander's point by the time the sun was well above the trees. We did not hook on a frog until we were above the point, and then we fished slowly along the incurring shore to another point nearly a mile above, without a solitary nibble. This was somewhat in the nature of a backset, but the old pelican and the skipper had encountered numerous small disappointments of the kind in the last score of years, and we did not mind it much.

A short distance below the point we met Meade, the boatman, who had brought Knots to camp, with a couple of anglers out from Traverse City for a day's fish. They were in a light yawl, Meade at the oars and the anglers trolling with rods instead of the usual handlines. They had no live bait, but had taken four or five pickerel and as many bass with spoons which was quite encouraging to them, but Dan and I could not quite figure out just the amount of our part of the encouragement.

At the point we found a bar or sunken reef reaching away out in the lake eight to twelve feet under water, along the lower side of which we fished carefully till it was lost in deep water, then turning we fished back on the upper side with equal care in glorious looking water for longsnouts or bass without a tightening of our lines to disturb our pulse. The signs had tailed us and not an abrasion marked the speckled coats of our frogs trailing idly astern as we took our way again up shore.

While yet a mile and a half from the head of the lake the wind rose suddenly, coming from a couple of points east of north and in a few minutes the whole lake as far as we could see was covered with whitecaps and the water too rough for our little boat and we were moved to go ashore and wait for the blow to go down, but after waiting nearly two hours with no sign of a lull we got in the boat and started back, pulling close along inshore to escape the full force of the blast. When we had worked back nearly a mile in this fashion, the little boat burying her bows in a wave every few feet with a bang that threatened to split her bottom, the fickle wind went down as suddenly as it had come up and in less than thirty minutes a gentle breeze was actually blowing from the opposite quarter or down the lake toward camp. To quote old Dick M., "there's nothin' of such a derogatory natur' as wind."

It was now rather late in the day to carry out our original plan, which was to make a circuit around the head of the lake and fish back on the east side and cross over to camp about dark. We had also intended to make a trip up Cedar Run, a stream coming in at the upper end of the lake from the southwest, which we had been told afforded some very good trout fishing. From where we landed to get out of the blow we could see the

edge of the dead cedar swamp through which it formerly flowed for nearly three miles before entering the lake, but now (I tell it to the neighbors told us) the stream had no current through the swamp, the channel, however, four and five feet in depth for more than two miles up, can be readily followed between the walls of leafless, dead trees, killed by the backwater, to near the outer edge of the deadening near the hills, whence it emerges from its hiding of living green.

Above the backwater for a mile or two, the Horton boys and the schoolmaster had told us were some "mighty nice holes" with good trout in them, which Dan and I have no reason to doubt, but somehow something kept turning up from day to day—mainly laziness—to prevent us from making another trip to verify it, and as Knots said, "we had only their unsupported word" as to the fine trout fishing to be had in Cedar Run.

However, I have thought it worth while to point out the stream to the brethren, that in case any of them wander that way they may at least drown a fat worm or two in its limpid waters, and if they happen to hook a "scrouger" they will be glad Uncle Dan and I didn't get to the creek that day, for that same big fellow would have been the very identical trout we were looking after.

Fishing slowly and patiently along on our way back we again ran across Meade and the two "spooners" a short distance above the sunken reef, just starting across the lake to fish down the other side to the sawmill, where they had left their team. The bottom of their boat was entirely covered with fish; long snouts of two to four pounds, and a fine lot of bass, the largest of which, Meade said, would "bustle six pounds," all taken with the spoon. Dan and I looked at each other and said nothing; but I have labored under the conviction ever since that each was longing for the other to kick a little common sense into him. Dan and I had plenty of spoones and trollers—in camp; we had forgotten to bring our "calamity boxes" along. Dan and I had plenty of speckled frogs in our buckets; Dan and I hadn't had a single, solitary sign of a symptom the whole day. Our spirits were crushed; our pride as anglers humbled and trailing in the dust (or water), and we turned our boat campward, as old Dave Edwards used to say, "a feelin' too dredded incendiary to express our prevarication."

KINGFISHER.

AMONG THE ALDERS.

IT rained quite hard on Tuesday night, and I knew well that the next morning would be a good one for trout. Then the day promised to be overcast with perhaps light showers toward noon. "This is the time," said I to myself, "and although I have suffered nearly all night with the toothache, I must not let such a morning pass."

It was with these reflections that I prepared myself for a start immediately after breakfast, and took my way over the hill and toward the "Low Meadow." I commenced fishing in the pasture lot when it was possible to cast a fly; but this state of things soon changed. Branches of black ash, yellow birch and occasionally a maple began to extend themselves across the stream, and now and then an alder bush (as it were to remind one of what I was coming to) seemed to take especial delight in growing just where it interfered with my east.

As yet I had only taken three or four fish, none of them large, however, nor even up to the medium size of a good brook trout. It occurred to me that they might be some of Dr. Fulmer's more recent stocking of the Dingman Creek, in his efforts to improve the streams of Pike county, Pa.

But now there is no chance for a fly, and if I will satisfy my hunger for trout or entertain my friends, I must resort to the unartistic method (as some think) of bait-fishing. I do this, not only with reluctance, but with fear. I have a borrowed rod, light and limber as a switch, good enough for fly-casting, (?) but from past experience I knew most embarrassing among the alders.

However, there is no help for it. I must have some trout. I have been longing for them. Like many others, since the spring opened, so the change of hooks is soon made and now I am ready. No I am not, for as I take up my rod I find the line entangled first on a root, then, as I loose this, upon a huckleberry bush, (the tall kind) and finally upon a branch that grows just over my head. But I loose it at length and I see the water running deep and swift by the trunk of an old tree that stands on my side of the stream. Just below it is a deep pool, completely covered by alders that spread themselves almost flat upon its surface and interlock on each side. "Here is a chance," I say, and with the utmost care drop my line into the running water. The hook floats down, down, almost to the very edge of the alders. I keep it on the top of the water just as I would a fly. Now I have a rise and I strike, forgetful of the branches above, below and behind me. I fail to fasten the hook where I intended to, and fifteen feet up stream I saw it whirling round and round a dried twig that sticks out from the side of a birch and the rod bends like an umbrella as I make an effort to recover the hook before it is really fast. It is of no use.

I have to lay the rod down and then get a stick and break off the twig. And now after a lot more of untangling the bait is in again. I wait as before, only this time the line is shortened and I remember how I am to strike. The hook has reached its old quarters and he secures it again. Now I have him and he is doing his best to get back under the alders. There is considerable flopping below me. It is no use though. The rod draws as well as gives. But how am I to land him? I have no net. I am doubtful if I could handle one even if I had it in this bush. We must tire him a little and then seize the line and lift him on the bank. My! how the branches do bother me, but he is landed at last. He is a half pounder and just as large a fish as I care to handle under present circumstances. I take another one here of six ounces weight. Now I have to make my way through the bushes for some yards. They are as thick as they can stand and there is a fallen tree in the way. What a time I have. The rod is pushed before me of course and I try to follow it. It catches sometimes and so does my foot. It is a good thing I think that my eyes are set well back in my head or they would catch too. Certainly my nose has had several scratches. However, by dint of care, by bending and turning, and picking my cap up when it is knocked off, I come to a place where a large tree has been cut down, and consequently where there is an opening in the alders. A nice place has to be passed through, where there is a "jam" in the stream, made by branches and sticks that have floated down against an old tree that has fallen across the creek. No doubt there are fine fish there, but it is impossible for me to get them. An axe must go before the rod. The alders are too thick and they are growing in the "jam," while the branches of a yellow birch covers the pool that lies below. Reluctantly I have to pass this

place. But now I have a chance again. And for once it is a good one. We can stand by this stump and let the line float down to the edge of the alders below. We do this and another fish rewards us. He will not weigh quite a half pound, and I swing him on land just as I used to when I was a boy. Meanwhile I had forgotten what was behind me, and over I go on my back close by the side of the stump. The fish and rod fly back among the brush, and when I have recovered myself I find the trout jumping and wriggling among the dead branches, while the tip of the rod is broken short off within six inches of the end.

And now a new difficulty arises. In my haste to get away I had forgotten to bring either thread or string. What shall I do? I must not be cheated out of my fun. There is only one thing to be done, and that is to take off the leader and cut a small piece from my new silk line. The splice is soon made and I am ready for another cast. This time I want to drop the bait by the side of an old log that I see a few inches under water. I make the effort, but some way or other I miss my calculation or perhaps the rod is to blame, and the hook goes a little too far. It is about to wind around an alder twig, when I jerk it back, and then it is fast just behind me on a birch sapling. This is pulled down, and after a few minutes spent in untangling again I am ready to throw in. This time I am even worse off than before. I see the hook is fast upon a branch that seems to be growing just above the surface. There is no unloosing this. It is fast, and the only thing to be done is to wade in and save my leader. This I do, frightening all the fish—if there are any—and feeling a dash of cold water as it goes down the leg of my boot.

But I go on. Now my cap is off and now my basket catenches. Now the end of my rod is fast, and now there is a midge in my eye that stings like fire. Then it seems as though all the spiders in the place had been spinning their webs just on a line of my nose, and I cannot stop for a moment before the black flies and mosquitoes settle on me. I am in a hole now, and the mud is more than half way to my knees. "Oh!" I say, as I rub my eye and a mosquito is piercing the first joint of my little finger, "how that thing does sting." This may be fun, I think within myself. I dare say it is for boys, but when they get to be as old as I am, they better content themselves with fewer fish and easier walking.

But I manage to get out of this place as I have out of many other difficult places, and I see before me quite a little reach of creek, where a few large trees grow along the bank, and the alders and huckleberry bushes are in the rear. Now I wipe the perspiration from my face, and after drawing a long sigh of relief, I began again. I must fish this place carefully. I do so, and not a fish rewards my efforts. On I go, and just below the reach I come to a hole. There two more are taken. They would weigh nearly half a pound each, and below this I got another. They are drawn up and seized by the hand. I see a nice place ahead and I am making my way to it. The swamp huckleberries and a low growth of alders and laurel intermingle here. They seem almost to be wedged in between each other. I think I am getting along nicely among them, when my foot catches and down I go. As I fall I think I hear something go tick at the end of my rod. I am right, too. The ferrule of the third joint is broken off. Keep out of alders, fellow fisherman. Let boys go in there with their short, stiff rods and supple joints.

Another piece of line comes into play now, and the appearance of my friend's rod is considerably changed. While I am making this splice I think the birds are silent. I do not recollect of hearing even those two old corks that had been drumming all the morning. It seemed to me that a good deal of the light of nature went out just at this time. The repairs are made at last, however, and although my heart is heavy and I have many misgivings as to my success, I still kept on, saying to myself, "I am bound to have some fish." And sure enough, but a few steps from the scene of this disaster I took another trout and then another. They were nice ones, too. Then there was a catching of the line again on the stream and its entanglement overhead, and I was all the time fearing that the splicing would give way. Two small fish had to be thrown back. For a little distance now I have quite open fishing. It was good for my poor rod that it was so. But this ceases again. I am coming to a shallow rapid, I see, where the water spreads out and then contracts below in quite a nice pool, and entirely surrounded by tall alder bushes. From where I stand to the foot of the rapids the alders cease and their place is supplied by trees of a larger growth. Consequently it was not very difficult to steer my crooked rod, so I soon made my way down.

At the foot of the rapids I lost a nice fish. I could not persuade him to try the bait a second time. I am standing in the water now close beside a large birch and trying to get my hook into the middle of the pool. Here the water runs quite rapidly but it is still on the side. With a straight rod there would have been no difficulty in making the cast that I wanted to, but now the matter is more perplexing. First the line fastened itself on a black alder burr, then a twig interfered with its running, then I touched the branches overhead with the tip. The cast was made at last, however, and I waited for the result. I did not have long to wait either. The moment that I succeeded in getting the hook where I wanted it I felt the fish. I knew as I struck that it was a good fish too. But I did not hook him, and my line brought up upon a dry twig only a few feet from where I stood. But the hook is in again; and this time I have him. And now I see the question is whether he shall be allowed to run back under the alders or come up stream. I feel the strain of a good sized fish, and I also feel my splice slip to one side on the rod. But I hold, and there is a flopping on the top of the water below, while as yet I cannot see what is making it. The fish is trying to shake himself free. I say making it. "He may break the rod, but not an inch of line will I give him." This flopping and diving continued for some minutes, bending the rod until the tip almost touched the alders. I am just about congratulating myself that he is going to give in when a sudden dart up stream reminds me that he is not prepared for that yet. He pauses about six feet from where I stand, just at the foot of the rapids. I can see his whole length and the bright spots upon his side. He is a good twelve inches long and as plump and well formed as a trout could be, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that he is well hooked. Now he goes down stream again with a rush and I feel my splicing slip again. But it holds, and again there is a flopping on the top of the water. He is getting tired, though. His struggles are not what they were at first. What he objects to most is my holding his nose out of the water. And I say to myself, "It is a shame to treat such a game fish in such a cruel manner." No doubt many a fisherman has felt the same compassion for his victim, and even regretted while he

rejoiced over his success. But now I must land him. He is pretty well exhausted. And the question is, where shall I attempt this landing? The low banks are quite steep here and the water runs close to them. Then they are covered with bushes. I look up the stream and there is nothing encouraging. Not one clear spot but at the foot of the birch near where I am standing. One of its roots dips straight into the water, and on the top of this is a patch of moss some foot and a half square. I decide to make this the landing place. The fish is drawn along gently. He is completely tired out, and just as he reaches the landing I seize the line and lift him on the moss. My hands are on him before he makes his final struggle, and he is killed.

Now I have to work my way out to the clearing that I have left. The alders here are too thick to penetrate, and I resolve to strike the stream again just a little further down. I do this and the first place I try brings me another good fish. The walking here is better too and my clumsy rod is more manageable. Now I am coming to a good hole I know. It is beneath a spreading ash and large laurel bush above it to screen me, and a chance to strike up stream without getting my line caught. My plans are soon made and I toss in. The hook scarcely reaches the place for which I intended it before I have a rise. I throw again and again I feel a tug. This time I am sure. No I am not. My line comes back to me and my leader is gone. It is but the work of a moment to put on a new leader and hook. They are all in my book dampened and ready for immediate use. But no more bites nor rises. I am quite through the alders and the sun has just come out. Thirteen trout are the result of the expedition and I hope after the bites and scratches are well for some better health. I cannot say that I will ever try the alders again. This time I think will suffice. Let younger men go there, though I am.

STILLABOY.

QUEBEC FISHERY LAWS.

FROM an official publication by the Department of Crown Lands, we extract the following relating to the fishery laws: The Confederation Act gave the Dominion Parliament power to pass laws for the regulation and protection of inland as well as other fisheries. The owners of land bordering on any non navigable river or lake, possesses the exclusive right to fish for salmon, trout, or any other fish in the waters in the front of his land, and may exercise that right or transfer it to another. The right of fishing in water in public, ungranted lands belongs to the Province, represented by the local government, by which it may be disposed or leased to private parties; and any person who fishes in such waters without authority to do so, may be prosecuted for trespass. All fishing, whether in private or public waters, must be done in accordance with the fishery law and regulations.

Salmon may be killed with rod, reel and fly only, from April 13 to August 31, but foul or unclean salmon shall not be killed at any time. No salmon or grilse of less weight shall be killed. Nets shall only be used in tidal waters. The minister, or any fishery officer, shall have power to define the tidal boundary of estuary fishing, and above the limit so laid down it is unlawful to fish for salmon except with rod and line, in the manner known as fly surface fishing. Except in the manner named, salmon shall not be fished for or killed by any artificial pass or salmon leap, nor in any pool where salmon spawn.

It is unlawful to fish for or catch any kind of trout (or "lunge") in any way whatever between the 1st of October and the 1st of January, and at no other time except by hook and line, in any inland lake, river or stream except in tidal waters. White-fish shall not be taken in any manner between Nov 19 and Dec 1, nor by means of any kind of seine between July 31 and Dec. 1.

Close seasons for bass, pike, pickerel (*doree*), maskinongé and other fish may be fixed by the Governor in Council to suit different localities. By the Federal regulations no person shall take these fish between April 15 and May 15.

It is obligatory upon any person who has no domicile in the Province of Quebec, and who desires to fish in the salmon rivers under control of the Province, to procure a permit or license to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands before beginning to fish. Such license shall be granted upon the payment of a fee of \$10, and shall be valid until the close of the angling season of the year in which it is granted.

MINNESOTA TROUT STREAMS.

THE stranger taking in the surroundings of Duluth is continually crossing creeks that anywhere east of Ohio or north of the Lake Shore Railroad would be said to contain trout. Anglers coming from Northern New York are surprised and puzzled; Pennsylvanians are hard to convince, while Michiganders say they are the troutiest-looking creeks I've seen in many a long day. Why have they no trout in them? Yet they are devoid of such specimens as the soul of the angler delights in. Once in a while after the spring rains we quietly take a trip to one or two of them and bring home a few trout caught with the plebian worm. In vain the angler lays out fly after fly. They are not fly-hungry. The worm, larvæ and other grubs coming down streams in these warm freshets, fill these fresh-run trout until they are too lazy for anything and won't rise at a fly. Nothing draws them but a minnow. Thus far we have not stooped; it is necessary to draw the line somewhere. We prefer to draw it on minnows. If stooping is to conquer, we have thus far come away vanquished. A worm is low enough, yet we saw some trout weighing close to two pounds taken from a river I have before described in columns of FOREST AND STREAM; worms were not enticing to their palate; a fly skittered over them in vain, but the moment a minnow was pitched into the pool they all wanted it, and metaphorically were tumbling over one another in their anxiety to get on to that hook. What could an angler do but turn green with envy, shut his eyes to keep from longing for a string of trout, twenty of them, not one less than a pound and all caught with minnows, and yanked out with a 16-foot bamboo pole 1½ inches diameter at the butt. Can you blame any one for railing at such fate when not a trout, not even a nib, came to our hooks? I think our old Nestor, "Nessmuk," is O. K. The end justifies the means, and if trout won't come when you call them, tickle them with something else that they will bite.

Yet who is so gullible, so ready to jump at anything that smacks of trout as the simon pure trout angler. Let him hear of a creek, stream, or even a swamp through which a stream runs that contains trout, and he's off fishing. Reason stands no show with him; he has been bitten before and vowed all men are liars, especially trout liars, the biggest of all liars; but the empty creel reminds him of bygone days,

the reel giving out its slow click c-l-i-c-k as the line is carefully run through the fingers, the beautiful and neatly made flies so carefully arranged, and all of them the work of a woman's deft fingers. Appeal to the finer feeling of our semi-barbarous nature, and the hardness, the stern, unbending qualities, yes, the mistrustful yields, and under the fascination of the sweeping lithe wand that has cast out flies over many streams, we determine to go a-fishing. The shepherd king took back the wrathful saying "All men are liars," so we are inclined to kick ourselves and say some men are to be trusted, so we lay our plans for a fishing trip.

Often when laying out surveys for additions to this pushing young city of the Northwest, we come to a creek full of music, boiling, tumbling waters, rifts, rapids, cascades, falls, follow in rapid succession, some five feet high, some forty feet; in two miles they fall 200 feet, and over a granitic formation, and cold sparkling waters, though tinged with brown. We asked, "Have trout been caught in this creek?"

"Yes, good while ago; used to catch 'em when we fust kim here, but a'int sen any lately."

One day a friend came into the office full of news. "T, we have just found a new trout stream along the Herman-town pike." A few days later a buggy rattled out of town containing a Board of Trade man and the writer; struck into the road toward this creek said to be full of trout. The road was reported as good, but our horse sunk fetlock deep and the wheels almost to the hub. We reached the stream, and found it running through a swamp, but of cold water. A small bridge crosses the road, and from this looking down we saw forms of fishes on the rocky bottom, but what were they? A few minutes later we took the horse from the buggy, tied him up in the "brush," and put our fishing tackle in order. I dropped in a baited hook, and saw my worm going off at a great pace. I yanked, but struck air. My friend was watching, and instantly put in his bait, and as quickly struck, and ejaculated, "Why the creek is full of little cusses! What are they?" Our spirits jumped to boiling point, trout galore, visions of a full creel rose before us. He put in on the other side of the bridge, and while watching his line I struck a little wretch as long as my forefinger. My spirits tumbled to zero. I quietly took it off, dropped it into the creek again, and pushed into the brush without saying a word. The foliage was wet with the droppings from a pelting thunderstorm, and I was wet through in five minutes, but pushed on, finding fish all the time, and all of the same kind. My friend followed me for some minutes, until I heard him saying, "Why T, these are little chubs. The little brutes!" And we had come seven miles to indulge in a little chub fish, and for chubs not more than four inches long. Well! if that isn't cheap. I knew all the time, but was hugging myself with the idea he was not getting any bites, and was hoping against hope that one solitary trout would turn up to reward him, but nary trout! He took the fact as cool as a philosopher and said, "Never mind. We'll get our fun when we go out to Lester River one of these days."

He who indulges in fishing for a pastime gets used to disappointment; but the chub fishing has an element of fun in it. Some young men hearing that we had been to Drowsky's creeks, thought they could find trout in it, and hired a buggy team on Sunday morning, bled out and began fishing, they caught about fifty chubs. Somehow it leaked out that the chub cost them about \$3, and we enjoyed the laugh.

A recent visit to Lester River gave us a sight worth remembering. The river was full of "red horse," or red fin suckers, as some call them. The ebb and flow of this river often left the fish almost stranded on the boulder bottom. I waded in hoping to get some trout and could not raise a single one. I saw one, and though I fished well-known pools carefully I failed in getting a bite. These red fin suckers surged up and down stream in thousands, even running between my legs when wading. Brule River and other south shore streams are full of trout, one thousand fish were brought to Duluth by one party on a recent Sunday, from Brule River.

DULUTH, Minn.

W. DAVID TOMLIN.

SALMON FISHING.

I WANT to write you something about the salmon and trout fishing on the Miramichi River in comparison with fishing in the Western lakes and rivers. Notwithstanding the supply of fish in these last named waters is abundant and very valuable as a source of food to those living there, the real sport in catching the fish fail altogether when compared with the pleasure one experiences in landing the salmon and trout on the Miramichi River, New Brunswick. There are many different kinds of fish in the western waters, but those which are the most eagerly sought after and which are said to yield the greatest sport in catching are bass and pickerel. The whole apparatus used in taking these fish is of the clumsiest pattern, and the entire operation is much more like work than it is like sport or pleasure. Great heavy lines from two to three hundred feet in length, baited with such things as live frogs, minnows, spoon hooks or artificial minnows are dragged behind boats which are rowed at a pretty rapid rate to keep the bait from sinking to the bottom. The lines are held firmly in the hand till the weight of the fish on the hook apprizes the fisherman that it is time to pull in and then it is a steady drag, hand over hand, till the pickerel or bass, whichever of the two it may be, is pulled into the boat.

This sort of fishing is not by any means so enjoyable as one experiences while fishing for salmon or trout on the Miramichi River, in the beautiful pools of pure cool water for which this river is famous and which is the resort of these fish. Rods artistically made of the most elastic wood, with tips as fine as an ordinary knitting-needle, and fine light oiled silk lines, to which are attached the most delicate-looking casting lines and artificial flies made with the greatest care and neatness, are all absolutely necessary for salmon or trout fishing on the Miramichi. After the sportsman has secured all these, a great deal of skill is required in their use: To know how to cast the line the greatest distance so that the fly will fall lightly upon the water, scarcely breaking its surface, to hook the fish when he rises to the fly, to hold the rod just at the proper angle, to give line and to reel in the same when necessary, and, in short, the whole business, from beginning to end, is a very exciting sport, and requires no small degree of skill.

Nothing is more exciting to the sportsman than to hear the whirr of his reel as his line runs out with a fifteen or twenty pound salmon on his hook. Every motion of the fish has to be carefully watched. Sometimes a salmon when hooked will run out almost the entire length of the line without stopping; sometimes he will turn quickly and run almost back to the place where he first was hooked; again he will run down river, sometimes up, and often will jump four or five feet clear out of the water, showing his magnificent proportions and silvery-clad sides. Everything is very exciting and each movement of the fish must be carefully watched until finally, wearied out in vain endeavors to escape, he relinquishes further efforts and allows himself to be landed upon the shore. Any one having once experienced the pleasure of hooking and landing a salmon will never forget it. And when you have once landed a salmon you have something worth while being proud of, for he is surely the king of fishes and the most delicately flavored of all the entire catalogue of the finny tribe. And then again the scenery is so much finer and the air so much fresher and purer among the mountains and valleys on the Miramichi than on the low plains of the west.

On the smaller tributaries of the Miramichi, as we ascend the stream, above Borestown, there are some very beautiful natural falls, among which I might mention the cascade at Fall Brook, which is only a short distance above Borestown and only a few rods from the river. The waterfall is over a wall of rock more than one hundred feet high. About half way down the declivity the water strikes against a projecting rock and is dashed out in fine white spray, making it delightfully cool for quite a distance from where it strikes, no matter how warm the day may be elsewhere. On the opposite side of the river a short distance from Fall Brook we came upon Trout Brook with its very pretty double waterfalls, and continuing further up the stream we find many objects of interest. The woods of spruce and fir which skirt the banks of the stream in many places, impart health giving odors and afford ample shade from the sun in hot weather.

At the present rate of rapid transit I am inclined to believe the entire distance from New York to Borestown, N. B., can be gone over in about thirty-six or forty hours, and from Boston, Mass., in a much less time, and I cannot imagine how any more agreeable or pleasant time can be spent by gentlemen from these or other cities of the United States during the hot season than by spending a few weeks on the Miramichi River, salmon and trout fishing. The fishing begins in June and continues through July, August, and September, thus giving ample time for men of business to so arrange matters as best to suit them for an interval of pleasure.

D. McMILLARD.

AN OUTING FOR LAND-LOCKED SALMON

THE 6th of May finds Tom and I trolling for land-locked salmon in Sebago Lake, Maine. As we run across from the mouth of Songo River to Muddy River, I will take Tom, whose slow, steady stroke is the motive by which our Rangeley is propelled, closely watches his fourteen-ounce Bethabara bait rod, which lies conveniently at his side, the reel dropping below the edge of the thwart on which it rests, thus securing it against any sudden pull overboard in case of a strike; his reel, a center multiplier, holds in reserve about ten yards of line, the balance, fifty yards, being out.

I have set up my eight ounce "split" since leaving shore, and having secured my leader, a double one with two swivels, and added a light sinker, I am now engaged in putting on a smelt for bait, and a delicate operation it is for a novice. A 5-0 Aberdeen hook is to be started down the smelt's throat, and worked downward to come out just in front of the anal fin without having "hooked up" any of the side tissues. After one or two attempts this is accomplished, and taking hold of my line above the leader I drop the bait carefully overboard to note how it runs; it takes but a glance to see that it is a "spinner," which is quickly remedied by inserting the point of my penknife where the hook comes out of the smelt, and cutting toward the head in a straight line for a half an inch, thus allowing the bend of the hook to be outside of the bait.

I am now certain that it will run true and straight, but before I can drop it overboard again Tom's reel makes a loud call for attention and the instant he grasps the rod a splash is heard astern and a silver side shows for an instant and disappears. Tom and I change places and I glance at my watch, it is a quarter of eight, the fight promises to be a long one. His salmonship first tries a straightaway run, and finding himself checked makes a fine leap fully two feet out of water. "An eight pounder if an ounce," I exclaim. "Shall go you one better," says Tom, as he takes up line rapidly, for this time it is a run for the boat and I am obliged to take three or four strokes to keep the line taut. Finding himself again balked, the fish makes one more grand, angry leap and starts for the bottom with a suddenness that submerges the rod to its second joint, and somewhere about fifty feet below us he sulks, refusing to take or give line.

This continues for nearly half an hour, varied occasionally by a little shaking or yanking as Tom sends "a telephone over the line" as he calls it when he taps the rod with his fingers. But a change is taking place and slowly, very slowly, Tom reels in; the rod bends till its tip nearly touches the lake; but gradually the fish is giving in and a minute later, looking down through the calm, clear water, I can see first a broad tail appearing, then the whole fair outline of the salmon as he rests on his side, ten feet below us for an instant, and only that, for now ensues a series of maneuvers that tax Tom's skill, cool angler though he is, to the utmost, now calling for fifty feet to the right of us, now twenty feet more to the left, with a flying leap into the air and a dash toward the boat, a reputation of the same till nine leaps had been counted, and now he begins to circle slowly around near the surface, showing occasionally his side, and as I hold the landing net a little below the surface Tom leads the fish gently over it, then dropping his tip slightly, the salmon buries himself head first into its welcoming meshes and the "meat is ours." The watch says, eight minutes of nine; the scales says, just ten pounds; the tape measure says, twenty-seven inches long and seven inches deep; we say, the fairest of ten thousand. Two hours later I kill a six pounder and with it ends our luck for the day.

BLACK SPOT.

SEBAGO LAKE, June 7, 1886.

VERMONT TROUT FISHING.—Philadelphia, June 8.—Have just returned from a vacation to my old home in Rutland county, Vt. Found trout fishing good, filling basket with good-sized ones on several occasions. One was caught (not by writer) weighing 3 pounds 10 ounces, dressed, and one weighing 2 pounds 8 ounces. Fishing in Bomoseen not yet open of course. Plenty of pickerel were caught through the ice last winter, the largest weighing 19½ pounds. One mess of eleven weighed 107 pounds. If laws can be enforced against the nets and spears in spawning time there would be more of the fish; and as it is, large hauls are made in season with line. The landlocked salmon have not been heard from, but the "Swago" bass and pickerel make good sport for spoon or live-bait fishing.—NESHOBEE.

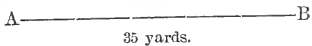
ENGLISH FLY-CASTING.

THE sixth *Fishing Gazette* Tournament was held June 5. The following report is taken from the *Fishing Gazette* of June 12:

The Richmond Piscatorial Society, and especially its chairman and leading spirit, Mr. A. J. Little, are to be heartily congratulated on the great success which attended their most complete and admirable arrangements for carrying out the Tournament last Saturday. The weather, which on the five previous occasions had always been bad, and sometimes worse than bad, was perfect; no more charming or appropriate spot could have been chosen, and we can assure Mr. W. Cunard that his kindness in placing his river-side grounds at Orleans House, Twickenham, at the disposal of the committee, earned the thanks not only of the committee, whose task was thus greatly simplified, but also of the whole angling fraternity.

When we say that there were considerably over a hundred competitors, from all parts of the country, it will be seen that the judges and the committee had their work cut out; but by arranging that two or three competitions should take place at the same time, the whole of the long programme was got through without a hitch—in fact, too much praise cannot be given to the gentlemen who officiated. In consequence of the absence of many anglers who intended to be present, but could not resist the attraction of that carnival of fly-fishing, the May Fly week, the fly-casting competitors were very few in number. The absence of Mr. P. D. Malloch, of Perth, was much regretted, as was also the fact that Major Traherne, although present, was unable from ill-health to compete. It was a very happy thought to combine punting matches with the other attractions of the Tournament; these contests were watched with great interest, and it must have been a revelation to many visitors to witness the wonderful expert manner in which some of the Thames professional fishermen can handle that, in unpracticed hands, most unwieldy and cumbersome thing, a Thames fishing punt. The struggle in the final heat was most exciting, Ned Andrews winning by five feet.

As regards the results, it will be seen from the complete list we give that while there were no phenomenal casts, the figures show some wonderfully good all-around work and some very close competition. A noteworthy fact was that Mr. Slater, of Newark, against a field of 19 competitors, most of them using the Thames style of casting, carried off the five guinea cup with a splendid cast of 177 ft. Sin.—i. e., 60 yards all but 4 in. from the reel, with a 2½ oz. weight. Before the competition he had in practice repeatedly thrown over 70 yards from the winch; but, as all who have tried it will acknowledge, it is one thing to throw in private and another in a public competition. As will be seen from the list, Messrs. Blamey, Powell, Foster, Martin, H. M. Little, Mayhew, Bentley, Larkins, all came to the front with some very fine casts; but, unless we are much mistaken, in no style of casting were the records beaten. In the fly-casting there was a nasty "fish-tail" wind against the competitors, and in nearly all the competitions the casts were made directly up stream, and every fly-fisher knows that this is the least favorable position of any for recovering a long line, as the stream drowns the line and brings it down on to you. We regret that in the switch-casting competition there was a complete difference of opinion between Mr. Kelson and Mr. Burn as to what constituted a switch. In a little preliminary practice which took place, Mr. Kelson declared that Mr. Burn was making a very pretty cast, but it was a true Spey cast and not an orthodox "switch." He maintained that the fly should never be lifted from the water in retrieving the line to make the switch; Mr. Burn, on the other hand, was equally certain that his switch was the pure breed. A sort of compromise was, after long contention, arrived at. As there was nothing to enable one to judge as to the distance of 6 ft. behind the competitors not being exceeded, it was agreed that no cast should count if the fly was returned past the edge of the platform on which the competitors stood, and to make it easy to decide this point, they stood some distance from the projecting end of the platform. It was hardly to be expected that a contest in which the competitors both considered their opponent's style wrong would lead to a satisfactory result. Mr. Kelson complained that Mr. Burn was doing the Spey cast all the time, and Mr. Burn complained that Mr. Kelson's line several times went behind him much beyond the 6-foot limit, although his fly did not pass the platform. We think, taking all things into consideration, the result, although unsatisfactory, was the only one that could have been arrived at; if the competition had been repeated any number of times, in each the loser would have protested. Mr. Burn's casts were very neatly made and much admired, and we are mistaken if Mr. Kelson's longest switch is not the best on record. It is evident that a clear definition of the switch will be necessary in future competitions. We heartily wish Mr. Nicolay had been present to see his prize competed for by Sir Randal Roberts and Mr. Kelson. The conditions were that the competitors should cast on the grass along a measured line a distance of at least 35 yards from the spot on which they stood, and that they make the same cast back again. A little diagram will best explain this:



They must cast first from A to B, and then from B to A. Both competitors easily exceeded the 35 yards, and Mr. Kelson threw over 40 yards—in fact, he made some far better casts than he had done in the previous salmon casting contests, the wind having almost died away.

It was not till after seven o'clock that the various events were brought to a close, and then followed the distribution of the prizes, at which Mr. Little presided in his usual genial manner. Subsequently, at a cold collation, Mr. Little proposed the health of "The Queen," and then that of "Mr. and Mrs. Cunard," mention being made of their kindness in granting the committee the use of the grounds. The Rev. George Sumner responded to the toast of "The Judges." The excellent management of the Richmond Piscatorial Society was commented on by Mr. Spreckley, and a cordial vote of thanks to the Society was acknowledged by Mr. Little. The services of Mr. Davis, the hon. secretary, who has been indefatigable in promoting the affair, were eulogized, and the health of "the Ladies," proposed by Sir Randal Roberts, and replied to by Mr. H. Clifford Tamen, terminated the proceedings.

Mr. Sage, of Twickenham, took instantaneous photos of competitions; but we very much regret to learn that all the instantaneous photographs of incidents in the animated scenes on the river and on the ground taken by him have been destroyed by fire in a rather mysterious manner.

RECORD OF THE COMPETITIONS.						
FLY-CASTING, TROUT, SINGLE-HANDED ROD.						
No. 1.—PROFESSIONAL.—1st prize, £3, three best casts; 2d, £2, second three best casts; 3d, £1, third three best casts. Judges, Sir R. H. Roberts, Bart., and Rev. George Sumner.						
	Distance in Feet.			Dexterity Points.	Accuracy Points.	Total.
	1	2	3			
H. Wilder.....	53	56	57	6	6	178
H. Mansell.....	Absent.					
Harry Wilder.....	59	56	60	10	6	191
W. Bayes.....	59	58	51	15	10	193
E. Andrews.....	53	51	52	10	8	171
1st prize, W. Bayes; 2d, Harry Wilder.						

HEAVY SPINNING BAIT-CASTING (ANY STYLE).

No. 2.—AMATEUR, 2½oz.—1st prize, R. B. Marston's, £5 5s., longest cast; 1d, Slater's rods, Sach's black forest bottle, Gaynor's baits, second longest cast; 3d, Gregory's spinning baits, cliff umbrella, Woodfield's tackle, third longest cast; 4th, fourth longest cast. Judges: Messrs. T. R. Sachs, Thos. Huggett, and J. Woodall.

Distance in Feet and Inches.				Longest.	Style.
1	2	3	4		
G. H. Hester.....	Out.	91. 11	Out.	92. 11	Thames.
H. C. Beasley.....	F.	135. 3	F.	135. 3
C. R. Larkins.....	97. 7	Out.	117. 2	117. 2	Nottingham
F. Granfield.....	121. 8	Out.	F.	121. 8
A. J. Little.....	F.	F.	150. 5	150. 5	Nottingham
M. H. Blamey.....	170. 3	158. 3	Out.	170. 3	Thames.
E. W. Holden.....	Out.	Out.	Time.
R. T. Jackson.....	F.	F.	F.
H. P. Underwood.....	129 0	135. 6	F.	135. 6
H. W. Little.....	Out.	Out.	166 3	166. 3	Nottingham
H. Thompson.....	Out.	Out.	F.
W. H. L. Alfred.....	Out.	Out.	Out.	Thames.
F. Stone.....	Absent.	Absent.	Absent.
R. F. Mayhew.....	Out.	146. 5	128. 0	145. 5	Nottingham
E. V. Powell.....	152. 11	Out.	115. 3	152. 11	Thames.
H. E. Gaynor.....	Out.	125. 11	117. 11	125. 11	Thames.
D. Slater.....	Out.	Out.	177. 8	177. 8	Nottingham
A. Hawes.....	Out.	Out.	F.
E. Brown.....	Out.	F.
H. Dickinson.....	92. 11	Out.	92. 11
Gilson (not in time).....					
First prize, D. Slater; second, M. H. Blamey; third, H. W. Little; fourth, E. V. Powell.					

SPINNING BAIT-CASTING (THAMES STYLE).					
No. 3.—PROFESSIONAL 1½oz.—1st prize, £3, aggregate three longest casts; 2d, £2, aggregate next three longest casts; 3d, £1, aggregate longest cast; 4th, 10s., third three longest casts. Judges, Mr. Philip Green and Mr. F. C. Michells.					
Distance in Feet and Inches.					Total.
1					2
J. Dobbin.....	98. 0	90. 0	123. 0		311 0
B. Stevens.....	131. 0	131. 0	F.		262. 0
Henry Wilder (straight).....	152. 0	154. 0			306. 0
J. Langshaw.....	105. 0	94. 6	108. 3		307. 9
Harry Wilder.....	102. 0	114. 6			246. 0
G. Osman.....		Absent.			
G. Haines.....	137. 0		134. 0		415. 0
T. Milbourne.....	128. 0	130. 0	126. 6		384. 6
F. Hammerton.....		Absent.			
W. Milbourne.....	120. 0	127. 0			256. 0
H. Holdway.....	153. 6	125. 9			279. 3
F. Brown.....	91. 3	74. 6			165. 9
E. Andrews.....	150. 8	148. 6	175. 0		474. 4
B. R. Brambridge.....	147. 2				147. 2
1st Prize, E. Andrews; 2d, G. Haines; 3d, T. Milbourne; 4th, W. Oldway.					
FLY CASTING, TROUT, DOUBLE-HANDED ROD.					
No. 4.—AMATEUR.—1st prize, framed fish picture, Francis Francis's "A Book on Angling," three best casts. Judges: Sir Randal H. Roberts, Bart., and Rev. Geo. Sumner. Rod 16ft.					

Distance in Feet.			Dexterity Points.	Accuracy Points.	Total	
1	2	3				
G. M. Kelson..... 105..... —..... 105						
N. B.—Mr. Kelson broke his rod at the third cast.						
FLY-CASTING, TROUT, SINGLE-HANDED ROD.						
No. 5.—AMATEUR.—1st prize, Farlow & Co.'s fly rod, and Bulmer's casts and cast box, three best casts; 2d, Thos. Grant & Sons, case of tonic liqueurs, second three best casts. Judges: Sir Randal H. Roberts, Bart., and Rev. Geo. Sumner. Rod 12ft. and under.						
Distance in Feet.			Dexterity Points.	Accuracy Points.	Total	
1	2	3				
H. W. Little.....	62	61	61	8	6	198
E. Middleton.....	59	59	58	15	10	201
R. F. Mayhew.....	66	65	63	6	6	206
R. B. Marston.....	63	62	62	6	18	211
G. M. Kelson.....	65	68	63	6	10	218
N. B.—18 points allowed for dexterity, and 18 for accuracy. Mr. Marston scored full points for accuracy. Mr. Middleton the most for dexterity. 1st prize, G. M. Kelson; 2d, R. B. Marston.						

SPINNING BAIT-CASTING (FROM REEL).				
No. 6.—PROFESSIONAL, 1½ oz.—1st prize, £3, aggregate three longest casts; 2d, £2, aggregate next three longest casts; 3d, £1, aggregate longest cast. Judges: Messrs. Philip Green and F. C. Michells.				
	Distance in Feet and Inches.			Total.
	1	2	3	
J. W. Martin.....	142. 7	99. 1	92. 10	354.
G. Coxen.....	95. 0	Out.	Out.	96.
B. R. Bambridge.....	Out	Out.	78. 3	78.
R. Coxen.....	89. 4	98. 9	106. 6	294.
H. Mansell.....		Absent.		
F. Brown.....	Out.	62. 5	69. 6	128.
E. Andrews.....	135. 3	115. 0	131. 0	381.
J. Foster.....	131. 4	130. 0	136. 9	407.
1st prize, J. Foster; 2d, E. Andrews; 3d, J. W. Martin; 4th, R. Coxen.				

SPINNING BAIT-CASTING (THAMES STYLE).

No. 7.—AMATEUR, 1½ oz.—1st prize, silver cup, aggregate three longest casts; 2d, Alcock & Co.'s fishing tackle, Rutledge's reel, two straps, aggregate next three longest casts; 3d, Liverpool Angling Association's prize, Lambert & Butler's Jervamine tobacco, punt rod and reel, aggregate longest cast. Judges: Messrs. T. R. Sachs, Thos. Huggett and J. F. Woodall. Length of rod 14ft. and under.

Distance in Feet and Inches.					Total	
1		2		3		
H. Beasley.....	91. 9	105. 8	—	—	197.	
H. E. Gaynor.....	120. 4	116. 5	114. 2	—	350.	
G. H. Hester.....	—	—	94. 0	—	94.	
H. P. Underwood.....	—	—	—	—	—	
W. H. L. Alfred.....	118. 4	185. 3	146. 4	—	397.	
H. C. Beasley.....	141. 9	135. 9	160. 0	—	437.	
R. T. Jackson.....	137. 8	92 0	94.10	—	324.	
G. Evans.....	—	—	—	—	—	
R. W. Hobden.....	77. 4	—	—	—	77.	
F. Granfield.....	55. 8	184. 6	—	—	220.	
H. Thompson.....	121. 5	111. 0	143. 9	—	376.	
M. H. Blamey.....	160. 5	105. 0	161. 6	—	426.	
A. Hewes.....	—	—	—	—	—	
E. V. Powell.....	147. 6	168. 2	172. 9	—	488.	
Marsh.....	—	—	—	—	—	
H. Dickinson.....	—	—	—	—	—	
1st Prize, E. V. Powell; 2d, H. C. Beasley; 3d, M. H. Blamey.						
FLY-CASTING, SALMON (OVERHAND).						

FLY-CASTING, SALMON (OVERHAND).						
No. 9.—PROFESSIONAL.—1st prize, £3, three best casts; 2d, £2, second three best casts. Judges: Sir Randal H. Roberts, Bart., and Rev. Geo. Sumner. Rod, 18ft.						
	Distance in Feet.			Dexterity Points.	Accuracy Points.	Total.
	1	2	3			
V. Bayes.....	72	72	71	12	12	239
Henry Wilder.....	80	79	78	6	10	253
Harry Wilder.....	80	79	78	8	10	255
E. Andrews.....	84	83	82	15	15	270
N.B.—18 points allowed each for dexterity and accuracy. 1st prize, E. Andrews; 2d, Harry Wilder.						

SPINNING BAIT-CASTING (FROM REEL).				
No. 10.—AMATEUR, 1½ oz.—1st prize, silver cup, three longest casts; 2d, oak and mounted salad bowl, fork and spoon and Gardner's reel and Bullock's spinners, next three longest casts; 3d, Nottingham reel, Malloch's rod (if Malloch reel is used), longest cast; 4th, silver-mounted claret jug. Judges: Messrs. T. R. Sachs, Thos. Huggett, and S. F. Woodall. Rod 14ft. and under.				
	Distance in Feet and Inches.			Total.
	1	2	3	
F. Granfield.....	108. 5	115. 7	116 0	340.
R. W. Hobden.....	111. 4	112. 4	107 2	333. 10
R. F. Mayhew.....	129. 4	135. 11	135. 10	401. 0
H. Davis.....	132. 1	130. 1	129. 0	391. 6
C. R. Larkins.....	116. 8	121. 5	106. 3	329. 4
E. Lee.....	119. 3	115. 10	122. 11	368. 0
M. H. Blamey.....	101. 8	109. 2	105. 11	316. 9
H. W. Little.....	68. 5	130. 7	157. 6	356. 9
E. V. Powell (Malloch reel).....	127. 9	125. 8	110. 8	364. 1
R. J. Little.....	—	—	148. 7	148. 7
R. T. Jackson.....	—	—	—	—
F. Middleton.....	—	—	—	—
D. Slater.....	160. 7	143. 6	147. 5	451. 6
W. Lock.....	—	—	Absent.	—
1st prize, D. Slater; 2d, R. F. Mayhew; 3d, H. W. Little; 4th, H. Davis.				

SPINNING BAIT-CASTING (ANY STYLE).

For accuracy in casting toward a fixed mark.

[The mark was placed about 35 yards from the competitors, the object being to cast the bait as near to it as possible.]

No. 11.—AMATEUR, 1½ oz.—First prize, three-piece glued fly-rod, William's tackle box, aggregate three nearest casts; second, Major Traherne's spinning rod, reel and line, six rod rests, aggregate next three nearest casts; third, Sage's photographs, C. H. Cook's line and rings, aggregate nearest cast. Judges, Messrs. T. R. Sachs, Thos. Huggett and J. F. Woodall. Rods, 14 feet and under:

Distance in Feet and Inches.

so admirably managed on Saturday at Twickenham by the Richmond Piscatorial Society, who this year relieved Mr. Marston of the management, to the primary programme of contests there are added musical performances by a military band, and a handing over of proceeds to worthy societies like the Thames Angling Preservation Society and the Anglers' Benevolent Society, elements of attractiveness are introduced not usually found in angling as a practical sport."

The *Standard* says: "Such a gathering of anglers from all parts of the kingdom has not been witnessed in the suburbs of London for many years, and it is certain that no previous tournament has awakened more interest or attracted a larger attendance."

MAINE ANGLING.

IT would be hard to imagine a more satisfactory trouting season than that of 1886 is proving to be. The opening of the season was remarkably early in eastern waters, and in consequence the first movement of sportsmen was light. But this has since been made up by a fuller exodus, if we may believe hotel and camp-keepers and stage drivers, who report a good trade. As to the catch of both trout and land-locked salmon, it is turning out simply wonderful, and is a most signal triumph, especially in Maine, for fish protection and propagation. It is a fact that more and more trout are being taken each year from the Androscoggin and Mooshead waters, and yet the supply is not exhausted. I have talked with a number of long-time visitants of these waters within a few days, and in almost every case they believe that from the same waters, under the same conditions, they can take as many trout as they could have done three or four years ago, and even more than eight or ten years ago, before the benefits of protection and propagation had begun to be realized. Now it is certain that, in the face of this reasoning, the quantity of trout taken each year has greatly increased. Besides the actual record of size shows a wonderful increase. It would actually seem that the trout in the Androscoggin waters have grown larger instead of smaller, as the excessive fishing they have passed through would seem to indicate. The record of two trout of over 10 pounds this spring, one or both of which the *FOREST AND STREAM* has already mentioned, would seem to leave no room for doubt as to the increasing size of these fish under protection. Commissioner Henry O. Stanley of Maine, evinces no surprise that such should be the case, though he, with his colleague, Mr. Stilwell, is much gratified at this early proof of the value of fish protection and breeding. These gentlemen remark that the large trout are now left to come to the hook, which formerly fell a prey to the net, the spear, and sometimes even the pitchfork, on the spawning beds in the fall.

More general satisfaction was never noted concerning the catch of trout among returned sportsmen than is the case this season. By the Andover route to the Androscoggin lakes, the guides and hotel keepers all mention this fact, while the same is especially true of the Phillips route. The fishermen appear to be satisfied. It is true that under wholesome instructions, such as the *FOREST AND STREAM* labors to promulgate, reasonable sportsmen are learning to be satisfied with fewer fish, but it is also true that there are more fish to be caught. The wonderful success of landlocked salmon, which has shown up for the first time this season, is certainly a triumph for fishculture which should forever silence all cavil. Accounts begin to come in of this fish being taken on the fly. I heard of one to-day, weighing six pounds, but I have not yet been able to authenticate the story.

SPECIAL.

TROUTING IN THE NORTHWEST.

THE "effete East" must surrender one more of its old time possessions to the young and vigorous West. The trouting of the Eastern States is now confined to a few points, and those almost fished out, while in many portions of the Northwest trout abound, and there are yet many streams where the fly of civilization has not found its way. Mr. George Lyman, who began his trout fishing in New York nearly three score and ten years ago, writes me from the Sioux River, near Ashland, Wis., that he is having "fairly good" sport, that he took thirty-one trout on a half mile of the stream, and being satisfied quit, as a true angler always does. This fishing for scores is one of the vices that the angler despises. It is an evil that is severely felt in the rapidly diminishing number of our game fish. The man who boasts of his hundreds per day and thousands per outing is a fish butcher and should be classed with the other cormorants.

Not far from the Sioux River is the Brule, and Mr. Lyman sends me a letter from his friend, Dr. Arthur Holbrook, of Milwaukee, describing some splendid sport. The Doctor landed two pound trout, the result of one cast, with a five-ounce rod. That may fairly be considered good sport and scientific fishing. The largest caught in two days fishing was two and a quarter pounds.

There are a number of other streams in the same vicinity where the lusty trout lurk, and many small lakes where bass and masacalone can be taken in large numbers. The region is also famed for its beautiful scenery. A sail among the Apostle Islands, at the mouth of Chequamegon Bay, Lake Superior, is one of the things no lover of nature should miss. And when good fishing, life-giving air, and the good things of life can be combined with it, there should be many annual visitors. The location is one easy of access. In addition to the lake steamers, floating palaces, which land at Ashland and Bayfield, there are several rail routes, three from Milwaukee: the Wisconsin Central; C. M. & St. P., and M. L. S. & W., the latter passing through the far famed Agogebic region. My next will, I hope, be from a point on some of the waters mentioned. JAP.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., June 16.

THE FLUTTERING FLY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In *FOREST AND STREAM* for June 10, I find a cut and description of a fly that Mr. Holberton is stated to have invented and that Mr. Imbrie has patented. In April or May, 1883, Messrs. D. & W. H. Foster, of Ashbourne, England, sons of the late David Foster, author of "The Scientific Angler," sent me flies tied exactly as the "fluttering fly" is represented in the cut above mentioned. I used these flies for trout fishing the season that they were received, and presented samples to angling friends. Mr. H. P. Wells may recall the fact that I showed him samples of these flies just about a year ago. The Messrs. Foster did not write of these flies as being new or strange, but merely included them with other flies without comment. How long they have been so fashioned in England previous to 1883 I have no means of knowing at present.—A. N. CHENEY (Glens Falls, N. Y.).

PROSPECT LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In former issues of your valuable paper you have invited correspondence as to good and convenient points for camping and fishing. I beg, therefore, to call the attention of parties who are in search of pure air—some 1,800 feet above tide water—pure, limpid, delicious water and rational sport, to this point. All such will be highly pleased and benefited. Big, or Prospect Lake, covers some eight or nine hundred acres, wooded all around, except two small spots; bottom and shores are rocky; the water is full of trout and pickerel; four years ago 5,000 salmon-trout spawn were put into it, and while none have yet been caught, there is evidence of their existence, and anglers who know how to fish for them will find rare sport. The location of the lake is in Pike county, Pa., six miles south of Hawley, Pa., reached by the Erie Railway and the Erie & Wyoming Railway. The banks of the lake present many delicious points for camping; those who prefer to be otherwise accommodated can find airy, clean rooms and good wholesome meals at very reasonable charges at the house of Mr. Wm. Aldridge, an intelligent bark miller, excellent good fellow and enthusiastic fisherman, who knows the lake for many years, has a number of boats, and will take all reasonable pains to show strangers the favorite points for fishing.

At present there are some mosquitoes here, but they never last over three weeks or so, and the writer speaks from experience when he says that Mrs. Aldridge fully understands how to keep her house clear of those enemies of mankind. The nights all summer long are deliciously cool.

Mr. Aldridge will haul parties with their outfits from Hawley, or they can obtain teams there. Any letters addressed to him at Tafton, Pike county, Pa., will reach him. Within a few days a hotel has been started on the banks of the water; but as the place is new and untried, it is premature to speak of its merits.

The writer addresses himself to those only who seek rational and reasonable sport; those who wish for catching big strings which they cannot use and go to waste are not wanted. It may here not be out of place to speak of a piece of vandalism which has here been perpetrated for some seasons past. Certain persons, claiming to come from the Blooming Grove Park, have been in the habit of catching bass four, five and six inches long, and instead of throwing them back have been in the habit of letting them die in the boats. There are too many persons interested in the lake to permit such wanton destruction to continue. A few persons have united to prevent it; and should the outrages be repeated this season, these fellows will get a taste of Pike county justice. "A word to the wise," etc. OUTER.

TAFTON, Pike County, Pa., June 14.

NEWFOUND LAKE.—The Bristol, N. H., *Enterprise* reports capital lake trout fishing in Newfoundland Lake, a sheet of water two miles from Bristol, which is three and a half hours ride from Boston. The editor says: "These fish have been speared in large numbers, contrary to law, when on the spawning beds, and this practice has been winked at by the public because it has been supposed they could be taken in no other way. The past week has, however, demonstrated the fact that the fish of this lake are just as ready to respond to the legitimate invitations of fishermen as are the fish of any other lake. Last week Major E. E. Bedec, of Boston, caught in Newfoundland Lake: Thursday 3, weighing 8, 10 and 15 pounds respectively; Friday 4 trout, 8, 9, 10 and 12 pounds, and 1 land-locked salmon, 15½ pounds; Tuesday 5 trout, 7, 8, 10 and 10½ pounds, and one land-locked salmon, 13 pounds. Elated, he telegraphed to Mr. Mark Hollingsworth, of Boston, his success, and yesterday these gentlemen caught four, which weighed 6, 7, 8 and 10 pounds respectively, or a total of 18½ pounds in 4 days. D. H. Sleeper and John S. Connor fished only a few hours yesterday, and caught two weighing 8 and 11 pounds; two gentlemen from Laconia caught two that weighed 7 and 9 pounds. Geo. H. Fowler has also caught the past week a land-locked salmon weighing 6½ pounds, and one trout weighing 8 pounds, and E. T. Pike a trout that weighed 8 pounds. The above makes a total of 245½ pounds of trout taken from this lake the past week, practically by four days fishing by the above named parties. Most of them were caught by trolling, though the finest ones were caught with a fly. The Bristol House, a first class hotel in this village, is only about two miles from the lake. There is abundant camping ground about the lake (which by the way is not surpassed in beauty by any lake in this State), and there are numerous farm houses about the lake where fishermen can be entertained. Mr. Chas. N. Drake lives near the lake, thoroughly understands these waters, and his services can doubtless be secured at any time. Mr. E. T. Pike lives near the fishing grounds, has accommodations for board, boats, and so understands where the fish may be found, and Dr. H. Sleeper and others have boats that can be hired at reasonable prices."

TROUT WATERS OF THE NEW YORK FOREST PRESERVE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the most recent New York State trout law, published in *FOREST AND STREAM* June 10 last, the brook trout, brown trout and California trout season opens April 1, and closes September 1, "except in the counties included in the Forest Preserve, established by chap. 283 of the laws of 1885, where it shall not be lawful to catch or attempt to catch or kill, or expose for sale any speckled trout, brown trout and California trout save only from the first of May to the fifteenth day of September." Comparatively few people seem to understand which of the counties in the State are included in the Forest Preserve. Section 7 of the law above quoted says: "All the lands now owned or which may hereafter be acquired by the State of New York, within the counties of Clinton, excepting the towns of Altona and Dannemora, Essex, Franklin, Fulton, Hamilton, Herkimer, Lewis, Saratoga, St. Lawrence, Warren, Washington, Greene, Ulster and Sullivan, shall constitute and be known as the Forest Preserve." This selection of counties will surprise some of the anglers who are in the habit of fishing the Catskill and more southern streams and have not read the law. In Jefferson county or Rensselaer county, where nature rarely prepares the streams for fly-fishing before May 1, the law permits fishing April 1, and in Ulster and Sullivan, which are earlier counties, the season opens by law May 1. One can fish one part of the Beaverkill a month earlier than another part, and at the close of the season the thing is reversed just fifteen days. It is well to paste the names of the counties constituting the Forest Preserve in one's hat, for no trout can be transported from the preserve except they are accompanied by their owner. This just lets the man out who buys trout when he can't catch them.—A. N. CHENEY.

FLY-FISHING FOR SHAD.—Holyoke, Mass., June 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is some improvement noticed in the shad fishing this week, on the strength of which some of the fishermen are indulging in a cigarette, and others are brushing up rusty and frayed tackle in hopes of having the rust and scales brushed off their own backs. A few good shad have been taken with the fly, and the prospect brightens for others to follow. The Silver Sheen and the Cloud is so small that we offer no inducements to those at a distance to try pot luck with us; why it is thus is hard to explain otherwise than the United States and the State Commissioners of Inland Fisheries have turned their backs completely to the city and town of Holyoke and South Hadley Falls, and unless there is a fight in prospect over the taking a few lamprey eels from a scare-crow on the north bank of the river, we never hear of them. It did not used to be so, a few years ago they were in the habit of coming often and farried late, their stay was interesting inasmuch that young shad were brought forth by the millions. Their count was instructive and reminded us of the way Pat C. divided the apples: "This is one for me, one for you, and one for me too, one for me, one for you, and one for me too," etc., until the depleted waters before unknown to shad life were filled with Connecticut river shad, and waters of Europe too, got their consignment of the gamy, toothsome South Hadley Falls *Alsea*. Alas, how changed, from the cold indifference of the authorities that be, Holyoke and South Hadley Falls now take their shad planked in the sun *via* peddler's cart, when at the same time both places above named, as well as Chicopee and Springfield, pay their taxes, consequently their *pro rata* share of appropriations for fishery purposes, and of which a fair share ought to be expended to maintain the fishing industries of South Hadley Falls.—THOMAS CHALMERS. P. S. The spasmodic efforts of a few days ago are over, cigarettes are abandoned for the old clay pipe, the tackle so admirably handled and cared for is placed back in the book, and the scales are left with us.—C.

VERMONT NOTES.—Post Mills, Vt.—The 15th of June was the opening day for black bass and pickerel fishing in this State. The largest string of pickerel ever taken from Fairlee Lake was caught here to-day, and shows what a few years of enforcing the laws against spearing, netting and illegal fishing will do. One party of two caught 35 pounds, another party 40 pounds, and one boy, thirteen years old, the son of Thos. H. Chubb the fishing rod manufacturer, caught alone and unaided 20 pounds in one-half day's fishing, each fish weighing from 2 to 2½ pounds. Many other parties caught from 10 to 20 pounds weight. The largest one caught weighed 4½ pounds, and many went from 2 pounds to 3 pounds each. As usual the boys tell big stories of the large ones lost that were bigger than any ever seen before. But very few bass were taken to-day, and but little fishing was done for them, as the day was cloudy and thought just right for pickerel. But the bass fishing bids fair to be first-class, as many have been seen around the shores this spring. The lake is well stocked with perch, which furnishes good food, and bass grow to enormous size, many caught weighing from 4 to 6½ pounds each. The bass as a general thing do not bite freely until about July; then we predict rare sport for the bass angler. The bass in the lake are all small-mouths, and are game from the word go. Fairlee Lake is a most beautiful sheet of water, about three miles in length and from one-half to one mile in width, of clear, cool water, and has fine feeding grounds in all parts of the lake for both bass and pickerel.—OMPOMPANOOSUC.

HARD LUCK.—Brainerd, Minn., June 19.—The trout fishers returned from Brule Tuesday evening, but they were not so heavily loaded with baggage as when they started out. The party was composed of Fred Stauley, J. L. Smith, F. M. Cable and A. A. Green. Their tent caught fire from some unknown cause the first day out and burned everything they took with them, including a photograph outfit, two fine guns, clothing, fishing tackle, provisions, cigars and other traps. This put rather a bad aspect on to things, but they were bound not to be driven home by fire and in three days' fishing afterward they hooked 1,100 trout, Mr. Green taking the bakery by capturing 518 of the number. In the burned tent were 300 loaded cartridges, and as soon as they got warmed up the fun began and for a half hour it sounded like a volley of artillery, and although there were many people in the vicinity no one dared to go near the fire to try and save anything on account of the shooting. The party is out \$300 by the accident, but Fred Stanley says he don't care for the outfit as long as Barney escaped unharmed.

FLY-TYING.—Athens, Pa., June 19.—"G. A. M." wants to know how to tie a fly. I take the hook in my left hand, and with waxed thread take a few turns around the hook; then I lay the tail on and tie that; next I take a piece of tinsel, four inches long, and tie the end of that on the tail; then I wind the thread back up the body to within a quarter of an inch of the shank. Now I take the stuff for the body and tie the end where the threads is, and wind toward the tinsel and one turn by it. Then I turn the tinsel back toward the point, and wind the body back up the shank to where I began within a quarter of an inch of the shank. That quarter of an inch I leave for hackle and wings. Now wind the tinsel up the body and tie; still keep the hook in left hand, at the shank; catch the tip of hackle in same hand and wind toward the end of shank. When you get enough on tie several times, and clip off the tip and stem. Now you can tie the wings on and shellac. The reason I wind the body once by the tinsel is that it never comes off when put on that way, and is original with me.—E. W. D.

POPULAR INTEREST IN ALASKA.—Very rapidly the public interest in our new possession increases, and scarcely a day passes that some journal or other does not print some scrap of information respecting this very interesting and remarkable territory. The New York *Times* of the 21st instant contains no less than three columns upon the subject, which are chiefly devoted to the possible discoveries that may result from the visit of an excursion party under Lieut. Schwatka, to be made to the St. Elias district during the present summer. Mr. St. Elias and its brotherhood of mountains lie some 300 miles northwest of Sitka, and are seldom visited by excursion steamers. They are among the highest on the continent. Mr. Hallock's book, entitled, "Our New Alaska; or, the Seward Purchase Vindicated," which will be presently forthcoming from this office, is replete with the fullest and most reliable information that can be at present obtained about Alaska, and orders for advance copies are being rapidly received. Its appearance at this time will be most opportune, though Mr. Hallock had prepared the bulk of his material prior to January last.

FOND DU LAC, Wis.—Mr. Harvey Durand has published in the *Reporter* the following card of protest against the trout hog: "I have planted in the waters of Fond du Lac and Green Lake counties during the past four years several hundred thousand brook trout. They were furnished by the Fish Commissioner of the State, and were placed in the streams for the public to take, and belong to any one who fishes for them; but in some places there is a disposition on the part of a few fish streams in detail for the special purpose of making what has been called a 'record.' I have only to say that this is not legitimate sport. A dozen trout on a string, for one person, is respectable, if they are of ordinary size, and are sufficient for any legitimate family; but to fish steadily from day to day, for the special purpose of 'beating the record,' and take large and small, is termed by sporting men 'fish piracy.' Of course this method will take the trout entirely from the streams in a very few days, and the work of the Fish Commissioner is nearly lost, for this year the trout will spawn for the first time in most of the streams; and I have only to say to the sporting men of Fond du Lac and Green Lake that I will furnish them the best fishing in Wisconsin if they will be reasonable when taking the fish and not be ambitious and angle merely to make a record. One thing more. It is against the law to take trout from the streams until after they are two years old, and then they are six inches long.—H. DURAND."

TOOK THE PRIZE.—Two of the FOREST AND STREAM compositors went down on a tug to the fishing banks, off Seabright, N. J., one day this week and covered themselves with glory, being high lines of the party. They took seventy-two fish. Among these was the biggest one taken, for catching which the angler took a prize of \$5.

ODD SALMON CAPTURE.—In the Penobscot River a handsome salmon was captured a few days since on a raft which came through the sluiceway in the dam, the fish being taken up as the raft emerged from its plunge into the river.

WELD POND, ME.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am not unacquainted with Weld Pond, and while much may be said in its favor it will hardly bear out the reputation given it in the article in your issue of May 20.—PHILADELPHIAN.

TRAPPE, Wis., June 17.—Three men were arrested some time ago for fishing for trout with dynamite. They were fined \$100 each and costs.—G. H.

THE ANGLER.

The angler to the brooklet hies;
Puts on his hook the tempting bait
Of wriggling worms or gaudy flies
And for the troutlet lies in wait.

Next day when by his friends besought
The nature of his luck to state,
He tells what heavy fish he caught,
And as before he lies in wait.

—Boston Courier.

Don't twist your neck off, but use Allen's bow-facing oars. Little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Adv.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That the salmon planted in the Hudson by the U. S. Fish Commission in 1882 have returned to the river is cause for rejoicing by the angler, but far more by the United States Fish Commission, that their effort to make a stream that is not a natural salmon river teem with this grand fish is about to bear fruit. It is a great triumph for fishculture, and all praise is due the U. S. Fish Commission for its latest success.

It must not be forgotten that the salmon recently taken in the Hudson is the first of the return from a small planting in 1882. In 1883, 200,000 fry of the *Salar* were planted in tributaries of the Upper Hudson. I have mislaid the report of the plant for 1884. In 1885, 270,000 fry were planted, besides 150 yearlings, and this year 20,000 were planted by the writer that were sent by Mr. Mather.

One correspondent in FOREST AND STREAM asks if the Legislature did not provide some years ago for a fishway in the Troy dam; and another states that he is under the impression that such was the case, but that the fishway never has been built. I think that Mr. Backus is mistaken about the fishway not being built, and Mr. Van Santvoord should certainly know. I crossed the railroad bridge at Troy on Saturday last, and saw what I have for some time supposed was the fishway, and saw what I also have supposed that it amounted to nothing for the purpose intended, as the chute did not reach the water below the dam and there was no water running over it.

The fishways at the Troy and Fort Miller dams were provided for in Chapter 555 of the laws of 1870, as follows: "It shall be the duty of the canal commissioners of this State to cause to be constructed and maintained in the State dams across the Hudson River at Troy and Fort Miller, in such a manner as not to injure the said dams, fishways, at least one foot in depth at the edge of the dams, and of proper width to allow all fish endeavoring to migrate to the waters of the said river above the dam to pass over the same. The said fishways shall be placed at an angle of not more than thirty degrees, and extend entirely to the running water below the dams, and they shall be protected on each side by a apron at least one foot in height to confine the waters therein. The said fishways shall be constructed under the supervision of the fish commissioners of the State. * * *

The trouble seems to me to be lack of water to flow over such a fishway during the dry season. Such water as passes the dams at this season flows or leaks through the dam rather than over it. Professor Baird, writing me of the fishways described in the above law, said: "I would suggest that it might be better to require that fishways should be built of such form and dimensions as may be approved by the State Fish Commissioners. As there may be modifications necessary for each locality, it is very hard to fix upon plans in a bill. * * *

As the location of each fishway is as important as the dimensions and angle on which it is built, it would be better to have some competent authority to approve, severally, the fishways proposed for each obstruction."

This, however, does not seem to be the plan of the Legislature, as the State fishways are all of the same pattern. In all probability the salmon that were deposited in the upper Hudson as fry, will return each year for four years to come, but if there is no way for them to reach the spawning ground, miles above the Troy dam, will they return to the Hudson the second time? I feel sure that FOREST AND STREAM will

urge upon the next Legislature the necessity of providing a way for the salmon to reach the waters of their babyhood, and while a fish chute may be made to answer at Troy, Mechanicville, Fort Miller, Fort Edward, Sandy Hill and Luzerne, a fishway or ladder will be required at Baker's Falls, just south of Sandy Hill; Palmers Falls in the town of Corinth, Saratoga county and possibly at Glens Falls.

I have just read an Associated Press dispatch with the caption, "Bad Outlook for Salmon," which says: "Seth Green alleges that the chances are very much against the successful propagation of salmon in the Hudson. Between 1873 and 1876 over 156,000 salmon fry were deposited in the river and 276,000 in the tributaries of Lake Ontario. Few were ever heard of and fewer taken. Mr. Green states further that the Hudson probably never was a salmon river."

The most charitable construction to put upon this prophecy is that the reporter has quoted Mr. Green incorrectly, or perhaps I should say he has not given a full report, for I do not wish to believe that Mr. Green deliberately concealed the fact that the 156,000 salmon fry from the Caledonia hatchery, which proved a failure, so far as stocking the Hudson is concerned, were the *quinnat*, or California salmon. The salmon that have returned to the Hudson and were captured at the Troy dam, in the face of his prophecy, were Penobscot salmon (*Salmu salar*) from a small plant, so small that I question whether the godfathers of the fry expected that six salmon from 10 to 14½ lbs. (which I believe is more than ever returned of the 156,000 California salmon planted in the Hudson, or the 90,000 and more planted in Long Island waters) would be captured in one week in the river to which they returned so punctually. If the despatch had said: "Mr. Green commends the promptness with which the Penobscot salmon have returned to the Hudson. Planted in 1882 they returned in 1886; two years in fresh water; two years in salt; it shows that they carried time tables, something the California salmon either forgot or lost," we would have known that Mr. Green rejoiced with others who are rejoicing at Prof. Baird's success with the *salar*, in spite of the failure of the *quinnat*. Prof. Baird does not claim that the Hudson was originally a salmon river; on the contrary he has said that investigation leads one to question whether it was ever a salmon stream, although occasionally a few stragglers have been taken in the Hudson and also in the Delaware. Prof. Goode argues that the "goodly store of salmon" seen by Hendrick Hudson in 1609 in the river that bears his name, could not have been weakfish, as some have urged; but he does not concede the claim of the English navigator.

Many reasons have been given why the California salmon have not returned to the rivers flowing into the Atlantic, in which they have been planted, and the one most generally accepted, I think, is that they return to the mouths of the rivers, and upon finding the water so much warmer than the snow-fed rivers of the Pacific slope they decline to enter. Livingston Stoue, in writing of the habits of the California salmon, says: "Those rivers which do not have their source in the melting snows have no spring run of salmon * * * it would appear that they, when adult, enter the streams whenever cold fresh water comes in contact with them in the sea."

When the California salmon were first brought east it was claimed that they were a more hardy fish than the *salar* and could endure greater change of temperature, but this seems not to have been a fact. Prof. Goode says of the Atlantic salmon: "The movements of the salmon are not so intimately related to the temperature of the water as those of many other species. They are not so sensitive to sudden changes and are capable of enduring a range of at least forty-five degrees. In this they resemble less the migratory fishes than the permanent residents of our fresh waters. * * * The breeding fish remain in the rivers during the season of greatest heat and greatest cold."

Mr. Atkins has kept the Penobscot salmon in his ponds at Bucksport (the salmon caught at Troy were sent from Bucksport to Long Island as ova), with the water 74 degrees at the bottom in midday. While there is no direct comparison made between the two species of salmon by the authorities I have quoted, it seems safe to imply that the *salar* will enter streams of higher temperature than will the *quinnat*. Leaving comparisons and implications out of the question, the Penobscot salmon have returned to the river and ascended it as far as possible until obstructions are removed, and the California salmon did not; at least I heard of but one, which was taken in a net in the lower Hudson, and one was also taken in the James River, but the James River fish was "identified as a California salmon by a fish dealer who was familiar with Atlantic salmon."

A. N. CHENEY.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 21.—Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Charles A. Boxer, Secretary, Box 282, Winnipeg.

Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 8.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, Fisher's Island, N. Y. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 22.—Eight annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

Dec. 6.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, at Grand Junction, Tenn.

DOG SHOWS.

July 20, 21, 22 and 23.—Milwaukee Dog Show. John D. Olcott, Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.

July 27 to 31.—Dog Show of the California Bench Show and Field Trials Club. E. Leavely, Superintendent, 436 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Aug. 23, 25, 26 and 27.—First Annual Dog Show of the Latonia Agricultural Association, Covington, Ky. George H. Hill, Manager, P. O. Box 76, Cincinnati, O.

Sept. 8, 9 and 10.—Hornellsville, N. Y. Dog Show, Farmers' Club Fair. J. O. Fellows, Superintendent, Hornellsville.

Sept. 14, 15, 16 and 17.—First fall dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3810.

PARASITIC DISEASES OF DOGS.—I.

AS is well known to the majority of breeders and large owners, dogs suffer from a great number of diseases due to the presence of parasites. Of these none are so troublesome or dangerous to life as intestinal worms. One of the latest and highest authorities on the diseases of dogs says: "Probably no known disorder the dog is heir to is so destructive as intestinal worms, it being estimated by reliable authorities that at least three-fourths of the whole canine race are infected by the pest." Another eminent writer on parasites says: "It is remarkable to observe what a number of creatures, including man himself, are destined to play the rôle of intermediary bearer of the canine parasites

in the juvenile stages of development. It is this consideration which * * * renders the dog, in the matter of parasitism, far more important than any other domesticated animal." It is evident, therefore, how extremely important is the consideration of this subject, as not only many a dear friend and valuable pet may be saved by a thorough knowledge of the pathology of parasitism, but danger to other animals, including even man himself, may be so avoided.

One of the commonest parasites of the dog is the margined round worm, *Ascaris marginata*. To give you an idea of its prevalence it may be mentioned that out of 144 dogs dissected in Vienna for this purpose, 104 contained worms of this species. Probably 50 per cent. of all dogs contain round worms. The *Ascaris marginata* is probably identical with the *A. mystax* of the cat, with which the feline race is so largely infested. The male worm is from two to three inches in length, the females being just twice the average length of the males. This species somewhat resembles the earth worm. It is rounded in form and tapers toward both extremities. The mouth is triangular in form and situated terminally; on either side of the head there are wing-like appendages. Well developed male and female sexual organs are present, and the digestive canal is made up of gullet, stomach and intestine. The eggs of the variety *mystax* measure 1-510 of an inch in diameter. The round worm inhabits the small intestines, but from which situation they often migrate into the stomach, whence they are occasionally expelled by vomiting. They also wander to the large intestine, and are occasionally passed in the feces. In rare instances they have even passed up the liver duct into that organ, causing obstruction to the flow of bile and even abscess of the liver. It may also wander into the throat and nose, or even into the bronchial tubes, where its presence may cause fatal asphyxia.

The life history of this parasite has not yet been worked out to the full satisfaction of pathologists. It is certain, however, that the worms do not multiply within the body of their host. The female produces a vast number of eggs, these escape in the feces of the infested animal, and as the eggs have been hatched experimentally in mud and in dung, as well as in clear water, it is probable that the embryo parasites develop in such situations. They are then introduced into the bodies of fresh hosts through food or drinking water, or an animal might become infested by some of the embryos adhering to its coat and afterward introduced into the stomach by the dog licking itself. When taken into the intestine the embryos develop rapidly into mature round worms, and impregnation having taken place, produce eggs to infect fresh hosts. The ova retain their vitality for months, and may in various ways be transported for long distances. From certain clinical facts in relation to *Ascaris* disease, it is probable that particular conditions are necessary in the intestinal tract to insure the development of the embryos; the inflammatory conditions so common in puppies seeming to create a particularly suitable soil for the development of the larval worms. Most likely in a perfectly healthy and vigorous animal the embryos are unable to remain, and so are expelled per anum.

The symptoms caused by *Ascaris* parasites are sometimes obscure and at others prominent. The commonest signs are abdominal distension, colic, diarrhoea and vomiting. Emaciation, cough and a harsh, dry coat are less significant symptoms. Loss of power in the hind legs is frequent in puppies, and convulsions, chorea, and other nervous disturbances occasionally occur. The existence of *Ascaris* disease is usually easily diagnosed, if the infested dog be carefully watched, by observing the worms in the feces or vomited matters. We do not believe that even a very small number of round worms can be present in the intestine and not cause considerable derangement of the general health, and the importance of treating an infested dog cannot be overestimated if he is to retain his full vigor and usefulness.

The treatment necessary to cause the expulsion of round worms is sufficiently simple, but will, nevertheless, fail if the details are not carefully carried out. The remedies should always be given on an empty stomach after from six to thirty-six hours fasting, according to the age and condition of the dog and the medicine to be employed, and a dose of castor oil should be given three to eight hours before the vermifuge is administered. Santonine in one, two or three grain doses in proportion to the age of the animal is the most reliable drug. Santonine is a vermicide, killing but not expelling the round worms, and should be always followed by a brisk purgative, of which the best is castor oil. As the unbroken crystals of santonine are almost tasteless, they are easily taken and the dose may be given made up into a pill with butter or some similar ingredient. Turpentine is an efficient, but not a wholly safe remedy, half a dram may be given in obstinate cases; it may be mixed with castor oil, sweet oil, or given in milk. Pink root, especially the preparation known as the fluid extract of spigelia and senna, is valuable in the case of puppies; fifteen drops may be given to a four-weeks old puppy of the larger breeds in a spoonful of water. Old dogs may be given a full teaspoonful. "Ashmont" advises that the remedy should be given twice a day for three or four days, to be then followed by a full dose of castor oil; or one or two larger doses may be given on an empty stomach, to be followed by the oil. If the preparation with senna is given, a dose may be administered every four hours until purging takes place; no oil need then be given, the senna being a powerful cathartic. The administration of charcoal in small doses to puppies is to be recommended as a preventive and partial cure; in small doses it can do no harm and is an excellent "tonic" to the intestinal mucous membrane. An important point, only too often neglected, is the use of stimulating and tonic remedies after the expulsion of the worms; the health of the animal will generally be much reduced, and attention to the general health, nourishing food, regular exercise and the like, are especially needed.

In the prevention of infection by round worms extreme cleanliness is the surest method; clean drinking water, clean kennels, clean yards. Hot carbolized water should be freely used in the cleaning process, and all vomited or expelled worms should be killed with it, not merely swept away.

Among the several species of nematode worms liable to infest the dog, the cruel threadworm (*Filaria immitis*) is second only to the margined round worm in interest to the pathologist and the lover of dogs. True, it is an almost unknown parasite in this country; but as FOREST AND STREAM is read in most countries under the sun, this will reach the eyes of many whose valuable pets are liable at any time to suffer from the presence of this appropriately named cruel worm. This parasite is a thread-like nematode inhabiting the heart of dogs. It is found especially in China and Japan, but has been described as occurring in several other countries. This large species attains, according to Prof. Welch, a length of ten inches and a diameter at its thickest part of one-twentieth of an inch. The tail of the male *Filaria* is furnished with a transparent membrane or hood, which is supported upon eight oval papilliform rays, four on each side. The female, on examination under the microscope, is found to swarm with eggs and embryos in all stages of development; the larger eggs are 1-900 of an inch in length, while the embryos vary from 1-90 to 1-140 of an inch in length. In the heart of an English pointer born in China, who died of this disease, the *Filaria* were found in both ventricles and for some distance along the course of the aorta. The injurious and often fatal consequences of cruel *Filaria* infection are due to the mechanical effects produced by the presence of the parasites—blocking up the circulation, interfering with the heart's action and causing death.

The symptoms are very variable; a dog apparently in perfect health dying suddenly in a fit, or the unfortunate animal may linger for an indefinite time, after suffering excruciating agonies of pain.

As to the treatment, it is obvious that nothing can be done when once the worms are located in the heart, and should the

diagnosis be at all clear, the suffering brute should be relieved from pain by a friendly shot.

As to the general pathology of this disease, little definite is known; much work has been done on the subject, and various conclusions arrived at, but the evolution of the cruel *Filaria* is yet veiled in mist. The embryo parasite, after undergoing changes outside the body of their proper host, may be reintroduced through food, or drinking water, or the bites of insects. As no known entozoon normally completes its life cycle within the body of a single host, it is certain that the adult *Filaria* do not propagate threadworms within the body of their canine bearer.

The subject being one of such great interest, we would impress on all those interested in canine medicine the importance of making post mortem examinations of the hearts of dogs which die in tropical countries, and reporting their "finds," if any, and preserving the worms in dilute alcohol, to be subsequently submitted to an expert for study. Several other species of nematode worms occasionally infest the dog. *Spuroptera sanguinolenta* inhabits the mucous membrane and the walls of the gullet and stomach, sometimes causing by their presence angry tumors and ulcers. These microscopic parasites may occur in great numbers in a single host, but rarely seem to occasion any special symptoms. They are found with some frequency in European dogs.

The giant strongyle (*Eustrongylus gigas*) is sometimes found in dogs, but is fortunately rare. This most hideous parasite is by far the largest nematode known, the male measuring nearly a foot in length, and the female a full yard, while the breadth of the body reaches half an inch at the thickest part. It occurs in a variety of animals, being specially frequent in the American mink. The head is broadly obtuse, the mouth being supplied with six wart-like papillae. The tail of the male is furnished with a cup-shaped bursa destitute of rays. The vulva of the female is situated near the head in the ventral line. The eggs are oval and measure 1-300 of an inch in length. The embryo worms, after escaping from the body of their parent's host, by some means enter the bodies of certain fishes, the vast majority dying in the intermediate stages before a piscine host is reached, and become encysted beneath the peritoneal membrane. In this stage it has been described under the name of *Filaria cystica* by some of the older writers. If this cyst be ingested by an appropriate host, the cyst wall is digested, the inclosed parasite liberated, and it speedily develops into the great size already mentioned, after having migrated into the kidney of its suffering host, finally totally destroying that valuable organ. Eight of these gigantic worms have been obtained by Klein from the kidney of a wolf, but generally but one, two or three worms are present in a single host.

Apart from the very general statement that raw fish of certain species may be dangerous food for dogs, nothing can be advised in the way of prevention or medical treatment, our knowledge of the life history of the worm as yet not being complete. Fortunately the disease is very rare, though common in many fish-eating carnivora.

Should a satisfactory diagnosis of *Eustrongylus* disease be made by microscopical examination of the urine, the only treatment is to operate on the kidney—if but one, as is probable, be affected—cutting down on the organ, slicing it open, and extracting the parasites. The operation of even removing a kidney is not an excessively dangerous one in human surgery, and if performed by a skilled veterinarian under antiseptic precautions, probably nearly all the dogs operated upon could be saved.

Other round worms found in the dog, but too rarely to be of any clinical importance, are the wrinkled thread worm (*Trichostrongylus plicatus*), which inhabits the bladder; a strongyle infesting the intestine (*Doctymus tragoncephalus*—said to occur in two per cent. of all Danish dogs), and a whip worm (*Trichocephalus*) living in the cecum. *Trichina spiralis* is sometimes found in the muscles of dogs, and some three or four very rare species of *Filaria* have been described by authors as occurring in the canine race.

The above described parasites may be considered to be the only round worms of practical importance which attack the domestic dog.

R. W. S.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

THE MASTIFF TYPE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The discussion called forth by the mastiff judging at New York demonstrates the great interest which the public take in this noble breed of dogs. It also shows that the decisions of Dr. Perry were followed with unusual interest, even by those not in this particular fancy.

The Westminster Kennel Club, in selecting Dr. Perry for judge, reflected to themselves the honor which they conferred. They were not trying a new man; they were giving a recognized authority an opportunity to place our leading mastiffs in what he believed to be their relative positions of merit. A man of this character, confident of his ability, takes his cue from no previous judge. He has decided opinions, not formed by reading dog show critiques, but brought to maturity through years of patient study and practical experience in breeding prize-winning mastiffs.

I admit that breeding of dogs in itself would not necessarily make a man a competent judge of them. One of our best judges has never bred a mastiff, while the man who has given least satisfaction in the ring is one of the oldest breeders. A man can own dogs yet never study them. It is unfortunate that some of our mastiff breeders and exhibitors know so little about the breed, and it is still more deplorable that they prefer to remain in their blissful ignorance. These men take their kennel as a type and judge all dogs over the model they own. Should you differ with them and attempt to point out the faults of their animals they attribute your efforts to jealousy. The motives prompting a lover of the breed to speak frankly are honorable, and are just to the dogs though they may appear severe. The owners of dogs unjustly condemned can rest assured that sooner or later their animals will get their proper places. In the long run justice comes to all. Why just criticism should make enemies I cannot say, but I know it to be a fact that one of the best judges in this country has made innumerable enemies simply because he told the truth about the animals he criticised.

"He did not keep to type" has been the stereotyped phrase in a couple of articles I have read upon Dr. Perry's judging at New York. Why? Because, say these same articles, Ilford Caution did not win first prize. I have already said in print, "Ilford Caution lacks expression and character; his upper jaw is too short; his muzzle is not square, as the nose recedes, giving him a sour, bulldog expression, the very fault we must avoid in our mastiffs, but which has been brought about by the intense desire for short muzzles. He is weak in hindlegs, and the lack of muscular tissue is noticeable." Caution's muzzle lacks squareness; it forms, not a right angle, but an acute angle. The bulldog "lay back" is a positive malformation, and is more objectionable, to my thinking, than the "hound muzzle," which a dog may have and yet keep the characteristic mastiff expression. Mr. Wynn, who has brought the mastiff head into such prominence that a dog with a fine head, but no limbs, could win easily, must admit that the shortness of Caution's upper jaw is more than even he anticipated or would wish.

Mr. Wade calls attention to Mr. Hanbury placing Prince Regent over Crown Prince. Many able men believe with Mr. Hanbury, that the bulldog type which Crown Prince and Ilford Caution represent is not the correct type, although just now it may be the more fashionable in England. We are not ultra-fashionable in this country and you will notice that our most popular judges give due consideration to heavy limbs, a fine body and legs that can be used for walking.

Dr. Perry, by his awards, calls our attention to size in the mastiff. A small dog can hardly be long-headed, leggy and cow-hocked, while a large dog will naturally tend that way. Prizes are given undersized dogs like Homer, rather than a dog of good size and general excellence, like Boss. Again Boss deserves more credit for his good limbs than Dread, who is badly cow-hocked, yet a judge has made the astonishing blunder of placing the latter over the former. This is what you may call bad judging, because there can be no possible reason for such an unjust decision. As I said before, the wronged dog was soon given his proper place, subsequent judges giving Dread vhc. and he, after which he was withdrawn from the bench.

We may not have many competent judges, but still we have some, enough to prevent bench show committees from making mistakes, if they keep before them a list including the names of Mason, Mortimer, Watson, Exley, Naylor, Wade, Porter and Dr. Perry. These judges will not blindly follow the Wynn standard, which gives such undue prominence to the head. Their records show their opinions of deformed animals, no encouragement being given to cripples, they are soon missed from the bench. A pointer's nose is a most important feature, but without good limbs to carry him over the ground, his nose would be of little use, and so it is with the mastiff, a grand head is greatly to be desired, but if the animal cannot use his limbs he is useless and not even ornamental.

The Western people are now the best customers for mastiffs, and the type they desire is the same which Eastern breeders will try to perfect. They want size, bone, muscle and courage. Give them these requisites and they will not quarrel about the extra inch on the end of the nose.

"Ashmont" has suggested, in a contemporary, that we formulate a standard which will suit the requirements of the animals in this country. He calls the A. K. C.'s attention to his suggestion. I like the idea of an acknowledged standard; but hope it will be kept out of the hands of the slow moving A. K. C., which it appears can no longer raise a quorum. Look at the immense amount of time and labor they have expended upon a couple of protests, out of which nothing has yet come. No, if we mean real work and business, let us keep away from the A. K. C.

The American members of the Old English Mastiff Club should take the matter up. The English club would no doubt assist. A committee chosen from the authorities I have given above would very quickly settle the question, whether the American mastiff should be an active dog or a cripple.

I hope those interested in the breed will see the necessity of coming to an immediate and thorough understanding as to what is the desirable type of the dog. I am satisfied that the hearty co-operation of all mastiff lovers can be secured if those whom we consider authorities will only make the move.

I have just noticed the following paragraph in the report of the New York show to the London Field: "It certainly seems strange that American breeders are not able to produce a good-looking dog, and that all the prize winners are imported animals." Had this misinforming critic visited more than one dog show this spring, he would have seen mastiffs bred by "Ashmont" win first prizes at Pittsburgh, Cleveland, St. Louis and Indianapolis. This fact will go far to prove that Dr. Perry is not only a judge of dogs, but that he is breeding the kind which our best judges pick out for prize winners.

VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

A GIFT TO GUIDO.—Memphis, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In March, 1885, I had a dog on snipe in Grand Prairie, Ark., with my valued friend, honest John Davidson, the wily Scot and stainless judge. For a while he worked a trim, wiry, eager and affectionate orange and white setter bitch named Merwin, a cross of his old native stock on the imported English blood. When she shot away like an arrow from a steel cross-bow, I thought it was the spurt burst of speed of the wire edge, but her obedience, turns, bounding pace and noble carriage of head and merriest tail action I ever saw, charmed me like a new revelation. Merwin, in action, is the distilled essence of the poetry of motion, a delight to see. Wishing to buy a scion of this strain as a rare and very valuable acquisition, John said, "wait a wee," so after a year's waiting a lovely pair of Merwin's babies have reached me, snow white, with black, drooping ears, both boys, and have been christened Walter Scott and Robert Bruce. I confidently look for Merwin's sons to be among field dogs what Lexington was among horses and Bobbie Burns among poets, incomparable and peerless, the sire being equal. And they were gifts! none were ever more valued.—W. A. WHEATLEY.

IMPORTANT SALE OF DOGS.—Mr. Chas H. Mason informs us that he has decided to retire upon his laurels and that in future he will not exhibit at dog shows, and that his entire kennel will be sold. We are somewhat surprised at this decision, as Mr. Mason has been uniformly successful as an exhibitor and doubtless has won more prizes since 1880, his first appearance here, than any other exhibitor in this country. We are still more surprised that he should dispose of Beaufort, as he is undoubtedly the best pointer in America if not in the world. We have no doubt that the majority of exhibitors will share the hope that he will reconsider his decision and that in the future as in the past he will be seen well to the front with a string of good dogs.

THE WAX TREATMENT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A neighbor has given me the following invaluable cure for distemper; he tried it on a dog that he says was apparently dead, and what was his surprise to see him walking about quite well the next morning. He showed me the dog to prove his statement. The remedy is a simple one: Take a little shoe-maker's wax, put it on the end of the dog's nose and he will quickly recover. Another esteemed friend informs me that the first litter of pups are liable to go mad and therefore should be drowned. He actually did drown a fine litter of collie pups last year for this very reason.—V. M. H.

DEATH OF BELLISSIMA.—Lancaster, June 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Saturday last I had the misfortune to lose my celebrated bull bitch Bellissima. She died while whelping. She had thirteen pups, the largest litter, I think, on record for one of her breed. Her loss is great. I not only feel that I have lost one of the best bulldogs in the world, but a faithful and affectionate friend.—JOHN E. THAYER.

THE MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS.—The field trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club will commence on Sep. 21 with the annual Derby for pointers and setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1885; entries close July 1. There will also be an all-aged stake for which valuable prizes will be offered. Blanks may be had by addressing Chas. A. Boxer, Secretary, Box 282, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

SAN FRANCISCO DOG SHOW.—The California Bench Show and Field Trial Club will hold a dog show at San Francisco July 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31, in Platt's Hall. Entry blanks can be obtained by addressing the Superintendent, Mr. E. Leavely, 433 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal. Mr. Charles H. Mason has been invited to judge the classes.

NASO OF KIPPING.—Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I. N. Y., June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our new purchases, Naso of Kipping and Glaucia, arrived in good condition per steamship Holland of the National line.—JAS. MORTIMER, Supt.

THE AMERICAN SPANIEL CLUB.—Mr. J. F. Kirk, the president of the American Spaniel Club, has appointed as secretary of the club Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, Bergen Point, N. J.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Lady Mac. By Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. Y., for stone fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped Nov. 23, 1885, by McMahon (A. K. R. 550) out of Lady Nevil (A. K. R. 3123).

Bob Nix. By C. R. Wakefield, Baltimore, Md., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 5, 1885, by Joker, Jr. (Beaufort—Nymph) out of Lady Mac (Faust—Gertrude).

Cut-foot. By Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J., for red Irish setter dog, whelped March 10, 1885, by Chief (Berkley—Duck) out of Fashion (Arlington—Flora).

Flash and Rush. By W. R. Gifford, Skowhegan, Me., for red Irish setter dogs, whelped March 22, 1885, by Tim (Biz)—Hazel out of Florid (Chief—Becky).

Blue Cap III. Madcap, Mabel, Harebell and Blue Bell II. By Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. Y., for two white, black and tan beagle dogs and three bitches, whelped April 29, 1886, by Blue Cap II. (Blue Cap—Blue Bell) out of Constance (A. K. R. 2912).

Dido, Luca and Doe. By John G. Tod, Harrisburg, Tex., for two red Irish setter dogs and one bitch, whelped April 29, 1886, by Rufus (Campton Rufus)—Clara out of Flame (Von—Flora).

Paris, Jr. The sire of Paris, Jr., is Count Gladson instead of Count Gladstone, as was published June 10.

BRED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Nell—Glen. F. Miner's (Haverhill, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Nell (Nipe—Nelly) to H. Flint's Glen (Glencho—Lady Edith), May 7.

Ruby—Glen. F. Miner's (Haverhill, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Ruby to H. Flint's Glen (Glencho—Lady Edith), May 10.

Sal—Glen. J. Ford's (Haverhill, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Sal to H. Flint's Glen (Glencho—Lady Edith).

Little—Boss. Coffin, Zimmer & Co.'s (Glens Falls, N. Y.) English mastiff bitch Little (A. K. R. 2931) to J. L. Winchell's Boss (A. K. R. 3214), June 7.

Belle Valentine—Prince Leopold. Coffin, Zimmer & Co.'s (Glens Falls, N. Y.) Belle Valentine to their Prince Leopold (Mount Lion II.—Beauty II.), June 11.

Hecle—Prince Leopold. Coffin, Zimmer & Co.'s (Glens Falls, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Hecle (Chamounix—Nameless) to their Prince Leopold (Mount Lion II.—Beauty II.), May 22.

Nell Gwynn—Prince Leopold. Coffin, Zimmer & Co.'s (Glens Falls, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Nell Gwynn (champion Trojan—Evelino) to their Prince Leopold (Mount Lion II.—Beauty II.), May 23.

Lady Athol—Apollo. J. S. Sheppard's (New York) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Lady Athol (Cadwallader—Cora) to W. W. Tucker's Apollo (Medor—Bliss), June 10.

Dido II.—Bonnie. J. S. Sheppard's (New York) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Dido II. (Cooper's Barry—Dido) to E. R. Hearn's champion Bonivar (Souldan—Myzar), May 26.

Pluck—Dugdale Jock. F. Hoey's (Long Branch, N. J.) fox-terrier bitch Pluck (Dudley Crash—Caval) to Mr. Powell's Dugdale Jock (Dugdale Joe—Hazard II.), May 23.

Bessie—Premier. J. E. Fuller's (Essex, Mass.) English setter bitch Bessie (A. K. R. 3276) to D. A. Goodwin, Jr.'s Premier (Dashing Monarch—Armida), June 11.

Laone—Apollo. Geo. W. Schenk's (Burlington, Ia.) smooth St. Bernard bitch Laone (A. K. R. 2116) to W. W. Tucker's Apollo (Medor—Bliss), May 26.

Bella—Rigi. Geo. W. Schenk's (Burlington, Ia.) smooth St. Bernard bitch Bella (Alp II.—Alma) to W. W. Tucker's Rigi (Apollo—Bernice), May 8.

May B.—Gus Bondhu. D. A. Goodwin's (Newport, Mass.) English setter bitch May B. to A. M. Tucker's Gus Bondhu, May 20.

WHELPS.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Constance. Coffin Zimmer & Co.'s (Glens Falls, N. Y.) beagle bitch Constance (A. K. R. 2912), April 29, eight (four dogs), by their Blue Cap II. (Blue Cap—Blue Bell).

Zitta. F. F. Harris's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Zitta (A. K. R. 1358), June 10, ten (five dogs), by Graphic Kennels' Graphic (A. K. R. 2411).

Judy. H. B. Brackett's (Littleton, N. H.) bull-terrier bitch Judy (A. K. R. 3318), June 12, five (three dogs), by J. W. Newman's Hector (A. K. R. 3318).

Richmond Jewel. Fred Hoey's (Long Branch, N. J.) fox-terrier bitch Richmond Jewel (Corinthian—York Jess), June 12, four (two dogs), by Kelly & Hoey's Shovel (Spades—Roseleaf).

Peep o' Day. Glencoe Collie Kennels' (East Bethlehem, Pa.) collie bitch Peep o' Day (A. K. R. 3353), March 20, five dogs, by owner's Scot Free (A. K. R. 3633).

Judith. Glencoe Collie Kennels' (East Bethlehem, Pa.) English bobtail sheep-dog bitch Judith (A. K. R. 3164), June 13, seven (five dogs), by owner's Sir Lucifer (A. K. R. 3678).

Zula. Glencoe Collie Kennels' (East Bethlehem, Pa.) collie bitch Zula (A. K. R. 3363), May 19, two (one dog), by James Lindsay's Strephon (A. K. R. 2730).

Bo Peep. A. M. Tucker's (Charlestown, Mass.) English setter bitch Bo Peep, June 11, nine (five dogs), by his Gus Bondhu.

SALES.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Sank. Red Irish setter dog, whelped April, 1884, by Dan out of Ruby, by Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J., to J. Fisher S. Banks, New York city.

Blue Cap III. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 29, 1886, by Blue Cap II. out of Constance, by Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. Y., to Fred. D. Howland, Sandy Hill, N. Y.

Laone. One-year-old Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped 1885, by Chamounix out of Nameless, by Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. Y., to Geo. W. Scheuk, Burlington, Iowa.

Blue Bell II. White, black and tan and blue ticked beagle bitch, whelped April 29, 1886, by Blue Cap II. out of Constance, by Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. Y., to Fred. D. Howland, Sandy Hill, N. Y.

Dick Ranger. C. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Jan. 20, 1886, by Ranger Croxteth out of Trux Royal, by S. B. Dilley, Rosendale, Wis., to W. J. Wilkie, Modesto, Cal.

Bob—Judith bitches. Black and white English bobtail sheep dog bitches, whelped Nov. 11, 1885, by Bob (A. K. R. 3163) out of Judith (A. K. R. 3164), by Glencoe Collie Kennels, East Bethlehem, Washington county, Pa., one to Harvey Hill, Beallsville, Pa., and one to E. B. Cook, Brownsville, Pa.

Black Sis. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 23, 1885 (A. K. R. 3165), by Lynn Kennels, Lynn, Mass., to H. T. Drake, St. Paul, Minn.

Zenaida. Black spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 17, 1884 (A. K. R. 1866), by Lynn Kennels, Lynn, Mass., to H. T. Drake, St. Paul, Minn.

Gus Bondhu—Lynxchips. Black and white English setters, whelped March 9, 1886, by A. M. Tucker, Charlestown, Mass., a dog to Mr. Cornell, Waterbury, Conn., one to C. H. Slade, and a bitch to C. G. Carter, Cambridge, Mass.

Count Bondhu—Drucy whelp. Black and white English setter bitch, date of birth not given, by A. M. Tucker, Charlestown, Mass., to F. Stinger, Jr., Hartford, Conn.

Drucy. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped Feb., 1884, by Dada III. out of Model Druid, by A. M. Tucker, Charlestown, Mass., to Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bounce (A. K. R. 2456)—Ailsa (A. K. R. 1217) whelp. Sable collie bitch, whelped Dec. 12, 1885, by Glencoe Collie Kennels, East Bethlehem, Washington county, Pa., to D. R. Hartley, same place.

Sport—Nell whelps. Black and tan Gordon setter dogs, whelped April 30, 1885, by W. J. Geary, 241 Silver street, South Boston, Me. to Dr. Estabrook, South Boston, one to John Hill, 195 E. street, South Boston, and one to Frank Gorman, Providence, R. I.

Flash. Red Irish setter dog, whelped March 22, 1886, by Tim out of Florid, by Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J., to W. R. Gifford, Skowhegan, Me.

Rush. Red Irish setter dog, whelped March 22, 1886, by Tim out of Florid, by Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J., to W. R. Gifford, Skowhegan, Me.

Tim—Florid whelp. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped March 22, 1886, by Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J., to H. B. Anderson, Springfield, N. Y.

Alice D. Black and white English setter bitch, date of birth and pedigree not given, by A. M. Tucker, Charlestown, Mass., to W. W. Reed, Lexington, Mass.

PRESENTATIONS.

Inca. Red Irish setter dog, whelped April 29, 1886, by Rufus out of Flame, by John G. Tod, Harrisburg, Tex., to Samuel Milby, Austin, Tex.

Doc. Red Irish setter dog, whelped April 29, 1886, by Rufus out of Flame, by John G. Tod, Harrisburg, Tex., to Charles H. Milby, same place.

Dido. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped April 29, 1886, by Rufus out of Flame, by John G. Tod, Harrisburg, Tex., to R. H. Hanna, Austin, Tex.

DEATHS.

Macbeth. Black and tan setter dog (A. K. R. 3056), owned by C. S. Fitch, New York, from distemper.

Harry Malcolm. Black and tan setter dog (A. K. R. 3055), owned by C. S. Fitch, New York, from distemper.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

MASSACHUSETTS RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, June 17.—The annual spring meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association began to-day at Walnut Hill. There was a crowd of riflemen present, and they had a tough time fighting a tricky wind, blowing from 6 to 8 o'clock. The militia was well represented. The scores:

Boston Herald Cup Match.									
C M Jewell.....	63	59	60	61-243	A Clark (mil.).....	50	48	47	50-195
R Reed.....	63	58	59	243	A Clark.....	51	47	45	50-193
E Richardson.....	59	57	62	60-238	Benjamin (mil.).....	47	47	47	42-177
F Austin.....	55	57	57	58-227	C Parker (mil.).....	42	43	43	56-174
J Francis.....	47	58	55	62-225	L Grant (mil.).....	45	43	45	40-173
J N Frye.....	54	56	54	59-219	Ericksen (mil.).....	42	42	42	43-169
E D Southard.....	53	52	54	56-216	R V Ames.....	38	38	45	42-163
A Low.....	52	50	52	54-208	C Cook (mil.).....	31	32	39	89-144
C H Pierce.....	50	48	49	50-197	Shippard (mil.).....	39	43	36	30-138
W Henry (mil.).....	51	44	48	45-157					

Rest Match.									
S Wilder.....	67	63	65	69-269	W H Oler.....	69	65	64	68-266
J N Frye.....	68	67	67	65-265	G L Winslip.....	65	65	65	65-261

June 18.—The second day of the meeting. The attendance was fair, including representatives of riflemen from New Hampshire and different clubs in this State. The wind was very tricky. The records:

Decennial Off-Hand Match.									
R Reed.....	50	61	63	63-249	G H Pierce.....	53	54	51	50-208
J Francis.....	61	61	60	63-243	G G Franklin.....	48	51	51	56-206
C M Jewell.....	50	60	61	63-243	A Clark.....	49	50	51	55-205
R Munson.....	59	59	60	62-242	C A Joslin.....	49	50	52	53-204
E Richardson.....	59	60	61	62-242	W Fisher.....	47	49	51	55-202
P Austin.....	57	57	58	50-210	E J Crapo.....	50	50	52	52-202
C D Palmer.....	57	54	53	53-216	A Clark (mil.).....	48	50	50	50-195
J Mulder.....	53	53	54	53-216	W Henry.....	49	49	48	48-195
E D Southard.....	53	53	55	56-219	C A Parker (mil.).....	46	43	46	46-178
J N Frye.....	55	54	54	56-219	Benjamin (mil.).....	47	42	42	47-177
C A Hinds.....	52	55	57	57-219	S Grant (mil.).....	40	43	45	45-173
G W Foster.....	52	54	54	57-217	H Whitington.....	40	41	42	44-172
A L Brackett.....	50	51	53	53-217	P Ames.....	38	38	42	45-163
A D Elliott.....	48	51	55	56-210	E H Green (mil.).....	32	32	33	33-133
A Law.....	50	52	52	54-208					

Rest Match.									
S Wilder.....	69	68	69	69-272	W H Oler.....	69	64	68	65-266
J N Frye.....	68	67	69	67-271	G L Winslip.....	65	65	65	65-261

June 19.—The spring meeting of the M. R. A. closed to-day. The attendance was very large, and a very successful meeting was held. The match for the director's medal was shot and Mr. C. W. Hinman won it, making a fine score of 5 bullseyes, or 25 out of a possible 25, on Creedmoor target. Following is a list of prize winners in the off-hand and rest matches:

Decennial Handicap Match.									
G R Russell.....	63	63	61	61	248	6	254		
C M Jewell.....	61	62	63	63	249	4	253		
J Francis (open sights).....	62	60	61	61	244	4	248		
E Munson.....	61	61	60	60	244	4	248		
E F Richardson.....	61	62	62	62	247				
G R Wafield.....	56	59	60	62	237	10	247		
A C White.....	56	60	61	62	242	4	246		
W Charles.....	59	59	60	63	241	4	245		
C D Palmer.....	57	58	59	62	236	4	240		
C G Goodale.....	57	58	59	62	236	4	240		
E J Crapo.....	57	58	59	62	236	4	240		
H E Fay.....	57	58	59	62	236	4	240		
F Austin.....	59	58	57	57	231	4	235		
E B Southard.....	56	55	55	52	219	15	234		
J B Maldeu.....	55	54	53	53	226	6	232		
J W Foster.....	57	54	54	54	223	8	230		
G F Grant.....	53	53	56	56	220	10	229		
J N Frye.....	56	54	54	54	219	10	229		
J N Dodge.....	53	53	54	54	216	12	228		
G H Pierce.....	53	52	50	54	216	12	228		
A Law.....	52	52	50	54	216	12	228		
C A Joslin.....	53	54	55	55	217	10	227		
*P Ames (mil.).....	47	48	51	197	10	207	232		
C A Hinds.....	57	55	53	53	216	12	228		
A M Brackett.....	55	53	51	51	212	12	224		
H Whitington.....	49	50	50	50	199	25	224		
J L Thomas.....	49	51	52	201	10	212	223		
W Fisher.....	51	51	55	55	212	10	223		
A D Elliott.....	56	55	51	48	210	12	222		
*Lincoln Grant (mil.).....	46	50	50	196	14	210	220		
N F Tufts.....	50	50	51	53	203	15	218		
R Davis.....	52	50	51	50	202	15	218		
A Clark.....	55	51	50	50	202	15	218		
*A C Good (mil.).....	50	47	48	195	10	205	210		
G B Yentzel.....	47	48	52	201	12	212	213		
*W Yates (mil.).....	41	46	47	54	191	26	211		
C N Edgell.....	47	48	49	191	10	201	207		
E J Crabtree.....	43	44	46	181	25	206			
W C Watson.....	53	51	46	198	8	206			
*F B Benjamin (mil.).....	47	47	42	177	10	187	216	203	

Rest Match—Prize Winners.									
S Wilder.....	69	69	69	68-275	J Francis (open sights).....	68	68	65	266
D L Chase.....	68	68	69	67-272	J Hurd.....	62	64	66	259
J N Frye.....	68	67	67	67-271	E D Southard.....	59	62	64	250
Richardson.....	58	68	69	67-271	A L Brackett.....	62	62	61	248
W H Oler.....	65	68	68	67-271	A L Brackett.....	62	62	61	248
G L Winslip.....	56	60	65	60-262	N F Tufts.....	58	57	61	239

THOMASTON, Conn., June 12.—Telegraph match with the Ilverhill (Mass.) Rifle Club, teams of 6 men each, 10 shots per man, 300yds., off-hand, Hinman target. Weather conditions were a bright light, with a light 4 o'clock wind. Subjoined are the scores of Empire team:

A Lemmon.....	7	6	5	8	9	9	7	0	9-74
G C Canfield.....	5	7	10	6	8	8	4	7	8-67
W H Dunbar.....	5	7	10	8	5	7	4	7	8-69
G P North.....	8	4	5	9	6	7	10	9	6-62
G C Gilbert.....	7	8	5	7	4	6	5	5	4-57
F A Perkins.....	6	8	5	7	4	3	8	7	4-55

Ilverhill score, as reported last week, 431.

WILMINGTON, Del., June 16.—Public rifle matches were held under the management of the Wilmington Rifle Club at Schuetzen Park this afternoon. The matches were visited and taken part in by Wm. H. Haines, of Douglass, Pa. First match, Creedmoor target, 200yds. off-hand, prizes divided by score classes. First Robert Miller; second, Howard Simpson; third, Charles Heinel, Sr.; fourth, William H. Haines. The following is the full score out of possible 25 points:

U Fuller, match, Massachusetts target, 200yds. off-hand, prize																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
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Second match, Massachusetts target, 200yds. off-hand, prizes divided by highest scores, possible 120 points:

C Heinel, Sr.....	11	9	10	7	11	10	11	7	11-98
U Fuller.....	10	9	12	10	10	10	11	11	95
W H Haines.....	10	9	10	9	12	8	8	9	94
T Jones.....	9	10	10	8	11	11	11	7	93
R Miller.....	7	2	11	12	11	7	8	10	90
H A Heinel.....	11	9	7	8	10	8	9	9	84
J Newman.....	9	9	7	7	8	9	9	9	78
W A Bacon.....	8	8	6	11	10	5	9	7	77
H Simpson.....	8	8	8	12	6	4	5	10	73
S J Newman.....	9	9	7	7	7	12	5	8	64

Third match same as at the second. There was only one tie, which, being decided, the prizes were awarded as follows: T. Jones first, C. Heinel, Sr., second, U. Fuller third, R. Miller fourth. Possibly 60 points:

T Jones, R. S.....	8	10	9	11	9-47	H A Heinel, Win.....	10	8	4	3-34
C Heinel, Sr., R. S.....	6	11	10	9	10-46	H Simpson, Bal.....	8	6	6	7-33
U Fuller, Win.....	8	11	8	10	45	S J Newman, R. S.....	8	6	8	8-30
R Miller, R. S.....	8	11	7	11	45	J E Newman, R. S.....	7	0	9	8-24
W A Bacon, R. S.....	7	5	8	10	37					

NEW ORLEANS, June 13.—Score of the Stevens and Miller rifle teams made to-day at the range of the Louisiana Gun Club on Poland street:

Stevens's Team.					Miller's Team.				
C C Heyl.....	229	F D Charbonnet.....	180						
F Daubert.....	230	Ben Schauder.....	270						
A Steiner.....	268	F De Gaurier.....	250						
E J Leonard.....	265	C Alberts.....	189						
Louis Sport.....	253	D Gardner.....	245						
Capt C C Julier.....	284-1520	Capt H Miller.....	230-1379						

NEWARK, June 19.—The 100 shot match, which was to have been shot between Hayes and Dorrier to-day, was postponed to next Saturday.

William Hayes, of this city, scored 72 out of a possible 75 on a half-inch center at the Washington Schuetzen-Fest on the 17th, winning first prize.

ARMY TEAMS.—The contest for places on the Division of the Missouri Rifle Team will take place at Fort Leavenworth, beginning Sept. 13. The competitions in the Division of the Pacific open at the Presidio Range, San Francisco, Cal., on Sept. 5. The Department of Dakota matches will take place at Fort Snelling, Minn., on Aug. 21.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE LEAVENWORTH TOURNAMENT.

THIS tournament was held June 1, 2, 3 on the Government reservation adjoining the city, and was in every respect the finest ever held in the West. Perfect harmony prevailed throughout, under the able management of Col. Moonlight and W. C. Hinman. Many special prizes were awarded, and among them the FOREST AND STREAM for one year, kindly offered by the Publishing Company. O. M. Judy, of Coffeyville, Kans., was the winner of this prize. There were present the best shots of Kansas, Missouri and Iowa, and among them C. W. Lidd, of Des Moines, who twice recently defeated Mr. Sice, of Jacksonville, Ill. Mr. Budd waived any claims for special prizes which would have fallen to his lot. The management desire to thank the FOREST AND STREAM, and herewith submits the matches and scores:

Shoot No. 1.—At 10 Macomber birds, 18yds. rise. First money won by C. W. Budd, second divided between Abercrombie and Judy, third between Keating and T. Hayson, fourth to Hinton:									
Moonlight.....	1110110010	6	Hinton.....	1110110111	7				
Erhart.....	1110110111	6	Keating.....	1110110110	6				
Abercrombie.....	1110110110	8	Middlewartz.....	1110110111	6				
Nunamaker.....	1110110111	6	Goff.....	1110110111	6				
Bower.....	1110110111	7	*Budd.....	1110110111	9				
Hill.....	1110110111	7	Hurt.....	1110110111	5				
McGee.....	1110110111	5	Hinsdale.....	1110110111	5				
*Judy.....	1110110111	8	Robb.....	1110110111	5				
Lander.....	1110110111	7	R Hayson.....	1110110111	6				
Stubblefield.....	1110110111	5	T Hayson.....	1110110111	7				
Gratz.....	1110110111	5	Higgle.....	1110110111	4				

*Handicap, 1yd. *Handicap, 2yds.

Shoot No. 2.—At 10 American clay birds, 18yds. rise. Perry Lander won first money

ST. LOUIS, June 13.—Medal shoot of the Western Gun Club, held to-day, 18yds. rise, screened traps, ten clay pigeons and ten blackbirds:	
T. Sieverman.....	111001111111001110—15
Thurber.....	1100010111111111—16
Sieminski.....	00000111001011011—11
Baker.....	11011111111101010—16
A. Sieberman.....	10011110011010101—14
Croft.....	0110111001111111—16
Lenhardt.....	110100101011001011—12
Fox.....	011100110010010101—10
Heithaus.....	101111110111101010—14
Justus.....	11101000000000101—8
McGweny.....	111100101100110111—14
Scheer.....	110111000110111111—15
Bauer.....	10011110001100011—10
Le Faivre.....	00111111011100001—13
Miltenberger.....	11010011001001110—11
Brescort.....	01000001010000000—3
MacKwitz.....	010010000001010000—5
Labadie.....	1001011101000110101—11
Hastuerther.....	01110110110101010—13
Dixie.....	101000101101000101—9
Williams.....	1011100101111011—13
Backus.....	010100101011011000—9

CALIFORNIA, June 6.—The pigeon shooting tournament at Elk Grove to-day was very interesting, and together secured a record of the best shots of the State. After two pool shoots, the main match, for prizes of \$100, \$75 and \$50, respectively, was commenced, and resulted as follows, Bassford's tenth bird falling dead out of bounds: Parrott, Sacramento..... 0111111110110111—17
F. Bassford, Yacaville..... 1111111101111111—19
Routier, Routier's Station..... 11111011011011010—15
Fay, San Francisco..... 1111111101111111—19
Burnett, San Francisco..... 1111111101111111—18
Haas, San Francisco..... 1111111101110111—18
Durr, Eld Grove..... 10111011011101001—14
Rickso, San Francisco..... 01111100110111010—11
Robinson, San Francisco..... 1111111111111111—20
Tebbtis, Sacramento..... 11111001101001011—13
Pedler, Sacramento..... 01011011011111010—14
R. Coons, Norris Grant..... 1110111110111111—18
Clemance, San Francisco..... 0111111000111111—16
Hastuerther, Sacramento..... 01111111011010101—15
Robinson got first money, and Bassford and Fay divided second.

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 11.—At this week's shoot of the St. Paul Gun Club, Chandler won both the Macomber and club badges. The scores of the several contestants were: Macomber badge, 15 metal birds: Chandler 14, Olson 13, Pilster 12, Cummings 11, Wilson 11, M. F. Kennedy 11, Dux 9, Engles 9, Paul 8, Blakely 8, Remington 8, Amos 5.

Club Badge—Ten singles and 5 pairs Peoria blackbirds:
Chandler..... 8 9-17 Remington..... 5 6-11
Wilson..... 9 8-17 Engles..... 5 6-11
Olson..... 8 8-16 Kennedy..... 5 6-11
Paul..... 7 9-16 Cummings..... 8 3-11
Pilster..... 9 8-15 Denslow..... 4 4-8
Myers..... 8 6-14 Adams..... 5w
Blake..... 8 4-12 Amos..... 3w
Dux..... 4 8-12

DAYTON, O., June 7.—The Dayton Rod and Gun Club held a clay bird shoot to-day with the following results: First match, ten singles: Winters 8, Keifer 8, Huffman 8, Buntin 7, Gardner 3. Second match, ten singles: Gardner 8, Al. Ohmer 8, Winters 4, Keifer 7, Buntin 3, H. Scherly 3. Third match, ten singles, five doubles: Buntin 17, 4, Ohmer 13, Gardner 12, Winters 11. Fourth match, ten singles: Buntin 8, Al. Ohmer 7, Keifer 5.

TRAPPE, Wis., June 16.—A shooting club has been organized in Grand Rapids and Centralia; following are the officers: President, P. Ward; Vice-President, Chas. Briere; Treasurer, A. Hasbrouck; Secretary, J. G. Love; Committee, Geo. Aysford and W. T. Jones. The club has for its objects the protection and preservation of game, particularly the prairie chickens, and glass ball shooting at such times as are most convenient and congenial to its members.—G. II.

SARATOGA, June 15.—The following scores were made by the Gun Club at Macomber metal birds yesterday:
H. M. Levenson, Jr..... 101110001-6
Gerard Hull..... 10101010-5
Ward..... 10101010-5
E. C. Clark..... 01100010-3

TOPSHAM, Me., June 17.—Regular shoot of Riverside Club on club grounds. There being but few members present, the match was at 25 birds for the three club badges:
W. R. Tate..... 010111001000000101000-8
A. Q. Gould..... 0101011101101111111-21
A. E. Hall..... 1101100111101000010101-15
S. A. Alexander..... 1101111111010000001111-16

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—The following letter was written in answer to one from a target manufacturer, complaining of the bad treatment of the National Gun Association as a subscriber to the stock of the Association.—Macon, Ga., June 18, 1886.
Dear Sir:—Replying to yours of the 15th inst., I am sorry to hear, Mr. Ridge, I would call your attention to the fact that the Association in all applications for tournaments under its auspices by any of its members, has not the authority nor will it undertake to dictate to the club organizing such tournaments, their programme, except in the use of inanimate targets, the manufacturers of which are not stockholders. This is the only authority the Association can or will assume. Any dictation beyond this would be manifestly unjust, and presumptuous to the gentlemen arranging these tournaments. They are enjoined to know what will be attractive and entertaining to those they expect to attend, and most advantageous to themselves. The Association cannot and will not champion any special target, but will leave its members to select for themselves, after placing at their disposal all targets of such manufacturers as have complied with the requirements of the Association, to wit: to subscribe to twenty shares of stock payable in their targets at jobbers' prices. Under the present management the Association has faithfully carried out this contract with all such target manufacturers, your statement to the contrary notwithstanding. Your targets have been on the ground and in the hands of the managers of every tournament under the auspices of the Association since you became a member as a target manufacturer, and such will be the case with every manufacturer who does subscribe. Your charge "that your interest has not been unblissedly looked after" is without foundation and untrue, as the facts above will show. We have something over five hundred of your targets on hand, but if you have moved them as you state, and will finish your subscription by sending them to the Association, we will hold the old ones subject to your orders and send out the new ones. I do not question your assertion "that you have done considerable for the Association," and would like you to continue in the good work, but cannot accept your proposition to pay for goods sent out as a stock subscription, and allow you to return the stock. We prefer a full compliance of the contract on your part, as we have on ours. Respectfully, MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr., N. G. A.

ALLEN'S bow-facing oars can be attached to any boat in 5 minutes. Try them. Little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Adv.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE JUNE REGATTAS AT NEW YORK.

THE promised competition of the four new boats has given a special interest to regatta week this year, it being generally expected that they would give their first trial at that time, as they have done. After seeing the three contests, unsatisfactory as they were, it is impossible to look back even a very few years at the old and noisy feeling very strongly how much yachting has been advanced, and how very far the cracks of to-day are from the old time favorites of a few years since. Several of the latter here sailed during the past week without attracting any special notice, nor was there any reason for their appearance or performance why they should. A new order prevails, a new standard of size and beauty, and their day is over.

Of course the chief interest centers in the large single-stickers, while the large schooners, especially in the East, claim a part of it. The 70ft. class is small this year, Bedouin and the rebuilt Gracie being the chief competitors. Bedouin has had a new mast since last season, a much needed improvement, her copper has been partly renewed, and, like Galatea, she carries a lighter boom and laced mainsail. Her performance has certainly been far above that of '85 and more like the previous year, when she swept the field. The race she sailed on Thursday, though hardly noticed in the daily papers, was a wonderful piece of work, and though she gained on Priscilla at times

by luck, she fairly won her place beside her by good sailing. Priscilla went very fast at many times during the day, but Bedouin, 25ft. shorter, was never far from her. On Saturday she fared worse with the rear division, and was not in with the big ones, but taking the two days, and with a liberal allowance for flukes, she has left her class, Gracie, Fanny and Thetis, miles astern. Gracie is certainly greatly improved in looks, but thus far little can be said of her speed, as she has been beaten by Thetis twice, and compared with the pack in the three races, has by no means done well. However, she is virtually a new boat, and when in shape may justify the expense of her alterations, though we doubt it very much. Fanny sailed a race on Thursday, the first for two years, and in her wind and water only served to show how easily a good cutter of 17ft. less length and less than half her beam, can heat the old type of sloop in light weather. Her day as a racer has passed away, and there were more of the tribe in last week's races that can go on the same list.

From the tone of the daily papers, as well as some whose judgment should be of a little more value, one would have supposed last fall that the "cutter craze" had come to an untimely end, and that the voice of the "cutter fiend" would be heard no more in the land, while an era of so-called American boats would follow. Leaving out the four big boats, all cutter rigged, and three with lead keels, it still seems as though the cutter was a pretty lively corpse, and apt to give trouble yet to some of the volunteer mourners who wept crocodile tears over Venesta's last race.

Certainly Bedouin has opened the season with a boom in her class, outstriking it so far that times are hardly worth taking. She was simply ahead, the rest nowhere, while she played with all but Priscilla on Thursday. This is a good deal, but not all nor half of it. What she has done speaks in a measure for beam, but there is a narrow boat still to be heard from, one of the narrowest of her kind. Undoubtedly the honors of last week belong to one boat, though one may look in vain for any mention of it in the daily papers of New York and Boston, except a few brief notices and a line in the tables of times. No big type and her times call attention to her work, but to any one who reads the times carefully it speaks for itself, thus:

	Tuesday.	Thursday.	Saturday.
Clara.....	7 16 37	6 32 42	7 31 19
Thetis.....	7 17 55	6 47 39	
Gracie.....	7 13 59	6 46 09	7 55 18
Fanny.....		6 46 28	
Athlon.....	7 28 49	7 03 12	withdrew.
Thistle.....	8 08 24		
Bertie.....	35 10	Not timed.	
Cinderella.....	35 10	6 49 48	7 45 35
Vivid.....	8 31 36		
Roamer.....	7 34 56		
Daphne.....	8 10 45	7 09 16	7 49 19
Whiteway.....		Not timed.	
Regina.....		Not timed.	Not timed

These are the elapsed times, and it must be remembered that Thetis, Gracie and Fanny are from 11 to 17ft. longer and twice as wide as Clara, and the corrected times would show a more decided favor, while they would reduce a little the time of some of the others, but the result is near enough. Here are ten sloops, among them the fastest we have, aggregating 23 starts in the series of three races in light weather, and beaten in even time, irrespective of size, in every case but one, by the narrowest cutter we have yet had here, and in this one case the cutter wins by a big margin on time allowance.

With such an average as this there can be no claim for flukes, as the chances of the 3 days were 33 to 3 against them, but if the above is not conclusive there are 2 more wins to add, that at La Graphe and the S. C. Y. C. on May 31. Not only has Clara proved herself far and away faster than any of the old boats, but she has beaten five times this season, besides one scrub race not on record, the very promising boat of the new centerboard keel type, Cinderella, the handsomest of the class yet built. A study of the above table will show pretty conclusively that for speed the centerboard sloop must go or rather has gone. It may be a very nice boat to go sailing in, with a fine large cockpit and nice cabin house to sit on, but when racing is considered—and all these boats are or once were racers—their shortcomings are too numerous and too radical to be made good by silver bottoms and lead keels at the eleventh hour. Whether or no Galatea is a match for the newer type remains to be seen; she has not yet fulfilled the hopes of her friends this season, and is still behind Irex, but these races can have little bearing on the case of Clara vs. the sloops. She has beaten them all, large and small, good and bad, in their own waters, and thus far has shown herself much more than a match for the newest and best, Cinderella.

Taken in detail, the work of the four large boats was neither satisfactory nor conclusive, but considering the whole series of three races, they may be summed up about as follows: Mayflower has suffered some from canoes which we note elsewhere, but she has done some very fast sailing, and we look upon her as the coming one of the quartette. Puritan has not been as well sailed as usual, but has had the best luck of the week from flukes. In new hands she will probably be below last year's form, though the boat is as good as ever. Priscilla, on the contrary, has been vastly improved in hull and rig, and has shown the value of such improvement, as well as of her owner's care and skill in the way she has sailed in every race, and bids fair to take second place this year. Atlantic thus far is a failure, her shortcomings to windward being very evident, and while there is much room for improvement in her crew it is doubtful whether the boat will be improved to an extent that will put her on a level with the others. Her best work has been off the wind thus far, but we have not seen her in a blow, and her performance in the slight tumble of Tuesday near the lights, when Priscilla crossed her bows, argues badly for her speed in a seaway. She is now at Mumm's for a general alteration, lighter spars, probably a shifting aft of her mast and the stopping of a serious leak in her hull. The others will meet on Tuesday next at Marblehead, when a better opportunity for a trial will be given than has yet occurred, should there be any weather, as the course is on the open sea.

NEW YORK Y. C., JUNE 17.

The second great race of Regatta week was served as badly as the first, as far as weather goes, while it was no more of a real test, than the first. The breeze was in spite of all fluking. With 37 entries there were enough good boats in each class to make an interesting fight, and nothing was lacking but wind. Boston was well represented in the entries with five yachts, three of them the finest in their class. The entries were as follows:

	Sailing Length.	Time Allowance.
Dauntless.....	Caldwell H. Colt..... 112 00	Allows
Gitana.....	William F. Weld..... 107 06	6 37
Republic.....	Wright Duryea..... 96 23	7 01
Fortuna.....	H. S. Hovey..... 94 50	7 13
Speranza.....	H. W. Colender..... 81 33	14 11
Montauk.....	John E. Brooks..... 94 06	Allows
Ruth.....	Henry Marquand..... 90 43	1 39
Grayling.....	Latham A. Fish..... 83 38	5 51

WINDY CLASS SLOOPS.
Atlantic..... William Ziegler..... 87 83
Priscilla..... A. Cass Canfield..... 86 31
Puritan..... John M. Forbes..... 85 45
Mayflower..... Charles J. Paine..... 83 85

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.
Gracie..... Joseph P. Earle..... 71 62
Bedouin..... Archibald Rogers..... 71 45
Fanny..... William R. Travers..... 69 70
Thetis..... Henry Bryant..... 66 63

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.
Whiteway..... George F. Randolph..... 57 50
Vivid..... Thornton N. Motley..... 56 48
Athlon..... Dr. J. C. Barron..... 56 11
Cinderella..... William E. Iselin..... 55 48
Clara..... G. M. Edwards..... 55 15
Regina..... Charles Sweet..... 54 38
Daphne..... J. Rogers Maxwell..... 50 60
Bertie..... Frederick Gallatin..... 49 74

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.
Espirito..... Richard B. Hartsborne..... 47 08
Bedouin is entered in second class, but a remeasurement proves that she is less than two inches over the class limit of 70ft. as made last spring, so that she is really in the class with the big boats, where she was not intended to go, but we were her grand sailing all day seems fairly to put her. The matter has not been brought before the club yet, but will probably be settled by placing her in class 2, in which event she takes first prize in her class, while Priscilla wins in class 1. The race was over the usual course of the N. Y. Y. C., from the judges' boat, anchored off Owl's Head, Long Island shore, about one-quarter of a mile south of buoy No. 18, and a mark

at Fort Lafayette, inshore from the tugboat; thence (keeping outside of Fort Lafayette) to buoy No. 10, passing south of it and north of buoy No. 5, off the point of Sandy Hook, to and around Sandy Hook Lightship, turning it from north and east, and then returning over the same course to the westward of the home stakeboat, which will be anchored abreast of and to the eastward of buoy No. 15. All yachts must pass to the eastward of west bank buoys Nos. 9, 11, 13 and 15, both going and returning.

In case the judges' boat, from any cause, is not back at the finishing line in time to act as stakeboat, yachts will pass between a stakeboat flying the club flag anchored there and buoy No. 15.

The usual prizes were offered in each class. Espirito being the only boat in the fourth class, entered the third at the minimum measurement to make a race.

The morning was cool and cloudy with a S.W. wind, but by 10 A. M. the sun was shining. The Luckenbach was at the start at 10:40 with Messrs. E. Chase, A. M. Woodcock and J. T. Robinson, of the regatta committee on board. When the whistle blew at 10:50 there was but a light southerly wind coming in the Narrows, while the tide had been ebbing for a short time. Half a mile above the line was Mayflower, looking very handsome and hard to distinguish from Puritan, half as far off to the northwest. Near the east end of the line were Clara, Daphne and Gaviota, and as the whistle blew at 11 A. M. the little cutter shot across, after standing along the line for some distance awaiting the signal. The fleet went over in two lines, one led by Clara, rounding close to the stakeboat at the east end, with Espirito after her, while the others, headed by Thetis and Puritan, came from out in the middle of the upper bay, turning short around the Luckenbach and crossing on starboard tack. As Puritan went over Bedouin passed between her and the tug, then Priscilla, Gitana, Republic, Dauntless, Grayling and Fortuna, followed by Whiteway. Mayflower and Atlantic were still above, but the latter came down very close to the tug on starboard tack, while Mayflower crossed near the middle of the line, near Gaviota. The times were:

Clara.....	11 09 27	Fortuna.....	11 05 09
Thetis.....	11 09 23	Whiteway.....	11 05 12
Bedouin.....	11 01 58	Regina.....	11 05 24
Puritan.....	11 01 52	Bertie.....	11 05 34
Bedouin.....	11 01 58	Grayling.....	11 05 31
Daphne.....	11 02 32	Republic.....	11 06 12
Priscilla.....	11 03 04	Atlantic.....	11 06 50
Cinderella.....	11 03 12	Mayflower.....	11 07 51
Vivid.....	11 03 12	Gaviota.....	11 07 52
Fanny.....	11 04 23	Ruth.....	11 08 39
Gracie.....	11 04 33	Montauk.....	11 08 42
Gitana.....	11 04 33	Speranza.....	11 09 00
Athlon.....	11 04 34		

Clara was first boat and began to get to windward in the light breeze, with her special rival, Cinderella, 1/4 mile to leeward. The latter soon made a cast in toward Fort Hamilton, but most of the fleet went down on port tack, with a fleet of vessels of all sizes from the Grand Republic and Atlanta down to the little canoe Guenn, following them. At 11:45, off Norton's Point, Clara led, with Bedouin next, both far to windward, then Thetis, Gracie and Fanny, with Espirito well over to the middle of the Bay. The wind held light, but it was astonishing to see Clara, off for buoy 10 and far to windward all the time, in fact, she stood up so far as to lose first place at the buoy to Bedouin, passing even with Priscilla on the latter's weather. All but Clara were carrying jibtopsails at the buoy. All passed No. 10 on port tack, luffing around buoy 8 1/2 as follows:

Bedouin.....	12 33 50	Fanny.....	12 50 25
Priscilla.....	12 40 20	Atlantic.....	12 53 50
Clara.....	12 41 20	Espirito.....	12 54 30
Cinderella.....	12 43 50	Bertie.....	12 55 25
Mayflower.....	12 44 00	Fortuna.....	12 56 15
Thetis.....	12 45 05	Vivid.....	12 56 20
Puritan.....	12 45 40	Montauk.....	12 57 55
Gracie.....	12 47 07	Grayling.....	12 58 10
Daphne.....	12 49 12	Whiteway.....	12 59 40
Athlon.....	12 50 05	Gitana.....	1 00 30

Gracie had to make an extra tack to weather No. 10, and Puritan and some others only got by through some very sharp luffing.

At 1:20 all were outside in a good breeze bound for Sandy Hook Lightship on the starboard tack, Bedouin and Priscilla to windward and a mile ahead of Mayflower, then Puritan, next Clara half a mile astern of the latter, then Thetis, another half mile back, with Cinderella following, then Gracie, Fanny, Atlantic and Daphne. At 1:35 both Cinderella and Fanny lowered their jibtopsails, Atlantic, Puritan and Clara having then been within half a mile of Thetis and Gracie held to theirs. Clara and Cinderella had also come down to working topsails.

Priscilla was first at the lightship, luffing round and setting balloon-jibtopsail, while Bedouin came next, with balloon foresail and balloon jibtopsail set. The times were not taken accurately, as the tug ran in with the leaders, but were approximately as follows:

Priscilla.....	1 39 30	Puritan.....	1 53 00
Bedouin.....	1 42 45	Atlantic.....	1 59 50
Mayflower.....	1 50 00	Clara.....	2 04 00

When the leaders were off the Scotland a heavy rain squall struck them from N. W., but Priscilla held on to her canvas and stood on through it, finally lowering clubtopsail, while Bedouin took in her balloon foresail. At 2:10 a calm followed, Priscilla feeling it first and lying idly off the Hook, while Bedouin still worked up with a little wind. Both now stood over to the east on port tack, sailing very slowly, while the rain hid all the others. Mayflower had been seen to take in her kites when the squall struck. It was 3:40 when Priscilla passed in by the Hook on starboard tack, with clubtopsail and jibtopsail set, and at 3:43 she went on port tack for Buoy 8 1/2. It was just at this time that a snap forward gave notice that something was wrong, which proved to be due to the failure of a pin in her bobstay shackle, the bobstay dropping under her forefoot. For a time nothing could be done save to ease the headsails, but the bowsprit of yellow pine stood the strain nobly. At last the bobstay was fished up and a tackle clapped on, but no balloon jibtopsail was set. Bedouin was some distance astern at the Hook, and as the others were made out in her wake it was seen that the Atlantic had come to the front in the squall, passing within half a mile of Puritan and Mayflower. Just how it was done could not be seen in the rain, but from being 100m. astern of Mayflower at the ship she had so bettered her place in the squalls and calms as to be far ahead of her at the Hook. Beside her was a white yacht, soon discovered to be Puritan, while a little to leeward of the latter a small triangle of hempen canvas showed up, the blooming Clara again, miles ahead of her own class, and also of all the class above except Bedouin.

Up the Bay came the Dauntless, the former with spinmaker to port as she came in the Hook, but the iron boat carried no big sails on her bowsprit, though a balloon jibtopsail was being hoisted, her had the bowsprit been able to carry it. She finished about 5min. ahead of Bedouin. Atlantic came up with clubtopsail, balloon jibtopsail and spinmaker all drawing, the latter stayed forward on port side, with Puritan next and then Clara. The finish of the others was devoid of any interest. The wind at the finish was very light from S. E. Gaviota was passed down the Bay coming up in sorry guise, her mainboom broken directly below the gaff end, her mainsail badly torn and starboard spreader gone. The mainsail was tied about the broken boom end so that the leech was vertical, while her ensign was set on the jackstaff. She came alongside the tug and entered a protest against the Republic for fouling her while she was on starboard and the schooner on port tacks. Fortuna wins in her class, Grayling in hers, Bedouin, as we have stated, really wins in first class, with Thetis in second, Clara in third, beating Cinderella 18m. 27s. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dauntless.....	11 05 50	6 09 45	7 02 55	7 02 55
Republic.....	11 06 12	6 10 03	7 03 51	6 57 11
Gitana.....	11 04 33	6 01 28	6 56 55	6 49 54
Fortuna.....	11 05 09	6 51 29	6 46 20	6 39 07
Speranza.....	11 10 00		Not timed.	

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.
Montauk..... 5 48 34
Ruth..... 5 57 57
Grayling..... 5 45 39

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.
Mayflower..... 5 42 02
Atlantic..... 5 41 02
Priscilla..... 5 04 09
Puritan..... 5 26 08

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.
Gracie..... 5 50 42
Bedouin..... 5 09 25
Fanny..... 5 50 57
Thetis..... 5 48 27

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.
Whiteway..... 5 15 12
Athlon..... 5 13 12
Cinderella..... 5 07 46
Gaviota..... 5 03 12
Vivid..... 5 11 07
Bertie..... 5 11 05
Regina..... 5 11 05
Daphne..... 5 11 02
Espirito..... 5 11 00

The race was very well managed on the part of the committee, and as usual with the New York Club, the tug was so handled as to give the best view of the race. It is becoming a serious question to those who attend all the races as to what can be done with the average steamboat man, and also the "give her a toot" tends in the clubs, in the matter of whistling. Every time a boat passed a buoy, though she may be last of the lot, whistles are held open and tooted in a manner that is perfectly deafening, and that adds much to the confusion and possibilities of some accident, as nothing can be heard. In

HULL Y. C. OPENING REGATTA, JUNE 19.

THE Hull Y. C. sailed its first regatta of the season on June 19, in a good S. E. wind and pleasant weather. There were 18 entries in the 6 classes, but 2 Crusader and No Name, were ruled out, having professional crews. The courses sailed were as follows: First and second classes—Across the line between the judges' yacht and flagboat, leaving judges' yacht on starboard, through Hull Gut, then leaving Toddy Rock and Point Allerton buoys on starboard, to Harding's bell buoy, leaving it on port, around Martin's ledge buoy, leaving it on port, then leaving Shag rocks on starboard and Toddy Rock on port, to and across line between judges' yacht and flagboat. Distance, 11 miles; limit of time, 4 hours.

Third class—Across line between judges' yacht and flagboat, leaving judges' yacht on port, around Black Bush Buoy No. 1 (half a mile south of starting line), through the west gut, around Wreck Buoy (off west end of Pettick's Island), leaving it on starboard, around Wilson's Rock buoy, leaving it on starboard, through Hull Gut, to and across line between judges' yacht and flagboat. Distance, 6 miles; limit of time, 3 hours.

Fourth and fifth classes—Across line between judges' yacht and flag boat, leaving judges' yacht on port, around Hull Yacht Club barrel (off northwest end of Bunkin Island), leaving it on starboard, around Hull Yacht Club barrel (off Harry's rocks, near Prince Head), leaving it on starboard, around Hull Yacht Club barrel (off northwest end of Bunkin Island), leaving it on starboard, around Hull Yacht Club barrel (off Harry's rocks, near Prince's Head), leaving it on starboard to and across line between judges' yacht and flag boat. Distance 6 miles, limit of time 3 hours.

At 3:06 the first gun was fired and at 3:30 the first and second classes were started, Atlanta going over first with Nimbus second and Carmen third. Five minutes later the third class, led by Posey with Sea Bird second, crossed the line, and at 3:35 came class 4, with Dr. Weid's new boat leading, then Crusader, Thistle, Myrtle and Letta. At 3:40 came Rocket, Pogonias and Imogen.

Nimbus and Atlanta each had a walkover, Carmen broke her gaff and withdrew. After leading for a while Posey was overhauled and finally passed by Sea Bird. Thistle led the fourth class and Letta sailed over. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nimbus J. J. Southern.....	34.05	2 05 32	1 39 23
SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Atlantic, J. B. Thomas.....	23.04	2 13 32	1 41 37
SECOND CLASS KEELS.			
Carmen, B. L. M. Tower.....	17.00	1 30 00	0 57 35
THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy.....	24.00	1 27 30	1 01 33
Posey, R. G. Hunt.....	22.06	1 20 31	0 57 35
FOURTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Imogen, B. T. Wendell.....	18.00	1 41 50	1 17 43
Myrtle, E. C. Perce.....	19.00	1 41 50	1 18 00
Thistle, S. A. Freeman.....	19.00	1 23 15	1 00 00
No Name, Dr. C. G. Weld.....	19.01	2 00 00	Ruled out.
Crusader, A. Wilson.....	19.00	1 32 10	Ruled out.
FOURTH CLASS KEELS.			
Letta, H. E. Fowle.....	20.00	1 40 35	1 17 32
FIFTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Rocket, H. M. Faxon.....	17.00	1 36 53	1 10 19
Pogonias, P. C. Pearson.....	17.00	1 36 53	1 10 19

The result in class 3 cannot be decided until Thistle is remeasured. The other prize pennants were won as follows: Nimbus, Atlanta, Sea Bird, Letta and Rocket. The judges were: B. W. Rowell, chairman, J. B. Forsyth, Otis A. Ruggles and Peleg Aborn.

DORCHESTER Y. C. 94th REGATTA, JUNE 17.

THE Dorchester Y. C. sailed a very successful regatta on June 17, 40 yachts entering. As the club had selected the same date as the N. Y. Y. C. Theirs was not present, while her rivals, Stranger and Huron, elected to stay at home and race rather than try their fortunes in New York, so that the interest was divided. A light S. W. wind blew all day, freshening at times into a good sailing breeze. The classes were 40ft. and over, 28 to 40ft., 21 to 28ft. Some small boats entered at a rating of 21ft. in order to get in. The courses were for the first and second classes, from a starting line, leaving Shag rocks on the port, out buoy off Pig rocks, on port, Halfway rock on starboard, around Graves' whistling buoy on starboard, thence to starting line. Distance 30 miles; limit of time, six hours. For third class from starting point off Nahant, leaving Winthrop bar buoy on port, Graves' whistling buoy on port to starting line. Distance, 10 miles; time limit, 3½ hours.

Four large yachts entered in the first class, Stranger, Huron and the schooners Gevalia and Meta. The first whistle blew at 11:55 with a second at 12:10 and a starting signal at 12:15 for first and second classes. Huron went off with a good lead, but Stranger was bothered by the small fry. As soon as she was clear of them, however, she closed up and passed Huron, finally leading her a long distance at the finish. Meta won easily in the second class keels and Nimbus in second class centerboards. Atlanta won in her class and Echo in hers. Fearless and Black Cloud were in collision and a protest ensued. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Stranger, G. H. Warren.....	67.07	3 27 30	3 09 40
Huron, William Gray, Jr.....	64.01	3 32 09	3 12 43
Gevalia, W. C. Winslow.....	47.08	3 56 28	3 24 18
Meta, A. A. Lawrence.....	54.02	3 58 10	3 31 18
SECOND CLASS (CENTERBOARDS).			
Nimbus, J. J. Southern.....	33.10	4 27 35	3 59 13
Violet, H. J. McKee.....	33.07	4 35 06	3 46 20
Magie, E. C. Nest.....	31.02	5 11 49	4 49 19
SECOND CLASS (KEELS).			
Maud, Samuel Wood.....	37.07	4 45 29	3 56 43
Zeolus, Jacob Rood.....	38.00	5 08 56	4 10 52
Breeze, Charles Paget.....	29.08	5 23 10	4 28 08
Carita, C. P. Curtis.....	32.02	Withdrew.	
Fiona, Frank Gray.....	39.01	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS (CENTERBOARDS)—START AT 12:25 P. M.			
Atlanta, L. H. Thomas.....	27.02	2 04 50	1 35 06
Black Cloud, B. & Wheeler.....	28.11	2 13 02	1 43 33
Thistle, S. A. Freeman.....	21.00	2 23 09	1 46 10
Posey, R. G. Hunt.....	21.08	2 23 17	1 47 12
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy.....	23.08	2 23 23	1 47 35
Expert, L. Whitcomb.....	23.03	2 24 23	1 50 18
Myth, J. B. Farrell.....	21.04	2 30 49	1 54 17
Greta, W. S. Hill.....	23.01	2 29 05	1 54 48
Niobe, J. R. Chadwick.....	21.00	2 33 53	1 55 54
Fancy, C. P. Flagg.....	21.00	2 33 52	1 56 23
Herald, F. Smith.....	21.00	2 33 25	1 56 36
Mascot, G. F. Burkhardt.....	21.06	2 37 04	2 00 45
Cooper, T. Scannell.....	22.08	2 40 12	2 04 52
THIRD CLASS KEELS.			
Echo, Dr. W. H. Litchfield.....	25.03	2 15 17	1 43 29
Lizzie F. Daly, William Daly, Jr.....	26.04	2 14 26	1 43 46
Kitty, E. H. Tarbell.....	23.05	2 21 27	1 47 34
Mabel, W. H. Wilkinson.....	23.05	2 21 38	1 47 45
Gene, H. W. Savage.....	26.06	2 21 38	1 52 25
Lizzie Warner, T. Luitel.....	25.01	2 24 23	1 52 17
Saracen, W. P. Fowle.....	23.08	2 23 55	1 55 20
Thelma, B. T. Hall.....	21.08	2 32 38	1 56 33
Nereus, W. L. Nichols.....	21.07	2 33 30	1 57 18
Wanda, G. W. Griffith.....	23.03	2 34 52	1 59 47
Opie, G. L. Hutchinson.....	27.01	2 30 49	2 00 54
Vera, J. G. Farrell.....	31.00	Withdrew.	
Fearless, F. G. O'Connell.....	31.05	Withdrew.	

Stranger wins a solid silver pitcher, value \$75; Nimbus, \$30; Violet, \$30; Maud, \$30; Zeolus, \$30; Atlanta, \$35; Black Cloud, \$35, subject to protest; Echo, \$25; Lizzie F. Daly, \$15. The judges were Coolidge Barard, L. N. Clark, W. B. McClellan, Erastus Willard and A. J. Clark.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

XXIV.

THE exit from North River into Albemarle Sound is through a narrow fairway, leaving the North River screw pile light on the starboard hand. The least water shown on the chart is 6½ ft. From 7 to 8 can usually be counted on, especially if the wind has been in the south for some time. There are no tides in the Sound, but the wind has an appreciable effect in driving out or piling up the water, its influence being noticeable in an hour or two. During the winter the prevailing winds are from the northward and fair for vessels bound southward into Pamlico through Croatan Sound. But when the Coot reached these latitudes the southerly winds had already set in and were blowing with great force five days out of six. This made a cruise up the northern shore of Albemarle a rough undertaking, as a heavy sea was continually pouring in on the beach and up the broad rivers which had to serve as harbors. In general the sea always runs east or west in the Sound, owing to the conformation of the land. A moderate wind is enough to raise a great commotion, and that almost instantly with the first puffs, the waves being very short and steep, breaking with a violent onward thrust in the shoal basin of 12 to 18 feet forming the pent up Sound. To a small boat this was very trying. The inflowing rivers forming the only accessible harbors varied from two to three miles in width

and fifteen in length. They had to be ascended to the head for protection. The Sound itself is fifty miles long, twelve miles wide at the eastern extremity, choking up gradually to four at the head, where the Chowan River, two miles wide, continues far inland, taking a northerly course. The bottom is very even at about 15 ft. with shoals and ledges of hard sand lining the shores. In the rivers from 6 ft. to 10 ft. can be traversed. The banks are low and thickly wooded with ash, poplar, pine, gum, cypress and some oak. Portions of the land are swampy and known as "poquosin." Back of the wooded fringe the country is open and taken up in farms to a much greater extent than would appear from a run along the beach. Cotton, corn, rice, truck and lumber are the staples and tobacco is not to be tried. The water of the Sound is slightly brackish, but not salt enough to staid oysters to thrive. Fishing is, however, pursued on a large scale, shad and herring being caught in marketable quantities, and sea trout, sturgeon, big-mouthed bass, perch, mullet, snuffish and sheepshead are caught in less quantity. Some of the fisheries are on a large scale, involving an investment of \$10,000 in nets, boats and buildings. In good seasons, such as the last, the profits are large, reaching \$5,000, or 50 per cent. Other years will show a heavy loss, so the business is something of a gamble. The daily expenses of the larger establishments amount to over \$100. Their nets are immense and costly, and in trawling, and it is a wonder how they can be faked or bighted down in great quantities. When not in use they are used for drying fish. Every day they are carried out in flatboats, being paid out over the stern in a large circle. Steam engines ashore then haul them into the "battery" on the beach, where the fish are dumped, cleaned and salted down or packed in ice in barrels. Schooners "run" these to the nearest point of rail or steamboat connection, from which the catch is shipped at once to Northern markets, chiefly Baltimore and New York. The ice is imported by the cargo from Maine, unless a severe winter affords a home supply. Smaller fish, such as the herring, are hauled by horse power or by crabs manned by lusty Africans. On a lesser scale the proprietor sets a number of pound nets with long "leads" from the shore and puts up his catch in shanties or clubs together with friends who jointly support a packing house. There are also agents from Northern dealers who buy the fish on the spot and attend to the shipping, but the natives are learning the ropes and prefer to ship themselves direct to the commission houses of large cities, as they realize better prices. In Pamlico Sound shad are the most common, and each man for himself. The shad are strung to a line of poles in the last days of February, and allowed to remain until April, when they are taken up. The catch is ferried ashore in small boats and canoes. Upon the proceeds of this semblance of labor the natives live all the rest of the year in comparative ease and idleness, only scratching an acre or two for corn, peas and potatoes, and occasionally organizing expeditions against the festive clam and almost extinct terrapin. Herrings are beneath notice, and oysters are not worth their while for the small fish, but the oyster beach. The proceeds of the seine fishery amount from \$500 to \$800 per outfit. The nets and appliances are worth about \$150. In Beaufort waters menhaden are netted in large quantities, and the villainous oil factory has become an institution.

Oyster planting has been tried with success, though the attempts have not yet been serious with the exception of the beds of Long Shoal Bay and Far Creek in Pamlico, started by Messrs. Grant & Lamb, of Elizabeth City, and the well-known groves of oysters in Beaufort, started by Messrs. Watson and Co. of the same place. Seed can be had in unlimited quantity from the native beds, and it only needs a little northern thrift to make oyster culture one of the largest sources of revenue to the inhabitants of the eastern portion of the Sounds, wherever suitable bottom can be found. Hundreds of acres of native oysters lie bare at low water around Beaufort Harbor, and immense quantities can be tugged in Pamlico about Wysocking and Long Shoal. There are also large reefs in Roanoke Sound. Though of inferior quality, transplanting to more favorable ground will see them in great numbers and at a profit. The laws of Carolina permit taking up ten acres of ground in any one county. I came across one sloop from the Chesapeake, bound for Broad Creek in the mouth of the Neuse with a load of seed taken off Long Shoal.

Upon asking the natives of Stumpy Point Bay why they did not profit by the opportunities at their very door without leaving the chance to strangers, I received no explanation except a shrug of the shoulders. Life is so easy in those highly favored regions that contentment is a prohibitive and no one seems to better his lot, being content to jor along in the paths cut out by their forefathers. When the fishery and crops fail, the people are in sore straits, though they never want for food as long as oysters, clams, turtles and game hold out. With industry they might not only lay by for a rainy day, but amass a respectable fortune, which they now let slip through their fingers. Terrapin, the large sizes of which bring \$1 on the spot, have become well nigh extinct, so the Legislature of the State has passed a protective measure, prohibiting their catch under penalty of \$100. This opens up some prospect for the future. "But why don't you start a terrapin farm and breed them yourselves. There would be a great deal of money in it." The natives said there would be a fortune in it right there in a certain pond well suited to the purpose. "Why don't you stoek the pond?" No answer but the usual shrug of the shoulders. Around Stumpy Point there is a fine range for a thousand head of cattle, but the worthy denizens of the point rest content with a few cows and helters, and when they want a little cash sell a heifer or two to help out their modest housekeeping. Poultry and eggs they have none to spare, despite their facilities, and corn they buy from a store, twenty miles away. They even sent aboard the Coot for beef and potatoes to keep life in a sick man of the community. Not even fresh water could be got, although a cucumber pump would have supplied an endless flow.

Brackish water from the shoal holes in the top soil is the limit of enterprise in many a place, though it must be said that the medicinal property of a deep brackish water is to be despised, and no part of the reason for the remarkably good health which prevails in swampy lands, where you would look for a reign of fever and debility. It is the custom with hasty travelers to pronounce against the salubrity of the marshy lands which line the North Carolina sounds and to conclude from the appearance of things that malignant fevers must be very prevalent. The reverse is the case. No healthier climate can be found, and no more robust people exist than the fishing and farming population of the Sounds. Castles within the reach of salt water, toward the head of Albemarle Sound, in the Roanoke bottom, where the water is fresh, fevers are common enough, but of such a mild type that people make light of the trouble and certainly show no outward signs of suffering. There is more just ground for complaint right in the vicinity of New York, on Long Island Sound and on the banks of the Hudson than in the low lands of the old North State. Such places as Stumpy Point Bay, Long Shoal, Croatan, Elizabeth and Beaufort are notoriously healthy, and the people live to great age.

Another misconception concerning these regions is commonly current in the North. It is assumed that civilization is a backward state, the inhabitants semi-barbarous, and an expedition to these parts much like an exploration of Central Africa or the jungles of East India; and persons who have cruised down this way have done much to perpetuate the misapprehension. The shores are usually lined with a fringe of swamp and marsh, anything but inviting and a barrier to a deep penetration of the interior.

The Coot, having poked her nose up all the rivers and into all the holes of both Albemarle and Pamlico, has had a much better chance for observation than the hasty cruisers who cut across the sounds in two or three days and obtain very superficial information. I found the inhabitants as a whole equal in every respect to those following like pursuits on the shores of Long Island and Connecticut. Among the better classes, the landed gentry, if they may be so termed, or the store-keeping aristocracy of the towns and villages, the parlors also hold good with like classes in the North. Indeed, the superiority in point of intelligence, manners and public spirit, is with those of the South, where the native element with its intuitive perceptions has not yet been swamped by the dregs imported from abroad. Even the "man and brother" held his head well up, could converse fluently on all local topics and read as well. The denizens of the "banks," as the strip of land facing the Atlantic is called, were particularly bright and to be met with all over the sounds with their little schooners as the common carriers of the region. The Schooners are scarce and the meanest speak without provincial accent. One explanation of this not over common proficiency is the tenacity with which generation after generation has perpetuated the training of the first settlers who were of the English gentry of the times. It is not intended to cover the whole South with these remarks but simply that portion I visited in the Coot. Two sins I can throw up to the inhabitants—a want of thrift, the spirit of money getting is properly said, and a total disregard for the second sin, but which turned out to be a failing, but I fear the second one is too deeply ingrained to be readily uprooted.

TORONTO Y. C.—A race for centerboards of 5 tons and under was sailed on June 12 over the third class course of the club on Toronto Bay, starting at 3 P. M. The yachts being Mischief, Iris, Meteor, Mole and Pilot. The wind was east and spinners were carried on the Mischief and Pilot, while the others were carried on the Meteor and Mole. Mischief, 3:16:30; Iris, 3:17:10; Meteor, 3:17:50; Mole, 3:33:30; Pilot, 3:19:20. On the next leg Meteor lost a block and withdrew, the others were timed, Mischief, 5:56:20; Meteor, 3:57; Iris, 3:58. Out to the Gap the wind was ahead and Iris took the lead, the times at the Gap buoy being: Iris, 4:48:20; Mischief, 4:49:20; Meteor, 4:49:25. The last leg was down wind, Iris still leading and finishing thus: Iris, 5:02:20; Mischief, 5:04:10; Meteor, 5:04:15. Mischief wins first prize, \$12, on time allowance, beating Iris by 32 seconds. Iris takes second money, \$8, and Meteor third prize, \$5.

WEST LYNN Y. C. REGATTA.—This club sailed a race on June 19 in a very light wind, 13 yachts entering in the 3 classes of 20 to 27 ft. W. L., 17 to 20 ft. and 12 to 17 ft. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Blanche, Richard Hobbs.....	1 28 47	53 20	
Laura, Edward Wyman.....	1 30 50	58 41	
Lark, Sproule & Burrill.....	1 30 20	58 41	
Nordeck, Brown, Walsh & Co.....	1 30 50	59 38	
Contest, Charles Morton.....	1 24 00	1 04 54	
SECOND CLASS.			
Flying Yankee, Sawyer & Rich.....	1 15 05	54 45	
Alice L., P. Lynch.....	1 17 00	56 30	
Inez, Goodrich Bros.....	1 12 12	57 02	
THIRD CLASS.			
Crescent, T. M. Alley.....	1 19 20	1 01 40	
Florence, J. White.....	1 28 55	1 11 03	
Annie E., G. Parker.....	1 35 10	1 17 50	

The prizes were \$10 and \$5 in each class. The judges were M. H. Pratt, J. E. Eldred, H. A. Hanson. Regatta Committee, Commodore George A. Goodridge, Vice Commodore E. F. Rich, Fleet Captain, William R. Hunt, Walter S. Sawyer, William Sproule, P. S. Rilemont, T. M. Alley, James Lawson, William E. Walsh, S. V. Mansfield.

SANDY BAY Y. C. JUNE 19.—The third race for the Cunningham Cup was sailed on June 19 off Squam over the following course, starting between judges' yacht and stone pier, thence to and between "Squam" and Essex, leaving black buoy, leaving on starboard, to boat, sailing north northeast, leaving on starboard, then was repeated, coming between "Squam" buoys, and finish between judges' boat and stone pier.

The wind was fresh from the south. The times were as follows:			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alpine.....	16 7	2 21 35	2 1 21
Tyrant.....	31 3	2 16 3	2 5 41
Silver Cloud.....	31 9	2 16 11	2 5 41
Loquette.....	32	2 17 13	2 7 7
Sassacus.....	16 10	2 28 36	2 8 56
Kittiwake.....	31 7	2 21 10	2 10 25
White Wings.....	31 10	2 23 15	2 12 54
Spark.....	18	2 32 10	2 14 57
Petrel.....	21 9	2 26 35	2 16 5
Hestia.....	—	2 31 33	—
Euryome.....	19 8	2 32 40	2 18 40

BUFFALO Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.—The Buffalo Y. C. sailed a very successful regatta on June 12, eight yachts competing. The entries were Alarm, Lily R., Jewett, Sylvia and Vera in first class, Turk, Arrow and Curlew in second class. The allowance was 3/4 in. per foot. The start was made at 2:30, the yachts going over as follows: Alarm, 2:24:10; Lily R., 2:24:25; Turk, 2:24:35; Arrow, 2:24:55; Curlew, 2:25:40. Alarm led at first buoy, with Jewett and Arrow next. At 3 P. M. Alarm was 3/4 mile ahead, with Jewett, Arrow, Vera, Sylvia, Turk, Curlew and Lily R. in order. Half an hour later the wind fell and the calm lasted for an hour. At 3:58:10 Alarm finished the first half of the course and catching a breeze half an hour later she finished the race at 5:05:15. It was 5:04 when Vera finished her first round, with Sylvia, Lily R., Curlew, Jewett, Turk and Arrow in order. With most of the last round was sailed in better time, Vera finished at 6:00:10. The elapsed times were:

Alarm..... 2 41 05 Curlew..... 3 40 56

Vera..... 3 36 00 Turk..... 3 42 10

Sylvia..... 3 39 41 Jewett..... 3 45 28

Alarm wins first prize, a pair of marine glasses. Two protests have to be decided before the other prizes are awarded.

LAKE ERIE.—The second annual regatta of the Inter-Lake Y. R. A. will be held on Lake St. Clair on July 5 and 6, following which the squadron cruise to Put-in-Bay will take place. The following programme for the week has been arranged: Sunday, July 4, reception committee of the M. Y. C. will meet yachts arriving from Lake Erie ports, at the mouth of Detroit River. Tugs will be provided to take yachts to M. Y. C. anchorage. Monday, July 5, Inter-Lake Yachting Association races on Lake St. Clair, start from off Grosbe Point at 10:30 A. M. Second, fourth and fifth class yachts will compete. Tuesday, July 6, Inter-Lake Yacht Association races, over same course, starting at 10:30 A. M. First and third class yachts will compete. Wednesday, July 7, review of all yachts of the Association by Com Geo. W. Gardner and staff, 9:00 A. M. Start for cruise to Put-in-Bay Islands 10:00 A. M. Friday, July 9, squadron cruise among Put-in-Bay Islands. Saturday, July 10, breaking up of meet. The regatta committee of the Association are: Messrs. R. Scott, Secretary (C. Y. Y.), Nat. J. Clegg (M. Y. C.), T. Huntley (O. Y. C.), J. H. Hepburn (T. Y. C.), G. H. Beebe (P. B. Y. A.). The officers for 1886 are: Hon. G. W. Gardner, Commodore; H. C. Hart, Vice-Commodore; A. W. Machee, Rear-Commodore; J. S. Williams, Secretary and Treasurer; Dr. A. E. Claypool, Fleet Surgeon; E. P. Day, Measurer; George Gascoyne, Assistant Measurer; George H. Ketchum, Surveyor.

AMERICAN Y. C. CRUISE AND REGATTA.—The programme for the races and cruise of the American Y. C. next month is as follows: One of the Iron Steamboat Company's boats will accompany the yachts. The third annual regatta of the club will take place on Thursday, July 15, over the club course, from Larchmont to New London. In addition to the commodore's cup, which will be awarded to the yacht making the shortest time over the course, trophies of time allowance per cup will be competed for in the different classes. On Friday, July 16, two cups will be competed for by yachts and launches not exceeding 50 ft. on waterline, in the run from New London to Shelter Island. In the afternoon of the same day, at Shelter Island, there will be cutter, gig and dingy races for badges and also for the Buteinan challenge cup for cutters, now held by James A. Baker, Esq. The respective prizes offered are open to all steam yachts enrolled in any yacht club, and owners, whether members of the American Y. C. or not, are requested to enter their yachts as soon as possible by notifying the chairman of the regatta committee, Mr. George W. Hall, 115 Broadway, or Mr. Thomas Manning, secretary, 53 Beaver street, New York.

YAWLS IN NEW YORK WATERS.—The full British yawl rig is a decided novelty in American waters. Cythera being, we believe, the first one to visit New York. She now lies off Staten Island, and has been seen, at anchor and under way, during the past week. Her handsome sheer, high sides and shipshape look have won favorable comments from almost all who have seen her. Near by her is anchored a similar vessel, an English yawl, Xarifa, lately arrived from England via Madeira and the West Indies, after a very pleasant cruise, having left England in March. Her owner, Mr. Ames, with several friends, is on board. She is, for not, we requested to enter their yachts as soon as possible by notifying the chairman of the regatta committee, Mr. George W. Hall, 115 Broadway, or Mr. Thomas Manning, secretary, 53 Beaver street, New York.

DELVIN.—Clara has already made a reputation here for "young Will Fife," the third of the name so well-known among the successful builders of the north country, but beside her there are now here two others of the same family which promise to add to the fame of their designer. In the Tompkinsville basin is the 10-tonner Uldia, owned by Mr. E. M. Padeiford, just fitted out after her trip across, while beside her lies a smaller sister, Delvin, owned by Mr. M. Roosevelt Schuyler. The latter, which arrived in the City of Rome, is 38 ft. 7 in. L. W. L., 5 ft. 6 in. beam, and 6 ft. 2 in. draft, with 881 sq. ft. in lower sails. In 1884, her first year, she took 13 firsts and 2 seconds out of 17 starts. Last year she only raced during the first of the season, being beaten by Doris. She will sail here under the Larchmont burgee.

SEAWANHAKA Y. C. Y.—The fourth regular meeting of the S. C. Y. C. will be held at Delmonico's on June 25, at 8 P. M. The following gentlemen are proposed for membership: Messrs. R. B. Roosevelt, Jr., R. B. Hartstorn, Wendell Goodwin, M. Morris Howland, H. M. Appleton, Thos. J. Russell, J. M. Clark, W. Lloyd Jeffries and B. Spaulding de Garmaida.

BEVERLEY Y. C. 107TH AND 108TH REGATTAS.—On July 3 the B. Y. C. will sail its 107th regatta, an open sweepstakes for all cutboats, off Monument Beach, starting at 4 P. M. The entrance fee is \$2. On July 5, the 108th regatta, a first race for the Buzzard's Bay championship, will be started. It will be open to club yachts only.

EAST RIVER Y. C. JUNE 21.—The seventh annual regatta of the E. R. Y. C. was sailed on Monday, 30 yachts starting in a light southerly wind, the course being the Gangway buoy. The winners were Fly, Maud M., Lydia F., Thetis, Pirate and Loue Star.</

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to **FOREST AND STREAM** their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to **FOREST AND STREAM** their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

Mohican Races every Thursday through the season.
 June 20—N. Y. C. C., 2d Race Commodore's Trophy.
 July 2-5—N. Y. C. C., Trials International Races.
 July 8-24—W. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Erie.
 July 10—Brooklyn C. C., Paddling Race.
 July 10—N. Y. C. C., 3d Race Commodore's Trophy.
 July 21—N. Y. C. C., 4th Race Commodore's Trophy.
 Aug. 7—N. Y. C. C., 5th Race Commodore's Trophy.
 Aug. 7—Brooklyn C. C., Paddling Race.
 Aug. 19-27—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.
 Aug. 21—Lake St. Annual.
 Sept. 4—Brooklyn C. C., Paddling Race.
 Sept. 4—N. Y. C. C., International Cup Races.
 Sept. 11—N. Y. C. C., 6th Race Commodore's Trophy.
 Sept. 18—Brooklyn C. C., Sailing Races.
 Sept. 25—Brooklyn C. C., Challenge Cup.
 Sept. 25—N. Y. C. C., 7th Race Commodore's Trophy.
 Oct. 2—N. Y. C. C., Fall Regatta.



A SUMMER'S SAIL.

OUT of the dusty city and its cares

Bear me, my bonny boat,
 Beneath the azure canopy of heaven,
 Where fleecy cloudlets float.

Where fresh sea breezes whisper in mine ear,
 Adown the echoing strand,
 And laughing wavelets fling their diamond shower
 Upon the golden sand.

How sweet to listen to the ocean's voice,
 Singing its ceaseless lay,
 And watch the white-winged vessels speeding on
 Across the spilt way.

And sailing on sweet memories of the past
 Blend with the summer wind,
 And present cares of life for once are left
 In tancy far behind.

F. G.

THE HUDSON RIVER MEET.

CODDINGTON'S DOCK, the scene of the Hudson River spring meet of 1896, was well chosen and admirably adapted for a canoe camp. Here the river is wide and the hills not so high as to make squally winds. The beach is all that could be desired with camping sites on the hill in the shade or on the sandy beach. The first campers, the Dock Rats, of Newburgh, arrived Friday night, coming to Rondout by steamer Mary Powell (Captain Anderson, of the Powell, is an active member of the Rondout C. C.) and paddling up to camp, five miles away, under convoy of three R. C. C. canoers the same evening.

Saturday morning dawned bright and fair with a lively breeze from the south, bringing with it Tramp (Stevens), of New York, who had harbored at Rhinecliff the night before. During the morning the Shattucks arrived from the north, having run by the camp at two bells in the morning watch. Presumably the watch on the tug-lant focle was asleep, and booms being off the port the man at the wheel did not see the camp as he passed by. They made land a mile north and beat back Saturday morning in time for breakfast. Later the Mohicans arrived via Barrytown and also Captain Ruggles, of Rochester. Saturday was agreeably passed in getting up tents, overhauling gear and grub chests, and in the afternoon the sailing races were out for a tussle. A number took a sail over to Barrytown, two miles away, for ship stores, with a quivering breeze, a delightful run and an exciting beat back. By evening the camp was completely settled and looked like a miniature Grindstone, for the point somewhat resembles that renowned canoeing ground. On the south side, which is open, were the Albany, Newburgh and New York men, on the north shore the Shattucks, and on the ridge between the Rondout club and on the extreme end were the headquarters.

Sunday was quietly spent. The fresh breeze from the south lured out the sailing devotees, and the broad river was dotted with sails, Tramp with her 4ft. storm lug sail only did some remarkable windward work. Slippery Thetis flashed in and out here and there, and Peggy, Grant Edgar's new boat, flitted about under a cloud of sail, presided over by the doughty Dock Rat.

Two new boats by new builders are here and so are their respective builders, Iris of Ruggles built excites the envy of the cultured eye by her fine lines and a future of glory is predicted for her. Caro, by

Buckhout, the son of the ice yacht builder of Poughkeepsie, shows herself worthy of notice and consideration and looks as if there was no end to her capabilities in a seaway. During the afternoon a shower swept the river and caught a number unprepared. Thetis and Caro were far away from camp to the south, so took shelter with a shad fisherman, and after the blow and rain had a little skirmish to see who would get home first, Thetis came in first, but Caro is a good boat just the same.

In the evening the camp-fire melodies were interrupted by a terrific shower and the campers were wooed to sleep by the patter of the rain on their canvas tents.

The races were set down for Monday, and in the early hours of the morning heads were protruding from tent openings inspecting the weather and taking notes of the prospect for wind. No one was disappointed in the wind, it was out from the north and coming butt end first.

The Regatta Committee had settled upon seven races, the first to start at 9:30, providing the committee had breakfasted and washed up their dishes at that hour. They did not come to time, and it was 10 A. M. before the first race, Class A, sailing, was called. Won by Peggy, Grant E. Edgar; Helena, Grant Van Dusen, second.

Commodore Bartlett, of Newburgh, had arrived previous to the race and acted as judges' boat and life-saving station, lending assistance to four capsized mariners.

II.—Class B, Sailing—Won by Caro, Grant Van Dusen; Peggy, Grant E. Edgar, second.

Before this race and at the start the wind was heavy and a high sea running. Thetis, Tramp and Iris went out under storm sails, otherwise the result might have been different.

III.—Novice Sailing—Won by Mystic, W. A. Stephens.

IV.—Consulting Sailing—Won by Thetis, B. M. Wackerhagen.

V.—Paddling, Class 2—Won by canoe—J. Hand.

VI.—Paddling, Class 4—Won by Mystic, W. A. Stephens.

VII.—Paddling, Tandem—Won by J. S. Poynter and Grant Van Dusen in Nike.

During the three days meet the wind was all that could be desired, the water not too lumpy, and the temperature just right. Fifty men with thirty-five canoes camped during the three days, and though there was a good hotel just over the river at Barrytown, not a member of the camp took a meal that he did not assist in some way in preparing.

After the races a general moving took place. The little village of canvas quickly disappeared, and like the Arab, the canoeist quickly folded his tent, but not like him did he quietly steal away, but amid the din of steam whistles, the toot of horns, and to the tune "We part to meet again" the Mohicans paddled to Rondout to ship their canoes the following day by steamer.

The Shattucks departed by special steamer for Sing Sing, and the Dockrats by Commodore Bartlett's steam yacht for Newburgh, and when night had settled down scarce one was left to tell the tale.

THE NEW NAUTILUS AND PEARL.

THE coming international races have directed the attention of American canoeists to the boats which will come from the other side to meet ours, and the victories of the new Nautilus have excited much curiosity here, as nothing has been known of her lines or details. We have just received the fifth edition of Mr. Dixon Kemp's "Yacht and Boat Sailing," in which, with other new matter relating to canoes, are two plates of the new Nautilus, with sketches of rudder and other details. The new boat is a marked departure from previous models, and especially from her immediate predecessors of the name. Her dimensions are: Length, 14ft. 6in.; L. W. L., 14ft. 3in.; beam, 33in.; depth at gunwale, 12½in.; sheer at bow, 8½in.; at 5½in. The extreme draft, 7in., is at a point less than 5ft. from the stem, while at the stern the draft is only 2½in. the keel raking up. The trunk begins 2ft. 6in. from bow and ends 6ft. 6in., so that the board, a single plate of 56 pounds, is very far forward. The metal drop rudder is very large and of a novel form. The floor is quite flat and the sides flare very little. The hull contains five water-tight compartments, three being entered by hatches from the deck. The sail plan shows two balance lugs, 70 and 15ft., many of the details of rigging being novel and very ingenious. All cleats for the mainsail are on a small forehatch, fitted also with a folding tray for the slack lines, all being detached from the canoe and made up with the sail in stowing. The following description of the new Pearl is given by her owner in the *Field* of June 5.

The new Pearl, to compete in the international races of the American Canoe Association and the N. Y. C. C., is now being built by R. J. Turk, Kingston. I mention this to afford any one desirous of seeing the mode of construction adopted in these little boats, an opportunity of doing so to the best advantage. Like last year's Pearl, the present one is founded on the lines of the 1882 Pearl, published in "Yacht and Boat Sailing," with some slight alterations. As stated in "Yacht and Boat Sailing," the 1882 Pearl had a rising floor in order that she might carry a ballast to advantage in the matches of the Thames Sailing Club and the T. V. S. C., where no shifting ballast is allowed. The present canoe, being designed solely to compete in canoe races with shifting ballast, has 1in. less dead rise than the 1882 model. The 1882 boat was 14ft. long, and the 1885 was 14ft. 6in., the extra length being obtained by spacing the same moulds further apart in equal proportions. In the canoe now building the 14ft. 6in. length is obtained by throwing the extra 6in. entirely into the middle of the boat, the first mould each side of midships being spaced 9in. from the midship mould, all the other moulds being spaced 6in. apart. The water lines in the fore and aft bodies of the new canoe are therefore the same as in the 1882 model, but the midship body is longer. As most of the races are sailed in narrow smooth waters, the after centerplate, which is chiefly useful to steady the boat in a seaway, has been omitted, and the area of the fore centerplate proportionately increased. The new boat should be closer watered than the last, and quicker in stays, but not so good for rough water cruising, in which the after plate is very useful.

The boat is framed with alternate sawn and bent timbers spaced 6in.; the sawn timbers are cut from natural oak crooks, 1in. moulded and ½in. sided. The steamed timbers are of ash, ½in. moulded, ½in. sided. The bilge is further strengthened with a piece of oak 2in. wide by ½in. thick, turned round between each frame. There are four ribbons ½in. by ½in. cedar from end to end; these are let into the sawn frames, but the bent timbers are let into the ribbons. All this framing is set up before planing is commenced, so the design is accurately carried out. The plank up to the 6in. level amidships and the 7in. level at bow and stern, is of oak 1½in. thick in three widths; the topsides of 3-16in. cedar. The keelson is cut away for 15in. amidships, and the ballast well-constructed as in the 1882 boat.

The leading dimensions are: Length, 14ft. 6in.; beam, 2ft. 8½in.; depth, gunwale amidships to rabbet-line, 14in.; sheer forward, 4ft. ½in.; aft, 3in.; round of deck at fore end of well, 2in.; well, 12in. The wide at fore-end, 16in. at widest part; flap side-decks, 7in. wide. The rabbet-line is straight for a length of 9ft., and is cambered for 2ft. 9in. at bow and stern, the camber being more than in any previous Pearl.

The design has been carried out with the utmost care and exactitude by the builder, Mr. R. J. Turk, leaving nothing to be desired in these respects, and it is a great satisfaction to see the work so thoroughly well done.

[We may mention that we saw this canoe in frame last Saturday, and thought it one of the cleverest specimens of the shipwright's craft we had ever seen.—*En. Field.*]

TORONTO C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.—The combined paddling and sailing challenge cup of the Toronto C. C. was raced for on June 12 at 3 o'clock. The wind was light, but the race throughout was very exciting and closely contested. Of the five entries four were new canoes that had not competed against each other before (all having been built during the winter) and considerable speculation was indulged in as to which model was the fastest. The Boreas and Yanewah have 50 pound boards, the Mac and Maggie 15 pound plates and the Una a wooden one. The following is the order of the finish:

Owner.	Canoe.	Mainsail.
1. Will G. McKendrick.	Mac.	73 sq. ft.
2. Com. H. Neilson.	Boreas.	95 sq. ft.
3. D. Byron Jacques.	Yanewah.	95 sq. ft.
4. W. A. Leys.	Maggie.	75 sq. ft.
5. Colin Fraser.	Una.	75 sq. ft.

In a scrub sailing race held after the combined, Boreas came in a winner by about a quarter of a mile in a 4 mile course, Yanewah finishing second. The club will offer a novices trophy for those who have never sailed a canoe before this year.—WILL G. MCKENDRICK, Secretary T. C. C.

ESSEX B. AND C. C. REGATTA.—This club will hold their first spring regatta off their club house, north of the Erie R.R. bridge over the Passaic River, Newark, on June 26, starting at 2 P. M. The programme includes a paddling race for classes III. and IV., a sailing race for all classes, a tandem paddling race, a sailing race for canvas canoes, a hand paddling race, an upset race and tub race. The races are open to members of all canoe clubs, and the races will be under A. C. A. rules. The committee are Messrs. George O. Totten, Wm. H. Hillier and A. W. Evenden.

NEWBURG B. & C. C. The canoeists of Newburgh held their first outing on June 19, when a party of 27, including a number of ladies, in ten canoes and row boats, left the clubhouse at 4 P. M. and were towed by the steamer Alice to Clark's Dock, where supper was prepared. The party rowed and paddled home by moonlight, arriving at 10 P. M.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—The following candidates have been proposed: John E. Plummer, New York; W. A. Borden, Rochester, N. Y.; W. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.; E. R. Perry, Albany, N. Y.; W. D. Frothingham, Albany, N. Y.; E. J. Wheeler, Albany, N. Y.; W. Wheeler, Albany, N. Y.; E. K. Cassidy, Albany, N. Y.

THE A. C. A. TROPHY subscriptions to date are as follows: F. J. Baxter, \$1; S. J. Banus, \$1; Chas. F. Earle, \$5.15; Frank M. Sinclair, \$1; P. D. Shiras, \$1; Geo. Bura, \$1. Previously acknowledged, \$225. Total to date, \$235.15. Wm. Whitlock, Chairman, 37 West Twenty-second street, N. Y.

CRUISES IN CONNECTICUT.—Mr. E. J. Pope, Box 784, Ansonia, Conn., would like to correspond with other Connecticut canoeists.

EVERY pair of Allen's bow-facing oars warranted. Send for little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

G. D. S.—See last issue for Massachusetts game law.

W. H. L.—You will do well to read Dr. Henshall's "Book of the Black Bass."

W. H. S., Troy, N. Y.—We believe that there is no law in this State protecting the English sparrow.

WATT.—You will find bass, perch, pickerel and muskallonge, grouse (ruffed and pinnated) and wild fowl, in season.

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BAY BIRD RESORT WANTED.—I am anxious to find some good locality for bay bird shooting. Would like to spend August in some nice family, board reasonable. Can you give me an address? Nothing fancy, just clean, simple fare.—S. D., Troy, N. Y.

E. S. C., Nebraska.—1. We have heard it well spoken of. 2. Should prefer a double-barreled gun. 3. There are half a dozen or more different makes, any one of which will last you a lifetime and your son after you. 4. They are advertised in our advertising pages, and can be had from any dealer.

B. H. F., Canada.—1. See mosquito preventive recipe in our last issue. 2. The rifle you have ought to answer the purpose. A gamebird might remedy the fault you name. The other rifle would be suitable. 3. Trap shooting is good practice for field shooting, but nothing but actual experience in the field can make you expert there.

J. C. W., Paterson, N. J.—1. Which is the most killing fly for brook trout and black bass at this season of the year? 2. Also, which do you consider the best bait for chub? Ans. 1. There is no such fly; all are more or less good at different times of the day and on different waters. The best fly of yesterday is often refused to-day. 2. Worms and grasshoppers.

J. H. M., Newark, N. J.—Is there any known rule to determine the crook of a gun stock—that is, to come up to the shoulder properly on the line of sight? I am going to order a gun and want to start understandingly. Ans. You should by experiment with different guns determine what drop of stock best suits you, i. e., enables you to catch the center of rib quickly with your eye. Then lay a straight-edge on the rib, extending it back, and measure distance from straightedge down to top of stock.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BULLETIN OF THE BROOKVILLE SOCIETY OF NATURAL HISTORY.—Published by the society, Brookville, Ind. Contains List of Fishes observed in vicinity of Brookville, List of Birds observed in Franklin county, preliminary List of Reptiles and Batrachians of Franklin county, the Flora of Franklin county, Endemics, Fossil Corals of Franklin county.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Its mountains, valleys and streams; its animals, birds and fishes; its climate, farms and gardens. By Theodore S. Van Dyke. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Cloth, \$1.50.

CANADA: Its history, productions and natural resources. Prepared under the direction of the Hon. John Carling, Minister of Agriculture, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

IN FRUITFUL LANDS, and other poems. By Minna Caroline Smith. A dainty bit of typography from the press of William B. Howland, Cambridge, Mass.

HOW TO HANDLE AND EDUCATE VICIOUS HORSES. Together with hints on the training and health of dogs. By Oscar F. Gleason. New York: O. Judd Co. Cloth, 205 pp., price \$1.

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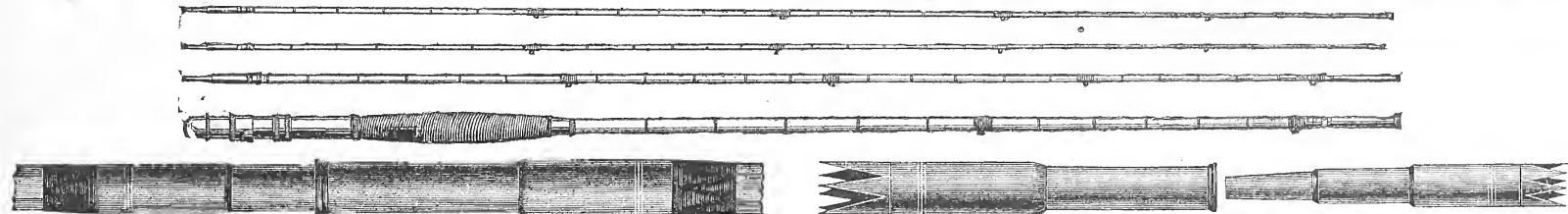
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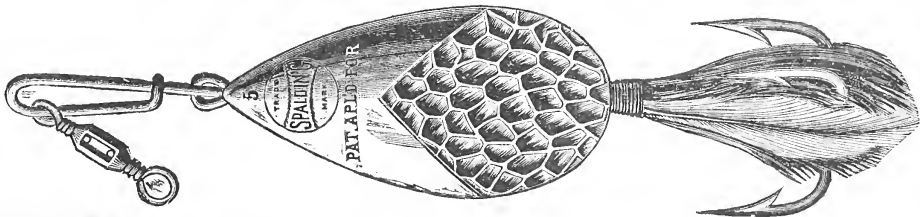
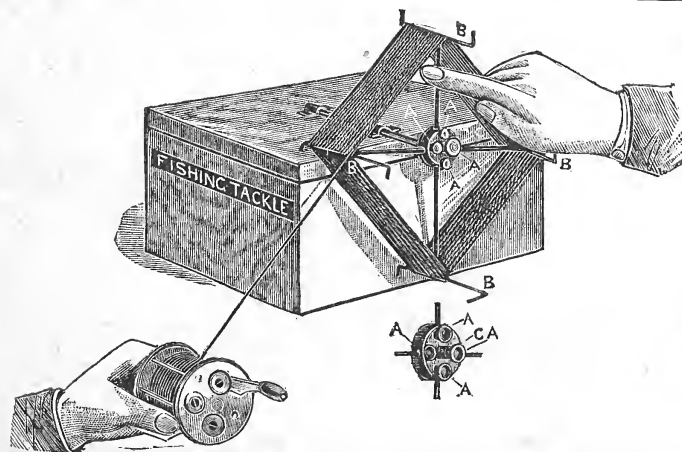
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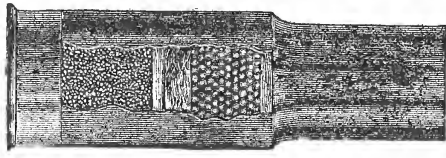
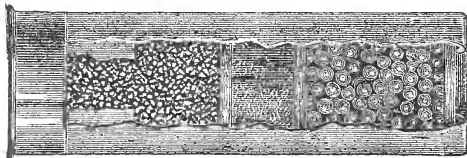
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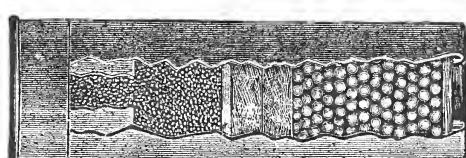
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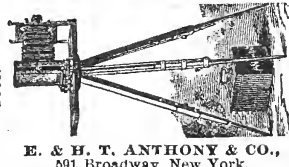
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je24,3t 85 Milk street, Boston.

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FOR SALE, A NUMBER OF WELL BRED and well broken pointers and setters, also dogs boarded and broken, satisfaction guaranteed. Address H. B. RICHMOND, Lakeville, Mees. Sept22,1t

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, JULY 1, 1886.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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ABOLISH SPRING SHOOTING.

THE sentiment against the spring killing of migratory game birds on their way north to their breeding grounds is just now on the increase. The depletion of game has had the natural effect of turning the eyes of reflective gunners to the several causes of scarcity, and the custom of spring shooting cannot but be recognized as among the most important of preventible agencies. The folly of shooting birds in the spring has perhaps been clearly enough recognized, but the practice has been defended and perpetuated by those who reason that the supply will last long enough for their own pleasure, and as for the condition of affairs after them, that is the lookout of the next generation. It has been the spirit of going in for fun while it lasts.

At the meeting of the New York Association at Rochester last week the society passed resolutions directing one of its committees to seek the legal prohibition of spring shooting in this State. An attempt to secure such a law has several times been made at Albany, but unwise counsels have so far prevailed. If the State Association should take the work up in earnest it ought to put such a law on the books at the next session of the Legislature.

THE NATIONAL PARK RAILROAD JOB.

THE debate in the Senate on the bill granting a right of way to the Cinnabar & Clark's Fork Railroad Company is given on another page. It is instructive reading. The considerations advanced by Senator Vest in opposition to the bill are unanswerable. He denounces the enterprise as a covert first step toward gaining admittance to the Park and gridironing it with passenger railroads; points out that this will result in the destruction of the Park as a national possession of the people, and warns the Senate of the national calamities certain to follow the destruction of the forests on the headwaters of the Missouri.

These arguments cannot be refuted. But they can be ignored; and the lobby, so strenuously engaged in laboring for the railroad people, may succeed in putting the bill through the Senate. Members who share Mr. Butler's extremely myopic view of the Park may feel themselves the less responsible to public sentiment on such a question as this, because, unfortunately, the public is ignorant of the inter-

ests at stake, and does not comprehend the national injury contemplated by the bill.

The proposition of Mr. Butler, that his constituents are not concerned in the protection of the Park against the schemers who would ruin it, is entirely mistaken. The citizens of every State in the Union are concerned in this. The Park is national, not less in fact than in name. The whole nation is benefited by the possession and maintenance of such a region of natural wonders and beauties set apart for a public pleasure ground. It is a possession of permanent value, from which future generations, as well as the present one, will receive benefit; and it is the height of presumption for any man to rise up in the Senate of the United States and say that because his constituents—meaning his individual political cronies—are not contemplating a pleasure trip this summer to the Park, the Senate will do well to hand it over to the greedy grasp of scheming railroad speculators.

THE WOODCOCK SEASON.

LAST year, it will be remembered, owing to the cold weather and late spring, the woodcock did not go as far north as usual in their migration, but sought breeding grounds in lower latitudes. The result was an unusual supply of home-bred birds in covers where formerly the shooting was confined for the most part to flight birds.

It is the belief of many close students of the woodcocks ways that on their return north in the spring, the birds repair to the particular localities where they were bred, and nest there. In confirmation of this theory it has been noticed this season that many of these grounds where the birds bred in unusual numbers last year have again been frequented by them, and so for a second time the supply of home-bred birds is larger than customary. This fact should go far toward demonstrating the economic folly of summer shooting.

July woodcock are delicious as table delicacies. That is all that can be said in their favor as legitimate game. For other reasons they should be protected at that time. The season's birds are not fully grown and have not attained maturity of strength. They are found in the vicinity of the nesting grounds, and the broods are usually together. It is then no difficult feat to destroy the whole brood. In New Jersey and other States where July shooting is permitted, most of the birds bagged are young. Only a few of the birds escape to return to these grounds again to breed. Were the birds unmolested at this time they would in August and September separate, moult, and in the beginning of October, being then full grown, new feathered and strong of wing, return to the vicinity of their breeding and afford the best of all woodcock shooting, that of October. There is not the July certainty of destruction about the pursuit then. The number of birds that escape is much larger. And when they come back in the following spring they repair to the same grounds again, and there nest. In a country where woodcock breed, if the shooting be confined to autumn, the supply will be maintained, and good shooting may be had year after year, an occasional very dry season of course proving the exception.

This is not theory. It is actual demonstrated fact, coming within the experience of more than one of the readers of these lines.

Common sense demands the abolition of summer woodcock shooting just as clearly as the abolition of all spring shooting.

POLLUTING NEW YORK HARBOR.—It is very gratifying to learn that at last some measures have been taken to stop the evil of dumping all sorts of refuse in the harbor and there is a prospect that action will be taken against the great oil works which drain "sludge acid" into the water and ruin the oyster beds and the fishing grounds. Formerly the shores of Staten Island and of Long Island Sound abounded in fish which came in to feed on the crabs and other food. The sludge acid has banished the food and the fish come no more. Mr. J. W. Mersereau, who was recently appointed by Commissioner Blackford to watch and protect the oyster beds, has arrested several employees of the street cleaning department for dumping garbage in Long Island Sound, contrary to law. The captain of the dumping scows was held in \$1,000 and four scowmen in \$250 each to answer before the next Grand Jury of Westchester county. We hope to record some early action taken against the Standard Oil Company, which has been a great offender.

THE CINCINNATI DOCTOR, who has been striving to climb into a perch of newspaper notoriety by a labored defense of the milliner bird butchers, has been effectually answered by the committee of the Natural History Society of that city.

CONVERTING A DYNAMITER.

A LETTER was received at the New York post office the other day, addressed "To Some Dealer in Fishing Tackle, New York." Most of the post office employees are fishermen or gunners; they all read the FOREST AND STREAM and know where to go for their fishing kits. The letter was duly delivered to one of the large firms, and being opened, read as follows:

UTICA May 23d 1886.

DEAR SIRS.—As I would like the address of some firm that handled all kinds of Fishing Tackles I take this way to introduce myself. Now as to the things I would like I would say that they are Torpedoes for to use in Deep water for catching Fish now if this letter falls in to the hands of a firm that Handles those Torpedoes I would ask that you Please and send me your Prices of the same and I will try and favor you in some way hoping to here from this letter soon Remain yours

F. M. HOUSBROOKER.

UTICA Venango Co PA.

Notwithstanding that their stock would fit out a thousand ordinary anglers with every conceivable and inconceivable style of lure and device, the firm had none of the violent "tackle" longed for by Mr. Housbrooker. They sent him instead a catalogue of their goods, hoping that he might be induced to try legitimate methods of taking fish with approved tackle, and thus having proved the merits of artistic angling, put away his yearning for piscatory earthquakes. The result of this missionary enterprise will be awaited with interest. If these New York tackle dealers demonstrate the feasibility of converting a thundering Jupiter of a dynamiter into a gentle devotee of the quiet pursuit of fly-fishing, it will be a genuine triumph of sentiment over brute instinct. But the heart of a dynamiter is stony ground.

THE LAKE GEORGE ISLANDS.—A pretty piece of pretentious audacity has been brought to public notice by the New York Forest Commissioners. Of the numerous islands on Lake George, said to be one for every day in the year, fourteen are private property, having been sold by the State. The rest all belong to the State, and individuals have no claim upon them. But many of these public islands have been seized upon by squatters, who have in some instances erected handsome cottages upon them; and year after year with a high hand and amazing assurance they warn off intruders under threats of prosecution for trespass. When the bill creating the Forest Commission was under discussion, the Lake George island squatters attempted a surreptitious amendment exempting their little prizes from the commission's control.

MASSACHUSETTS RUFFED GROUSE.—The ruffed grouse is the chief game bird of Massachusetts. The proper protection of this game is of more importance there than that of any other single species. The new law is a great improvement on the old statute in securing for the grouse total immunity from lawful snaring. The old law provided that snarers might practice their art on their own lands; and the effect was that snaring was carried on without restriction, and whole covers were completely cleaned out. The close season was extended a month, to Oct. 1, but this excellent provision is in part nullified by the open woodcock season, which includes August and September. The August woodcock market-shooters will shoot chicken grouse; no excuse should be given these gunners to be out with their guns before October.

THE OHIO FISH AND GAME COMMISSIONERS announce that they propose the rigid enforcement of the laws and prosecution of offenders. The Legislature, at its last session, very wisely set apart an appropriation for the purpose, and the officials are therefore in a position to do something. One by one the several States are learning that the natural wealth possessed in the creatures of the woods and waters is worth caring for and maintaining. The recognition of this principle comes none too soon. At the last session of the Massachusetts Legislature, the fish commissioners of that State were made game commissioners also.

THE CROW RESERVE.—If the Interior Department does not propose to content itself with the combined admission and denial of the charges recently contained in these columns, it is to be hoped that it will make a more searching investigation than is to be had by simply communicating with its agent, Williamson. An honest special detective, going to the Crows themselves, would gather the truth, especially if, instead of confining himself to the coffee-coolers loafing about the agency, he should interview such representative and leading chiefs as Plenticious, Bobtail Crow, Bear Wolf, Spotted Horse and Deaf Bull, and such talkers as Crow Davis.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

DAYS WITH THE BARMECIDE CLUB.

VII.

HOW looked the morning? Good-natured and good-humored, and all the surroundings helped on the good feeling. The leaves were whispering soft nothings to each other, the lake was smiling, the brook was laughing and a moving mosaic of sunlight and shadow was naughtily playing hide and seek on Sunday morning. The morning sun coming like a caress edged the light clouds with gold and spread a soft warm color over the mountains. Down from the hills and through the woodland draws, through the tamarack swamp and pungent odors of the forest, came the breeze, brisk and bracing; out on the lake it hurried furrowing it with silver crowned ripples, which patted the lily pads as they scurried inshore.

A likely morning for fishing, but surrounded with these mighty harmonies, this perfect blending of all that is gracious in nature, a diapason of delight, a benediction, the club wet no line this Sabbath day. That person who rejoices in the great blessing of love for angling has a great debt to pay and he can at least devote one day in the week toward paying for the favor granted him when he was imbued with the spirit of the gentle angler and became a brother of those who love the swaying rod. To none is vouchsafed a richer largeness of blessings, and the Giver of all this, perfect and bountiful in His love and wisdom, asks only that you think and thank.

There is a satisfaction in feeling you have done right, even if the world at large gives you no credit for it. "Take my advice and let the trout alone on a Sunday and become fishers of thought, drawing bright and good things out of the depths of memory. They will rise to your cast with great freedom and take hold strongly, and it is a pleasure to land them, and once secure they become an enjoyable possession."

How brightly rises the genial face of the dear old friend who gave me my first lesson in fly-casting. Through the shadowy mists of the intervening years I can see the friend of my boyhood days. We were old cronies, though he was thirty years my senior. How well I remember that long ago afternoon, when he gave me my first lesson. That is something which is not yet lost in the vistas of the past. All the attendant minutiae are indelibly impressed on my mind. It was a June Saturday when I was a youngster in my teens. I had brought with me to the woods a Mitchell rod, and my mentor taught me to get out about thirty feet of line in tolerably good form. I was clever with my hands and that helped me wonderfully in timing and handling my rod, and I soon found that the secret of success lay in the back cast. I caught the knack wonderfully quick, as naturally as an Irishman takes to politics, and two hours before dark rowed to a long shallow in the lake and quietly anchored. Twenty-five feet of line was about all that was necessary for me to cast before a pound trout was hooked to the red ibis stretcher. How gingerly I handled him, for my confidence in the light rod was not the greatest, but it soon increased as the rod responded seemingly of its own volition to all demands upon it and killed its first trout like an old veteran.

Cast after cast was immediately rewarded; sometimes the stretcher fly, sometimes the grizzly king dropper and occasionally both at once were fastened to the feeding trout; and I was so rapidly improving my methods that by dark, when I pulled up anchor and rowed back to the cabin with about twenty trout averaging over a pound each, I had abjured the slimy anglerworm and the disgusting grub. I have never had better angling than on that long ago June afternoon, when I met my maiden feather, and under the tuition of that worthy master was initiated into the mysteries and beauties of the higher art and more graceful practice with the lighter rod. I discarded the heavy pole forever. Main strength gave way to science, though there may be strength behind the plant rod and plenty too, but I had learned to achieve greater results with a less expenditure of muscle. There was a cabin full of anglers at the lake, and all of them, save my teacher, disciples of the heavy bait-rod, and to most of them my success was a revelation, and if there was an element of slaughter in my youthful attempt it has long since been eliminated. I know that the next morning I was anxious to be out on the lake, but my good master said, "No, sonny, don't tempt fortune to-day. She was very good to you yesterday. Wait until to-morrow."

"I have a very vivid recollection," says Roy, "of the last Sunday's fishing that ever I indulged in; but as I caught nothing but a wet jacket and a hungry stomach, the recording angel ought to blot it out, for I sincerely repented at the time and have never been a backslider. Two of us were in the woods at Pine Lake, where we had been having indifferent luck, and one Sunday morning we proposed trying G. Lake to see if we could better our fortune. So after a very early breakfast we started. G. Lake, if I remember correctly, is only about a mile and a half from Pine, and we were soon there, where we found rafts and paddles in good order, and we were at once busy with our rods, that is, busy casting. We fished faithfully all that day, trying all the flies in our books, throwing over every well-known and likely spot; but apparently the fish entertained different opinions regarding the question of taking hold, and not one trout did we see that blessed day. About an hour before sunset we concluded to return to Pine Lake. We had had no dinner, as the lakes being so near we had expected to be back to camp in time for a late dinner, but had overstayed, hoping for a chance of fortune. We came ashore and struck out on a blazed trail. I knew it was the right one, for I had been over it a score of times; but after going a mile or so we came to a little lake. We both looked it over carefully and agreed that it was not Pine Lake, for it was to all appearances not quarter the size of Pine. There was nothing to do but get back to G. as quickly as possible, for darkness was rapidly coming on. We ran all the way back and commenced another search for the Pine Lake trail. It commenced to sprinkle. Dark hurrying clouds were gathering and twining themselves around the treetops on the summits of the mountains and soon everything was cradled in the blackest of black.

"Fortunately there was a shanty close by, with wood enough for a night's fire cut and piled up near it, so we were not so badly off as we might have been. We were to make a night of it anyhow, and in spite of the rain we soon had a roaring fire. Rain, lightning, thunder—don't speak of it, please. A bright flash, a deep roar, and the tempest broke in all its fury. Peal after peal in quick succession rolled through the sky and shook the mountains, while the rain came down

with resistless persistency as though night had kept its dampness, its noise, its cold, its darkness for our amusement. We hauled part of our fire into the shanty, and passed the night principally in trying to dodge the drops which came through the leaky roof. This was anything but pleasant even had we to take the exercise on full stomachs; but going to bed—bed did I say?—dinnerless and supperless, only aggravated matters. However, those nights have an ending, the same as others, and those dark clouds have their silver linings and some of them even more valuable linings, for to see the golden belt in the eastern horizon one would little imagine that the previous night could have been guilty of the dark proceedings we had witnessed.

It was a sunny Monday morning, and we were out early searching for the correct trail and congratulating ourselves on the immense breakfast we would have in about an hour; but somehow we couldn't find the trail, though for four or five hours we searched diligently and carefully. There were more blazes in those woods, Horatio, than even the little hatchet of truthful George ever dreamed of. They were thick as leaves in Vallumbrosa (I believe that's the place), but we had lost faith in their guiding us out of our present difficulties. We adjourned to the shanty and held a council of war to decide on future operations. We had a little luncheon of scenery, the forest, the lake and the mountain, with a little tender blue sky thrown in by way of dessert. We could feast our eyes anyhow. We concluded that the only way now for us was to follow the outlet of the lake and see where it would carry us. We thought it must run into the West Canada Creek, and if it did we were all right if we could stand the tramp, of the length of which we had very little idea. We started down the outlet, and of all rough tramps I have ever experienced that was far and away the roughest. I doubt if many persons had at that time been over the same ground. It didn't look as though mortal had ever pressed foot in the same. You could feel the solitude, you could see it—good substantial, solitude, which might have been cut into blocks and sold in noisy towns at good prices.

"The uncertainty of our venture was in addition to our condition doubly tedious, and my companion was fast losing strength, and his stops and rests became dangerously frequent and often. I had to arouse him with encouraging words and vigorous shakings. We reached the West Canada Creek into which the outlet emptied and then we knew where we were, several miles above Becraft's. A long walk under the circumstances, but it was good to be able to locate ourselves again and that thought refreshed us wonderfully. We made Becraft's just at supper time, as though nothing had happened, told a plausible story to account for our unexpected appearance, washed and leisurely took our places at the supper table. But how we ate and slept that night. I was never more tired than I was all the next day, and I resolved then and there that my Sunday fishing was a thing of the past, a resolution which I have faithfully kept. I suppose I would have been lost any other day just the same, but it happened fortunately on Sunday and I have treasured the adventure as a lesson and a warning. I was never fully satisfied that the lake we found was not Pine, but I have never been in that part of the country since.

MILLARD.

Natural History.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Feeling that public opinion is being awakened to a realization of the evils arising from the fearful destruction of our birds to satisfy the demands of fashion, depraved appetites; and while we deplore the too evident decrease in numbers of our song birds, the depopulating of our heronries, the alarming destruction of the eggs of sea birds for food, and the inhuman destroying of every nest and egg within reach of the merciless urchin who is seized with the egg-collecting fever, we are at the same time conscious that we, as taxidermists, are looked upon with disfavor.

But we desire to vindicate ourselves, and as representative taxidermists of the largest establishment of the kind in this country—Ward's Museum—we believe we at the same time express the wishes of every true taxidermist, every honest lover of the art, when we express it as our desire that the wholesale slaughter of birds (for other than strictly scientific purposes) be discouraged in every way possible.

We heartily favor the bird laws as proposed by the American Ornithologists' Union's committee, and shall do all in our power to further the protection of our birds.

WM. J. CRITCHLEY,
C. E. AKELEY,
H. C. DENSLOW,
N. R. WOOD,
J. M. DELANEY,
GEO. B. TURNER,
GEO. K. CHERRIE,

WARD'S MUSEUM, Rochester, N. Y., June 21, 1888.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The last Audubon meeting of our college year was held this week, and I thought you might be interested in learning the result of our spring's work.

You know that our society was organized in March, and the outline of the work we then proposed for ourselves has been given in the FOREST AND STREAM, so that you are familiar with the general character of our society, and know that we have been going upon the theory that a knowledge of the birds themselves would be one of the most effectual checks upon their destruction for the justification of vanity. Mr. John Burroughs was present at one of our first meetings and spent several days with us, inaugurating our field work by a succession of early candle-light as well as midday walks to the favorite bird haunts of the region. The size of the classes that met with him probably did more to confirm the distrust of our feathered friends than to suggest to them any sympathetic Audubon interest, but Mr. Burroughs' love of the birds acted as an inspiration, and as soon as he left, the field work committee began its work in earnest by dividing the observers into squads of from six to ten, apparently, much to the relief of the birds. At first each girl went out only twice a week, but soon the interest became so great and the size of the sections swelled so rapidly that the original committee of four trained nine others as a sub-committee to assist them, thus enabling every one to go out as many times a week as desirable, and what we found most essential, reducing the sections to three or six. The work has been carried on in this way for two months and the result is eminently satisfactory to all concerned.

Migration blanks issued by the Division of Economic Ornithology of the Agricultural Department were distributed at the outset and have been used for the collection of notes made in the field. Of the eighty-nine members of the society, over fifty have done field work, and twenty-three have filled out the migration blanks or given in their notes in some other form.

The data collected in this way has been collated, and the results will be sent to the Department of Agriculture, duplicates of all notes being kept in the annals of the society for reference in future years.

Seventy-six species of birds have been observed, and fifty-six nests, of twenty-two species, have been found. Other interesting notes have been made on the songs of birds, on flowers, and on other natural phenomena, while the study of the birds has brought them much nearer to the lives and sympathies of us all.

The work of Audubon proselyting has formed an important part of the society work, and we trust that our influence has not been unavailing.

We have distributed 1,050 circulars on the subject of bird protection, 100 in the Northampton High School, 480 in the departments in Washington, and the rest among families and friends scattered throughout the States from San Francisco to Boston.

One of our most energetic workers has gone to San Francisco for the summer vacation, and promises to do good work there. Another one has started an Audubon Society in Kansas, and still another claims forty converts from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington, while a great many have induced individual friends to give up their feathers.

On the whole we feel very much encouraged. We have done far better than we had hoped to in this short time, and the interest promises to be permanent.

At our last meeting Mr. Burroughs was made an honorary member of our society, and we hope to get new inspiration from him and from other bird lovers next year.

Blank schedules have been distributed to the observers for use during the summer months, and when college opens in the fall we hope to add new names to the society, and also new birds to our lists as the result of the summer's work, and to take up our work together with renewed enthusiasm.

F. A. M.

SMITH COLLEGE, Northampton, Mass., June 19.

A matter presents itself at this time which, in view of the strenuous efforts made (and as a rule sensibly) to protect our song and some other birds, calls for consideration. I refer to the depredations of robins (*Turdus migratorius*) on the cherry trees about here. Out of ten trees that a while ago were loaded with promising fruit, not one tree but that has suffered. Eight of them have been about stripped of fine black hearts. The only tree having anything of consequence left on it is the one close by the house. Fluttering strings, rags, and even a bell fixed so as to ring when a breeze moves the limbs, are of no avail. Even if you throw a fire cracker into a tree it only sends them off for a time. I am glad to see the birds protected, and I am not at all prejudiced; but in this case I think the robin ought to be forcibly invited to let these cherries alone. Perhaps the originators of the AUDUBON SOCIETY or some of its members can suggest a remedy. I do not like monopolies.

X. Y. Z.

SALEM, MASS.

On complaint of James Anderson, agent of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for the four western counties of the commonwealth, Lewis and Darwin Merrill, of Shelburne Falls, were yesterday arraigned before Justice Greene, at Greenfield, for shooting robins, and were each fined \$20 and costs, a total of \$58.58. This is the initial movement of the Society under the provisions of the bird law just passed, which imposes a penalty of \$10 and costs for each robin killed.—*Boston Herald*, June 24.

"The ladies of Paris," says the *St. James's Gazette*, "tired of wearing dead birds, are now spending fabulous sums in procuring all sorts of creeping things—such as spiders, beetles, etc.—with which to adorn their hair and dresses. It seems the idea originated with Mme. Judic, who during her tour in 'the Golden South Americas,' was presented by a deputation of feminine admirers in Brazil with a 'brace' or 'pair' or 'couple'—we are not sure of the technical term for two insects—of Brazilian beetles, or 'gold bugs'; which, it appears, can be trained, and are tethered by thin gold chains to a hair-pin, and are allowed to wander about her head at their own sweet wills. The idea of ladies adorning themselves with living insects is hardly original. Not to go as far back as the Egyptians and Etruscans, we ourselves remember seeing in the Brazils a party of ladies who, having captured a number of fire-flies, inclosed them in long tubes of muslin, with which they trimmed the front of their dresses. The effect in a garden after dark was quite as pretty as the electric lights which the 'Iolanthe' fairies wore at the Savoy. If Mme. Judic's beetles could speak, they would probably say, with Piscal, 'Fashion is a tyrant from which nothing frees us.' In the meantime they are the subject of much comment in Paris; for, as Pope said in a famous epigram, 'Ladies will talk of what runs in their head.'"

BARN OWL IN OHIO.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I had the good fortune to secure a fine adult female barn owl (*Strix pratineola*, Bonap.), brought to me by a farmer who shot it from the top of a high oak tree. This is the first instance of its occurrence in Northern Ohio, only five or six specimens being recorded in the State, and those over in the southern part. The first owl of this kind I ever saw was alive, in a Cleveland bird store, labeled "monkey owl." The gentleman in charge was very indignant when I informed him of his mistake in the name. He told me that it was a new kind of owl of which I knew nothing. I have often thought since that the name was very appropriate, as the owl does really resemble that animal about the face and eyes. The Cleveland specimen came from Florida.—A. HALL, (East Rockfort, O., June 19).

A SINGULAR EGG.—This morning we had a singular egg for breakfast. It was nothing less than one egg with another inside of it. The egg was poached and when the cook came to break it a smaller egg fell out of the larger one. The smaller one was about the size of a pigeon's—or perhaps a little larger—with a very thin shell. My desire was to preserve it, but I found that it had been cracked in breaking the egg that inclosed it. I might say that the larger egg was supposed to be a double yolked one, and as an honored guest I was to enjoy the two yolks. But instead of the usual two yolks there was the smaller egg. The smaller one was without a yolk.—A. H. G.

SWIFTS, HUMMING BIRDS AND GOAT-SUCKERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A month or so ago I published in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London, a paper illustrated by a number of plates and woodcuts, treating of the osteology of swifts, humming birds and goatsuckers. My studies of the osseous system of these several forms has led me to believe that they stand sadly in need of a reclassification, as well as still more exhaustive researches into their structure. Much that I saw in the organization of swifts compelled me to adopt the surmise of Huxley, presented as many years ago, that these birds would be found to be some day nothing more than profoundly modified swallows, and having no more affinity with the humming birds than these latter.

In the paper referred to, I proposed that the humming bird be awarded an order by themselves, as the order *Trochilidae*, and further, that the goatsuckers or nightjars be similarly dealt with, being grouped in an order *Caprimulgidae*.

Now such a hold has the notion gained upon some minds that the humming birds and swifts are in some way related to each other, that my preliminary attempts in the P. Z. S. to throw additional light upon this important subject, have not been fully convincing. Consequently I have determined to write another paper upon this subject, setting forth the complete structure of all these forms, and such related ones as should be compared with them.

To effect this it is highly essential, of course, that I should be amply supplied with material and alcohol specimens of the forms in question. At present I am in a poor locality to secure this, a fact which has impelled me to seek your assistance and the advantages offered through a request published in your widely circulated columns. By my own efforts I have gotten together alcoholic specimens of the following birds: 1. *Progne subis* (purple martin). 2. *Petrochelidon lunifrons* (cliff swallow). 3. *Chelidon erythrogaster* (burn swallow). 4. *Tachycineta thalassina* (violet-green swallow). 5. *Micropterus melanoleucus* (white-throated swift). 6. *Chordeiles texensis* (Texas night hawk). My present desiderata are: 1. Any of the humming birds (two or three specimens of each species). 2. *Chaturapelia* (common chimney swift). 3. *Chaturapelia* (Vaux's swift). 4. *Cypseloides niger* (black swift and particularly desirable). 5. Any of the trogons. 5. Any of the goatsuckers (except the night hawks, but the common whippoorwill I need very much, as well as the chuck-will's-widow). 7. The bank swallow (much needed). Should this letter meet the eyes of any of your many readers who are in a position and willing to assist me in this matter it may be done in the following manner. To prevent the undue duplication of material and expense I would be thankful to such persons to drop me a postal card, saying first that they can supply such and such birds. To this I can answer either by letter or telegraph.

My present address is Fort Wingate, New Mexico, and Mr. Robert Ridgway, of the Smithsonian Institution, has also promised to send me such material as may come to his hands of the kind specified, so if it be more convenient, in certain cases, to send it to him, it will be forwarded to me when occasion offers.

The smallest size screw-top preserving jar of glass is the best receptacle to send small specimens of birds in by all odds. This should contain strong alcohol in sufficient quantity to completely cover the contents; then it should be packed in a suitable box, surrounded with paper and sent to my address by express. Three or four specimens of each species are sufficient, provided they are not badly shot. If both sexes are represented so much the better.

I will gladly meet the expenses of transportation and collecting, and especially desire that the collector tag the specimens, giving date, name of collector or donor, sex, locality and name of specimens. In cases where the material is donated, I will invariably acknowledge my indebtedness in full in the forthcoming work.

Should this meet the eye of the editor of the *London Field*, I will be very thankful to him if he will briefly notice my desiderata in this direction, as there are many continental types, as *Cypseloides apus* and others, which would add greatly to the breadth and scope of my paper, and largely enhance its generalizations.

R. W. SHUFELDT.

FORT WINGATE, New Mexico, June 18, 1886.

THE HISS OF THE GROUSE.

IT SEEMS a little strange that none of the writers on the ruffed grouse speak of one peculiar habit of the cock bird in the breeding season. Neither Wilson, Bird, Hallock nor any of the encyclopedias mention the singular hissing that the cock grouse seems to practice as part of his love making, and it is barely possible that it may have escaped general observation. During the latter part of April and the first half of May I was greatly interested in watching the actions of a male grouse in my neighborhood, and for the first time in my life had my attention called to this peculiarity. It is apparently on the approach of the hen that this demonstration is made, and when she appears in sight the cock sidles down from the log on which he has been strutting with tail and ruff spread and wings drooping, and as he comes near the object of his attention extends his head horizontally and on a level with his back (which has the appearance of being slightly arched), and begins to roll his head from side to side with a slow but gradually accelerated movement, accompanying each turn or roll with a distinct separate hiss, the whole ending after ten or twelve such sounds with a prolonged hiss twice the length of the others. At the close of his sibilations he makes a semi-circular sweep of three or four feet, which brings him closer to the "air one." There is probably nothing which approximates these sounds in movement and character (of course not in volume) as the escaping steam from a locomotive just pulling out from a station, and yet the likeness is only approximate.

When this sexual paroxysm subsides it seems to be followed by a corresponding period of depression and languor. I have seen this same cock bird after such a promenading and hissing, sit crouched upon the ground whining like a motherless puppy, and apparently in the most dejected and disconsolate condition. Possibly I am writing of what is familiar to every hunter and woodman, but if so, it seems a little strange that none of the books speak of it.

JAY BEBE.

A BIT OF FOLK LORE.—Central Lake, Mich., June 23.—Editor Forest and Stream: The other evening I heard the note of a whippoorwill. I thought, but was not positive, that I had never before heard it in northern Michigan, and asked the "oldest inhabitant" who stood near, if it was not very unusual to hear one of these birds hereabouts? He replied that it was, but said that he had heard them before,

and added that it had been told him that any person who on hearing the whippoorwill should immediately remove his coat, and put it on again wrong side out, keeping it thus until the cry of the bird had ceased, should receive whatever he had wished for meanwhile. The old man did not turn his coat, and perhaps his negligence in that respect may account for the exceeding rustiness of the garment. These little scraps of folk-lore are often of interest, especially to students in that line, and I have thought that this might be worth the space it would occupy in the FOREST AND STREAM.

—KELPIE.

MOOSE IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—We have received information of the killing, last October, of a young bull moose, weight about 350 pounds, in the Long Lake region, just north of Long Lake.

BOMBI, the \$5,000, 7,000lb. rhinoceros of Central Park, died last Saturday, of pneumonia. The FOREST AND STREAM bears are still vigorous and healthy, cunning, intellectual and attractive.

Game Bag and Gun.

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THE PARK RAILROAD BILL.

ON motion of Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, Senate bill 980 granting right of way to the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad Company through the Yellowstone National Park, was taken up by the Senate June 2. The discussion on it given below is extracted from the *Congressional Record*. The bill was reported from the Committee on Territories with an amendment, to strike out all after the enacting clause and to insert:

That a right of way is hereby granted the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad Company, a corporation duly organized under the laws of the Territory of Montana, across such portions of the northern border of the Yellowstone National Park as may be necessary to reach, by the nearest practicable route from Cinnabar, the Clark's Fork mining district, in said Territory of Montana, by the way of the Yellowstone River to its junction with the Snake River, thence by the way of said Snake River to the Soda Butte Creek, thence by said creek to the Clark's Fork mining district, upon such location as may be approved by the Secretary of the Interior, subject to the provisions of the act of Congress entitled "An act granting to railroads the right of way through the public lands of the United States," approved March 3, 1875. Said right of way hereby granted shall be restricted to such limits as are absolutely essential for the road-bed and slopes of cuts and fills, except at such points, not nearer than 10 miles from each other, as may be designated by said railroad company for station buildings, depots, side-tracks, turnouts and water stations, at which points the right of way shall be limited to the actual site for said houses, and the limitation for side-tracks or switches shall not exceed in width 60 feet, to cover all trackways, and a length of 500 feet; that the structure erected by said railroad company within the park shall not in any instance include machine shops, repair shops, supply stations, hotels, restaurants, eating-houses, stores, or any building except a depot, including a telegraph or telephone office, a building for station agent, and one building for section hands, and said right of way and location for depot grounds shall not in any instance include objects designated as natural curiosities, or matters of interest to tourists, or be surrounded or inclosed by fences, walls, or hedges that shall obstruct the view of any continuous object, or bar the passage to them of pedestrians or vehicles, and no rights of any kind shall vest in said railroad company in or to any part of the right of way herein provided for until plans therefor, made upon actual surveys for the definite location of said railroad, and including the points for station building, depots, side-tracks, turnouts and water stations, shall be filed with the Secretary of the Interior, and be duly approved by him. No timber or other materials to be used in the construction of said railroad, shall be cut or taken from any portion of the Yellowstone National Park, except such as may be cut or taken without the right of way hereby granted; and the grants hereby made are limited so as not to include any coal or other mineral found on said right of way; nor shall said company, or its successors, use the property given hereby for any purpose except in the construction and operation of a railroad.

SEC. 2. That none of the shares of capital stock of the corporation herein named, shall be transferable until at least 50 per cent. of the par value thereof, shall have been paid in cash. No bonds shall be issued or mortgaged without the assent of the stockholders of said corporation in an amount exceeding one-half of the sum which its president, treasurer, and chief engineer shall certify, and a check to the treasurer of the Territory of Montana, has been actually expended, at the time of the issue of such bonds, upon the railroad to be constructed; and any false swearing in the matter shall be perjury. The whole amount of bonds outstanding at any one time shall not exceed one-half of the actual cost of the construction and equipment of such railroad. The provisions of this section relating to the transfer of stock and the issue of bonds, shall be applicable to any corporation to which the corporation named in this act shall convey, or attempt to convey, its franchises, or rights, or property, prior to the final completion of said road.

SEC. 3. That all charges for transportation of either freight or passengers over said railroad shall be reasonable, and without discrimination as to persons, shippers, or consignees. No rebates or drawbacks of any kind or nature shall be allowed, directly or indirectly to any patron of the railroad, nor shippers or consignees. At any station on the line of said railroad, and as to these and all kindred matters, Congress reserves the right to make all necessary regulations as to said railroad, in considerations of this grant, as well as to alter or amend this act.

SEC. 4. That if said railroad shall not be constructed and in running order within three years from and after the passage of this act, the right of way hereby granted shall therefore be forfeited, and this condition is expressly understood to be a condition precedent as to all rights granted hereby; and in case of a breach of the conditions of this section, all rights granted hereby shall revert to the United States by operation of this provision, without the necessity of any action by Congress; provided, That the grant hereby shall not be held or construed as exclusive, so as to prevent the allowance of the following grants and concessions along the valley or route adopted under this act, under such grants and concessions as Congress may make and provide and the courts equitably administer.

MR. VEST.—Mr. President, if I can secure the attention of the Senate for a very few moments I should like to give my reasons, and very earnestly, why this bill should not become a law.

To those Senators, if there be any such here, who believe that the Yellowstone Park should be destroyed and cease to exist I have no argument to make. I am very well aware that it is popular to assert in this country that nothing should exist in which there is not money, and any one who proposes to preserve the great National Park in its original grandeur and beauty, and to preserve the game, which has almost ceased to exist upon this continent, is taunted with æstheticism and is sneered at as behind the proper spirit and ideas of the age.

I am not a-hamed for myself to say that my life has been largely devoted to field sports, that I have lived a large portion of my time in the woods and forests and mountains and upon the rivers of the great West. I know whereof I speak when I say to-day, without any other interest or motive under heaven than that of an American citizen and

Senator, that the construction of this railroad is the destruction of that park. To those who think that Mammoth Cave should be turned into a subterranean storehouse for mercantile purposes, that the Falls of Niagara should be used for their water power to turn a mill, that the wonderful geysers of the Yellowstone Park should be devoted to laundry purposes and leased out to Chinamen in order to wash out dirty linen, to such persons I have and can have no argument and no appeal to make. But to those who sympathize with me in the purpose to preserve one spot at least on this continent from the rush and greed and avarice of the age, one spot where nature shall exist as it was originally, in which the great game, the elk and the bison and the black-tail deer, shall always be found for our children and our children's children, to such Senators I now appeal most earnestly against this bill.

I know, Mr. President, that it is said this railroad is necessary in order to reach mines. I shall not stop to discuss the value of those mines because, like all mining property, their value is prospective and in the future. They may amount to a great deal and they may amount to nothing, with the chances largely in favor of the latter proposition. I solemnly assert my opinion, based upon close observation and without prejudice, that this railroad is not proposed to be built to reach any mines, that it is not intended for any such purpose, and I propose to show, if not by actual demonstration at least by probable facts, that my assertion is correct.

These mines are represented to be of large value; thousands of dollars it is said are invested in them; and what proof have we presented here from the stockholders of these mining companies that the proposed route through the Park is the only practicable line to the North Pacific Railroad? I call attention to the fact and I defy contradiction when I say, in the presence of the enormous valuation upon this mining property, with thousands of tons of ore, as General Anderson says, dumped out already waiting for the cars to carry it to the reduction works in Montana, with stock companies organized for working the mines, that no preliminary survey has ever been made of any route of these mines. Only a few hundred dollars would have been necessary to make this survey; and yet with this enormous mining property upon their hands these gentlemen have not seen fit or proper to make a survey, for it would be ridiculous to argue that they had not the means to make these preliminary surveys in order to ascertain by what route they could most cheaply and rapidly approach this property.

There are three routes proposed. One of them is the Boulder route outside of the Park, which is perfectly practicable. I have here the letter of an engineer officer, who has been over every foot of it, declaring that the road can be built. It is a little further, a little longer distance, but entirely practicable; and this officer, as will be seen by his letter, traveled over the whole Boulder route, not one foot of which is inside of the Yellowstone National Park.

But without preliminary surveys, a thing unheard of in such an enterprise, a bill is presented here session after session and pressed upon Congress to run this railroad up the Yellowstone River to the east fork of that river, and then up Soda Butte Creek, going through the loveliest portion of the Yellowstone National Park, and the only portion, as I shall show by evidence beyond question, in which the game congregates during the winter months. In the summer the large game of the Yellowstone can go where they please without let or hindrance; but in the winter they come into this identical region, the loveliest portion, as I have said, of that great Park on the Yellowstone River and Soda Butte Creek, and there and there only they have a range during those winter months in which the range is most necessary to them.

Why have the projectors of this enterprise had no preliminary survey of the route made? Why is it that they do not bring to Congress the best proof that the nature of the case is susceptible of?—the reports of engineers, from practical observation, who can testify to Congress that this is the cheapest and most practicable route between Cinnabar and the Clark's Fork mines?

MR. BUTLER.—I should like to ask the Senator from Missouri a question, if he will yield to me.

MR. VEST.—Certainly.

MR. BUTLER.—I ask him if in his experience he has ever known a survey to have been made before a charter has been secured?

MR. VEST.—This is a case in which the whole argument turns upon whether a charter shall be granted upon this particular route or not. If there were a proposition here for a charter between certain points on the most practicable route, there would be something pertinent in the inquiry of the Senator from South Carolina; but here is a proposition fixing the route, and that is the remarkable fact to which I point to-day. They do not want a survey; they do not propose to have one, because perhaps a survey would defeat their object, which is to get into the Yellowstone National Park, not to get to these mines, but to run up this valley of the Yellowstone, up to Soda Butte Springs, the most wonderful springs in the country, at which point they propose to build a depot. The real purpose is to construct a railroad to carry passengers, not ore. There is the money in this enterprise, and not in going to the mines, in which they say they have already ore dumped out ready for transportation. I know whereof I speak from personal observation. I have been in that park and traveled over this identical territory, and I am as thoroughly convinced of the truth of what I say as if it were a mathematical proposition.

I know great exertions have been made to pass this bill. I know that a former officer of the Interior Department has been lobbying Congress three sessions to pass it, and he is here again for the same purpose. I know that Senators, myself included, have been attacked and besmirched in the public press, and we have been branded by the assertion that we were the tools of the Northern Pacific Railroad. I assert here to-day, using only such language as this presence admits, that the assertion that I have any other object, direct or indirect, than that which is proper to a citizen of this country, and a Senator representing a sovereign State, is so utterly and infamously false that the wretch who makes it is unworthy of credence from any gentleman. No man connected with the Northern Pacific Railroad Company has ever approached me or dared to do so. If the Northern Pacific Railroad has any interest in this matter, it is to construct this road because it is a branch running directly to their main line. How could the Northern Pacific Railroad have any other interest?

I speak only in the way of conjecture, because I assert that no agent, no officer, no one connected with that road has ever approached me in any way. I mention this not from any personal feeling, for I know that when any public man stands in the way of one of these speculative enterprises the

first thing is to cajole him or buy him, and if that can not be done the next thing is to destroy him. I do not expect to be personally exempt from the ordinary fate of public life, and I mention this only to emphasize my statement that these extraordinary means to pass this most extraordinary bill with a route already fixed upon the face of it, come and come alone from the idea that they want not to carry out the ore from these mines but to carry passengers into the Park.

Mr. President, I said, and I said it deliberately, that the construction of this railroad meant the destruction of that park, and I repeat it distinctly. I do not mean to say, that the construction of this railroad will immediately frighten away all the game from the park and burn the forests and close up the geysers hermetically, but I do mean to say that the construction of this or any other railroad within its territorial limits breaks down the purpose and object for which that park was created and it ceases to be a park.

The original idea was that this National Park should remain in original condition exempt from the ordinary mercantile and commercial interests of this great country. Once let in this railroad, the agent of commerce, and you destroy the park. Afterward the number of railroads that go into the park amounts simply to nothing, for the idea upon which the park was based will have been destroyed and destroyed forever. If this railroad be constructed in the most beautiful portion of the park, it will be a very few months until another bill will be proposed to construct a railroad from Green River upon the Union Pacific up to Lewis Lake and connecting with the Northern Pacific. Three years ago when I passed on horseback along this route the survey had been made up to the park, and I saw the pegs which the engineers had driven for the projected road of which I now speak. A bill was pending here in the last Congress for the construction of this road by Lewis Lake, pressed I do not know in what interest, but I very much suspect in the same interest as the bill now pending before this body. Construct this road and then road after road will demand admission from every direction into the Yellowstone Park, and that is the end of the idea upon which it was originally organized.

Mr. President, I shall indulge in no rhetoric in speaking of the wonderful scenery, of the geysers, of the Yellowstone Falls. I shall leave that to others if they see proper to address the Senate on a subject which admits of the largest amount of descriptive power without going beyond the truth. But leaving aside the æsthetic idea of a park for the people, for the preservation of the great game of this continent, and appealing only to the mercenary idea, let me say to the Senate that the construction of this railroad means the destruction of the timber upon the headwaters of the Missouri River, thereby affecting the whole Southern country to the mouth of the Mississippi. It goes without saying that the existence of those forests to-day is the most potent agency toward preventing overflows in the lower and Southern country. The forests in their primeval condition, with their ferns and mosses and leaves and verdure, absorb the heavy and enormous rains which periodically fall in that portion of our country and prevent their sweeping down over a bald surface until they press to satiety the lower rivers and cause the overflows which are so destructive to property in some of the Southern States.

Mr. VORHEES—May I ask the Senator what is the proposed length of this road in the Park?

Mr. VEST—There is no survey, as I have said; but the accounts as to distance differ. My own personal knowledge leads me to say that this road will run from 60 to 65 miles inside the National Park. The Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Butler] says no. Here is the evidence so complete and conclusive that no human being can doubt it. Here is the testimony of General Sheridan and of Mr. W. Hallett Phillips and an officer of the Geological Survey, Mr. Hague, all of whom make substantially the same statement.

It has been said—and I will read these statements at leisure if any Senator desires to hear them or I will have them read—it has been said by some of these witnesses that the distance is 46 to 50 miles; but I assert from what I know of the country between Cinnabar, on the route proposed, up the Yellowstone River, and then up the East Fork, and then up Soda Butte Creek to the Clark's Fork mines, that it is nearer 65 than 46 miles.

Mr. INGALLS—Do you mean 65 miles south of the northern boundary?

Mr. VEST—I mean 65 miles on this proposed route.

Mr. INGALLS—Not 65 miles south of the northern boundary of the Park.

Mr. VEST—No; the most extreme point south of the northern boundary is about 11 miles; that is, a direct line from the northern boundary of the Park to the most extreme point on this proposed route; but I am speaking now of the longitudinal distance from where it enters the Park on the north, near Cinnabar, which is the terminus of the branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad nearest the Park, up the Yellowstone River to its eastern fork and the Soda Butte Creek to the Clark's Fork mines. That I say is 65 miles or in that vicinity.

Mr. VORHEES—I do not wish to interrupt the Senator, but as this subject is somewhat new to me I should like to have his comment on this part of the report accompanying the bill. The report says:

This company was organized under the laws of the Territory of Montana to construct a railroad from Cinnabar, the terminus of the Livingston branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad, on the Yellowstone River, about five miles north of the northern boundary of the Park, to reach Clark's Forks mining district, in Southern Montana, lying a few miles north of the northeast corner of the Park.

Each end of this road, according to this report, is outside the Park.

Mr. VEST—That is true. But if the Senator from Indiana will simply look at the map of the Yellowstone Park which I have here, and which has the railway marked on it, he will see exactly where that route runs.

For General Sherman I have very great regard, and however much we may differ from him in regard to his conclusions, he is always frank and honest in their utterance. When General Sherman was in the Park, the year before I was there the first time, he came to the conclusion that the game could never be preserved in that Park, and that the idea that the great game of this country, the bison, the elk, and the black tail deer, could be preserved at all was simply Utopian and ideal; but to one who has been accustomed to field sports and the habits of game it is not difficult to conceive how a preserve could be created, with even imperfect guardianship, which would very soon induce the large game to congregate there and consider themselves safe from all assault. Instinct far surpasses intellect when we consider the wonderful intelligence of animals in selecting localities in which they are safe from the pursuit of the huntsman.

Let there be, as there has been upon the Potomac River, a preserve like that of the Woodmont Club, with 10,000 acres

of land only, and with only three gamekeepers. In less than eighteen months after that preserve was created the deer from all the adjacent mountains, finding this a comparatively safe refuge, when started from their covers immediately made this preserve the objective point, until to-day there are more deer found upon that 10,000 acres, I undertake to say, than on any other 10,000 acres in the Eastern States.

Now, let me read, if the Senator pleases, while upon this idea, a letter coming from a practical hunter and woodsman whose opinion and testimony is worth all the rhetoric and all the appeals that may be made in this Chamber within the next five hours. When in the Yellowstone Park I made the acquaintance of Mr. Hofer, one of those men fast disappearing now from the frontier, who live in the forest—men who, like Daniel Boone and Kenton, when their cattle mingled with those of a neighbor twenty-five miles distant, thought the towns and cities were encroaching upon the domain which they loved so well, and immediately moved further west. This man Hofer lives in the mountains. He knows by instinct almost equal to that of the animals themselves their habits. Here is his testimony in regard to the result of even the imperfect guardianship which we have been enabled under an act of Congress to put over this splendid park. Mark you, it is a part of 3,300 square miles, with such rivers and mountains and lakes and waterfalls, to say nothing of the wonderful geysers, as the whole world beside does not furnish. Mr. Hofer, writing to Mr. Hallett Phillips, says, speaking of the proposed railroad:

The country which they propose to go through is about all the ground that is used as a winter range or feeding ground for elk, bison and antelope within the limits of the Park. If it is cut off and a railroad run through, you may as well kill off the game at once, for it will be driven off. The idea that teams, etc., frighten off the game is foolish. All winter elk have fed in sight and close to the wagon road. I have the Government stock now on the east fork of Gardner. Often the elk come down among the mules and horses and feed with them. All winter elk, antelope and mountain sheep have been with our stock. It is the shooting and loud noises that scare off the game. A thousand teams would be hauling freight to Cook all winter and the game never leave on their account; so long as they do not shoot at them, so long will the game have no fear of teams. It is in winter that the game wants to be protected. In summer they can go anywhere, but in winter there is only a small portion of the Park where they can stay. The railroad would take that from them. I have been here long enough to know how it will work. All of you who are interested in the Park know it only in summer. You should know that the snow is so deep in winter, through the Park, that game must come out to live.

He then shows that the country through which the railroad would penetrate is the only locality where the game comes out to feed. He concludes by saying that the objection to a railroad across the Snow Mountains on account of the depth of snow, is untenable, that all the narrow gauge railroads in Colorado run through more snow than ever falls in the Snow Mountains; the snowfall in Colorado being from five to ten feet more.

Mr. President, that letter may be roughly written, but it comes from a huntsman, a man who has lived in those mountains for years, who has had charge of the Government stock during the last winter, who testifies now that the elk and the antelope and the bison and the deer come down to feed with his stock. That is worth all the declarations of these speculators that could be piled on these tables until they reached the ceiling.

It is said here that the wagon-roads scare off the game. Under the present administration in that Park the game has increased and more than doubled within the last two years, a change for the better which is almost beyond description. But now if this railroad is constructed all that has been done for the preservation of the game goes for nothing. Every Senator who has been in the vicinity of that Park or within its territorial limits knows that for twelve and fourteen and fifteen months at a time not one single drop of rain falls.

In traveling on horseback from the Union Pacific to the Northern Pacific Railroad, as I did three years ago, we traveled for days over fallen timbers, intertwined, thrown there by the fires which originated from a single spark, perhaps from the carelessness of some camper or hunter who had left his camp-fire burning and gone on his next day's journey. During these terrible seasons of drought the forests become like tinder and a single spark starts a conflagration which destroys hundreds of miles of magnificent timber. Is it necessary for me to call the attention of the Senate to the danger that would be a thousand times multiplied by the construction of a railroad through such a country as that?

Mark you, sir, this proposed route goes up the Yellowstone River, through the most beautiful forests in that whole park. It is almost impossible now, with ten assistant superintendents, all mountaineers, to keep the fires from destroying all the timber on the headwaters of the Missouri and Columbia rivers. Now are we, without a preliminary survey, under the influence—I will not say the influence, but under the persistent labor of these speculators and their attorneys—to put this railroad through that park, have this timber destroyed, and give up the idea on which the park was originally constructed, and for what? Upon the assertion that they desire to reach some undeveloped mines of enormous wealth, according to their statement, and yet they are not willing to furnish fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars with which to make a survey of a route to them. I must be excused if I doubt the statement that they desire to carry out the ore; I must be excused if I further doubt the statement that there is no other route by which they can reach those mines. I have here a letter from Lieutenant Bailey, of the United States Army:

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY,
Fort Keogh, Mont., May 31, 1884.
SENATOR—I am in receipt of a letter from Colonel Gregory, of General Sheridan's staff, informing me that you are interested in affairs concerning the Yellowstone Park and desirous of obtaining information relative to the practicability of building a railroad from the Northern Pacific Railroad into Cook City [which is the Clark's Fork mining district] by way of Boulder Creek. [That does not touch the Yellowstone Park at all.] In reply thereto I have the honor to inform you that in the fall of 1878 I marched up that creek to near its head with wagons and had scouts made from my camp to the head of the creek. From recollection—my notes having been lost or destroyed—I am of the opinion that a railroad can be built up Boulder Creek to its head and that a pass can be found over the divide through which it would be practicable to build a railroad. After crossing the divide by skirting along the foot of the mountains, a gradual descent into Cook City can be obtained. From about 6 miles above the Natural Bridge dense timber will be encountered on Boulder Creek, but a roadway could easily be opened and the timber utilized in many ways.

My opinion is based not only upon my own observations and the reports of my scouts, but also upon the statement of my guide, who had hunted through that region for years, that if it became necessary for me to go into the Park by that route, he could take me there by crossing the divide at the head of Boulder Creek, and then down either Hell Roaring or Soda Butte Creek, the latter affording the most easy passage of the two. I was informed before going into Boulder Creek, by men who claimed to have a thorough knowledge of the Snow Mountains, that there were only two passes over them, one by Boulder Creek, the other by Clark's Fork, and the passes shown on the accompanying map confirm their statements. I return herewith the map sent me by Colonel Gregory with my proposed route marked thereon in red ink. If more definite and accurate in-

formation is desired, I am willing to make a survey of the route. Trusting that information contained herein may be of service to you, I am, Senator, your obedient servant, H. K. BAILEY.

First Lieutenant and Adjutant, Fifth Infantry.
HON. GEORGE G. VEST, United States Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C.

There is the statement of an Army officer who has been over the Boulder route, and who says it is practicable for the construction of a railroad. But, Mr. President, there is a feature in this bill to which I ask the attention of the Senate.

Mr. ALLISON—May I ask the Senator a question before he proceeds further?

Mr. VEST—Certainly.

Mr. ALLISON—I ask whether this bill is recommended either by the Interior Department or War Department?

Mr. VEST—It is not; and upon the contrary the Secretary of the Interior has laid before the Senate in a report here, which covers every detail of this measure, his opposition to it and his reason for that opposition.

I am authorized to say that the Secretary of War is opposed to it, and the commanding General of the Army, General Sheridan, who is familiar with that country and has been over it time and time again, is also opposed to it, and his letter is here before the Senate.

Mr. BUTLER—I think it should be stated in that connection that the present Secretary of the Interior as a Senator and a member of the Committee on Railroads reported in favor of this identical bill.

Mr. ALLISON—I see by the original act that the Secretary of the Interior is charged with the control and care of this park.

Mr. VEST—He is. The Secretary of the Interior has control of this park under the law.

In reply to the Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Butler] I have simply to remark that while the Secretary of the Interior was a member of that committee as a Senator, I undertake to say now, for I have it from him, that he knew nothing about this bill, that he paid no attention to it, that there were personal and family circumstances then existing which prevented his attention to it.

Mr. BUTLER—I am only governed by the record.

Mr. VEST—I will explain that record, and I put against that record the official statement of the Secretary of the Interior to-day, when he is acting as Secretary of the Interior, and by virtue of that office is custodian of this park. He opposes this measure in every way possible. I undertake to say that every man who knows anything of the park and is interested in its preservation is opposed to it. Mr. W. Hallett Phillips, who was sent there as agent of the Interior Department, gives his reasons in opposition to it. Mr. Hague, whom I met in the park as a member of the Geological Survey, gives his reasons at length against it. The park superintendent is against it; and old Jack Barronet, the father of the guides in the West, has written me in opposition to this railroad. I stand here to-day and say from my own personal knowledge of that country and of the Park that the construction of this railroad is absolutely the destruction of the Park itself.

Now, Mr. President, a few words as to the extraordinary provisions of this bill. Section 4 provides:

That if said road shall not be constructed and in running order within three years from and after the passage of this act, the right of way hereby granted shall thereupon be forfeited, and this condition is expressly understood to be a condition precedent as to all rights granted hereby; and in case of a breach of the condition of this section, all rights granted hereby shall revert to the United States by operation of this provision, without the necessity of any action by Congress: *Provided*, That the grant hereby shall not be held or construed as exclusive, so as to prevent the allowance of the locating other roads along the valley or route adopted under this act, under such grants and regulations as Congress may make and provide and the courts equitably administer.

Why is that provision put in this bill? Why was it necessary to suggest that other roads might be constructed along this same river? Why is the idea sedulously inculcated in this provision of the bill that this shall not be the only railroad that goes into the Park?

As I said before, there was a bill pending here in the last Congress for the construction of a road from Green River on the Union Pacific up by Lewis Lake to Cinnabar. That bill has not been presented at this session. It is held in abeyance and reserve; but just so soon as the present bill is enacted into a law, this other set of speculators will come to Congress and we are stopped from denying them the right to enter the Park because we have given the privilege to the gentlemen now asking it. If we once break up the idea of this being a Park exclusively, that is the end of the act of 1873, and for myself I have no more concern with that Park or anything pertaining to it.

Mr. President, I have spoken earnestly. I have no interest in this matter except as a citizen and a Senator. I have no feeling except the feeling of one who knows the truth of what he says and desires to impress it upon his fellow Senators. I impute no motive other than a proper one to anybody. Indignantly repudiate the aspersion of any improper motive to myself.

I do not propose to urge upon the Senate that they shall interfere with the commerce of the country, that they shall break up the great railroad system of the country in order to preserve the wild game of the West, or in order to preserve the geysers and lakes and waterfalls and mountains of that wonderful region.

I do not believe this railroad is necessary. I believe it is certain that the real purpose is not put upon the face of this bill. It was said two years ago when this bill was first brought here that they were willing to put a provision in it, and the then Commissioner of Railroads, who was a stockholder in the mines, stated to various Senators, myself included, that they were willing to put in a provision, that nothing but freight should be carried upon the cars of this projected company. But, sir, the bill is changed; it now provides for freight and passengers, with depots at each ten miles. It proposes to run to the Soda Butte Springs, the most wonderful mineral springs in the whole of the Western States and Territories. It is a passenger road. The idea is to get into the Park, and then when the main line is constructed up the Yellowstone River it follows as a corollary, as a logical sequence, that branches are to be constructed and run down the geysers, to the Yellowstone Lake, and to the falls of the Yellowstone.

Once put a railroad of that sort in the Park, and I for one will vote to throw the whole park into the public domain and let the first and fastest man enter Old Faithful for laundry purposes and take the great falls of the Yellowstone for a mill. I would not give one farthing for that Park if this bill become a law. I would not entertain the idea of wasting one hour of my time hereafter upon the Park if this legislation is once had and this entering step is once taken by this Congress.

Mr. BUTLER—Mr. President, I am very sorry that I can

not sympathize entirely with my friend, the honorable Senator from Missouri, in the esthetic view he takes of this case.

Mr. VEST—I am past that word "esthetic."
Mr. BUTLER—I say it with all respect. Of course while I have great admiration and respect for that Senator, I do not sympathize with him. He has had the good fortune to have hunted in that great Park of the West, and fished in its streams and enjoyed its magnificent scenery. I have never had that opportunity, and, as my friend from Mississippi [Mr. George] says, very few of my constituents will ever have that opportunity, and I do not know but that about the best disposition which can be made of that Park would be to do as my friend has suggested, throw it open for settlement under the land laws of the United States. I think perhaps that would be about as well as anything else. I agree entirely with General Sherman about that, whose letter I will read. I know nothing about this railroad bill except such information as I have acquired by reason of my position upon the Committee on Territories. The bill came to the Committee on Territories, why, I confess I do not understand. It had before had the unanimous report of the Railroad Committee of this body, and I suppose I may refer to the other House, because their report is before us, and it has had a unanimous report from the committee of the House.

At this point the debate was interrupted by the receipt of messages from the President, and was not resumed.

HOW LONG CAN FOXES RUN?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent from Massachusetts says that he never saw a hound that could catch one of their foxes in 20 hours, and that his pack has run them for 30 hours without a catch. I agree with "Red Eye," of Virginia, that no hound ever ran 48 hours; it is beyond the endurance of any dog to run that long. They may what we call trail a fox as long as that; just follow the foot scent.

Last season I visited a friend some 20 miles away for a fox hunt. The night I reached his place was a beautiful bright night, and he insisted we should have a run that night. We struck a track about 9 o'clock (now remember I do not say we started the fox). The fox was a gray one out hunting. In 30 minutes after we struck the track I knew that the fox had heard the dogs, and did not intend for them to get a run on him. They trailed him all night and until about 10 o'clock the next day. I saw him about this time, and he looked like a fox just started. One of our sweeping dogs, Mait, swept and struck within two hundred yards of the fox. His deep, powerful tongue soon called the pack to him, and in 20 minutes the fox was dead. I can kill a red fox with my pack much quicker than I can a gray. They reach too far over a gray in his dodges; so lose time and give him a chance to put in some of his tricks. If the gentleman of Massachusetts thinks one of his foxes can't be caught in 20 minutes let him send one down, and will give the fox a range of the country for a week so as to get the best running ground, and if our dogs don't kill him in four hours I will make him a present of a pair of our best dogs.

I myself have had an experience with hounds for over 20 years, and never owned or saw a hound that could run more than 8 hours without checks and losses. I should like to know where the gentleman gets his authority that Col. Tucker has the fastest hounds in the South. It has not been my experience that they are fast, neither do I think any one says so except Col. Tucker himself. HOUNDING.

PINE VIEW, Va.

NEW JERSEY WOODCOCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I hope that you will not consider me annoying, but your compilations of the game laws and your reply in your personal column to my inquiry a week or two ago in regard to the legality of shooting woodcock on the first day of July has called forth the inclosed remarks which appeared in the Bridgeton Evening News of Saturday, July 25.

I find upon looking up the revised game laws that in 1881 the following act was passed:

"That from and after the passage of this act, no person shall kill, take or expose for sale, or have unlawfully in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any woodcock except only between the first day of July and the first day of August and between the last day of September and the sixteenth day of December." If your views are in any way modified by this I hope it will call forth a prominent reply in the columns of your paper and you may possibly be the means of preventing a lawsuit which will undoubtedly occur if any woodcock are shot on the first day of July in this section of New Jersey. Hoping that none of our sportsmen will involve themselves in a legal difficulty, I remain,

DAVID R. STREETS.

BRIDGETON, N. J., June 26.

MUZZLE vs. BREECH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice a great mistake in my article in the turkey shoot in your columns (April 8, 1886), which I wish to correct. It arose from an error in copying it for the press, and as it has called out some criticism on my muzzleloader shooting I wish to set matters right. My rifle in that article stands credited with shooting but 175 yds., which is in fact less than one-half the distance I shot it. It was the breechloaders which shot 175 yds., their longest range, while my muzzleloader shot 385 yds.; neither of these distances were measured, but were so estimated on the ground. I think I shot about 80 rods, but have placed it at 75 rods. The breechloaders, be it remembered, did not get a single turkey for dinner at 175 yds., but they did get one after it was moved up nearer to them two or three times. Poor turkey, if he could have reasoned he would have seen in these move-ups his end approaching at some time. The breechloaders also got four turkeys at 50 yds. by shooting at their heads, but I took no stock in this kind of shooting—it would have been murder indeed to the turkeys to have had my rifle shot at them at this distance. To repeat, it stands thus:

1. Muzzleloader, 70 rods, 385 yds, killed 4 turkeys.
4. Breechloaders, 32 rods, 175 yds., killed 1 turkey, moved up.
4. Breechloaders, same guns, 50 yds., killed 4 turkeys.
Total killed, 9, of which I got 4 out of 20 shots with my strange rifle, and most of these shots were "feelers" among the feathers to find the center of these birds of the "order turkey shoot," "genus crow," "form flaxseed." The two long ranges not being given made it more difficult to adjust the rifles on their bodies, and it never will be known how long the breechloaders would have been at this if that turkey had remained 175 yds. away only. My rifle brought out the feathers 14 times in all, and if I had not been ruled out on killing the fourth turkey I think my turkey meat after that last shot would have stood me in about two cents per pound, a discount the turkey man did not care to engage in; so he ruled me and my "old Betsy" sweepstakes out of the ring and play. All right! Not unusual!! As previously stated, the breechloaders did the most shooting. They commenced early and banged away till late. They showed most admirable pluck considering the difficulties they encountered in getting turkeys.

The trouble was they had come to the shoot with the wrong kind of rifles—rifles that shot very weak from shooting too little powder and ponderous bolts of lead, thereby imparting to the bullets but a

slow velocity, thereby producing an unusual high curve or trajectory, thereby, when used as hunting rifles, shooting over and missing most of the game at an 1 along mid-range, and under and missing all of it beyond the point blank range. They also scatter their bullets more or less widely.

These great faults (and others) make them generally poor hunting rifles, especially for all small game, and poor rifles for close shooting. I refer more particularly to American made breechloaders and their ammunition, the rifles are issued from the factories. The English rifles do some better—they use more powder and get flatter curves. All of these things have been demonstrated and proven time and again by Major Merrill and his experiments, by "P." and his experiments, also by others, and then came your own invaluable trial of hunting rifles last fall, which completely sealed the whole affair. So what is the use of me to spend any more words, or for the few who are at interest in these rifles and the ammunition, to longer "kick against the pricks." We are told it is hard to do so.

And now comes, in our April 22 number, J. T. Clapp, who offers his criticism on my article and says: "I myself cling to extreme accuracy and value any rifle according to its accuracy." This is excellent doctrine indeed! Here we agree; let us both stick to these sentiments and show it by the rifle we carry. The "crowing efforts," says he, "of killing or wounding four turkeys, any rest (32), thirty-two rods distant, by shooting twenty shots, is by no means wonderful." He is right. Nor is it "wonderful" that the breechloaders could not get a single turkey at this distance. It often happens thus, or nearly so, and it often happens, as in this case, to say the breechloaders were not "good ones." Here we again agree; they were not good ones, as is usual, and so they got but little meat. He will now learn that I killed my turkeys (not "wounded" them) at 385 yds., if not over. This reminds me of the old spelling book fable which reads: "And if, and if, said the farmer, that alters the case." "Just set Just so!" as Solon Shingle would say. And what does Mr. Clapp think of the shooting now? It is not "wonderful" to him, we presume, but explain how it is in regard to "the missing breechloaders" there is there no "wonder" there? As for myself, I do not claim my shooting to be wonderful. No, very far from it; but it was very good considering this was the first time I had tried my rifle at this new business. "Old Betsy" did first-rate, you see.

He refers "to a person about to buy a rifle," to such I would say that my shooting on this occasion suggests in the strongest language that there is much more "worth having" or possessing in the muzzleloader that kills the game, than the breechloader which misses it. The proof of the pudding is in the eating; and the proof of the good turkey rifle is in the turkey it brings in from the turkey shoot, to make up the family roast. Just so; and it is the same thing in the woods and on a hunt. The steady shooting rifle crows the camp with abundant food and this imparts much joy, while the unsteady weak shooting one leaves it comparatively in emptiness and grief. Use a good muzzleloader, and for all kinds of game you will always be crowned with the very best possible success considering all the circumstances of shooting.

"Why," says he, "at a range in a small country town a few miles from here, where nothing else is used but breechloaders, they shoot eighty rods at chickens, not old hens, and hit them too, and more than four out of twenty shots." Query, how many days old were these chickens? Why not be more humane and shoot at the egg itself? Query, what becomes of these "chickens, not old hens," after one of these long breechloader bullets, of the young ramrod "order," and a little less than two inches long passes through them? With light and small shot it is not too much left of the small turkeys; then how as to the "chickens, not old hens"? Were their wings in circles of flesh, or only scattered fragments of sinews and feathers?

"That club," says he, "uses Sharps, Whitney and Remington rifles without producing a gyratory motion to their bullets." This, if so, is "wonderful." But he is in error and it is time he found it out. Proof, study well the report of FOREST AND STREAM, made on a trial of hunting rifles last September and October, where these three makes of rifles were carefully tested from well selected specimens. This report may be had for fifty cents by addressing the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 39 Park Row, New York, and every novice with the rifle should certainly have it, and indeed all old rifle shooters should have it also. Especially should rifle makers have it and profit by its useful lessons. If not satisfied with this proof, then make careful experiments with these rifles by shooting them, say 200 yds., through successive screens, aligned 25 yds. apart along the range, and then work out and plot the shots, both vertically and horizontally. If your rifle is a careful and correct one, you will soon find out that these rifles do impart gyratory motion or less a gyratory flight to the bullet, and this too when shooting the long bullets from the shell. And the short conoidal hunting bullet shall be shot from the shell they will fly much worse still, and the gyratory flight will be more marked and of course the shots more scattering than with the long bolt bullet.

I leave others to explain why these things are so, and now comes up, after many long years of trial, the question, can these evils be remedied? If yes, proceed to it at once and due notice to the public a good strong and steady shooting rifle, and it will be satisfied with it, as it was with the good muzzleloader before fashion and folly set it aside for the new style of rifle. The public are getting very tired of these, as hunting rifles generally, and it only now wants a few bold and disinterested leaders to forsake them for the masses to follow them, and with a high glee at that.

I presume Mr. Clapp has never used and thoroughly tested a good muzzleloader, and, but a very few rifle shooters of this generation have done so, and they are entirely ignorant of what they can do, and what for a century they did before they were run down, ridiculed and advertised almost out of sight by monopolists, their agents and followers. The tyros of to-day's shooting should, in my humble opinion, remain silent for a time on the rifle, but in the meantime try to learn the facts in regard to them from others of more experience and knowledge, and after they shall have learned both sides of this question and know their lessons well, then will be the proper time for them to write, and then their next assured and certain readers will appreciate their writings. Let such now learn that the late trial of FOREST AND STREAM has, under existing conditions, settled and sealed one question of great merit as between the muzzleloader and breechloader rifle, and vastly in favor of the former. The question was, which of these two types of rifles make the flattest curve or lowest trajectory?

As a very flat trajectory is the result of great velocity to the bullet, and vice versa, a high trajectory is the result of slow velocity to the bullet. The question under another form is, which type of rifles sends its bullet the swiftest and therefore the straightest, provided the rifle shoots steady?

As a swift bullet is indicative of great power and force in the rifle, to penetrate, paralyze and kill. The question under a third form virtually was, which type of rifles shoots the swiftest, strongest and straightest, and which, therefore, makes the best hunting rifle under this test.

The answer, you see, came at each shot and every trial throughout from Alpha to Omega, from the beginning to the end, in favor of the old, true and much honored muzzleloader. Then bow to great merit.

Proof. See the "Tabulated Summary of Trajectory Test," in the pamphlet report of FOREST AND STREAM's trial at the Creedmoor range, Sept. 26-Oct. 10, 1885. There were in all thirty-one breechloaders presented by the best makers and tested at this trial; also one English-made breechloader, presented indirectly by Mr. Bland, the hunter; and two American muzzleloaders. Behold the general result.

1. Thomas Bland & Sons' English double express, .45-cal. breechloader, beat (and very badly, too) the 31 American breechloaders. It shot strong, very strong, and almost equal to the two muzzleloaders.
2. But Bland's muzzleloader beat Bland's rifle about 15 per cent. at mid range in a 300 yds. trajectory, and also all the 31 American breechloaders, and very, very badly, too, to wit: From 39 per cent. as the English-made breechloader, up to 343 per cent. as the most (Stevens' hunter's pet, .32-cal., No. 25). (Special—Trajectory No. 21a, Whitney, being abnormal, is not regarded.)
3. Merrill's muzzleloader also beat Bland's rifle (very slightly) and all the 31 breechloaders at 50 yds. in a 100 yds. range, very, very badly (and Bland's slightly), to wit: It beat the 31 American breechloaders all the way from 38 per cent. as the least, up to 278 per cent. as the most.

4. Summary: The two muzzleloaders individually beat all (32) the breechloaders individually from the beginning to the end of the trial, most wonderful.

To say they "beat them very, very badly" does not fully express it. The American rifles were, in sporting language, more than "distanced," every one of them was left behind in speed, "way out of sight" in fact, as the relative heights (inversely as the velocities) of the trajectories prove. What more on this score can possibly be asked of the muzzleloaders? Pray tell us what more and it will respond? If the trial had been for steady shooting and close target, I feel warranted in saying that my own experience, as well as the marks that are made by the editor in FOREST AND STREAM as well as in the pamphlet, that the beat of the muzzleloaders in steady shooting, as against the average of all the 31 breechloaders, would have been much greater than the great beat in flat curves, and not much short of 500 per cent. beat on a general average for the 31 rifles, 300 yds. range, and 250 per cent. for the 100 yds. range.

NAPOLÉON MERRILL.

ALLEN's bow-facing ears can be attached to any boat in 5 minutes. Try them. Little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Adv.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Salem, June 23.—Woodcock are reported by several parties as doing well, and I think partridges ought to be fairly plenty. Peeps, ringnecks and some summer yellowlegs, ought to be along in the course of a couple of weeks.—X. Y. Z.

FAIRFIELD, Nebraska, June 5.—The quail in this section of Nebraska, and probably in the State generally, were almost all killed off by last winter's severe cold and abundant snow.—F. M. W.

HOPE ISLAND, as described in our advertising columns, is a capital ground for a sportsmen's or yachtsmen's club.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

AN OUTING ON NICKATOUS.

THE months of anticipation from May to September had at last passed away, and our time had come. The preparations which had been going on for several weeks were completed, and the boxes containing provisions, blankets and tent, with personal luggage, had been checked for Enfield, Maine.

Our party consisted of three, one lady and two gentlemen. Without a northeast storm was raging, but within the comfortable, lighted car, we gave ourselves up to the feeling of perfect satisfaction, which can come only with a release from the business and home duties of the past year, and the beginning of the fulfillment of the plans for a fortnight in the woods, which had been in view for several months. Especially was this true with the lady, for this was to be her first experience in camp life.

We were pleasantly surprised to find among our fellow passengers several whom we had met before on our fishing excursions, and therefore the hour or two before we turned in was agreeably spent in recalling reminiscences of former trips, and in indulging in speculations of coming days. Arriving at the country station at 8 o'clock in the morning, we were ready for the ten mile ride. The morning was bright and clear; the atmosphere keen and bracing; the roads in fine condition after the recent storm, and our ride over the hills, giving us fine views of scenery, distant mountains with beautiful lakes nestled at their feet, was full of the keenest enjoyment. Now and then, old Katahdin lifted his head away in the north, and to the west, the range of hills which lay over toward Monson and Blanchard. Bright bits of color from the changing maples added beauty to the scene, and it was all too soon that we drew up before the comfortable hotel, kept by mine host Page.

Monday dawned muggy and rainy, but with that uncertainty which is always perplexing. If you decide to start it is sure to rain; but on the contrary, if you decide to stay it will certainly clear, just too late. Our baggage was loaded, with the two canoes lashed over all, and we followed in a lighter wagon later. Not many miles had been covered before the clouds disappeared and the sun came out bright and warm.

Our route after a few miles changed into a rough tote road, used only by the lumbermen in winter to cart in supplies. Rough was no word for it; over rocks and trees, into deep mud holes we plunged, until it seemed as if every bone in our body was out of joint, and walking was much less fatiguing than riding. Reaching Gilman's at last—the only frame building for miles around—we found our guides had loaded our baggage and canoes on a jumper and were ready for a three-mile carry to the river above the falls. After a half hour's rest and a light lunch we followed over a fair carry, all the way through beautiful pine woods and the forest primeval. The river was reached none too soon, our canoes launched and baggage loaded as only those experienced men of the craft know how. It is surprising how much can be stowed away in a canoe—boxes of provisions, bales of blankets, tent, axe, fishing rods, nets, etc., and yet room for the guide and two passengers to each canoe. A comfortable seat, raised slightly from the bottom of the canoe, had been arranged for my wife. At length all was ready, and taking our paddles against the strong current, we headed up stream. It was simply delightful! The constantly changing scene which every turn of the river brought to view; the brilliant coloring of the maples on the shore touched by the sinking sun; the deep dark green of the forest, and not a sound to break the stillness except as our voices sounded over the water. On we paddled, occasionally coming to the rapids, when all was excitement, as we chose the deep channels and pulled the birches against the rushing water. An hour brought us to the lake, and carrying round the dam at the outlet, we launched upon Nickatous Lake, one of the prettiest sheets of water I have ever seen.

Now we must take strong, deep strokes with our paddles, for daylight is fast passing, and camp must be pitched and made ready for night. Two miles up the lake we found a convenient camp ground, in a sheltered inlet from the shore of which a tote road had been cut, used in winter to haul logs to the water's edge. Upon high ground, one hundred feet from the shore, was a small clearing surrounded by heavy timber, out of sight from the lake, yet commanding a view up and down for several miles.

Here we pitched our tent, started our camp fire, gathered browse for our beds, and had supper under way just in time, for the daylight had gone, darkness had come, and by the light of our camp-fire we ate our first supper in camp. What a world of suggestion in that expression! How it brings to the mind of each camper thoughts of the pleasantest hours of one's life.

Such appetites! The slice of bacon done just to a turn, the boiled potatoes so mealy that their jackets drop off, the hot biscuit, and the cup of tea, and finally the buckwheat cakes with maple syrup to top off. All better than one's own mother could make. We actually look at our supplies in alarm, and wonder if they will hold out.

Supper over and cleared away, the fir bows laid thick for beds, everything made snug, and we are ready to sit around our fire and lay our plans for the morrow and listen to a story or two from our guides. It does not take long to get acquainted with Willis—droll fellow. He provokes many a peel of laughter with his odd expressions and funny stories, and the genial warmth of the fire (for the night is cool) is pleasant. But we have had a hard day's work, conversation

at last lags, and we are in readiness to turn. Our tent is eight feet square, three foot wall, arranged with a curtain running full length, and from peak to floor. Spreading first our rubber blankets to keep out the dampness, then getting into our blanket bags, drawing up our heavy woolen blankets over us, we soon fall asleep, and Camp Sanford is in silence.

Of the days that followed it would be nearly impossible to speak in detail. The memory now is one delightful whole, yet there are incidents which are engraved on our minds as pictures never to be effaced; and during the long winter months, while our rods and camp kit are carefully packed away, the recollection of these days and nights under canvas comes back with realistic pleasure.

Of our guides, a word: The older one, on whom rested the greater responsibility, was a quiet, steady fellow about thirty-three years old, a man of family, who for several winters had been in charge of lumber camps, and was also active on the "drive" in the spring. A man of muscle, who could handle a canoe well in a heavy sea and was quick to choose the best places in running the rapids, a good cook, a first-rate shot, as our table frequently testified, and a man not often to be second in reaching the heart of a large hemlock. In his honor was our wangan named Camp Sanford. Willis was his opposite in many respects—quick, agile, impulsive—one of those lucky fellows likely at any time to get into a scrape, yet always coming out right side up; quick to learn, willing to work and worth his price any day for the fun he would make, always good-natured, looking on the bright side and not often caught napping. His hearty "Well boys, this is a pretty good day for eatin'," as he held up a good string of trout, the result of a morning's catch; or passed his plate for the fourth time to be helped to griddle cakes, will be long remembered. The pleasure he took in looking over our fly-books and the readiness with which he learned the names of our flies until he knew by heart the professor, silver doctor, toodle bug, etc., drew forth from him before our trip was ended, the characteristic remark, "Well now, boys, I'll bet a dollar that I know the names of more flies than any man in Maine, north of Oldtown."

We were fortunate in our weather, having no rain of consequence; the days warm and sunny, and the nights cool, but made bright and beautiful by the light of the harvest moon. Our table was well supplied with the good things carried from Boston, supplemented by the trout and partridges we were successful in bagging. On one occasion when taking a long paddle on the lake, we landed upon a small island completely covered with buckberry bushes, hanging full with the large and luscious fruit. At this we were surprised, it then being later than the middle of September. Wild cranberries, too, were found, but in such condition that our store of sugar was largely reduced to make them palatable.

Our neighbors were few and far between, one or two camps, perhaps, besides our own on this lake twelve miles in length, and occasionally we saw a canoe or heard a rifle shot echoing among the hills. We were isolated from the world, and not a paper or a letter could reach us; and not until ten days after all bets on the Puritan-Genesta race had been paid did we learn of the result. It came to us from a party of Boston gentlemen, whom we met just at dusk one evening on their way to camp, and our first question was, "Who beat in the race?" The answer came back, "The Puritan, by thirty seconds." And then on that lonely lake in the wilds of Maine, three hearty cheers were given for the Boston boat.

In fishing, we had the traditional fisherman's luck. On some days whipping the streams patiently for hours without a rise, and again rewarded by seeing the trout leap from the water for the favorite fly, and our rods bend almost to the double in his efforts to escape. We caught enough, however, for the full supply of our table, and as we are among those who know when they have had enough, we were content. To us the evenings round the camp-fire are one of the pleasantest episodes of open-air life. What more delightful, after a hard day's work, than to lounge around the fire, and watch the flames creep in and out among the logs, the crackling of the sticks and the sparks as they fly upward driven by the wind? What more picturesque than to go a short distance into the deep forest and look down upon the camp, brilliantly lighted by the huge fire leaping ten feet into air, and all around the quiet stillness of the forest, and not a sound save the hooting of an owl or the laughing of a loon away out on the lake? These are the times when the cup of happiness seems full to overflowing, when the cares of business or the quotations of the stock room cease to interest.

Thus the days passed, so full that the daylight was not long enough for all we wished to do, but each surely bringing us to the hour when we must break camp. It came at length. After striking camp and loading the canoes we started on our run of over sixty miles down the river. This took three days. At times our course lay through dead water, the river winding in and out through the forest; at times we ran the rapids, when it required all our skill and exertion to keep the birch from upsetting, and from being dashed against the rocks; again through broad intervals, as we drew nearer civilization, and the occasional farm house on the river bank showed all too plainly, that our vacation trip for '85 was nearing its end. At last the town of Passadunk came into view, we paddled to the shore by the railroad bridge, exchanged our camp suits for those more presentable, shook hands with our guides, and soon were on the train for Boston.

Why is it that so few ladies go with their husbands and brothers to the woods? Why should they not join in the pleasures of camp life and gain the benefit to health which comes with the complete change and life in the open air? In our judgment, if one is well provided with a suitable outfit, and pays a due regard to the laws of health, the risk from exposure is reduced to a minimum, and we venture the prediction that with the increased interest which is now taken in out-of-door sports, the time is not far distant when it will be a common event for ladies to join in the pleasures to be found in the forest and stream.

E. S.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

LAKE MELISSA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Who says fish? I do, and hundreds of them. Black bass, wall eyed pike and gigantic pickerel. A party of us, seven ambitious, embryo fishermen, are camped here, under the shade of the graceful basswood.

Commodiously housed in a good wall tent, we can bid defiance to diurnal storms, and regale ourselves the while in the friendly "seven up" or "raise you one," when we are not yanking the sportive fish from their aqueous element.

We came here from Castleton, D. T., filled with wild expectations of voluminous prey, and our wishes have been more than realized, for to say that this is the "paradise of piscators" is drawing it mild.

On our arrival here, after the "stake-out" and a hearty dinner, our first thought and action was to capture minnows for our bait, and finding them plenty in one of the small connecting streams between the lake and another (Lake Sally), we soon netted a good complement and essayed our victims. Hardly had a line been cast, when "first blood" is heard from one boat and quickly followed by the cry "it is a bass," and such fun. The supple rod bends to the sudden strain, and with anxious eyes all watch the combat. Hurrah! he's landed, and a beauty he is. In quick succession the other rods have their own duty to perform, and ere long all the other boats are well stocked with prime fish of various kinds.

A friendly dispute begins between two occupants of different boats, and high in air is held aloft an eight-pound pickerel. "Show a better if you can," yells its excited captor, and up goes its counterpart. I believe it was decided that they were twins.

We have been here three days, and each a repetition of the other. Uninterrupted success, and we can tally two hundred and fifty as fine fish as ever graced a table.

The accommodations for visitors and sportsmen at Detroit are unexceptionable, and at the boat house near the village is a nice assortment of boats for hire. Be cautious whom you employ as boatmen, and select those who have a reputation for a close mouth and can live on good plain food and drink, without resorting to fire water. A. T. BOND.

DETROIT, MICH., June 17.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CARP LAKE, MICH.—XVII.

AFTER the first feeling of discomfort had passed off we joked and laughed—not "voriferously," however—at our forgetfulness in leaving our trolling gear in camp, and rowed carelessly along, not caring much whether the fish preferred a glittering sham to the toothsome flesh of a speckled frog or not, for to catch fish is not quite all the good there is to be found in going a-fishing.

Dan had "set" his rod between one of the rails supporting the thwart and the side of the boat, and was contentedly puffing at his pipe as he sat facing the bow, when, as we drew near the sunken reef, "whiz, bi-z-z," went the click of his reel with a burst of music that fairly took our breath, and as the old pelican swung his half paralyzed old right leg over the seat, following it with the good left one, so as to face the way the line was running and grabbed the rod, I stopped the boat and gave her sternway, looking then to see a great fight, for no common fish would raise a commotion like that.

But for the first time in all our varied experience of many years together, the old veteran of many hard fought battles lost his head, and actually forgot what he was doing or how to do it. He forgot to hook his neck-strap in the screw eye in the rod, which would have given him a chance to handle the reel with his one good hand; he forgot to let the line run while he took time to do this "hooking up"—without which he can't handle a fish at all of any size—and just held on to the rod like grim death, grasping the reel in such a way that it couldn't turn till the fish, which was pulling like a horse, came so very near taking him over the stern of the boat, that I dropped the oars to reach for him and prevent a catastrophe, in the shape of a good sousing in the lake.

A great surge of the fish, which now had the rod pulled down straight with the tightened line (a new F. braided linen) however, saved Dan a ducking and me the pleasure of fishing him out.

As I got up to step aft and get hold of him and take the rod from his hand, it flew back over his head, and the sudden release of the mighty strain "disturbed his equilibrium," as old Dick expresses it, and he tumbled backward off the seat, flat on his back, in the bottom of the boat. (A fact.)

With the "skipper" it was either laugh or "bust," and I let off a quiet, very circumpect, and decorous chuckle as I picked the old pelican up and replaced him on the seat, a feat requiring not much of an effort, as he only weighs in the neighborhood of ninety-eight pounds.

I handed him his rod, which I had caught and laid forward when he took the tumble, and as he recovered his pipe from the bottom of the boat, he said in his quiet way, but with a "can't-do-the-ease-justice" sort of a look in his old eyes, "Hickory, nothin' makes me so mad as that," and whether this referred to the chuckle that was still "a agitatin' o' my frame," the tumble, or the loss of the fish, I have never had the hardihood since to try to find out.

The line was reeled up to find the hook, a big, strong, No. 17 salmon trout, broken off below the barb, and the sudden ending of the fight and Dan's defeat was accounted for.

We were satisfied it was a "scrouser," but whether pickerel, bass or maskalonge we were unable to make out; bass from the "bustle" he developed, but then we "almost always invariably" as old Dick figures it, lose our biggest fish. The old fishhawk owned up squarely that he had lost his head and was bewildered by the sudden dash of the fish that he never once thought what a reel was made for, but it was too late now to hunt up excuses for his temporary lack of sense, and he was only glad that I was cheated of the pleasure of fishing him out of the lake.

A new hook was tied on and baited with the choicest frog in the buckets, and we pulled along the upper side of the reef out to deep water where a turn was made up lake to make a circuit of a hundred yards or so and come back over the same water where the calamity had overtaken us. As we neared the reef again I struck a fish, which, if not quite so big as the one Dan had lost, was strong enough to break loose after a short, fierce struggle, and then the old pelican just sat there and chuckled himself into a mild "conniption."

We fished around in the vicinity over ten acres of water for half an hour longer without another strike. It was clearly our unlucky day; we could not catch fish even when they were in the humor to be caught, and we headed for camp, trusting that another day would bring better luck.

At Alexander's Point we crossed over to fish past the point, near the mouth of Maybert's Creek, for we did not like to go in without a scale; but here too our unlucky streak followed us, and we pulled down to the point at the old log road and across to camp in the gloaming of the evening without once having had occasion to use our stringers.

Here another backset awaited us. Old Ben met us at the landing with the information that "old Knots had skipped the ranch an' gone down to 'Cootereye's to stay all night an' hev an early start in the mornin' fur the down boat at Sutton's Bay."

It was clearly a case of too many girls for his peace of mind, or a sudden drought in the matter of "festivities," the latter most likely the moving cause, for old Ben said, "the ole feller looked mighty nigh fagged out, an' I reckon he's gone down to look over ole 'Cootereye's cellar an' hist in a 'rejuvenater' er two."

We saw no more of him till we got home, but our good wishes went with him, and we missed him too, for a better comrade never "fit musketers or rashed with a soggy flap-jack" in a fisher's camp than old Knots. KINGFISHER.

DESTRUCTION OF WEAKFISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I learn that one of the crew employed on one of the numerous steam fishing vessels engaged in so called mossbunker fishing in the waters adjacent to our harbor, casually related to a crowd of open-mouthed admirers the facts of a big catch they had met with within the past ten days, just outside Sandy Hook Point. They surrounded with their murderous purse net an immense school of weakfish, on which they were busily employed the greater part of twenty-four hours transferring to their tenders or sailing vessels and the result of their labors must have been over 200 tons of fish. After taking their fish to New York they found that there was no sale for such a quantity, and after disposing of what were in the best condition, the balance were taken to the fish factories to be converted into fertilizer.

Such ruthless destruction of our food fishes is the cause of the scarcity we hear so universally complained of as existing in our waters. It is a crying shame that such work is going on, day in and day out, and a disgrace that a stop cannot be put upon such operations. The fish, when caught in such numbers, roughly handled and thrown in great bulk together, soon become soft and unfit for food. This is particularly so with weakfish, which at this season of the year are coming on our coast full of spawn. To destroy them in vast numbers, as evidenced by this relation, is only to help on the gradual extinction of the species which has grown each year more apparent to those who, when time and opportunity serve, are happy to drop a line in waters where in years gone by glorious fun and success awaited them, but now, alas, the memories of departed days are too often the only reward for their endeavors.

We hope the time will soon come when the attention of our legislators will be given to means to prevent this wholesale destruction. If not given we must make up our minds that angling with rod and reel in New York harbor will be a joy of the past.

AN ANGLER FOR OVER 35 YEARS IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

MURDERING BABY TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your old-time correspondent "Piseco" and I are here in the wilds of Hamilton county, N. Y., fishing the east branch of the West Canada Creek and Wilmot Lake in a miserable easterly storm which has now, June 25, lasted three days without the slightest indication of ever stopping. I have neither time nor inclination to tell you of our mighty deeds nor how I yelled to "Piseco" to "give him line" and his reply of "not a blessed inch," but I do want to make a remark or two on the subject of killing baby trout, and if you think that this is of more interest than a recital of our sport and of the big ones lost then I will defer the latter until I can substitute paper for birch bark.

Age is said to bring wisdom, and this trip has opened my eyes to an evil of long standing, which I have read about but never before realized. The laws of New York have for some years forbidden the killing of brook trout under six inches in length, and, as your attentive readers know, this clause was omitted for some reason in the amended act of last winter. I have read the various adverse criticisms on this omission which have appeared in your columns, but have been totally indifferent to the six-inch law. To me it appeared like legislating that a man may not marry his grandmother; in other words, it forbid a wrong act which few would ever commit. My fishing experience covers several years, a few States and Territories, and two continents, yet never did I see a man kill fingerlings, and hope that I never shall. I have heard men talk of it and praise the table qualities of three-inch trout, but thought it an abnormal taste, and therefore an uncommon one. On such occasions I have answered in a tone of levity that the babies would be be-ter served as an omelet, but conversation with men on this trip has shown me that the killing of baby trout is, in this region at least, a crying sin. It is a sin toward which I never have been tempted and am not inclined, after having learned how to do it. Law or no law, I have put back all trout under six inches, without thinking that it was a sacrifice for the general good, but in the same spirit in which I would release a swallow accidentally taken as the fly was in the air, or a bit of useless weed hooked. As a member of the Ieththophagous Club, which eats everything that comes from the water, whether lizard, fish or snail, I would have been insulted to have a platter of six-inch baby trout set before me. Heretofore I have thought this baby murder to be an occasional crime, but am amazed at its extent in the southern Adirondaeks. I knew a man in Wisconsin who was said to do this thing and he was pointed out by a friend as a man to avoid and I looked at him as a being who was curiously depraved.

Before giving any instances I wish to say: As an angler I am favored with many kind invitations to fish in waters of clubs and of private persons. As a fishculturist in charge of one of the stations of the New York Fish Commission, many applications for trout fry come in the mail from strangers. Now should any of these baby killers have an idea of asking me to fish with them or to stock their ponds, I beg that they will save their postage. I despise and loathe their practices and do not wish for their acquaintance.

A gentleman of Little Falls, in whom we can trust, says that he spent some days this month at Griff Evans's, at the junction of the east and west branches of the West Canada Creek, some four or five miles west of Moorehouseville, in Hamilton county, N. Y., and that men there practiced baby

LAND-LOCKED SALMON, SEBAGO LAKE.—Bill Hodgkins, the well-known guide, reports visiting the fishing grounds in Sebago Lake May 31, and boating three salmon, a total weight of 80 pounds. The Portland Transcript of June 16 reports: "Friday, two Portland gentlemen fishing at the outlet of Sebago Lake caught four salmon and a dozen speckled trout." Last summer several salmon (L L) were taken in the Presumpscot River on flies. Brown hackle for artificial, and "mud fly" for natural, proved the most aggravating. With the increase of fish it looks as if our salmon season would not long be restricted to the first two or three weeks after the ice leaves the lakes.—BLACK SPOT.

killing to a great extent. One man came in with fifty-seven pounds of trout and none were over seven inches in length! Another had thirteen pounds of the same kind. At Ed. Wilkinson's a man brought in a creel full of babies and showed them exultingly. Mr. Stimpson, of the Mountain Home, told me that a man calling himself a sportsman wanted to know where he could go and catch babies, but got no information. Mr. F. A. Walters, superintendent of the Adirondack hatchery, writes me that "a party of three took in Long Pond (near the Sarabacs) in six hours on Wednesday last, June 23, 257 brook trout and left part of them on the shore to spoil." Yet we must stock the streams for the trout hog as well as for decent men. FRED MATHER.

MOUNTAIN HOME, June 26.

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

THE last regular meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association for this season was held at the Parker House June 23, President Samuels presiding, and though many regular attendants are now on their annual pilgrimages to the rivers and forests of Maine, still over thirty responded to the call. The usual routine business was transacted, and three new members were elected. The committee on fisheries reported the following resolution, which was ordered sent to the Senate at Washington:

To the Honorable Senate of the United States of America:

The petition of the undersigned members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association humbly represents that said society has paid much attention to the habits and preservation of the salt-water fish frequenting these coasts, and represents that the increase of the mackerel on the coasts of the United States would be greatly promoted were the custom of taking them in seines during the spawning season broken up by law prohibiting their sale during that season. They also represent that the practice of spring seining tends to obstruct the passage of the fish over shoals, and causes them to seek the waters of the British Provinces. The spawning is substantially over by the middle of June, and from that time the fish begin to improve in condition. Your petitioners think the objections made in some localities to a close season are not tenable. These seiners pursue the fish as soon as they appear on the coast near the capes of Virginia and Delaware, and the greater part of the mackerel are taken by Maine and Massachusetts fishermen, who, by a large majority, are in favor of protective measures. The vessels are fitted out to take the fish at any distance from home ports wherever they may be found, the effort following the fish throughout their migrations until they strike off to sea in the late autumn. They are much more profitable as articles of commerce, after the spawning season than before, because of their better quality as food.

Your petitioners are of opinion that a close season is a matter of public and general importance, as it would tend to supply the market with a good instead of a poor article of food. They are aware it is an experiment, and they humbly petition that Congress will establish a close season of some months' duration, that it may, by actual observation, be determined whether an important improvement will not result to the mackerel fishery from such a law, and will ever pray.

HENRY J. THAYER, Sec'y. EDWARD A. SAMUELS, Pres't.

The latter portion of the evening was employed in discussing the new game law enacted by the Legislature, and the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Association, the law for the protection of game and other birds, recently enacted by the Massachusetts Legislature, is woefully inadequate to secure their protection, and while the association will labor for its enforcement while it remains upon the statute books, it will also endeavor to secure its improvement.

THE FLUTTERING FLY.—New York, June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to your correspondent on the subject of my patent fluttering fly, I would say that when about a year ago I invented this fly, although I had been engaged in the fishing tackle business ten years, and twenty-five years a fly-fisherman, I had never seen or heard of a fly tied in that manner. Still, being anxious to make sure that it was new, I showed it to a number of prominent anglers, American, Canadian and English, but none had ever seen or heard of it. I also consulted all the prominent works on angling, both English and American, that I had access to, and failed to find any mention of such a fly. Still, allowing your correspondent's statement (which the public must understand comes from a rival in business) to stand, it would not affect the validity of the patent in this country.—W. HOLBERTON.

Editor Forest and Stream: In June, 1876, I was angling on Twin Rock Lake, near Morehouseville, Hamilton county, N. Y. Giles B. Craft was with me, and we had excellent sport with the trout. One of the flies I used was something like the "fluttering" fly illustrated in FOREST AND STREAM of June 10. It was made by one of the best fly-tiers I ever knew, Robert Perrie, of Utica, N. Y. It was a hackle reversed, and its hooking qualities were first class. I do not think Mr. Perrie claimed to have originated it, but of that I am not sure.—MILLARD (Cheyenne, Wyo.).

SHAD AND PUMPKINS.—Seneca Falls, N. Y., June 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is it not somewhat singular that Washington Irving, who was so close an observer of nature and its various phenomena, should commit the error of placing "broiled shad" before the guests at Myhrer Van Tassel's quilting frolic, as duly set forth in the veracious chronicle of the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow"? The story recites that Ichabod Crane rode forth to this historical supper, when "the yellow pumpkins were turning up their fair, round bellies to the sun," through "fragrant buckwheat fields," etc., obviously a time of the year when this toothsome fish is out of season, at least in these later degenerate days, when they are no longer a dainty after midsummer, and, in fact, have deserted the river for their mysterious ocean home. What is the present extreme upper limit in the Hudson attained by the shad on its annual migration? When a boy, living near Sandy Hill, I have seen large numbers drawn from below Baker's Falls, which point was then a barrier to their further upward progress.—L. G. S.

THE RANGELEYS.—Bethel, Maine, June 26.—Major Lovejoy and wife arrived here from their annual spring trip to Richardson and Rangeley Lakes. They had, as usual, fine fishing, and say it was still better than last year. They brought home 10 trout, total 51 pounds, and 6 trout, total 32 pounds. The largest fish, 8 pounds 9 ounces, was caught June 5 by Mrs. L. on an 8½-ounce split bamboo rod. This is the largest brook trout ever taken by a lady angler. The dimensions were: length, 26½ in.; width, 2½ in.; depth, 7½ in.—F. H. L.

ST. LAWRENCE MUSKALONGE FISHING.—Ex-Assemblyman Robert A. Livingston came from his island in Alexandria Bay last week with one of the largest muskalonge that has been seen in this city for a long time. The fish, which was caught off the dock of Mr. Livingston's island, in the shoal water between it and Judge Donohue's island, measured nearly five feet in length, and weighed a few ounces less than twenty-five pounds. It was caught with an ordinary trolling line.

MAINE ITEMS.—About seventy seven salmon have been taken at the dam at Bangor since the fishing began a few weeks ago... Last week a New Yorker caught a trout weighing twelve pounds, at Haines Landing, near Mooselucmeguntic House, Rangeley... About 25,000 landlocked salmon from the Weld hatchery have been placed in the inlet brook at Lake Auburn. The young salmon were transported without the loss of a single fish.—*Belfast Journal*.

ANTRIM COUNTY ASSOCIATION.—At a recent meeting of the Antrim County, Mich., Fish and Game Protective Association, the following vice-presidents were elected for their respective townships: Banks, L. M. Kanagy; Elk Rapids, J. P. Brand; Forest Home, T. D. Austin; Helena, R. W. Coy; Jordan, F. M. Severance; Mancelona, Peter Jackson; Milton, Alex. Campbell; Star, D. E. Lozier; Torch Lake, J. W. Pearl; Warner, J. D. Rodger.

"WOODCRAFT."—Orchard Lake, Mass., June 7.—"Woodcraft" is all that is claimed for it, and more too; everything is practical, and all explanations are very clear. It would be hard to find the woodman who could not gain some new wrinkles by reading it, while for the "youngster" it is the most complete guide I have ever read. Every outer should find a corner for it in his knapsack or pack basket.—C. B. B.

FROGS FOR BAIT.—Indianapolis, Ind., June 22.—Will you ask the "Kingfisher" how he catches his frogs for bait? The average Indiana frog is too "soon" for me, and eludes all my efforts to corral him in a bucket.—HOOSIER.

EVERY PAIR of Allen's bow facing oars warranted. Send for little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

[Discussion following the paper of Mr. John H. Bissell, entitled "Fishculture a Practical Art," published in FOREST AND STREAM, May 20, 1886.]

THE CHAIRMAN.—Gentlemen, you have heard this exceedingly interesting paper of Mr. Bissell's, and we all know it opens up for our consideration one of the most important questions that will ever come up before this Society, and I think that perhaps some of you will be ready to discuss the subject. I am sure we shall be very glad, all of us, to hear any difference of opinion which may exist in regard to it. There is no doubt about the importance of the subject. The time is now given to any remarks by anybody.

MR. BARTLETT.—Mr. Booth is present and he is probably as well posted on this subject as any one. I would like to hear from him for one.

THE CHAIRMAN.—It is suggested that Mr. Booth, representing the fisheries side of the question, be heard.

MR. A. BOOTH.—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I am pleased to say anything at all times, when I am able to contribute any information by my experience. The elaborate paper which has just been read is a little beyond my comprehension, especially as I could only hear a part of it. If it was not too much to ask the gentleman, I would like to ask the number of pounds of fish and the number of fish that he stated in his paper were caught in the State of Michigan.

MR. BISSELL.—This is the first time I have ever been asked that question when I have been able to answer it. I have been before the Legislature and have been asked how many fish were caught, and I said I did not know; I have been asked what the fisheries were worth, and I said I did not know; and the reason I did not know was that the Legislature has never given me money enough to find out. This year the Michigan Fish Commission thought it was so important to find out about the actual condition of the fisheries of their different lakes, that they have skinned out of their very meager appropriations just about one thousand dollars to get this information. I can tell in a moment exactly what Mr. Booth wants to know. We employed last fall Mr. Lyman A. Brandt, a gentleman residing in Detroit, a very intelligent man and a man who had served two terms in the Legislature, and who had been last year on the Fish Committee of the House, and he began operations I think early in September. He visited almost the entire coast of Michigan; he interviewed every single fisherman he could find, and made notes of just what all of the fishermen had to say about their catch, about their investments, and about their methods. These blanks which had been prepared, blank forms of returns, were given to the different fishermen and they were asked to report, and the reports which they returned to the Fishery office at Detroit, were compared very carefully by Mr. Brandt with the notes he had made around the lakes, and that is the basis of my statement. There were 427 fishermen who reported, who made returns. In those returns the number of pound nets given was 983; number of gill nets was 24,270; that is, over 1,400,000 fathoms; the number of seines was 57; and the number of fykes 220; the number of steam tugs in use is 66; sail boats 318; pound boats 232; skiffs 137, a total of 753 boats.

Reports have not been received of the fall catch—127 pound nets, 140,000 fathoms of gill nets, 52 fykes, and 4 seines. Returns from 427 fishermen shows their total catch to have been as follows during the year 1885: Whitefish 7,994,459 pounds, the average price per pound being 4½ cents; of lake trout 4,531,573 pounds, the average price per pound being 2½ cents. The weight of herring was 4,568,135 pounds, the average price being 1½ cents; pickerel 876,899 pounds; sturgeon 617,449 pounds; black bass 35,000 pounds, and other kinds 3,151,435 pounds. Mr. Brandt explains in a note that the number of pounds classified as pickerel and sturgeon is not reliable as going to show the extent of the catch of those species, for the reason that fishermen in making returns in many cases included their catch of those fish under the head of "other kind"—sturgeon not having been designated as one of the classes of fish to be reported upon. The total value, as given by the reports themselves was \$673,893.45. Now in addition to the returns made as above stated, there are these 127 pound nets that Mr. Brandt knew about himself, but which were not reported upon. Approximating the catch of these upon the basis of what other nets of like kind have caught in the immediate vicinity, we have as a result in pounds, 18,054,000 pounds of those additional nets. In addition to this, one firm in Detroit whose returns have not been furnished up to the first of March, has caught at least 1,000,000, and ten combined firms return as having purchased from fishermen who have made no return, and whose catches have not been computed above or reported in any way, a total of 1,172,000 pounds. Taking this result and the figures before me, we have as a careful estimate of the total catch of the State of Michigan in the lake fisheries, a grand total of 26,351,875 pounds, nearly 13,190 tons, which at the average price of 8 cents per pound, about what the fishermen receive, would realize a value of \$791,456.25.

This report of Mr. Brandt's I have brought with me, thinking very likely some of the gentlemen from the other fisheries might want to inquire about it. I would read it, but it is quite long. There are 35 pages of it. But I will leave it on

the secretary's desk, and it will be at the disposal of any gentleman who wishes to inquire about it.

MR. CLARK.—Speaking of this report, I would say for the benefit of the gentlemen here, that the United States Fish Commission undertook last fall to do the same work, and did do it that the Michigan fishermen did, but the United States Fish Commission included the whole lake coast from Duluth to the St. Lawrence River, and that report will undoubtedly be out some time within the year. Of course we could have made the same figures, and gotten the same statistics as to the whole lakes, but under the government way of doing business we are not allowed to do so.

MR. BOOTH.—What I wanted to get at, gentlemen, is this: There are 26,000,000 pounds of fish caught and used from the waters of the State of Michigan. The question is—I suppose we are meeting here to see which is the best way to perpetuate and increase these great results, for the purpose of producing fish in a cheaper form and more plentiful than they are now—now there is 26,000,000 pounds of fish, as I understand the aggregate, caught and furnished for food in the waters of the State of Michigan, or in the lakes; now then to police that 2,000 miles which I understand is the mileage front of the waters of the State of Michigan, what would it cost as compared to the cost of propagation to replenish those fish by artificial process? I understand you, in each of your small hatcheries—small compared to what they could be—you could put in 30,000,000 to 50,000,000 of fish. If those fish average 3 pounds apiece, divide the 26,000,000 by 3 and it gives over 8,000,000 of fish. Wouldn't it be cheaper to artificially hatch those fish and put them in—even to be destroyed in the manner you speak of now—rather than go to the great expense of policing the entire 2,000 miles so as to watch the meshes, the kind of nets and the times of year that they catch those fish, and make fines and collect the licenses? I have thought over this matter a great deal, whether it might be done by legislation and policing. There is a great deal of injustice done, and certainly a great many dollars unnecessarily expended, and not as large results as from the reproduction by artificial propagation, and these fish being placed back in the waters from which they were originally taken.

I remember some years ago meeting Prof. Baird in New York; we were talking over fish matters, and he stated he believed it would be much cheaper to artificially propagate fish in the waters than it would be to police, and I believe it.

In the Columbia River, in which I have an interest, we have a great many salmon caught there, caught every year, and in the aggregate these last three or four years, the same number of pounds has been caught last year as there was caught three or four years ago. Some years ago we endeavored to artificially propagate fish by having hatcheries there and placing them back again, but for lack of outside means and outside help the thing was abandoned. We find that we have got a great many more fish than we used to have, and on the Sacramento River some 15 years ago, I put up a cannery. There were not sufficient there to run that single cannery. The United States Fish Commission started their hatchery on the McCollum river, and the State of California, by some agreement made with the United States Commission, agreed to put in a certain percentage of small fish in the McCollum river, which is tributary to the Sacramento, and the result of the catch these last few years, within five years, is annually more than it had been from the one cannery, which could not be supported by getting sufficient fish to put up in cans in the market, and we have now 22 canneries, and it is increasing. The percentage I cannot tell, but I should think about a thousand fold from artificial propagation. That is one of the best practical results of artificial propagation that I know of. We have a close season there, and it is with great difficulty we can get the fishermen to cease fishing at the close of the season. It has done a great deal of good, and there isn't many fish caught in those seasons. The result of all this is that the artificial propagation has given us as I tell you, a thousand fold more fish, in my opinion, at one-sixteenth the amount of cost, that it would be to police the waters to see that the proper sized meshes were used, and the proper time observed. Now I think that would apply thoroughly to the waters of Lake Michigan, and also to the other large lakes. We have 20,000,000 pounds of fish caught, according to the statement, which represents 8,000,000 of fish. Now what would it cost to put those 8,000,000 fish into the water as compared with the policing? Not only that, but you have the natural propagation of fish, which will amount to a great deal. I can't exactly say how much. I am thoroughly convinced unless something is done, either by policing or increased propagation of fish, it will be in the times of our lives—younger men than I am—when we shall see whitefish—which I consider one of the most delicate which we can find in this or any other water—will be as scarce as brook trout are to-day. I have been dealing in fish 35 years in the city of Chicago. We used to go out here to the town now called South Chicago, and begin fishing there early in the spring with two seines, and we would catch all the fish that the city of Chicago and its surrounding country required. The waters being shallow there and becoming warmer, the fish would go naturally into deeper water. We would then go north to Waukegan, Kenosha, Milwaukee, and Milwaukee was the furthest north we got any fresh fish for our market, and in the city of Milwaukee to-day, where they used to go out with sail boats with 12 or 13 nets and bring in all the fish that was required, all that they could carry in their sail boats, we now have four little steam tugs of moderate size, and those will not gather as many fish to-day as the smallest sail boat would 25 years ago. At the commencement of this season, in 1886, we have only six nets engaged there. We used to get about two-thirds whitefish and one-third trout. We have had probably about 25 nets since the ice has passed away, and I think I do not exaggerate when I say that in those 25 we haven't had 25 pounds of white fish. It is all going to trout. We used to make the meshes of such size, that we would only catch that size which would be most liked by the people who used them, or two or three or four pounds. Now they are resorting to the plan of using a fish which they never used to touch. They didn't catch the large fish, and the small ones were allowed to propagate. We are catching the large ones now by hooks and line. The fish are not really in the market.

I don't wish to take up your time by giving "the secrets of our prison house," which is perhaps not entertaining to you, but I mention these as the facts, the practical results, and I am inclined to think unless something is done by the Legislature or by the people or by the Government for the propagation of these fish, it will be only a very few years when we will find you will not be able to get enough whitefish for your table, or at such prices that you can use them.

We had, from going to Milwaukee, to go still further north, and we gradually picked up these various towns, Two Rivers, Manitowoc, Green Bay, Escanaba, Maistee, Mackinaw, and that is the last; that is the end on Lake Michigan. That is the extreme northern point now that we have to rely upon for the most of the fish for this market and the surrounding country. Then we had to extend our business and go to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and those places north, on Lake Superior, where the railroads had reached, and we are gradually taking out fish from the waters there and putting nothing back, with the exception of these few that have been put in by the States of Minnesota and Michigan, and we now have to run to Manitow, where they had some considerable protection of their fish. I am now building a boat, which, when I started, I didn't ever expect to be worth money enough to buy or own such a boat. I have now in my possession nine steamers which we are using for catching, running these long distances, fast steamers, to gather the fish and supply the people of this city and surrounding cities; but it seems to me it is all wrong to allow this large industry to pass away when so little money is required to perpetuate this immense food supply in

the shape of fish. Our great prairies west of here, which we considered useless a few years ago, are dotted all over with cattle, which I suppose you have observed. These prairies were considered worthless a short time ago, and here we are supplying beef, not only to the city of Chicago and the State of Illinois and the United States, but to the whole world. Now, we have just as good a chance to supply fish. I suppose not to the world, but for these United States—although we might be antagonistic to the beef and hog product of this country—by producing fish very cheap. I think we can produce fish for one-eighth of the amount of money that they produce their beef and their pork for, or certainly at a moiety of the cost to do it. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN—No doubt we are all exceedingly interested in all that Mr. Booth has to say on this subject. It is very pertinent to the subject, and I have no doubt all are interested in it as much as I am.

MR. FAIRBANK—I am sorry to say I have been engaged with another appointment all day which delayed me, and I was not able to be here before. I hardly know what the subject of your discussions has been up to this time. I am exceedingly interested in the whole question, and have looked forward to this meeting with a great deal of interest and shall participate in it with great pleasure, and I will be glad to add anything to it that I can from the result of my observations. I gathered from what Mr. Booth says that you were talking of the propagation of whitefish, and of their gradual decrease, which is a fact that we here are all painfully aware of, and those who have interested themselves in the subject and have looked into it are almost unanimous in the opinion which he expresses, that this supply of fish can only be maintained by artificial propagation either by the States adjoining the lakes or by the Federal Government, or by both. My own opinion is that the Federal Government should expend in the great lakes a much larger amount of the appropriations which Congress gives them annually for the propagation of fish in the lakes—a very much larger proportion than is now expended, and very much less, in my opinion, should be expended on scientific researches upon the sea coast, for which now very much the largest proportion is expended yearly. I have not the report with me at present, but I should say that at least seventy-five per cent. of the money appropriated annually by Congress for the use of the United States Fisheries is expended in scientific researches, which add, of course, very largely to the collection of the Smithsonian Institute and to the scientific knowledge of the country, but very little to the increase of the food fishes of the country. They have done a large work, a great deal of work in the propagation of shad, but that has been to a limited extent, so far as the appropriation of money goes, if my recollection serves me right. Now, we have got this meeting west, and I hope the western men will look into that subject a little more carefully. I say, I have not done it, and the statement I make is merely from memory, of the amount expended. I say seventy-five per cent. Do you remember, Mr. Booth, the amount of the appropriation annually for the Fish Commission?

MR. BOOTH—No, I do not.

MR. FAIRBANK—But at all events the amount so expended is small enough to command the attention of those interested in the subject, and I do not think you can do any better work here in the meeting of this Association than to look pretty fully into that subject. That the whitefish can be increased and the supply kept up by propagation there is no question in my mind whatever. The percentage of eggs saved or fry hatched and put into the waters in a condition to take care of themselves is so very much larger than that hatched in the natural way that it is almost fabulous, and we have had so many instances like the one Mr. Booth refers to on the McClelland River, showing the practicability and effectiveness of it, that it does not admit of discussion any longer. It is a mere matter of fact. The question for us to discuss is whether we shall take those facts as we have them, and apply the knowledge we have got and so increase the food supply. The amount of money appropriated by the Government is exceedingly small compared with the magnitude of the interest, and we should all endeavor to make that appropriation very much larger. There is no question in my mind about the feasibility and of the necessity for the general Government to take hold of the matter on these lakes. They regulate their navigation; they hold the control of the waters in all ways, and the benefits to be derived go to the nation, toward the cheapening of the supply of food in the Western country. By doing that they cheapen the supply in the Eastern country, because, if we have an abundance here we don't draw from them, therefore we don't advance the price there; so the benefits accrue to the whole people. It is not a sectional affair at all. But I did not get up this afternoon prepared and with the idea of making any extended remarks on the subject, but this has occurred to me. I am very glad to see a good attendance, and while it is not a mass meeting, the men that are here are here for the purpose of considering this subject, and are interested in it, and they show their earnestness and their interest by coming here, and I am sure much good will come of it.

MR. MATHER—With regard to the U. S. Fish Commission I will say: It is a popular error that it was created for the purpose of fishculture. The fact is that the act of Congress which called it into being distinctly stated that it was for the purpose of examining into the causes of the decrease of the food fishes of the Atlantic coast, I do not pretend to give the exact wording, but nothing is more certain than that scientific investigation and not reproduction was aimed at in the original bill. Fishculture has been taken up as a side issue, and while I heartily approve of it, I wish to say at the same time that it was not and is not the end and sole aim of the Commission. The fisheries industries is a broad question, and is so treated by the U. S. Commission, and as Americans we should be equally interested in the causes which render the mackerel scarce in Maine and Massachusetts, the whitefish rare in the Great Lakes, and the salmon infrequent on the Pacific slope. The work of the U. S. Fish Commission under the direction of Professor Baird has been the greatest and grandest work in this line in the world, and the reports issued cover more ground than any similar works ever issued, and are sought for in all lands. I have so often explained to this Society that fishculture is not the only duty of the Commission, and, in fact, is but a minor part of what is defined as the objects for which it was created, that I hope I may be pardoned for repeating it, and I only do so now because of an apparent misapprehension that the Commissioner was not doing his full duty in propagating fishes, especially in the Great Lakes. When it is fairly understood that the original act of Congress meant investigation, scientific investigation, then the case will be clearly understood, and it will be seen that Prof. Baird is carrying out a grand plan of which fishculture is an important, though not the only important part.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HUDSON FISHWAYS.—Editor Forest and Stream: The new fishways for the tributaries of the Hudson, which were mentioned a few weeks ago as having been authorized by the Legislature to be built, I hope will be constructed in the most thorough manner. I have not seen a copy of the bill, and therefore cannot say whether they will be constructed under the supervision of the Commissioners of Fisheries or not, or whether the Commissioners are to be consulted in regard to the choice of the plans. I incline to think, however, that they are not, from the fact that the Engineers' Division of the New York State Canals seems to be in charge of this matter. There are very few fishway experts in the country, and it will injure the prospects of having fishways on all the State streams if these are not only properly constructed, but properly situated as well. To accomplish this needs a thorough study of the details by some com-

petent expert before the construction is begun, in order that there may be no chance for error. It is also important that these structures should be made efficient and that false notions of economy should not intervene and impair their usefulness. It is not at all difficult to construct a fishway which will readily pass salmon, and some other fishes, but it is more difficult to construct one which shall be induced to enter, even though they pass up readily after once attempting to go up. It may well be questioned if the engineers of the New York State canals are familiar with the building of fishways, no matter how great their other acquisitions may be, and I hope that before the contracts are given out some practical builder of fishways will be employed to select the proper sites for the structures. This would be an assurance that the chance of error in location would be reduced to a minimum. With these fish passes properly made, and in good working order, it will not be difficult to obtain appropriations for further work in this direction, and therefore I hope that efforts will be made to have these made in the best manner in order that they may serve as models.—H.

ALLEN'S bow-facing cars, \$8 per pair. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Adv.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 21.—Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Charles A. Boxer, Secretary, Box 282, Winnipeg.

Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 8.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, Fisher's Island, N. Y. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 22.—Eighth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

Dec. 6.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, at Grand Junction, Tenn.

DOG SHOWS.

July 20, 21, 22 and 23.—Milwaukee Dog Show. John D. Olcott, Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.

July 27 to 31.—Dog Show of the California Bench Show and Field Trials Club. E. Leavely, Superintendent, 436 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Aug. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—First Annual Dog Show of the Latonia Agricultural Association, Covington, Ky. George H. Hill, Manager, P. O. Box 76, Cincinnati, O.

Sept. 8, 9 and 10.—Hornellsville, N. Y. Dog Show, Farmers' Club Fair. J. O. Fellows, Superintendent, Hornellsville.

Sept. 14, 15, 16 and 17.—First fall dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3810.

PARASITIC DISEASES OF DOGS—II.

IMPORTANT as are the diseases caused by Imbricoid worms in the dog, the canine *cestodes* or tapeworms are of even greater interest, alike to the dog owner and the pathologist. Although less numerous than the *nematodes* described in the first paper of this series, the part played by these parasites in the economy of life, as regards the propagation of parasitic diseases among animals, is of the first importance.

The cucurmerine tapeworm (*Tenia cucurmerina*) is found in from 40 to 70 per cent. of all dogs, and is by far the most common canine tapeworm. It is a small, almost transparent cestode, measuring from 10 to 30 in. in length. The body is much elongated and composed of many segments, each segment being in reality a separate individual, joining together a sort of colony of mothers and daughters, which are all produced primarily from the parent head by a process of "budding," each segment springing from the one before it, but all adhere to each other, and are attached to the larva head or scolex. There is no alimentary canal, the creature subsisting by absorbing nutriment through its skin. The mature or terminal joints are much elongated and narrowed at both ends, and each joint is provided with two reproductive papillae, one on each side of the margin. The head is furnished with suckers, by which it adheres to the intestinal mucous membrane, the intestines of the dog being its proper habitat.

The manner in which this parasite obtains entrance into the body of the dog has been thoroughly demonstrated by numerous experiments by many observers. The mature terminal segments, which contain ripe eggs, are passed per anum, and frequently sticking to the hair of the dog, the contained eggs are deposited on the coat. The common dog louse (*Trichodectes latens*) for some reason eats these eggs readily, which then speedily hatch within its body and a minute embryo provided with six hooks escapes. With these hooks it bores into the body cavity of the louse, and imbeds itself in the tissues, there becoming encysted and transformed into a microscopic *Cysticercus*, or "louse meale." The way in which a dog will gnaw and lick a louse or flea bite is well-known to all, and in this way "measles" lice are introduced into the canine intestinal canal. Here the louse parasite is digested and the minute *Cysticercus* set free, which, penetrating to the intestine, attaches itself and develops into the mature form of *T. cucurmerina*, the terminal segments of which again produce eggs. We have thus the very interesting phenomenon of an animal carrying the immature form of one of its internal parasites on its own body embedded within the tissues of an external parasite. Truly,

"Big fleas have little fleas

Upon their backs to bite 'em;

And little fleas have lesser fleas,

And so ad infinitum!"

As the lice are easily passed on from the coat of one animal to another, a single intestinal tape worm of this species may infect a large number of dogs, and an entire pack or kennel will usually suffer at once if one infected dog be introduced.

The prevention of cucurmerine tania disease is far more important than its cure; the method will at once suggest itself, beware of the *Trichodectes*, and when under treatment or otherwise the tapeworms are expelled they should be destroyed by fire or boiling water. The general considerations of cleanliness, etc., will also at once suggest themselves as efficient aids. The treatment for this disease will be discussed under that proper for tapeworm infection due to other species.

The largest and most formidable tapeworm inhabiting the dog is the margined tapeworm (*Tenia marginata*). It reaches a length of eight feet, but is more commonly but five or six feet long. It is a rather abundant species, being found in 25 per cent. of all full grown English dogs, and is not at all uncommon in this country. The larval form or *cysticercus* of this species is found in the sheep, and is known as the slender-necked hydatid, the neck being narrow and much elongated; the entire *cysticercus* is about the size of a large cherry. The head of this *tania* is armed with hooks arrayed in a double crown and also with suckers, which taken together, with the great size of the worm, serve to identify it.

The way in which the larva are introduced into the intestine of the dog is by the animal eating raw and infected mutton, and the sheep take in the eggs of the *tania* in drinking water or from eating green food, to which some of the passed ova of this parasite chance to adhere, an infected dog constantly sowing the ripe eggs everywhere. The infested ova soon hatch, the embryo emerges and bores its way to a convenient resting place within the body of its herbivorous host, and there remains encysted until devoured by some hungry dog.

The so-called "gid tapeworm" (*Tenia cœnurus*) is one of the most important parasites of the canine race, especially from the stock raiser's standpoint; the *cysticercus* or immature *tania* being the cause of a most serious and deadly disease of the sheep, and even of man himself. In the mature condition, as found in the intestine of the dog and wolf, the gid tapeworm measures from twenty to fifty inches in length. So closely does it resemble in this stage the *Tenia serrata* to be described below that a detailed account of its structure is not called for. Fortunately it is not by any means a common species, being found in less than five per cent. of English dogs, and in a yet smaller number of American animals; among well bred and well cared for dogs it is yet rarer. In Iceland Krabbe tells us that this hideous parasite is found in eighteen per cent. of all the native dogs. The gid tapeworm gains entrance to the body by the animal eating the raw brains of sheep affected with hydatid of the brain, "gid disease," or "sturdy." The pathology of this disease we must now consider. Animals harboring a mature hydatid tapeworm in the intestines are constantly passing the ripe eggs per anum, these may adhere to the hair around the anus, and should the dog enter a pond, stream or drinking trough they are washed off and float in the water. Should now a herbivorous animal swallow one or more of these eggs while drinking, or in any other way, the ovum immediately hatches, and a minute embryo of a somewhat oval shape, having one end of its body armed with sharp cutting hooks, emerges. With its hooklets the embryo bores its way through the tissues until it reaches the brain of its miserable host. Here it becomes surrounded by a wall derived from the tissues of its bearer, and now a most wonderful succession of phenomena appear. The embryo increases in size, the hooks are cast, and the outer wall develops into a rather thick skin. Other changes take place, until the parasite consists of a simple spherical bag filled with a milk-white fluid, the size is about that of a plump hazelnut. There now appear upon the outer surface of this "vesicular worm" numerous depressions, from three hundred to more than a thousand in number, these gradually elongate inward like the finger of a glove. Hooklets and suckers now develop on each "glove finger," and each finally becomes a perfect scolex or gid tapeworm head. Great suffering, wild delirium and often death, in spite of all treatment, are the results of these metamorphoses in the unfortunate ruminant. Should the animal die, as is most likely, or be killed, and the head thrown out where dogs can get at it, it will certainly be eaten, and should one of the cysts above described be swallowed, the sack wall is at once digested and the heads become free, and enter the intestine along with food. Here they fasten themselves by their hooks, and rapidly each develops into a mature gid tapeworm. As the cysts are usually more or less injured by the teeth, fortunately only a few instead of many hundreds of uninjured heads are introduced, but we may have a thousand descendants from a single egg!

The importance of eradicating this fearful disease can hardly be exaggerated, and the means of so doing are evident. Never allow dogs to eat butcher's offal; treat carefully any canine tapeworm disease, and utterly destroy the passed parasites. And to the stock raiser belongs the duty of burning the heads of all sheep dead of hydatid of the brain disease, and of keeping strange dogs of all sorts off his sheep ranges, lest they harbor gid tania, and may spread the fatal eggs over the grazing ground.

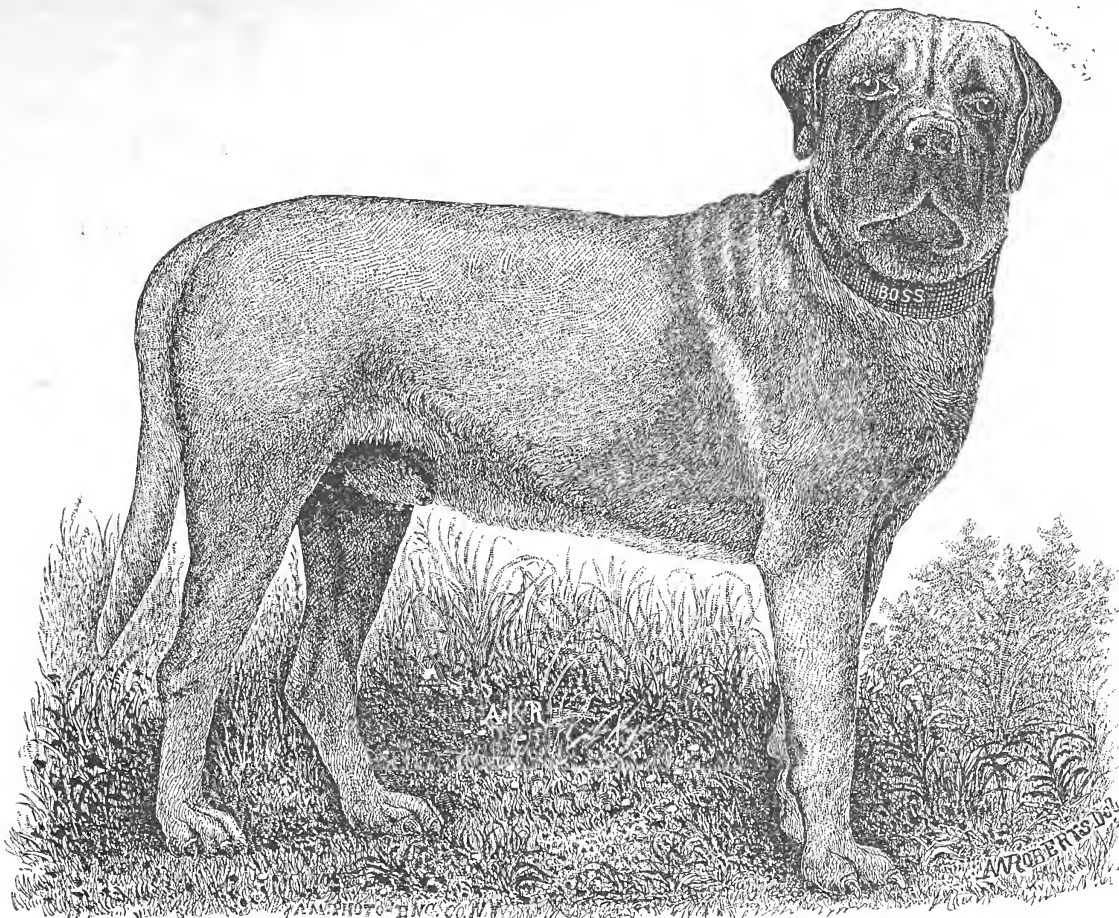
Greyhounds, harriers and beagles, which are occasionally allowed to eat the entrails of hares and rabbits, are frequently infested by the *Tenia serrata*. The parasite usually measures two or three feet in length; it is one of the armed tapeworms, the head being provided with a formidable crown of hooks. The suckers and long pointed body of all the typical species of tapeworm are well illustrated in the parasite; its size and armed head serve to distinguish it from other common species. *T. serrata* is derived from the *cysticercus* so commonly found in the peritoneum of hares and rabbits. In conducting various investigations we have made post mortem examinations of hundreds of rabbits and hares, and have found these cysts in nearly one-half of all the *Leporidae* examined. The cysts average the size of a hazelnut, and should one be swallowed by a dog, the cyst wall is, as usual, digested, and the *tania* head is set free to begin its metamorphoses and egg production within the intestines. Rabbits are infested by eating grass on which the eggs—which are being constantly given off by an infected dog—have chanced to lodge, the usual six-hooked embryo emerging from the egg when hatched, boring through the tissues, and establishing itself in the peritoneum, there to remain encysted until swallowed by some carnivorous animal which is making a meal of its long-eared bearer.

Nothing could be simpler than the prevention of infection by this *tania*. If dogs are never allowed to eat uncooked hare or rabbit, they will certainly not suffer from the invasions of this species of parasite. The importance of speedily curing any dog of *tania* disease and destroying the passed parasites is evident.

The symptoms caused by tapeworms of various species in the dog are by no means positive or diagnostic. Disturbances of digestion, nutrition in general, and symptoms referable to the nervous system are common. Emaciation without obvious cause, and in spite of a voracious appetite, always suggests the presence of parasites; the finding of segments in the feces is of course positive evidence of the presence of worms, and should always be looked for when a dog is believed to be suffering from *tania* disease. The administration of one of the milder vermifuges is justifiable for the purposes of diagnosis, as the segments of some species are rarely passed spontaneously. After the administration of the medicine the feces must be watched for a day or two for worms. By placing the excreta in a shallow vessel of water, preferably one of dark color, as an ordinary red glazed terra cotta dish, as the *tania* segments can then be seen much more easily, and breaking them up with a small stick the examination is easily and thoroughly made.

The treatment of tape worm diseases in dogs is fairly satisfactory, but it must be remembered that unless the "head" or scolex is expelled the parasite will be speedily reproduced. The most scientific method is to carefully examine the passages for the heads after the administration of vermifuges. The animal should be prepared for treatment by being fed only on a small amount of broth for twenty-four or thirty-six hours. A full dose of castor oil should also be administered at least twelve hours before the vermifuge is given.

Among the most valuable remedies for tapeworm infection in the dog are areca nut, brayera or koso, male fern, kameela, turpentine and chloroform. Areca nut is usually given in doses of one dram, the nut being simply grated and then made into a bolus with butter or lard. The dose of the dried brayera flowers (koso) is two or three drams; it is given in a cupful of warm water, in which the flowers may first be allowed to macerate for a quarter of an hour. Male fern may be given in the form of the extract or oleoresin; in the case of the latter for a setter is ten or fifteen drops, given in gelatin capsules or well beaten up with a raw egg. Kameela is not as valuable as many other remedies; the dose of the powdered drug is one-half or one dram for a greyhound or harrier. Chloroform is a most efficient, but somewhat dangerous, remedy; it should only be used when other drugs have failed.



MASTIFF DOG "BOSS"—The property of Mr. J. L. Winchell, Fair Haven, Vt.

and under the immediate eye of a skilled veterinary surgeon. If the bowels do not move within three hours after the administration of any anthelmintic, a full dose of castor oil should be given.

The after treatment consists in the giving of only broths and milk as food for a day or two; often tonic treatment and careful attention to exercising and general health will be required after the expulsion of tapeworms to bring the dog up to perfect health.

Tapeworm infection is a disease of adult life, puppies but seldom having access to butchers' offal or the like. They may, however, suffer extensively from the cucurbitine species, and the importance of having breeding bitches free from lice at once suggests itself.

The prevention of tænia infection has been treated of at length when speaking of the different species. R. W. S.

MASTIFF JUDGING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I gladly exchange "logic" for a more congenial subject and return to a sober discussion of what mastiffs really are. In the way of reply to your comments I have only this to say: I never saw Prussian Princess move, but I once saw her standing up in her stall and I am certain that in the matter of hindquarters, hocks, etc., the only question between her and Rosalind is, which one is the worst. When Mr. Dalziel judged them at New York Rosalind was lame, and I don't see how Prussian Princess could have moved worse. What I started out to prove was, that it is a mistake that the real authorities in England are such devotees of head as to pass over as trifling, such defects as weak loins, straight hocks, small size, or general worthlessness. I think I fairly proved this in the case of Mr. Hanbury in his placing of Crown Prince and Prince Regent, and in this connection I would suggest that Mr. Hanbury shares with Mr. Wynn in the distinction of being the most pronounced advocate of head, and his Rajah was the great fount from which came the present over-development in this direction, and what are called the Hanbury mastiffs are the extreme of head qualities, but mark you, Mr. Hanbury, by his official acts as judge, put the seal of condemnation on general defects.

Then take Mr. Wynn: Nearly (if not quite) ten years since he raised the same howl at Bristol, England, that Dr. Perry did at New York, by putting Beau over The Shah. Mastiff men had gotten into the fashion of falling down at the feet of The Shah, as though he were unbeatable, but Mr. Wynn was sufficiently convinced of his standing as an authority, to judge them as he saw fit, and although there was a howl over it, fanciers such as Hanbury, Nichols, etc., gradually came round to Mr. Wynn's way of thinking, and the public saw that The Shah could be, and was, fairly beaten, and that by the exemplar of a good "all round" dog; and The Shah stock had a heavy fall in consequence. Then there was that wondrous headed puppy, King Cole, that Mr. Wynn said exceeded any matured dog he had ever seen, yet he was bad enough to go back to second under Mr. Wynn, and I have grave doubts if he was as bad as some of the winners we have had. Again and again I would ask, if a receding muzzle can be a square one? and if we do not stick to the plain intent of a standard, what is the use of one? The cry is raised every now and then "Give us a new standard that our judges may know what to judge by." What in the world is the use of that, when they will not stick to the obvious meaning of the standards we have? One distinguished English breeder, who has bred dogs that sold at \$750 when not a year old, admitted to me "We need fresh blood, and a fresh departure; but what can we do? We must breed the dogs that our judges will put first;" and the judge says "We must give prizes to the type our leading breeders want." The whole thing looked very much like "My partner, Mr. Jorkins," in "David Copperfield." I, for one, vote to secure some compliance with the standard we have before we try our hands at another.

It is a suicidal mistake in judging to confound a dog's breeding capacities with his show qualities, and I cannot but think that much of the confusion arises from judges going beyond their sphere in this matter. There was Griffin, the sire of Rajah, who was so palsied that he could not be photographed; would it be held that such a specimen should win because he had proved his capacities as a stud dog?

Take what "Zollus" said in *Land and Water*, which you reproduced July 9, 1885, and let every judge and breeder weigh it. The whole article is the most exhaustive on breeding (and incidentally on judging) that I know of, and every breeder and

judge should commit its teaching to memory: "But all the contraries and difficulties of breeding weigh nothing (or at least, should not) with the judge who awards prizes at a show, for if he acts as a man of honor, he is bound to award the prizes (to the best of his ability) to the specimen approaching nearest all round to the standard, and any consideration as to what dogs are likely to be the most useful for improving or preserving the breed, etc., is quite foreign to his commission and simply opening a way for the judge to please his own fancies, and virtually amounts to morally swindling the public."

Listen to what Mr. Wynn says on page 218 of his "History of the Mastiff": "The scale of points may give the reader a more general idea of the correct figure of a well reared, typical mastiff, but such essentials as activity and symmetry, combined with a typical head, a well formed, long, low body and generally heavy animal, should never be lost sight of, either to obtain color, vast height, or grand head with deformed body and weak limbs, or a well grown body with defective head, plainly departing from the true type, which, if the reader has not thoroughly learned from the historical facts which I have laid before his or her notice, I feel it will be a hopeless task to enlighten them."

Then read the standard as amended, that Mr. Wynn appends to this history, and note that every change he has made from the old one is in the direction of adding goodness all over, and remembering that Mr. Wynn is *par excellence* the enthusiast on head among English fanciers, ask yourself if our judges have been right in giving wretched snub-nosed cripples, or contemptible little dwarfs the premier positions? Of course, this presupposes that you have a copy of Mr. Wynn's book, if you have not, send to FOREST AND STREAM for one at once, or resign any consideration or right to have any opinion as to mastiffs. A mastiff man who has not read the book, hasn't got out of his primer, and until he grounds himself in the first principles of mastiff lore, ought not to speak out in meeting. I hope that I may be permitted to add that I have received fully a dozen letters from mastiff men, all supporting the position I have taken on this matter.

Mr. Haldeman's list of mastiff judges has two very important omissions. One is that of Mr. W. H. Lee, of Boston, Mass., long the owner of Old Turk (Turk II., A.K.R. 222) and the importer of Ilford Cromwell. It was Mr. Lee's concurrence that Ilford Caution was the best mastiff in the country, that encouraged me to stick to my view of it in the face of much ridicule. The other is Mr. Chas. E. Wallack. Mr. Lee, I am afraid, is too busy a man to judge, but a Boston man who wants an opinion on a mastiff has not far to go, and it will be a disappointment if Mr. Wallack does not officiate next year. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., June 18, 1886.

A ST. BERNARD CLUB.

A MEETING will soon be called for the purpose of forming a St. Bernard Club. All who are interested in the breed should at once communicate with Mr. W. W. Tucker, 84 Broad street, New York, who has consented to take charge of the preliminary arrangements. We have no doubt that with the material at hand, an association of the fanciers of the breed will accomplish much of good, and it is to be hoped that every lover of the magnificent animal will lend their influence to make the proposed movement a complete success.

THE ENGLISH FIELD TRIALS.—In our issue of May 20 we published a summary of the English Field Trials which was compiled from an English paper. The report was incomplete as to the Acton Reginald Stakes. According to the *Kent Gazette* the winners were: D. R. Scratton's liver and white bitch Hero, 5yrs. (Bang—Hebe), won first in pointers and prize for best of either breed; J. L. Anthony's liver and white bitch Lass of Bow (Graphic—Chinax) won second in pointers, and A. F. Heywood-Lonsdale's black and white dog Jovial, 3yrs. (Baron—Joan), won first in setters, and M. A. Richards' black, white and tan bitch Rose, 3yrs. (Diamond—Minnie), won second.

THE AMERICAN MASTIFF CLUB was organized at a meeting held in this city June 23. The officers are: R. L. Belnap, President; H. Mead, E. Dudley and E. H. Moore, Vice-Presidents; E. H. Belnap, H. Mead, E. Dudley, E. H. Moore, R. H. Derby, C. R. Colwell, W. P. Stephenson, F. T. Winchester, E. F. Bowditch, C. E. Shaw, Executive Committee. The secretary is R. H. Derby, 9 West Thirty-fifth street, New York.

BOSS.

THE mastiff dog Boss, owned by Mr. J. L. Winchell, Fair Haven, Vt., was whelped July 20, 1884. His sire, imported Zulu, was by champion Colonel out of champion Diana. His dam, Monmouth Meg, was by champion Salisbury and out of Tigress II. (champion Colonel—Lufra). His winnings are very high com., puppy class, New York, 1885; second, Boston and New York, 1886.

"HISTORY OF THE MASTIFF,"*

THE "History of the Mastiff" by Mr. M. B. Wynn, will be gladly welcomed by all lovers of the breed. The author has made careful research among the records of the distant past and culled therefrom a mass of dog lore that is astonishing. The book is replete with quotations from the writings of the ancients, both inspired and profane, as well as from those of authors of modern times. Mr. Wynn has extended his researches far back in the antediluvian ages, and although he does not tell us in so many words that the mastiff was coeval with the megatherium or with the ichthyosaurus, he gives him or his prototypes a place so far back in the remote ages of antiquity that one can almost imagine a primitive Crown Prince in pre-historic time waging indiscriminate and bloody warfare upon the formidable edentate and more dreadful saurian. The chapters devoted to the mastiff of modern times will be found very interesting and well worth the careful study of the breeder.

In writing of mastiff type Mr. Wynn says: "In all animals, and even in the races of man, the most distinctive feature determining species and variety is the skull, from which the skilled anatomist can readily determine the habits, and consequently general form of the animal to which it belongs. For the conformation of the skull containing the brain, is formed either primarily or most gradually from the continued habits the animal is adapted and subjected to, and is modified but gradually through forced change or suspension of habit. The form of the body is concomitant with that of the cranium; therefore, on examining the skull of an animal, it is not difficult in most cases to pronounce what will be the form of the carcass and limbs; nay, *ex pede Herculem*, inasmuch if a fairly skilled anatomist has but a portion of the skull to guide him he can form a fairly correct idea what the remainder must have been like, and concomitantly that of the body also. To the mastiff, or as it is sometimes incorrectly and pedantically termed, the molossian group, belong the mastiff, its stunted and exaggerated confrere the bulldog, and the dwarfed and still more artificially exaggerated pug dog. All these groups contain conformity of type, diametrically opposite to breeds like the hound, greyhound, or spaniel; although infusion of the blood of other species and circumstances, especially the ignorance and caprice of man, may more or less modify or intensify the characteristics."

"In the mastiff group the muzzle is markedly short, the cranium elevated, the superior maxillary is wide and ponderous, the zygomatic arch is strongly developed and widely divergent, the frontal bone is very thick and wide, the temporal bones are strongly developed, the lower maxillary is thick and massive, widely divergent and convex, turning up and naturally inclined to overshutting the upper jaw. This is a point that dog fanciers have contended and quarreled about with as much fury and little more reason than their dogs themselves will over a bone; and it is labor thrown away to try and teach the obstinate and wilfully ignorant that nature intended the teeth of some animals to overshut, while those of others to be level or undershot, so as to fit them best for their respective habit. All dogs of the mastiff or baiting kind should certainly be what is termed undershot, and if, setting prejudice and ignorance aside, any one will only take the trouble to investigate the matter in a naturalist's point of view, for example, by examining the mouth of the ordinary fresh-water pike, they will see that fluvial bulldog is considerably undershot, in order to enable it to seize and hold more securely its prey."

"Here we see nature left to itself instructing us, if we have but the sense to learn. The foregoing characteristics of the mastiff group show that their natural habit is that of broad,

*The "History of the Mastiff," gathered from sculpture, pottery, carvings, paintings and engravings, also from various authors with remarks on the same, by M. B. Wynn, honorary secretary and treasurer of the late Mastiff Club, and breeder and exhibitor of many prize mastiffs. For sale by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. Price \$2.50.

WARWICK DOG SHOW.

thick-set, powerful animals, deriving their food naturally more from bold attack of larger animals, and tearing the flesh from and gnawing the bones of dead carcasses than on their speed or hunting powers. Their limbs are characteristically short and stoic, with powerful muscles to move such powerful short levers. * * * All mastiffs should be more or less heavily wrinkled about the face, the ears pendulous and having a certain amount of dewlap; the ears, although they should not be set so low as in the hound and should be free from any folding, need not be so small as the fancy dictates. * * * A round, medium-sized or even thick, heavy ear, is not at variance with purity of mastiff type, and when the face is heavily wrinkled, dewlap pronounced and lips characteristically pendulous, the ear will generally be larger and have more leather about it than modern fancy dictates. Of late years the pendulosity of the lips is a characteristic that has been lost sight of by the majority of breeders; in fact, some who set themselves up for judges, have condemned this oft-mentioned characteristic of the race, which has been very much lost through the introduction of verteral blood through the boarhound cross. The stern in the mastiff need not necessarily be carried down, as the modern fancy dictates, for, although a decided improvement, we see in the Assyrian sculptures the tail crooked over the back, the same in the Tibetan and in the older pictures of the English mastiff. * * * The coat of the mastiff varies greatly according to climate and housing, and sooner marks the country the animal belongs to. The colors vary, and formerly the breed ran all colors. It will readily be seen mere height is at variance with the true type; weight and general massiveness being far truer characteristics."

A BIG RAFT OF DOGS.

THE New York Sun of June 24 reports: "Sergeant Darcy of the Long Island City police was aroused from a reverie on Tuesday evening by a medley of yelps and howls outside the door of Police Headquarters. A moment later a queer, elderly little woman burst on his vision, and he rubbed his eyes to make sure that what he saw was not the baseless fabric of a nightmare. The presence of Policemen Conroy and Dunn reassured the Sergeant. Following the queer little woman were thirteen dogs, of several different sizes, muzzled and unmuzzled, attached to a stout cord which she held in her right hand. On one arm she carried a watering can and on her other arm two satchels. Her left hand was engaged, also, holding a bag and an apronful of yelps and squeals that added to the intermittent howling of the thirteen dogs on the string.

"The little woman dumped out the contents of her apron upon the floor. They were six pups, and the thirteen dogs immediately surrounded them. Then she turned the bag upside down and ten more chunky little fellows, with eyes fast shut, rolled out and over one another like a lot of rubber balls. Barks and howls and yelps were as thick as mosquitoes in Jersey for a minute or so. When the little woman had got things calmed down she made herself sure that the animals were all there. She then told the Sergeant that she wanted lodgings for herself and bench show.

"She said she was Loretta Whitman and that she had just come from Boston. The infant dogs, she said, had come into the world on the way. She had missed the train for Eastport, L. I., whither she intended to go and dispose of the pack of setters, for such she declared the pack to be. The Sergeant suggested that she should take the pack to a livery stable. She said she thought the station house would be the safest place for the animals, and she offered to pay for their lodging. The sergeant finally consented to allow the dogs to remain in the corridor without pay, and when he learned that she was going to stay with the dogs he offered to rig her up a bed. She refused his offer and slept all night in a chair with the dogs surrounding her. She remained in the station until noon yesterday, when she put the pups away in bags and apron and started for the Long Island Railroad depot, followed by Policeman White and the thirteen grown dogs on a string. The depot master attempted to put her out of the waiting room, but she stayed there all the same. She said she would pay passenger rates for her dogs if it was necessary. She dropped the bag in her excitement, and it began moving around like a new kind of animal without head or legs. In grabbing for the bag she spilled the six pups out of her apron. They all began to cry and then all the big dogs began to howl. She was soon mistress of the situation again, however, and then she resumed negotiations with the Long Island Railroad Company. The depot master told her that her dogs could go in the freight car for \$7.25; but she would not have them go that way. She finally chartered a baggage car, and thus at 3½ o'clock started for Eastport in the car with her setters."

The New York Times, of June 25, throws additional light on the case:

"Long Island City talked about nothing yesterday except the strange Loutta J. Whitman and her tribe of twenty-nine dogs, which created a profound sensation Tuesday night, and afforded widespread amusement on the following day. About seven weeks ago Dennis McMahon, a lawyer, of No. 261 Broadway, was informed by a former neighbor that a strange-looking woman, accompanied by a number of dogs, had been making inquiries about him in Morrisania, where he formerly lived. Mr. McMahon was somewhat surprised, but soon dismissed the matter from his mind. One evening a few days later, while he was taking his ease at home, his son told him that a queer woman, with a lot of dogs, wanted to see him. Mr. McMahon could not remember any female acquaintance who was largely addicted to dogs, but he decided to see the woman.

"He found at the door a slender woman, not very young, but not ill-looking. She was surrounded by thirteen dogs. She looked hungry, as did the dogs. Mr. McMahon, being a practical philanthropist, took the woman and the dogs into his house and fed the lot. He learned that his principal guest was Loutta J. Whitman, the daughter of a woman who some years before had been employed at his summer home in Southern Vermont. The mother was somewhat demented, but had proved herself a faithful servant. Loutta had heard of Mr. and Mrs. McMahon from her mother, and had determined to visit them. Neither Mr. McMahon nor his wife were willing to turn the woman out of doors, so they had comfortable quarters prepared for her and her dogs. The next day Loutta assisted in the household duties, and proved herself very useful. She was an intelligent woman, but on the dog question she was evidently a little off.

"Mrs. McMahon determined to keep the women and get rid of the dogs, but she was soon convinced that Rachel weeping for her children would be a cheerful person in comparison with Loutta J. Whitman weeping for her dogs. Mr. McMahon and his wife strove to put up with the dogs, but the latter became unruly. They arose early in the morning and howled and then sat up late at night and howled. This annoyed Mr. McMahon. They had the impudence to bark at their benefactor in his own house. Mr. McMahon said this was unkind. Finally the barking of the tribe gave birth to a litter of nine pups. Mr. McMahon said this was past endurance.

"He told the dog-loving Loutta that the dogs must go, either with or without her, as she might elect. She wept and said that she could not part with her family. Mr. McMahon gave her \$5 and told her she could go to a little place of his near Eastport, Long Island, and live there with her dogs. On Tuesday Loutta and her caravan set out for Eastport, where they are probably now enjoying themselves. Mr. McMahon says that when Loutta left his house he took a census of her dogs and found the sum total to be thirteen more or less grown animals and nine blind pups, and he does not know how she managed to swell the number to twenty-nine on her way to Long Island City.

THE fourth annual exhibition of sporting and non-sporting dogs was held at Warwick on April 28, 29 and 30, in the large exhibition hall belonging to the society. This year the total entry amounted to over 1,600, which is the largest exhibition we have attended, and taking the quality of exhibits into consideration, the best show we have seen. Yet in a number of instances some of the varieties were not equal in merit to some other shows which have been held; for instance the pointers and setters were not equal to what we have seen at Birmingham and other shows, while the quality of the St. Bernards and collies were quite beyond the average. The building is the best adapted for a dog show we know of, with plenty of ground for exercise, and as it is only a three days' show, with a very obliging committee, who allowed all exhibitors at a distance from Warwick to leave on the last day at an early hour to enable them to get home the same night or, in the case of Scotch and Irish exhibitors, early the following morning, we never heard exhibitors express so much satisfaction with the management of any show; and we believe, from the feeling of all classes of exhibitors, the Warwick show is likely to hold its present position as the best show in England and the most popular with exhibitors. There was on the day previous to the opening of the show some attempt at holding bloodhound trials, which we are sorry to say resulted practically in a failure.

The judging was carried on in nine judging rings, under canvas, in the grounds attached to the building, and some of the classes were judged in the open, so that with so many classes judged at once it was difficult to see half that was going on. However, as the person leading each dog had a card with the official number of the dog attached to the front of his coat, we found it a great assistance, and think if other societies would make a similar arrangement they would be conferring a great boon to the press and the public. Messrs. Spratts were as usual intrusted to look after the exhibits, and everything necessary to their comfort was done in the firm's best style.

The judges were: Mr. Beaufoy, bloodhounds and mastiffs; Mr. Gresham, St. Bernards; Mr. Farquharson, Newfoundland; Mr. Groom, Great Danes; Mr. Jackson, bulldogs and black and tan terriers; Mr. Lort, deerhounds, greyhounds, pointers, setters, retrievers, Scotch terriers, beagles, harriers, Airedales and otherhounds; Messrs. Dockrell and Mercer, collies; Mr. Redmond, smooth fox-terriers; Mr. Field, wire-haired fox-terriers, Irish terriers and old English terriers; Mr. Lane, Dandie Dinmonts, Dalmatians, Bedlingtons, Skyes, foreign dogs and selling class; Mr. Jones, basset hounds and dachshunds; Mr. Sheffield, pugs; Mr. Whiskin, Welsh terriers; Mr. Percival, bull-terriers, white English terriers, poodles, Pomeranians, Blenheim, King Charles spaniels and toys; Messrs. Willets, spaniels.

As usual bloodhounds were the first on the list, and good classes. The young dog Cromwell, which won at the last Crystal Palace show, won in the open dog class. His pedigree and history has been pretty well before the public. Cromwell is no doubt one of the most typical of hounds, but small. His sister was first in the open bitch class. She is also small, but typical.

St. Bernards were the feature of the show. Bayard and Save, in the challenge class for dogs, the latter not for competition, so the former won, and he seems to have taken a new lease of life and here looked better than we have seen him for years. Ilfreda, looking remarkably fresh and well, had no opponent in the next class. However, she afterwards won the 100-guinea cup for best bitch in the show, and we think correctly, being larger, more level, better made and a better mover than La Mascotte, the winner in the open bitch class. In open dogs, rough-coated, first went to that grand young dog Duke of Marlborough, who was looking better than we have seen him. He is a grand, large, up-standing dog with good feet and legs, moves well, is good in head and expression with the best of color and coat. Next came Hesper, a puppy just under 12 months. He is certainly one of the best we have seen, and we consider him a much better dog at the age than Pimlimmon. We would prefer him to have a better carriage of tail. He shows great quality in head, has immense size, good body, color and coat with straight legs and good feet, and stands a good thirty-four inches high (some say thirty-five inches). Should he go on well we look forward to see him upset many of our best dogs if not all of them. Next came Pout, a wonderful bodied dog possessing great bone and most typical head, but rather light in color, large in ear and standing much lower than the other winners. Fourth, Sailor, sire of the young dog Hesper, is a good bodied dog with a good coat and very good in head, he is not quite strong enough in pasterns and lacks color on body, owing to which he has reserve Macgregor might have been placed over him. Sir Henry, who first made his appearance at the field in the puppy class, and for which his owner ran at £200, was we think fairly beaten. Yet he is a long way over the average, being good in coat, color, size, bone and but for a rather fine muzzle equal to any. He is by Save ex the well known Bessie II. Tempest, who, is small in face and large in ear, wants large muzzle and would be improved if darker in color. In bitch class first went to the well known brindle and white La Mascotte, upon this occasion looking her very best. Her coat, color and condition could not be better. Maitia possesses good bone and is of good type. Gloriana, who did so well at the St. Bernard Club show came third here, but we expect to see her much further forward before long. Fourth went to Bernadine, the Birmingham winner, looking well; she is of good color and coat and just right in bone. In rough-coated dog puppies first went to Hesper, second in open class, and next to him came another remarkably large fine young dog, Prince Battenberg, but not so good in face as the winner. In bitch puppies we liked the bc. Princess Battenberg, who is too small in head and muzzle, but well made, with the best of feet and legs, good body and good coat of a rich orange brindle with good markings. The winner in this class is the winner at London, Carmelito, a grand bitch, but too long in face. Pleona, second, has a better type of head than the winner and rather the most bone, but is not so large. The smooth variety contained some good specimens some of which were rather rough in coat, Victor Emanuel was absent. As a class they were not equal to the rough specimens, which seem to be the most popular.

In the challenge class for mastiffs King Canute was not for competition, so the strife lay between Maximilian and Montgomery, the latter winning owing to type of head. This dog has continued to improve, and on this occasion looked better than we have ever seen him. In the challenge class for bitches Cambrian Princess, with a litter of puppies on her, looked remarkably well and, we think, correctly beat Griselda, who is a really good bitch. She might be better in head. Only three bitches were shown, a poor lot. The winner was the best, and we admired his color more than anything else. In open dogs, any color, Beaufort, a good first, afterwards beat Montgomery for the challenge cup. Iford Chancellor has a good head, good feet and legs, but possesses thoroughness to an extraordinary degree. Victor Hugo is larger than the winners, but plain in head and not possessing the same character. Imperial Chancellor, we suppose, by measurement would about beat any in the class; but taken altogether he is outclassed, being quite too long in face and bad behind. In bitches Lady Clare won, being shorter in face and more typical than Princess Ida, second prize, who is just large enough in ear and stands higher on the leg than the winner. Rosa Bonheur, rather dull in color, is large of ear and small in size. The Princess, who reserve, has a smutty-colored face and light eye, but is typical and moderate in size. Lady Isabel was entered, but absent. In puppies, dogs and bitches, first went to a large, strong young dog, Minting, by Maximilian ex Cambrian Princess. Iford Chancellor, second in open class,

coming second, while Charley Wood, brother to Minting, run the second prize winner very close. Mr. Wilkins's young dogs are good in size, the winner showing the most bone and skull. Charley Wood also possesses considerable quality and bone, with the best movements of the pair. Rosa, who and reserve, is good in bone and body; good in head, but too light in mask, with very large ears, and is too light in color. In the novice class there was nothing particularly good. Some of the winners were in the open classes.

In deerhounds Bevis I., looking, upon this occasion, as fresh as a two-year old, beat Clansman in the challenge class. Mr. Lort, evidently going for quality, and we may say he very consistently carried out his ideas through the other classes, as he went for dogs with style and symmetry in preference to size and substance. The puppy classes were small. The winner in dog puppies may develop into a good one, should he not get a set back.

The bulldog challenge class contained three, but the fight lay principally between Grabber and Rustic King, the former winning. We hold an opinion in favor of Rustic King, yet we admit there is room for two opinions; they are both good dogs. Grabber is better in ears, shoulders and stern, while Rustic King is best in turn up, stop, skull and bone. However, we could not agree with the judge later on when he placed the small-sized British Monarch over Rustic King for a special. Queen Mab won in bitches and the challenge cup for best bitch, while Grabber won the challenge cup for the best dog. British Monarch won a special prize for being the next best to the winner of the challenge prize.

Bull-terriers contained nothing special. Trentham Dutch, in the absence of Queen of the May, won in the challenge class. He is a real good made dog, but his head is rather coarse. In the next class Young Pharaoh won and is now growing into a good dog. Bonny Princess made a good second. The next class was very moderate. We preferred Magnet II. to any in the class.

In white English terriers Leading Star, unnoticed, was the best in the class.

Basset hounds were a good collection, and as usual Mr. Jones gave general satisfaction. Mr. Wyndham Carter had a good entry, but we found seven of them marked absent.

Pointers, as a collection, were only moderate, not up to Birmingham form. In the open dog class the young dog Naso of Upton won easily, being a good way ahead of anything in the class. We have reported upon him before. In the bitch class the winner, Devon Fan, is a good one all through, except her head, which is too short, but she is good in body, feet and legs and general character; her condition might have been better.

In the challenge class for English setters there were only two. Count Howard, looking well, won easily. We have always spoken well of this dog and, bar his being small, we think him about the best all round we know. In the open class Prince Rupert, the Birmingham winner, won. This dog has had a very up and down career since his first appearance at Birmingham. He is rather leggy and his feet light be better, yet when in condition, he is a dog possessing a good deal of quality. Cobalt, second prize, is too heavy in head. Sir Talton, he., bar being small, was about the best setter in the class. The winning bitch is only moderate. Her coat is rather curly. She was catalogued at £20, more than her value we think. Second prize is too small. Black and tan setters were a bad lot. In puppies equal first went to Ulverston Don and Yankee Chief, the former rather leggy, the latter a good made one, full of style, might possess more quality in head and ears. He was claimed by a well-known fancier who considers him a bargain at £20. The Palace winner, Eden Rock, getting the hare.

Nellie, shown in high condition, won in the challenge class for Irish setters. In open dogs Grouse XIII. (the dog we noticed at the Palace where he had slipped his collar and was trying his utmost to get it on again) was first; he is plain in head, good in body, legs and feet, with good coat, color and style. Second went to Lismore, a fair dog, lacking in style and not showing enough liberty and galloping qualities that are so characteristic of the true Irish setter. We think Rory, he., might have been a step higher. Bitches were a very nice, level lot, Irish Kate, the Birmingham winner, coming second. She is full of quality but small. Muffet and Mrs. Evison-anon might have been given the. The winner in the puppy class is promising and may render a good account of himself again. Mr. Wilson's team of Irish setters won the team prize, with Mr. Shirley's retrievers getting the reserve number.

In the challenge class for Irish water spaniels we found Lady and Hilda again, but on this occasion the property of Capt. Thomas. Lady won; we always fancied Young Hilda as best. In the open class, dogs and bitches, Capt. Thomas won first and second with two specimens above the average of what is going these days, and the class was also better all through.

In the challenge class for Clumber spaniels, Psycho, now about ten years old, won, and he is, in our opinion, the best type of Clumber going. Second went to Boss II., who is plain. We preferred Tower, who is looking rather seedy. In the open class Home's Honesty won well. He is good in head, low on the legs, with a good body which might be longer. We thought the same gentleman's Hotpot, equal third, the second best, being of the correct type, but not properly furnished at present. His coat and feather was rather better than the winner's. In the bitch class we could not follow the judge, but the class was very poor. Bar being small, we thought Lady Gaunt, unnoticed, the best type of Clumber.

In the challenge class for Sussex or liver we preferred Guy to Bachelor III., who won. In the next class Don Giovanni is light in eye and coarse. Bridford Laddie, first, is long and low. Bridford Dalia, equal second, was the best in the class. Maubert, he., is another good one. In the next class Rustle is shown in body. First went to Bridford Naomi, the best we have seen for years.

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Fox, Peggy winning in the bitch class. In the next class for open dogs black and tan, black, tan and white and black saddle with tan markings, track, third prize, a black and tan, is bad in head. His price was reduced from \$20 to \$6. We don't think there was a customer for him. Westminster, first, and Fleck Master, second, are good all-round dogs, but possess no more merit than we expected to find in Warwick winners. In bitches Sweet Posey is fairly described by her name, being a very handsome young bitch; too small. Bleat, vhc. reserve, is a good stamp and good in coat, but also small. A great many in this class were marked absent. In the next open class for dogs, color sable and white, etc., Cairn, vhc. is good and typical with good frill. Julius Caesar, light in bone. First went to The Squire, well-known, and here we fancied he looked better than at the Crystal Palace. Rowe, who got the reserve number, is of the same type. Bonaparte, vhc. is a good stamp, a bifle heavy in ear, but good in head, coat, body, legs and feet; he seemed to have a twitching in one of his hindquarters. Be-cot, third, is straight behind and his tail is carried too high. Paramount, fourth, we liked very much; he is just light enough in bone. In bitches first went to Blue Ruin quite easy, the others being a good way behind. In dog puppies the winner is small. Second is better, but has prick ears. In bitch puppies there was little to choose between the winners. In the next class for dog puppies the winner is a very good one with plenty of coat and good body, Julius Caesar making a good second.

In the fox-terrier challenge class for dogs, Regent, first, is just a bit leggy. In bitches, Rosebloom, by Regent, won over Safety and Richmond Nettle. Rosebloom and Safety are both on the weed side. Nettle is rather woolly in coat. In the open dog class, first went to Veni, a good terrier with plenty of bone and quality and good in coat; we considered him the best terrier in the show. Belmont Scorchers, second, is all white; he is very level made but a good way behind the winner. Toaster, fourth, is another good dog; his eyes are rather prominent. In bitches, Venilia, by Veni, won and had a great many admirers, yet we could not look upon her as a good one, being quite too fine, and although she possesses quality. It was too our mind too much greyhound quality. We preferred Lyndhurst Vixen, second, or Rosem cry, fourth, to the winner. There were a great many indifferent specimens entered in this class not for competition, and we believe many of them were sold by auction afterward. In dog puppies, Baby Baffler, the winner at the Palace, was well to the front in a large but moderate class. The winner in the bitch class also won in bitch puppies and novice class. Wire-haired fox-terriers were a grand collection, the awards giving pretty general satisfaction. We thought the vhc. and reserve dog Brittle might have been a notch higher up. In the challenge class for black and tan terriers, Viscountess beat Sir Frederick. Owing to the condition of Sir Frederick we think the decision correct, but we consider Sir Frederick best when in form. The open classes were moderate and not up to a good average collection.

In the pug challenge class first went to a good bitch. She would be better with more wrinkle and color in face. Open dogs, Grappy, third, is of good stamp but carried his tongue out. Beau won well. He is good in head and color. He also had his tongue out. In open bitches, first went to Ducie, who is much improved since we saw her first at Birmingham, and is developing into a good bitch, good in ears, head and general make up. She also won in bitch puppies.

In the challenge class for King Charles spaniels Jumbo II. had practically a walkover. In open class, dogs and bitches, first and second were much the best. Olivette was not in the best of coat. In Blenheim's, the Earl of Chester, now the property of Mrs. Forster, won easy. He is of a good size and a well built dog.

In toy terriers first went to that grand little Yorkshire Queen of Yorkshire, and second to a moderate black and tan, another Yorkshire coming third.

On the second day of the show Mr. Taylor sold by auction the well known kennel of prize dogs belonging to Mr. De Trafford. Mr. Maxwell purchasing the wire-haired fox-terrier bitches Barton Wonder and Barton Marvel, and got them at a very reasonable price, the two for about 100 guineas. Some of the others brought good prices, while we believe several of the sporting dogs were not sold.

A full list of the awards will be published in the *American Kennel Register*. This report should have appeared before but was unavoidably crowded out.]

PEDIGREE WANTED.—Bangor, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to change the name of my black and white setter dog Foreman to Boy, formerly Count Berwick, to Fraud. He was sent to me when a pup by Mr. A. J. Calahan, of New Haven, Conn., in part payment for Jolly Nell, which I sold him. I was to have a pup the first time bred. He wrote me the pup was by Foreman out of Jolly Nell, whelped June 14, 1885, name Count Berwick. I sold him to Mr. D. A. Goodwin, Newburyport, Mass., who this spring sold him to Dr. Hayward, of Taunton, Mass. Soon after Mr. Calahan wrote Dr. Hayward not to register him as a Foreman—Jolly Nell. As a natural consequence the dog has been returned to me. If any of the many readers of this paper can give me the dog's true pedigree, they will oblige H. W. DUGGIN.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound, for retaining duplicates, sent postpaid, 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.
Adonis. Andy, Ajax, Adele, Alpha, Alice, Actress, Aimee. By Vic for liver, white and tan English and Gordon setter bitch, whelped March 8, 1886, by Snap (Kent-Flora) out of Belle (Spot-Bella).
Royal Sport. By L. M. Motley, Danville, Va., for black, white, tan and blue-ton English setter dog, whelped Sept. 16, 1885, by Dash (ing Rover) (Dashing Rover—Lizze) out of his Old Gold (A.K.R. 2165).
Queen Dido II. By J. L. Mod y, Danville, Va., for blue-bellon English setter bitch, whelped March 22, 1886, by Bonaparte (Royal Bue—Monjeska) out of Queen Dido (Bake—Doo).
Planet. By J. L. Motley, Danville, Va., for lemon belon English setter dog, whelped April 13, 1886, by Dashing Royal (Dashing Rover Lizze) out of his Little Kate (Dash II.—Katy Dido).
Apollonia (formerly Tony). By Hospice Kennels, Arlington, N. J., for tawny and white st. Bernard bitch, whelped Oct. 14, 1884, by Apollo (Medor—Bliss) out of Beruice (Medor—Diana).
Duke. By Capt. Wm. J. McLevey, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 9, 1886, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Topsy B. (A.K.R. 3317).
Poey. By Dr. W. W. Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 9, 1886, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Topsy B. (A.K.R. 3317).
Royal Gift and Fairy. By L. Gardner, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., for white and liver pointer dog and white bitch, whelped April 24, 1886, by Bull's Eye (Medor—Diana) out of Folly (Medor—Rita Croxte h).
Rox Obo. By C. L. Hopkins, Norwich, Conn., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 24, 1886, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Darkie (A.K.R. 250).
Fairy Bird of Syracuse. By H. B. Rathbone, Syracuse, N. Y., for liver, white and tan English and Gordon setter bitch, whelped March 8, 1886, by Snap (Kent-Flora) out of Belle (Spot-Bella).
Princess Molly. By T. Mullis, Syracuse, N. Y., for white and black English and Gordon setter bitch, whelped March 8, 1886, by Snap (Kent-Flora) out of Belle (Spot-Bella).
Ro, at Turk. By D. P. Howard, Syracuse, N. Y., for liver, white and tan English and Gordon setter dog, whelped March 8, 1886, by Snap (Kent-Flora) out of Belle (Spot-Bella).
Spot III. By W. Foley, Syracuse, N. Y., for black, white and tan

English and Gordon setter dog, whelped March 8, 1886, by Snap (Kent-Flora) out of Belle (Spot-Bella).

BRED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.
Apia June—Duty. H. J. Clapham's (Flemingville, N. Y.) smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 27, 1886, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Topsy B. (A.K.R. 3317).
Blackie III—Obo II. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel Blackie III. (A.K.R. 432) to his champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), June 15.
Dinah—Obo II. J. W. Kelly's (Woodstock, Can.) cocker spaniel Dinah to J. P. Willey's champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), May 14.
Helena—Black Pete. W. O. Partridge's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel champion Helena (A.K.R. 654) to J. P. Willey's champion Black Pete (A.K.R. 3070), May 13.
Oxyx—Black Pete. F. L. Weston's (Boston, Mass.) black spaniel Oxyx (A.K.R. 3175) to J. P. Willey's champion Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071), May 18.
Bessie C—Black Pete. P. Cullen's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel Bessie C. (A.K.R. 3145) to J. P. Willey's champion Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071), May 21.
Daisy W—Black Pete. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel Daisy W. (A.K.R. 3073) to his champion Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071), June 1.
Beauty W—Black Pete. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel Beauty W. (A.K.R. 1472) to his champion Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071), June 17.
Apollonia (formerly Tony)—Obo. Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) st. Bernard bitch, whelped (formerly Tony) (Apollo—Bernice) to her Obo (A.K.R. 432), June 21.
Bertie—Tannym. Fred Bollett's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) pointer Bertie (A.K.S.B. 2288) to F. R. Hitchcock's Tannym (Tory—Moonstone), May 16.
Darkie—Obo II. Patrick Cullen's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel Darkie (A.K.R. 250) to J. P. Willey's Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), Jan. 18.
Froncess—Apollo. Buena Vista Kennels' (Kensico Station, N. Y.) st. Bernard bitch, whelped Barry—Mont Cents) to W. W. Tucker's Apollo (Medor—Bliss), June 1.
Stella—Apollo. Buena Vista Kennels' (Kensico Station, N. Y.) st. Bernard bitch (Thor—Agusta) to W. W. Tucker's Apollo (Medor—Bliss), June 8.
Lady Athol—Apollo. J. S. Sheppard (New York) st. Bernard Lady Athol (Cadwallader—Cara) to W. W. Tucker's Apollo (Medor—Bliss), June 11.
Norah—Apollo. Geo. Von Skall's (New York) st. Bernard Norah (A.K.R. 700) to W. W. Tucker's Apollo (Medor—Bliss), June 4.
Diana—Kigi. W. W. Tucker's (New York) st. Bernard Diana to his Kigi (Apollo—Bernice), June 4.

WHELPS.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.
Queen Bess. Progressive Kennels' (Flatbush, L. I.) mastiff Queen Bess, June 22, eight (two dogs), by owner, Lulu II. (A.K.R. 2143).
June—Duty. Fr. aggressive Kennels' (Flatbush, L. I.) st. Bernard bitch, whelped June 22, by owner's Duty (Sirius—Thor).
Miss Obo II. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel Miss Obo II. (A.K.R. 2191), June 6, four (two dogs), by his champion Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071).
Winnie. W. J. Furness's (Ogdensburg, N. Y.) black cocker Fannie (Sam—Supp), June 14, five (four dogs), by his Ranger (Blanchard's Yarra—Alle).
Black Dora. Chas. F. Hamilton's (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel Black Dora (A.K.R. 3679), June 18, five (four dogs), by American Cocker Kennels' King Coal (A.K.R. 3355). One dog and bitch since dead.
Darkie—Obo II. P. Cullen's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel Darkie (A.K.R. 250), March 24, six (five dogs), by J. P. Willey's champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432).

SALES.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.
Monarch—Old Gold whelp. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped April 22, 1886, by J. L. Motley, Danville, Va., to E. Schoolfield, same place.
Theron. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 9, 1886, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Topsy B. (A.K.R. 3317), by Fred Bollett, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Chas. X. Wallace, same place.
Rox Obo. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 24, 1886, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Darkie (A.K.R. 250), by Patrick Cullen, Salmon Falls, N. H., to C. L. Hopkins, Norwich, Conn.
Duty. Orange tawny and white smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Oct. 27, 1884, by Sirius out of Thoa, by H. J. Clapham, Flemingville, N. Y., to L. Brandeis, Flatbush, L. I.
Apia June. Tawny and white smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Dec. 27, 1884, by Don II. out of Alma II., by H. J. Clapham, Flemingville, N. Y., to L. Brandeis, Flatbush, L. I.
Girolo. (A.K.R. 1006) Orange tawny and white smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 29, 1884, by H. J. Clapham, Flemingville, N. Y., to L. Brandeis, Flatbush, L. I.
Lady Athol. Orange tawny and white smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped March 14, 1886, by Duty out of Orgar, by H. J. Clapham, Flemingville, N. Y., to L. Brandeis, Flatbush, L. I.
Undine. Orange tawny and white smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 27, 1886, by Duty out of Girolo (A.K.R. 1006) by H. J. Clapham, Flemingville, N. Y., to L. Brandeis, Flatbush, L. I.

PRESENTATIONS.

Duke. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 9, 1886, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Topsy B. (A.K.R. 3317), by Dr. W. W. Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Capt. Wm. J. McLevey, same place.
Woodcock. (A.K.R. 3784). White, chestnut and tan English setter dog, whelped Dec. 14, 1885, by L. Gardner, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., to Adolph Saider, Dayton, O.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

J. W. E., Cohoes.—My pointer has a sore on her shoulder, the hair has fallen off. It looks raw and is spreading. A friend of mine has a sister which broke out the same way, and ran at the nose, and finally she appeared to be blind in one eye. Ans. Give your dog five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic three times daily. Wash the sore with nit and morning with warm water and castile soap and dress with balsam of Peru ointment.

M. H., Philadelphia.—I find my puppies have flies and am using on them fly powder, and, as I always do, a disinfectant in my kennel. Is there any liquid preparation I could safely use for six weeks old collie puppies that would heal the irritation or pimples and kill the vermin at the same time? Would it be safe, while they have the pimples, to pass a fine comb wet with kerosene through the hair? Ans. Put a half grain of corrosive sublimate to eight ounces of water for a wash. Do not use the comb and kerosene.

G. S. D., Philadelphia.—I have a spaniel pup (King Charles and cocker) who is a little crazy. She appears to be sick at her stomach all the time. The matter she throws off is white slime, always after eating. Has been so about six weeks. Have treated her for worms with fluid extract spigelia and senna, but without benefit. She has had several fits, only severe on one occasion, and those I attribute to excitement, as I had her on the street the first day and she was very much excited previous to attack. She has had inward fits on two occasions since. She does not get any meat. Diet consists of milk, egg, oatmeal and boiled rice. She slobbers continually and gets very fat. Her case is six months old. Can you give me this statement-out of the case suggest a remedy? Ans. We should say that your bitch suffers from chronic gastritis. The causes are very numerous. The treatment is dietetic and medicinal. Give as little food as possible and in a concentrated form. Give milk with lime water, Valerian's beef extract or Liebig's. Once daily give a little tender raw meat finely minced and mixed with the white of an egg. For medicine, give one drop of Fowler's solution of arsenic three times daily mixed in milk. The trouble may have something to do with the evolution of the sexual system, in which case she will outgrow it. Report results.

AMONG THE NORTHERN LAKES of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa, are hundreds of delightful places where one can pass the summer months in quiet rest and enjoyment, and return home at the end of the heated term completely rejuvenated. Each recurring season brings to Oconomowoc, Waukegan, Beaver Dam, Frontenac, Okoboji, Munieka, White Bear and innumerable other charming localities with romantic names, thousands of our best people whose winter homes are on either side of Mason and Dixon's line. Elegance and comfort at a moderate cost can be readily obtained. A list of summer homes with all necessary information pertaining thereto is being distributed by the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY, and will be sent free upon application by letter to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.—Adv.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

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RANGE AND GALLERY.

WILMINGTON RIFLE CLUB.—Owing to the drizzling rain there was a small attendance at the last matches. Massachusetts target, 200 yds., off-hand:

H A Heinel.....	8	11	11	10	12-52	H R Seeds.....	8	10	8	7	9-42
W C Seeds.....	9	3	10	9	11-47	J E C Seeds.....	8	7	8	11	7-41
J Newman.....	11	11	9	8	5-44	U Fuller.....	10	4	8	10	9-41
W A Bacon.....	9	10	9	5	10-43	I W Seeds.....	9	8	9	7	7-40
C Heinel Sr.....	8	6	9	8	11-42	H Simpson.....	5	7	6	7	6-31
S J Newman.....	9	9	10	8	6-42						

Conditions were the same as before. There was but one tie, which, being decided, the prizes were awarded as follows: First, S. J. Newman; second, Howard Simpson; third, Harry A. Heinel; fourth, J. Newman; fifth, Charles Heinel, Sr. The total score is as follows, out of a possible 130 points:

S J Newman	9	11	12	6	7	8	11	8	9	10	91
H Simpson	11	10	10	9	10	9	7	4	8	9	87
H A Heibel	7	9	8	7	9	11	11	6	9	10	87
J S Newman	12	5	9	6	7	9	9	7	10	7	83
C Heibel, Sr	8	7	9	10	7	7	10	8	9	8	82
W A Bacon	6	10	6	2	8	0	7	11	8	9	77
H B Seeds	8	9	4	9	7	8	6	8	9	7	76
A C Seeds	9	9	6	8	5	4	8	10	7	10	76
U Fuller	10	6	7	9	11	4	10	2	9	7	75
I W Seeds	5	2	6	11	4	6	9	4	7	6	63

The conditions at the third match were the same. After deciding the ties the prizes were awarded as follows: First, Harry A. Heinel; second, S. J. Newman; third, Charles Heinel, Sr.; fourth, U. Fuller; fifth, Wm. A. Bacon. The following is the score in full out of a possible 130 points:

H A H-luel	9	9	11	11	10-50	H B Seeds.....	7	9	7	8	10-41
S J Newman	11	9	6	11	10 47	I W Seeds	10	9	6	8	4-37
C Heinel, Sr.....	11	6	9	8	9-43	J E Newman	5	5	6	8	3 32
U fuller.....	9	9	7	11	5-41	H Simpson.....	4	3	0	2	8-17
W A Bacon.....	6	5	9	11	10-41						

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., June 24.—Pioneer Rifle Teams at their first shoot at the range west of the village. For the first time, the scores were very fair, as many of the men had never shot at a target before. It is the first of a series of shoots for a silver pitcher to be won three times. The target used at this match was the Human target with 8 in. bullseye, 330 yds. with rest:

Paul T Brady	5	4	3	5	4	8	7	4	5	2-47
Bryan M-Case	0	3	10	6	5	4	4	5	5	3-45
Chan Ball	1	4	0	4	5	2	5	3	4	2-30
Walter Beadle	3	10	5	9	5	8	5	9	8	6-68
Geo Van Horn	4	4	4	5	3	6	8	3	7	2-46
Jesse Johnston	4	10	5	5	3	5	6	7	5	8-60
James Tucker	4	7	3	4	5	10	3	10	8	8-88
John Bealey	5	6	5	4	8	4	6	7	4	6-55
David H Gregory	19	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0-13

Mr. Gregory's rifle was a very light one, and he shot more for sport than for a score. Next match July 1, at 50yds, on a Creedmoor target.

Mr. Gregory's rifle was very light, and he shot most sport than for a score. Next match July 1, at 500 yds. on a Creedmoor target.

NEWARK, June 26.—The rifle match at Union Hill to-day between Wm. Hayes of this city, and M. Dorrer, of the Zethor Rifle Club of New York, resulted in a victory for Dorrer, by a score of 2,178 to 2,145 for Hayes.

THOMASTON, Conn., June 19.—Splendid light, a light 3 o'clock wind:

E. Thomas	5	9	9	10	7	7	5	10	7	10	79
F. A. Perkins	5	8	5	9	9	10	8	10	6	4	74
G. A. Lemmon	8	9	8	6	6	4	8	9	7	8	73
W. H. Dunbar	7	6	6	10	5	10	6	7	6	7	70

June 26.—A bright light with a gusty, tricky wind, veering from 4 to 10 o'clock, were the weather conditions at our shoot this afternoon:

G. A. Lemmon	10	6	8	9	8	6	6	7	74
E. Thomas	10	6	8	9	8	6	6	7	74
H. L. Sulist	8	7	7	6	9	6	5	10	39
F. A. Perkins	7	7	9	4	8	7	6	5	45
G. P. North	8	7	6	4	8	5	5	4	60
C. F. Williams	9	8	6	5	7	4	7	3	80

BOSTON, June 26.—A large number of riflemen were out at the Saturday matches at Walnut Hill range. The wind was unfavorable. The range will be open on July 5, and the current matches will close on that day. Private Lincoln Grant, Company D, First Corps Cadets, has won the second medal in the 500 yds. military match on scores of 1045. O. M. Jewett won the special prize offered for the highest score without handicap in the spring meeting.

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

W Charles, C.....	10	9	9	10	9	6	8	10	6	10-87
J Francis (open sight), C.....	5	7	9	8	8	7	9	10	7	8-80
C E Berry, D.....	9	6	7	10	7	7	7	9	8	9-79
J B Fellows, D.....	8	8	9	8	9	6	5	8	8	9-78
W H Oler, D.....	10	9	7	10	9	7	9	5	6	5-76
A C Gunn, A (mil).....	6	4	6	5	7	8	6	6	8	5-66

Rest Match.

N. Washburn	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	98
D. Chase, A.	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	98
J. Hurd, A.	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	98

500 yds. March.

Lincoln Grant (mil)	5355355555	48	A. Brackett (mil)	5344554545	46
D. Chase (port rifle)	4555555551	43	R. B. Edes (mil)	5553555545	46
J. Francis (mil)	4455555545	47	W. Henry (mil)	5553555544	45

CREEDMOOR, June 26.—The matches at Creedmoor to-day were well attended. The day was fine, but a strong westerly wind interfered somewhat with the shooting. The winning scores were:

	200Yrs.	500Yrs.	Total.
W A Stokes, 23d Regt	21	34	45
J F Klem, Separate Co., 17th Regt.	22	23	45
J McLean, 7th Regt	20	23	43
J McCaul, 12th Regt.	22	21	43
O E Dudley, 7th Regt.	20		20
George Bull, 23d Regt.	20	21	41
W E Taylor, 14th Regt.	20	21	41
W H Palmer, 7th Regt	19	21	40

The wise ones insured and drew \$950,000 in cash benefits.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

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FIXTURES.

There are still many clubs not represented below, and some of the dates in the table are not official. We ask the aid of club secretaries and others in completing and correcting the list:

3. Knickerbocker Cruise.	31. Hull, Cruise, Eastward.
3. Oswego Cruise, Charlotte.	31. Sandy Bay, Ladies', Rockport.
3. Hull, Club, Hull.	August.
3. Buffalo, Annual, Lake Erie.	2. Sandy Bay, Open, Rockport.
3. Newark, Cruise.	2. L. Y. R. A., Kingston.
3. Toledo, 2d Pennant Match.	4. N. Y. Y. C., Annual Cruise.
3-6. Quaker City, Reg. and Cruise.	6. L. Y. R. A., Oswego.
5. Larchmont, Annual Regatta.	7. Corinthian, Open, Marblehead.
5. Boston, Open, City Point.	7. Beverly, Club, Mon. Beach.
5. Sandy Bay, Open, Squam.	7. Quincy, Club.
5. Beverly, Open, Sweepstake, Mon. Beach.	8. Quaker City, Review.
5. Toledo, Pen., Toledo.	9. Great Head, Club, Wintthrop.
5 to 6 Interlake Y. R. A. Rendezvous and Race, Detroit.	10. L. Y. R. A., Toronto.
6 to 11, Interlake Y. R. A. Cruise to Put In Bay.	11. Great Head, Ladies, Wintthrop.
8. Great Head, Club, Wintthrop.	14. Sandy Bay, Club, Squam.
8. Quincy, Club.	14. Hull, Open, Hull.
10. Great Head, Club, Wintthrop.	14. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
10. Hull, Novelty, Hull.	14-25. Quaker City, An. Cruise.
10. Corinthian, Club, Marblehead.	21. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
10. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.	24. Great Head, Cham., Wintthrop.
13. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.	25. Hull, Ladies', Hull.
14. Hull, Cham., Ladies', Wintthrop.	28. Corinthian, Club, Marblehead.
15-17. Amer. (Steam), Annual.	28. Hull, Cham., Hull.
17. Sandy Bay, Cor., Rockport.	28. Sandy Bay, Open, Squam.
17 to 25. Knickerbocker, Cruise.	SEPTEMBER.
17. Jersey City, Annual.	2. Boston, Cup, City Point.
17. Atlantic, Cruise.	2. Quincy, Club.
21. Hull, Ladies', Hull.	2. Dorchester, Club, Harrison.
22. Boston, Cup, City Point.	4. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
22. Dorchester, Club, Harrison.	4. Corinthian, Cham., Marblehead.
24. Beverly, Club, Mon. Beach.	4. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
24. Corinthian, Ladies', Marblehead.	6. Newark, Open.
24. Sandy Bay, Pen., Gloucester.	6. Quaker City, Cup, 2d Class.
24. Great Head, Cham., Wintthrop.	8. Great Head, Club, Wintthrop.
24. Quincy, Club.	11. Hull, Cham., Hull.
27. Great Head, Club, Wintthrop.	11. Corinthian, Sweepstake, Marblehead.
30. L. Y. R. A., Belle Isle.	11. Sandy Bay, Sweep, Gloucester.
31. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.	17. Toledo, Pen., Toledo.
	19. Quaker City, Review & Cruise.
	19. Sandy Bay, Club, Rockport.
	19. Great Head, Club, Wintthrop.
	25. Buffalo, Club, Lake Erie.
	28. Beverly, Club, Nahant.

EASTERN Y. C.

[By Telegraph to the Forest and Stream.]

BOSTON, June 29.—The regatta of the Eastern Y. C. at Marblehead to-day was a most successful one, wind and weather being favorable for a real test of the craft. There was a whole sail breeze all day. The great event was the contest of the three sloops, Puritan, Priscilla and Mayflower, twice over the 15 mile course. The yachts crossed the line as follows: Priscilla, 12:08; Puritan, 12:12; Mayflower, 12:14:30. Wind over starboard quarter to southerly stakeboat, which was rounded as follows: Priscilla, 12:35:20; Puritan, 12:39:30; Mayflower, 12:39:50.

With wind slightly abate the beam, on the reach to the northern stakeboat, the three rounded the mark as follows: Priscilla, 1:06:45; Mayflower, 1:07:23; Puritan, 1:07:46. On the beat to windward to starting stakeboat the Puritan worked ahead, the boats rounding as follows: Puritan, 1:32:50; Priscilla, 1:33:40; Mayflower, 1:35:25. The southern stakeboat was rounded the second time as follows: Puritan, 2:00:15; Priscilla, 2:01:18; Mayflower, 2:04:34; the northern stakeboat, Puritan, 2:47:45; Priscilla, 2:48:35; Mayflower, 2:51:47. The homeline was crossed as follows: Puritan, 3:23:00; Priscilla, 3:36:30; Mayflower, 3:37:00.

The official summary of the race gives the record:

	Actual.	Allowance.	Corrected.
Puritan.....	3:24 50	1 50	3:23 00
Priscilla.....	3:30 05	1 08	3:28 57
Mayflower.....	3:35 35	0 35	3:28 35
FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.			
Mohican.....	4:09 15	..	4:09 15
Fortuna.....	4:38 48	..	4:38 25
Giltana.....	3:54 58	..	3:52 23
SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.			
Thetis.....	4:05 24	..	4:01 33
Stranger.....	3:58 08	..	3:54 37
Bedouin.....	3:51 40	..	3:51 40
Huron.....	Disabied.
SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.			
Alice.....	4:29 50	..	4:29 50
Gwalia.....	4:28 30	..	4:16 29
Meta.....	4:45 20	..	4:36 25
THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS.			
Active.....	4:37 35	..	4:37 35
Ullida.....	4:55 35	..	4:47 50
Clara.....	4:12 00	..	4:12 00
FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS.			
Shona.....	2:46 30
No competitor.

COLUMBIA Y. C. 19TH REGATTA.

THE Columbia Y. C. held a very successful regatta on June 21, being favored with a good breeze all day. The course of the club is a peculiar one, but possesses a great advantage in that it is within view of the club house and Riverside drive, so no steamer was needed. From the club house the yachts sail up the river to a mark boat on the east shore, thence across to a mark boat on the west shore, thence directly across the river, turning the home mark, thence out around the second mark, and down diagonally across the river to a mark below the house on the east shore, and then up to the start where they finish. All but Class E went over this course twice. The many sides give a variety of courses and insure some windward work with every wind. The crews were limited to one man per 4 ft. of length and sailing master, the latter being a club member. The allowance was 14 min. per foot. Besides the regular prizes a champion pennant was given to the best elapsed time. The wind was from S. to S. E. during the day, blowing nicely in the afternoon. The summary was as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emma & Alice.....	11 02 15	2 10 54	3 08 39	3 06 39
Eldiva.....	11 00 31	Disabied.
Trio.....	11 04 02	3 49 59	3 42 51	3 37 31
Venture.....	11 00 32	2 21 21	3 20 49	3 13 14
Flirt.....	11 01 30	3 14 14	4 12 44	4 00 29
CLASS B—OPEN YACHTS.				
Henry Gray.....	11 05 49	2 22 56	3 17 07	3 17 07
Troublesome.....	11 05 04	2 46 30	3 38 26	3 38 26
Martha Muon.....	11 05 13	3 24 40	3 19 27	3 17 25
CLASS C—OPEN YACHTS.				
Unit.....	11 08 45	2 35 04	3 26 19	3 26 19
Curlow.....	11 08 15	2 36 33	3 28 18	3 28 03
CLASS D—OPEN YACHTS.				
Emma.....	11 05 49	2 47 28	3 41 39	3 41 39
Gannett.....	11 05 45	3 05 58	4 00 13	3 59 28
Defiance.....	11 05 51	2 47 16	3 40 25	3 39 25
Anna Belle.....	11 07 23	3 02 27	3 55 04	3 54 04
Daisy.....	11 05 49
Minnie Kine.....	11 06 57	3 08 17	4 01 20	4 01 12 1/2
Hen. Fisher.....	11 07 04	2 45 57	3 38 53	3 37 08
CLASS E—OPEN YACHTS.				
A. W. Frankie.....	11 07 55	1 40 01	2 39 06	2 39 06
Hallie.....	11 05 15
Viola.....	11 07 54

In Class A Emma & Alice wins class prize and champion pennant for fastest time over the course. Henry Gray wins in Class B, Unit in Class C, Henry Fisher in Class D, and in Class E the A. W. Frankie. Eldiva carried away her topmast. The judges were: Ex-Com. A. J. Prime, Yonkers Y. C. Com. Henry Andrus, Manhattan Y. C., and Mr. S. N. Simonson. The regatta committee were: Chas. Dietz, A. M. Everett, Charles T. Whits, Win J. Greacen and Louis D. Urban. During the day the house was open to the lady friends of the club, a number of whom were present.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. CRUISE.—The K. Y. C. will start on July 3 for short cruise, the rendezvous being at City Island. A meeting will be held on board the flagship to decide on the course for the 4th and 5th. The club will start on a longer cruise on July 17 at 4 P. M., returning on July 27.

BOSTON Y. C. REGATTA, JUNE 23.

THE first of the two champion cup regattas of the Boston Y. C. was sailed on June 23. For two seasons the Pfaff Cup has been raced for, Edna winning two, and Kitty, Froile and Seabird each one, of the three required to hold it. This year, in addition, two new silver cups are offered by Vice Com. John B. Meer, one for schooners and one for first-class sloops, two wins being needed to hold either cup. The classes and prizes are as follows:

First Class—Schooners.—Measuring 33ft. and more sailing length. Yachts 30ft. and under 33ft. may sail in this class by calling themselves 33ft. sailing length. The prize is a solid silver champion cup, presented by Vice-Com. John B. Meer; a second prize of \$20 will be given. No prize will be given any yacht that has not defeated a competitor. Mr. J. L. Stebbins, the well-known photographer, will present each of the first class cup winners a large photograph of his yacht as a special prize.

First Class—Sloops.—Measuring 33ft. and more sailing length. Yachts 30ft. and under 33ft. may sail in this class by calling themselves 33ft. sailing length. The prize is a solid silver champion cup, presented by Vice-Com. John B. Meer; a second prize of \$20 will be given.

Second class—under thirty-three feet, sailing length. The prize is the solid silver champion cup, presented by Commodore Pfaff. In addition, a second prize of \$10.

The course for first class was from off the club house through the Narrows, leaving Sound Point beacon on port; Spectacle Island, Nix's Mate bell-buoy, Gallop's Island, George's Island and buoy No. 7, east of George's Island, on starboard; Toddy Rocks buoy and Point Allerton buoy on starboard; Harding's bell-buoy, whistling buoy off the Graves, Egg Rock and Ram Head buoy, on the port; Rawn Bay buoys on the starboard; Sound Point beacon on starboard, Spectacle Island on the port to the judges' boat, passing between it and the flag-boat. For second class, from off the club house, through the Narrows, leaving Sound Point beacon on the port; Spectacle Island, Nix's Mate bell-buoy, Gallop's Island, George's Island, buoy No. 7, Toddy Rocks buoy, and Point Allerton buoy on the starboard; Harding's bell-buoy on the port; Point Allerton buoy, Toddy Rocks buoy and buoy No. 7 on the port; through the Narrows, leaving George's Island, Gallop's Island, Nix's Mate bell-buoy on the port; Sound Point beacon on the starboard; Spectacle Island on the port to the judges' boat, passing between it and the flag-boat.

The start was called for 10:30 A. M., all yachts to have head sails lowered. Anchored near Thompkins Island were Eva, Echo, Kitty and Majel, of the second class, outside were Shadow and Nimbus, and still further out were Adrienne and Gevalia. The wind was very light from the east. Adrienne led for a time, but was finally passed by Gevalia. For a time Shadow was second boat, but Adrienne passed her; she beat Nimbus badly, however. Majel led her class, but took the ground near Sound Point Beacon, lying there from 11:23 to 11:39. Eva led home under spinnaker. The full times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gevalia, George M. Winslow.....	58.05	4 55 52	4 15 30
Adrienne, C. B. Lancaster.....	65.04	4 57 14	4 23 17
FIRST CLASS SCHOONS.			
Shadow, Dr. John Bryant.....	34.10	5 02 58	4 04 18
Nimbus, J. K. Souther.....	34.05	5 31 22	4 31 57
SECOND CLASS SCHOONS.			
Eva, Daniel Sargent.....	33.00	4 14 20	3 24 44
Echo, E. L. Burwell.....	34.09	4 31 02	3 39 16
Kitty, E. H. Tarbell.....	34.01 1/2	4 33 30	3 40 27
Majel, W. H. Wilkinson.....	27.04 1/2	4 35 46	3 43 22

Gevalia wins a leg for one Meer's cup and Shadow for the other. Eva wins a leg for the Pfaff cup and Echo wins second prize, \$10. Kitty claims a remeasurement, but it will not affect the result. Seabird and Froile being sold forfeit their wins for the Pfaff cup. The second race will be sailed on July 22. The regatta committee were Messrs. J. P. Phinney, John A. Stetson, S. L. Jordan, Geo. R. Howe and W. L. Welman. The judges were Messrs. Thos. Dean, Eber Denton and Coolidge Barraud.

EAST RIVER Y. C. SEVENTH REGATTA.

ON June 21 the E. R. Y. C. sailed its seventh regatta over a course to and around Gangway Buoy, starting and finishing off Pottery Beach, Greenpoint. At 11:30 A. M. twenty yachts started, with a flood tide and a light south wind, which blew fresher as the day advanced. The times at the outer mark were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Avalon.....	1 56 59	Alice.....	2 12 50	2 12 50
Wacandah.....	2 03 02	Ripple.....	2 16 00	2 16 00
Favorita.....	2 07 07	Lola S.....	2 23 15	2 23 15
Maud M.....	2 09 10	Ed Kearney.....	2 23 25	2 23 25
Pirate.....	2 12 00	Irene.....	2 26 15	2 26 15
Thetis.....	2 12 25	Julia.....	2 23 20	2 23 20

The summary was as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Avalon.....	1 56 59	2 12 50	3 09 49	3 04 00
Fly.....	1 58 30	2 27 45	3 29 15	3 23 15
Favorita.....	1 58 45	3 27 45	3 29 10	3 24 25
Sorceress.....	1 53 45	3 45 45	3 52 00	3 41 25
Wacandah.....	1 45 15	4 00 00	4 10 45	4 03 15
CLASS B—CABIN SCHOONS.				
Maud M.....	1 49 30	3 36 35	3 47 05	3 47 05
Alice.....	1 51 00	3 42 50	3 54 50	3 51 30
CLASS C—CABIN SCHOONS.				
Lydia F.....	1 52 00	4 09 10	4 17 10	4 12 00
Julia.....	1 53 45	4 11 17	4 18 02	4 15 02
Kitty.....	1 50 20
CLASS D—OPEN SCHOONS.				
Thetis.....	1 46 15	3 47 35	4 01 20	4 01 20
Mystery.....	1 48 00	4 04 46	4 16 46	4 11 21
CLASS E—CAT-RIGGED.				
Pirate.....	1 42 10	3 43 49	4 06 39	4 00 33
Ripple.....	1 44 15	3 50 14	4 06 39	4 06 39
Jimmy.....	1 43 00	4 29 02	4 46 02	4 39 42
CLASS F—CAT-RIGGED.				
Lone Star.....	1 44 15	3 57 45	4 13 30	4 10 20
E. J. Kearney.....	1 44 45	4 03 23	4 19 08	4 19 08
Irene.....	1 44 45	4 28 05	4 45 20	4 37 30
Nellie.....	1 45 00	4 19 15	4 24 15	4 21 25
Aida.....	1 44 15	4 25 45	4 41 30	4 33 40

In Class A Fly, the Irish hooker built by Driscoll three years since, a deep-keel boat; Class B, Maud M.; Class C, Lydia F.; Class D, Thetis; Class E, Pirate; Class F, Lone Star. Julia lost her topmast. The judges were Messrs. E. E. Brown, J. D. Smallfield and Aloysius Lamb. The Cygnus followed the race with the guests of the club.

THE PILGRIM CHALLENGED.

BY DR. W. H. WINSLOW.

WE dropped anchor in Sabbath Day Harbor at noon one pleasant day in September, and after a ramble around the little village and over the autumn-tinted bluff of this Islesboro summer resort, returned aboard to cook dinner. A boat came off from shore above the wharf, where a sloop of some local reputation for speed was lying, and the three occupants inspected the Pilgrim, stern and bow, and with much interest, asking many questions meanwhile. They had never seen anything just like her in those waters, and wished to know if she was "one of them cutters that the yachtsmen were talking so much about." They were particularly struck by the long overhang and sharp, triangular stern, and were very much astonished to learn that she carried 3,300 pounds of iron keel and 1,100 pounds of moulded iron inside for "ballast."

"Kin she sail any?" asked the coxswain, whom I recognized as the clerk of the hotel, taking a careful look at the mainsail, which had been left up for shade.

"Yes, if she has breeze enough," I replied. "She manages to knife along a little in a calm, but she delights in a howler, and we are very much pleased with the supply in Penobscot Bay."

The cockpit and cabin were cluttered up with dishes and grub and, as we did not invite our interlocutors aboard, they soon pulled around the end of the wharf and left us to our dinner. While the two ladies were washing up and stowing away the dishes, my land lubber of a brother-in-law, who knows more of calico measuring and codfish weighing about his store than he did concerning a boat, called my attention to the sloop we had seen coming around the point. She stood out into the bay, then made a board by us, hovered around in a suspicious manner and seemed in no hurry to go anywhere. She had mainsail, jib and jibtop sail set, and as my crew before mentioned hauled up our anchor the gallant fellows took in and stowed the jibtop sail, thus matching our jib and mainsail, all I wished to carry in the puff northwester that was blowing, when I had ladies aboard.

The stranger was a keel sloop about 25 ft. long, 10 ft. beam and 3 ft. draft. She had a light topmast, a tall mast set with a good spread of canvas, a large cockpit and small cockpit, and a yachlike appearance and no tender to hold her back. Our 12 ft. cedar boat behind us was the only thing that gave her any advantage over us. The Pilgrim filled away and went quietly along the shore of the island, with the wind upon the starboard quarter, and the stranger shaped a parallel course with a rather stronger breeze, as she was about a cable's length further off shore and upon our port quarter.

We recognized that it was a challenge to a race, but we were too much interested in the pretty cottages, the bold, pine-covered headlands and the beautiful coves of the shore to pay particular attention to the sailing, and when we had reached Hugh's Head, that barred our progress four miles from our starting point, the sloop had crept up almost upon our beam, and it was evident that she was faster than the Pilgrim with a boat in tow, and a free sailer before the wind.

Then the cutter was turned around, the boom jibed and the sheets trimmed flat down for a course along the island and home. The sloop went past, and I thought she did not wish to race after all. The next moment she trimmed in sheets, went square across our stern and made a rapid run with the wind a little free in toward the shore till she was upon our weather quarter, when she went about and struck a parallel course with us, having gained by the Yankee trick about quarter of a mile the weather gauge of us. Now the contest became interesting. The wind had been freshening as the sun went down, and the strong puffs from the northwest heeled the Pilgrim to her rail, and she edged up into it and shot ahead like an arrow. The crew laid himself down flat alongside of the house, racing in style, the ladies sat down in the bottom of the cockpit, and I braced my feet against the lee side of the cockpit, managed the tiller and kept the jib sheet ready to let go if necessary. Several times I eased it a little, as the water rolled along the lee scuppers in a torrent of foam, just to quiet the ladies, who thought the cockpit staving and the water were getting a little too well acquainted, but I hauled in again immediately with a shiver of the mainsail and then looked over to see my opponent almost upon her beam ends, the mainsail flapping and the jib heaving and shaking. We were both carrying too much sail, but I knew we could stand it, and the stranger was not going to set an example. So we bowled along up the eastern channel, the Pilgrim hugging the wind and shore so closely I was obliged to slacken sheets and keep off a little to avoid projecting reefs, the stranger doing nobly, but slowly and surely sagging to leeward until she was first astern, then upon our lee quarter, and far away from us.

When we had run ten miles and were off Dye's Head, above Castine, the sloop was ast our beam and more than a mile to leeward, while the little Pilgrim was dancing away toward Belfast and eating up to the very wind's eye with her joyous excursions. Then all doubt of the effort of the stranger to test speed vanished, for she tacked ship, payed off sheets, and shaped her course for her starting place, while we yelled "Good-bye," swung caps and handkerchiefs, held out a rope for a tow, and indulged in those antics and congratulations so dear to the victorious. We had beaten the crack sloop of the island, hampered by a tow and hindered in our weather course by proximity to rocks and reefs.

This was a square race between two types of boats, and the result proved their best and worst points. The wide, shallow was fast before the wind and made great leeway on the wind; the deep, narrow boat showed fair speed before the wind, and held her place and worked to windward like a sea gull.

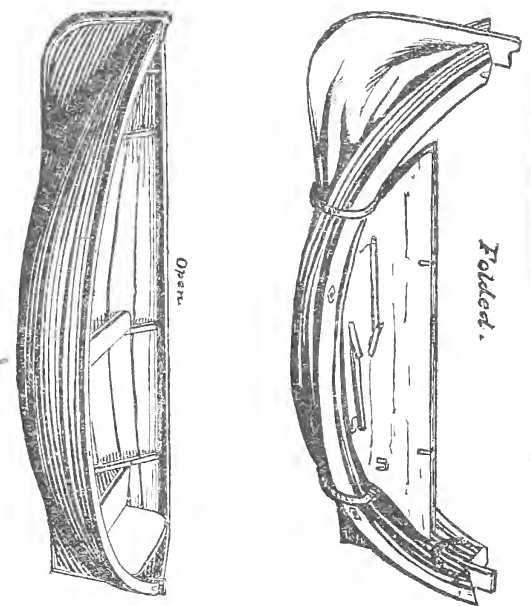
CORINTHIAN Y. C.—Fifth regatta, first championship, June 26, 1886. Wind strong W. S. W., course first and second classes, 10 miles; third class, 6 miles. Courses were Nos. 1 and 3 of the regular club courses:

	FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS—SLOOPS		
	Racing length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Eugenia, J. S. Palmer.....	25.10	2 09 29	2 09 29
FIRST CLASS KEELS—SLOOPS.			
Echo, E. L. Burwell.....	25.01	2 03 00	2 04 54
Bessie, C. P. Curtis.....	25.02	2 14 22	2 14 22
Gem, H. W. Savage.....	25.11	2 17 57	2 15 44
SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS—SLOOPS.			
Louette, L. M. Haskins.....	20.09	2 15 09	2 11 44
Petrel, H. H. Paul.....	20.06	Disabled.	
Expert, L. Whitcomb.....	23.05	Did not finish.	
SECOND CLASS KEELS—CUTTERS.			
Witch, B. B. Crowninshield.....	22.08	2 17 09	2 16 42
Saracen, W. P. Fowle.....	23.07	2 18 53	2 18 53
Annie, J. B. Rhodes.....	22.10	Did not finish.	
THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS—CATS.			
Tartar, F. L. Dunne.....	19.11	1 44 15	1 14 36
Myrtle, R. C. Poore.....	19.01	1 18 35	1 17 40
Dash, A. S. Browne.....	20.01	1 22 40	1 22 40
Pixy, F. W. Chandler.....	19.10	1 25 06	1 24 53
Psyche, H. M. Sears.....	17.07	Did not finish.	
Comus, John Newcomb.....	18.05	Did not finish.	
Scamp, Frank Gray.....	18.04	Did not finish.	
Iduna, Wm. H. Davis.....	18.01	Did not finish.	

THE BERTHON FOLDING BOATS.

THE BERTHON boats are well known to persons familiar with English yachting and nautical matters, but only a few have found their way to this country. The boats have been manufactured for over ten years, and more than 6,000 are in use in all climates, of sizes ranging from large ship's boats to the little 7 ft. dinghy. The company has a large factory in operation in the pretty little town of Runcy, in Hampshire, about fifteen miles from Southampton, under the charge of the inventor of the boats, Rev. E. L. BERTHON, Vicar of Romsey, who divides his attention between his factory and the care of a large parish with a beautiful old Abbey Church. The Rev. Mr. BERTHON is a great admirer of Yankee mechanical skill, and his work bears close resemblance to our best examples of lightness and strength, while combining with these qualities the best English ideas of thoroughness. The large workshop of the company are at 50 Holborn Viaduct, London, the chairman of the company being Lord Dunsany, and directors Capt. Price, R. N., M. P., Col. Colclough and Rev. E. L. BERTHON.

The design of the inventor was not to make a boat which should be lighter than a wooden boat of same size, nor one which would come to pieces and rack into a trunk, but to provide a boat which, while in every respect as strong, safe, well-shaped, capacious, fast and durable as a wooden boat, should possess the possibility of such close stowage that it need not encumber the deck of a vessel. The BERTHON boat consists of a framework of longitudinal members, covered inside and out with waterproofed canvas. When folded it occupies its original length, but only one-fifth of its original width, and can be laid flat again to the rail, or on the deck or cabin roof of a vessel. It can be opened and launched within half a minute. It will stand any weather, will last forever, and is as buoyant and handy as a duck. The keel, stem and sternpost are permanent, while the gunwale and three ribs on each side are hinged from the top of stem and sternpost, and when the boat folds these drop down against the



keel like the leaves of a book when closing. The ribs are thin but several inches deep, leaving a space between inner and outer skin which, being divided off by the ribs, furnishes eight absolutely watertight compartments capable of floating the boat when the latter is full of water, also rendering the puncture of the skin in any one place of little consequence. Each rib is also the keel, stem and sternpost and gunwale, it is composite, being built up of thin strips of Canadian elm, steamed, bent and riveted through, making a permanent, stiff but elastic curve. There are no transverse ribs, but a bottom board, jointed longitudinally down the middle and hinged to two ribs, covers the bottom. The ribs on each side extend from this board up under the gunwale and hold the boat open. They are rapidly set up and clamped.

The skins are of the best long flax canvas, carefully water-proofed and covered with a flexible paint. Cracking or peeling is unknown. As to their durability, the agents in New York have an 18 ft. boat which has been in active use on board a merchant vessel for over seven years, and is as good and serviceable as when new. This boat was used at a trial in January last at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. She was swung from the davits, opened, lowered with a few men, then a crew of fifteen men boarded her and pulled around the basin. This test was ordered by the navy department and was held before a board of officers appointed to examine the boats. This board has made a most favorable report, and recommends the boats highly. The boats can be easily and rapidly repaired. A rent in canvas can be quickly sewed up or patched, and when painted with the special preparation is as good as new. The excellence of the boats in extremes of climate is shown by the facts that Capt. Sir G. Nares had several with his Arctic expedition, and large numbers are in use in India and Central Africa. As to their seaworthiness, in September, 1882, Capt. Harvey, R. N., with a crew of four hands, sailed a 25 ft. BERTHON boat from Cape Finisterre to the Scilly Islands and thence up the channel to Southampton, a distance in all of 700 miles, in six days sailing. All H. M. I. can transport, several steamer lines, and nearly all the torpedoes of Great Britain and the Continent are equipped with BERTHON boats. A great number of styles and sizes are made. After the ship's boats come the yacht dinghies, especially recommended for small yachts and steam launches, which find a wooden tender a great nuisance. Many of these dinghies are fitted with centerboard and mast and sail to step in forward thwart. The shooting and fishing boats are made lighter and less bulky. They claim to excel all others in strength and carrying power. The BERTHON decked canoe is an ingenious little craft. The 10 ft. canoe folds into 4 ft. width, and can be carried in a small strap. It has a very elegant appearance when opened up, and is an excellent sailer, fast and safe in rough water. They are sure to become popular in this country. The Canadian canoe is a special style for inland waters. They are of single skin, very light, and made on lines of the Indian canoes.

It is claimed by the BERTHON Company that their boats have no rivals for sea service, and that they practically monopolize the field in that direction. They have taken a long line of high awards at exhibitions since 1875 down to the London Fisheries in 1883, they were awarded the highest prizes over all competitors, beating two gold medals and the special prize for the best portable boat. The company has lately established an agency in New York at 35 Broadway, where several of their boats may be seen, among them a yacht dinghy of small size.

LLOYD'S YACHT REGISTER.—This valuable book appears this year in a still greater size than before, the regular lists being fuller and more complete; while several interesting and valuable tables have been added. The most important of these gives tonnage, description and nationality of all the yachts on the register, a total of 3,849 vessels of 167,343 tons. Of these 607 are steam and 2,942 are sailing craft, the tonnage of the former being 36,407 and of the latter 80,530. Great Britain claims 778 steam yachts, 494 being of wood; and 2,156 sailing yachts, 213 being of wood. Only a few American yachts are included in the list. Another similar table gives a list of yachts owned in various countries. A list has also been added of yacht-classified according to their tonnage, which gives some interesting figures. The largest private yacht is the *Alva*, now building for Mr. Vanderbilt, 1,238 tons, while the next is also an American, the *Bretagne*, 1,172 tons, built at Baltimore for Mr. Leon Fay. The third is the Norwegian, *Mr. Astor*, 939 tons, then *Amoy*, Mr. Stewart, a Scotch yacht of 812 tons, then Mr. Bennett's *Namouna*, of 740 tons. All these are steamers, but the largest sailing yacht is also an American, *Ambassador*, 498 tons, while the old *Sappho* comes next at 392 tons. Another new list is that of builders and designers, with names and tonnage of yachts built by them. The book is bound and printed in the same handsome style as usual, and is in every way a credit to the great society which it represents. Now that the Y. R. A. has added that length in the tables as well as the draft of the yachts, should add that length in the tables as well as the draft of the yachts. Length from stem to stern post on deck, the dimension given conveys no idea of the size of a boat, as waterline length does, and similarly depth of hold shows little as to draft of water, and these latter figures are the ones that yachtsmen need.

HULL Y. C.—A special meeting will be held on July 3, at which the following propositions will be discussed: To build a club house, and to buy or hire land for that purpose, and to raise money therefor by the issue of bonds or otherwise, or to renew the lease of the present club house; to hold meetings of the members of said club monthly or of other, especially during the summer season; to amend Art. 3 of the by-laws by striking out the word "five" in the second line and inserting the word "ten," so that the annual assessment shall be \$10 after the first year, or otherwise amending said by-laws; to take such measures as may seem best to strengthen and aid the financial interests of the club; to amend Art. 6 of the by-laws of the club by allowing the privileges of the club, except the right to vote, to persons under 21 years of age, upon application and election in the manner provided with respect to members; to amend sailing regulation No. 4 by striking out therefrom the words "this rule applies only to yachts under 20 ft. sailing length," or by striking out the words "20 ft." and substituting therefor "25 ft.," or by striking out said regulation No. 4 and substituting therefor the words "no prize will be given to a boat sailed by a professional," or otherwise amending said by-laws; to amend sailing regulation No. 25 by striking out therefrom the word "one-third" and substituting therefor the word "one-fifth," to conform to the rule as to sailing length adopted by the New England Yacht Racing Association and by other yacht clubs.

THE ALTERATIONS IN THE ATLANTIC.—The new Atlantic is now in her old berth at Mumm's Basin, where she has been stripped in preparation for some radical alterations in her rig. The yacht has leaked badly ever since she was launched, and an effort will be made to find the leak and stop it. It may be necessary to haul her out and remove her carboards, but the leak is now thought to be in the vertical seam of the keel logs. It seems not improbable, in view of the manner in which the lead was cast, that the trouble is about the bolts. These, of 1 1/2 in. diameter, were driven through the keel logs and the lead, 35 tons and about 35 ft. long, was all melted and poured about them as quickly as could be done, the whole operation occupying only half a day, so that the entire mass was heated through at one time. No provision was made for the contraction of the huge tower, which would be about 3 in. in length and of practically irresistible force, so it seems probable that the bolts have been drawn through the wood, making the holes larger and of oval form, and admitting water readily. The mast will be shifted aft (ala Priscilla) as far as the trunk will permit, some 2 ft.; the two forward mainmasts on each side will be removed and one of each be added about the two remaining ones, so that there will be three instead of four on a side. The boom will be replaced by a lighter one of white pine and the gaff and forestay will be reduced in diameter, while the weight aloft will be lessened as much as possible. The headstays will have to be re-cut, the jistay will be moved in 2 ft. and the extra stay will probably be dispensed with entirely. When the alterations are completed she will be ballasted to her painted waterline and tried again in that trim.

OSHKOSH Y. C.—At the annual meeting of the Oshkosh Yacht Club, held June 19, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commodore, C. H. Folker; Vice-Commodore, J. A. Dickinson; Fleet Captain, Henry F. Meyer; Measurer, S. P. Garey; Secretary, H. T. Griffith; Treasurer, Frank H. Hill; Regatta Committee, Robt. Brand, chairman; H. P. Griffith, P. H. Hillard. The annual regatta was set for Aug. 14, and the commodore's cruise for July 15, 16, 17, and on the 17th will occur the annual race for the Folker Challenge Cup. Several new members were elected, and the outlook now indicates a renewed activity in yachting. The club has a fine sheet of water, 30 miles long by 12 wide, and the shores are one continuation of fine camping grounds, while there is hardly a lake in the country in which there is a larger variety of good fishing, black and rock bass being in the majority. About six miles from the city, and near the shore, is an island known as Island Park, which is fitted up with club house, hotel, and all the necessities for an enjoyable time. The club would be happy to have yachtsmen bring their boats here, and find for themselves the merits of our boats, both the sailing and steam yachts. Regattas for sailing yachts are sailed under the Sewanahka rules. The Folker Cup is a fine silvered gold cup, 30 in. high, and is a perpetual prize to be sailed for annually at the commodore's cruise. For the annual regatta, Aug. 14, the prizes have not been secured further than the champion pennant, but either money prizes or a fine cup will be put up.

NEW YORK Y. C. PRIZES.—An official measurement of Redoubt makes her 70 ft. 17 in. on the line, or 17 ft. above her class limit. In view of the fact that she was never intended to race in the large class and properly belongs to the 70 ft. class, and with the consent of the owners of the others in that class, she has been awarded the second class prize and will henceforth sail in that class. It must be remembered that she gains nothing by this, as her time allowance is based on her actual length, 70 ft. 17 in., and she is only classed with the others as 70 ft. The other prizes awarded were: In the keel schooner class—*Fortuna*, Capt. Henry S. Hovey, Eastern Y. C.; second class schooner—*Priscilla*, Capt. C. A. Webb, Atlantic Y. C.; first class sloops—*Priscilla*, Capt. C. A. Webb, Atlantic Y. C.; second class sloops and cutters—*Belouin*, ex Com. A. Chibald Rogers, Sewanahka Y. C.; third class sloops and cutters—*Clara*, Mr. Charles Sweet, N. Y. C.

NEW STEAM LAUNCHES.—Chas. P. Willard & Co., of Chicago, who make a specialty of fast steam launches, have recently shipped to J. R. Purchase, Minneapolis, Minn., for use on Lake Minnetonka, a 31 ft. launch with vertical boiler, 6 x 8 high speed engine and 30 wheel, and to Geo. E. & Chas. A. Willard, of Boston, a 25 ft. launch with vertical boiler, and 45 x 55 engine for use on the Mounoughela River. They have in process of construction, among other work, a 45 ft. launch for Messrs. E. & J. C. Covert, of Farmer Village, N. Y., for use on Cayuga Lake. Messrs. Willard & Co. believe in ample power, where high speed is the desideratum, and some of their launches now in progress develop over 10 indicated horse power for each ton of displacement of the hull.

NEW YORK TO MARBLEHEAD.—On June 22 both Mayflower and Puritan arrived at their moorings at Boston, the two sailing in company from Sand's Point, which they left about 2 P. M. on June 22. *Mayflower* was passed at 6 A. M. on the 23d by the *Boston*, and *Udida* have also gone to Cape Cod. On Friday *Priscilla*, towed up the harbor with Com. Canfield on board, Mr. Tams joined her at Whitestone and she made sail for Boston. Cythera is also cruising to the eastward, and only little *Delvin* is left about New York. If any of the sloops have ventured around Cape Cod it has been done very quietly, and they have not yet been reported. *Clara* has been out at Beverly for cleaning. *Udida* will sail her first race in America on Tuesday.

COOPER'S POINT CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The second series of races of the Cooper's Point Corinthian Y. C. took place on June 15. The *Nereus*, first class, wins the club flag twice. The B. G. Wilkins, second class, wins the champion flag twice. The Charles Anderson, second class, wins the commodore's flag first time. Each flag has to be won three consecutive times to make the possession permanent.

SEAWANAHKA Y. C.—No quorum was present at the regular meeting on Friday night, as the commodore, secretary and most of the yacht owners were off for Boston. The matter of a squadron cruise will be decided later on.

NEW HAVEN Y. C. REGATTA.—The race of the New Haven Y. C. was started on June 23, but failed for lack of wind. It was late when the boats drifted in, and no times were taken.

Don't twist your neck off, but use Allen's bow-facing oars. Little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Moundville, Ill.—Ad.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their local waters, logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

Mohican Races every Thursday through the season.
July 3-5-N. Y. C. C. Trials International Races.
July 8-14-N. Y. C. C. Meet, Lake Erie.
July 10-Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.
July 10-N. Y. C. C. 3d Race Commodore's Trophy.
July 21-N. Y. C. C. 4th Race Commodore's Trophy.
Aug. 7-N. Y. C. C. 5th Race Commodore's Trophy.
Aug. 13-Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.
Aug. 13-27-C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.
Aug. 21-Lake St. Annual.
Sept. 4-Brooklyn C. C. Paddling Race.
Sept. 4-N. Y. C. C. International Cup Races.
Sept. 11-N. Y. C. C. 6th Race Commodore's Trophy.
Sept. 18-Brooklyn C. C. Sailing Races.
Sept. 25-Brooklyn C. C. Challenge Cup.
Sept. 25-N. Y. C. C. 7th Race Commodore's Trophy.
Oct. 2-N. Y. C. C. Fall Regatta.

SAIL FOR "FOREST AND STREAM" CRUISER.

ONLY three forms of sail are in common use in American waters, the boom and gaff, the leg of mutton or sharpie, and the spinnaker, and of these the former is by far the most common. In spite of its serious disadvantages, and the fact that there are many better rigs, it has held its own for many years, and is still as popular. Within a half dozen years the canoe men have given to the world a number of new rigs, either of new design or adopted from abroad, and in this point of good and efficient sail, these new sailors are far ahead of the older boat-sailing experts with far more experience. Chief among the new fangled ideas of the canoeists is the balance lug, an English adaptation of a Chinese sail, now extensively used in this country and applicable to all small boats.

This sail has been chosen for the FOREST AND STREAM cruiser, and as far as tried has worked very successfully. It is to be remembered that during the winter an account was given by a correspondent of a trial of the lug and its failure, followed by a substitution for it of a boom and gaff sail and jib, with better results. An investigation of this particular case indicates that the sail in question was far from perfect, and very poorly rigged, and that it failed under the conditions will surprise no one who has sailed small boats.

Of course the first requisite in going to windward is a taut luff, as with a shoal boom much better to go to windward or reef, while there are fewer luffs. The requisites for such a sail are different from a boom and gaff sail, as in the former there is much more room to stand and work halliards and lines; there are usually more to help, and the mast is always kept standing. In a small boat the sail must hoist and lower easily, surely and quickly; it must be readily removed from the mast for storage or in rowing, and it must be so placed as to balance properly in connection with the keel or centerboard. All of these particulars a sail can be better than a boom and gaff sail, a yawl, a yawl and a boom, and other small craft, than the boom and gaff. The former has no mast rings to jam in hoisting and lowering, as they are always liable to do; it can be quickly removed from the mast; the latter is stepped much further from the bow, keeping the weight and being easily reached and unstepped, while before the wind the sail is not all on one side of the mast and boat, but a large portion is so placed as to help balance the outer end.

The sail shown is for the 16 ft. cruiser, and is made of yacht drill, 16 oz., double breasted, the lights running parallel with the upper portion of the leech. The gear is rigged as follows: The boom, 2 in. greatest diameter, is 14 ft. long, to allow for stretch, and is lashed to the foot of the sail, the latter having about 3 in. roach or rounding. A single brass block (d) is lashed to the outer end of the sheet (f). Just abreast of the mast is lashed a snaphook. As the greatest strain on the boom is at this point, it is stiffened by a lacing batten (l) of oak, 1 1/2 in. square at middle and tapering to ends, the length being 2 ft. This batten is lashed to the boom by four lashings of fine line, and adds materially to the strength, while lighter and less clumsy than an enlargement of the fore end of boom would be.

The head of the sail is cut with a round of 9 in., 1 in. p-r foot, for the following reason: A straight stick, like a yard, is very elastic, even if of considerable size, and will bend greatly at the ends. If, however, it be curved in the first place, it soon requires more force to bend it further. The principle is well shown in the common bow, which is curved in the first place, and then requires a heavy pull to bend it. Another important advantage follows this form: the yard or bow is first curved in a vertical plane and held there by the sail. Now with this tension on it, it resists powerfully any lateral strain that would throw the peak to leeward. This is aided by the peculiar cut of the sail. The yard is brought far down the luff and a large part of its length is forward of the mast. When the luff is properly set up a very strong leverage is put on the yard, holding the head well to windward. The sail is square in shape, and this form gives the maximum area with a minimum amount of boom and yard. The clew is cut off, as will be seen, as a shortening of the yard by a foot or so lessens the area but little. Two battens are placed in the sail as shown, with reef points, and a hand reef may be added, such as has been described previously in our columns for canoes. It will be simpler to run the hand reef to a clear on boom instead of on deck, as a man can stand up readily in a large boat, and can reach the boom near the fore port, and the hand reef must be hoisted, consequently the line will be to his hand, and the hand reef will be hoisted through a sheave at the masthead, thence through a snaphook near mast, and is lashed on one of two cleats on deck at the fore end of well. In its upper end a snap or gaff-pail hook is spliced, and on the mast is a 4 in. gal. iron or brass ring (a) bent into oval form, about 3 1/2 x 4 1/2 in. It must be large enough to slide readily without danger of jamming. The halliard is passed through the strap on yard and two hooked to the ring. When hauled taut the yard is always held in to the mast, whether full sail or reefed is carried.

A lug sail can hardly be set taut by a halliard, but a tack tackle must be employed, and a very powerful one is rigged as follows. On the mast is another ring to which is lashed a brass block (d). On deck is a deck pulley at p-r side of mast. The tack line (b) is made fast to the deck about the pulley, the end is rove up and forward through the block (d) thence down and aft through deck pulley to cleat at fore end of well. In setting sail the mast is stepped, hook on boom is snapped into the eye of block (d), the two parrels on the bottom are slipped, the halliard is passed from aft forward through the strap on yard and hooked to upper ring (c); then the sail is hoisted as high as possible, after which, when the halliard is belayed, the tack is hauled down until the sail is perfectly flat. In reefing or lowering it is best to start the tack first, then when the halliard is set up the tack is hardened down again.

A toppinglift (e) is thus fitted: The line is double, running from masthead down each side of sail and splicing into one just below boom, leaving enough slack to lower the latter. On the boom is a fairlead (c) lashed fast, and through this the toppinglift is rove, thence to a cleat on boom. It may thus be easily reared for a pull at any time, even with boom hard off. In hoisting or reefing the toppinglift should take the weight of the boom always.

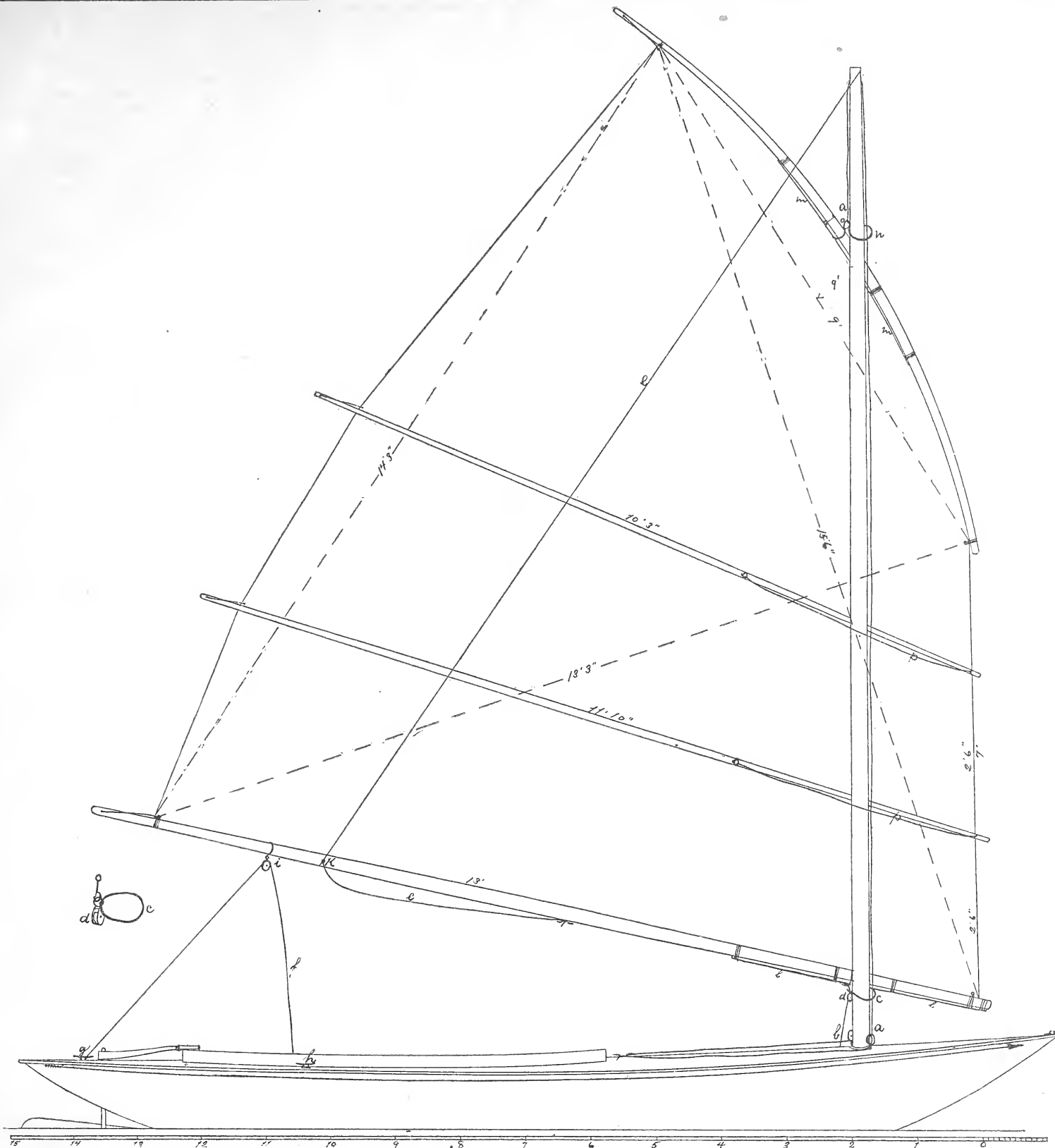
In removing the sail the end is cast off and the lift remains on the mast. In setting sail the latter is first dropped into the light of the toppinglift, the fore end of spars are hooked at p-r side of mast. The lift is made taut, and all is ready for hoisting.

On each batten a parrel is made fast, to hold the sail to the mast on the starboard tack. There are small lines about 2 1/2 ft. long, the fore ends fast to the battens, while the after ends are tied or hooked into rings lashed to the battens.

The sheet in a small boat is always a trouble, wherever it may be made fast it is always in the way. The plan adopted in the present sail is perhaps as good as any. The sheet runs through (g) on boom and an eye splice is worked at each end. On deck are three cleats, one (g) just abaft the rudderhead, and the others (h) on each side of well. When on the wind the after eye of sheet is hooked over the after cleat (g) while the sheet is held in the hand or belayed to one of the forward cleats; or if desirable the eye may hook over one of the latter. When the boom is off the sheet is cast off from the cleat and its whole length is used, the eye at the end preventing it from unreeving from the block. By this method as may be seen, the sheet is required, while a good purchase may be had when on the wind and the sheet can always be arranged to be out of the way of the sailor.

Fixed as described the sail will be found a very effective one, and once accustomed to it there is no difficulty in handling it quickly, while it is much less troublesome and cumbersome than a main-sail and jib. If for any reason the latter must be used it can be fitted on a stay, the luff of the sail being cut down as much as possible, so as to allow room for the jib, but in almost all small boats the single sail will be found best.

BAYONNE C. C. FIFTH ANNUAL REGATTA.—On July 5 this club will hold their fifth annual regatta on Newark Bay. The races are open to all, and members of neighboring clubs are invited to enter. The races are as follows: 1. Sailing. 2. Sailing g. paddling. 3. Double paddling, junior. 4. Double paddling, senior. 5. Single paddling, junior. 6. Single paddling, senior. 7. Standing paddling. 8. Hand paddling. 9. Upset. 10. Tub race. Suitable prizes awarded to winners. A place has been provided for any who wish to leave their boats to Bayonne before the 5th or may wish to leave them after that date until the 10th. A place will be most convenient for their removal, which they may have a full view of the races. First race to start at 10 A. M. sharp. Committee: Robert Peebles, T. B. Collins, Ed. R. Smith. Those intending to take part will please send entries on or before the 3d to Ed. R. Smith, Com. B. C. C., Box 49, Bayonne, N. J.



"FOREST AND STREAM" CRUISER—SAIL PLAN.

A DOCKRAT OUTING.

THE Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association held their first outing of the season on Friday, 18th ult. Originally set down for the previous day, a postponement on account of inclement weather caused a depletion of numbers and instead of thirty or more participants, only twenty-two members and lady friends enjoyed the occasion. The Commodore was there with Scylla, the Vice with Ripple, the Captain with Mahel, and Jennie, Daddy, Calloo, Iolas and Peggy each with full cargo of passengers and freight and all dressed out in their gala day bunting. Starting at 4:30 P. M. against a strong head wind and tide, they had made but small progress when one of their many friends in the person of genial Capt. Boh Minerley overhauled them with his handsome tug Alice, and generously offered a tow, which was accepted and soon the boats and canoes were strung out in tandem, howling along at a rate that put oarsmen and paddlers to blush. The distance to the chosen spot was soon run over and as the lines were cast off, Capt. Boh steamed away followed by a rousing cheer from his debtors. It was a go-as-you-please scramble for the sandy beach that lay along one side of the little cove and soon the keels of the little craft grated on the sand, passengers and crew jumped ashore, cushions, shawls, etc., were arranged most comfortably for luxuriant lounging. Sundry boxes, baskets, pails, etc., were arranged by some while others, wandering through the adjacent woods and fields, gathered quantities of field daisies and other wild flowers, which were carried away as trophies of the occasion. Later a general charge was made upon the aforesaid boxes, baskets, etc., and every one felt better after it was over, and then the smokers were permitted to enjoy the solace of their pipes, and Dan lit the little fire of chips and drift that gradually, as the shadows of the night fell around, became the camp-fire of several huge logs, around which the merry party enjoyed its genial warmth and passed the time with music and song, laughter and glee.

Meanwhile the various skippers had made ready for a start at any time. Lamps were fixed and lighted, and everything made shipshape and handy. At 9 o'clock the sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home," rose upon the air. Shortly after all were afloat, and in close column slowly made way southward, while song after song awakened many an echo from the shore. Shortly after the brightening, glowing light around the crown of the old North Beacon told of the coming moon, and then the bright orb rose in all its full beauty, and lit up by its dreamy light and in enjoyment of nature's loveliness our first outing ended.

HAL.

The first of a series of races by the Newburgh Boating and Canoe Association came off June 24. The start was made from opposite the boat house, and the course was up the river to the stakeboat, which

was anchored off Gillies's dock at Balmville, the distance from the boat house to the stakeboat being $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. There was a large number of ladies and gentlemen friends of the members of the Association on the dock and along the shore watching the contest.

The sailing race took place first. It was divided into two classes. The first was for boats, and in this there were five entries. The second class was for canoes, and in this there were three entries. The boats were the Jennie, sailed by Harvey Marvel; the Scylla, Commodore William E. Bartlett; Mabel, N. S. Smith; Ripple, owned by Jas. T. Van Dalfsen, but sailed by Fred. Bartlett; Billy H., William T. Hilton. The canoes entered in the second class were the Peggy, sailed by Grant E. Edgar, Jr.; Iolas, William Van Dalfsen; Calloo, H. A. Harrison.

At 4 o'clock, the boats and canoes being in readiness, the signal was given by firing a gun, and the start was made. The Calloo got off leading, followed by the Billy H., the Mabel coming close after and the Iolas in her wake. Then came the Peggy, Ripple, Scylla and Jennie, all off on a port tack. The Iolas overhauled the Calloo, and they drew away from all the others. The Scylla and Ripple made the best windward work and nothing. The Iolas was the first to turn the stakeboat, followed by the Scylla, Calloo, Ripple, Peggy, Jennie, Mabel and Billy H. On the run home before the wind the Iolas and Peggy ran away from the fleet, the latter setting a spinnaker and overhauling the Iolas. Near the finish the Mabel also set a large spinnaker and cut clear away from the Scylla, Ripple, Jennie and Calloo, the four latter coming in unheeded, the Billy H. far behind.

There was but little wind for the sailing race, and it was only just a remove from a drifting affair. Owing to a misunderstanding as to whether the race was to be sailed in one hour and thirty minutes or two hours, the regatta committee have reserved their decision in regard to the matter, as but one of the craft sailing, and that a canoe, sailed it in the specified time.

The result by the corrected time is as follows: Boats (first class)—Jennie, 1h. 33m. 37s.; Scylla, 1h. 42m. 37s.; Mabel, 1h. 38m.; Ripple, 1h. 42m. 28s.; Billy H. did not finish. Canoes (second class)—Peggy, 1h. 27m. 35s.; Iolas, 1h. 31m. 1s.; Calloo, 1h. 44m.

The rowing race, distance half a mile, came next, with five entries. The first prize was won by the Scylla, rowed by H. A. and F. W. Bartlett, in 1m. 29s.; and the second prize by the Ripple, rowed by Commodore William E. Bartlett and Vice-Commodore James T. Van Dalfsen, in 4m. 43s.

The tandem paddling race followed, there being three entries. The first prize was won by the Peggy, paddled by Nathan S. Smith and Grant E. Edgar, Jr., in 4m. 23s.; and the second prize by the Day Dream, paddled by C. D. Robinson and F. W. Bartlett. The Calloo starved, but at the first stroke the paddle of H. A. Harrison was broken and the boat obliged to withdraw from the race.

The whole race was well managed and carried out with much enthusiasm, and gave the greatest satisfaction to all the participants and the numerous friends who were present watching the efforts of the contestants. The little misunderstanding in regard to the time in which the sailing race was to be sailed was of but trifling moment, and will be arranged without doubt to the satisfaction of all by the Regatta Committee.

ESSEX C. C.

A VERY successful regatta of the Essex C. C. was held off the club house on the Passaic River, Saturday, June 26. The weather was fine and a large number of the friends of the club were on hand and a very pleasant afternoon was spent. The course was 1 mile for the paddling races and $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile for the sailing races. The first event was a paddling race for canoes, any class, with the following entries: Schuyler, Ianthe C. C.; Burling, Ianthe C. C.; Thorne, Essex C. C. Schuyler took the lead at the start and won easily. The second race was a paddling race for canoes over 25in. beam. Five canoes started in this race: Messrs. Totten, Hesse, Hilbert, Stern and Evenden, all of the Essex club. This was a very close race and was won by Stern, with Hesse second. A hand paddling race came next and was very amusing. Messrs. Totten, Scott and Cox, of the Essex, and Burling and Schuyler, of the Ianthe club, entered. Totten and Schuyler closely contested this race for first place, which was awarded to Totten by the referee.

The next race was the chief event of the day, a sailing race, with the following starters: Totten, Daisy; Stern, Mermaid; Cox, Harle; Hilbert, Chemann; Murphy, Nilo; Thorne, Onward; Dr. E. F. Cox, Siren (Hudson C. C.). There were first and second prizes and an additional prize for the canvas canoe that first crossed the line. The wind at the start was very light, and continued so until the turning buoy was reached, where a succession of strong puffs came from the southwest and the canoes had all they wanted in the beat home. A very close and pretty race was the result, and the Daisy went over the line first, with the Chemann and Siren a very close second and third.

Five crews started in the next race, a tandem paddling race: Hesse and Schultz, Stern and Thorne, Cox and Totten, Schuyler and Dorland, Murphy and Burling. Won by Schuyler and Dorland of the Ianthe Club, with Hesse and Schultz, of the Essex Club, second.

The last race was an upset race, and Murphy, Cox, Schuyler and Evenden contested, distance was 500 yds. and Cox won. The prizes were thus distributed: A gold medal and a handsome canoe lantern for first and second in the sailing race. A very pretty banner to Dr. Cox, the winner in the canvas canoe class. A pair of paddles for each of the crew in the tandem race, and a handsome banner for the winners in the other races.

THE TRIAL RACES.

THE three trial races to select competitors to meet the English canoeists, who are to attempt, in September, to capture the New York Canoe Club International Challenge Cup, are to be sailed on Saturday the 3d and Monday the 5th of this month.

These races are open to all active members of regularly organized canoe clubs in the United States.

The first race will be called on Saturday at 3:30 o'clock P. M., and will be sailed over the regular New York Canoe Club course which is as follows: Starting from an imaginary line drawn from the inner corner of the club house bulkhead to a stake boat, and sailing down the bay, to and around a mark off the house of the Clifton Rowing Club, thence to and around channel buoy No. 18 off Bay Ridge, and thence return to point of starting, a distance of six miles. All turning stakes will be marked by the club flag, a red white and red barge.

The second race will be called promptly at 10 o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 5th, and will be sailed two miles to windward and return to point of starting, or two miles to leeward and return.

The third race will be called at 2:30 o'clock Monday afternoon, and will be sailed over the club course. In this last race there shall be but six competitors, who will be selected by the judges from among the best men in the two preceding races.

The conditions governing American contestants in the International races and previously published, are as follows:

11. The representatives of the holders of the cup shall be selected after a series of trial races, open to all members of canoe clubs in the United States. The Regatta Committee of the club holding the cup shall have the right to select the competitors for the International races, irrespective of the results of the trial races.

12. Should the cup be won by the American contestants in the international races: First, an active member of the club holding the cup must score one victory to entitle that club to retain it. Second, if a member (or members) of any other club wins two races, his club will hold the cup. Third, should the two decisive races be won by members of clubs, neither being the holder of the cup, a subsequent race shall be sailed as soon as practicable after the international races, between these two competitors, to determine which shall hold it.

Entries for these trial races have already been made by so many of the crack racing men of the leading canoe clubs of the country, that they promise to be the most interesting and hard fought contests of the kind ever witnessed, and all canoeists are cordially invited to be present.

Entries can be made to the regatta committee, at the club house, to within an hour of the time of calling either the first or second race.

COM. C. K. MUNROE,
R. B. BURCHARD, } Regatta Committee N. Y. C. C.
C. L. NORTON, }

BROOKLYN C. C., JUNE 26.

THE race was for the challenge cup of the Brooklyn C. C. The cup was last won by M. V. Brown, of the Minx. J. F. Newman, commodore of the city, had challenged for the cup, and half a dozen of the club members had manned their craft to take chances of capturing it. The club house was filled with the sound of preparations early in the afternoon, but the heavy squall and shower that came up put a stop to the proceedings for awhile. Then the sun shone forth again and the mosquito fleet set sail.

The race was twice over a triangular course, a total of three miles. The wind was light at the start and the little craft slipped along with a slow and stately motion, like so many penny men-of-war, carrying the pride and honor of a Lilliputian nation. The shapely Gany-mede forged over the line first with "Tom." Budington's feet stowed away in the forecastle, his head and shoulders only showing over the gunwale. She slipped along as if propelled by auxiliary mosquito power and gained perceptibly on her pursuers. Next came Commo-

dore Newman in the Sunbeam with a life-preserver and a dozen bags of birdshot for ballast. The Kelpie came third, with R. G. Blake for cook and captain bold. Close on his heels was the invincible "Mart" Brokaw in the Minx, followed by the Guenn, whose helm was in the firm grasp of Vice-Commodore Whitlock, who has the reputation of being able to cut closer to a turning stake than any other canoe man living. The saucy little Tip-top, with her turn up nose and her zebra stripes danced along with Robert Wilkin aboard, and the Edna, Captain Balmanno, brought up the rear.

Gradually the little sails faded into the distance in the direction of the first turning buoy. They rounded it in the following order: Whitlock, Budington, Blake, Wilkin, Balmanno, Newman, Brokaw. The breeze had freshened and sent the Guenn to the front. It was a beat to windward for the second buoy, which was rounded by Whitlock, Budington, Newman and Blake. All the others had carried away something and were disabled. The third side of the triangle brought the wind right abeam, and by that time it was blowing a little gale. The canoes spun along like so many water witches. Whitlock rounded the third buoy in good shape and stretched away on the second lap. Budington carried away his steering gear and concluded to quit. The Sunbeam jibed in a heavy breeze and sea, fouled her boom, and was bottom side up in about two seconds, with Skipper Newman in the loving embrace of his life-preserver. Whitlock only finished, winning the cup. The rest were towed in, some bottom side up and others half full of water. When they were all safe in the harbor the breeze dropped to a calm again.

TORONTO C. C. RACES.—On June 19 three races took place, the sailing challenge cup, novices trophy, the two sailing together, and the paddling challenge cup. The entries in the sailing races were the Mac, W. G. McKendrick; Alouette, Wm. Leys; Boreas, Hugh Neilson; Kate, Colin Fraser; Wanda, W. H. P. Weston; Sapphire, J. W. Bridgeman; Firefly, W. Cooke; Madge, Chas. Baird, and an unnamed canoe, A. Shaw. Messrs. Shaw, Baird, Leys, Weston and Cooke are novices. The Mac won the cup, and has been challenged to sail on July 10. Alouette, a new Rushton canoe, won the novice trophy. The entries in the paddling race were: Alouette, Leys, winner; Mac, McKendrick, and Wanda, Weston.

ALBANY BI-CENTENNIAL REGATTA.—There will be canoe sailing races at Albany, on Monday, July 19, at 3 P. M., on the occasion of the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the city. A handsome piece of plate and flags are offered as prizes and all canoeists are invited to compete therefor. Entries will be made in writing to the chairman of the committee before noon of July 19. A. C. A. rules to govern. The races will be under the auspices of the Mohican C. C., who will welcome most cordially all A. C. A. brethren who may visit the city and compete in the races.—ROBERT SHAW OLIVER, GEO. H. THACHER, JR., R. W. GIBSON.

THE CHALLENGE CUP.—New York, June 26, 1886.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to acknowledge as follows, further contributions to the A. C. A. International Challenge Cup: Jas. G. Knap, Ogdensburg, N. Y., \$1; E. D. Wetmore, Warren, Pa., \$1. Previously acknowledged, \$235.15. Total to date, \$237.15.—WM. WHITLOCK, Chairman (87 West 24th Street, N. Y.).

A. C. A. PROGRAMME.—The programmes for 1886 have been sent out in the form of a neat circular, as was done last year. Commodore Rathbun calls attention to an error in the classification, Rule 1, on page 10—Class B, in which the limit of length should be 17ft. and not 16, as printed.

So easy to row with Allen's bow-facers. Catalogue free. Oars complete, \$8 per pair. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Ad.*

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

H. T. B., Hamilton Club.—Neither.

W. G. S., Maryland, Md.—Train oil is whale oil procured by boiling the blubber or fat.

Z., Yonkers, N. Y.—A little white is admissible on the breast of the red Irish setter. The coat grows dark with age.

G. H. P., Middletown, Conn.—The New York woodcock season will open Aug. 1. We cannot advise you as to the locality named.

S. E. B., Boston.—Only a very few deer are left in Massachusetts. They are protected at all times, the penalty for hunting, chasing or killing one being \$100.

W. N. S., Winchester, Ind.—If you will send your name, we will take pleasure in giving you such assistance as is in our power. It is quite impossible for us to correctly address communications to persons whose names we do not know.

ANGLER.—Where can I find trout streams within fifty miles of New York? Ans. As you no doubt mean streams which are open for free fishing we cannot promise you many fish within that distance. Try Baldwin's, Long Island; Newton, N. J.; Milford, Bushkill or Shohola, Pa.

W. O. W., Charlottesville, Va.—It is possible that the black bass may occasionally eat its own species, but, as a rule, it prefers soft-finned fishes, minnows, etc., flies, worms and insect larvae. It is safe to say that the bass does not eat its own kind to any great extent, and we do not remember to have seen a small black bass taken from the stomach of a large one, as is often seen in the case of the pike or pickerel.

C. A., Cambridge, Mass.—1. Could you kindly inform me of the real distinction, if any exists, between a lake and brook trout. 2. Is it possible that there can be lake trout on the Nepisquit, 70 miles from mouth, in very quick water? 3. Has a prize been offered by you for a brook trout of 5 pounds or over? Ans. 1. By "lake trout" we understand the "togue" of New England, the "lunge" of Canada and Maine, the "salmon trout" of Western New York, and the "Mackinaw trout" of Mich., the *Salvelinus namaycush* of science. By "brook trout" is meant the *Salvelinus fontinalis*, also called speckled trout, mountain trout, etc. 2. No. 3. No.

A citizen of Arrowsmith, Ill., recently captured two young mockingbirds and put them into a cage and hung it on the outside of the house, where the mother bird fed them until one day last week, when a meadow sparrow whipped her away and has since taken maternal care of the little fellows, feeding them as her own.—*Chicago Times.*

A man in Lawrence, Kan., has been arrested for burglary. He attempted to prove an alibi by declaring that he had been out fishing, and he couldn't produce any fish and was held for trial. Here is a state of things. A string of fish absolutely necessary to prove that a man has been fishing! This is against all precedent.—*Kansas City Journal.*

In a garden at Caledonia, N. Y., a bed of flowers has been laid out, twenty-two feet long, to represent a huge trout. The gills, fins and eyes are represented by different colored flowers.



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The Fluttering Fly.

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With the exception of our Patent Compensating Reels and Section Bamboo Rods which we introduce to the public, this fly, invented by Mr. Wakeman Holberton, is unquestionably the greatest and most radical improvement in fishing tackle ever made. The chief points of manifest superiority of this method of tying flies over the old-fashioned way are:

- 1st—The wonderfully life-like and fluttering motion this fly has when moved on the water.
- 2d—The fish is almost certain to be hooked if it touches the fly.
- 3d—Any of the present favorite combinations of color and form can be tied in this way. Thus, those who believe that fish are attracted by particular colors or forms of fly, can have their old patterns in the patent style.
- 4th—These flies not only offer less resistance to the wind in casting, but more resistance to the water in drawing. Hence one can do as good work with a small hook tied this way as a large hook tied as before. Experience proves that flies dressed this way can be tied on hooks two sizes smaller than one would use on old-fashioned flies.

We take this means of notifying dealers and fly-tyers that we shall prosecute any infringement of our rights under this patent to the fullest extent of the law. Our course, in regard to the protection of our patents and copyrights, is known to some people. We assure such people that the same old course will still be pursued by this firm.

We add a few extracts selected from the numerous and unanimously complimentary press notices of this fly. We could add many letters from well-known and expert anglers if we were willing to drag the names of private gentlemen into our advertisements.

Scientific American: "When so arranged the wings offer less resistance to the air in casting. As the fly is slowly drawn toward the angler the wings expand, and give it a fluttering, life-like motion, much more alluring to the fish."

Forest and Stream: " * * * more like a natural insect than the old patterns whose wings close when being drawn through the water. * * * Great merit lies in its superior hooking qualities. A fish cannot nip at the wings or tail, but swallows the hook before any part of the fly."

American Angler: "There is no question as to the killing qualities of this fly. All fish are attracted more by the action of the fly than by color or form. * * * This fly will certainly, when drawn against the current or over a placid pool, seem the surface with an attractive wake, and its expanded wings will create a fluttering motion, assimilating the struggles of a live insect. * * * We are told that few fish are lost by those who use this fly. We do not doubt it."

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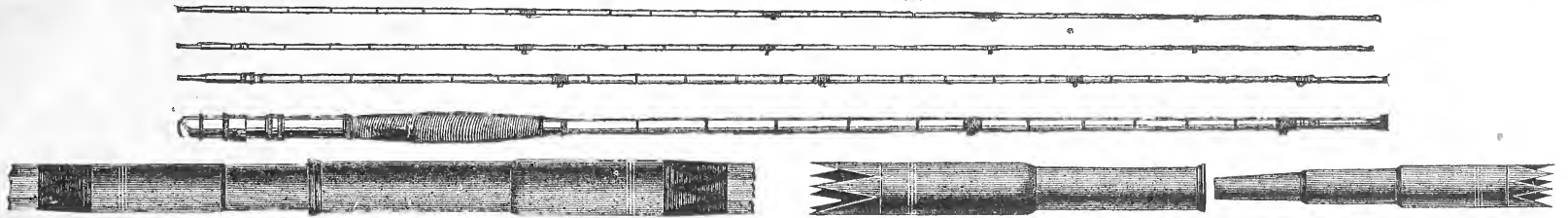
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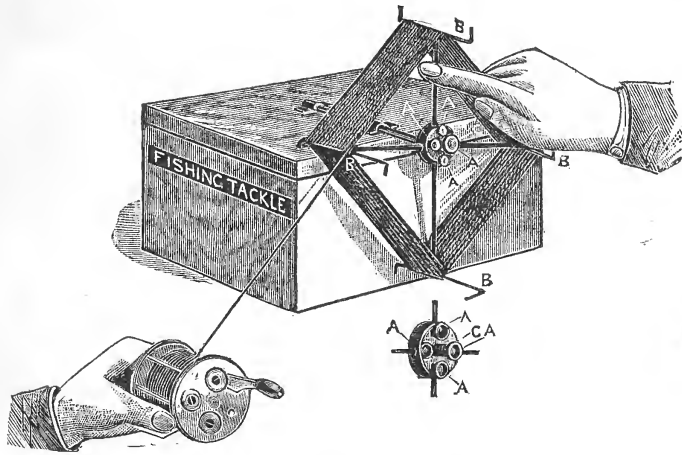
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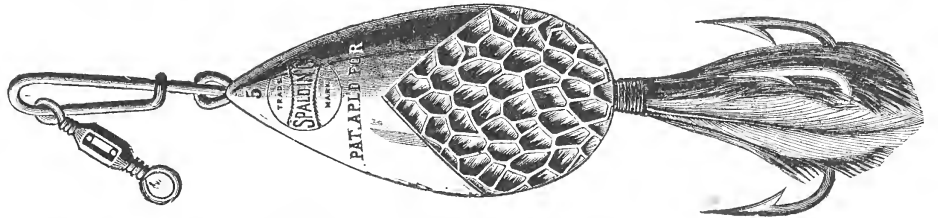


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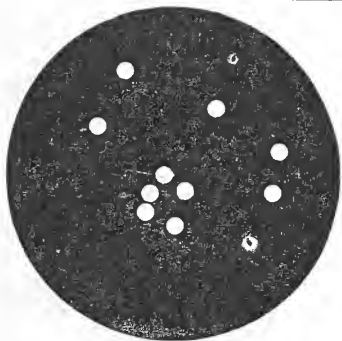
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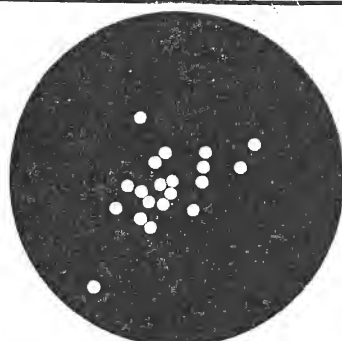
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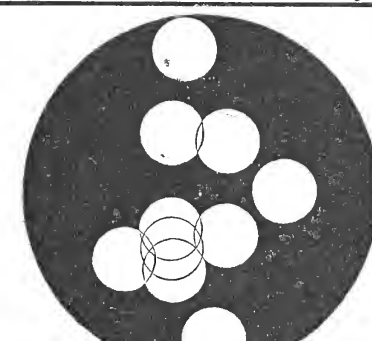
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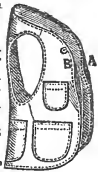
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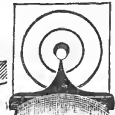
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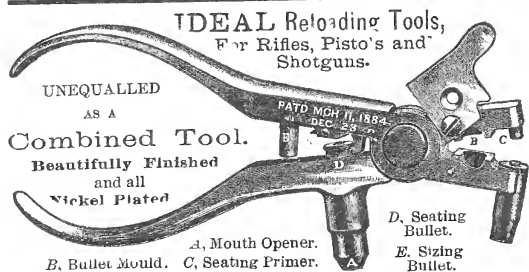
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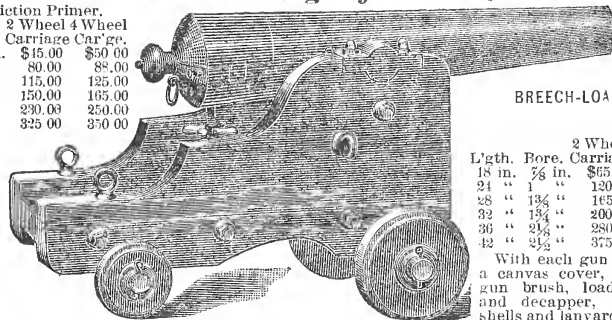
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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
Nos. 39 and 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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CONCERNING CONSISTENCY.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY for the protection of birds was founded by the FOREST AND STREAM, a sportsmen's journal. That is the alleged paradox which in this present year of grace is vexing the souls of certain more or less well-meaning men and women. The editor of an obscure religious paper in Chicago is grieved because a letter received by him from this office relating to the AUDUBON SOCIETY was written on a sheet of paper bearing at its head the pictured rod and gun—implements of bird destruction. A Cincinnati doctor, who has entered the lists as the champion knight of befeathered Dulcineas, wants people to go on killing song birds because the AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded by a journal devoted to the interests of a class of men who shoot birds for sport; and the good doctor is also apprehensive lest the wicked journal should actually be given some credit by the public because of these bird protective undertakings.

The worthy individuals are unduly perturbing their spirits in this warm July weather. There is nothing inconsistent in the attitude of FOREST AND STREAM toward song bird destruction. It represents the general sentiment of sportsmen.

Simply because a man pursues and kills game birds and animals which, so far as we may reason from analogy, were created expressly for men to hunt and kill, it does not follow that he is bent on the foolish and wicked extermination of other birds which were created to gladden the world with their beauty and song and to wage their warfare upon the noxious insect hosts. As a matter of fact, the average sportsman recognizes more fully than the average non-shooting man, the economic value of such birds as the AUDUBON SOCIETY is concerned with. The sportsman, through his clubs and journals, has secured many of the best bird protective laws now in force, and he has secured them, too, in the face of stupid opposition and in spite of the lethargic indifference of just such individuals as are now fault finding because the Audubon movement was not put in motion by themselves.

It is always easier to stand out one side and carp and

whine than to put one's own shoulder to the wheel; and after a thing has been done in one way it is always easy to gain passing notoriety by loudly proclaiming that it might have been done better in some other way.

The friends of song bird protection invite the co-operation of all sincere workers in the cause. They ask for honest, united, and, if honest and united, effective working together for the common end.

To ask that there should be absolute unanimity of opinion among those who are honestly concerned for the success of the campaign against the song bird feather fashion would be seeking too much from human nature. Differences, misunderstandings and dissensions have been the attendants of every laudable public movement. The cause of the American Colonies was hampered year after year by the want of harmony between the American representatives in Paris. But Lee and Deane and Franklin were patriots, and, though they could not understand each other and worked at cross purposes, all had at heart the interest of the Colonies. It is to be hoped that the several individuals who have criticised the AUDUBON SOCIETY because of its origin in this office are sincerely interested in securing the objects sought by the Society; and more than this, it is already an established certainty that the movement, critics or no critics, is a successful one.

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH.

A PART from the barbaric noise inseparable from the occasion, the distinguishing and suggestive feature of the Fourth of July has come to be the variety of outdoor sports on that day, and the numbers of people who, as participants or spectators, are interested in them. The bare catalogue of these pastimes discloses the place open-air amusements occupy in the public taste. First and foremost, of course, were the base ball matches innumerable, witnessed by hundreds of thousands of spectators; with lacrosse, cricket and lawn tennis matches; Scottish and athletic games; rowing, yachting and canoeing regattas; horse races and bicycle races; polo; whippet racings; rifle and trap-shooting matches; each engaging its special share of public attention and demanding full reports in the morning papers of the next day. The anglers were out in force, and July woodcock shooters sweltered in the covers.

The old style of celebrating the national holiday is gradually giving away. In its observance of the day society may be divided into two classes, the first of those who try to get away from the noise and heat, and pass the hours in quiet; and the other of those who seek amusement. The latter is rapidly learning that more satisfaction is to be derived from some form of outdoor sport, than in the aimless methods of celebrating once in vogue, when a big crowd and a big noise, with a spice of patriotic spread-eagleism, furnished the regular programme. The day as a holiday gives more satisfaction because of these regularly organized forms of entertainment. It is more of an event to look forward to.

There are not wanting those who decry the new form of holiday, and who would restore the patriotic programme of earlier days with orations and public reading of the Declaration of Independence. It cannot be said, however, that the Fourth does not accomplish its purpose, even though there be no such formal public recognition of the event it commemorates. The day, even though wholly given over to sensible forms of amusement, has an educational influence of incalculable value, and its influence is to stimulate patriotism none the less, though the direct appeal to that sentiment once so common be now omitted.

A YACHT RACING CLASSIFICATION.

ON another page we touch on the question of classification, a subject that is made still more emphatic in the race at Larchmont this week. Here the classes are based on sailing length, namely, a length taken parallel with the load waterline and at a certain distance above it. By this rule Cinderella and Clara, 52 and 53 feet waterline, are classed with Gracie, Bedouin and Fanny of 70 feet load waterline. Uliida, 42 feet load waterline, goes in with Athlon, 51 feet load waterline, a boat of double her beam. As it happened, none of the 70 feet class were in, and Uliida was too late to enter formally, so the evils were of no great consequence for the time. They suffice, however, to prove the imperative need of a concerted and intelligent action on the part of the leading clubs. There may be some excuse in the past for the growth of such a faulty and unjust state of affairs, but its continuance is little credit to the enterprise and intelligence of American yacht clubs.

A CONSIDERATION OF DOLLARS AND CENTS.

THE woodcock season in the vicinity of Saratoga and Newport and other great pleasure resorts opens in June. This is in conflict with the general laws of the States, but the average landlord of a big hotel is beyond, outside of and above the law. His back door is always open to the furtive or brazen entrance of the market shooter, and his guests eat what is set before them and pay the bill. Public sentiment in the neighborhood of summer resorts is made by the hotel keepers; if the hotel wants June woodcock, the general sentiment is that June woodcock are quite the correct thing. The birds have been potted in the vicinity of Saratoga this year, and are now pretty well exterminated.

In Rhode Island there are many square miles of cove admirably adapted to ruffed grouse. Were the birds given anything approximating a fair chance the State would afford the best grouse shooting in the country. But the covers are depleted by the market-shooters. Woodcock shooting is in order in July; and the multitude and variety of game birds that pass muster as woodcock at the hotel back door are not by any means limited to the species usually recognized as game. These market-hunters kill almost every feathered creature that comes in their way, robins, thrushes, and whatever flies. They cut down great numbers of chicken grouse, and by this constant slaughter of immature birds for the hotel kitchen the grouse covers are made lean and barren by the time decent and law-abiding citizens are ready to go shooting.

If spring and summer shooting could be done away with thoroughly and universally, the supply of legitimate game in legitimate season would furnish a permanent source of pleasure to sportsmen and of revenue to the citizens of the State. The annual profit from birds killed out of season and covertly smuggled into hotel back doors, does not equal one-hundredth part of the revenue these same birds would bring if preserved for sportsmen who would pay stage fares, board bills, guide fees and other expenses for the privilege of shooting game in season.

JUNE DEER FLOATING.

A SUGGESTIVE communication is printed in our Game Bag and Gun columns, where a Keene Valley, New York, correspondent cites the case of a local great man who has been floating for deer in June. This is a typical case of the corpulent and lazy nabob, who finds it in his power to use indebted employees as tools in his illicit sport. There are many such men in the Adirondacks; they are hotel keepers upon whose nod depend the fortune of guides and oarsmen; or manufacturers who conceive that when they hire men to work for them they may also demand of them complicity in violating the game laws.

These men have about had their day. Their extraordinary position of defiance to the legal restrictions upon shooting and fishing cannot be maintained in the face of the new sentiment forming in many localities in the North Woods. An encouraging sign of the growth of such a sentiment is afforded in the formation of guides' associations for the enforcement of the game laws and the punishment of offenders, be they big or little. Such insubordination on the part of guides naturally provokes the choler of many of the hotel keepers, who toady to the local great man as well as to city guests in quest of June venison. The landlords announce that as retaliatory measures they will prevent the law-abiding club members from obtaining employment as guides. Such tactics may be temporarily successful; but if the guides have pluck enough to fight the contest through to the end, they will be supported by visitors and in time by the hotel keepers themselves.

It happens in the present instance that the June floater is one of the persons active in securing the repeal of the New York hounding law last spring. The advocates of the repeal, it will be remembered, made a great deal of noise over the enormity of the abuses attendant upon floating. This June floater is a fair specimen of the hounding advocates; his June floating is a fair sample of the actual practice of the hounders who harangued the loudest and longest against deer floating.

"GALLI MULES" are included in the birds not protected in New York by one of the new laws. The galli mule is a woeome fowl and ought to have fared less harshly at the hands of the Albany politicians.

BETS are not decided by the FOREST AND STREAM. It is taken for granted that those who bet will have intelligence to determine the winner and loser without taxing the ingenuity of newspaper men.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

DAYS WITH THE BARMECIDE CLUB.

VIII.

FOR several days there had been a soft dampness which portended rain. The new moon, with its southeast end sticking down so a powder horn could not have been hung on it, was what the old-fashioned farmers of the Mohawk Valley would have called a wet moon. And the rain came. A thoroughly bad day, where everything out of doors is dismal and all the comfort one can find is inside the shanty, has its place in the angler's calendar. There might be too many of them, enough to make the thing monotonous, but when they happen along not too frequently, they add a wonderful variety to the charms of forest life. They give outers a rare chance to become acquainted, for they must become intimate, being housed up in a seven by nine house or thereabout for so many hours. It is generally much pleasanter to hear the patter of the rain upon the shingles, than upon the broad bark roof. There is the faint sense of security in the one, and the constant fear of a dripping down your neck in the other, so look carefully to the bark roof in pleasant days, and do not have to chalk up one against the glorious life in the woods the first time some rain cloud strikes a mountain peak and springs a leak. We encountered one of those days, but as we were here first, we made it welcome with our most cordial greetings.

Drizzle, drizzle, driz,
O'er forest and plain.
Scatter thy wetness
Gent, gentle rain,

While the pipe, the song and story go round and round. The pipe is a success. The songs by cracked voices, oh, shades of Malibran and Mario, are mixed irredeemably, and we are thankful when they are finished. The stories, like angling and hunting stories of the present day, are probably truthful, which is their only redeeming quality.

Nature is poetry and truth in these latter days, and the angler living so near to her cannot help if he imbibes and inhales great draughts of that truth which has finally become the distinguishing characteristic of those who go to the brook side with six-ounce rods—the same more or less. He may not inherit this love of truth, but he acquires it. It has come slowly, but the day for exaggeration has passed. The angler has been cornered and smoked out too often to dare undergo the process again. There is a class of those who go fishing, but they are not anglers, but rather pot-hunters, who would stretch veracity to the breaking point and then break it; and whose statements are to be trusted, as Thackeray would say, about as much as a schoolmistress's letter or a church yard epitaph.

Says Glen while recharging his pipe, "This is just such a morning as I remember once in Arkansas. It was a dripping kind of a morning when I started out from camp on a deer hunt. The underbrush and second growth which grew very thick, were covered with the night's dew and morning drizzle, and they had a provoking way of slapping and switching me from my ankles to my head, paying most attention to my face. I had proceeded a mile perhaps, when up jumped a magnificent six-prong buck and put away all too suddenly for me to fire, but now I was assured that my morning hunt would not be barren of results as I found that the trail he left was easily to be followed, and after half an hour I saw him ahead of me resting beneath a clump of bushes. He was unaware of my presence and I brought my rifle up for a careful aim. Closing my left eye I found I could see nothing as I attempted to peer along the barrel. I dropped the piece, winked four or five times and sighted again with the same result. Putting my hand to my face I found that my right eye was gone. Immediately retracing my steps a quarter of a mile, there was my eye hanging on a bush glistening and sparkling and winking at me as naturally as could be. I placed it in its socket and returned again to the deer. With the finding of my eye I became overconfident, arguing that trailing the deer when one of my eyes was missing and successfully locating him, was now a feat simple enough with both my eyes in their proper places, and carelessly coming upon him he struck out with the speed of lightning. I fired and away he sped down the winding trail. But he had received his death wounds, for when I came up with him and examined the lordly fellow, I found he had been shot through four times, having actually outrun the bullet and meeting it each time as the crooked trail crossed the straight course of the bullet. Don't you understand? this way," says Glen, taking a dead coal and making the following diagram on the smooth side of a piece of bark:

MAN A B C D E

"The straight line is the course of the bullet, the crooked line is the track down which the deer ran. A is where he was when he received the first lead, and B C D are where the deer followed the trail and met the bullet. E is where he finally fell and died."

"I'll give you a turkey story," says Roy, the facts of which as related to me occurred on the Big Muddy in Southern Illinois, and well worthy of the Yahoos of the American Egypt, and quite equal to any of the remarkable catches of the silver hook fishermen in the stalls of the public market. Of course,

I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 'twas told to me.

"A party of four or five were hunting on the Big Muddy in (I think) Jackson county, and making their headquarters with one of the Hill brothers. They had met with varying success, and all of them had killed ducks, geese and swan, and all but Doctor G. had killed one or more wild turkeys. The doctor was bound, as events proved, to either kill a turkey or have the credit of so doing.

"Pete Hill came in early one morning with a large fine turkey. No one had seen him with it but the doctor, and he bribed Pete to give him a chance to shoot it over again. The next morning Pete was to leave early with the turkey, shin up a certain tree where he could hide himself from the rest of the party, and at a given signal from the doctor who was then to fire, to drop the turkey to the ground. Part of the scheme worked first-rate. The doctor hunted over the grounds apparently very carefully until he approached Pete's tree. When the signal was given, the doctor fired and down

came the turkey. All excitement, the doctor ran to it, closely followed by another of the party, but the cat was out of the bag, for the turkey's legs were tied together with Pete's red bandanna handkerchief, and the doctor's companions inspected the tree closely enough to find Pete who had then to come down. He was ignorant of the doctor's predicament until he saw the red handkerchief which he had used for convenience in carrying the turkey, but had forgotten to take it off. Baudanna was a name which still clings to the doctor."

"That was surely a pretty bad break, but fortunately it ended without loss of life and must have been a good lesson to the doctor. Though entirely different in every respect, it somehow reminds me of a story I heard about a Missourian, who was visiting friends in Posey county, Indiana. They, to make his stay as pleasant as possible, got up all kinds of entertainments for his benefit, and among others was a coon hunt. The night selected was a moonlight one, and before starting the hunters partook of several straight and mixed. The natives, accustomed to the particular brand of whisky, seemed well able to resist its effects, but not so the Missourian, who was taken in, which however was not strikingly apparent until they were to cross a stream which ran through the woods. The home boys led the way, most of them jumping it clean, as it was quite a narrow stream, while a few touched the water on the opposite side. The visitor came to the water's edge and refused the jump, but seeing what he supposed was a fallen tree across it, he made an effort to walk the shadow of a large tree which stood behind him. 'Old Mis—hic—sou forever. He don't have to tumble into stream where lie there is a log to walk on him.' The first step put a damper on his confidence. 'Old Mis—hic—sou forever, Mis—hic—kersplash.' The boys fished him out none the worse for his ducking. In fact it did him good. 'I'd have got over all right if the bark hadn't slipped,' he exclaimed, and he was none the wiser regarding the substance and shadow of that tree."

"It's your turn, guide. Give us a fish story now."

"To tell you the truth, gentlemen, I never told a lie in my life."

"It does not necessarily follow that one must lie to tell a fish story."

"Such being the case, I'll tell you a second-handed one, and if it is not true no blame or charge of falsehood can attach to me, besides, as most fish stories have to do with large fish, this one deals in small ones, which is also a point in its favor. It was related in my hearing by Judge Frunch, better known by his friends as Bill. The judge was as well known for his strict veracity off the bench as he was respected for his legal acumen when presiding in a court of justice. It appears that some years ago, when the present system of cheese making was introduced in the central counties of New York, a factory was established in the town of New Hartford, and the farmers around either brought or had their milk taken there daily and credited to them. This was before the lactometer had been invented or at least before this certain factory had commenced its use. The consequence was that there was some cheating, for the quantity of cheese was not in average proportion to the quantity of milk credited to the different farmers. It was quite a difficult matter to detect any one adulterating their milk, but finally one was cornered in a very curious way. This farmer was Deacon Page. There was discovered one morning in the cans of milk from his farm several small fish, which the deacon was called upon to account for. 'Why I'll tell you all about that. Yesterday my cows broke through the pasture fence and drank in the Saquoit creek, a ways above Mr. Richardson's mill dam, and must have swallowed some of the fish. It is strange my hired girl didn't notice it when she was milking, I'll speak to her about it.'

"Did I ever relate to you," said Storm, "the adventure my grandfather had with the bullhead in the Mohawk River near the old Utica base ball grounds. No? Well, some morning when we get up a little earlier than usual, I'll try and tell it. It's a long story and needs an early start in the day."

MILLARD.

CHEYNE, WY.

HUNTERBERG CASTLE.

THE day of this history was the Fourth of July; the scene, a beautiful valley in Middle Park, Colorado. In the early morning, in remembrance of the nation's natal day, a pole was raised, the stars and stripes were flung aloft, cheers were given, a short address was delivered, and thus the ever-glorious was celebrated by a little gathering of strangers far out in the Rockies. There was no booming of cannon, no ringing of bells, no popping crackers, no bursting of bombs, nothing but simple recognitions of the day, hearty observance as far as circumstances permitted, and the solemn attention of the glorious mountains.

Immediately after the patriotic ceremony the assemblage of prospectors, travelers and hunters separated, going their different ways, and in a short time the camp was as silent as the abode of Reflection. My comrade wanted to do some trout fishing, and as there was only a stout bass rod besides my own trout rod, I turned the latter over to him, and saddling my pony, determined to spend the day hunting and rambling.

The course taken led me to a mountain six or eight miles southeast which, in the mellow distance, looked like the capitol of some undiscovered country. Viewing it as I rode was a matter of increasing interest, and though a grouse with a large brood of little chicks in one place, two small coyotes playing like puppies in another, and flocks of sage chickens attracted passing notice, the mountain loomed more grandly as I slowly neared it and held studied attention. From the midst of great wings, steep roofs and many pinnacles, rose a principal dome and two smaller ones, where there were columns and pillars and doorways, and vertical and horizontal seams like the lines of masonry in a real structure. With the figure once established, further study brought out more striking semblances and apparent proofs of the genuineness of the building. How could a mountain have a dome of such wonderful harmony in size and proportions? How could chance place two smaller towers equidistant from the center, and arrange terraces and steps and architectural embellishments? It certainly is the ruin of some temple of the sun, some amphitheatre or forum of an ancient people. I'll just go on and investigate, and then inform the Director of the Geological Survey of my great discovery. By the right and privilege of discoverer I'll name it Hunterberg Castle, or the Sportsman's Pantheon, or the Anglermere Coliseum, something grand, something to commemorate and give even greater renown to the world-wide fraternity of good fellows.

While gazing and giving rein to fancy and conning names

from which to select the most suitable for the magnificent structure, a prosaic sneeze broke in upon my illusion and also brought to his feet a large gray wolf, not thirty steps away. He was crouched in the grass near the trail eating a rabbit when the nasal explosion aroused him. Trotting off a few yards he stopped sullenly to take in the cause of the disturbance, licking his chops the while and showing his teeth as if he had a mind to resent the encroachment upon his domain. The pony had stopped of his own impulse, and without hesitation I took a snap shot. The wolf leaped convulsively, turned a somersault and fell dead, the bullet having furrowed his skull. Dismounting, I examined the breast to see if the skin was worth taking off as a trophy and found the hair thin and full of fleas. There were still some throbs of waning life, muscular twitchings about the savage mouth, and wavelike tremors along the back, then the once sly and merciless prowler stretched out limp and lifeless, and I left him a prey to his own.

A half hour's ride brought me to a smooth slope of trituated rock terminating at the base of the capitol. Distance, I found, gave the pile much of its architectural uniformity, though even yet a bold outline, distinctness of profile and breadth of elevation enabled me in fancy to make a temple or teocallis of imposing grandeur. In front of the main dome were minor towers and buttresses, the spaces between partly filled with masses of rock, the debris of geological ages, among which were many small pine and cedar trees. About six hundred yards from the more solid portions of my castle, among fragments and projections, I caught sight of a mountain sheep, poised on one of the tower-like formations, as if it were a statue on a pedestal. I had before seen these sure-footed climbers in similar positions, but had never had an opportunity of getting near enough for a shot. I now resolved to get that sheep, not considering fully at the moment that it is easy enough to pass a resolution, but very often quite another matter to carry one into full force and effect. Still it is a good thing to resolve if one does not thunder too much in the index.

As the wary animals cannot be approached from below, as they frequently spend some time very patiently watching the frantic and fruitless efforts of the hunter to get into shooting distance, and as this one seemed to be looking down on me with disdainful emotion, I concluded to resort to subtle strategy and make the effort to circumvent him by going round the back way. A half mile to the right there was a long sloping ridge, with scattered dead and living pine and cedar trees on it, and great detached rocks, which, it appeared, would furnish a good approach clear to the upper base of the dome, where I could certainly get close to the game.

Turning the pony's head I put him on the gallop to the place where the ascent was to begin. The ridge was not steep, and I urged the pony on as fast as he could go without making too much noise, and in due time reached the upper portion of the slope, perhaps four or five hundred yards back of the rocks where the sheep was seen. There I tied my steed with the lariat and went on foot.

There was much to interest any one in the mazes of rocks and trees, in the magnificent scenery that lay about me, where the silence was as impressive as the mountains were sublime, and I was half inclined to let the sheep go and study the universe. Near the broad front of my Hunterberg Castle, looking northwest, and not far from the pedestal where the sheep was supposed to be, was an immense split in the gray granite, one of the doorways I saw from the valley, into which I went stealthily, stepping upon a wide mantel or architrave that provided comparatively easy passage to the outer side. Going slowly, scanning the projections and cornices beyond as they came in view, barely moving as I reached the free opening, the sheep suddenly came into my line of vision, leaping from a point of rock to a small flat surface that brought him into clear range. I was stooping low, and for a few moments remained so, breathless, motionless as the rock by my side, then cautiously raised the rifle and fired. A million echoes and reverberations awoke the wild solitudes, hammering the walls where I stood, and then flying like affrighted spectres to more and more distant and safer nooks and crannies. The sheep sprang forward with such life-like effort I thought the bullet had missed. But the leap was followed by a thump which meant that feet and horns had lost their cunning, and that a still and dismembered form was down there somewhere.

The next task was to recover the game. From my lofty outlook it could not be seen, but passages and pathways were visible, made by wild animals, and all about were ugly-looking crevices and cavernous openings. To reach these it was necessary to retrace my steps almost to the point where the sheep was first discovered. Relative positions of rocks and trees were noted, the "marking down" method of the hunter, and then the return was in order. Before starting, however, I could not resist stopping a few minutes to look out upon the grand scenery on three sides of the mountain observatory. I could see the vapor rising from the Hot Springs miles away, and right and left of that point get bright glimpses of Grand River, the water hidden in places by forests and cañons, and then again flashing and dancing in the sunlight, as if a mountain of silver had been melted by subterranean fires, and the gleaming metal escaping from nature's crucible, was filling the tortuous valley. In every direction were great mountain tops reaching to heaven, capped with black rocks and glistening snow, here an open and there a figure of immaculate beauty to which imagination could give form and feature in boundless fancy. One of the images of snow seemed in the distance like a regal form lying in state, its robes sparkling with jewels, as if it were the bier of a princess stopped in mid air—

"Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar."

The figure was strikingly beautiful, and I thought as I gazed, if the Itzaccibual of Mexico, the woman in white of the Aztecs, is more beautiful than that, it is worthy its renown, and worth the journey to see it.

I was loth to leave the high veranda. The beautiful sweeps of alpine scenery, the regal mountains in their robes of white and purple, the flowery meadows, the shining river and many small streams hurrying to it, the dark green forests, the columns of smoke here and there like incense from sylvan altars, made pictures of enchanting beauty.

"My mother earth!
And thou fresh-breaking day, and you, ye mountains,
Why are ye beautiful?"

Awaiting reply let us return to our mutton. Approaching the pony he neighed a welcome and manifested unusual pleasure. In truth it was lonesome up there, and I didn't wonder at the horse's gratification on being assured that his fidelity was not betrayed.

Let me say that a degree of faith must be taxed in this abstract and brief chronicle. It cannot be helped. I did not find that sheep. It was not because I did not shoot well, that was all right, but circumstances interfered. Reaching the vicinity of the base where I thought the sheep was lying, the pony pricked up his ears, planted his forefeet decidedly, and stopped suddenly as if something terrible had arrested his attention. At the first glance I could see nothing. On the instant, however, a huge cinnamon bear rose on his hind legs to an immense height, ten or fifteen feet, it seemed, before it stopped getting up, and not more than seventy five yards away. His tapering face, open mouth, outreaching arms, and limp, hanging paws, were exceedingly distinct in the brief view I had of *Ursus horribilis*, variety cinnamonous. As he reached full altitude the pony, who had never seen a cinnamon bear before, uttered a wild snort, whirled excitedly, nearly pitching me out of the saddle, and went down that slope with amazing energy. We would have made a good acting charade of General Putnam at Horseneck escaping from the British. This time it was a bear. I was a careful, but rather passive rider, giving the pony all the rein he wanted and uttering no words of discouragement.

Of course I know this doesn't sound well. How much grander and more dramatic it would be to write that the pony was brought about with fierce determination, urged onward to within a few feet of the bear, careful aim taken and a bullet lodged in the vicious animal's brain, and a few other verbal shakes of sheet iron thunder. But nothing of the kind occurred. The flight continued. At the distance of a half mile, not hearing the crash of breaking limbs or tumbling of rocks behind me, I tightened rein, and induced the pony to stop, just a moment. Looking back I saw bruin still in position, like a huge Stoughton bottle, apparently wondering what was the matter with the party on horseback. He had stood up to see who was coming to call on him, and was an indifferent spectator at the subsequent proceedings.

At the camp an imprudent narration of the adventure caused some merriment, and raised some doubts as to whether the sheep was killed.

"Why didn't you work your way round to the other side and get your game?" said one.

"With that bear standing there ready for a row! Hardly. Besides, the pony was too timid."

"Was it a black bear or a cinnamon?"

"Is a black bear fifteen feet high?"

"No; not fair measurement and chained to a post."

"Well, then, this was a cinnamon."

Then one of the men said I had acted wisely. No one man should get himself into a disagreement with a cinnamon bear. It takes two good shots, that is two fellows that understand the business. Each man must stand his ground whenever they get a bear started; one must hold steady till the critter comes up to strike, mouth open, claws out, and blaze away into his mouth, if possible. If that doesn't fetch him, the other man puts a ball under the bear's arm, and cinnamon gets his medicine.

This explanation was entirely satisfactory to me, and I dropped the subject without supplementary statement.

Although the day's excursion was a disappointment, I turn to its recollection with unfeigned pleasure. The first impression of the temple-like form of the mountain, or Hunterberg Castle, cannot be effaced; the sheep is still poised on his airy pedestal as first I saw him; the grand panorama of mountains is ever subject to call, and the animated, perhaps melodramatic dissolving view down that slope, awakens emotions, and revives the wit and humor of the camp quite as vividly as it did on that memorable Fourth away out in the Rockies. JEROME BURNETT.

THE MAGALLOWAY OF TO-DAY.

THE changes wrought by the lumbermen on the Magalloway River during the past three years have been so great that if a person who went from Azischoos Falls to Parmachene Lake during the season of 1883 were to go over the same route this year would be astonished at the great change in the general appearance of the country. In the fall of 1883 the Berlin Mills Lumber Company began operations in Parkertown (which extends from below the Narrows to the head of the meadows on both sides of the river), and put into the woods a crew of about 250 men, and that season cut about 10,000,000 feet of lumber. Their long landings on both sides of the river from the foot of Emery's Misery to lower Metalluk Pond, gave it a desolate appearance, which was supplemented by a tornado and a fire that swept over about a thousand acres of land at the Narrows the following summer. The next season's operations were on a somewhat larger scale, and timber was cut on both sides of the river nearly to the foot of the meadows. The following fall the company still further extended their operations and put in about twenty camps and employed about 400 men, and their landings now reach from Azischoos Falls to the head of the meadows, so now all the primeval forest left below Parmachene is from the foot of the lake to the head of the meadows. If they should extend their operations up the river one more season the picturesque beauty of the Magalloway will be one of the things of the past.

For quite a number of years that has been one of the best localities for large game in this region. Moose were not uncommon and some were killed every season. One was killed at the meadows in 1884 that weighed 1100 pounds. Caribou were found quite plenty by those who knew where to look for them. There is a large caribou bog lying within a few miles of Azischoos Mountain. Deer were very plenty and in winter herds of from half a dozen to ten or fifteen were not uncommonly seen, and as late as the fall of 1883 a herd of seventeen yarded within one and a half miles of the Narrows. The snow was deep that season and they nearly all disappeared before spring. A logging crew of fourteen men were camped near by; they made one quarter of beef last them all winter and they never were stinted for fresh meat. Perhaps that had nothing to do with the disappearance of the deer. Munn Wornell, a Maine fish and game warden, came to Brown's farm, inquired if any deer had been killed or any fish caught, went fishing himself two or three days, and then in the language of a well-remembered writer, "marched back again." I don't know but the lumber men have just as much right to kill and use deer during the winter as guides and sportsmen have to kill them in close season in summer, and use one or two meals and throw the remainder of the carcass in the river to be wasted and taint the air for rods around. This winter the snow has not been so deep but what they could take care of themselves and very few have been killed this winter.

The old hunters used to say that if deer ever became

plenty here again the wolves would follow them. Their predictions seem to be verified, for several have been seen and tracked on the Magalloway this winter. One came into a yard near George Waters's camp and was seen by several of the men. It has been quite a number of years since wolves were plenty, but their time is short if wolves in both hair and "sheep's clothing" get after them.

Fur is quite scarce around here now. It has been persistently hunted ever since John Danforth came to this region, and now it is a rare thing to find a beaver; and mink and sable are also scarce. Fisher and otter are very seldom seen and even now a bob cat is something of a rarity.

The trout fishing has changed also, for now fish can be caught only at certain places on the river, when formerly they could be caught almost anywhere. Last summer a friend of mine was at Little Boy's Falls, above Parmachene, and where a few years ago he could catch plenty of fish of from one to three pounds, and had taken one weighing over five pounds, the largest one taken this trip weighed less than a pound. I caught one on my last trip up the river in September, below the lake, that weighed five pounds two ounces, and my companion took the mate to it in less than five minutes after that weighed a trifle over four pounds. The season before my largest fish weighed six and a half pounds. But very few trout are taken above Azischoos nowadays as large as that. Those would not be considered very large brook trout by anglers who have caught nine and ten-pounders at Rangeley, but perhaps they might be called very good ones by parties who have fished the same waters two weeks at a time and caught nothing that would weigh over a pound.

No pickerel have as yet been seen above Azischoos, but they go up as far as the foot of the falls at Clark's, though they are not as plenty there as formerly, and it is to be hoped that they will disappear entirely from those waters. It is also to be hoped that no one will try to help the matter by stocking the waters with black bass, for if they do it will be only a short time before you will find bass at Little Boy's Falls and Rump Pond.

This paper will give your readers some idea of the changes going on in the Magalloway country, and perhaps save somebody a good deal of disappointment who might expect to find it just about the same as when they were there a few years ago. S. J. G.

LANCASTER, N. H.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

DOMESTICATION OF THE BUFFALO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Most of your readers are aware that Mr. Hornaday, the taxidermist of the National Museum, was sent out this spring to procure, if possible, a few skins of the American buffalo (*Bison americanus*) to be mounted for the museum. Recently Mr. Hornaday returned, practically empty-handed. The melancholy interpretation of this fact is that the buffalo at last has gone forever. These facts, I say, are pretty well known to most of your readers, and to these it will be, I believe, a glad surprise to know that this magnificent species is not doomed to extermination after all.

The small herd of domesticated buffaloes kept by Mr. Bedson at Stony Mountain, Manitoba, has contrived to thrive and multiply and the four calves of 1878 are now represented by 18 bulls, 25 cows and 18 calves; these, I learn from a recent article in *Science*, are to become the stock of a Manitoban company for the breeding of buffaloes. The great value of the buffalo is now fully recognized, and the various ways in which its physical powers and material products are to be turned to account are set forth at some length in an article by the writer, published in Transaction No. 23, of the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba, 1886, entitled "The Mammals of Manitoba." When this was written the fate of the buffalo was trembling in the balance and I took the opportunity of urging its claims on our attention as an animal that would be an invaluable addition to the stock yard. Since then the matter has been pretty thoroughly advertised among the Manitoban business men and projects of domestication favorably received. And I am sure that now all who are interested either in the stock farm or the chase, will be glad to learn that after all the buffalo has not "gone forever," and since it is proposed to introduce the species on the prairie ranches of the North, it is not unlikely that ere many years have gone we may once again see the American bison feeding and clothing a nation and darkening with its thousands the boundless plains of the West.

ERNEST E. T. SETON.

NEW YORK, June 20, 1886.

W. T. Hornaday, chief taxidermist of the United States National Museum at Washington, was in the city yesterday visiting friends. Mr. Hornaday has just returned from Montana and other portions of the West, where an effort was made to secure for preservation some specimens of the buffalo, which is rapidly disappearing. To a *Herald* reporter Mr. Hornaday yesterday made the following statement: "On the 3d of May a party consisting of George H. Hedley of Medina, an assistant and myself left Washington for Montana in search of buffalo skins and skeletons for preservation in the National Museum. We arrived in Montana about the 10th of May, and until the time we left, June 15th, we were continually on the lookout for the object of our search. We were told that it would be impossible to find buffaloes there, but after diligent search for a number of days we were fortunate in securing two large bulls and a fine calf. The latter was captured alive with the lasso and was sent immediately to Washington. The skins of the bulls were found to be almost worthless for the purpose intended, as the animals are now shedding their thick coats of hair. The skeletons, however, were sent to Washington. Buffaloes are very scarce and few people know of any in the West. In Montana there are probably twenty-five buffaloes and in other Territories there are even less than that number. In Yellowstone Park, however, where animals are not allowed to be killed, there are about 200 buffaloes and 5,000 elk. A fine of \$50 and six months imprisonment is imposed for violating the law in this matter. Small herds of buffaloes are reported to be in the British possessions, but the species are rapidly becoming extinct. In October I shall go West again, prepared to secure at least twenty-five skins and skeletons. In case Mr. Hedley does not accompany me in October, Henry L. Ward, son of Professor Ward of this city, will go

out with me. This work should have been done some years ago, when the plains were frequented by the buffalo. Vast herds of cattle are now seen in place of buffaloes. Large quantities of buffalo bones are being collected and are shipped to Eastern factories for the manufacture of fertilizing material." Mr. Hornaday left for Washington last evening.—*Rochester Herald*.

TWO HINTS IN TAXIDERMY.

MANY who have had occasion to make bird skins in the field have regretted the sorry condition the specimen presented when unpacked at home, owing chiefly to doubled and twisted necks. And those who have made exchanges know that occasionally a bird gets a broken neck even when carefully packed and perfectly dry at starting.

The skins made by some collectors are invariably weak in the neck from using slender rolls of cotton. Having soon noticed this defect in even my own specimens, I substituted for the cotton a hard roll of oakum which extended from the mouth nearly or quite to the tail. Of course every one uses, or ought to use, a stout wire or long sliver of wood for the necks of large birds, hawks, ducks, herons, etc., but it is only in reference to small birds that I wish to call attention. In making skins of birds the size of sparrows and warblers I began using matches with sufficient cotton twisted around to make the neck of the required size. I have since adopted the use of hard-wood toothpicks, and have already used several hundred with quite satisfactory results. Cover the wood with cotton by a dexterous twist of the fingers. Insert this in the skin, letting it extend from the mouth nearly or quite to the tail. With the bird lying on the back the bill may be made to point slightly upward, as it should in a well-made skin, by allowing the neck to rest on the back, placing all or nearly all the filling over it.

In my opinion the best skin is made in a modification of the two extremes, with the bill neither in a line with the back nor pointing upward at a right angle to the back, except in case of owls, etc. An angle of forty-five degrees or less is suitable for most small birds. For a robin a single toothpick is scarcely long enough, and for such specimens I use two toothpicks, letting the flat ends overlap, the cotton will hold them together.

A bird skin made in this way may be picked up by the bill with impunity and in transportation the neck will not be damaged.

I used this method on a recent trip to Mexico, and my specimens were transported, some of them when they were scarcely dry, several miles down a steep mountain trail on the backs of bronco mules, and received rougher treatment than usually falls to the lot of even field skins, and yet there was not one broken neck among over two hundred skins.

The second point which I wish to bring to the notice of naturalists is the use of absorbent cotton in the field. A spot of blood that has formed on and among the feathers may be scraped off with a knife blade, and then if absorbent cotton is used, the place will be so effectually cleaned as to need, with most birds, no after treatment; at any rate, nothing more than a little corn meal before commencing to skin the bird.

This cotton possesses great advantages over ordinary cotton batting, and is better to use than plaster, corn meal or sand, which would form a cake not easily removed from some parts of a bird without pulling feathers out or going to the trouble of moistening it. W. E. B.

OAKLAND, Cal., June 24, 1886.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

A Garden City, Kansas, correspondent, commenting on the Florida man's queer notion of killing off the mocking-birds because they eat strawberries, says: "If Sam J. Kinard, of Waldo, Fla., could be transported from his shady nook in Florida to these vast, treeless prairies, destitute almost of feathered songsters, how his heart would leap for joy at the sound of the first note of his much-despised mockingbird, just as the writer's did lately on discovering that the sweet-noted, restless, chirping robin redbreast and Sam's nightingale had actually found their way this far west, and were visitors, if not residents. I was born in the woods of Ohio, where the scarcity of song birds is not known, and in a region where small fruits and berries are the farmer's main sustenance and his pride to protect, and where, too, it is not an uncommon thing to see the birds feeding from one stake while the pickers gather their share from another; and there seems to be enough for both. It was with a thrill of pleasure that I discovered a mockingbird here only last week, hopping about in the few stunted trees that are scattered about the city, and how he makes the welkin ring.—BUDG.

A Rutherford, N. J., observer estimates the work of a band of four boys in that town in 1885 to have been the destruction of between seven and eight hundred birds' eggs and nearly five hundred old birds.

The observant *Orillia Packot* says that "this summer, humming birds are few and arrived quite late. Can it be that the lessening in number of the little beauties is caused by the freaks of fashion in ladies' attire?" There is not a doubt about it, and as our able contemporary has joined the AUDUBON SOCIETY, he cannot do better than exert the influence of his journal in disabusing the fair sex of a craze that carries such carnage into the ranks of the beautiful birds of our woods.

A Westerville, O., correspondent says: "I feel a deep interest in the welfare of the birds, and have beheld with astonishment their unwarrantable destruction. I discovered that in this community about thirty young boys were engaged in the work of destroying birds' eggs, or rather gathering and shipping them to a taxidermist of Geneva, N. Y. I found upon investigation that they had gathered no less than 14,000 eggs, and I immediately, through our local newspaper, made a complete exposure of who they were, and which resulted in putting a stop to the business.—M."

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—2 red bellied squirrels (*Sciurus auroreogaster*), 2 yellow-winged sugar birds (*Cereba cyanea*), and 4 crowned pigeons (*Goura coronata*). Presented—1 opossum and 10 young (*Didelphys virginianus*), 1 screech owl (*Scops asio*), 2 alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), 1 Gila monster (*Heloderma suspectum*), and 50 horned lizards (*Phrynosoma cornutum*). Born in Garden—2 fallow deer (*Cervus dama*), 3 elk (*Cervus canadensis*), 2 buffalo (*Bison americanus*), 1 Virginia deer (*Cervus virginianus*), and 6 red-headed ducks (*Fuligula ferina americana*).

MEN HAVE NO RIGHT to expose their families to the risk of being thrown helpless on the world when they can prevent it at small cost by taking a policy in THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn.—Adv.

MOOSE MEASUREMENTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of your correspondents asks about the height of moose. I measured five bull moose in the last three years, a majority of which I killed, and found their height to be 6 feet 10 inches, 6 feet 8½ inches, 6 feet 6 inches, 6 feet 6 inches, 6 feet 1 inch. In each instance I measured the height from the shoulder and by simply straightening the leg, where bent at the knee and turning up its hoof so as to measure from its tread, as if the animal were standing. I was interested in getting accurate measurements and these can be relied on. If I had made one of my Indians pull on the foreleg as hard as he could, and then had measured from the point of the hoof to the top of the hair on the back, I could have added a few inches no doubt, but my stories about game or fish are not based on practices of that kind. I took a good many other measurements of these moose, but only give the particular one as to which inquiry was made. I express no opinion as to how high moose grow, because I am not competent to do so, nor would I place any reliance on simple statements of such Indians as I have had hunting with me, as to the dimensions of moose, unless I could verify them by measuring myself, or getting other good evidence. When I killed one 6 feet 6 inches, Aleck said, "I tell you, you don't get one much bigger than that, eh?" When we got one next year 6 feet 10 inches, he said, "I tell you he's a big one, for sure." The measurements I have show a proportion between the height, etc., and the size of the track, and applying that to the tracks I have seen, made by moose as yet unseen, I can imagine that there are old bulls considerably larger than the largest I have yet measured. What your correspondent wants, however, is facts, and that is what I have given in the measurements. No doubt others can give more.

CECIL CLAY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 5, 1886.

NEW YORK SONG BIRDS.

CHAP. 427. An Act for the preservation of song and wild birds. Passed May 20, 1886. The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. No person in any of the counties of this State, shall kill, wound, trap, net, snare, catch with bird lime, or with any similar substance, poison or drug, any bird of song or any linnet, blue bird, yellow hammer, yellow bird, thrush, woodpecker, cat bird, pewee, swallow, martin, bluejay, oriole, killee, snow bird, grass bird, gull, bobolink, phoebe bird, humming bird, wren, robin, meadow lark or starling, or any wild bird, other than a game bird. Nor shall any person purchase, or have in possession, or have for sale any such song or wild bird, or any part thereof, after the same has been killed. For the purpose of this act the following only shall be considered game birds: the Anatidae, commonly known as swans, geese, brant, and river and sea ducks; the Rallidae, commonly known as rails, coots, mud-hens and gallinules; the Limicolae, commonly known as shore birds, plovers, snipe, woodcock, sand pipers, tattlers, and curlews; the Gallinae, commonly known as wild turkeys, grouse, prairie chickens, pheasants, partridges and quail.

§ 2. No person shall take or needlessly destroy the nest or eggs of any song or wild bird.

§ 3. Section one and two of this act shall not apply to any person holding a certificate giving the right to take birds, and their nest and eggs, for scientific purposes, as provided for in section four of this act.

§ 4. Certificates may be granted by any incorporated society of natural history in the State, through such persons or officers as said society may designate, to any properly accredited person of the age of eighteen years or upward, permitting the holder thereof to collect birds, their nests or eggs, for strictly scientific purposes only. In order to obtain such certificate, the applicant for the same must present to the person or persons having the power to grant said certificates, written testimonials from two well known scientific men, testifying to the good character and fitness of said applicant to be intrusted to such privilege; must pay to said persons or officers one dollar to defray the necessary expenses attending the granting of such certificates; and must file with such persons or officers a properly executed bond, in the sum of two hundred dollars, signed by two well known citizens of the State as sureties. This bond shall be forfeited to the State, and the certificate become void, upon proof that the holder of such a certificate has killed any bird, or taken the nest or eggs of any bird, for other than the purposes named in section three and four of this act, and shall be further subject for each such offense to the penalties provided therefor in section one and two of this act.

§ 5. The certificate authorized by this act shall be in force for one year only from the date of their issue, and shall not be transferable.

§ 6. The English or European house-sparrow (*Passer domesticus*) is not included among the birds protected by this act.

§ 7. Any person or persons violating any of the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment in the county jail or penitentiary, of not less than five or more than thirty days, or to a fine of not less than ten or more than fifty dollars, or both, at the discretion of the court.

§ 8. In all actions for the recovery of penalties under this act, one half of the recovery shall belong to the plaintiff, and the remainder shall be paid to the county treasurer of the county where the offense is committed, except if the offense be committed in the city and county of New York, the remaining one-half shall be paid to the chamberlain of said city.

§ 9. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent with, or contrary to the provisions of this act, are hereby repealed.

§ 10. This act shall take effect immediately.

HABITS OF MOUNTAIN SHEEP.—Yellowstone National Park.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of the Park guides, who cared for the Geological Survey party's horses in Cinnabar Basin, National Park, last winter, says that from their camp the mountain sheep were seen almost every day all winter; and he tells me he went from the Springs here down to the Basin on the 10th of May, and on that day he saw a flock of sheep and three lambs, and the next day the party caught a young elk. He says they spoke about the lambs as being the first that had been seen; and so from that I take it that from the 5th to the 10th of May is about the time of their birth. My informant says that the summer and winter ranges of the sheep are not different, except that they may range wider in summer than in winter. They stay on the east and south sides of the ranges the most when undisturbed in winter. In summer they are generally found on the higher benches or mesas of the hills and on all sides. Their food is mostly bunch grass and the mountain clover. The quadruped that is their greatest enemy is the mountain lion. They are also subject to a kind of scab disease that is very bad occasionally.—OLD FAITHFUL.

PROGRESS AT WASHINGTON.—In the Senate, June 10, 1886, Senator Warner Miller, of New York, introduced an amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation bill creating in the Department of Agriculture an independent "Division of Economic Ornithology and Mammalogy, for the promotion of economic ornithology and mammalogy; an investigation of the food habits, distribution and migrations of North American birds and mammals in relation to agriculture, horticulture and forestry." The amendment passed both Houses of Congress June 29. It has received the President's signature and is now a law. Dr. C. H. Merriam has been appointed Chief of the Division of Economic Ornithology, and Prof. Walter B. Barrows, Assistant.

KINGSNAKE AND ADDER.—While crossing the Grand Prairie of Arkansas in the latter part of April, my attention was called to what seemed to be an immense coil of snakes lying in the grass apparently lifeless. My companion and I were surprised to find it one kingsnake in the act of swallowing another snake. After killing the kingsnake we separated them with little difficulty. The one the kingsnake had killed we found to be a species of the adder, commonly known as the blowsnake. Very little difference could be noticed in the size of the two snakes, but the kingsnake was somewhat longer than the adder. A farmer said that when the snakes were first observed the kingsnake had wrapped himself about the body of his unfortunate victim and had his teeth imbedded in its neck. It would writhe and twist and try to get away, but its antagonist would only loosen this hold to get a fresher one nearer its head. The kingsnake finally succeeded in getting his victim by the head and commenced slowly to swallow it. The battle was now about over and he gradually loosened his hold from around its body and swallowed the entire snake.—L. JAY (De Witt, Ark.).

ROBINS AND CHERRIES.—In your last issue "X. Y. Z." complains bitterly of the depredation of robins in his cherry trees. If he will suspend a mounted hawk with wings spread in his orchard, or will put stuffed cats in the branches of the trees, moving them from day to day, the loss of cherries by birds will be likely to decrease.—C. H. M.

A PROPOSED DESERATION.

THE proposition to authorize the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad Company to enter the Yellowstone National Park with their tracks is again before Congress. It is one of those jobs which, like the Tehuantepec ship railway or the Cowden outlet for the Mississippi, is alluring enough to keep appetite and effort spurred despite discouragement and obstacle. It has already been repulsed under circumstances that would have definitely disposed of any commonplace enterprise of good repute and legitimate purpose, but it contains the vitality of plunder, and it survives the grave.

Everybody is familiar with the scheme of the National Park. The beautiful and grand valley of the Yellowstone River has been by act of Congress reserved for the use of the people, set aside as public property which shall under no circumstances be opened to private speculation—kept, as it were against the day when population shall have overrun the country, and when a magnificent tract such as the Park will be of a value beyond computation. By the terms of the act creating this reservation the people are promised that the valley shall be kept in a state of nature, sacred against the invasion of settlers, its grandeur unspotted, its beauty unsmirched. And as the people have grown accustomed to the idea, and learned to realize all that it promises to them and to posterity, the National Park has taken a strong hold upon them, and established itself firmly in their approbation.

Against this universal public sentiment, as against the more clearly defined and explicitly expressed opposition of every official of the government in any way connected with the Park, the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad Company are obstinately and resolutely pressing their job on Congress. It is not pretended that any result of the very smallest national importance is involved. No one has yet come forward with effrontery enough to suggest that public interests will be promoted, however infinitesimally, by the construction of the railway in question. On the contrary, it is understood on all sides that the measure is being pressed solely in behalf of this railroad corporation, and with exclusive reference to the enrichment of a few speculators at the expense of the people of the United States. The passage of the bill will violate all the essential features of the plan on which the National Park was originally ordained. It will destroy, and permanently, every prospect of usefulness for the Park, and will amount, practically, to giving it to this private corporation as the reward of its stubborn importunity.

As matters now stand, the Park is one of our national ornaments, the resort of tourists and sightseers from every quarter of the world, the refuge for the big game which is being so rapidly exterminated elsewhere, the nucleus of a future benefit that cannot now be measured. Every year attaches the people more deeply to a scheme which every year becomes better understood and the realization of which is steadily growing more tangible and definite. And this is the state of things the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railway Company propose to destroy. They ask the privilege of invading the Park with their tracks, establishing shops and station houses wherever they see fit, and aspire generally to nullify the whole plan of the national reservation and rob the people of all the great benefits involved.

It seems incredible that they should be able to find in the Congress of the United States one member willing to incur the odium of complicity in such a flagrant and indefensible job. It is impossible that they can find in Congress enough supporters to materialize this riotous dream of spoliation.—*New York Star.*

Game Bag and Gun.

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OPEN SEASONS.

DATES BETWEEN WHICH IT IS LAWFUL TO TAKE FISH AND GAME.

Arkansas.

Deer, Sept. 1-Feb. 1. Wild turkey, Sept. 1-May 1. Pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, Sept. 1-Feb. 1. Quail, Virginia partridge, Oct. 1-March 1.

British Columbia.

Deer, elk, reindeer, caribou, hare, Sept. 1-Jan. 10. Grouse, partridge, prairie fowl, quail, snipe, robin, meadow lark, Sept. 1-Feb. 1. Wild duck, Sept. 1-March 1. Pheasant protected to Sept. 1, 1886.

California.

Quail, partridge, grouse, rail, Oct. 1-March 1. Doves, June 1-Jan. 1. Male deer or buck, July 1-Nov. 1. Antelope, elk, mountain sheep, female deer protected at all times. Speckled trout, salmon trout, any variety of trout, April 1-Nov. 1. Salmon, Oct. 1-Aug. 3.

Canada—New Brunswick.

Moose, caribou, deer, Aug. 1-Feb. 1. Lawful number killed by one person or hunting party, three moose, five caribou, five deer. Use of dogs forbidden. Partridges, Sept. 20-Dec. 1; exportation forbidden. Snipe, wood duck, Sept. 20-Dec. 1; exportation forbidden. Black duck, woodcock, teal, Sept. 1-May 15. Non-residents must take out license (fee \$20), at office Chief Game Com., J. de Wolfe Spurr, St. John, N. B.

Canada—Ontario.

Deer, elk, moose, reindeer, caribou, Oct. 15-Dec. 15; may not be killed for exportation. Grouse, pheasant, prairie fowl, partridge, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Quail protected to 1888; wild turkey, to 1889. Woodcock, Aug. 15-Jan. 1. Snipe, rail, golden plover, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Swan, goose, Sept. 1-May 1. Ducks and all other water fowl Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Hares, Sept. 1-March 15.

Salmon trout, whitefish, Dec. 1-Nov. 10. Fresh-water herring, Dec. 1-Oct. 15. Speckled brook, river trout, May 1-Sept. 15. Bass, maskinonge, June 15-April 15. Picherel, doré, May 15-April 15.

Canada—Quebec.

Moose, deer, Sept. 1-Feb. 1 (female moose protected until Oct. 15, 1888). Caribou, Sept. 1-March 1. Hares, Sept. 1-March 1. Woodcock, snipe, Sept. 1-Feb. 1. Wild ducks, teal, Sept. 1-May 1. Grouse, partridge, Sept. 1-Feb. 1. Non-residents must take out license from Commissioner of Crown Lands. Exports of deer, wild turkey and quail forbidden. Fishing seasons same as in Ontario.

Colorado.

Elk, deer, buffalo or bison, Oct. 15-Jan. 1. Mountain sheep protected to 1895. Partridge, pheasant, prairie hen, prairie chicken and grouse, Oct. 1-Nov. 15.

Connecticut.

Ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, Oct. 1-Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 1-May 1. Sora, rail, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Trout, April 1-July 1.

Florida.

This State has no game law.

Maine.

Moose, deer and caribou, Oct. 1-Jan. 1 (forbidden to hunt with dogs, unlawful for one person to take more than one moose, two caribou, or three deer in one season. Mink, beaver, sable, otter, fisher, muskrat, Oct. 15-May 1. Woodcock, dusky, black or other sea duck, Sept. 1-May 1; law does not apply to sea-coast. Ruffed grouse (partridge), woodcock, Sept. 1-Dec. 1. Pinnated grouse, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Woodcock and ruffed grouse may be killed only for consumption within the State.

Salmon, July 15-Sept. 15; angling within 100yds. fishway, dam or millrace forbidden. Smelts, April 1-Oct. 1. Black bass, Oswego bass, white perch, July 1-April 1. Landlocked salmon, trout, togue, May 1-Oct. 1; in St. Croix River and tributaries, May 1-Sept. 15; during February, March and April lawful for citizens to take "and convey the same to their homes, but not otherwise." Unlawful to take landlocked salmon less than 9in. length, or trout less than 5in.; or take or transport more than 50lbs. landlocked salmon or trout or both. Unlawful to take these fish in Kennebec, Molychunkamunk, Cuscutic, Mooselucmagantic and Welokenabecook lakes and tributaries, between Feb. 1 and May 1; unlawful in said waters to use spawn bait in September. Unlawful to take trout or landlocked salmon in the Rangeley stream between the mouth of Kennebec stream and Howard's dam from July 1 to May 1, or at the South Bog stream from July 1 to May 1, or in the Bemis stream from July 1 to May 1, or in the Cuscutic stream from July 1 to May 1, or in the Kennebec stream between the foot of its first falls, near its junction with the Rangeley stream and the upper falls at the outlet of Kennebec Lake, from Sept. 1 to May 1. Commissioners of Fisheries and Game: E. M. Stilwell, Bangor; H. O. Stanley, Dixfield.

Manitoba.

Deer, cabri, or antelope, elk or wapiti, moose, reindeer or caribou, Oct. 1-Jan. 1. Ruffed grouse, pheasants, partridges, prairie chickens, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Woodcock, plover, snipe and sandpiper, Aug. 1-Jan. 1. All kinds of wild duck, sea duck, pigeon, teal, wild swan, or wild goose, except the variety of wild goose commonly known as the snow goose or the wavy, Aug. 15-May 1. Otter, fisher or pekan, beaver, muskrat and sable, Oct. 1-May 15. Mink and marten, Nov. 1-April 15. Exportation of game forbidden.

Massachusetts.

Woodcock, pinnated grouse, Aug. 1-Jan. 1. Ruffed grouse, partridge, Oct. 1-Jan. 1. Quail, Oct. 15-Jan. 1. Wood duck, summer duck, black duck, teal, any of the duck species, Sept. 1-April 15. Plover, snipe, sandpiper, rail, shore, marsh or beach birds, July 15-May 1. Wild pigeon, gull, tern, Oct. 1-May 15. Gray squirrel, hare, rabbit, Sept. 1-March 1. Deer protected at all seasons.

Speckled trout, lake trout, landlocked salmon, April 1-Sept. 1. Salmon, May 1-Aug. 1. Black bass, July 1-Dec. 1. Smelt, June 1-March 15.

Michigan.

Deer in Lower Peninsula, Oct. 1-Dec. 1; Upper Peninsula, Aug. 15-Nov. 15. Elk protected to 1889. Ruffed grouse, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Quail, Nov. 1-Jan. 1. Woodcock, Aug. 1-Jan. 1. Pinnated grouse, Sept. 4-Nov. 1. Wild turkey, Oct. 1-Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 1-May 1 (Wood, mallard, teal and gray ducks, Sept. 1-Jan. 1). Snipe, Sept. 1-May 1. Exportation of deer, ruffed grouse, quail, prairie chicken, wild turkey, forbidden. Trout, May 1-Sept. 1. Grayling, June 1-Nov. 1.

New Hampshire.

Plover, yellowlegs, sandpipers, ducks, rails, Feb. 1-Aug. 1. Ducks on sea coast may be shot in February, March and April. Woodcock, ruffed grouse, partridge, quail, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Deer, moose, caribou, Sept. 1-Dec. 1. Raccoon, gray squirrel, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Hares, rabbits, muskrats, Sept. 1-April 1.

Landlocked salmon, speckled trout, May 1-Sept. 30. Lake trout (taken with hook and line), Jan. 1-Sept. 30. Pike-perch, white perch, July 1-May 1. Black bass, June 15-April 30. Muskallonge, pickerel, pike, grayling, June 1-April 1.

New Jersey.

As given by New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society: Ruffed grouse, Oct. 31-Dec. 31. Quail, Oct. 31-Dec. 31. Woodcock, July 1-Aug. 1 and Sept. 30-Dec. 10. Prairie chicken, Oct. 15-Dec. 1. Upland plover, July 31-Jan. 1. Summer duck, Aug. 31-Jan. 1. Reed bird, marsh hen, Aug. 25-Dec. 1. Rail bird, months of Sept., Oct. and Nov. Gray, black, fox squirrel, Aug. 31-Jan. 1. Rabbit, Oct. 31-Dec. 31.

Salmon trout, last day of Feb.-Oct. 1. Brook trout, last day of Feb.-Oct. 1. Black or Oswego bass, May 31-Nov. 1.

Non-residents must take out license. New Jersey Fish and Game Protective Society has jurisdiction over entire State; fee, \$2; secretary, Wm. L. Force, Plainfield. N. J. Or, non-residents to shoot or fish in Camden, Gloucester, Atlantic, Salem, Cumberland and Cape May counties, may obtain membership certificate of West Jersey Game Protective Society; fee, \$5 first year, \$2 annually thereafter; secretary, William T. Miller, 106 Market street, Camden, N. J.

New York.

Deer, Aug. 15-Nov. 1. Dogging permitted, Sept. 1-Oct. 5, except in St. Lawrence and Delaware counties. One person may kill only three deer; may transport one carcass. Deer in Suffolk and Queens counties protected to 1891. Hare, rabbit, Nov. 1-Feb. 1. Black, gray squirrel, Aug. 1-Feb. 1; in Dutchess county, Sept. 1-Feb. 1. Wild duck, goose, brant, Sept. 1-May 1; in Long Island waters, Oct. 1-May 1; in Chautauque county, Sept. 1-Feb. 1. Bay snipe, sandpiper, shore bird, plover, in Queens and Suffolk counties, July 10-Jan. 10. Rail bird, meadow hen, in Queens and Suffolk counties, Sept. 1-Jan. 1; in Columbia county, Sept. 1-Dec. 1. Quail, Nov. 1-Jan. 1; in Columbia county, Nov. 1-Dec. 1. Ruffed grouse, partridge, Sept. 1-Jan. 1; in Suffolk and Queens counties, Nov. 1-Jan. 1; in Columbia county, Sept. 1-Dec. 1. Woodcock, Aug. 1-Jan. 1; in Oneida, Delaware and Dutchess counties, Sept. 1-Jan. 1; Columbia county, Sept. 1-Dec. 1. Robins, meadow lark, starling, Oct. 1-Jan. 1. Non-residents must take out license from justice of peace to shoot game in Richmond county (Staten Island).

Trout (speckled, California, brown, salmon), landlocked salmon, April 1-Sept. 1; in Forest Preserve, Adirondacks

etc., speckled, brown, California trout, May 1-Sept. 15; salmon trout, landlocked salmon, May 1-Oct. 1. Black bass, Oswego bass, muscalonge, June 1-Jan. 1. Black bass in Columbia county, Lake Mahopac, Schroon Lake and River, Paradox Lake, Friends Lake, July 1-Jan. 1; in Lake George, Brant Lake, July 20-Jan. 1. Black bass, muscalonge, in St. Lawrence, Clyde, Seneca and Oswego rivers, lakes Erie, Ontario and Conesus, and Niagara River above the Falls, May 20-Jan. 1. Lawful weight black bass, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound; lawful length, 8 inches. In Lake George waters, bullheads, July 1-April 1; pickerel, June 15-Feb. 15.

Ohio.

Quail, prairie chicken, Nov. 10-Jan. 1. Wild turkey, Nov. 1-Jan. 14. Ruffed grouse, pheasant, blue-winged teal, Sept. 1-Dec. 31. Mallard, wood duck, other wild duck, April 11-Aug. 30; between Sept. 1-April 1 no killing permitted on Sunday. Monday and Tuesday of each week. Woodcock, July 4-Dec. 31. Turtle dove, Aug. 2-Dec. 31. Squirrel, June 2-Dec. 31. Rabbit, Oct. 2-Jan. 31. Deer, Oct. 16-Nov. 19. Dates are inclusive.

Texas.

Deer, June 1-Dec. 1. Wild turkey, Sept. 15-May 15. Ruffed grouse, July 31-March 1. Quail, Sept. 1-March 1.

Utah.

Quail, partridge, grouse, Aug. 15-March 15. Wild ducks, Sept. 15-April 15. Quail and other imported game protected to 1887. Deer, Sept. 1-Dec. 1. Campers in the mountains may in July and August kill sufficient of the males to supply themselves with food in camp. Elk, antelope, mountain sheep, protected to 1890.

Trout, June 15-March 15; lawful size, 6in.

Vermont.

Deer protected to 1890. Quail, ruffed grouse, Sept. 1-Feb. 1. Woodcock, Aug. 15-Feb. 1. Wild geese and ducks, Sept. 1-May 1. Exportation forbidden.

Washington Territory.

Deer, elk, moose, mountain sheep, Aug. 15-Jan. 1. Wild-fowl, Aug. 15-April 1. Prairie chicken, sage hen, Aug. 15-Jan. 1. Grouse, pheasant, quail or partridge, Aug. 1-Jan. 1.

TRANSPLANTING QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several years ago myself and brother bought in the New York market three dozen live quail in January and sent them to our old home in Connecticut, placing them in charge of a friend competent to care for them, to be kept till the cold, rough weather was over and then liberated. They were kept confined till early in March, only one dying, while the rest were all healthy and in good condition, when they were taken out and let loose, a pair in a place, in localities affording excellent cover and feeding ground. We expected to have a few days shooting the succeeding fall, but on taking our annual trip to the old stamping ground and working thoroughly the entire section where the birds had been placed, we did not find a single quail. We were told that the birds had frequently been heard calling early in May, but after that time they were neither heard nor seen. Is it probable that they returned to the country from which they were captured? I do not know whether the birds we purchased were from the South or West.

This being my only experience in this line, I have often wondered what became of the birds. I think now, perhaps, a mistake was made in assuming the responsibility of mating the birds; it might have been better to have turned them loose in a body and allowed them to have "managed their domestic affairs in their own way."

Will others who have tried similar experiments with this lively game bird tell us of their success through the pages of FOREST AND STREAM? Was the effort to introduce the Mesina quail in this country an entire failure? A.

DAKOTA GAME AND RESORTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My last letter to you has awakened a great interest in Dakota. Letters are pouring in every day, and the questions are so varied and numerous I must beg to reply to the majority in a letter to you. I have written to many sportsmen personally in the last week and if all come to Dakota to hunt who have said they would next fall, there will be news for the FOREST AND STREAM.

The best time for prairie chickens is the latter part of August. Then as but few would come for less than a two weeks' hunt they can have goose and duck hunting; and as the deer law expires on the first of September, they can vary the sport as much as may please them. Board is \$5 per week. Horse hire reasonable. Shooting is to be had in all directions from this city. You cannot start out in any direction without finding prairie chicken shooting and goose and duck shooting. Deer within three miles of us. One of my friends was in from the country on Saturday; he lives up the river six miles, and as I have stated before, there is brush and timber skirting the river; he told me he had not seen so many deer at this time of year in the five years he had lived here as he has seen in the last week or two. He told me he could walk out any evening or morning and see them walking around. But if any one thinks he can come out and shoot them without an effort he will "get left." I have gone up there evening after evening and have seen from two to six in an evening, but could not get them. I am not a professional. But any one coming here can go up there, stop with a farmer, and by going down to the timber evening and morning can have fine sport. They will find geese on the sandbars of the river by the thousands, affording splendid rifle shooting from the brush; and by going into a grainfield and digging a pit they can have rare sport. You can get decoys here at twenty cents, unpainted. Better bring one dozen with you. Duck decoys are not needed.

To the young men writing me who want sport and business, I would say you should have some capital in coming to a new country. With one thousand dollars, with pluck, and it takes pluck (and a willingness to rough it) any one can become the possessor of a good farm. There are no business openings for clerks, as all western towns have a big supply of young men. To come cheap, get a round trip "land seekers' ticket;" if not sooner, at Chicago.

For bear, elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, etc., you must go further west. On the mountains south of the National Park is the best place. We will give all a warm welcome at Bismarck, the capitol of Dakota, and will do all we can to make your stay pleasant and will send you where you can find game. W. H. WILLIAMSON.

BISMARCK, Dakota.

MR. GRIFFIN SMITH, of Longmont, Colo., claims to have shot a mountain lion on the Little Thompson which measured nine feet from the end of its nose to the tip of its tail,

ON A RUNWAY.

ON the old dirt road that runs down from Minden to Conshata Chute along the eastern borders of Lake Bistenau, in Northwest Louisiana, twelve miles from Minden and one mile and a half from where the road crosses Brushy Bayou, at the foot of the old mill dam, and just as you reach the high lands ascending from the bottoms through which flows the bayou, lived, in 1862, and still lives for aught I know, Green Mays, one of the greatest hunters of the Southwest.

A man of powerful frame, of untiring energy, passionately fond of the wild sports of the woods, he had settled here, in the midst of an extensive forest abounding in wild game, for the enjoyment of the great passion of his life. He had made no bad selection of a home suited to his tastes. Around him stretched an almost unbroken forest, where the antlered monarchs paid court to the meek-eyed does in undisturbed security. A mile back from his house flowed the waters of Brushy Bayou, filled with jack and bass and other fish, where he could, after a few hours' sport with rod and line and hook, supply his table with a luxury a king might envy; while two miles distant, nestled among the hills, was Lake Bistenau, a very paradise for wildfowl, whence might be heard in the still mornings the distant honk, honk of the wild geese, inviting the sportsman to their own destruction.

Well do I remember when, just twenty-four years ago, I traveled that road for the first time. I can almost see the flock of green-headed mallards sporting themselves in the shallow water at the foot of the old deserted and broken milldam, just above the ford, as we approached the bayou on our way down from Minden. Oh! how I wanted a gun. I was young then and had inherited a love for sport. I did the best I could with a little .22 caliber Smith & Wesson parlor pistol, the most formidable weapon we could muster, but I did no harm to the ducks, other than to cause them to seek other haunts for their aquatic sports. A mile and a half beyond on the brow of a hill we came to a comparatively new settlement. The dwelling, built of hewn logs, the stables, the cabins, the fences all bore a new and neat appearance. What attracted my attention most was a tree that stood just outside the gate, between the road and the house, that formed a sort of rack, upon which were piled the horns of many a noble buck. They were the trophies of the hunt, which the great hunter had captured and out of which he had created a monument to his prowess. It needed no one to tell us that this was the home of a great hunter. But I was on a mission of business and not pleasure and we passed on to our destination, about eight miles further down the road. The occupation of Nashville just at this time by the Federal forces gave an unexpected turn to events, so far as I was concerned, and caused me to prolong my visit to this country just four years longer than I at first contemplated. But I was disposed to make the best of the situation, and can now look back to many a day of royal sport enjoyed during that time.

A few days before Christmas, I received an invitation from Mr. Green Mays to join him in a Christmas deer hunt. I was a novice then in deer driving, my previous experience in hunting being limited to the pursuit of smaller game. Of course I accepted the invitation. On Christmas eve I rode up to the gate of the great Nimrod, whose wonderful skill in the chase had given him a fame far and near. He was expecting me and came out to welcome me with the genial hospitality of a veteran hunter. His hounds had been rested a few days for the occasion, and joined in the welcome extended to me by their master in a chorus of deep-mouthed bayings, as if they understood full well the import of my coming. Nothing opens the way to the friendship and confidence of a pack of deerhounds so readily and quickly as the possession of a gun and a hunting horn. They recognize in them at once the symbols of the chase. That night, before a roaring wood fire in the wide-mouthed fireplace, we discussed the pleasures of the chase. My host entertained me with many an incident from his own experience, and with the wonderful exploits of Charlie, a splendid specimen of the black and tan deerhound and his favorite of the pack, and when the hour for retiring came, I went to sleep to dream of a wild and incongruous mixture of antlered bucks, screeching wildcats and baying hounds.

By daylight the next morning we were through with breakfast and by sunrise we were in the saddle, with the eager hounds around us, and off for the haunts of the game. A neighboring hunter had been notified and was promptly on hand to take part in the hunt. My experience in the chase was very limited. A few years before I had enjoyed the pleasure of a camp hunt with some skillful hunters in South Alabama, but only got one chance to shoot at a deer. I boldly laid claim, however, to exemption from the initiation act, a ceremony customary among the old deer hunters of the Southwest and enjoyed very greatly by all except the victim. When a young hunter kills his first deer he must be "blooded" to entitle him to be recognized as a sportsman. If unsuspicious, the older hunters make him believe that his assistance is very important in skinning and dressing the deer he has killed. He is put to hold a leg or some important part while the dressing is going on, and while his attention is thus engaged, one of the hunters with bloody hands wipes them over his face, and this is the signal for a burst of merriment. It is useless to be offended, and he soon recognizes the situation and makes the most of it.

Mr. Mays had assured me that he could put me at a stand where he could and would run a deer within a few feet of me and that if I did not kill it, it would be my own fault. Though poorly equipped for the purpose, I felt confident I could do the shooting, if I only had a chance. Guns were scarce in that region at that time, and I had to content myself with an awkward old blunderbuss, with a home-made stock, so heavy and cumbersome that I could scarcely wield it at all. It was the best to be had. Arriving at our destination, I was told to stand at a certain spot, and there I was left, with the assurance that a deer would be certain to come out at that place.

Left alone in the forest I stood around for a time and directly began to get tired of the monotony. I saw no reason why a deer should come to that particular spot more than anywhere else, and I seriously doubted whether he would. The unbroken woods extended all around as far as I could see, and one place looked to me as favorable as another. I saw a log about thirty or forty yards away that was much more tempting to me than standing in that place. I concluded the deer was just as apt to come where the log was as where I was. I saw no sensible reason why he should not. And then the log offered a good seat and I had none where I was. Furthermore, I concluded the log was in shooting distance, anyway, if the deer should really prove to be so very fastidious as to be satisfied with no other place

than the one where I was told to stand, and off to the log I went. A few minutes later I heard the distant note of a hound. Was that one of our dogs? Was he really going to get up a deer and was that deer going to come out where I was? It looked very improbable. But listen, I hear the hound again, and this time he is joined by another. Still another joined in the cry and they seem to be coming nearer. I get restless now. Maybe that deer is coming. I look at my old blunderbuss and my heart begins to thump loud enough to be heard. Nearer and nearer come the dogs. Now they are all in full cry. I can hardly hold myself still. I hear a rustle in the leaves at the bottom of the elevation on which I was told to stand, and in a moment more a beautiful yearling deer, fat and slick and blue, emerges in graceful bounds from the thick undergrowth, coming directly up the hill and straight on a line to the spot where the old hunter told me to stand. A few feet behind it comes another, and then another. With what exquisite grace in easy bounds they glide along. The dogs are still a good distance behind and they are not badly frightened yet. Little do they suspect that my old blunderbuss is waiting to belch forth fire and smoke and lead for their destruction. On they come. My! if I had only staid where Mr. Mays told me. Three in a line. What a shot I would have had. It is too late now. The leader has reached the very spot where I was told to stand. I raise my gun and fire. Headlong to the ground plunges the leader. The others, started by the report, dart by like a flash of light. I fire my second barrel at their vanishing forms as they disappear in the bushes. Well, I have killed one at any rate, and I rise to go to the place where it fell only to find no deer. In blank amazement I look around. There is the place where it fell, but no deer is visible in any direction. I can scarcely credit the evidence of my own senses, so confident was I that I had killed the deer. The hounds had passed in the meantime like a whirlwind on the track of the now thoroughly frightened deer.

In the midst of my dilemma Mr. Mays rode up out of the drive and asked me what I had done. I told him and pointed to the place, plainly visible, where the deer had fallen. With the knowledge of an expert in such matters, he remarked: "Your deer is not far off," and with these reassuring words rode in the direction the deer had taken. In a few minutes, from near the spot where I had last caught a glimpse of their rapidly disappearing forms, I heard his pleasant voice announcing "Here's your deer." The sensation produced by this announcement can better be imagined than described. In a moment my feelings of disappointment were gone, and in less time than it takes to write these words, I was standing over the first deer I had ever bagged in the full realization and enjoyment of that wonderful and indescribable sensation of exaltation, the result of a thousand commingling emotions of pleasure that comes only to the young and ardent hunter, and to him but once, and that is when he stands beside the prostrate form of his first deer. H. E. JONES.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

JUNE DEER FLOATING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fishing about here has been unusually good so far this season, the trout running larger and more of them, and not the least good thing about it is that it has convinced the natives that it is a good thing to have protection. Two years ago for the first time in this section, a number of the streams and ponds were restocked, and last season the six-inch limit was very generally observed, and the gain is so apparent that the guides are anxious now to have the law observed more strictly. And most of them regret that the hounding bill was repealed. They see that if protecting the trout results so well, perhaps the deer would survive the loss of a few hounds. There is one man in this place who used to be a good still-hunter and thought it the manly way to hunt. But he has grown older and developed a "bay-window," and consequently cannot travel the woods as easily as in the old days, and finds it much easier to have the deer driven to him. He has a business in which he can employ a good many men. Most of them are constantly in his debt, and therefore will do his bidding, and are ready to "put out the dogs" for him in season or out. He used his influence to get the hounding bill repealed, but laughs at the stupidity of the legislators to be fooled by the arguments that were presented to them last winter. But he is now at the lakes, the Ausable, with two others, floating for deer in June.

A number of the guides, Le Grand Hale, Braman, Charley Beede, Ed. Phelps, the three Turnbull boys, Frank Parker and one or two more have organized a club for the protection of game, and have men now out watching the above-named party, and hope to get evidence to convict some of them. The hotelkeepers, or some of them, are very much opposed to the movement, and say they will do all they can to prevent members of the club from getting work as guides. But I think most sportsmen will have intelligence enough to employ them in preference to lawbreakers. The club secured the conviction of a number for fishing on Sunday recently. They are doing a good work and should have the help of all who care to fish or hunt. I hope that you will not give up the fight against hounds. Let us have that law again, and let it come to stay next time.

There is no opportunity to buy FOREST AND STREAM here, and I can't do without it. Send me a bill for a year's subscription, and I will remit. X.

KEENE VALLEY, Essex County, N. Y., June 30.

[Such efforts on the part of Adirondack guides should be encouraged. Upon the conviction and punishment of the June deer floater, the Forest and Stream Publishing Company will pay into the treasury of the club \$25.]

SOUTHERN QUAIL GROUNDS.—Elizabethtown, Tenn., June 21.—This beautiful little town lies in the forks of the Watauga and Doe rivers, close up in the great Smoky Mountains. Quail are abundant; no end to them. Stopping as we have been in towns of from fifteen hundred to four thousand inhabitants, it has been a surprise to me to hear the notes of Bob White almost every waking hour for the past two months, and on our drives to see them as they rise by the roadside and once or twice in the garden. Where is this, do you ask? Anywhere along the Western & Atlantic Railway from Marietta, Ga., to Dalton, Ga., and from there along the line of the East Tenn., Va. & Ga. Railway to Johnson City. Elizabethtown is said by knowing ones to have the best bass fishing in the South, and we are told that within twenty miles of here is as fine trout fishing as any one need ask. We hope to try it, and then to be able to tell your readers how the bass fishing compares with the St. Clair Flats, Kelley's Island and the Potomac, and how the trout fishing will compare with our Northern streams.—V. A. T.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While raking hay this week I ran over the nest of a prairie chicken. She was just hatching; had eleven that were able to get out of the nest and skulk, and one that was wet. She fluttered around on the ground with her feathers ruffled and tried to get me to follow. On my next round she appeared as a male, with head and tail up, and walked into the grass as if she did not have any claim on the peepers. After dinner I went back and re had removed all the young but the helpless one. That she had killed, I suppose; anyway, it had its skull crushed. A queer freak of a mother. I agree with "M. H.," of Champaign, that the law ought to be changed from Aug. 15 to Sept. 15. They would be grown by that date and would all fly up at once, and the duke could not bag the whole covey. WALTERS.

SHEFFIELD, Ill.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have never seen so many young chickens, and many of them are half grown and more. W.

BISMARCK, Dak.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Sept. 1 is still the legal time to commence killing prairie chickens in Iowa, and it is to be hoped that the law will be better observed than it was last season. The weather has been everything that could be desired for hatching. Unfortunately a good deal of the prairie grass was not burned until May, which destroyed a great many eggs; but there are still enough left to afford good shooting if let alone until they are ripe. A covey of fifteen is the largest number I have seen together yet. I heard the shrill call of Bob White to-day, it being the second quail I have ever seen in this little prairie village. I see a solitary woodcock every summer, never varying forty rods from the spot where I first saw three years ago. It must be the same bird, and I think I shall eat him this year if he puts in an appearance. RAND.

LATIMER, Franklin County, June 30.

HOW LONG CAN FOXHOUNDS RUN?

IN reply to "Hounding," of Virginia, I would like to say that one of those sweeping dogs he mentions that don't follow the track, but grab on when they get a hot scent and then dry up, are generally here in Massachusetts swept off the earth as good for nothing. We want one or a pair of dogs to take their trail in the morning, start their fox and follow him till shot or holed, and only a first-class dog will do it; no sweeper nor grabber can do it alone; perhaps twenty or thirty of these sweepers might, but it looks to me a little more sportsmanlike to swindle one out of his life with a charge of shot with only one or a pair of dogs to follow him. If "Hounding," of Pine View, will visit me next November I should be heartily glad to see him and a pair of his best hounds, and when he has proved them able to catch an old dog fox, I will be glad to acknowledge it through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and he can if he so pleases sell his dogs for a good price here.

As for Col. Tucker's dogs, I mentioned them as representative Southern hounds. I noticed them spoken of and recommended in FOREST AND STREAM, and I think from the pair I had of him that they are a well bred hound, though I think they have been bred-in too much. But if I were out of bounds and was going to start a good pack I would send to him and get one or two of his bitches and breed them to a good Northern dog.

In my opinion the difference is not so much in the bounds as in the kind of ground they have to run over. Take following like Monadnock Mountain, and a fox can run for miles there on bare granite ledges; and until I see a fox caught I shall not believe it can be done. The Myopia Club have a big pack of the best hounds that money will buy, English hounds I think they are, and I often read of their meets; but I have never happened to see an account of their catching a wild fox, though they will mutton a little young one that some farmers boys have had tied up all summer to get a couple of dollars for it in the fall.

I hope some of our abler hunters will write you on this subject. H. C. NEWELL.

ASHBURNHAM, MASS.

HUNTING RIFLE SIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have intended for some time to say a few words on the subject of hunting sights, but have waited, hoping that some one of more experience would do it for me. Perhaps if I start the subject some one will take it up and finish it more ably than I can.

Your trajectory test has given all your readers the advantage of knowing what different rifles will do, and if we could have a good argument on the sight question through your columns I think it would help many a young hunter to decide what is best. My own experience is that most hunting rifles, as they come from the factory, are not sighted to perfection by any means, and that open sights of any pattern are only reliable when used by the coolest of old hands. In quick shooting, shooting in dim light or at a dim object, it is extremely hard to draw just the right amount of front sight every time. More than half the misses that I have made at game were made by not having a plain view of the front sight because the notch blurred, or from drawing too coarse when in haste. With a peep sight all this is avoided. You cannot draw too coarse, and if you will use a large aperture, say one-tenth of an inch, you will never have any trouble in finding game through it. Many people think that a peep sight must be made with a very small aperture to be accurate, but this is a fallacy. The light is stronger in the center of the aperture than near the rim, and for that reason the eye finds the center. It is very hard to convince some people of this, because in aiming the aperture looks so large and they can see so much ground around the target and so much of the barrel.

The only reason that peep sights have not been used for general hunting is because they have been made with too small apertures, the effect being to darken the mark too much. The common peep sight put on target rifles is of little use in hunting, as one can never find the game through it; but if the peep hole is reamed out to one-tenth of an inch it will be found to be the quickest sight that can be used. I prefer the Lyman sight to any other because it is so small, compact; but as far as the sight itself goes, I should think that any tang peep would do as well. The plan advised by Mr. Van Dyke would be excellent if the stopping place was put at point blank.

I think that a bead front sight is much better than the cone-shaped ones now put on all hunting rifles. An open bead, such as is made by Mr. Wm. Lyman, is the best I have seen. The end of the bead being tipped with ivory, shows well on any object except pure white. Ivory, moreover, does not shine or glitter in bright sunlight. A sight of white (?) metal is so nearly the color of a deer that it does not show on one's body at all on a cloudy day. A black sight shows well on game in a good light, but if used with an open rear sight it does not give contrast enough, and therefore gets lost in the notch. With a peep rear sight it does very well, but is not near so good as ivory.

The globe sight is a bead sight almost as old as rifles, but it is not of much use in hunting, as it is too hard to find game through it.

I have very freely used the ideas and even the exact language of Mr. Lyman, Mr. Van Dyke and others, and I ought to add several lines of quotation marks to be distributed through the letter. C. L. S.

PORT CLARK, TEXAS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the trajectory test as given by FOREST AND STREAM has passed and time elapsed for all to have given its record sufficient study to enable one to make a choice out of all the different makes and styles of arm most suitable for each hunter in bagging his game, whether it be on the Western plain or secreted in dense thickets of the Eastern States, I may suggest for the benefit of the latter class, that one essential point must ever be kept in mind, *i. e.*, that their guns are usually sighted for only fifty yards instead of two hundred. One may look upon the record and feel proud that he is the owner of a gun that makes a trajectory of only eight or ten inches at two hundred yards, and flatter himself that any deer showing up to him within that distance is bound to get hit. If a deer could be made to sit deliberately erect upon its haunches like a woodchuck while the hunter took his own time to hunt a dead rest for his gun, the probability is that the deer would receive a wound some two or three feet below the point aimed at. But few such chances, however, are likely to occur to most of men in a lifetime. One-half of the game will be shot within the fifty yards, and a large percentage of the rest seen will come within seventy-five or one hundred yards, so that the sights set at fifty are about the best that can be had for all-around shooting. One may chance to see a deer at two hundred yards or more across some hollow or in very open woods. If so, the distance and a correct elevation over its back of some two or three feet—according to the intervening space—will constitute the only chance of a successful hit.

A board one by three feet, set up horizontally two feet above the ground, at one, two and three hundred yards to fire at off-hand occasionally through the open season, will be found to afford good practice. A few shots at each with stationary sights, no matter whether the rifle carries forty, seventy-five or one hundred grains of powder, will fully satisfy most of hunters that good engineering, even with an inferior weapon, will secure more game than the best of guns in the hands of a novice. CAP LOCK.

FREWSBURG, N. Y.

BEARS IN COLORADO.—Berthoud, Col., June 21.—Two weeks ago Mr. O. E. Rhodes, a young man who is herding my cattle some thirty miles up in the mountain, killed a large female cinnamon bear. While out on his horse looking after the cattle he discovered her down the mountain rooting over stones after ants. He left his horse and boots, so as to make as little noise as possible, and with his .40-90 Ballard crept softly down through the rocks and trees to within about 100 yards of her. At this time she had got up on her hind feet and was scratching the bark off of a small pine tree, as you have seen a cat do. He gave her a shot plump through the heart. And yet she got down and started off, and it was only after giving her three more shots and having his dog knocked some thirty feet down the mountain that he secured the old lady. She was large, but poor. He loaded her on his pony from a boulder and then the pony got the wind of her and ran away, got fast in an aspen thicket, and finally arrived safe at the cabin. Mr. Rhodes says that bear sign is plenty. Blacktail deer are also plenty; he says he could kill one or more any day if he wanted to.—ELK.

MUZZLE VS. BREECH.—Jamestown, N. Y., July 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to call the attention of Mr. Napoleon Merrill to the fact that in your test of hunting rifles there was not a muzzleloading hunting rifle in the contest, the nearest to it being the one fired at the 100 yard range, and that one was beaten in regularity of bullet flight, *i. e.*, in accuracy, by twenty-seven of the thirty-three breech-loaders in competition. At 200 yards the muzzleloader target rifle, with all the appliances of a target rifle, beat all of the breechloading hunting rifles in the regularity of shooting, the nearest one to it being the Maynard .40-cal., which was just four-thousandths of an inch behind the Romer muzzleloader, the difference in elevation at 100 yards of the five shots being: Romer, .292; Maynard, .296; difference, .004 of an inch. The work of the breechloader is selling it.—H. BURNS.

PRINCE LEOPOLDO AUGUSTO, of Brazil, who is a midshipman on the Brazilian sloop Almirante Barroso, now in New York harbor, went woodcock shooting in New Jersey last Thursday. The party went to Fanwood, where they secured the services of Robert Walpole as guide. The day's bag for three guns consisted of eighteen woodcock, one hawk and a mud turtle, which the Prince took back to the ship with him.

WHAT GAME WAS BENJAMIN AFTER IN JUNE?—A late issue of the *Utica, N. Y., Observer* reports: "While Benjamin Hartman, of Oriskany, was out shooting birds with several companions yesterday morning, about two miles above Oriskany, he chanced to be near a tramp when the gun accidentally went off. The charge of shot passed through the foot of the tramp, injuring it very badly."

So easy to row with Allen's bow-facers. Catalogue free. Oars complete, \$8 per pair. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Adv.*

AMONG THE NORTHERN LAKES of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa, are hundreds of delightful places where one can spend the summer months in quiet rest and enjoyment, and return home at the end of the heated term completely rejuvenated. Each recurring season brings to Oconomowoc, Waukesha, Beaver Dam, Frontenac, Okoboji, Minnetonka, White Bear and innumerable other charming localities with romantic names, thousands of our best people whose winter homes are on either side of Mason and Dixon's line. Elegance and comfort at a moderate cost can be readily obtained. A list of summer homes with all necessary information pertaining thereto is being distributed by the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY, and will be sent free upon application by letter to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A HUNT FOR A TROUT STREAM IN ALASKA.

A LITTLE more than a year ago, April 9, 1885, there appeared a communication in the FOREST AND STREAM over the signature of "Reel Plate," of a wonderful catch of trout in a stream near Wrangell, Alaska. In our work of surveying this year we have used this place as our headquarters. Shortly after our arrival from the south I began to make inquiries as to the location of this trout stream, that I too might have a taste of the sport. Not that trout streams are scarce in Alaska, but I love to verify for myself what I read from others. I have taken seventy-five trout of an afternoon from a stream on Prince of Wales Island, and I have taken thirty from one pool on Revillagigedo Island without moving except to take the fish from the hook. All of these were caught with the fly, too, but the sport was tame compared with that which I am about to describe. One party, who came here with the army of occupation and has been here ever since, told me that "it was down there, this side of that mountain, where the Wachusett's officers went to fish." He pointed to a mountain, south of Wrangell, which slopes down to a point projecting into Zimovia Strait, and distant about five miles in a straight line. One day last month a companion and I went there but did not find the stream. The walk around by way of the rocky beach was more than five miles, and we were tired enough to take the boat that had been left for us before we got half way back.

Next, a stream was reported on the mainland opposite Wrangell Island, which looked promising and might be the one we were looking for. One Sunday we pulled over there about ten miles. There could not be a better stream for trout than the one we found there, broad, rapid, full of deep pools and dark holes, but somehow we could not lure them either by bait or by fly. Again we had our pains (muscular) for our sport. There is an unusual amount of snow on the mountains this season, and here the high mountains are close to the coast. The melting snow has kept the streams swollen, and this may be the reason for the trout not biting on the mainland.

We next interviewed a missionary who has been here a number of years, and who can enjoy a day's sport with the rod and gun as well as looking after the welfare of the natives. He did not know where the Wachusett's officers fished, but he could tell us where there was a good trout stream; "just beyond that point of land to the south." Why, that is the direction we took the first time, only we searched this side of it. Another stream had been reported on Etolin Island, on the opposite side of the strait from Wrangell Island, but I concluded to try the missionary's stream first.

This time I got a lift in one of the steam launches that had worked down that way. The third was the lucky time. Whether it be the one that "Reel Plate" fished in or not, I do not know; but, like the missionary, I know it contains good fishing. It is a roaring, tumbling, leaping stream, less than a mile long, with a beautiful little lake at its head as a feeder. I was landed at its mouth about mid-day, and scrambled along its banks, over rocks and through the thick underbrush and fallen trees until I came to the lake, which I reached about 1 o'clock. There is one plant in the undergrowth of this country which I heartily detest, and it is called the "devil's club." It branches from the roots and grows up in a straight stem five to six feet high, bearing a tuft of leaves at the top. Its whole length is as thickly beset with spines as it can be, and these are so brittle that they break off in the flesh whenever they touch one; and touch one they will, however careful he may be to avoid them. The stem is as elastic as a stick of rubber, and springs up and bounds back when one least expects it. I have made up my mind if I should fall not to grasp this plant to save myself. The disagreeable occupation of picking these thorns out of my flesh has followed every outing I have taken in this country. Now that I have vented my spite on it I will go on with my fishing.

I made a few casts in the outlet of the lake, but got no rise. The day was bright and warm and the lake unruined. I then fished down stream, and captured twenty-one fish before I reached its mouth. Once I took a double, weighing ten and fourteen ounces. The three largest weighed two pounds and four ounces, and the whole catch five pounds. I had only time to hurry over the stream once, for the boat was to be along to pick me up about 5 o'clock, and the time for the best fishing was lost. When I got on board the vessel the sight of my string of beauties excited others, and we made arrangement to visit the stream on the morrow.

The party this time was composed of three. We went in a small boat, and the distance to be pulled was eleven miles in a straight line. The day was cloudy, with occasional rainy spells. We had covered about five miles of the distance when it began to blow in strong puffs directly ahead, the sea became choppy, and we had a strong tide against us. We were obliged to haul up on shore, secure our boat, and trudge the remaining distance on foot. We arrived at the stream about the same time as on the preceding day, and hurriedly whipped the stream to the lake outlet, but got nothing on the way. All the conditions were favorable for good fishing—a clouded sky and a slight breeze just ruffling the surface of the lake. This was the finest afternoon's sport I have had in Alaska, and I have had many, this being my second season up here. The fish ran good sized, and were game enough to satisfy any angler. They rose greedily to the flies, and three times I landed doubles. I captured twenty-five in about an hour and a half's fishing, and one of my companions caught eleven. The third was a novice in the art of fly-fishing and did not get a rise. He whose score was eleven hooked probably more than I did, but he was unfortunate in landing them, and finally broke his rod by getting his line entangled in some bushes at his back. Our combined catch averaged about a half a pound to the fish; the largest did not exceed a pound. As on the preceding day, we lost the best hours for fishing in the evening.

I have noticed that all the trout caught in the lakes of this region have the black spots brighter and larger and more evenly distributed over the body on a golden background. The "golden iridescence" is only occasionally seen on those taken in the streams; the ground color is silvery, and the spots are smaller on the belly and more scattering. All of our catch were destitute of the purple streak along the sides of the body. I think the name of "cut-throat" trout given to this fish by Mr. Charles Hallock preferable to the old one of "rainbow" trout. The dash of scarlet on

either side of the throat is always present and very suggestive of a cut-throat. I wish "Reel-Plate" and also "Piseco" had been with us to see how Alaskan trout take the fly. From the *Alaskan*, a newspaper published in Sitka, I see the following in the issue of Feb. 20, 1886. It is a reprint from "Fishing with the Fly," in which the article on the salmon and trout of Alaska was furnished by "Piseco." "A fly they would not rise to," writing of *Salmo purpuratus*. "I can also inform 'Piseco' that I have had the salmon trout rise to the fly, which he says, 'this the trout, while in Alaska, fails to do.' I used only two flies this afternoon, a 'hare's ear' for tail fly and a 'gray palmer' for dropper. The fish, I think, showed a slight preference for the 'hare's ear.' We did not take the numbers that 'Reel-Plate' records, but I venture to remark that we had as much sport; and I have a good many days of such sport ahead of me before the run of salmon blocks up the streams. T. H. S.

WRANGELL, Alaska, June 8, 1886.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.—XVIII.

THE next day was Bob's birthday, and as a birthday is not an every-day affair, it was resolved to give Miss "Brown Eyes" a good send-off into her seventeenth year in the shape of a picnic, to be given under the management of the "Jones Family," across the lake at the "North Pole Spring."

Jim and I had discovered this spring while wandering around on our first unsuccessful hunt for Maybert's Creek, and, as we afterward learned, it is only about five rods from the creek, at the end of an old shingle cutter's road leading off from the main road, and about three-quarters of a mile from the lake.

I note this spring because it is the best one anywhere along the lake or near it, and if any thirsty brother ever chances along the road near this little trout spring it will pay him, if it be a hot July or August day, to trudge down to it and slake his thirst with a draught of as pure, sparkling, ice-cold water as ever welled up from the bosom of Mother Earth. Then, when he has covered about half the distance back to the road, it will pay him to trudge back again and do it all over, for it is a rare spring.

Hyperboler was cleeted master of ceremonies, and by 10 o'clock a big lunch and all the party, except the skipper, who was indisposed, were off across the water for the spring and a good time.

As old Dan can handle a rod with more comfort than he can the demoralized old right leg on a three-quarter-mile walk, and as there was no conveyance at hand to take him to the spring and as old Hickory was laid up in camp for repairs (I have carried the old fishhawk on my back on more occasions than one to a desired spot he could not reach alone, where he wanted to sit and fish), he and Muller spent the day fishing till the picnic broke up in the evening with somewhat better results than had attended us the day before.

When all were back in camp the birthday festivities wound up with a supper by candle light, and I venture that if Miss Bob's days lengthen even into the serene and yellow leaf she will pass no pleasanter or happier birthday than she did there in the Michigan North Woods, surrounded by her new made friends, "the Joneses."

As I lay awake a while that night after the camp was at rest I tried to figure out the reason for the indifferent sport we had been having, and could arrive at no conclusion other than we had been paying too much attention to camp comforts; we had been sleeping too late in the mornings and fishing during the wrong hours of the day.

Before daylight in the morning I was out and half a mile down shore in a boat, without having disturbed the slumbers of the girls or caused a break in the rhythm of Muller's sonorous snore, and long before smoke curled out of the stovepipes at camp as a token that the philosopher was still alive, I was a mile and a half down and across the lake among a small school of bass that were biting as if they wanted to make up for lost time. Now and then, too, a longnout took a notion to try the temper of the old rod, but always with disastrous results—a stroke of the gaff and a whack of the club ending the controversy in one round. Then at last the goggle-eyes began tampering with the frog, and it was time to reel up and lay the rod in the boat, for as Ben says, "if there's anything that makes a feller mad it's them durned red-eyed sunfish a nibblin' an' a twitchin' at yer bait when ye ain't a fishin' fur 'em."

I was back in camp by 9 o'clock for a late breakfast, with a string of fish that was good for weak eyes; and when they had been duly inspected the whole family resolved to be on the water by daylight next morning to beat James Mackerel's record. Ben was so fired up at sight of the string of fish that he took a boat and "ole quintsence" and started out after breakfast to "see if he could hev a little fun on his own hook," but after three or four hours' absence he came back with a long visage and no fish, not even a goggle-eye.

As he leaned his rod up against the popple some one fired the regulation "what luck Ben?" at him, to start him to ease his mind of its load of disappointment. "The' aint nary fish aween here an' the sawmill," he answered solemnly, "fur I rowed plum' up there an' back, an' my frog jest a draggin' behind till the spots is all wore off it, an' I didn't get a cussed bite. I could ketch as many as that in a hoss trough," and he reached for a camp stool, on which he balanced himself with one leg swung over the other, scraped a match, and was soon lost in a cloud of solace from the briar root.

Next morning with all the good resolutions as to early rising, old Ben was the only one out before daybreak, and going over to call Bob, who had promised to go along if he would awake her, they were soon ready, and as they left the landing I heard him say, "Now, Bob, ef there's anything in airly fishin' yer uncle'll show ye how to ketch 'em," and then the regular dip of the oars shortly took them out of hearing, past the point a couple of hundred yards below.

None of the rest had energy enough to get out, and the sun was well up before the camp was astir. When breakfast was ready an hour or two later and the mists had lifted from the water, they were discovered quietly fishing in the first little bay below camp, and the breakfast call on a frying pan soon brought them in hungry and happy. "Look at them fellers, will ye?" said Hyper, as he dragged a fine string of fish to the edge of the water, twisting and flopping and throwing spray over him in small showers, "when Bob an' me go a-fishin', we go a-fishin', an' don't ye forget it; hey! Bob?" But Bob had found the breakfast table, where she was distracting the philosopher with orders, and trying to convince the other girls that her appetite was failing her. It

turned out that Bob had taken ten of the thirteen bass brought in, and Ben had besides taken a pickerel and two "red eyes," but he didn't step quite so high over the achievement as he did when he "ketched James Mackerel's trout."

The old cowboy said in explaining how Bob came to lay him out, "I'd a felt kinder mean to beat my own niece a-fishin', so I jest fished most o' the time without ary bait on my hook an' she a-thinkin' all the time that I was a doin' my level best;" but Ben was used to wriggling out of tight places in fish stories, and it was not to be expected that he would be caught napping in an easy case like this. Bob was highly pleased over her catch, but was content after the first experience to let some of the others do the early rising, while she found sport enough in late evening fishing, which, after all, was good enough to satisfy any reasonable angler.

We had at last, however, struck the key to the sport—early morning fishing—and those who could muster resolution to be out and on the water before sun-up were sure to return before the forenoon was half gone with more fish than we could possibly use, and our neighbors were kept busy "sortin' in bones" during the rest of our stay.

So the days passed on toward the end of our vacation, each full of its own pleasures and happiness without a cloud to mar the good feeling of the camp, and it was with many regrets that we looked forward to the breaking up of the happy family to go back to the noise and bustle and drudgery of the old life. We, the "old fellers," were getting young again and we hated to break off and take a backset for another year.

There were some days left yet and each one was worth a whole month on the farm, in the sanctorium, or in the office, whether we fished early or fished late or fished not at all; each one was to be enjoyed as though it were to be the last.

The next morning some of us were awake before day for an early start, but on getting out, a fog so white and dense covered lake and land that it was impossible to see the "henhery" from our tents, and we could barely distinguish the outlines of the kitchen fly not more than a couple of rods away. The philosopher was roused out to get breakfast while we studied over this unlooked-for "category;" and soon the girls were awake and came flitting over, one and two at a time, like shadowy spectres out of the surrounding mist, to huddle around the glowing stoves and wonder if this were a sign of another change of weather. Everything exposed was dripping with moisture, and the prospect was not a cheerful one for early sport; but Jim and Ben concluded that they could find their way to a certain strip of promising water above Horton's Bay, where they had made up their minds the night before they wanted to fish, and when Ben had once "set his head" to go they were soon ready and off. They were cautioned as they pulled away from the landing to follow the "synopsis"—as old Dick M. says—of the shore and bay, and keep the line of bulrushes in reach of the oar, lest they get lost in the fog and fail to reach the spot they were searching for, but Ben said, "Shucks! I reckon I kin row straight across to the pint up yander, an' then we kin find the place slicker 'n grease." Two strokes of the oars hid them in the bank of fog, and we saw no more of them till it lifted, near the middle of the forenoon. The others of us had not "set our heads to go a-fishin'," and we decided to stay in camp till the sun drove the mists from the water.

When the fog lifted so we could see under it up and down the lake, Jim and Ben were in plain sight fishing patiently in the little bay below camp (the point they started for was in exactly the opposite direction, just where we knew there was a big stake driven into the bottom a few rods from shore, and a lively *elagto furios*, performed by the philosopher on the canvased frying pan roof brought them in camp with the mists and hungry, but with the finest lot of fish that had yet been taken. It was rather a puzzling "coincidence" how they came to be below camp when they had started out to do their fishing above, but Ben told about it after he had taken the edge off his appetite at the breakfast table.

"Ye see, when we started out I headed the boat straight fur the pint above an' kep' on a rovin' till I'd ha' bet we was nigh onto five mile from camp an' still no pint in sight nor nothin' else but fog so durned thick that several times we stuck fast in it an' had to back out an' go 'round where it wasn't quite so thick, an' I reckon this must ha' thrown us out o' our course. Curious how thick fog'll git when there's nothin' to hinder it, an' " blinking furiously as he swallowed a mouthful of "bilin' hot" coffee, "it's surprisin' how long coffee'll keep red hot in a tin cup."

Coming back to his bearings again: "Then I concluded to pull in to shore without lettin' on to Jim an' feel along till we came to the place where we wanted to fish, which I'd know by a stake stuck in the bottom near the bulrushes, but I might as well hev started to find the North Pole, fur we couldn't see more'n ten foot from the boat nary way, an' after pullin' a spell longer I stopped to study over the pints o' the compass, an' Jim said he reckoned we was lost. After exchangin' views fur a minit er two we found out that we'd both bin unanimous on this pint fur some time, but we was ashamed to holler to you fellers at camp to find out our bearin's fur fear ye'd laugh at us. Jest then we heerd a cow-bell an' we concluded to pull in toward it till we struck the rushes an' fish along at memorandum, like that feller ole Dan tells about, till the fog went off an' we could find out about where we was. We hadn't gone more'n ten rod till the boat scraped agin somethin', an' lookin' round there was a stake a stickin' up about two foot out o' the water, an' we jest tied the boat to it an' went to fishin' as unconcerned as ef it was the very place we'd been a huntin' fur. Talk about fish a bilin'! Ef you'd a bin there, James Mackerel, you'd a got ten year younger in less'n half an hour. First Jim an' then me an' then both would be a strivin' with a bass, an' it wasn't long till we had the stringer half full, an' the fun was jest too satisfyin' fur the Joneses, fur they wasn't used to it. A little more o' that coffee, Al, ef ye please," as he passed his cup across the table, "an' Jim, I'll thank ye to wait them fish this way while they're hot, fur ef there's anything that makes a feller hungry it's fishin' in a fog before breckfast."

"About the time we was a wishin' fur another fish stringer, the fog begun to git thinner an' raise up so we could see the shore, an' direct'y we saw a barn an' then a house a little ways back of it, but nary one of us could make out that we ever seen 'em before, an' then we wondered which way it was to camp."

"Yes," now chipped in Jim, who had been too busy making up for lost time to do any talking, "the longer we looked at that house and barn the more confused we were as to our whereabouts, and we finally agreed that we were just nowhere. As we sat there trying to study it all out, Ben said, 'There's a lot o' tents down by the water'—we hadn't noticed them before—'must be some more campers, I reckon, but what's the matter with that American flag a haugin' down

that pole? our own camp, by the jumpin' jehossafat!' and then it all flashed into our empty pates instantly; there were Horton's barn and house, and the familiar fields and the camp, all looking as natural as life, and just then some one touched off the frying-pan, and here we are, but we don't want any more early fishing in a fog, even if we catch a string of fish as long as the boat."

A few mornings after we were treated to another fog even heavier, but the experience of Ben and Jim had made us wise and no one ventured to explore its mysteries outside of a convenient hail.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MUDDY POTOMAC.

THE anglers in this part of the domain are in a state of chronic despair. Most of the time since the latter part of April the water in the Potomac River and tributaries has been as roily as the muddy Missouri, and now, when much preparation had been made for an outing on the Fourth, there is a deluvian down-pour, and the jig is up again. Good fishing was had during two or three weeks in April, but since then and all through spawning time hardly a fin has been taken. This has probably been fortunate for the fishes, as they were certainly not disturbed while nesting.

You ably advocate the abolishment of spring shooting; would it not also be well for all concerned to discontinue spring fishing? I think it would. Large numbers of bass and other game fishes are taken in the spring just before and during spawning time, and the streams are thereby robbed of vast numbers that would come in the order of nature. We all angle in the spring. It would be hard to forego the pleasure; but would it not be wiser?

There has usually been fine sport catching striped bass with the fly near Little Falls, and in the tributary streams between this place and salt water, but this season was a blank on account of the condition of the water. There will be excellent black bass fishing in the Potomac in the fall, provided the water is clear, and persons wishing good sport can confidently seek it at any point on the river from the mountains to tide water.

J. C. B.

WASHINGTON, July 2.

TROUT AND BEARS.

I ARRIVED at Rawley Springs, in Rockingham county, Virginia, at nightfall on yesterday, June 29, and found the excitement of the hour to be a 16½ inch trout killed by Mr. Pearson, the resident superintendent of the Springs property, in Dry River, about a half a mile from the hotel.

This morning, while a small company of guests were watching the curious gambols of a small boy, a Newfoundland dog and a pair of bear cubs of about fifty pounds' weight, a stalwart mountaineer galloped into the midst of us astride of a mountain nag, calling for the loan of an axe, saying that he had killed a large bear and had two cubs treed about a mile up the river. Thereupon an adjournment was had to the new scene of action and these cubs also captured.

The bear excitement being over, this afternoon I got out my tackle and went down the river to try the trout. In a short time I killed six very fine ones, and I hooked but returned to the water divers fingerlings. I found the killing fly to be coachman as I tie it, and typical professor. "A coachman" is a fly with a red body, tipped with black, black wings and tail, of a reddish, blackish red. I found the same fly to kill best here last year. The afternoon I killed a very large trout on a Coachman fly and as follows: Body yellow, head yellow, tail red, wings, wing covers of golden-winged woodpecker. This is a very pretty fly not down in the official catalogue. Tied on a No. 3 spout, this same fly sometimes kills bass better than some of the regulation sorts.

The rod I used this afternoon is one I made last year of the bois d'arc, or so called Osage orange wood, which I think superior to any rod I have ever handled. I have found it to be an admirable working rod in bass fishing, but never tried it before on trout. I have no doubt in my own mind that this is by far the best wood in the world for rods. It is little heavier than red cedar, excessively strong and tough with more pliancy and spring than any other wood. The color is a beautiful orange, requiring no stain, receiving the highest polish and curving beautifully. I have rods of ash and lancewood, of bethabara and hornbeam and cedar, and have tried every known material for tips, and I would choose a bois d'arc rod over and above all other known material. The rod I have is rather short, only nine and a half feet; I prefer a rod of ten and a half feet, and I see no sort of occasion for having one rod for bass and a different one for trout. I think everything in excess of ten and a half feet is in the way in a trout or bass rod, under ten feet they begin to get too short. Nevertheless I have a cedar and hornbeam rod only eight and a half feet long I made about twelve years ago and with which I sometimes cast a bait à la Henshall and often use also as a fly-rod on difficult water to cast over. I have killed many bass and trout with it at long range.

RAWLEY SPRINGS, VA.

M. G. ELLZEY, M. D.

"THE FLUTTERING FLY."—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Mr. Holberton's letter anent the fluttering fly in the last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* contains a gratuitous charge which strikes me as unparalleled for assurance in so far as it relates to the writer. He says: "Still, allowing your correspondent's statement (which, the public must understand, comes from a rival in the business) to stand," etc. I am the correspondent referred to, and by "business" I suppose he means the fishing tackle business. If I am correct in my conception of the term, the public must understand nothing of the sort, provided it cares a sou about the matter; for by so doing it would understand what is absolutely and unqualifiedly untrue. While I have sometimes wished that my place was inside rather than outside the counter of a tackle shop, I am not, nor have I ever been, engaged in the fishing tackle business, either in its manufacture or its sale, directly or indirectly. If it is parliamentary, I would like to suggest to Mr. Holberton that in the future he confine himself to plain facts and avoid drifting into the realms of pure fiction.—A. N. CHENEY (Glens Falls, N. Y.).

As additional evidence that the fluttering fly is not so well-known abroad as your correspondent has intimated, I copy this sentence from an order received by Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie, from England: "I see by *Scientific American* at you are agents of Mr. Wakeman Holberton's patented trout and black bass flies. I inclose you P. O. order, and will feel obliged if you will send me a few snitable for trout, and if I find them successful in catching English trout, I will recommend them to my friends."—W. HOLBERTON.

CAMP OF THE BIG SIX.

TUESDAY morning at four o'clock the six, with two dude visitors, left Athens, Pa., for Fair Haven, with all the camp outfit necessary, and some things that were superfluous. The reader must please bear in mind that the whole six are crack fly-fishermen, and several are almost experts at casting the fly. On going to the company ground, which was some half mile up the bay, two of the boys caught twelve bass, then came the pitching of the tent and putting things in trim for the coming four days. About four o'clock two boats started out and cast along the shore; by supper time we had over seventy bass, rockers and black, biggest percentage rockers. Black, Ruben Wood, and Montreal flies were the favorites for the black bass. The modocks appeared fond of any fly we had on; and we often took two and sometimes three at a cast, one on every hook, but strange as it may appear most of the big black bass got away. I have noticed the same thing with other fishermen.

The second day in camp was quite cloudy with a high wind, and it looked like a good bass day. At the place we expected to take the most black bass we did not get a rise. This was out in the lake. We fished faithfully all day; only scored nine black bass for the boat I was in. At Blind Lodus, which is several miles from Fair Haven, we saw a big seine on the fence drying. We also saw one gill net which we got our flies fast in, and I am sorry to say we had to cut the net in two to get our flies loose. While we were doing the cutting we saw a native on the bluff watching us. He did not say anything or we would have invited him to help us. After a hard pull we arrived in camp and found that the other boys had not done much fishing.

The third day we all got up at four o'clock and made up our minds to slaughter bass by the wholesale, but this day like the preceding one was dark and cloudy and bid fair to rain. Nick and Frank made a small wager as to which boat would get the most bass before they returned to camp. You may be sure we all fished for all we were worth. One party went down near the lighthouse, and when it began to rain they got in a boat house. We were over on the west shore and got quite well soaked, but we kept on grinding just the same. Finally we went down to the light house and saw the other boat; they were casting their level best and had two more bass than we had. We were not discouraged by any means. The other boat then left us and came over to the east shore, while we fished along the breakwaters with poor success. Then a big fog came sweeping down the lake. By the time we were through lunch the other boat had vanished in the fog. After spending some time we started for the east shore, and while crossing discovered another gill net. It was a long one and at the end there was a big fyke net with short wings on it, and the gill net struck the center of the fyke, so they could run the fish in from both ways. This fyke we could not raise out of the water, so we cut the fyke loose from the gill net. For the benefit of the owner, we'll say we carved the balance of the net so it will not hold fish again. It would be a good idea if every fisherman would serve all nets the same way. It may be lawful to set nets in New York State; but as we all live in Pennsylvania we forgot and supposed we were in our native wilds. By the time we got to the shore it began raining quite hard again, so we ran the boat ashore, turned it over and crawled under. We were none too soon as it came down in torrents, in the course of half an hour it ceased raining, and we went at it again with better success. We caught three, then started for camp to find the other boat had been in and gone out again. They had caught thirty-two, which was the exact number we had. When they came in again they had scored six more and claimed the wager, but we "kicked" so the wager was withdrawn. The next morning we broke camp and set out for home.

ONE OF THE SIX.

CAMP MEDICINE CHEST.—"Kingfisher" writes of camp medicine supplies: "The following is an excellent remedy in case of cramps, colic and ailments of like nature:

Tinct. Zingib. 1 aa 3 es.
Tinct. Menth. pip. 1 aa 3 es.
Spts. Vin. Gal. q. s.
Mix. Sig. Take at once.

Rendered into plain camp language this would sound like: Mix a good strong dose of Jamaica ginger, essence of peppermint and brandy or other spirits enough to taste good, down it and await results. If the pain is not relieved, repeat with a milder dose at the end of a half hour or so. To above formula add five to fifteen drops of Tinct. Opil if you have it. It is too, I believe, equally as efficacious without as with the spirit. I have tried it both ways. Here is another formula that may serve outers a good turn when they most need it, in case of diarrhoea induced by a change of water or diet:

Tinct. Catechu 1 aa 3 es.
" Cardamom Comp. 1 aa 3 es.
" Opil Camp. 1 aa 3 es.
Spiced Syrup Rhubarb 1 aa 3 es.
Mix. Dose. A teaspoonful to a tablespoonful as required two or three times a day.

Then, if you have a few dozen $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ -grain podophyllin pills, a box of Seidlitz powders and a few sections of court plaster, you are supplied with remedies for all the ills an ordinary camp will fall heir to.—KINGFISHER."

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, N. Y., July 2.—Inclosed I send you clipping from Collingwood, Ont., *Weekly Enterprise*. The editor is a fisherman and would not tell a lie. The clipping reads: "Messrs. Frank Nettleton, Will Begg, Jas. Stone, W. W. Nettleton and W. Watts were out at the river fishing on the first of the week, and while trolling near the mouth succeeded in catching an immense muskellunge. It took the combined efforts of F. Nettleton and Begg to haul the huge fish into the boat. They brought their prize to town and placed it on exhibition at Stone's hotel. The fish measured 6 feet three inches and weighed 128 pounds. It was the largest caught for some years in these waters."

THIS IS VOUCHERED FOR BY THE CORRESPONDENT WHO SENDS IT.—Reading Centre, N. Y.—A novel mode of fishing has been employed by a resident of Penn Yan, N. Y., who some time ago, while out rowing in Keuka Lake, had occasion to bend over the side of the boat. No sooner had his face come in close proximity with the water when his nose was seized by a large pickerel. The possessor of this delicate organ having resisted his antagonist, he succeeded in landing him in the boat and rowed ashore, proud of both wound and fish. This is not what is generally known as a "fish story," but an actual case of live bait fishing.—A. T. GIESNER.

THE BIGGEST BROOK TROUT.—We have to record the capture of a brook trout weighing 12½ pounds, by Mr. J. Frederic Grote, of 114 East Fourteenth street, New York city, in Mooselucmagentic Lake, Maine, on June 11. The fish was a female, and Mr. Grote kept it in a car for one week, when it died. It was weighed several times at the Mooselucmagentic House, in presence of Mr. John Schultz, of Philadelphia, and the proprietors, Messrs. Crosby & Twomey. It was 26½ inches long, 17½ in girth, 7½ deep and was 4 inches thick through the back. The guide was Jerry Ellis, and they were trolling with a live minnow in 40 feet of water with a 7½-ounce bass trolling rod. The trout was brought to New York and shown to Mr. Blackford, who decided that it was a *fontinalis*. It had been proposed to send it to the Smithsonian Institution to have a plaster cast made of it, but there were doubts as to its standing the journey as it was beginning to soften. It is now in the hands of Mr. Wallace, the taxidermist, and will shortly be on exhibition at Mr. Grote's place of business. We believe this to be the largest brook trout yet recorded.

MAINE SPECIAL SALMON LAWS.—Trout and salmon fishers are having a good time this season. Landlocked salmon are being caught in Cathume Lake. One weighing six pounds was caught in Denny's River on a salmon fly last week. Cathume Lake empties into Denny's River. Poachers have ruined Denny's River for salmon. This is one of the best rivers in Eastern Maine for salmon, but it is under a special law, which means, in Maine, no law at all. If our commissioners had it under State law it would be fine in a few years. All the special laws for salmon streams in Maine should be abolished at once. It is proved in every case that towns and corporations will not protect. Let this thing be fixed next winter. There is a big scramble for the last lobster, herring and mackerel.—H. (Machias, Me., June 28).

DYNAMITING TROUT.—A gentleman who has recently returned from Chatham, N. H., reports that some mean specimens of human beings have made use of explosives in Mountain Pond, and that "its shores are wind-rowed with small dead trout, suckers, etc." A party (from Maine, we are sorry to say) who camped there about June 10 are suspected. The matter, our informant tells us, is in the hands of the proper authorities and is to be vigorously pushed. We hope the perpetrators of this meanest of all mean ways of poaching will get the full length of the law.—BLACK SPOT (Sebago Lake, June 28).

MAINE WATERS.—North Bridgton, Me.—The black bass season in Maine opened July 1. The prospect for fishing in Long and Highland Lakes, Bridgton, was never better. A New York party have boats engaged on both lakes during the opening week. Our bass fishing attracts more attention each year, situated as we are at the head of the Sebago Lake route, one of the most charming steamboat trips in New England, and in the midst of beautiful drives and fine scenery our location is especially inviting to those seeking rest from the hurry and bustle of city life.—J. C. M.

NEW RICHMOND, Que., July 2.—The salmon fishing, which has been hitherto very poor on the neighboring rivers, has much improved of late. Lord and Lady Lansdowne, who have been camping out on the Cascapedia, have made several fine catches. Mr. R. G. Dun, of New York, fishing in the same stream yesterday, caught a salmon weighing fifty-one pounds, which he has shipped to the Merchants' Club of New York.

THE HUNSTON PRESERVATIVE CO., New Haven, Conn.—Gentlemen: Being a habitual fisherman, and having caught some due specimens of trout, (on the farm of Charles Parker) one of which weighed over two pounds, I had a desire to preserve them in order to show them to the many callers at my office, and procuring some "Vandine" at your works, I treated three of them, and I am pleased to report, that after exhibiting them in my office for four weeks, I then sent them to a friend in Waterbury, where two weeks later I saw the fish, and found them still sound and good, with no indications of decay. It is a wonderful thing, and one of the most importance in the commissary outfit for sportsmen and tourists.—FRED A. DURANT (Durant Hotel, New Haven, Conn.).—Adv.

ALLEN'S bow-facing oars can be attached to any boat in 5 minutes. Try them. Little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Adv.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

[Discussion following the paper of Mr. John H. Bissell, entitled "Fishculture a Practical Art," published in FOREST AND STREAM, May 20, 1886.]

MR. BOOTH—I would like to state for the benefit of some of the gentlemen here, to show the enormous results to be derived from fishculture, that at the cannery I am interested in on the Columbia River, in the State of Oregon, they pack 600,000 cases of salmon per annum. It is worth four to five dollars a case on the ground. Now you can readily see that is \$3,000,000. It takes three fish to the case. That is less than 2,000,000 of fish. Now the salmon there produce, I understand, from 15,000 to 20,000 fry, so you can readily see it doesn't take many salmon to re-supply by artificial propagation the salmon that are taken from that river to produce \$3,000,000 per annum. In other words, we catch 3,000,000 of fish which produce \$3,000,000, and they can be replaced by artificial propagation for at least \$10,000 in money. Now if there is anything in this world you can speak of that will produce so much for so little investment I should like to know it.

MR. BISSELL—Mr. Booth has spoken about the comparative cost of policing and artificial propagation. It is a very comprehensive subject, and I have stated in outline in my paper just what my conclusions are, drawn from a great many facts and a great deal of thought and consideration of the subject. It is true that artificial propagation, if carried on on a proper scale, can be done very cheaply. I made some figures for presentation to the committee by our register two years ago, and if I remember rightly it was something like this: That if we produced about three hundred millions of whitefish in the way that we were then and are now doing it, that the cost per thousand fish planted in the lakes wherever they were to be planted would be about one-third of a cent per thousand. I think it was that—one-third of a cent, or less, per thousand. After you get over a hundred millions you begin to scale down the average very rapidly. Even if it were a cent a thousand, I think that the cost of proper policing, inspection and regulation of the fisheries will not cost what Mr. Booth seems to indicate. We asked the last Legislature to give us \$15,000 for two years' work. That was on a careful estimate of what we could get an inspector and probably four or five wardens for. It will not be necessary to police the entire 2,000 miles of coast

to prevent the use of nets of improper size if we have the power of inspection. If we could go to Mr. Booth's packing house, if our inspector could go there with ample authority and power to seize and confiscate all fish that were under one pound in weight, then Mr. Booth would not buy those fish any more. It would not be necessary for us to go a thousand miles to prevent all interment on the coast if we could go to the market and inspect there. That is one way. Another way is when the nets are being made up, we could inspect the nets and seize those which were under the size. At other thing I indicated in my paper was about forming a healthy state of public opinion. We have taken some pains in reference to that, and in the latter part of February or early in March we succeeded in securing a meeting of representative fishermen of Detroit. I think there were something over fifty fishermen present. That meeting went so far as to perfect an organization which I hope will be permanent among fishermen for the discussion of useful knowledge and practical good sense with reference to the purposes and the objects, and this work among the fishermen will go as far as anything else towards the enforcement of the law. I doubt if among the three or four hundred fishermen in Michigan with whom we have been in communication the last year, there are half a dozen that would not be prosecuted if we had reasonable laws to regulate the fisheries; so that the cost of police power exercised with reference to the fisheries I think is very slight, and the importance of preventing the capture of small fish is not by any means an insignificant part of rearing marketable fish in great numbers. A single man with a pound net, such as I know of near the straits of Mackinaw, where he couldn't find any net with a mesh that was small enough, he used sacking for the back of his pound net so nothing could get through. Such a man as that might destroy a quarter or a tenth of the product of one of our large hatcheries.

There is another thing in that connection. I say these fishers must be licensed, not only as a part of the exercise of police power, but to protect the citizens of the State. Now, it would not be fair if the State of Illinois were spending fifteen to twenty thousand dollars to stock the shores of Illinois and Michigan with whitefish for my friend Dewey to come over here and catch all those fish and ship them to Toledo and Cleveland; neither is it right that the people of Illinois and of the city of Chicago should be fed with fish which we have planted in the waters of Michigan. Now, for that reason I want the fisheries of Michigan to be licensed. I want a regulation which will prevent Mr. Booth from coming into our territory and catching our fish unless he pays a license. I know Mr. Booth will do it. He would be very glad for the right to use good fishing ground, just as any of us gentlemen would be very glad to pay for the right to fish in a pond where we knew there were three-pound trout in great numbers. Now, when we get to that point, the fees that will result from a very reasonable and very low license, our fishing will not only pay all the cost of regulation and inspection, but it will pay all the cost of hatching and planting as many as Mr. Booth thinks we ought to plant in Lake Michigan. It will pay for hatching and planting six or eight times the fifty millions that we are now hatching.

One other thing has been alluded to and that is the question of what the United States Government should do. I said in my paper very briefly that the question of the regulation of the fisheries was officially settled. It has been settled for more than thirty years, although it has not been generally understood. The United States Supreme Court has passed definitely and finally on that question. The regulation of the fisheries of each State out to the State border is a matter of municipal regulation, a matter of State legislation. That is so even in tide water. In the State of Maryland they passed a law preventing the dredging for oysters and the State officers have seized a boat that was doing that, a vessel which was chartered and which was registered in the United States Customs office at Baltimore. She was replevined from the State constable who seized and condemned her, and under which proceeding she had been sold. That case went from the Supreme Court of Maryland to the Supreme Court of the United States. Benjamin Curtis being the justice who gave the opinion, said that the condemnation was right, that it was within the police power of the State to regulate fisheries of that State to the State border, and it was not a matter for the United States Government to interfere with, yet it was in tide water, and notwithstanding the vessel was one which was registered in the United States Customs office, and although the United States Government had the right to regulate the navigation of those waters, the control of the fisheries was within the police power of the State. At a meeting of the Commissioners held in October, 1883, at Detroit, this subject was very fully examined and presented to the meeting by the Attorney General of the State of Michigan very clearly and forcibly. That I regard as entirely final.

There is one other thing I want to speak of that Mr. Fairbank referred to, and that is the work of the United States Fish Commission. Now, if any gentleman will take the pains to examine the law under which the United States Fish Commission is constituted, he will see that the sole purpose of the creation of that commission was to procure scientific researches with reference to the fishes, the fisheries and the food supply, and see what the causes of the decrease were. It was also deemed proper under the definition of that law to undertake experiments in artificial propagation, but it was not the purpose of the United States Fish Commission to stock the waters of the United States. The procuring of information by scientific research, which we could get in no other way, has been admirably done by the United States Fish Commission. The planting of whitefish in the Great Lakes and the propagation of shad have only been incidental to the work of the United States Fish Commission. It was directed that under that law and the provisions to carry out that law that they should make experiments in artificial propagation, and because, in the course of their experiments, they were able at very slight increased cost, to get more eggs than they wanted for that purpose, it was thought to be perfectly right to return the fully developed eggs, young fry, to the waters where they were taken from, and also to plant some of the young whitefish in interior lakes where they did not exist, to see if they could not be propagated there; but it is not the purpose of the United States, and it is not the business of the United States Government, as I contend, to plant our own waters. That is our own business. The waters are ours; they are under our own control; they are just as much a part of the State as is the land of the State, and it is the business of the State, therefore, to see that its public waters, which are its only domain left, should be properly cultivated and properly used.

MR. BOOTH—I must beg to differ with my friend with reference to the amount of the cost of policing and propagation. From his own figures, and the most exaggerated estimate of the cost of propagation of whitefish or trout, it would be about one cent a thousand if we have gathered twenty-four millions of pounds, in other words, eight millions of fish. Now, at one cent a thousand, how much is that? It is about \$800. It seems to me that is very much the cheapest way of reproducing the fish in these lakes. You could scarcely hire one man for less than \$500 a year. I thoroughly indorse his ideas for exacting a license fee from any and everybody, from every man engaged in catching fish in the waters of the State of Michigan or Illinois or anywhere else. I believe that is a great source of revenue. I don't want to ask the United States Government to assist one dollar in this matter. I think the people that are making their money out of catching these fish are perfectly willing to pay a license for the privilege of doing so. I have a great many nets and a great many boats, and I am perfectly willing to pay a license if that amount is spent for the reproduction of the fish. These small meshes—you say they have put in canvas to catch them—I would allow them

to use canvas if they please to catch them. How long would it be if you put in fish at one cent a thousand in the waters—these small fish are comparatively worthless—before they would increase the size of the mesh and they would catch nothing but the big fish? It would be only four or five years before you would be willing to reduce the size of the net. There are a few unscrupulous men, I am sorry to say, belonging to the business I am connected with that would use those small meshes, but they are few. If there is any way you can reach them, you have my indorsement to do so.

Mr. BISSELL—They are all in Wisconsin.

Mr. BOOTH—Well, Wisconsin has not got so much territory to fish in as the State of Michigan. We tried that on the Columbia River. There was a law passed in the State of Oregon licensing every boat at so much a piece, and every fisherman. I think it was \$10 for a boat and \$5 for a fisherman, to the fishermen who fished with a boat. The law was passed and they collected the license and they agreed to spend the amount of money they collected to the propagation of salmon in that river, and one of these foreign Knights of Labor or communists—or other classical name, I don't know what they were—he discovered in his great learning that it was unconstitutional. We were getting along nicely and everybody was paying his little license, and he thought it was unconstitutional. Well, he refused to pay and we sued him and got a judgment against him and went up to the last court, and it was declared unconstitutional. Now, we may strike such a thing as that. I don't think the people of the State of Illinois or Wisconsin or Michigan would resort to such a course. I think they would be perfectly willing to pay a license; but I must say I think the cheapest way we can reproduce our fish is by artificial propagation, and not with this vast amount—I think you say it will take eight or ten thousand a year—for policing, and it will be only a few years before you accomplish all which you now seek to attain.

Mr. FAIRBANK—I want to say one word on the subject of the general Government taking hold of the thing. I understand Mr. Bissell to state the purport of the law as it exists, and also the expenditures of the money that are made. Now, a considerable amount of money has been expended in artificial propagation—more in shad than anything else—and I can see no reason why it is not a subject that the general Government should take up and spend money upon. There is an injustice in the State of Ohio, for instance, spending money in hatching shad and depositing them in the Ohio River, when they go down the river and are caught all the way down the river. Louisville, for instance, would spread her nets and take the fish propagated by Ohio, and the fish that Michigan propagates Illinois will catch, for whitefish migrate, and so they do in all the waters; and it is an expenditure from which all the people would reap an equal benefit, and an expenditure purely within the scope of the general Government to take hold of. I want to see the present law amended. I want to see some action on the part of parties interested in this matter with our representatives, to have some legislation on the subject, and some new restrictions put upon the appropriations. The scope of the United States Fish Commission, their labors and their work, have been very much enlarged since the passage of the first bill, since the appointment of the first commissioner. There is only one commissioner. There should be more than one commissioner. There should be three or five commissioners, representing the different interests. A larger amount of money should be appropriated, and the work and scope of the commission should be very much enlarged. That is the idea I want to get before the meeting.

Mr. CLARK—In regard to this question—speaking as Mr. Bissell did in his paper in regard to showing results to the people and to his legislature and other legislatures, I wish to say to you who were present last spring when this paper—this poorly gotten up paper—was presented by myself, you will remember I gave you some facts in regard to what we could show that artificial propagation and planting of whitefish had done in the great lakes, and why I claimed it must be due to that, because it had shown quicker in that than in any other way. The figures I gave you to show it. They show there that there was some 65,000,000 or 70,000,000 of whitefish that had been planted up to a certain date in 1882 in Lake Erie. From all the facts we could learn in our gathering statistics a year ago last fall it showed they were on the increase there. These fishermen say so here in the lower end of the lake, but not in the upper end of the lake. That goes to show again that whitefish do migrate; that the whitefish planted in the Detroit River by the State of Michigan and in the upper end of the lake by the United States Fish Commission show the increase more in the lower end of the lake. It goes to show your fish migrate. Now the fish that are hatched by the Michigan Commission are caught down in Erie, Pa. Is that right to do that?

Mr. BISSELL—I would like to ask if whitefish are migratory to the extent it is claimed, why they don't migrate back to the grounds that have been once fished in Lake Michigan?

Whereupon, upon motion duly seconded, the convention adjourned until 10:30 o'clock A. M., to-morrow, Wednesday, April 14, at the same place.

THE MACKEREL SEASON.

THE position taken by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association in regard to the protection of mackerel during the spawning season, as set forth in its memorial to Congress, adopted at the last meeting of the society, is an important one; but yet it is likely to meet with considerable opposition from the owners of vessels and those interested in the mackerel fishery. Since a measure involving the principles in the petition has already passed the House of Representatives, the petition of the Association is addressed to the Senate.

There are some points concerning this early mackerel fishing which it may be interesting to note. In the first place the mackerel taken previous to July 1 are inferior in quality and of small size. But very few which will grade above No. 3 are ever taken previous to that date. Such mackerel have to be sold at from \$3 to \$5 per barrel, where good-sized fish and fish out of the poor condition necessarily the result of breeding, should bring from \$6 to \$10 per barrel. Then again the catch is remarkably uncertain. Indeed, so true is this that in the opinion of those best posted in regard to the fishing business, the result of the entire labors of the New England mackerel fleet up to July 1 for the past ten years has been a failure. Now and then a fortunate vessel gets into New York early with "a trip of fresh mackerel," and money is made. But such cases are the exception.

Secretary Wilcox, formerly of the Boston Fish Bureau, but now of the American Fish Bureau of Gloucester, was seen the other day, and his views noted on the subject. Said he: "The attempt to take mackerel previous to July 1 is worse than a lottery, and the entire result is always a loss. The vessels of the New England fleet would be much better off if they never left their wharves to go for mackerel previous to very late in June or July 1." The value of the mackerel to the New England fleet per annum is not less than \$2,000,000, and yet it is plain to any one familiar with the trade that not above \$100,000 of this value in salt mackerel is taken previous to July 1. In fresh mackerel, a very small matter when compared with the worth of salt mackerel to the trade to the country, now and then a vessel makes a success and wins a prize in this fisherman's lottery, but the blanks outnumber the prizes a hundred to one.

Again, if it is true, as it begins to be thoroughly demonstrated in the art of fish propagation, that the adult fish, led by an unerring instinct, invariably returns to the scene of its birthplace to breed, then the result of this early seining of mackerel is plain—the utter driving them from our coast.

Indeed there are plenty of thinking men, thoroughly conversant with the fishing business, and who have given the subject a good deal of thought, who are convinced that this early fishing for mackerel with seines is a most prolific cause of the departure of mackerel from our coast. It is certainly admitted by all that larger and fatter mackerel would result to the trade were the early seining stopped. But it is understood that the Fulton Market fresh fish trade is to oppose the passage of the anti-early-seining bill in the Senate and it may be defeated.

This market interest is the worst enemy to fish and game protective measures. It is also understood that the "Boston" fresh fish trade is inimical to the measure. What means a dollar to the market dealer must not be touched by legislation; be the value of fish and game protection never so great to the rest of the world. The right to buy and sell at all seasons regardless of results is being fought for with all the force money can buy, and all the foolish sentiment about the sacred rights of trade that can be gathered up with which to frighten the mawkish legislator. The spawning is over by the last of June, and the mackerel then begins to improve in condition as well as size, but the fresh fish dealer is not willing to wait. He must have his prey at all seasons not absolutely prohibited by an edict of nature which cannot be overcome. SPECIAL.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.

THE captures of adult salmon in the Hudson, already recorded in our columns, are very encouraging. The most doubting of "Thomas" must admit that these fish are the result of the plant of 1882 by Prof. Baird. In former times an occasional stray salmon has been taken in this river, but it has been at intervals of some years. Now, however, we have authentic accounts of four adult fish having been captured and others seen just at the time when they naturally would be looked for after the first planting. In former experiments in the Hudson, we think that only the quinnat salmon of the Pacific coast were planted, and these fish have failed to return to waters on the Atlantic slope. The salmon put in the Hudson by Prof. Baird since 1882 have all been of the Atlantic species, the *Salmo salar*, from the rivers of Maine, and there is positive proof that the trout streams of Warren county, New York, afford them food during their early life. Last October we reported the capture of yearlings from Clendon Brook, and now we are permitted to publish the following letter to the Superintendent of the Long Island Hatchery, where the fish are brought to life:

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., June 19, 1886.—Mr. Fred Mather: This morning's mail should deliver to you a couple of young salmon. Yesterday editor Harris, of the Glens Falls Republican, and I went out to try for trout, and our labors ended at Clendon Brook. I fished the brook but a short time, for fifty salmon would rise to one trout, and I did not wish to run the risk of injuring the salmon. Every pool or "hole" contained them, they were on the riffles, in fact, they were everywhere. They are so much brighter colored when seen in the water than the trout that they are easily distinguished. I injured two and therefore kept them, and just had time last night after I returned to get them in the midnight mail. You will see that they are in good condition, better even than those I sent last year. At four months younger they seem fully as large as the sample I sent last October, and they are certainly fatter. I think you will call these pretty fair yearlings. I caught one that was a little more than seven inches long, and the one I sent you was six, which is about the size of last year's plant that I saw. The plant of 1884 seem to have all gone to sea.—A. N. CHENEY.

[We have seen the specimens sent, and they are exceedingly plump and well fed. The fact that adults have returned from the light plantings of 1882 shows that they will push through the impure waters of the lower Hudson, as the shad do, and seek the spawning grounds above. The tributaries of the upper river are all that can be desired as salmon nurseries, and we hope to see this good work go on until "Hudson River salmon" are quoted in the market, and anglers are to be seen whipping the pools above Troy if the proposed fishways are properly built.]

THE TROY DAM FISHWAY.—Glens Falls, N. Y., June 30.—Editor Forest and Stream: Correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM recently questioned the existence of a fishway in the dam at Troy; and in commenting thereon I stated that I had supposed that the law providing for a fishway had been complied with, and the chute now to be seen in the dam was the result. This evening I notice that Superintendent of Public Works Shanahan "has completed the repairs to the old fishway in the State dam at Troy." This seems to settle the question of the fishway's existence, and let us trust that it permits the salmon, lately known to have returned to the Hudson, to ascend another stage on their long journey to the headwaters of the river and their spawning ground. If the other obstacles are as speedily removed, Hudson River salmon may in a few years become as well known as Hudson River shad.—A. N. CHENEY.

CARP CULTURISTS are to have a special journal to be called the *Journal of Pisciculture and Rural Hydraulics*. It will be edited by Mr. Milton P. Pierce, and published by the Rural Publishing Co., of Philadelphia, under the patronage of the American Carp Cultural Association.

ALLEN'S bow-facing oars, \$8 per pair. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Adv.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

- Sept. 21.—Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Charles A. Boxer, Secretary, Box 282, Winnipeg.
- Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.
- Nov. 8.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, Fisher's Island, N. Y. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.
- Nov. 22.—Eighth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.
- Dec. 6.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, at Grand Junction, Tenn.

DOG SHOWS.

- July 30, 21, 22 and 23.—Milwaukee Dog Show. John D. Oleott, Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.
- July 27 to 31.—Dog Show of the California Bench Show and Field Trials Club. E. Leavelly, Superintendent, 436 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.
- Aug. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—First Annual Dog Show of the Latonia Agricultural Association, Covington, Ky. George H. Hill, Manager, P. O. Box 78, Cincinnati, O.
- Sept. 8, 9 and 10.—Hornellsville, N. Y. Dog Show, Farmers' Club Fair. J. O. Fellows, Superintendent, Hornellsville.
- Sept. 14, 15, 16 and 17.—First fall dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3810.

PARASITIC DISEASES IN DOGS.—III.

THERE is occasionally found in the dog a very small tape-worm, producing but few symptoms in its canine host, but so deadly are the ravages of the larval form of this parasite in other animals, that a full understanding of its life history is most important to the dog owner and stock-raiser. The common hydatid tapeworm (*Tenia echinococcus*) in its adult condition attains a length of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch; it is composed of but four segments, thus differing greatly from the tenia in general. The head is armed with a pointed rostellum and a double crown of hooks, there being from thirty to forty hooklets. There are four suckers, behind which the head segment is much elongated, forming the so-called "neck." The final segment when mature equals in length the three exterior ones taken together. The reproductive papilla is situated on the margin of this segment or proglottis somewhat below the central line. This minute cestode inhabits the intestinal canal of the dog and wolf, probably causing but trifling inconvenience to its canine bearer, but a dog infected by hydatid tapeworms represents a sort of center of dangerous and often fatal disease to the herbivorous animals and man.

An animal harboring one of these tenia is continually passing the mature eggs per anum, great numbers being given off by the adult parasite. The eggs are diffused through water, especially by diseased dogs swimming through it, so washing off the ova which have adhered to the hair around the anus; they also adhere to fruits and vegetables, and in one way or another are scattered broadcast. Should one or more of the ova be swallowed by any herbivorous animal, a most wonderful series of developmental phenomena take place. The egg hatches, and from it emerges a minute embryo, which is provided with the usual six cestode hooks. This larva now bores its way to a suitable site within the body of its host—the lungs and liver being the favorite situations. The embryo now somewhat slowly develops into a spherical vesicle, and these now bud from the inner wall of this cyst "daughter vesicles," and from these again "granddaughter cysts" may be again produced by "budding."

Germination or "budding" consists in the outgrowth of "buds" or *gemmae* from the integument or interior of an animal. Speaking generally, these "buds," after acquiring more or less likeness to the parental stock, may either remain attached to the parent or become separated and begin an independent existence. Budding is well illustrated by the little *Aphis* or plant louse, curious ova-like masses budding here from the interior layer. This process is thought to cause monstrosities, such as double heads, etc., in the higher animals by some authorities; it is the usual mode of reproduction of certain of the lowest animals, as *Hydra*.

On the walls of all these hydatid cysts above described, minute pocket-like sacks are developed, and in these sacks or "brood capsules" *echinococcus* heads are formed, sometimes as many as twelve heads being found in each brood capsule, and the capsules may be almost innumerable from one embryo hatched from one ingested *echinococcus* egg.

All hydatid cysts are full of fluid, which, when not altered by inflammatory change, is clear, opalescent, and of neutral reaction to test paper, it is destitute of albumen, but rich in sodium chloride and often contains grape sugar and inositol.

The *echinococcus* heads or *scelices*, let us say from an ox, present the following characters: They measure about 1-80 inch in length, the body is divided by an hourglass-like constriction, the anterior portion being armed with rostellum and hooks.

Should any part of an hydatid cyst containing one or more brood capsules be swallowed by a dog or wolf—as often happens when dogs have access to butcher's offal—the cyst walls are digested, and the heads set free. These soon attach themselves, and rapidly develop into adult tapeworms within the alimentary tract, and the cycle of development goes on, the tenia again producing eggs, to again cause hydatid disease in some unfortunate ruminant or in man himself.

As fully twenty-five per cent. of all human victims of *echinococcus* disease die from its ravages, and as it is a very fatal disease among domestic ruminants, the importance of this parasite is very great. There are few reliable statistics in regard to its prevalence among dogs, the cestode being of such small size that the most careful observer may miss it even when several are present in the intestines of the dog under dissection. The highest authorities state that this tenia occurs in at least one per cent. of all English and American dogs; in Australia it is quite common, and in Ireland it is reported as being exceedingly abundant, quite a percentage of the human population and many domestic animals succumbing to *echinococcus* disease. Hydatids are found in all species of our domestic herbivora, although fortunately but rarely, and it is therefore evident how easily dogs may become infected by eating raw butcher's offal.

It is sufficient here to say that hydatid disease in man is not excessively rare in the United States, and is a most dangerous and intractable affection. Among our domestic herbivora the disease is a most serious cause of loss of condition, and often proves fatal.

Hydatid cysts may cause death in man or animals by mechanical pressure on vital organs, or by ulcerating or bursting into the body cavity or into almost any of the organs of the body, even the pericardium or heart membrane may be ruptured, speedy death from pericarditis usually following. The symptoms caused by the adult form of this parasite in the dog are of the vaguest character; ill health without assignable cause and without the presence of larger tenia, is suggestive of the presence of this tapeworm. An absolute diagnosis, positive or negative, can only be made by examining the faeces with the microscope for eggs—an obviously troublesome and generally impracticable procedure. If a dog is known to have had access to butcher's offal, even though no segments of larger tenia can be discovered in the faeces some weeks after, an appropriate anthelmintic is indicated if the animal present disturbances of nutrition and the nervous system without any other form of disease to account for it. The *Tenia echinococcus* is easily dislodged, and the treatment is to be conducted in precisely the same manner as was pointed out in speaking of the more common forms of canine tapeworms. The importance of disinfecting the faeces and the kennels with boiling carbolic water, or the like, is self-evident when a dog has been found to harbor this cestode.

Of the very large and interesting class of parasites belonging to the *trematoda* there are but two species which ordinarily select the canine race for their bearers. The conjoined fluke (*Distoma conjunctum*) was first discovered by Cobbold in the liver ducts of an American red fox, in which situation it had given rise to inflammation and the consequent formation of abscesses. Its average size was about one-fourth of an inch in length.

This species has since been found to be common among dogs in India. The dog fluke is clothed with minute spines, which occur abundantly on its outer surface. Although the average length is but one-quarter of an inch, specimens one-half of an inch in length have been found. The eggs are oblong, narrowed at the anterior pole and are furnished with a sort of lid to facilitate the escape of the embryo when hatched. The conjoined fluke has also been found in man in India and has occasionally been the cause of death, as in a case reported by Professor McConnell.

The symptoms caused by the presence of this fluke in the bile ducts are those of inflammation of the liver (*hepatitis*)—jaundice, high fever, tenderness on pressure over the hepatic region, and at times enlargement of that organ. The systemic symptoms may be very profound. The prognosis of both acute and chronic hepatitis in the dog from any cause is very unfavorable, the acute form, whether parasitic or otherwise, usually proving fatal.

But little if anything can be done for this affection; tonics, stimulants and nourishing food with possibly a mustard plaster

or mustard poultice over the region of the liver are indicated. Opium to allay pain may be required; the dose must at first be small and gradually increased as the symptoms demand; the dose of the sulphate of morphia for a foxhound or pointer is from 1-12 to 1/2 of a grain, to be repeated as often as necessary.

It is very important that dogs dying of hepatitis, especially in tropical countries, should be "posted," and the liver carefully examined for flukes; the parasites being preserved if found, and the lesions produced noted. More knowledge on this subject is much needed by comparative pathologists and veterinarians.

The winged fluke of the dog (*Holostoma alatum*) is of but little clinical importance. It inhabits the small intestines and is rare.

The development of the *trematoda* is even more complex than that of the hydatid tapeworms. The life history of the conjoined fluke has not yet been fully demonstrated, but doubtless it closely resembles the other flukes in its metamorphoses.

The *Distoma migrans*, found in the snipe and curlew, has perhaps been the most fully studied of any of the flukes. The *Distoma* produces eggs of an oval shape, from which hatch free-swimming, ciliated embryos. The embryos show as soon as hatched the rudiments of the *redia* form, which is produced in the interior of the organism by "budding." This larva finally loses its cilia and becomes a simple *redia* or germ sack. This form is provided with a mouth, gullet and digestive sac; it lives attached as a parasite to the bodies of certain water snails (*Paludina*). In the body cavity of the *redia* now appear numerous vesicles, and these rapidly develop into new larval forms known as *cercariae*. They finally burst through the wall of the *redia* and emerge as free-swimming forms.

The cercaria form has a long tail with lateral membranous expansions, with which it swims after the manner of a tadpole. After a short existence as a free swimming organism this cercaria or larval *Distoma* bores its way into the body of a water snail. The tail now drops off, and the body becomes surrounded with a structureless cyst wall; here the larva remains quiescent until introduced into a new and appropriate host. When a snail thus infested is swallowed by a water bird, the cyst wall is digested and the embryo is set free within the alimentary canal of the bird. Sexual organs now rapidly develop within the parasite, and it soon becomes a mature *Distoma migrans*, and again produces eggs to propagate its many-formed race.

Several generations of *redia* occur in some species of *trematoda*. A consideration of the zoological history of the canine *trematoda* concludes this sketch of the *entozoa* of the domestic dog. A few exceedingly rare or doubtful forms have not here been mentioned, notably the several species and varieties of pit-headed tapeworms (*Bothriocephalus*) which are occasionally found in dogs; the *B. latius* is probably the only species found in English and American dogs. The latter species attains the length of twenty-five feet and is introduced into the intestinal canal by eating raw fish which contain the cysticercus of this parasite. Only the *entozoa* of clinical importance have been described at length in these papers.

Our knowledge of many species is still very deficient, and the importance to comparative as well as human medicine of making post mortem examinations of animals possibly dead of parasitic disease and experimental studies is very great.

In my next paper the external parasites of the dog will be fully discussed and described.

R. W. S.

A FRAUDULENT MEDAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A very glaring fraud has lately come under my notice. The late Pittsburgh show offered silver medals as second prize in several classes. I recently had one of these analyzed, and it contains no silver whatever, being principally tin and lead! This is the most palpable, outrageous fraud I have yet met with. To offer a silver medal which would be worth probably \$3.50, and give a pewter one worth two cents, is abominable. The recipient of this particular medal had to pay 35 cents expressage on two cents worth of metal. Of course the society may be a victim and may have paid for real silver medals; but in that case they owe it to themselves and their exhibitors to bring the swindler to justice and get the real thing. If they are not the victim, then I am sorry to say that somebody is in a very unenviable position. I may say that I am convinced that some of the committee will be as much surprised at this disclosure as you will be. That you may have the evidence of your eyes on this matter, I send you the medal in question.

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., June 26.

[We have examined the medal sent us by Mr. Wade, as well as others sent us by winners at Pittsburgh, and find them all alike. The metal of which they are made is very similar to pewter. It consists of lead, tin, zinc, with a slight trace of copper.]

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.—Editor Forest and Stream: I had a little experience with my house dogs this evening which struck me as rather curious. My cocker bitch Dottie Stubbs has been boycotted for a season, and to-day was brought into the house for the first time in four weeks. During her absence we have placed in the library a red foxskin, mounted as a mat. She immediately took her position beside it and guards it most carefully, never taking her eyes from it if one of the other dogs comes into the room. My black cocker Jobo and she have always been great friends; but it is no use, if he shows his head in the room there is trouble. Thinking it might be a dislike for Jobo, I let two setters in. Every hair stood on end, and I saw prospects of a fight in the near future; so I let them out again. While I am writing this letter she is lying beside the mat, with one eye on the black dog in my easy chair. If she lay on the skin, I should think she was jealous of her bed; but she never steps on it. I once owned a cocker bitch that took a pair of beagle pups under her care and would allow no dog near them. But this is my first experience with a common mat. Is it because of its resemblance to a dog? I wonder if any of your readers have had a like experience.—C. S. D. (Warren, R. I.).

THE MILWAUKEE DOG SHOW.—Milwaukee, Wis., July 1.—Editor Forest and Stream: Entries for the Milwaukee bench show are coming in apace. They close on the 10th inst. The secretary requests residents to send in their entries at once, in order to avoid the inevitable rush after July 5. Milwaukee is noted for having the best class of non-sporting dogs of any city in the West. A fine special prize has been contributed to the club to be awarded to the best pit bull-terrier, Class 104. This class will be judged by a resident of Milwaukee. Great praise is due to Mr. John D. Olcott for his admirable management of our last bench show, as well as for his efforts in engineering the coming one. Mr. Olcott is never so happy as when ministering to the enjoyment of others, and he has made sacrifices of time and money in getting up and conducting those popular shows, which entitle him to the gratitude of all who love and admire that most faithful of all animals—the dog.—M. J. EGAN.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

Diox, Philadelphia.—A pointer pup has a very ugly looking skin over his face. The eye is red close in and gradually turning to white; it is the same in both eyes. Ans. Drop a few drops of solution of zinc sulphate in the eye (strength, two grains to ounce of water) each morning. If not well in a week write again.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound, for retaining duplicates, sent postpaid, 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Jefferson, Gold Medal, Viceroy, East Lake Beauty, Red Stocking and East Lake Flora. By Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., for pups, two dogs and four bitches, whelped April 20, 1886, by Bradford Ruby out of Flossy (A.K.R. 2250).

Tinfol, Gold Nugget, East Lake Lilly and Pride of East Lake. By Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., for pups, two dogs and two bitches, whelped May 29, 1886, by Treasure (A.K.R. 472) out of Peggie (A.K.R. 1804).

Toney and Lillie. By Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terriers, dog and bitch, whelped May 23, 1886, by Count (A.K.R. 3178) out of White Violet (A.K.R. 3799).

Countess. By Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terrier bitch, whelped April 2, 1886, by Count (A.K.R. 3178) out of Young Venom (A.K.R. 2793).

Laurel Belle. By C. W. Littlejohn, Leesburg, Va., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped May 27, 1886, by Fritz (A.K.R. 1351) out of Virginia (A.K.R. 1357).

Nordeck. By Hervey E. Parker, Groveland, Mass., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped April 7, 1886, by Toots (A.K.R. 21) out of Peg (A.K.R. 3479).

Glenmore. By Dr. D. S. Woodworth, Fitchburg, Mass., for red Irish setter dog, whelped May 10, 1886, by Glencho (Elcho-Noreen) out of Lady Nora (Hory O'More-Norah O'More).

July Obo. By Geo. E. Browne, Dedham, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 17, 1884, by Obo II. (Farrow's Obo-Chloe II.) out of Daisy Zulu (Zulu-imported Sweep).

Bannerboy. By Mrs. C. E. White, Cleveland, O., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 18 18-6, by Bannerman (Marchboy-Dewdrop) out of Myrtle (Minstrel-Handmaid).

Ollie Gladstone. By G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped May 24, 1886, by Rex Gladstone (Royal Gladstone-Mollie Druid) out of Pride of Delaware (Carlotta-Ollie).

Milton. By Terra Cotta Kennels, Toronto, Ont., for white, with black head, greyhound dog, whelped Feb. 28, 1886, by Mennon (Caliph-Polly) out of Stealing Away.

Marchmont. By Terra Cotta Kennels, Toronto, Ont., for black and white greyhound dog, whelped Feb. 28, 1886, by Mennon (Caliph-Polly) out of Stealing Away.

Middleton and Mentor. By Terra Cotta Kennels, Toronto, Ont., for fawn and white greyhound dogs, whelped Feb. 28, 1886, by Mennon (Caliph-Polly) out of Stealing Away.

Troubadour, Rossifer, Tremont, Fervat, Rosa II., Barbelle, Miss Bracket, Atilla and Idella. By J. H. Phelan, Jersey City, N. J., for liver and white pointers, four dogs and five bitches, whelped June 30, 1886, by Bracket (Graphic-Bloomo) out of Rosa (A.K.R. 1443).

BRED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Syrus-Glen. J. H. Thomas's (Haverhill, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Syrus (Elcho-Rose) to Herbert Flint's Glen (Glencho-Lady Edith), June 7.

Meg-Rockingham. P. K. Dunasq's (New York) English setter bitch Meg (Traup-Nina) to F. Windholz's Rockingham (Belthus-Bess), June 19.

Beldame-Bang Bang. Rutherford Stuyvesant's (New York) pointer bitch Beldame to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 334), May 16.

Bessie Hazel-Bang Bang. W. C. Hazel's (Washington, D. C.) pointer bitch Bessie Hazel to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 334), May 20.

Erie-Bang Bang. T. F. Rivers's (Bridgeport, Conn.) pointer bitch Erie to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 334), April 1.

Happy Medium-Bang Bang. F. R. Hitchcock's (New York) pointer bitch Happy Medium (Croxeth-Fau Fan) to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 334), April 2.

Luckystone-Bang Bang. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L.) pointer bitch Luckystone (Tory-Moonstone) to their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 334), April 16.

Countess-Bang Bang. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L.) pointer bitch Countess (Sensation-Lass) to their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 334), May 10.

Poachontos-Bang Bang. F. R. Hitchcock's (New York) pointer bitch Poachontos (Trump-Grace) to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 334), May 2.

Lalla Rookh-Bang Bang. Luke W. White's (Mahwah, N. J.) pointer bitch Lalla Rookh (Sensation's Son-Grace) to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 334), June 18.

Moonstone-Bang Bang. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L.) pointer bitch Moonstone (Bang-Luna) to their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 334), June 2.

Pearl Blue-Gun. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Pearl Blue (Royal Blue-Dryad) to his Gun (Gladstone-May II.), June 21.

Ida Nettles-Scot Free. Glencoe Collie Kennels' (East Bethlehem, Pa.) collie bitch Ida Nettles (A.K.R. 2333) to their Scot Free (A.K.R. 3332), June 21.

Jess-Johnny. Geo. Chillas's (Toronto, Ont.) Clumber spaniel bitch Jess (Jack-Jill) to F. H. Mercer's Johnny (Bea-Joan), July 1.

Heather Lass-Argus II. A. H. Aldrich's (Melrose, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Heather Lass (Jack-Gipsy) to Geo. E. Browne's Argus II (Argus-Thayer's Beauty), July 1.

Judy Obo-Shady. Geo. E. Browne's (Dedham, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Judy Obo (Obo II.-Daisy Zulu) to F. H. Perri's Shady (Obo II.-Dankie) (A.K.R. 250), June 20.

Jessica-Argus II. Geo. E. Browne's (Dedham, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Jessica (Doane's Tom-Cremore) to his Argus II (Argus-Thayer's Beauty), June 13.

Lola-Spark Noble. A. E. Burch's (Washington, D. C.) English setter bitch Lola (Rake-Fanny) to his Spark Noble (Count Noble-Spark), May 15.

Victoria-Spark Noble. A. E. Burch's (Washington, D. C.) English setter bitch Victoria (A.K.R. 1333) to his Spark Noble (Count Noble-Spark), May 10.

Grace-Lava Rock. M. Bell's (Washington, D. C.) English setter bitch Grace to A. E. Burch's Lava Rock (A.K.R. 369), May 7.

Lena-Lava Rock. M. Bell's (Washington, D. C.) English setter bitch Lena to A. E. Burch's Lava Rock (A.K.R. 369), May 10.

Jennie-Lava Rock. Jos. Taft's (Washington, D. C.) English setter bitch Jennie (Dashing Laddie-Daisy) to A. E. Burch's Lava Rock (A.K.R. 369), May 18.

Jill-Regent Fox. Surrey Kennels' (Ellicott City, Md.) fox-terrier bitch Jill (A.K.R. 529) to A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Regent Vix (A.K.R. 9477), May 26.

Surrey Nan-Stableford Joe. Surrey Kennels' (Ellicott City, Md.) fox-terrier bitch Surrey Nan (A.K.R. 1002) to F. Hoy's Stableford Joe (Corinthian-Jenny), May 26.

Surrey Clover-Mixture. Surrey Kennels' (Ellicott City, Md.) fox-terrier bitch Surrey Clover (A.K.R. 1899) to J. E. Thayer's Mixture (Spice-Fairy III.), June 2.

WHELPS.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Revel III. Graphic Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Revel III. (Graphic-Beryl), June 27, eight (five dogs), by their Donald (Bob-Sappho).

Morning Star. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Morning Star (Dashing Dog-Daisy Starlight), June 24, eight (five dogs), by his Starlight (Gladstone-May B.).

Trusty Gladstone. Geo. Jarvis's (New York) English setter bitch Trusty Gladstone (A.K.R. 1550), June 23, seven (four dogs), by A. M. Tucker's Dash III. (Laverack's Old Blue Prince-Armstrong's Kate).

Maud S. Geo. Jarvis's (New York) English setter bitch Maud S. (A.K.R. 2664), May 19, five (four dogs), by A. M. Tucker's Dash III., Jr. (Dash III.-Model Druid).

Luckystone. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L.) pointer bitch Luckystone (Tory-Moonstone), June 18, nine (three dogs), by their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 334).

Maud Fisher. Fisher & Parkinson's (Middleton, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Maud Fisher (Glencho-Vic), June 23, ten (five dogs), by Dr. Jarvis's Sarsfield (Garnyowen-Curren's Belle II.).

Beda. Mrs. J. Grant's (West New Brighton, S. I.) St. Bernard bitch Beda (Avalanche-Ursula), June 24, twelve (seven dogs), by B. B. McGregor's Bosco II. (Irish Alp-Bella).

Daphne. E. K. (Prince-Chip), June 19, five (one dog), by G. W. Armo's Bob (Price's Bang-Princess Kate), one bitch since dead.

Little Nell. T. R. Varick's (Manchester, N. H.) bull-terrier bitch Little Nell (Little Victor-Daisy), July 3, five (four dogs), by Count (Margus-Kin).

Jolly Nell. A. J. Callahan's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter

bitch Little Nell (Prince-Jolly May), June 4, seven, by W. B. Tallman's Mack B. (Dick Laverack-Twilight).

Hilda. H. C. Sellman's (Leesburg, Va.) mastiff bitch Hilda (Hero II.-Norah), June 16, ten (five dogs), by his Vulcan (Major-Nell).

Virginia. C. W. Littlejohn's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Virginia (A.K.R. 1357), May 17, nine (two dogs), by his Fritz (A.K.R. 1351).

Jane. F. H. Ade's (Westchester, N. Y.) pointer bitch Jane (Bang Bang-Lili), June 20, ten (two dogs), by A. E. Godeffroy's Croxeth (Bang-Jane).

Rosa. J. H. Phelan's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Rosa (A.K.R. 1443), June 30, ten (five dogs), by Graphic Kennels' Bracket (Graphic-Bloomo).

Daphne II. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Daphne II. (A.K.R. 489), July 4, eight (five dogs), by their Essex (A.K.R. 331).

SALES.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Storm. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped September, 1883, by Carl out of Countess Vesta, by L. H. Mayott, Springfield, Mass., to Chas. R. Hodges, Manchester, N. H.

Cleopatra. Mastiff bitch, whelped May 6, 1886, by Ilford Caution out of Countess, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to W. P. Stevenson, New York.

Vera. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped July 17, 1883, by Pete, Jr., out of Roxey, by C. W. Tuttle, Pawtucket, R. I., to Chas. A. Parker, Worcester, Mass.

Ilford Caution-Bess whelp. Mastiff bitch, whelped May 7, 1886, by P. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to L. A. Hall, Boston, Mass.

Merchant Prince-Bernie V. whelps. Mastiff bitch, whelped April 23, 1886, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., an orange and white bitch to C. I. Burr, South Framingham, Mass., and an orange tawny and white bitch to Frederick Kimball, Worcester, Mass.

Jefferson. Pug dog, whelped April 20, 1885, by Bradford Ruby out of Flossy, by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to Miss Josie Holmes, Cincinnati, O.

Gold Medal. Pug dog, whelped April 30, 1886, by Bradford Ruby out of Flossy, by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to Clem Garr, Richmond, Ind.

Rubie F. Pug bitch, whelped July 18, 1885 (A.K.R. 3004), by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to Geo. Schaeffer, Detroit, Mich.

East Lake Flora. Pug bitch, whelped April 20, 1886, by Bradford Ruby out of Flossy, by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to Frank Hoe, same place.

Red Stocking. Pug bitch, whelped April 20, 1886, by Bradford Ruby out of Flossy, by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to Frank Stapp, Hope, Ind.

Viceroy. Pug bitch, whelped April 20, 1886, by Bradford Ruby out of Flossy, by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to M. M. Murphy, Ripley, O.

East Lake Beauty. Pug bitch, whelped April 20, 1886, by Bradford Ruby out of Flossy, by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to R. M. Conway, Owensboro, Ky.

Tinfol. Pug dog, whelped May 29, 1886, by Treasure out of Peggie, by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to R. M. Conway, Owensboro, Ky.

Gold Nugget. Pug dog, whelped May 29, 1886, by Treasure out of Peggie, by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to Jacob Petery, London, O.

Pride of East Lake. Pug bitch, whelped May 29, 1886, by Treasure out of Peggie, by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to Jos. R. Richards, Chicago, Ill.

Madcap and Harebell. Beagles, whelped April 29, 1886, by Blue Cap II. out of Constance (A.K.R. 2912), by Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. Y., a white, black and tan dog and white, black, tan and blue ticked bitch, to McFarland & Co., Meadville, Pa.

Pussy Blossom. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped January, 1889, by Rep out of Nellie Horton, by Geo. E. Browne, Dedham, Mass., to Walter C. Drew, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Bessie. Pug bitch, whelped Oct. 13, 1886, by Bunny out of Judy, by Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to T. J. Flack, Washington, D. C.

Beppo. Pug dog, whelped April 11, 1886, by Andy out of Daisy, by Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to A. F. Sepperley, Cambridge, N. Y.

Fawn. Fawn Italian greyhound dog, whelped May 2, 1886, by Prince out of Bess, by Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to Edward Richards, North Dana, Mass.

Trump. Red setter dog, whelped May 2, 1886, by Joe out of Nell, by Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to Peter Malone, same place.

Judy Obo. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 17, 1884, by Obo II. out of Daisy Zulu, by J. E. Rothwell, Longwood, Mass., to Geo. E. Browne, Dedham, Mass.

Jessica. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped April, 1881, by Doane's Tom out of Cremore, by E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., to Geo. E. Browne, same place.

Nib. Black cocker spaniel dog, age unknown, by Beau out of Darkie, by H. C. Brousdon, Boston, Mass., to A. S. Marshall, Concord, Mass.

Fau Yum. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 23, 1886, by Obo II. out of Fannie Obo, by H. C. Brousdon, Boston, Mass., to T. J. Herring, same place.

Robert IV. Pug dog, whelped April 18, 1886 (A.K.R. 3757), by R. W. Maguire, Milwaukee, Wis., to Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O.

Nellie. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Nov. 15, 1885, by Fritz (A.K.R. 1351) out of Virginia (A.K.R. 1357), by C. W. Littlejohn, Leesburg, Va., to S. C. Graham, Tazewell, Ill., Va.

Charles L. Pug dog, whelped April 18, 1886 (A.K.R. 3755), by R. W. Maguire, Milwaukee, Wis., to Miss Cora Feulman, Keokuk, Ia.

Middlemarch. Fawn and white greyhound dog, whelped Feb. 28, 1883, by Mennon out of Stealing Away, by Terra Cotta Kennels, Toronto, Ont., to F. B. McIlroy, Parkdale, Can.

PRESENTATIONS.

East Lake Lilly. Pug bitch, whelped May 29, 1886, by Treasure (A.K.R. 472) out of Peggie (A.K.R. 1804), by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to Geo. E. Browne, Dedham, Mass.

Argus II. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped May, 1884, by Argus out of Beauty, by Alex. Pope, Dorchester, Mass., to Geo. E. Browne, Dedham, Mass.

Argus II-Jessica whelps. Black and tan Gordon setter dogs, whelped Jan. 31, 1886, by Geo. E. Browne, Dedham, Mass., one each to Alex. Pope, Dorchester, Mass., and C. T. Bailey, Plymouth, Mass.

Don't twist your neck off, but use Allen's bow-facing oars. Little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Moundville, Ill.—Adv.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

UNITED STATES CHAMPION CLUB.—Editor Forest and Stream: At a meeting held of riflemen at Schuetzen Park, Union Hill, N. J., Wm. Hayes in the chair, a match was arranged to be shot on the above-named range under the following conditions: That the shooters who enter procure a cup to be designated the Champion Cup of the United States, each man to shoot 100 shots, German rifle target, possible 25; rifles, any within the schuetzen rules; entrance fee, \$5; half winners and the other half lose. There are already 20 entries, and all shooters who are interested in this sport are invited to participate. The following named shooters have already entered: Wm. Hayes, M. Dorrler, C. G. Zettler, A. B. Zettler, B. Walker, D. Miller, J. H. Brown, L. Flack, C. W. Karcher, I. Coopersmith, V. Steinback, C. F. Geisler, W. Vogel, E. Bearbrand, A. Lober and G. Zimmerman. All riflemen who wish to enter this match will send their names to A. LOBER, Sec., 309 West Nineteenth street, New York.

COOPERSTOWN N. Y., July 1.—Pioneer Rifle Team weekly shoot, Creedmoor target, 300 yds. 500 yds. range, with rest:
Walter Beadle.....239230042-18 Paul T. Brady.....4504545-38
Jessie Johnston.....2344545-40 Bryan McCabe.....0252443-0-24
James W. Tucker.....1554454-44 C. Ryan Ball.....0630445-28
John Bradley.....5354445-41 J. Parsball.....2434455-41
NEW ORLEANS, June 25.—The challenge of the Miller Rifle Team was accepted by the Stevens Standard Rifle Team. The contest took place to-day (Sunday) on the grounds of the Louisiana Gun Club, at a distance of 50 yds. for 500 cartridges. The Millers were the winners.

Miller Ballard Rifle Team. Stevens Standard Rifle Team.
Capt H. Miller.....264 Capt C. Jules.....265
F. De Latour.....236 Stevens.....283
B. Schuler.....253 G. Heyle.....234
Ch. Albert.....134 F. Danbert.....202
G. Boydell.....239 C. C. Heyle.....202
J. Lemaitre.....262 McFall.....257

WILMINGTON, Del., June 30.—The weekly club matches were held by the Wilmington Rifle Club at Schutzen Park this afternoon. Conditions at the first match were: Massachusetts target, 200yds., off-hand and prizes divided by highest scores. There being no ties, the prizes were quickly awarded as follows: The full score is as follows, out of a possible 120 points:

C Heinel, Sr.	11	10	7	9	12	8	9	7	8	11	—92
U Fuller	13	10	7	8	12	11	8	9	10	12	—90
W F Seeds	10	8	9	6	9	11	9	8	5	11	—86
R Miller	8	11	6	11	5	8	10	8	9	8	—84
J Newman	4	9	6	10	10	6	8	8	9	12	—82
H Simpson	5	12	2	11	9	6	8	9	8	9	—80
W A Bacon	8	2	10	7	6	4	11	9	10	12	—79
S J Newman	9	10	11	6	10	0	10	4	—	4	—72

At the second match the Hunan or Standard American target was used for the first time by the club and gave general satisfaction; otherwise the conditions were the same as at first match. The following is the full score out of a possible 100 points:

C Heinel, Sr.	10	4	9	6	7	8	10	7	7	6	—74
R Miller	5	7	6	8	5	7	7	5	5	10	—65
U Fuller	9	9	7	5	5	7	5	5	3	6	—61
H Simpson	9	7	3	6	7	4	7	3	3	7	—56
W F Seeds	6	5	3	10	7	5	7	3	3	3	—54
J Newman	4	4	5	7	3	3	4	8	9	50	—
W A Bacon	5	4	2	7	7	3	3	3	7	5	—48
S J Newman	3	6	4	0	4	5	9	4	3	5	—44

Conditions at third match same as at second. There was but one tie, which being decided, the prizes were awarded as follows: First to William F. Seeds, second to Robert Miller, third to U. Fuller, and fourth to Howard Simpson. The following is the score out of a possible 50 points:

W. F. Seeds	9	10	4	6	—35
R. Miller	9	7	5	6	—31
U. Fuller	5	7	3	8	—21
H. Simpson	3	8	4	6	—30

THE HAYES DORRILL MATCH.—Editor Forest and Stream: Sir—On Saturday last there was shot at Union Hill, N. J., a friendly match of 100 shots each, 200 yards range, ring target, between Messrs. William Hayes, of Newark, and M. Dorrier, of the Zettler Rifle Club of New York, the result of which, as published, does great injustice, I think, to one of the fairest and most gentlemanly amateur riflemen in the country; and in common fairness to the defeated I beg for space to state a few—thus far unpublished—facts bearing on the affair. They are, briefly, as follows: On arriving on the ground prepared to shoot, Mr. Hayes discovered that with the equipment he had brought he would be compelled to shoot against the wind, with a bullet of .32-caliber and 160 grains, against Mr. Dorrier's .33-caliber Ballard with nearly 300 grains of lead, and at once stated that he was badly handicapped under the circumstances, if the wind held in the same quarter, as his shots would not hold their elevation and direction with the bullet and charge of powder he was provided with so well as Dorrier's heavier bullet and charge. And before a shot was fired a mutual agreement was made between the competitors, with friends of each man present as witnesses, that the loser of the match should have the privilege of naming and claiming three other matches, one at Union Hill, one at Newark, and the third to be shot on a neutral range. Under this agreement the match was shot, and resulted in a victory for Mr. Dorrier by a score of 2173 against 2145 by Hayes. Immediately after the shooting Mr. Dorrier stated that he would never again shoot anything in an individual match, and completely and emphatically repudiated the terms of his agreement. As it was a case in which from the previous records of the men—Mr. Hayes had everything to lose and nothing to gain, while Mr. Dorrier could lose nothing but gain everything, I think nothing further need be said as to the standing, among fair-minded riflemen, of one who would, to put it mildly, take such an unfair advantage of an accident which favored him.—Justice.

BOSTON, July 3.—The attendance at Walnut Hill was smaller than usual to-day. The weather conditions were poor for good scores, and many were left unfinished. Mr. Reed made a fine score of 89 decimal and clean count Creedmoor. All shooting at 500yds.

Decimal Off hand Match.

R. Reed, C.	9	8	9	9	19	8	10	—89
C. B. Edwards, A.	10	9	8	7	10	6	8	—95
J. F. Fellows, D.	9	10	6	8	8	8	9	—82
Henry (ml.) B.	10	4	10	8	7	6	8	—79
	9	7	10	8	6	4	7	—77
	6	8	7	6	4	5	9	—63

Rest Match.

D. L. Chase	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	—93
J. Francis, F.	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	—98
C.	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	10	—97
J. N. Frye	10	10	9	9	10	9	10	10	—96

500Yds. Military Match.

L. Grant	5555555555	49	A. L. Brackett	4445555555	—45
Sergt T. Stuart, 6th Reg.	5455545555	—47		4455544555	—45
Sergt H. B. Thompson, 7th Reg.	4644555555	—47		4455544555	—45
Private C. A. Jones, 7th Reg.	5444554555	—45	C. A. Parker	4455555555	—45
Private B. D. Drake, 7th Reg.	5544555445	—45		4455555445	—45
Private J. N. A. Croix, 14th Reg.	4455544555	—45		4455555445	—45

State Militia Match.

J. M. Johnson	22	20	20	19	18	C. R. Hurd	18	18	19	18
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CREEDMOOR, July 5.—There was good weather for shooting to-day. The qualification and champion marksmen's classes were opened at 8:30 A. M., and from that time until 5:30 P. M. shooters fired away without intermission. John Klein, who won the champion medal last year and who conducts the hotel at the range this year is also an enthusiast at rifle shooting, said that the showing of the day proved that rifle practice was growing more and more popular and that experts were increasing. There were over 500 competitors. The spectators numbered nearly a thousand, and among them were a hundred or more ladies. Besides the winners, whose names are given herewith, twenty-six shooters scored 40 or over in the champion marksmen's class. Sergeant Stuart, by having second in the score, won the first cash prizes which amounted to nearly \$15. The winners were:

Lieut. C. C. Walker, 14th Reg.	23	22	43	Total
Sergt T. Stuart, 6th Reg.	23	21	44	
Sergt H. B. Thompson, 7th Reg.	21	22	43	
Private C. A. Jones, 7th Reg.	21	22	43	
Private B. D. Drake, 7th Reg.	21	21	42	
Private J. N. A. Croix, 14th Reg.	21	21	42	
Private F. M. Rogers, 14th Reg.	21	21	42	
Sergt E. A. Anderson, 14th Reg.	21	21	42	

BOSTON, July 1.—The attendance at the Walnut Hill range to-day was fair. The wind proved tricky and blew from all quarters. L. Grant, at 500yds., made 48 and 49. Following are the records of the day:

W Charles, C..	9	8	6	9	8	10	10	10	8	7—85
C B Edwards, A.....	10	9	8	7	9	7	8	9	8	10—85
	9	10	9	7	10	4	7	9	9	9—83

Rest Match.

J. N. Frye	9	10	9	10	10	9	9	10	—96
J. Francis	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	9	—96

500Yds. Military Match.

Lincoln Grant, E.	5554555555	—49	5554555555	—48	5554554555	—47
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THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.—The final meeting of the National Rifle Association will take place on the Creedmoor range Sept. 13 to 18, inclusive. Sixteen matches are on the programme and a liberal prize list will be provided.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 6.—The 14th annual festival and tournament of the N. R. Rifle Association under the auspices of the Springfield Schutzen Verein, opened at Riverside Grove range to-day. It will remain open until Friday evening. The gathering of riflemen from all parts of the country is very large; \$1,500 in cash prizes is offered, and matches have been arranged for all manner of arms.

CHATHAM, N. Y.—A rifle club has been organized here with prospects of a lively season before the butts. The officers of the club are: A. J. Clark, President; J. W. Darrow, Secretary; C. M. Harmon, Treasurer.

R. H. K. Norwich, Conn.—I contemplate a pedestrian trip through the Berkshire Hills to Lake George and down the Hudson. Be so kind as to tell me how to keep my feet in condition, how to prepare them for the tramp and on the route how to treat blisters, inflammation and soreness? Ans. Prepare by a course of baths in strong salt-water. Be careful to have shoes that fit perfectly, shaped to the foot, neither too large nor too small; this is important. Wear woolen stockings. Blisters may be drawn and then filled with glycerine; for chafing use some of the standard liniments, as Pond's extract, pain killer, etc.; rest and give chance to heal, and remove the cause.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NEW DORP, N. Y., June 29.—Regular match of the Emerald Gun Club at live pigeons, ground traps, 21, 25 and 30yds. rise, 60yds. bound, shot under above club rules, four prizes:

G. Hudson, 30	0111111101	—7	T. J. O'Seikei, 21	0010101001	—4
L. Schermehorn, 30	0111111111	—9	J. W. Godfrey, 25	0011011111	—8
G. Remsen, 30	0111111101	—9	J. Glacum, 30	0111111111	—9
J. Maesel, 25	0111111111	—10	Thos. Codely, 25	0111111111	—9
L. Gehering, 21	0111111111	—8	H. Rubins, 21	0110101000	—5
N. Maesel, 30	0111111111	—9	Fred Schrader, 21	0111111111	—9
P. Butz, 25	0110011111	—8	P. J. Keenan, 21	0111111111	—8
F. Fisher, 21	0111111111	—10	J. Klein, 21	0111111111	—10

Ties on miss and out for first at live birds, 25 and 30yds.: J. Maesel 2, J. Fisher 5, J. Klein 4. Ties on miss and out for second at live birds, 30yds.: L. Schermehorn 4, Geo. Remsen 5, N. Maesel 1, J. Glacum 1, Thos. Codely 2, Fred Schrader 0. Ties on miss and out for third at live birds, 21 and 25yds.: L. C. Gehering 4, P. Butz 2, J. W. Godfrey 5, P. J. Keenan 4. A handsome gold medal, artistically engraved, known as the "O'Seikei Trophy," won by H. Rubino.—Thos. Codely, Rec. Sec'y.

BOUND BROOK, N. J., June 28.—The Riverside Gun Club was organized on the 28th inst., with the following officers, viz.: Geo. R. Gaddis, President; John S. Field, Vice President; A. C. Thomas, Secretary; Dr. C. R. P. Fisher, Treasurer.

BOSTON, June 30.—There was a large attendance of trap shooters at Walnut Hill range to-day, and the shooters made excellent records. The first prize winners were: Five bats, Bartlett and Nichols; five clay-pigeons, Bartlett; five clay-pigeons, Bartlett; five blackbirds, Bartlett, six clay-pigeons, Bartlett; six bats, Nichols; six bats, Bartlett; five clay-pigeons, straightaway, Nichols; six clay-pigeons, Nichols and Henry; six clay-pigeons, Swift, Aldoes and Warren; seven clay-pigeons, badge sweep, Sabin; three pair blackbirds, double, badge sweep, Warren and Stanton; three pair clay birds, double, Swift; six clay-pigeons, Swift, Stanton and Aldoes; three pair clay-pigeons, double, Stanton and Lawson; six bats, Warren, Swift and Wilson; six bats, Wilson and Warren; six bats, Snow and Warren.

Warren	01111111	—6	11	11	10	—5	11
Stanton	01111111	—6	10	11	11	—5	11
Lawson	01111111	—7	00	11	11	—4	11
Swift	01111111	—6	10	01	10	—4	11
Henry	01111111	—5	10	10	10	—3	8
Nichols	01111111	—5	01	10	10	—2	7
Curtis	01111111	—5	00	11	00	—2	7
Snow	01111111	—6	10	00	10	—1	7

Visitors' Match.

Wilson	01111111	—6	10	10	10	—3	9
Aldoes	01111111	—6	11	01	10	—3	9
Hayden	01111111	—2	10	00	10	—2	4
Sabin	01111111	—6	10	00	10	—2	8

On the shoot-off for ties, Lawson took A, Swift B, Henry C, Snow D, and Wilson F.

WORCESTER, June 23.—To-day the South End Gun Club, in two teams, competed at their grounds, the losers paid for the supper for both teams at the City Hotel. The following scores were made:

E. T. Smith	0111111111111111	15	W. L. Davis	01111011111111	13
V. J. Rugg	11101001001000	8	H. W. Webber	01111110010111	12
U. D. Kenneron	1111011111111110	13	E. D. Whitaker	01111011111111	14
A. B. F. Kinney	11110110101101	11	M. O. Whitaker	10111010101111	10
C. S. Day	11110100001111	10	Frank Stone	11101010111111	12
E. S. Poor	1111111111111111	10	J. R. Goodell	11101010010101	8
H. P. Peckham	01101000001011	7	J. W. Davis	01110000111110	9
C. Herick	00101000010000	1	E. S. Knowles	01111001000110	7
D. S. Jackson	01111000101010	9	H. F. Ball	00010001010010	4
N. Ingraham	11000100010010	5	O. N. Stark	01010100100000	3
L. R. Hudson	11101101010111	12	J. Hitchcock	00000000000010	2
Dr. Mason	11110010001010	6	G. McAleer	11011105010111	11
Alzirus Brown	01101010010101	7	W. R. Dean	01111001111101	11

In the sweepstake shooting the events and winners were:

Fourth—5 pigeons, 18 entries: Davis, Dean, Whitaker.
Fifth—5 blue rocks, 15 entries: Smith and Davis first, Kenneron, Rugg.

Sixth—4 pairs doubles, 12 entries: Dean, Smith and Peckham, Kenneron.
Seventh—5 blue rocks, 11 entries: Whittaker and Stone, Swan, Kenneron.

Eighth—3 pairs doubles, 11 entries: Smith and Whittaker first, Stone, Rugg.
Ninth—6 Macombers: Whittaker and Kenneron first, Rugg and Dean second, Keuney.

Tenth—1 clay pigeons: McAleer, Whittaker and Goodell second, Dean and Stone third.

GALVESTON, Tex., June 22.—A \$500 prize having been offered by the managers of the interstate drill for the shooting tournament to take place here during the drill, has led to the organization of two new gun clubs. One of these clubs, the Oleander Club, is composed of some very excellent material and the following score of their shoot to-day will show that the older organized clubs will have to look well to their laurels. The shoot was 10 single birds, 18yds. rise, 2 double birds and 1 single bird, 15yds. rise, and another match at 10 single birds, 18yds. rise. The following was the score of single and double birds:

H. L. Hurd	0011011111	01	01	101100010	—14
R. K. Lee	0101111101	10	00	11111000	—16
W. B. Peacock	0111111101	10	01	10110010	—11
H. P. Brown	0000010100	00	00	10111011	—12
A. Bonnot	0100110110	10	01	01110000	—14
C. Hasler	0100100100	10	10	10101000	—11
C. S. Faby	0110101011	01	01	11111111	—19
B. Smith	0100100101	01	01	10000000	—7
Both of the Galveston clubs are practicing daily for the big shoot in August.					

SACRAMENTO, Cal., June 20.—The Forester Gun Club held its regular monthly medal shoot to-day, shooting at 30yds., Hurlingham rules, and the following scores were made:

J. W. Todd	0111111111	—10	F. F. Tebbets	0110101111	—11
H. Eckhardt	0111111111	—11	J. Gerber	0110111111	—11
George Watson	0111111111	—12	W. E. Gerber	0110111111	—11
H. Gerber	0110111111	—14	O. M. Miller	0110111100	—8
F. Ruhstaller	0100110101	—7	J. A. Keener	0110111111	—10

HARTFORD, Conn., July 3.—Cult Hammerless Gun Club shoot to-day was as follows, 15 blue rocks, 18yds.:

Day Were as rowdys, 15 birds rock,	(Syds.)				
E. A. Folsom	01111111111111	—13	O. B. Treat	00011000100111	—7
J. Cook	01111111111111	—12	S. T. Cote	00101010010110	—7
E. C. Howe	01111111111110	—10	L. B. Bushnell	00101111010000	—7
W. Hooper	01011111111110	—10	A. McAllen	00011111001001	—7
J. Melrose	01101010101010	—9	M. White	00010101010101	—6
J. Howe	01101010100010	—8	H. M. Jacobs	01000101010101	—6
L. B. Cary	00010001111111	—8	George Grou.	001010100001010	—5
W. Johnson	00100101111011	—7	J. Alger	00010010101001	—5
M. Cook	010111000101010	—5	W. Taylor	100110000001010	—4
A. C. Collins	01011100010101	—5	J. Tolles	000000111010000	—4
U. Boland	01010101010101	—5			



WITH a view to inducing some of the English canoeists to visit America this year, and to secure a trial between the best boats of each country, the New York C. C. late last season offered a cup for international competitions in sailing races, and invited foreign canoeists generally to challenge for it. The first challenge received was from the Royal C. C. of England, the oldest canoe club in the world, including in its name some of the most expert sailors and designers of the day. Of these, Messrs. W. Baden-Powell, E. B. and A. H. Tredwen, have been named by the R. C. C. as its representatives, and will visit New York next month on their way to the meet, returning in September to race for the cup. The latter, a cut of which we publish by courtesy of the *American Canoe Company*, is a pitcher of silver, made by the Gorham Manufacturing Company, New York, from a design by the artist, John D. Gould, and is named in honor of the Indian in character, as the most appropriate representative of American canoeing; the form following closely that of the ancient Indian pottery. In order to make the races of national rather than local interest, it was determined to select competitors to the number of the challengers, from the great body of the American canoeists, and to this end the States of New Jersey and New York, a series of letters to this effect being sent to the clubs, are invited to send representatives, the defenders of the cup being afterward selected by the regatta committee.

Off the boats over the	C. K. Munroe.....	New York C. C.
Nethla.....	C. B. Vaux.....	New York C. C.
Lassie.....	B. H. Nadal.....	New York C. C.
Sea Urchin.....	H. O. Bailey.....	New York C. C.
Surge.....	H. T. Sinclair.....	Brooklyn C. C.
Guenn.....	Grant Edgar, Jr.....	Newburgh C. C.

Peggy was near the end and in the light from south. Guenn led over the course, winning easily. The times were: Guenn, 5:41:30; Nethla, 6:00:30; Lassie, 6:14:30; Peggy, 6:17.

Natbla	C. K. Munroe	New York C. C.
Las-ie	C. B. Vaux	New York C. C.
Tramp	C. J. Stevens	New York C. C.
Sea Urchin	B. H. Nadai	New York C. C.
Perry	Grant Edgar, Jr.	Newburgh C. C.
Ventricle	G. J. Jones	Hartford C. C.
Syph	E. Knappe	Springfield C. C.
Gluck	J. B. Bowles	Springfield C. C.
Pecowsic	E. H. Barney	Springfield C. C.
Blanche	Paul Butler	Vesper Club
Yvonne	W. Whitlock	Brooklyn C. C.
	H. T. Slack	Brooklyn C. C.

The latter two arrived after the race had started at 11:23 A. M., but were timed at 11:43 for Yvonne and 11:44 for Gueanu. The fleet worked close in shore out of the tide as far as Milton. Wadsworth they were out of sight. The boats were crowded with spectators. The gunnery was very good. The wind was light, but free, coming home. Blanche, a very handsome canoe of Spanish cedar, lost her mast at the start, breaking it off short at the deck. Gluck also broke her rudder head and withdrew. The times were: Entrance, winner, 1:30; Lash, 1:36; Gueanu, Peggy, 1:40; Yvonne, 1:46; Lechman, 1:56; 30; Lash, 1:59; Netla 1:40; 30; Yvonne 1:40; Trauer, 1:49.

After a lunch in the club house, the fleet mustered at 2:38 for a new race, this time around Buoy 18, then down with the ebb tide against a whole sail breeze, to the Clifton mark and home, the reverse of Saturday's course. Sylph, Gluck and Sea Urchin did not start. Venture and Lassie took the lead, turning Buoy 18 close together. Venture's windward work was very pretty, the two leaders sailing close by the side of each other. Venture's crew, especially the helmsman, were very smart and leewardward work was very good. Venture turned the Clifton mark first, but on the run home Lassie passed her, winning the race. The times were: Lassie 52:00, Venture 52:30, Peggy 55:00, Blanche 55:00, Yvonne 57:00, Guenue 1:00:30, Nethla 1:02:30. Pecowisc broke a rudder line and gave up. Tramp did not finish. Pecowisc is fitted with a fishtail rudder, a thin flexible blade of brass, rigidly fitted to the sternpost, and a thin, either side, taking a fair curve, by means of which the boat can turn to either side, taking a very long deck stroke. The defenders of the cup will be masters and leg-overs. The races will be held some time in September next. Messrs. Norton, Burchard and Rogers were the regatta committee for the three races, which were very well conducted in every way without the delay and confusion that is so common.

WEIGHT OF CENTERBOARDS.—Will some of the canoeists who are accurately informed on the subject, please tell through the FOREST AND STREAM how much weight it would add to a canoe to put in a four-section Atwood board 20in. long, each section 5in. wide; also added weight of same if 2in. long? Second, the race added weight for a Goodrich board 30x34in.? Third, did you add weight for a wide keel canoe? Fourth, did you add weight for the lightest standard patterns of boards mentioned, including trucks, bolts and all fittings. —LANEGBI.

VESPER BOAT CLUB REGATTA.—On June 29 the Vesper Boat Club, of Lowell, held their ninth annual regatta over the club course on the Merrimac River, opposite Middlesex. Beside the rowing races, a tandem paddling race took place, between E. S. Sherman and C. F. Nichols, and Paul Butler and Howard Gray. The latter team led at first, but soon fell back, Messrs. Sherman and Nichols winning by two lengths. The distance, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile with turn, was made in 5m. 25s.

There was a strong wind from N.W., making it a dead give to windward down Teddington Reach in lumpy water. Nautilus was first over the line, closely followed by Pearl, and both being under snug canvas. Nautilus sailing without a mizzen. Nautilus launched a windward wave, and Pearl, who was a little behind, was steering on a beam reach, and was fished rapidly. Sabrina soon weathered Catspaw, but the latter kept ahead of Akara. After rounding the buoy, Nautilus shook out a reef and set twizzen, and Pearl tried whole sail for the run up. Sabrina indulging in a spinnaker. No change took place in the relative positions of the canoes to the finish; but if it were not for the fact that Pearl, who was a little behind, was steering on a beam reach, and was fished rapidly, the results of the first round would have been different. The time of the first round was:

—*Field*, June 19. The annual regatta was sailed on June 26.

MOHICAN C. C. RACES.—Thursday, June 17.—Championship race, postponed twice on account of lack of wind. Marlon B. holds pennant until 1st event, Thursday, June 24.—Sixty-foot limit race, 1st event, Entries, seniors: Thetis, P. M. Wackerhagen, 56ft; Annie O., H. L. Thomas, 54ft.; Marlon B., R. S. Oliver, 57ft. Juniors: Arno, O. C. Cushman, 57ft.; — M. S. Smith, 58ft.; Mermaid, L. J. Prince, 55ft.; Chingachgook, W. Wheeler, 56ft. Wind light and variable. Canoes got away together and for the first quarter kept up an almost perfect alignment. The wind began to die away and for the remainder of the race was very variable. The boats were now getting slowly ahead and the tide began to run with fair lead, Marlon B. a good second, and Annie O. next; Arno and Chingachgook rounding together, — and Mermaid next. The beat home was a long drifting match. Thetis won easily in one hour and a half; Marlon B. second. Chingachgook managed to outpoint Arno and came in a good third, thereby winning the junior blue pennant from the former. Arno fourth, Annie O. fifth; others not taken as it was too late. The 2nd event, 40-foot limit race, postponed on account of the lack of wind. The Vesper was unsatisfactory for the last of the week. The 3rd event, 40-foot limit race, postponed on account of the lack of wind. The Vesper was unsatisfactory three times it becomes the property of P. M. Wackerhagen. The cup has been sailed for eight times, and has the name of each winner inscribed thereon. A new race will be substituted for the 60ft. limit. What with the Susquehanna trip and the Sunday cruises, the Upper Hudson and the cruise to Grindstone, the Turkeys got a good benefit out of their visit to the Potomac. They got a good amount of visitors of the Potomac, a beautiful week, and will give them a good time if they will enter, and a good time whether or not.—MARLON B.

On Thursday, July 1, Junior Race; prize, a senior pennant; open to all, but juniors only eligible for prizes. Entries: Juniors—Arno, H. C. Cushman; Mermaid, L. J. Prince; Chingachgook, Wm. Wheeler. Seniors—Vesper, R. W. Gibson; Marion B., R. S. Oliver. There would have been more contestants, but the canoes had been shipped away to the Upper Hudson for a cruise. The wind was light and the first half mile the seniors drew ahead; but the crew of the Vesper, disgusted with the light wind, deserted the side of the twin ship and withdrew from the race. Then he jumped overboard and enjoyed a swim, leaving the Marion B. to push on alone. The latter turned the buoy with a long lead and finished at home flag at 7:05. Meanwhile the juniors kept in a bunch and rounded the light stake together, the Chingachgook inside and the Arno and Mermaid close by. The sail home to windward was a drifting match and a tedious affair, and was not completed until 7:30. The Arno and Mermaid were the victors. Wm. Wheeler now flies the senior regatta pennant, and his name is placed on the roll with Gibson, Wacker, Hagen, Thomas, Thacher and Oliver. The bulk of the Turtles are of for a three days' cruise on the Upper Hudson and other waters.—MARION B.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Applications for membership have been received from the following: W. R. Burling, Newark, N. J.; William Scott, Ottawa, Canada; Harry F. McKendrick, Galt, Canada; E. A. Gardner, Seattle, Wash. Ter.; John T. P. Wright, Halifax, N. S.; C. J. Bonsfield, Bay City, Mich.

HALLOCK'S "ALASKA."—Mr. Charles Hallock, who is well known as an experienced traveler, and who has thoroughly studied Alaska and its resources, is about to issue an illustrated work, now on the presses of the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. It is entitled "Our New Alaska; or, the Seward Purchase Vindicated." The glowing account of the country from the pen of Mr. A. F. Swinford, who has so long identified with our most important iron ore interests, have contributed towards a general interest in the trade, and have served to pave the way for Mr. Hallock's work among what we hope will be some a large constituency.—*The Iron Age*, June 24.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

There are still many clubs not represented below, and some of the dates in the table are not official. We ask the aid of club secretaries and others in completing and correcting the list:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 6 to 11, Interlake Y. R. A. Cruise to Put In Bay. | 7. Beverly, Club, Mon. Beach. |
| 8. Great Head, Club, Winthrop. | 7. Quincy, Club. |
| 8. Quincy, Club. | 8. Quaker City, Review. |
| 10. Great Head, Club, Winthrop. | 9. Great Head, Club, Winthrop. |
| 10. Hull, Novelty, Hull. | 10. L. Y. R. A., Toronto. |
| 10. Corinthian, Cham, Marblehead. | 11. Great Head, Ladies, Winthrop. |
| 10. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport. | 14. Sandy Bay, Club, Squam. |
| 13. Beverly, Cham, Marblehead. | 14. Hull, Open, Hull. |
| 13. Great Head, Ladies, Winthrop. | 14. Beverly, Cham, Nahant. |
| 14. Hull, Cham., Hull. | 14-29. Quaker City, An. Cruise. |
| 15-17. Amer. (Steam), Annual. | 21. Beverly, Open, Marblehead. |
| 17. Sandy Bay, Cor., Rockport. | 24. Great Head, Cham, Winthrop. |
| 17 to 25. Knickerbocker, Cruise. | 25. Hull, Ladies, Hull. |
| 17. Jersey City, Annual. | 28. Corinthian, Club, Marblehead. |
| 17. Atlantic, Cruise. | 58. Hull, Cham., Hull. |
| 21. Hull, Ladies, Hull. | 28. Sandy Bay, Open, Squam. |
| 23. Boston, Cup, City Point. | |
| 24. Dechester, Club, Harrison. | SEPTEMBER. |
| 24. Beverly, Club, Mon. Beach. | 2. Boston, Cup, City Point. |
| 24. Corinthian, Ladies, Marblehead. | 3. Quincy, Club. |
| 24. Sandy Bay, Pen. Gloucester. | 4. Corinthian, Club, Harrison. |
| 24. Great Head, Cham, Winthrop. | 4. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach. |
| 24. Quincy, Club. | 4. Corinthian, Cham, Marblehead. |
| 27. Great Head, Club, Winthrop. | 4. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport. |
| 30. L. Y. R. A., Belleville. | 6. Newark, Open. |
| 31. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott. | 5. Quaker City, Cup, 2d Class. |
| 31. Hull, Cruise, Eastward. | 8. Great Head, Club, Winthrop. |
| 31. Sandy Bay, Ladies, Rockport. | 11. Hull, Cham., Hull. |
| | 11. Corinthian, Sweepstake, Marblehead. |
| | 11. Sandy Bay, Sweep, Gloucester. |
| | 17. Toledo, Pen., Toledo. |
| | 18. Quaker City, Review & Cruise. |
| | 18. Sandy Bay, Club, Rockport. |
| | 24. Great Head, Club, Winthrop. |
| | 25. Buffalo, Club, Lake Erie. |
| | 28. Beverly, Club, Nahant. |

THE 107th regatta. The first open sweepstakes was sailed at Monument Beach, July 3, in a moderate breeze, W. by S. at start, gradually shifting to S. by E.

In the first class, last year's champion, Surprise, was conspicuous by her absence; but the new Mollie, Hanley's latest, was on hand to fill her place.

The Vice-Commodore was first over the line, and was not passed, though close pressed by Creep, a new and large boat from Mattapoisett.

In second class Superior and Crawl, both new boats, made a close race, while in third class last year's rivals, Petrel and Fannie, had it nip and tuck. Summary as below:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Sailing length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Creep, E. C. Stratton.....	50.05	2 24 58	2 17 35
Mattie, Vice, Com. Stockton.....	28.10	2 25 83	2 16 30
Quisset, R. B. Hiller.....	39.06	3 32 42	3 24 27
Mabel, S. H. Perry.....	27.04	3 34 53	3 24 26
Mollie, J. Hill.....	37.00	3 35 14	3 24 25
Cuttyhunk, T. Aiken, Jr.....	39.08	3 35 49	2 27 44

SECOND CLASS.			
Superior, Wm. Phinney.....	37.00	2 30 28	2 19 44
Crawf, J. E. Hiller.....	26.04	2 30 38	2 19 05
Harold, L. E. Perry.....	24 07 14	2 39 42	2 26 08

THIRD CLASS.		
Fannie, F. W. Sargent.....	53 10	1 36 49
Petrel, G. H. Richards.....	30 07	1 34 47
Dolly, A. S. Hardy.....	32 98	1 54 09
Thetis, Alfred Dover.....	02	2 00 23
Mertie, A. F. Crowell.....	23 06	2 01 20
Judges—G. A. Goddard and W. Lloyd Jeffries, Judges' yacht,		1 51 16

The 108th regatta, the first of the season for the Buzzard's Bay pennant, was sailed off Monument Beach in a very strong S.S.W. wind. Mattie astonished every one by beating Surprise in her own weather; the latter being a little slow in shaking out her second reef at the start.

In second class Lestris and Mr. Curry's new boat made a very close race, the latter coming home free under two reefs, while Lestris had shaken all of hers out.

In third class Fannie avenged her defeat of the third on Petrel, the latter being shorthanded and unable to shake out her reef coming home. Summary as below:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected
Mattie, Vice-Com. Stockton.....	28.10	1 54 26	1 45 32
Surprise, Jas. M. Codmay.....	27.03	1 57 50	1 47 17
Myth, Thos. Parsons.....	27.04	1 58 53	1 48 26
Violet, G. H. Richards et al.....	27.06	2 06 54	1 56 33

SECOND CLASS.			
Lestris, Joshua Crane.....	24.02	2 11 22	1 57 15
————, Curry.....	25. 9	2 11 25	1 58 20?

THIRD CLASS.			
Fannie, F. W. Sargent.....	23 10	1 26 55	1 17 00
Dolly, A. S. Hardy.....	22.08	2 29 48	1 18 49
Petrel, G. H. Richards.....	20.07	1 30 17	1 17 14
Marysue Lawrence Stockton.....	21 11	1 35 06	1 23 25

Subject to the measurement of Mr. Curry's new boat prizes go as follows: First prizes and legs for pennants to Mattie, Lettris and Fannie. Second prizes to Petrel and Surprise. Myth is protested against for breaking the rule about Corinthian skippers.

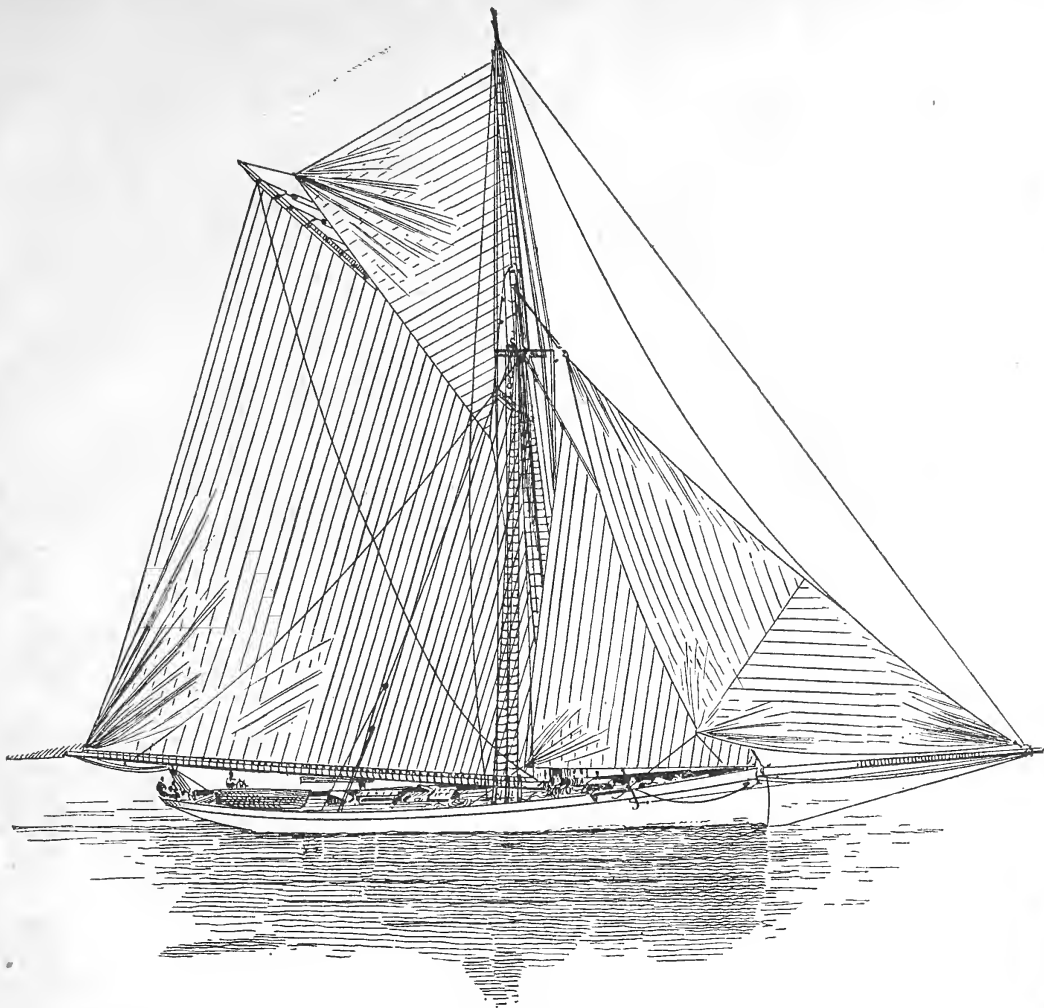
BLUE WITH A GOLD CASTLE.

THE following yachts of the New Jersey Y. C. started on a short cruise down the Bay, Saturday afternoon, July 3: Wayward, Capt. W. H. Dilworth and Fred Beltz, owners; catamaran Duplex

Vice Com. H. F. Ogden; Letitia, Louis Kayser; Growler; J. & J. Bell Eagle Wing, John Burliton, and George B. Deane, R. L. Dumbacher. The squadron got under way at 2 P. M. with a light breeze from southwest, tide, last of the ebb. Flood tide was met in the Narrows and after the fleet reached out by buoy 16 the wind died completely out, and all made the best of their way to an anchorage inside of Norton's point. A start was made at about 8 o'clock Sunday morning from the anchorage, and the yachts reached out by Norton's Point against the flood tide and a light southwest wind. Shortly after passing the point the flagship Wayward and the Growler made an interesting light bout, the flagship finally passing through the lee of the Growler, owing to the superior drawing of the former's jibtop sail. The Growler stood on down to the beach a while longer and then stood off toward the Hook. The Wayward holding her reach for about fifteen minutes longer when she went about and shaped her course for the Highlands and Sea Bright, getting out lines for bluefish. This was freshened perceptibly in reaching across here, and the jibtop sail was taken in off the Romer, and off the Highlands her gafftopsail was clewed up.

was clear and up. The Wayward stood on below Sea Bright and went about and stood up, getting out her spinnaker. Off the Scotland the Atlantic and Graying were met, the former being about three-quarters of a mile on the latter's weather bow. The Graying was footing with the Atlantic, but the latter seemed to be laying a point and a half higher. An anchorage was made at the steamboat dock inside the Hook at 6 o'clock, where a large fleet of yachts were found anchored and among them being the sloop Nirvana, the Duplex and Deane going on up the New Haven clubs; the Growler, others anchoring with the flagship Suresbury to Thompson's, Mr. T. H. had of the Atlantic and the main sails were exchanged between the Nirvana and Wayward. After a sail outside the Hook the squadron finally started home at 2 P. M., the Wayward picking up her moorings at 6 o'clock and the Eagle Wing about five minutes later, all getting in before 6 o'clock.

In the sail up, the Atlantic and Grayling were met beating out to the Hook, the former being about a minute and a half ahead. In the reach out, while the Grayling seemed to foot equally as fast as the Atlantic, she did not point up with her, there being the same difference in the wind on the two boats. The wind on Sunday the Grayling seemed to go down the weather of the Atlantic, going out from under the lee of the Atlantic having her balloon jibtopsail set. So it would seem that, while the Atlantic beats Grayling to windward, off the wind the Grayling is equally fast.



MAYFLOWER.

EASTERN Y. C. 16TH REGATTA, JUNE 29.

THE race of last week at Boston brought to an end one of the most interesting series of races that has taken place in the history of our yachting; races that derive a special importance from the fact that they mark plainly the great changes that have taken place in American yachting, and still further, from the indications which they give of its future. While the weather in the three earlier races at New York was not favorable to a thorough estimate of the qualities of the boats, that of June 29 left nothing to be desired in that respect; while, of the four served to emphasize some important points that claim the attention of all.

The first of these concerns most the past history of yachting, the yachts of yesterday, now noticeable chiefly from their absence. In the 4 races a total of 59 yachts competed, making 93 starts in all; 42 yachts with 71 entries being single stick vessels. Excluding the 4 new yachts as a special class, and considering only the classes which have existed for years here, we find 33 yachts with 57 starts in the 4 races. Of these only 23 were of the old centerboard type, 4 of them having lead keels; 4 were of the new centerboard lead keel type, 5 were keel sloops of mixed models, and 6 were thorough cutters. The entries of these boats were: Old sloops 33, 6 first prizes; new type 8, 2 firsts; mixed keels 5, no prizes; cutters 11, 8 firsts. The figures in tabular form are as follows:

Old Sloops. New Type. Mixed Keels. Cutters. Total.				
Number of yachts.....	23	4	5	38
Entries.....	23	8	5	36
Prizes, 1sts and 2ds.....	9	3	—	12
Prizes, 1sts.....	6	2	—	8

The list of sloops is increased by some small boats entered in one or two races.

The above table tells its own lesson without any comment; the races were the representative ones of the section which has always been the leading one in American yachting. The boats which once comprised the entire fleet have now actually passed away, their figure but poorly in the entries and worse in the wins, and the prizes go to expatriated British yachts or their fellows of American build, while to the latter also is largely due the interest in the races, the onus of the work falling on a few of them.

The conclusions which follow these facts, however, must be modified by a second and most important feature of the races, the advent of a new class in our regular club regattas. In every race the performances of these new boats have dwarfed entirely all other features; the large schooners have been completely overlooked; and some wonderful work in the smaller classes has attracted no comment nor attention, all the interest concentrating in Puritan, Priscilla, Mayflower and Atlantic. Of course this interest is largely due to the success of the class representative last fall in the Cup race; a success which has awakened a national pride, not only among yachtsmen, but among people of all classes, and in the most remote inland sections; while it has also excited to a degree previously unknown, the friendly rivalry between our two great yachting centers, New York and Boston.

These yachts have proved very fast indeed, a quality which, above all others, must commend them to racing yachtsmen, while in beauty and imposing appearance they ask no odds from the largest of the schooners. What is to be their future is an unknown and important problem that at this moment cannot be answered. It seemed last year as though when the special purpose for which they were built existed no longer, they would be converted into schooners, owing to the increased handiness and lessened cost of running. Since then, however, two new ones have been built, the old ones have found single owners instead of the syndicates that originally built them, and their advantages have become apparent. The mere possession of one is in itself a distinction, the room is such as to make life aboard very much more comfortable than in the old 70ft. class; as racers they are very fast and far ahead of the schooners, and it seems probable that the new first class will become a permanent institution. They are the leading feature of the yachting of to-day, and already have exercised a visible influence on design and construction in this country.

Much as we are concerned with the present, a far more important subject of study for all friends of our great national sport is the future of American yachting and especially the coming new national type. It is beyond dispute that the boats of even five or six years since, to say nothing of the older ones, have had their day. They have virtually disappeared, and with them the false and mischievous theories on which they were constructed; and now the question is, What shall succeed them? A year ago it seemed probable that the extreme English cutter would come into general favor here to a greater degree than any other type. Had Genesta won—and we know that she was beaten by a very small margin in the race which really decided for the time the possession of the Cup—we not only would have built narrow cutters, but with that characteristic tendency to go to greater extremes than any one else has done, we should have built cutters longer, narrower and deeper than any of the real articles. That such boats, whatever excellence they might have possessed in point of speed and safety, would suit the general want is hardly probable. The conditions here differ too much from those which have produced the extreme cutter abroad, and tried by these conditions the type would probably in time have given place to something better suited to local requirements.

Puritan won by a minute and a half, cutter stock fell and no cut-

ters have since been built here. The new boats of the season have, as was to be expected, followed very closely the victorious boat, the two most noticeable examples being Cinderella in New York and the new Vandal in Boston. Let us see what this new type really is. First and foremost it has the centerboard, a thoroughly American feature; but this board works through a distinctly marked keel, projecting some distance below the hull proper, and this keel is of lead. Of these features, form and material, the latter is peculiar to English practice, and the former has always been the exception here and the rule in England. Again, these boats possess the beam that is a characteristic of American as distinguished from English practice, though this beam is less than it was a few years since and promises to decrease still more. This, it is true, is a great difference, a Mayflower of 38ft. and a Galatea of 15ft. on the same length; but to offset this the rig of these new boats is taken bodily from the pure cutter type except as to the two minor details, a laced mainsail and a fixed bowsprit. Two of the four boats have indeed followed to a certain extent the proportions of the sloop rig only to change for the cutter, in one case with a very marked improvement, the other not having yet been tried. In depth, draft and displacement the new type has nothing in common with the ancient flatrons, but leans strongly toward the same narrow cutter, approaching nearer all the time.

This, then, is the boat hailed in some quarters as a representative of American ideas; a boat derived mainly from a thorough study of English, not American practice and theory, untrammelled by the rule which has put British designers under such a handicap. No doubt the type has much to recommend it, no doubt but that it is well adapted to our wants, but the battle was not fought out to a close

last September, and there is plenty of fight still left in the narrow cutter before she is driven from our waters. Genesta was beaten, Galatea may be, but to-day, when the first craze after a novelty has well worn off, the cutters are holding the leading places in our races and taking the prizes from all but the big four. This year they already claim half the wins. Bedouin promises to rival her string of 1884, 8 firsts to 9 starts, while Clara has proved simply a marvel to all who have watched her racing. Narrowest of the narrow, deeper than any, she has sailed eight races this season and won eight firsts, leaving all her class far behind at the finish and cutting in ahead of most of the class above. In view of the success of even this one boat of the type, its possibilities for speed must be admitted, and speed will always be at a premium here. These two types, then, the narrow keel cutter built under the Y. R. A. rule, and the wide centerboard cutter built outside of such a rule, are pitted against each other, the only part left to the American sloop being to blunder about the courses and get in the way of the real competitors; what will be the result of the contest?

Just here may be noted a curious point that has never been commented on. In the past a man largely shaped his yachting by the boats at his command. Except in the large schooner class where keels were sometimes found there was no boat to be had here but a shoal, wide centerboard yacht of light displacement and badly canvassed and ballasted. Provided with this boat he soon found the limit within which it was not too dangerous, and carefully kept within that boundary, except in a very few instances. How is it to-day? The modern yachtsman has a range of vessels offered to him that are suited to all purposes, the shoal sharpie for Florida, the medium boat for our ordinary harbors, the newer and deeper type for racing and a wider range of cruising, and the cutter of moderate beam, like Bedouin or narrower, like the Clara, for holder flights seaward. The difference is easily seen, of old the yachting was made to fit one type of yacht; to-day a dozen varieties of vessels offer a choice of any kind of yachting, while the yachtsman has been trained to exercise thought and judgment in the selection of a boat for his special ends. One result must follow this, that no single type will be adopted to the exclusion of all others, but that several will flourish side by side, varying from each other as much as the Great South Bay and the sounds and passages of Florida do from the broad Atlantic. Of these types the leading ones for many a day will in all probability be either like Puritan, or a keel cutter of greater beam than is permissible under the English rule.

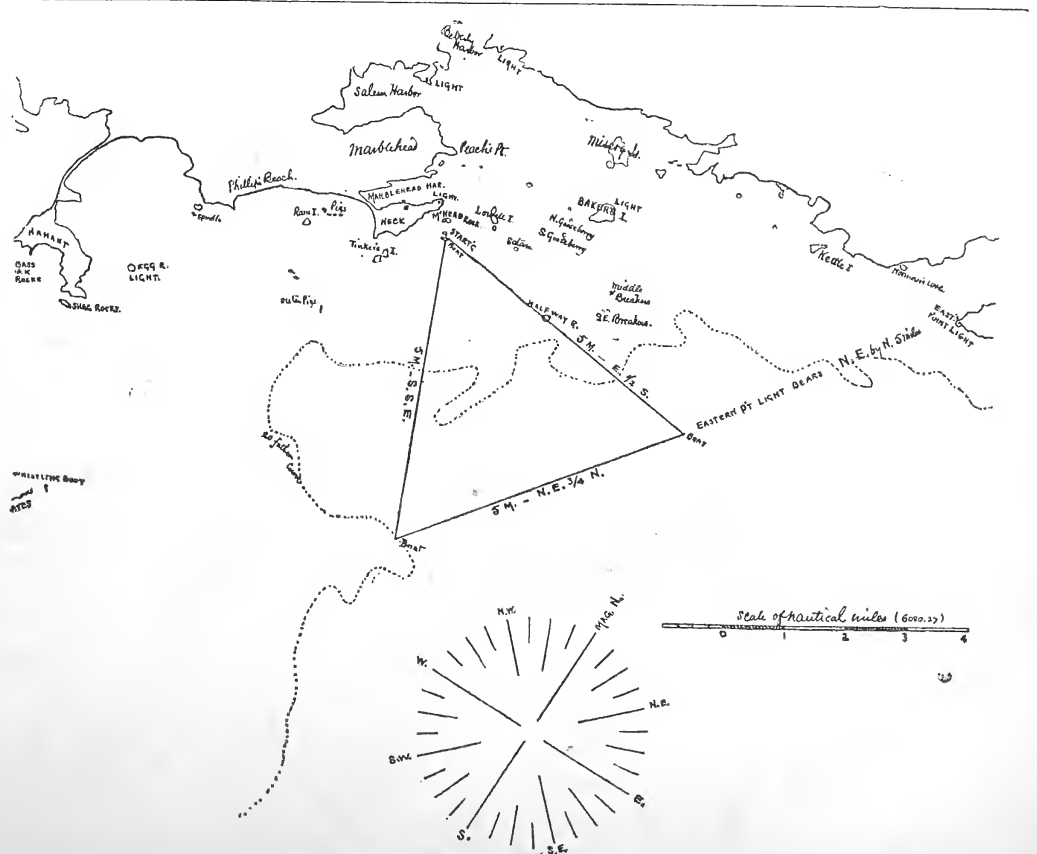
Intimately connected with the future of yachting is a subject that has been brought up more prominently than ever before in the late races; that of a racing classification. Let it be understood, first and foremost, that an agitation of this subject is not throwing another stone into the now comparatively quiet waters of the time allowance question. No such disturbance is intended and none will ensue. American yacht clubs may follow the charmingly insane methods of time allowance and measurement that have long been dear to too many of them, and at the same time may join in an effort to establish a sensible system of division into classes according to waterline length, the allowance between various yachts in each class not being in the least affected. Never before has the subject been brought so prominently into notice as in these races, and especially in that of last week.

The classification in each of our clubs has grown up in a desultory way, entirely independent of any scientific or reasonable basis. Certain sizes of yachts have become popular in each club and the classes have followed the accidental grouping. In time, as yachts were added, they were built for one of these classes, and as long as no interclub contests arose there was no trouble. Following the impulse given to yachting of late years, open races have become much more common, and the boats of one club may be found in the races of half a dozen others in a season. Now, no two are likely to have the same system of classification, as is well instanced in the four large clubs in question. The New York has heretofore divided its single stick yachts as follows: 55ft. and over under 55ft., and not under 45ft.; under 45ft. The Seawanhaka has followed these classes, adding two: 35ft. and less than 45; under 35ft. The Atlantic has 60ft. and over; 50ft. and under 60ft.; 42ft. and under 50ft.; 35ft. and under 42ft.; 30ft. and under 35ft.; 26ft. and under 30ft.; under 26ft. In the Eastern Y. C. it is 55ft. or over; 40ft. and under 55ft.; 30ft. and under 40ft. Now a new class has claimed a place, and to meet it the New Y. C. has established a class of 70ft. and over, just bringing in a yacht which has no place in the class, and narrowly escaping a serious difficulty; the S. C. Y. C. have made their limit 71ft., an odd figure, to suit the same yacht; the E. Y. C. have gone up to 75ft., while the A. Y. C. simply offered an extra prize for a special class.

The fault of such a lack of system are readily seen where yachts may be built to class in one club and then wish to race in another, while the shortcomings of the individual methods were well shown in the E. Y. C., where Uluda, a 10-tonner of 42ft., was matched with Clara, a 30-tonner of 55ft. At no previous time has the subject attained to such importance, which must increase from year to year; and at no time in the future can a change be made so readily and with so little friction as now. Our yachts are of all sizes, while just at present the fleet of actual racers is very small. Year by year as new yachts are built in each club the difficulty of changing becomes greater. The subject is far too important a one to do justice to here, but we leave it to the consideration of yachtsmen, promising to take it up at an early date in a more thorough manner.

Passing from a general consideration of the subject to the last race of the series one point of difference between this race and its predecessors is very plain as far as the large yachts are concerned. In the three races at New York the times showed little, the results were not conclusive and a careful analysis of the race was necessary to any fair estimate of the yachts. At Boston all was different, a slashing breeze sent them flying over a course that was perfectly fair to all, and no study of details is necessary to reach a definite conclusion.

To Puritan must undoubtedly be awarded the first place on account of her splendid work; Mayflower did very well at times and fully bore out our opinion that she will ultimately prove the fastest of the four. Priscilla sailed very fast, steaming over the first two



MAP OF E. Y. C. COURSE.

logs in the van of the fleet, carrying sail well and making a good show all day; but once on the wind she was not in it with Puritan, and it does not seem that she ever will be. Both she and her antagonists were well sailed all day, the wind was the same to all, and there was no fluking; but on the wind Puritan left her fairly and squarely, making up in a few tacks the long distance she had lost.

After the fluky winds and provoking calms of New York, Marblehead breezes were very welcome to the yachtsmen, while the place had much to recommend it. A beautiful harbor where hundreds of yachts may lie unmolested by trading craft, an open course within half a mile of its mouth, the neighboring bays for small yacht sailing, and in place of the garbage and oil-polluted waters of New York, a clear, green tide that shows the keels of the deepest boats clearly. Add to this a picturesque shore, lined with handsome summer cottages perched on the rocks, from which latter a view of the course may be had, a handsome club house and good water for the deepest boats almost up to the shore, and the place makes a perfect yachtsman's paradise.

Here on Monday were gathered a fleet of yachts of all sizes and rigs, from the huge Ambassador down to little Shona. Among the schooners were Gitana, Fortuna, Mohican, Dautless, Meta, Adrienne, Intrepid, Una, Marion Wentworth, Tempest, Fearless, Alice and Tioga, with a number of smaller ones. Priscilla lay at anchor near the middle of the harbor, Mayflower came in at evening and dropped hook alongside, Puritan followed and took a berth further out and nearer the Neck shore. Stranger came over from the Beverly and laid near Mayflower, while Bedouin remained at her usual anchorage off Beverly. Boston turned out a large fleet, though there was little fight in them and few entered. Huron, Thetis, Active, Addie, Volante, Shadow, Rondina, Maud, Hera, Imperia, North Star, Lapwing, Alga, Fad, Saracen, Nimbus, Azir, were all in the harbor on Monday. New York sent a small but select fleet, Priscilla, Bedouin, Clara and Uldia, all first in their classes at home.

New York was once supposed to be the home of the sloop, but she has to depend for her proper representation abroad almost entirely on the cutter tribe, large and small. Clara and Uldia sailed around from New York to Marblehead, sailed the race, the former winning as a matter of course, and then topped booms for New York again, to be in at Larchmont on Monday, a performance hardly worthy of comment when performed by a cutter, but what a grand hurrah there would be if a small New York sloop had tried such a lengthy voyage merely for one race.

A new course was laid out this year that brought dismay to the hearts of masters and crews, a triangle with five mile sides, two rounds to make the thirty-mile course. Handling spinnakers and balloon jibtopsails over five-mile legs in a good breeze is no fun, however useful and necessary the drill may be, and there was some grumbling at first, but once away the work was not so hard as they had feared. The course was a triangle, with the starting stakeboat at one angle, about a third of a mile south-southeast from Marblehead Rock; thence to a boat moored five miles east half south, directly in the range of Half-way Rock; thence to a boat or tug moored five miles southwest three fourths south from this eastern mark and five miles south-southeast from the starting stakeboat.

This course was to be sailed twice over by all but the smallest class, which was to make but one round; the direction in which the yachts were to start being governed by the wind. The prizes offered were: First class schooners, \$250; second class schooners, \$120; third class schooners, \$50; first class sloops, \$250; second class sloops, \$150; third class sloops, \$75; fourth class sloops, \$50. The entries were:

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.			
	Sailing Length.	Allows.	
Mohican, K. H. D. Burnham	104.50		
Gitana, K. W. F. Weld	96.23	2 35	
Fortuna, K. H. S. Hovey	94.50	3 23	
SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.			
Alice, K. W. L. Lockhart	78.60	8 45	
Meta, C. B. A. Lawrence	64.21	8 45	
Gevalia, K. G. M. Winslow	60.00	12 41	
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.			
Mayflower, C. B. C. J. Faine	87.83	1 08	
Priscilla, C. B. C. J. Faine	85.45	1 58	
Puritan, C. B. J. Malcolm Forbes	83.85	1 58	
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.			
Bedouin, K. Archibald Rogers	71.45	3 11	
Huron, K. William Gray, Jr.	66.20	3 31	
Stranger, K. George H. Warren	65.80	3 31	
Thetis, C. B. Henry Bryant	65.50	3 51	
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.			
Active, C. B. Charles Kenney	54.80		
Clara, K. Charles Scott	54.28		
Uldia, K. E. M. Padelford	43.00	11 45	
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.			
Shona, K. C. H. Tweed	35.23		

The entries in the old classes are but meager, and the field is left almost undisputed to the cutters and keel boats. Only 5 centerboards to 12 keels, and of the former 3 had lead keels in addition to their boards. Boston is noted for its large yacht fleet, especially under 50ft., but here in the principal races of the year no home boats turn out to do battle with the visiting cutters. For several years the leading yachts have been closely watched on the South side, and races in British waters have been familiar, by name and reputation, with Americans are thoroughly familiar with the Scotch side, and Shona, in the reports of our home races, and to see Clara under the blue ensign and Uldia flying the Royal Thames burgee in the midst of the fleet of American yachts. A man has to turn round and shake himself and to stop for a moment to think whether this is really the rocky coast of New England or some little loch on the Scotch coast, where these northern flyers originally came. The lack of entries is a most embarrassing subject with the working members of our clubs, whose labors are often in vain, and a remedy may probably be found in the classification alluded to. The state of the case at present is far from encouraging. With their boasted supremacy threatened by narrow invaders, the whole fleet, wide keels and wider centerboards, should have turned out, instead of which they left to one boat, the Active, the defense of their cause.

The weather of Tuesday was of the best, clear, not too warm for June, a bright sky, smooth water, and a light, rattling breeze from the west, no fog, zephyr, but a blast that stretched the canvas and tried the gear in a way that has not been done before this season. The direction of the course was over the southerly leg first, a broad reach, then with booms further off over starboard quarters; and a dead hammer to windward on the last leg. The programme for the start was as follows:

At 11, or 30m. before starting, a flag, bearing the number of the course to be sailed, will be hoisted on the Kew-Forest Committee steamer.

At 11:30, a warning signal five minutes before start by lowering a numbered flag, hoisting a blue flag and blowing a whistle.

At 11:30, start of first class schooners and sloops by lowering the blue flag and blowing a long whistle. Five minutes time limit for this class to start.

At 11:35, a short whistle for limit of time for first class to start.

At 11:40, start of the second class schooners and sloops, and also warning to third and fourth classes by lowering blue flag (hoisted one minute previously) and blowing a whistle.

At 11:45, start of the remaining yachts by lowering a blue flag (hoisted one minute before) and blowing the whistle.

All but the first class yachts shall start from the signal for their respective classes, and no time limit will be allowed. Their time will be taken from the signal of their class. In case of delay in the first signal the same intervals will be allowed.

The starting line was awkwardly placed, making it very difficult to cross at the start and finish, and in the water were made worse by the behavior of many of the yachts which attended. Scores of these came in one day, and many anchored about the line in utter disregard of the racers, refusing to move when requested. The matter is bad enough in New York, but the conduct of some of these small yachts was a disgrace to their owners.

With the big races now common some legislation has become necessary, and one or more public boats with full authority to clear the water, in obedience to a signal from the judges' boat she put back, and lost several minutes in working into position, throwing her well astern. The times of the start were:

Priscilla	12 07 25	Gevalia	12 17 30
Gitana	12 08 17	Meta	12 18 02
Fortuna	12 09 22	Stranger	12 18 41

Mohican	12 09 33	Alice	12 19 03
Puritan	12 11 35	Clara	12 20 03
Mayflower	12 12 06	Shona	12 20 52
Bedouin	12 15 00	Active	12 22 02
Huron	12 15 53	Uldia	12 25 00
Thetis	12 17 01		

The five-mile leg was made in quick time, the fleet in a long string, Priscilla leading the group, and Mayflower, but for form and style the latter finally. Mayflower gained on Puritan. The order at the first mark was: Gitana, Priscilla, Fortuna, Mohican, Puritan, Mayflower, Huron, Thetis, Bedouin, Stranger. Gitana tried a spinnaker to port, but soon took it in, while Priscilla had her boom ready but did not set the canvas on it. With booms over starboard quarters they still held the pace, Priscilla pulling up through Gitana's weather and again leading until it seemed as if she would be first at second mark, but Gitana cut her out at the last moment. A pretty fight followed between the two white ones, ending by Mayflower going to windward of Puritan and leading her for a time. The times at the second mark, when the fleet hauled on the wind, were:

Gitana	1 03 18	Bedouin	1 21 02
Priscilla	1 04 06	Meta	1 21 06
Fortuna	1 04 48	Stranger	1 21 42
Mohican	1 07 23	Gevalia	1 22 10
Mayflower	1 08 02	Clara	Not timed.
Gitana	1 10 25	Uldia	Not timed.
Huron	1 15 57	Uldia	Not timed.
Alice	1 20 07	Shona	Not timed.
Thetis	1 20 10		

Over the ten miles then sailed the elapsed times were: Mayflower 55:56, Priscilla 56:41 and Puritan 56:50. Thus Mayflower had really sailed fastest, but Priscilla had proved much stiffer, carrying her kites well when the other had heeled badly at times and shown herself to be a boat of more wind resistance. A pretty fight followed between the two white ones, ending by Mayflower going to windward of Puritan and leading her for a time. The times at the second mark, when the fleet hauled on the wind, were:

Gitana	1 03 18	Bedouin	1 21 02
Priscilla	1 04 06	Meta	1 21 06
Fortuna	1 04 48	Stranger	1 21 42
Mohican	1 07 23	Gevalia	1 22 10
Mayflower	1 08 02	Clara	Not timed.
Gitana	1 10 25	Uldia	Not timed.
Huron	1 15 57	Uldia	Not timed.
Alice	1 20 07	Shona	Not timed.
Thetis	1 20 10		

A comparison of times on the five-mile beat shows plainly the ability of Puritan and also the great superiority in such work of the singlestickers over the schooners. The elapsed times were:

Puritan	1 53 27	Thetis	2 21 56
Priscilla	1 55 16	Clara	2 26 23
Mayflower	1 57 07	Gevalia	2 32 40
Fortuna	2 01 45	Meta	2 31 15
Gitana	2 10 35	Active	Not timed.
Mohican	2 14 28	Alice	Not timed.
Bedouin	2 15 42	Uldia	Not timed.
Stranger	2 18 58		

Tous, taking account of superior size, the schooners are beaten, taking the average of the three boats in each class, 15 minutes in five miles. The gain of Puritan over her fellows is a fair one, made on even sailing and with no perceptible fluking.

Down the fourth leg the positions did not change; the yachts were not timed at the lower turn and only a few at the lee mark, as follows:

Puritan	2 46 35	Fortuna	2 55 45
Priscilla	2 49 05	Gitana	3 06 38
Mayflower	2 52 24		

Again the boats came by the wind for a final bout, this time Puritan well ahead and gaining. Mayflower again took in topsail and soon after she hauled her topmast, with a benefit that was at once apparent. Puritan followed, while Priscilla lost some time before hers was properly lowered, costing her a little distance. Puritan led toward Beverly on port tack and went to windward. Mayflower made the first cast to starboard tack, going on port tack soon after toward Beverly. At 3:11 Priscilla tacked, but Mayflower held on and a short time afterward crossed her bows. Priscilla now made a long leg in toward Beverly, apparently far astern of Mayflower, the latter working shorter legs on a more direct course, but when the black boat finally came up for the line it was seen that she would lead the race, taking ahead of her just at this line and going on ahead. The other boats came in slowly, Fortuna still ahead in her class. Gitana beat Alice and Meta, Bedouin, Clara and Shona taking the prizes in their classes. After the big boats finished it was a sight to see the mosquito fleet scuttling off for home before nightfall, dozens of white sails in all directions. The only serious mishap of the day was the capsizing of a centerboard boat and the drowning of four men near the finish. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Puritan	12 10 00	3 31 50	3 24 50	3 23 00
Mayflower	12 10 00	3 38 35	3 28 35	3 28 35
Priscilla	12 07 25	3 37 30	3 30 05	3 28 57
Fortuna	12 09 32	3 48 20	3 38 48	3 35 25
Gitana	12 03 17	4 03 15	3 54 58	3 52 23
Mohican	12 09 33	4 18 48	4 09 15	4 09 15

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gevalia	12 15 00	4 40 20	4 25 20	4 25 20
Alice	12 15 00	5 00 50	4 45 50	4 45 50
Bedouin	12 15 00	4 06 40	3 51 40	3 51 40
Stranger	12 15 00	4 13 08	3 58 08	4 54 37
Thetis	12 15 00	4 20 21	4 05 21	4 01 33

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Clara	12 20 00	4 33 00	4 13 00	4 12 00
Active	12 20 00	4 37 55	4 17 55	4 37 25
Uldia	12 20 00	5 15 35	4 55 35	4 43 50

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Shona	12 20 03	3 06 31	2 46 30	2 43 30

Huron withdrew in consequence of an accident, as noted.

The table above requires little explanation. Puritan won her victory by honest work to windward, and while Priscilla has the legs of her down wind, she cannot make up on the weather work sufficiently to come in winner. In Crocker's hands Puritan is undoubtedly as good as ever. Priscilla has been wonderfully improved since last year, as shown not only in the work she does, but in the way she does it, and as a very fast boat. After her work last week, however, it looks as though she had reached almost the limit of her speed under such conditions, and as if her place in the future would be after, not before, Puritan. No small part of her success this year lies with her owner, and he will evidently get all the speed out of her iron bottom that it is capable of, and may yet surprise us all; but we must wait for the future.

Gitana, with her new bow, is going better, but still is unable to take better than second place alongside of Fortuna. The latter was handled well all day and added still further to her fame as a racer. In second class Gevalia won with ease from her two competitors.

Huron was doing well when her bobsayr was killed and crippled her. Thetis was in the hands of her skipper, Bryant being on board of Puritan, and he devoted himself mainly to showing how much sail she could carry rather than how fast she could go. Bedouin wins her third prize this year and is sailing far better than last season. Stranger, too, shows a great improvement in her new rig, making a good race, though handicapped by an error of others at the start.

Active came to grief aloft, but probably lost little by it in the strong wind. At any rate, she held on and sailed a good race, though not a winner. Clara led the class of course, but Captain Barr's skillful handling, and though she was poorly provided with opponents, she came sufficiently near the class above to show her real speed. Uldia

was far too small for the class and had no place in it, but went in a true sporting spirit, and the same took Shona over the course alone, none of the Boston cracks showing up to give the little stranger a race. Her crew are made to fit her beam, young Charles Barr, brother of Clara's skipper, and John Junior, son of the latter, a young sailor man of twelve years, who promises some day to make a worthy successor to his father.

Of course the pattern for imposing appearance must go to such yachts as Fortuna and Mayflower, but for form and style the little black lead pencil, as some call her, can hold her own with any. With a boat of moderate proportions beauty of form is obtained with comparative ease, but given an extreme length of 40ft., and a beam of little over 5ft., on which to build a boat at once fast and handsome, and the task is far different. A look at any of our fastest cutters will show this, as in spite of other red-eming features in looks, they all show the flat side and many a heavy bilge low down. With Shona it is not so, but her narrow sides are beautifully rounded and her long counter is as delicately shaped as a black marble statue, every curve and contour showing the hand of an artist as well as a successful designer.

After the races most of the yachts anchored in Marblehead Harbor, Puritan sailing for Boston. Mayflower left next morning, Priscilla followed later, bound for a short cruise; in the afternoon Clara and Uldia weighed for the return trip, and the quiet old town settled down to its wonted business of rowing dories and driving shoe pegs as though it had never wakened from its monotonous round to go wild for a day over a yacht race.

BOSTON CITY REGATTA, JULY 5.

A LARGE fleet of yachts sailed in the annual city regatta on Monday, in a good easterly breeze, the start being made in a dense fog. Stranger, Shadow, Lapwing, won easily in their classes, the finish being closer with the smaller boats. The keel cutter Lapwing, 35x10x7ft., beats the keel sloop Azir, 33x13x8ft., over half an hour, while cutter Aeolus pushed the latter closely. In the third class four keel boats, Banneret, Lizzie F. Daly, Echo and Kitty were the leaders, the two former beating all the centerboard boats. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Stranger, G. H. Warren	64.07	3 48 14	3 28 52
Siren, King & Clark	40.01	4 58 24	4 15 04

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Shadow, Dr. John Bryant	34.10	2 50 16	2 16 24
Nimbus, A. J. Souther	33.03	2 57 25	2 22 47
Magie, K. C. Neal	32.02	3 03 24	3 26 09

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lapwing, C. A. Welch, Jr.	36.00	3 04 52	2 33 06
Breeze, George Martin, Jr.	29.00	3 40 10	3 02 49
Azir, William McCormick	33.00	3 40 14	3 05 39
Aeolus, Jacob Rood	27.00	3 48 29	3 06 22

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Thetis, S. A. Freeman	20.03	1 54 52	1 16 51
Nerd, C. F. Colby	20.05	1 54 55	1 16 57
Atlanta, F. R. Thomas	27.02	1 43 15	1 18 25
Tyrant, H. P. Well	20.05	1 56 40	1 18 52
Lizzie R., G. Ratcliffe	22.01	1 28 26	1 42 54
Black Cloud, Brown & Wheeler	26.06	1 55 00	1 19 21
Sunshine, Haskell	20.00	2 16 06	1 37 41
Erin, John Cavanagh	36.00	2 03 41	1 32 41
Thrasher, C. G. Garraway	30.03	2 13 36	1 35 06
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	30.06	2 06 25	1 36 50
Sea Gull, Mr. Neswick	30.03	2 23 12	1 44 42
Greta, W. S. Hill	22.07	1 56 24	1 21 30

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Banneret, J. F. Brown	33.09	1 46 31	1 13 02
Lizzie F. Daly, Wm. Daly, Jr.	25.11	1 47 05	1 16 00
Echo, Mr. Burwell	24.00	1 51 05	1 17 53
Kitty, Mr. Tarbell	22.08	1 52 58	1 18 10
Wanda, George W. Griffin	23.07	1 52 29	1 32 35
Venture, W. C. Cherrington	23.00	2 04 25	1 30 50
Lillian, S. Ponce	23.02	2 02 09	1 28 57
Cooper, Thomas Scannell	23.00	2 08 48	1 34 25
Volante, J. M. Hall	23.00	2 15 39	1 41 16
Cycla, W. H. Doherty	24.00	2 17 35	1 44 23
Optic, G. S. Hutchinson	25.06	2 14 44	1 30 12
Thelga, B. G. Hall	21.03	2 07 42	1 31 03

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Em Ell Eye, P. M. Bond	19.03	1 38 00	1 06 21
Ton-can, G. G. Weld	19.00	1 40 28	1 08 31
Tartar, F. L. Dunne	19.10	1 41 03	1 10 08
Zoe, Ambrose Martin	18.00	1 45 40	1 12 24
Georgia, A. F. Morrill	19.01	2 29 22	1 57 31
Crusader, A. Wilson	19.01	1 49 04	1 17 12
Mabel, G. R. Howe	19.03	1 44 36	1 13 04
Pet, J. McFarland	19.00	1 51 00	1 19 03
Spray, H. Dinsmore	19.00	2 02 38	1 33 49
Sheerwater, C. H. Woodsum	18.06	1 50 46	1 17 30
Waver, W. E. Sheriffs	18.10	2 01 06	1 23 56
Reri, H. Parkman	18.06	1 45 56	1 13 20

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vesper, R. H. Berner	18.05	1 45 11	1 12 28
Zeta, G. E. Fowle	18.09	1 45 04	1 12 48
Willie, W. H. Rudwick	17.07	1 49 07	1 15 17
Charlotte, Cross Kelly	17.04	1 55 31	1 21 19
Hard Times, Wm. Geyer	18.06	1 54 14	1 21 38
Lillie, N. M. Wells	17.06	2 06 25	1 28 28
Ruby, C. Anderson	17.02	2 19 43	1 48 05
Elf, W. R. Gilman	17.00	2 21 21	1 45 21

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Flora Lee, D. L. Lincoln	16.02	1 44 18	1 08 22
Elia, C. A. Borden	16.03	1 46 02	1 10 14
Elia F. H. W. Burr	16.00	1 47 37	

LARCHMONT Y. C. SPRING REGATTA, JULY 5.

YACHT clubs, and especially their regatta committees, will find much food for reflection in the list of 50 entries, which places the seventh annual regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. ahead of older and larger clubs this season. This may be due, to a certain extent, to the small boats of the club's home fleet; but further than this, a glance at the list will show the presence of a number of fast yachts gathered from about New York and the Sound and making a very respectable showing for the club. In the matter of entries this year, the Atlantic Y. C. stands next to the Larchmont, which fact suggests the idea that the division of classes has something to do with it.

CLASS A.	Length.	Allows.	Length.	Allows.
Speranza.....	85.04
Nirvana.....
CLASS B.				
Clio.....	70.08 1/2	4 45
Triton.....	62.00	4 45
Leona.....	60.03	5 43
CLASS C.				
Cinderella.....	57.10
Clara.....	56.11	55
CLASS D.				
Athlon.....	54.08
Daphne.....	47.08	5 03
Udida.....	46.00	6 26
CLASS E.				
Crocodile.....	40.08
Santapogue.....	40.06	50
Rival.....	39.10	1 41
Surf.....	38.00	3 40
Mariota.....	35.02	7 05
CLASS F.				
Lotus.....	32.03
Madeline.....	32.00	38
Volusia.....	32.00	38
Idleran.....	32.00	38
Carrie.....	31.06	1 12
Gracie T.....	31.00	1 47
Arab.....	29.10	3 13
Mignonette.....	29.00	4 16
Nymph.....	29.00	4 16
Mona.....

The measurements given are the lengths on a line parallel to the water and 2 per cent. of waterline length above it. Money prizes were offered in all classes, beside the Connor Cup for Class C, the Gould Cup for Classes 1 and 2, and two money prizes of \$50, each for best elapsed time in the latter classes. There was no wind in the morning, and it was 1:30 before a light S.W. breeze sprang up, and the start was ordered. The club courses, No. 1. and II., of 22 and 17 miles, were sailed, the latter by Classes 3 to 5. The first signal was given at 1:37, and at 1:42 the fleet was started, going off very evenly as follows:

Impulse.....	1 42 32	Daphne.....	1 45 57
La Perichole.....	1 42 36	Zoe.....	1 45 59
Crocodile.....	1 43 51	Carrie.....	1 46 03
Arab.....	1 43 01	Santapogue.....	1 46 12
Gracie T.....	1 43 07	Elk.....	1 46 25
Clio.....	1 43 08	Triton.....	1 46 32
Clara.....	1 43 17	Surf.....	1 46 37
Cinderella.....	1 43 27	Athlon.....	1 46 30
Sharpe.....	1 43 30	Lotus.....	1 46 30
Madeline.....	1 43 36	Cruiser.....	1 46 45
Adelle.....	1 43 40	Nahli.....	1 47 14
Dolphin.....	1 43 48	Mona.....	1 47 22
Lurline.....	1 43 52	Idleran.....	1 47 25
Mariota.....	1 43 55	Speranza.....	1 48 08
Amazon.....	1 44 10	Lorna.....	1 48 05
Nymph.....	1 44 12	Brenda.....	1 48 20
Rival.....	1 44 20	Fairy.....	1 48 35
Norah.....	1 44 21	Mimic.....	1 48 58
Leona.....	1 44 25	Vision.....	1 49 02
Reverie.....	1 44 31	Stranger.....	1 49 12
Ananda.....	1 44 45	Sirene.....	1 49 32
Zelda.....	1 44 55	Vixen.....	1 49 52
Volusia.....	1 45 09	Nirvana.....	1 50 14
Moll Pitcher.....	1 45 46	Brahmin.....	1 50 48

Out to Execution the wind was ahead, Clara, Cinderella and Daphne led, turning as follows:

Clara.....	2 13 04	Leona.....	2 30 01
Cinderella.....	2 16 30	Nahli.....	2 30 18
Daphne.....	2 17 39	Amazon.....	2 30 33
Rival.....	2 20 05	Cruiser.....	2 31 29
Crocodile.....	2 21 37	Impulse.....	2 31 32
Athlon.....	2 22 29	Mona.....	2 31 42
Adelle.....	2 24 01	Idleran.....	2 32 26
Ananda.....	2 24 31	Carrie.....	2 32 44
Mariota.....	2 25 21	Vixen.....	2 33 08
La Perichole.....	2 26 33	Stranger.....	2 33 30
Volusia.....	2 26 50	Sharpe.....	2 34 55
Nymph.....	2 27 35	Santapogue.....	2 35 07
Triton.....	2 27 40	Mimic.....	2 35 33
Surf.....	2 27 59	Moll Pitcher.....	2 35 45
Idleran.....	2 28 23	Zelda.....	2 35 50
Speranza.....	2 28 32	Madeline.....	2 36 00
Sirene.....	2 28 43	Nirvana.....	2 36 30
Arab.....	2 30 00

The next leg, to Matinick Point, was a reach, and those who set spinners only lost time. Clara still led, of course, only she and two others being timed at the mark:

Clara.....	3 05 00	Daphne.....	3 10 20
Cinderella.....	3 08 42

Part of the fleet now made for Captain's Island, the small fry leading for home more directly. The wind now fell a little and came from the south for a time. Going back to its old quarter spinners were set to port for the last part of the leg. The times at Captain's Island were:

Clara.....	4 13 10	Triton.....	4 31 00
Cinderella.....	4 28 36	Speranza.....	4 37 21
Daphne.....	4 34 44	Mariota.....	4 38 17
Leona.....	4 36 05	Surf.....	4 40 13
Crocodile.....	4 36 22	Nirvana.....	4 42 30
Athlon.....	4 36 21	Mona.....	4 43 55
Rival.....	4 37 00

From here was a beat in a light breeze, Clara still leading to Execution and a run home. The full times were:

CLASS A.—SCHOONERS 15 FEET AND OVER.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Speranza.....	4 25 08	..	8 37 14	6 37 14
Nirvana.....	1 50 14	Did not finish.

CLASS B.—SCHOONERS LESS THAN 15 FEET.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Clio.....	1 43 08	Did not finish.
Triton.....	1 46 32	8 07 03	6 30 31	6 15 46
Leona.....	1 44 25

CLASS C.—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 55 FEET OR OVER.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cinderella.....	1 43 27	7 19 36	5 36 09	5 39 09
Clara.....	1 43 17	6 52 19	5 09 02	5 08 07

CLASS D.—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 42 FEET AND UNDER 55.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Athlon.....	1 46 30	7 53 23	6 06 52	6 05 52
Daphne.....	1 45 57	7 39 14	5 47 17	5 42 14

CLASS E.—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 33 FEET AND UNDER 42.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Crocodile.....	1 52 51	8 19 52	6 37 01	6 37 01
Santapogue.....	1 46 12	Did not finish.
Rival.....	1 44 20	8 33 19	6 48 49	6 47 18
Surf.....	1 46 27	Did not finish.
Mariota.....	1 43 55	Did not finish.

CLASS F.—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 25 FEET AND UNDER 33.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mona.....	1 47 32
Lotus.....	1 46 30	8 04 03	6 17 33	6 17 33
Madeline.....	1 43 36	Did not finish.
Volusia.....	1 45 09	5 57 07	4 11 58	4 11 20
Idleran.....	1 47 25	6 13 09	4 25 44	4 25 06
Carrie.....	1 46 03	6 54 13	5 08 10	5 06 58
Gracie T.....	1 43 07	7 55 56	6 12 49	6 11 02
Arab.....	1 43 01	6 26 26	4 43 25	4 40 12
Nymph.....	1 44 12	4 17 27	4 33 15	4 28 59
Lurline.....	1 43 52	Did not finish.
Vision.....	1 49 58	8 20 42	6 40 40	6 35 04
Stranger.....	1 49 12	6 17 38	4 28 26	4 23 14
Amazon.....	1 44 10	7 03 38	5 19 28	5 11 27
Vixen.....	1 49 52	7 03 29	5 13 37	5 04 13
Reverie.....	1 44 31	8 36 35	6 52 04	6 42 29

CLASS G.—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS LESS THAN 25 FEET.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Zoe.....	1 45 59	7 05 40	5 19 41	5 19 41
Brenda.....	1 48 29	Did not finish.
Nora.....	1 44 21	Did not finish.

CLASS H.—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL 23 FEET AND OVER.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ananda.....	1 48 58	7 08 21	5 19 23	5 19 23
Amazon.....	1 48 45	5 38 46	3 54 01	3 53 47
Lorna.....	1 48 05	5 35 56	3 47 51	3 46 16
Nahli.....	1 47 14	5 55 50	4 08 36	4 08 50
Sirene.....	1 49 32	6 02 47	4 13 15	4 08 07

CLASS VI.—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL LESS THAN 23 FT.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elk.....	1 46 15	7 01 20	5 15 05	5 15 05
Fairy.....	1 48 35	5 58 31	4 09 56	4 08 24
Moll Pitcher.....	1 45 46	6 55 18	5 09 32	5 07 52
CLASS VII.—OPEN MAINSAIL, 23 FT. AND OVER.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
La Perichole.....	1 43 26	6 10 52	4 38 16	4 23 16
Adelle.....	1 42 40	6 12 58	4 29 18	4 28 45
CLASS VIII.—OPEN MAINSAIL, LESS THAN 23 FT.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Impulse.....	1 42 32	7 20 23	5 37 51	5 37 51
Dolphin.....	1 43 48	Not timed.
Cruiser.....	1 46 45	6 56 33	5 09 53	5 08 17
Brahmin.....	1 50 48	Not timed.
Zelda.....	1 44 55	7 21 22	5 36 27	5 33 45
Sharpe.....	1 43 30	Not timed.

The winners are: Class A, Speranza; Class B, Triton; Class C, Clara; Class D, Cinderella; Class E, Daphne; Class F, Athlon; Class G, 38s.; Class H, Crocodile; Class I, Rival; Class J, Volusia; Class K, Stranger; Class L, 54s.; Class M, Zoe; Class N, 54s.; Class O, Ananda; Class P, Nahli; Class Q, 12s.; Class R, Fairy; Class S, Moll Pitcher; Class T, 59m.; Class U, La Perichole; Class V, 29s.; Class W, Cruiser; Class X, Zelda; Class Y, 25m.; Class Z, 28s. Clara wins a class prize and the Connor Cup; Daphne wins the Gould Cup and Crocodile a special cup in her class. Udida arrived too late to start, but sailed after the fleet finishing, with them.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

THE hardy mariner whose cheek has been tanned by the sultry breath of the simoon, who has beheld the great sea serpent in his native wilds, and who perhaps has succumbed for days before the fury of the sirocco, is often prone to depreciate the dangers of the fresh-water sailor. The following beautiful poem shows, however, that the lake navigator is exposed to no lesser perils than his brother of the boundless ocean. While in some respects it may be inferior to the more celebrated sea poems, it is second to none in force of expression, in vivid description, and the logical conclusion of its moral; while it loses nothing in dramatic effect from being written in the beautiful *patois* of Longfellow's (and Rice's) heroine, the language of the Canadian French:

'Twas one dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
The wind was "low," "blow," "valow,"
When the crew of de wood skow Jule La Plant
Got scare and run below.

For de wind she's blow like hurricane,
Bimeby she's blow some more,
When de skow buss up on Lac St. Pierre,
One-half mile from de shore.

De captain she's walk on de front deck,
She's walk on de hind deck, too;
She's call de crew from up the hule,
She call de cook, also.

De cook he's name was Rosa,
He's come from Moreal,
Was chambermaid on a lumber barge
Out dat big Lachine Canal.

De wind she's blow from nor, eass, wess,
De sou wind she's blow, too,
When Rosa say, "Oh! captain,
Whatever shall I do?"

De captain she's throw de hank,
But still that skow she drift,
For de crew he can't pass on dat shore
Because he lose dat skiff.

De night was dark, like one black cat,
De waves run high and fass,
When de captain take poor Rosa
And lash her to de mass.

When de captain put on de life preserv
And he jump into de Lac,
And he say "Good-bye, my Rosa, dear,
I go down for your sake."

Next morning, very hearily,
About half-past two, three, four,
De captain, cook and wood skow
Lay corpses on dat shore.

For de wind he's blow like hurricane,
Pretty soon she's blow some more,
For dat skow buss up on Lac St. Pierre,
One-half mile from de shore.

MORAL.

Now, all good wood skow sailor mans,
Take warning by dat storm,
And go and marry one nice French girl,
And live on one good farm.

Den de wind she may blow like hurricane,
And 'spose she's blow some more,
You shan't be drowned on Lac St. Pierre,
So long you stop on shore.

"LOYALTY" ON DECK AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The regatta of the Eastern Y. C. on the 29th was a most successful affair, and with the lessons taught will long be remembered by every lover of a yacht, and it is to be regretted that we lack over the entries and mark the decadence of the once famous American centerboard sloop and note the hold that English ideas have taken on the minds of American yachtsmen through our lack of original ideas. Out of 11 single-stickers we had 3 mongrels, 6 cutters, 5 of them English, and 2 centerboard sloops, Active and Priscilla.

The result of this race shows conclusively that in the big single-stickers it was as much in the crew as it was in the vessel, as has been repeatedly shown before, and that the victory of Puritan over Priscilla and Mayflower was due to the superior handling of Puritan by the crew of the famous Shadow.

The performance of Mayflower is a practical illustration of a yacht overloaded with canvas, and with such handling we need not be surprised at the result. In Priscilla we had another illustration of poor judgment in regard to canvas. At the start, with mainsail, clubtop-sail, forestaysail, jib and jibtopsail, Priscilla led across the line by a large margin, while Puritan with mainsail, working topsail, forestaysail, jib and jibtopsail (note the difference of the spread of the two), cut down the lead of Priscilla two-thirds after sailing the first ten miles.

Over the same distance on the second time around, the Priscilla had reduced her canvas to the same sails as Puritan and was holding her own. What does this show, not that Priscilla was not as stiff as the Puritan, but that she can and did carry her sail and that to her detriment in the first part of the race. In windward work the Priscilla seemed lost, appeared to hold a good wind but seemed to sail by the head. This may be accounted for by the ballast in its location or the loy tendency arising from too much of it, or the distribution of the driving power. Under the clubtop-sail and mainsail in a fair breeze the head sails appear to balance right for windward work but with the working topsail in a strong breeze there appears to be too much head sail, a trifling reduction in-board would be beneficial. An error in judgment shown in the Priscilla in the first windward leg of the course in standing too far on after rounding the northernmost stake boat, she having the ebb tide of ship channel on her weather bow and on the opposite tack was compelled to cross it, but on the last windward leg of the course—at slack water—this tack proved an advantage. However, it has been practically demonstrated that in a ten knot breeze an American centerboard sloop with her ballast inside can stand up and carry sail with any cutter or mongrel that can be produced, and the Priscilla with a few trifling alterations in sails and ballast and good handling will again show to the front and maintain the superiority of the American sloop.

[Our correspondent seems to have overlooked entirely the fact that Priscilla was changed practically from the sloop to cutter rig, and has been greatly improved thereby; while the alterations in her forefoot and stempost follow the same direction, and it is not improbable that she will soon receive an outside lead keel.]

ATLANTIC.—The alterations in the Atlantic have been completed and the leak stopped, and on Saturday she hauled out of the Basin. On Sunday and Monday she was outside the Hook in company with Grayling, and is said to perform much better. Her ballast has been increased and she is trimmed down more by the stern. Her mast has been shifted aft 19in., and one shroud on each side has been removed, leaving three. A white pine boom of less weight has been fitted, and the topmast is 1in. less in diameter, while a block has been removed from the gaff and a single one put in place of a double at the masthead; so that the weight above deck has been reduced greatly. The mast now rakes considerably aft.

CRUISE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER Y. C.

ON Saturday, July 3, at 7 P. M. a gun from the flagship Flash sent the fleet away. The start was by no means an animated one, as the breeze was "up and down the mast." The tide was fortunately running flood, however, and with a little tugging at the oars the following yachts managed to start: Flash, Gil Blas, Rover, Supervisor, Nanita, Rosetta A. A. Wacondah, Hornet, Florence, Melvina. By dint of hard rowing the Flash got to City Island at 11:30 P. M., followed shortly by the Gil Blas and others.

July 4 dawned fairly, but with no prospects of a breeze. At 10:20 the fleet started, favored by a very gentle breeze from N.E. Nanita, Rover, Melvina, Supervisor and some others took the Connecticut shore for the run to Indian Harbor, and the wind shifting to the southward, were not so well favored as Wacondah, Gil Blas and Flash, who chose the Long Island shore. At about 2:30 P. M. the wind was from the southward and very light. The Gil Blas, famous for this kind of work, sailed very fast. Wacondah anchored first in Indian Harbor at 4 P. M.; Gil Blas, second, at 4:15; Elephant, which joined the fleet off Cow Bay, third, and Flash fourth.

July 5.—At 4 A. M. one of the Hornet's crew, Mr. Van Horn, stepped on deck, and slipping overboard was drowned, in spite of several of the crew jumping overboard to save him. Just how it happened is a mystery, as he was alone at the time, and his cry for help was heard too. The event cast a gloom over the fleet it was impossible to shake off. The day opened foggy with a very light air from S. At 10 A. M. the fleet was sent away on their homeward journey. The Gil Blas went to the fore, followed by Nanita and Rover. After a rather weary sail the Gil Blas reached the club house at 5:27 P. M., giving the fleet a beating they will not soon forget. Rover arrived at 7:02, Rosetta A. 7:15, Nanita, which had sailed west, at 7:18, and Melvina at 7:40. The rest of the fleet were left astern with but little prospects for more wind.

HULL Y. C. REGATTA.—The race of the Hull Y. C. on July 3 was sailed in a light S.E. wind, the times being as follows:

FIRST CLASS.			
Maud, S. B. Wood.....	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Atlanta, T. R. Thomas.....	23.04	2 11 48	1 40 13
SECOND CLASS KEELS.			
Lizzie F. Daly, W. Daly, Jr.....	26.11	2 09 34	1 36 28
Echo, Burnett Litchfield.....	35.03	2 11 33	1 36 34
Ione, J. S. Poyen.....	35.07	2 13 10	1 39 42
Carmen, B. L. M. Tower.....	2 19 34
THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy.....	23.01	2 20 47	2 00 13
FOURTH CLASS KEELS.			
Zetta, H. E. Fowle.....	23.00	2 35 11	2 12 08
FOURTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS—SIX MILES.			
Mabel, A. R. Howe.....	20.03	1 48 30	1 35 30
Martar, P. F. Dunne.....	19.06	1 48 20	1 32 50
Thistle, S. B. Freeman.....	19.02	2 00 31	1 48 28
Em Ell Eye, P. M. Bond.....	19.05	2 19 03	1 46 59
Tomcat, C. G. Weld.....	19.01	2 13 59	1 50 06
Tyrant, H. P. Elwell.....	20.03	2 20 42	1 48 01
Nora, Boynton & McManus.....	2 10 21
Crusader, A. Wilson.....	19.01	withdrew.
Thrasher, G. G. Ganaway.....	20.05	withdrew.
Myrtle, H. C. Poor.....	10.06	withdrew.
FOURTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS—UNDER 1970—SIX MILES.			
Rocket, H. M. Paxton.....	15.06	2 23 06	1 56 32
Wildfire, H. A. Keith.....	18.01	2 27 44	2 02 52
Imogen, B. T. Wendell.....	18.10	withdrew.
Josephine, D. H. Follett.....	18.07	withdrew.
Thrasher, G. G. Ganaway.....	20.05	withdrew.
Judges—B. W. Rowell, W. A. Cory, O. A. Ruggles, W. K. Millar, J. B. Forsyth and Peleg Aborn. Mabel and Zetta were disqualified for			

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C.—The second championship race of the South Boston Y. C. was sailed on June 26 in a N.W. wind that brought several of the small craft to grief. The courses were 11, 8 and 6 miles of first, second, third and fourth classes, as on May 31. The start was made on time, the first class going over at 3:30, second 3:35, third 3:40 and fourth 3:45. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.		
Violet, H. J. McKee.....	Elapsed. 2 00 18	Corrected. 1 34 13
SECOND CLASS—KEELS.		
Dorcas, L. W. H. Lyman.....	1 45 36	1 22 30
Breeze, C. Paget.....	1 41 05	1 19 52
Raven, Danforth & Harvey.....	1 43 36	1 19 00
Cygnat, M. J. Shedy.....	1 45 57	1 21 17
White Wing, F. Williams.....

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Lizzie Warner, Thomas Luted.....	1 41 41	1 16 53
Hector, M. J. Driscoll.....	1 47 16	1 23 16

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

Monarch, C. H. Taylor, Jr.....	Not timed.
Fearless, P. G. Cooley.....
Cooper, Thomas Scannell.....	1 51 30	1 43 21
Vera, J. G. Farrell.....	Not timed.
Nydia, James Galvin.....
Clanite, J. Minot Hall.....	1 59 00	1 31 31
Venture, Wm. C. Chertougo.....	1 41 25	1 15 47
Wanda, George W. Griffiths.....
Violetta, E. B. Hitchcock.....	Not timed.

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Em-El-Eye, P. M. Bond.....	1 45 03	1 13 31
Tike, John Bertram.....	1 51 30	1 21 04
Georgie, O. A. Drinkwater.....
Myth, P. X. Keating.....	1 48 15	1 18 33
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell.....
Nereus, W. C. Nichols.....	Not timed.

FOURTH CLASS—KEELS.

Mischief, Frank Christian.....	Not timed.
Charlotte, Thomas Cross.....	Not timed.
Vidette, P. F. Burke.....	1 32 55	1 09 21

FOURTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Lady May, W. J. Tilly.....	1 41 27	1 23 04
Flora Lee, D. H. Lincoln.....	1 17 07	0 51 12
Victor, C. A. Borden.....	1 25 18	1 59 29

GREAT HEAD Y. C.—The first pennant race of the Great Head Y. C. was sailed on June 26, but was postponed to June 27, the date set for the first championship, so both were sailed at the same time. The course was from judges' boat to spar buoy on the northwest corner of Apple Island, leaving it on port, to buoy No. 6 in Lower Middle, leaving that on port, and return to judges' boat. A reefing breeze from S.W. was waiting for the yachts at 5:30 P.M. and the third class did not venture out. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.		
Fancy, sloop, P. Flag.....	Start. 5 30 18	Finish. 6 31 30
Frya, sloop, N. E. Turner.....	5 32 22	6 33 07
Frolic, sloop, L. K. Billings.....	5 36 35	6 30 07
Nellie D., cat, E. Dixon.....	5 36 48	6 34 45

SECOND CLASS.

Dora, cat, E. Nevins.....	5 40 30	6 45 05
Corat, cat, H. Belcher.....	5 40 25	6 42 10
Fury, cat, J. E. Putnam.....	5 40 30	6 48 05
Annie, J. H. Mitchell.....	5 40 30
Ariel, yawl, C. B. Belcher.....	5 40 30

Fancy and Corat take each a pennant and a leg for the championship.

TORONTO RACES, JUNE 26.—The sealed handicap for yachts of the Toronto and Royal Canadian clubs was sailed in a good N.W. breeze, with the following starters: Yolande, schooner, R. C. Y. C.; Verve, cutter, R. C. Y. C.; Mollie, sloop, T. Y. C.; Cygnat, sloop, T. Y. C.; Rivet, cutter, T. Y. C.; Aileen, cutter, R. C. Y. C.; Escape, cutter, T. Y. C. The course was from T. Y. C. club house across the bay to a buoy moored to the east of the R. C. Y. C. club house, thence out of the western channel to bell buoy, thence easterly three miles, southwesterly three miles, thence northwesterly to bell buoy, and through the western channel to finish off T. Y. C. club house, 15 miles. The handicap, made up by the committee, Messrs. Arnoldi, Jones, Duggan and Armstrong, was sealed up at 1 P.M. When opened it was as follows: Aileen allows Cygnat 7 minutes, Verve 15, Rivet 20, Escape 45, Yolande 50, and Mollie 70 minutes. At 1:30 the preparatory gun was fired, at 1:55 the starting gun, and at 2 P.M. the handicap. The boats went over well in the order above. At the first turn the times were: Verve, 3:10:00; Cygnat, 2:10:40; Yolande, 2:10:55; Aileen, 2:11:00; Rivet, 2:11:25; Mollie, 2:13:30. Escape, 2:13:30. Boat in up the next leg Aileen pulled up to first place, all being timed thus: Aileen, 2:50:15; Verve, 2:58:30; Cygnat, 2:59:00; Rivet, 2:59:45; Escape, 3:02:00. On the next leg, a reach, Cygnat made up a good distance, the times being: Aileen, 3:14:00; Cygnat, 3:17:00; Verve, 3:19:50; Rivet, 3:21:00; Escape, 3:31:40. The times at the last two buoys were not taken. The times were:

Finish.		
Aileen.....	5 12 00	3 12 00
Cygnat.....	5 17 30	3 17 30
Verve.....	5 24 30	3 24 30
Rivet.....	5 29 15	3 29 15
Escape.....	5 50 20	3 50 20
Yolande.....	6 15 40	4 15 40
Mollie.....	7 11 30	5 11 30

Mr. Dickson was starter and timekeeper.

KEELS IN LONG ISLAND SOUND.—That the cutters should win over open courses is bad enough, but now they have the audacity to go even further and to carry the war into Africa; actually invading the sacred shrub of water whose shoal narrows and light summer breezes have stood for so long as the chief *raison d'être* for the old keel of Clara in a way that probably astonished their denizens, while Uldia was not far behind. The performance of the latter is even more wonderful than Clara's. Arriving from Boston at the start after the fleet were well away, she sailed over the course, overhauling the leaders, and being timed at Captain's Island as tenth boat, only 10 min. astern of Cinderella, 5 min. astern of Daphne and less than 2 min. from Crocodile and Aileen. In the Knickerbocker Y. C. cruise, about the same time and place, the keel sloop Gl Bias, built by Kirby, astonished the flat-footed ones by running away from them in light weather, while near her was the little "Windward" model, Nineta, cruising boat of 18 ft. and over 5 ft. draft, that finished among the leaders. Truly it was a bad day for "our boats," "our weather" and "our water."

SANDY BAY Y. C. REGATTA, JULY 5.—The winners in the Sandy Bay Y. C. regatta were: Special class—Lottie, 2:33:44; first, Petrel, 2:30:28; second, Lochiel, 2:38:34; fourth, Owl, sail over.

SOUTHERN Y. C.—A race was sailed on June 22 at New Orleans, between the Edith and Yolande, the former winning in 56 min., with Yolande 3 min. astern.

A CAPTAIN IN SKIRTS.—A little woman walked into the office of the steamboat inspectors the other day and astonished those "grave and reverend signors" by remarking that she wanted a license to command a steamboat. It seems that James Coons, who lives in Harlem, owns a little steam launch called the Elizabeth, in which he is accustomed to cruise about the waters of the Bay and the East River. He is always accompanied by his wife, Mary E. Coons, who applied for the license. He is an engineer and attends to the mechanical part of the outfit, while his wife, who is experienced in yachting, steers the craft. The law says that each steam pleasure boat shall have a licensed master and engineer. As Mr. Coons was already chief engineer Mrs. Coons considered that she ought to be captain. So she applied to the inspectors for a license. When the inspectors had recovered from their surprise they consulted the law and found that there was nothing to prevent a license being issued to a woman. Besides the same thing had been done in the case of a woman who now commands a Mississippi steamboat. Having arrived at the conclusion that Mrs. Coons was eligible they proceeded to put her through the regulation nautical catechism. "Could she box the compass?" She could and did. "Did she know the rules of the road?" She gave the rules of the road. As she only wanted a special license to command a steam launch on the waters of New York Bay and the East River the rest of the examination was not severe. Then, as she promised not to swear at the crew and to deal gently with the chief engineer, the license was made out and Mrs. Coons became the second licensed captain of the female persuasion in the world. Mrs. Coons assumed command of her ship immediately and was received with due honors as she came over the side. She will doubtless be a strict disciplinarian, and any attempt at mutiny on the part of the chief engineer will be promptly and severely punished.—*N. Y. Tribune, May 20.*

A LITTLE TOO PREVIOUS.—Since its mistake over a year since in dubbing the Puritan a brick sloop, the New York Herald has adhered persistently to the same line in regard to matters Bostonian, only stopping to throw up its hat and join the general hurrah for Puritan when popular opinion made it necessary last fall. With two New York boats in the field this year it has kept up the old song, and after Priscilla's victory in the New York race it sang a little louder than ever. The past two weeks, however, have put a different face on affairs, and the strong winds of last Tuesday have compelled this fair and impartial journal to reduce sail and take a new course, which it does in the following graceful manner. If it were only a slip on the part of a member of the staff it would be all very well, but remembering the whole tenor of the paper for a year or more, it seems a little hard to make a scapegoat of a comparatively innocent person. The article we refer to is entitled "Boston Yachtsmen Have a Right to be Proud," and reads as follows: "In an editorial comment on the yacht race of June 17, written with more zeal than discretion or good taste, the writer remarked: 'What Priscilla did yesterday she can do again to-morrow. Let us hear no more idle Boston chatter about her being a failure.' We should be sorry if these words, which, by inadvertence, were allowed to slip into our columns, should be taken to reflect the true sentiments of the Herald or of New York yachtsmen. It would undoubtedly be agreeable to us, as New Yorkers, to have a New York boat selected to defend the America Cup; and it is equally natural and proper that the Bostonians should show a pride in the fine performances of their Boston phantom. As for the 'idle chatter,' we are not aware that the Eastern yachtsmen have chattered, in fact, we think a good many wise old-thumb philosophers hereabouts have been doing most of the chattering."

THE SAILING OF GALATEA.—On June 27 Galatea left Portsmouth on her voyage to America. Lieut. Henn and his wife both being on board. She will proceed direct to Boston and Marblehead, and remain there for some time. In her last race, Galatea discarded her new laced mainsail and carried the sail and heavier boom used last year. She will come over with racing mast on end, easy canvas, her topmast, boom and racing sails coming by steamer. At this time of year the passage should be a pleasant one, and we may see her here inside of a month. While not yet up to the standard of Ilex, she has proved to be a very fast boat, and there is no reason to suppose that even if beaten her friends in America need be ashamed of her. Mr. Webb will be here soon by steamer, and will probably take up his residence permanently in New York.

METEOR AND LOANDO.—Mr. A. E. Bateman, of New York, has sold the Loando, late Promise, to Mr. Thomas Watt, and has purchased the steamer Meteor, designed and built by Mr. Bliven to demonstrate the possibility of a five-day Atlantic steamer. It will be remembered that she proved an utter failure and was taken to Boston, new engines being put in by Goss & Sawyer, of Bath, Me. Mr. Bateman will fit her up as a yacht. She has been taken to City Island for repairs.

OUT OF THE FRINGING PAN INTO THE FIRE.—When here on General Mr. Bayne Webb was sorely annoyed by mosquitoes, slugs and and reporters, which he classed pretty much in the same category of nuisances, and these he proposes to avoid by going to Marblehead. He may dodge the first two, but when the Boston scribbles beat down on him in tugs with transparencies and flying banners, and loaded with carrier pigeons, he will sigh for the retiring modesty and hushing humility which distinguishes the craft in New York.

CLUB CRUISES.—The Eastern Y. C. will rendezvous at Marblehead on July 9, for a cruise to the eastward. On July 3, the Knickerbocker, Jersey City, Newark and Oswego started on short cruises.

A NEW STEEL SCHOONER.—Mr. A. Cary Smith has designed a steel schooner, which is now being built by Harlan & Hollingsworth. She is 80 ft. below waterline, 21 ft. beam and draws 7 ft. She is built under Mr. Smith's supervision, and will be completed by fall.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C.—An entertainment in aid of the New Rochelle Y. C. was given at New Rochelle on June 26. Messrs. J. H. Kyles, E. Nash, Chas. Stevenson, Miss Madeline Lucette and others knew, both as singers and sailors, taking part.

SAILING RACES AT SCITUATE.—Seventeen boats entered the sailing race of Monday at Scituate, sailing in a very light E. wind. An unnamed boat, sailed by Dennis Quinn, won, with Champion second. John MacDonald won a rowing race in dories.

YOSEMITE.—Mr. W. E. Connor, former owner of the Utopiana, now Oneida, has leased the Yosemite of the assignees of John Roach, for the season. She will race in the A. Y. C. regatta this month.

INTERLAKE Y. R. A.—The round of the Interlake Y. R. A. began on Monday at Lake St. Clair with the regatta of the Michigan Y. C. The wind was so light that no race was made.

CORONET.—Last week the large schooner Coronet, lately completed for Mr. Bush, sailed for England with the owner and his wife and a party of friends on board.

HARLEM Y. C.—The race of this club was postponed on account of the weather to July 7.

HILDEGARD.—Mr. Oelrichs has sold his sloop Hildegard, formerly Niantic, to Mr. Bergen, of Brooklyn.

EVERY pair of Allen's bow facing oars warranted. Send for little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

C. S. W., Victoria, Tex.—Such a change would leave you a good shooting weapon, though as a rule any arm is at its best as originally made.

F. L. W., Calicoon.—1. You will perhaps find Farrow's "How I Became a Crack Shot" suited to your purpose, as well as anything on the subject. 2. Boats are launched stern first.

C., Washington.—1. What is the open season for moose in Quebec? 2. Any license fee for non-resident? 3. What is the open season for moose in Ontario? 4. Any license fee for non-resident? Ans. For open seasons see lists in Game, Bag and Gun Department. There is a license fee in Quebec, but not in Ontario.

R. W. McL., Chillicothe, O.—I desire to spend the last week of August and the month of September with my wife (who is hardly recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia) at some pleasant and beautiful resort, where good fishing or hunting (or both) may be had during that period. It was apparently called as it allowed me to pick it up. It lived two days, but it would not eat anything and bad nothing in its crop when I skinned it. Ans. The duck is a male specimen of the *Harelda glacialis*, long-tailed duck, old-wife, south-southerly, or old squaw. It is common on the coast, and is found on the Great Lakes and other inland waters. Your other query will be answered later.

A. H. Look, Hartford, Conn., Ind.—A duck skin which I would like to have identified. None of my sportsmen friends can tell me the species. I found it in the spring of 1885, one morning when the snow was a foot deep. It was apparently a male, as it allowed me to pick it up. It lived two days, but it would not eat anything and bad nothing in its crop when I skinned it. Ans. The duck is a male specimen of the *Harelda glacialis*, long-tailed duck, old-wife, south-southerly, or old squaw. It is common on the coast, and is found on the Great Lakes and other inland waters. Your other query will be answered later.

THE MANITOBA EMIGRANT.—Mr. J. A. Carman, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, has sent us the first number of a neatly printed journal or magazine called the *Emigrant*, which is well filled with statistical matter and current notes of much service to intending settlers and of special interest to persons who have not been already informed of the remarkable progress and present condition of that valuable section of the Canadian Dominion. Mr. Carman intends to devote a department of his paper to the natural history of the country, and the information which he will be able to collect will doubtless be of value to science and the interests of sport. The *Emigrant* is a 16 page journal of very neat typographical appearance. Price, \$1 per year.

L. G. C., Columbus, O.—At our last badge contest a decision was rendered by our captain which has caused some controversy among our members, and we will esteem it a favor if you will give us your judgment as to the proper thing to do. There have been done under the circumstances, which were briefly as follows: The shooting was stopped by rain during the last round of 5, or after all the contestants had shot at 15 birds, and all but 8 had completed their full score of 20, but among those who had not yet finished it was possible for one man to tie for the badge in Class A, and for one man to win the one in Class B. Our special badge rules say that each contestant shall shoot at 20 birds, making no provision for the shoot being necessarily stopped at any time during its progress. Our captain declared "no contest," and that the present holders of the badges shall hold them till the next regular shoot." Exceptions have been taken to this ruling, some claiming that the badges should have been awarded from the highest scores at the end of even innings, which in this case would have been at the end of the 15, others that they should have been taken into the hands of the captain there to remain till some one had won them under the rules. If there is any general rule among sportsmen which would cover this point will you kindly refer us to it. Ans. The ruling of the captain was correct; it was no shoot.

The "gentleman" (?) who has so kindly undertaken to board my pointer dog (Don) gratis will, I fear, gain nothing by his kindness, but will be prosecuted with the full power of the law if discovered.—*Advertisement in the Fort Worth (Texas) Gazette.*

A boy down at San Juan gained an enviable religious reputation by committing to memory 1,000 verses of the Bible, and was rewarded by the present of a shotgun. His reputation was somewhat smirched, however, when four days after he shot his grandmother in the right leg.—*San Francisco Alta.*

A wild goose exhibited so much curiosity about Watchman Hendrickson's lantern at Asbury Park one night last week that he determined to try to kill it. Setting his lantern down near the edge of the water, he produced a stick and watched for developments. The goose waddled up to the lantern and was so intent on watching the flame that Hendrickson crept up and killed it with the stick. At least such is the story related by the Asbury Park Journal.

In front of a dwelling house on West 5th street yesterday afternoon an elderly woman stood talking excitedly with a neighbor and ringing her hands distractedly. Both appeared very much agitated, apparently over the presence of a robin perched on the street fence. Presently one of them made alarming demonstrations at the bird as if to frighten it away, but the redbreast gave a hop, skip, and jump along the fence, tilted its head sideways in derision or defiance, and refused to go. Then the woman gesticulated more energetically, pointing from the bird to the house, and curious passers-by lingered to learn the meaning of their singular behavior. This is what troubled them: The robin, doubtless for some good reason of his own which he could not explain if he would, had been trying for an hour or more to gain admittance through a window to the upper story of the house. The mere fact of a robin trying to break and enter a two-story dwelling was not alarming, but the fact that a woman was lying dangerously ill in that house gave the incident appalling significance. The woman was fixed in the conviction that the robin's action was a harbinger of death; hence the woe.—*Erie (Pa.) Dispatch.*



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2d—The fish is almost certain to be hooked if it touches the fly.

3d—Any of the present favorite combinations of color and form can be tied in this way. Thus, those who believe that fish are attracted by particular colors or forms of fly, can have their old patterns in the patent style.

4th—These flies not only offer less resistance to the wind in casting, but more resistance to the water in drawing. Hence one can do as good work with a small hook tied this way as a large hook tied as before. Experience proves that flies dressed this way can be tied on hooks two sizes smaller than one would use on old-fashioned flies.

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We add a few extracts selected from the numerous and unanimously complimentary press notices of this fly. We could add many letters from well-known and expert anglers if we were willing to drag the names of private gentlemen into our advertisements.

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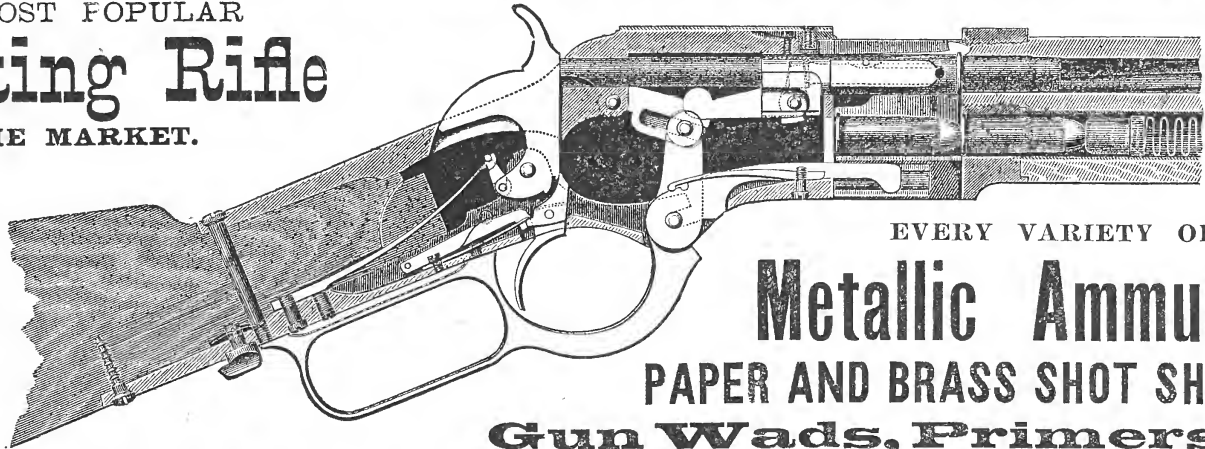
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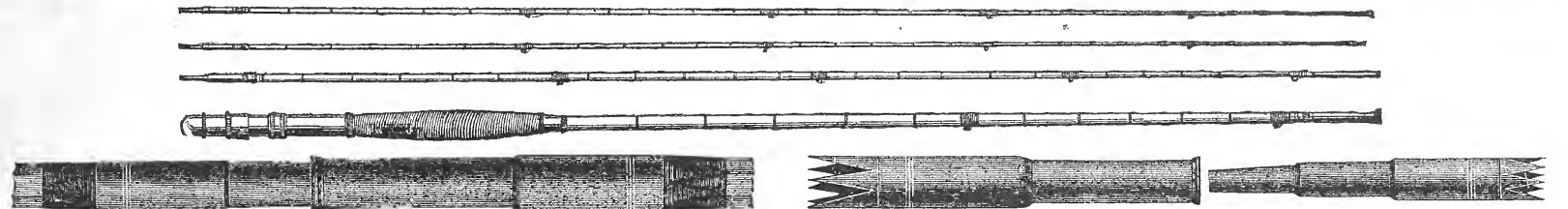
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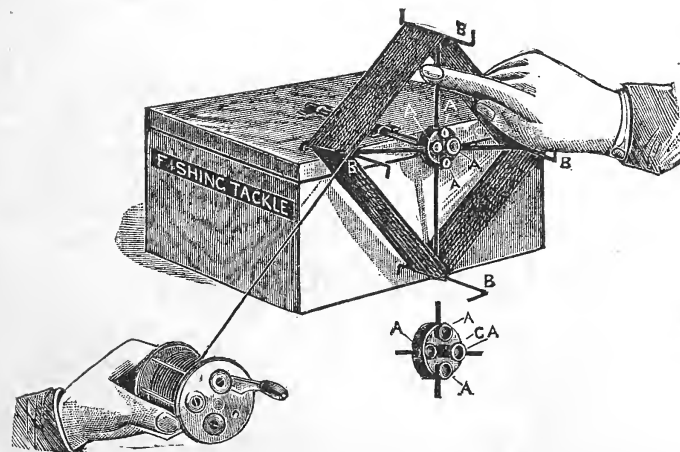
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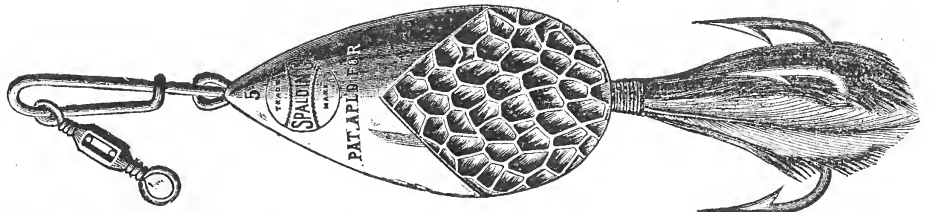


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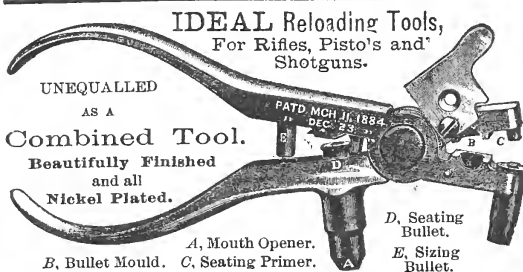
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YELLOWSTONE PARK MATTERS.

IT seems probable that neither Senator Vest's bill for the better government of the Yellowstone Park nor the bill authorizing the building of a railway through the Park will receive the serious attention of Congress during the present session. We shall have to wait with what patience we can for that body to do its plain duty by the people. In the meantime a larger number of people are constantly becoming acquainted with the needs of the Park, and a wider interest is being felt in its proper protection.

The new hotel company is putting up several buildings at various points of interest, and the Northern Pacific Railroad has purchased, as we announced at the time, the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, which has been overhauled and put in good order.

There seem to be some hitches in the conduct of matters in regard to the hotels. It will be remembered that last spring Ellwood E. Thorne, of New York, purchased for the Northern Pacific R. R. Co. the large hotel at the Hot Springs. This is said to have been turned over to the new corporation afterward formed, called the Yellowstone Park Association, the management of which consists of Mr. Charles Gibson, of St. Louis, and a number of gentlemen who are interested in the N. P. R. R., the latter corporation being represented by Mr. H. C. Davis, Assistant General Passenger Agent of the road. The present quarrel in the association is not clearly explained by any of the dispatches which we have received. One account is as follows:

"The new association purchased the present hotels at the lower and upper Geyser Basins, which they refitted and refurnished, opening them on June 15. Mr. Thorne came up from New York three weeks ago to look after the property and found that the new association had control. Mr. Thorne and President Harris, who are old friends, were together a few days ago and the rumor was current that Mr. Harris backed Thorne in the matter, while General Manager Oakes, Traffic Manager Hannaford and Passenger Agent Fee stood by Gibson and Davis. Mr. Thorne cannot get hold of his property and the case may be carried to the courts for adjustment. Superintendent Wear, of the Park, telegraphed the Secretary of the Interior at Washington to sustain the

Northern Pacific in the matter, but Mr. Wear received a reply instructing him to hold himself free from the case."

NEW YORK HARBOR.

NOW that the general government has followed the State of New York in providing for the protection of the harbor of New York city we hope for a return of our game fishes after natural deposits have covered the foul sludge acid which now lines the bottom, or after it has been rendered harmless by age. On Monday last the Senate passed Warner Miller's bill to prevent obstructive and injurious deposits within the harbor and adjacent waters of New York city by dumping or otherwise, and to punish and prevent such offenses and making other provisions.

This is a most excellent bill, for it makes the placing, discharging or depositing by any process, or in any manner, of refuse, dirt, ashes, cinders, mud, sand, dredgings, sludge acid, or any other matter of any kind other than that flowing from streets, sewers and passing therefrom in a liquid state in the tidal waters of the harbor of New York or its adjacent or tributary waters a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of not less than \$250 nor more than \$2,500 and imprisonment not less than thirty days nor more than one year or both. The same punishment added to a revocation of license is provided for a vessel towing a load of such prohibited matter. The commissioners of the harbor are to prescribe the limits within which deposits are to be made.

This bill, aided by the one put through the State Legislature last winter by Mr. Doyle to protect the oyster beds from the evils of dumped refuse and chemicals, will tend to keep the mouth of the Hudson cleaner, and must eventually make it a resort for the species of fish which formerly came into it in great numbers but have abandoned it of late years because of its vile flavor and the absence of food on its sticky bottom. Senator Miller's bill was introduced mainly in the interests of commerce, because of the filling of the channel, but it will interest anglers as well, and we have personal knowledge that the Senator is a lover of the gentle art; though we regret to say he is not sound on game law observance.

AMERICAN STEAM YACHTS.

WHILE the main interest this season naturally centers in the large sailing yachts, the steam fleet is by no means neglected, and under the care of the American Y. C. sport is steadily growing. To-day the third annual regatta and cruise of the club begins, with a turnout of yachts that does great credit to this young but powerful organization, and the success of last year is likely to be repeated. A notable feature of the past winter was the number of steam yachts which were rebuilt and improved. Until a very recent date the American steam yacht of moderate size was more apt to inspire wonder than admiration in the beholder, the chief feature being a total absence of style, and while the standard as yet is not up to the mark, it is far higher, and constantly improving. The American steam yacht fleet leads all others in the possession of the largest vessels, and is unsurpassed in the matter of elegant equipment, but in the medium and smaller classes there is room for a vast improvement both in design and in the engineering department. Of skill in design and execution we have plenty, our engineers and mechanics are second to none, and with a demand once manifested for a steam yacht of shipshape proportions and finish, it will be met as quickly and completely as that for a larger class of sailing yachts has been.

KEELS IN LIGHT WINDS.—The yacht races thus far this season show that we have by no means arrived at the bottom of the keel question as yet, and that the possibilities of this class, unhampered by extreme narrow beam or a pure length rule, are likely to surprise even the most sanguine keel boat advocates. The work of the small keels in Eastern waters is throwing some light on the question, and latest results will bear careful study. At Marblehead on Saturday the two keel cutters, Vera and Mona, beat the centerboard cats 10 minutes, in a breeze so light that the larger classes could not finish.

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING opened this week. The prizes aggregate \$60,000. That sum will be divided up into small portions by the time it finds its way into the pockets of the winners, for there are scores of contestants. Without a large prize list no range can draw well. Creedmoor ought to be endowed with funds sufficient to warrant an attractive lot of prizes.

AN ACT TO AMEND AN ACT TO AMEND AN ACT TO AMEND AN ACT.—Had the last New York Legislature had a week or two more of useful existence it might have added to the rigmarole which introduces some of its laws; perhaps it might even have reconsidered its hounding law. In several instances this wise body enacted one law and then set about providing the proper remedy by straightway enacting another measure repealing its own act and substituting something else in place. Thus the trout law was taken up for revision, and a particularly stupid bill passed April 13; on May 25 following, the Legislature crawled out by another bill correcting some of the ignorant blunders in the act of April 13, but perpetrating a gross outrage with respect to the fingerlings. Another piece of double back-action, self-correcting legislation was the black bass law. One bill was passed February 9. This was amended and corrected and patched up by a second piece of tinkering on May 20, which is in the title explained to be "An act to amend . . . an act to amend . . . an act to amend . . . an act." This is legislation in the fourth degree. It requires long training in the interpretation of complex and intricate verbiage to determine what such patched-up laws actually mean.

A RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENT.—A Long Island doctor, who showed his skill with the pistol by shooting a tin can atop the head of a companion, and banged away until he not only riddled the can but killed the man, was last week convicted of manslaughter in the second degree. The lawyer for the defense made the curious plea that the marksman was so expert that he was certain of hitting the mark aimed at, and there was consequently no folly in his shooting as he did. No man in this world is so skilled with firearms and so sure of hitting the mark as to be warranted in shooting at tin cans and apples and potatoes on the head of man or woman or child. In this particular case the fallacy of the defendant's argument was demonstrated by the fact that the bullet intended for the can did miss the mark and penetrate instead the brain of the man. There are a number of pistol and rifle shots in this country who give stage exhibitions of their skill by shooting at objects placed on the head of a human being. Every once in a while the papers report a case of death caused by the practice. There are laws enough to forbid such exhibitions, but they are not often enforced; nor are the shooters who cause such death hung as numerously as they should be.

JULY is one of the months in which is demonstrated the strength of the sporting instinct. Men who, under ordinary circumstances, take every precaution to keep cool and comfortable in the mid-summer heat, shoulder their guns and seek out the thickest coverts, and there in quest of a winged lure put themselves through a course of tactics that would try the fortitude of disciplined troops. It is all nonsense to decry summer woodcock shooting on the score of its fatiguing hardships. If a sportsman enjoys the toils of the pursuit no argument heaped upon argument can convince him that the pains are not four-fold compensated and rewarded by the pleasures. One might as well try to show the winter wild-fowl shooter that he is an idiot for half freezing himself to death. So long as game remains and the shooting instinct survives, the sportsman will court summer's heat and winter's cold, and bear each with smiling content, provided only he have anything to show as a reward.

STEWED DOG AS AN ADVERTISEMENT.—The enterprising managers of a cowboy-Indian show, now exhibiting in the vicinity of New York, have devised an ingenious method of utilizing the common cur of low degree with much profit to themselves. They cause the dogs to be slain, stewed and eaten by the Indians, giving out to the press that the savages are celebrating their regular annual traditional sacred weird and mystical dog feast. The wide-awake editors detail their reporters to witness the dog feast and write up vivid reports of it; and the readers have a column or two of stewed dog served up to them at breakfast or dinner. At first the Indians refused to eat any other than the traditional snow white dog, and the regular annual feast was not celebrated oftener than once a month, but now a dog of any color will do, and the annual feast is a weekly institution. The Indians are not squeamish, but there are signs that the newspaper reading public is becoming satiated and the show managers will soon be obliged to devise other schemes of advertising.

A TEXAS MAN has been found guilty of stealing his own horse and sent to the penitentiary. It would be well if Texas justice were meted out to the fellows who steal other men's dogs.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

TWO MONTHS AMONG THE CREES.—I.

ONE spring some years ago I was stationed at a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, in the Northwestern Territory, and busily engaged in Indian trading. Opposition was strong and petty fur traders were traveling about in all directions. Early in March I received instructions to choose a man from the fort employees and pass the remainder of the trading season at a certain mountain some eighty miles distant, on the Lower Saskatchewan. Accordingly, having selected my man and everything being in readiness, one stormy evening we started, each driving a team of dogs, with a keen west wind blowing squarely in our faces. Onward we traveled over lake and portage, spelling about 3 A. M. and boiling our copper kettle of tea, with a meal of the inevitable pemmican (at the time the only food used through the North). The poor dogs looked wistfully on, their turn for food coming once only in the twenty-four hours, at the end of the day's journey.

Pierre, my companion for the spring, was a grizzled old French half-breed, who had spent a lifetime in the wild regions of the North, and had accompanied one of the overland expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin; many and oft were the tales he told over the camp-fire. However, at present, he was silent and rather glum, not relishing leaving his comfortable cabin for a stormy March night across country; but at that time I was young and full of zeal for my employers, and thought nothing of hardships to forward their interests.

Reharnessing our dogs, onward we went, reaching our destination late the next night. Choosing a suitable place for encampment we soon put up our leather tepees, and having stowed our trading goods under cover, were settled down for the spring.

In a short time I became acquainted with the surrounding Indians, and one of them, a venerable old chief named Yellow Bear, chose me as his grandson, and I reciprocating his attachment, we became great friends and used to chat by the hour over a cup of tea and a pair of long-stemmed pipes, using the Indian killikinnick with our tobacco. He had been a mighty moose hunter in his day, and had shot many a noble buck, telling me one time of a narrow escape when a wounded bull moose charging him, knocked him down and stood over him with his hoof raised; he lay as dead, for upon the first movement the brute would have trampled him with his forefoot. After some time it walked a short distance away, still watching his motionless form and finally went off; the old man, regaining his flintlock gun, reloaded and followed the brute, very soon giving him his quietus with a ball through the heart. I asked him if he was frightened. He said no, not at that time, but once having been on the trail of a moose for three days, eating little or nothing, (not being able to shoot at small game for fear of alarming the deer), he came on the track of a *Wen-de-go*, which means, translated, Evil Spirit or cannibal. He described it as very awful in appearance, and following it he came on the creature, according to his description of immense stature, with a skeleton body and a black face. Upon his firing at it there came a clap like thunder and the old man lost consciousness. Coming to after a time he found himself unhurt, but weak and giddy. Similar stories I have often heard from natives in different parts of the North; and I fancy their origin is in the Indians generally exerting himself violently for some time on very scant food and becoming light-headed in consequence.

We had started on our spring excursion but poorly supplied with provisions and were getting down to very short commons; the Indians likewise; all hands were anxiously looking for the arrival of the wildfowl. Geese were always the first to appear. Paddling up the river with Pierre one evening I had the good fortune to shoot a large sturgeon, which made a capital addition to our scanty fare. A week elapsed, when to the delight of all the encampment, a flock of geese passed over, and we immediately made stands and setting out our decoys succeeded in bagging five before the close of the day. For the rest of the spring we revelled in abundance of game.

All this time one or the other of us had been traveling to the different tents of Indians in the neighborhood, and getting a goodly share of furs. Some ten miles away a free trader had pitched his camp among what was considered a hard lot of Indians, all of them pagans and great medicine men. They had sent a message stating that there was no use of our visiting them as they had a trader and were going to give him all their furs. Pierre thought we had better take them at their word; but piqued at their off-hand treatment of a company which had often helped them in the hour of need, I determined to see them, and accordingly paddled up one morning, finding them encamped on the bank of a stream. On landing I met with a cool reception. Nothing daunted, however, I sat down and lit my pipe. Most of them were busily engaged feasting on duck eggs, and finally a tall, dignified looking old savage beckoned me to share his repast. The meal finished, I questioned a few of them as to whether they would trade, but was met by a prompt refusal. In despair I finally accosted a rather good-looking squaw and used all my powers of blarney with her, stating that on her next visit to the fort various small presents would come her way, if she would trade only a little. At last, after casting some dubious glances toward a grumpy-looking buck, she went to her tent and returned with ten muskrat skins. Unpacking my goods, I very soon satisfied her on the exchange. This proved only a beginning, for the sight of the glittering wares was too much for poor Lo. Before long, much to my delight and the disgust of the half-breed trader, I had most of the furs in the camp in my possession, with a cordial invitation to come again. So much for the powers of blarney.

Some evenings after this, taking my gun, I started toward the mountain which, crowned with firs to its summit, overhung our camp, while close by a rapid river rushed down its slope and sped on its way to the mighty Saskatchewan. Having shot a rabbit or two, I came on a large bear's track very fresh, and following it cautiously for a short time I caught a glimpse of Master Bruin through some stunted willows. Before I could get a shot he set off at a round pace, and with my heart thumping like a small engine I rushed after him, for it was my first bear hunt. I could depend well on my gun, it being what is called in this country distinctly an H. B. gun; they are all made of one standard, 28-bore, and rather long and heavy in the barrel, throwing ball like a rifle for 200 yards. Knowing the lay of the

country, I made for a point where it was likely the bear would pass. And hardly had I thrown myself down when crashing sticks warned me of his rapid approach. He suddenly came into view, a large brown beast, not over thirty yards distant. Firing rapidly, I struck him in the leg. It seemed only to enrage him, for, after biting at the wounded spot savagely, he rushed straight toward me. Not having had time to reload my barrel, I reserved the other until the muzzle nearly touched his jaws, and pulling the trigger jumped on one side. By the very impetus of his charge he was carried some paces past me, and after a kick or two lay stone dead. So close was he that the powder had scorched his mouth.

A-SI-SI KOA, Sipi, Oct. 27, 1885.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DAYS WITH THE BARMECIDE CLUB.

IX.

FOUR, eight and a pair, seven are fifteen two, twenty-five, that's a go; thirty-one, four holes—and almost innumerable variations on the above were played until the monotony of the proceedings became so thick it could have been cut with a club; and it must have been the disgust felt by the rainy day at our unprofitable employment indoors that dislocated its spinal column and buried it in the irrevocable past, while it was succeeded by a day of sunshine which unlocked our doors and again scattered us over lake and brook.

But a few days more were remaining in which we could practice our gentle art, and the time we improved though it was barren of wonderfully substantial results. But all the same we whipped the riffles and the eddies and the mirror-like stretchers on the brook, the ripples and the quiet on the lake; and managed by persistent effort to keep the wolf from the shanty, and we all felt that we had improved our casting to an appreciable extent, and that was idle time not idly spent.

But then, as has been said a thousand times, "it's not all of fishing to catch fish." The angler knows that fortune is a coquette, an inconsistent goddess, and when with sturdy stride he scatters the dewdrops sparkling on the spider webs, or presses with gentle steps the mossy path that leads him to the lake, he feels that, though he return with an empty creel, there is ample compensation in the cheerful songs which the birds are ringing out in a riot of melody, in the shrill scream of the loon, in the chattering of the saucy bluejay, in the partridge drumming his love beat in some leafy copse. The merry ripple of the bubbling stream, the radiant sunsets, the wild flowers which jewel the grass and moss, the goodly fragrance of the forest, make care and ill luck stand aloof.

Though we wooed every ripple with our most seductive casts, yet the fine trout were conspicuous by their absence. There is a wonderful fascination in the uncertainty of angling, and though there was present with us the consciousness that it was a will-o'-the-wisp beckoning us on, we followed and enjoyed the few finny favors we creeled, increased our *avoir-dupois* and deserved the success we could not command. Still we had the greatest amount of unadulterated sport during these last days, for after no meal were we a trout ahead, and consequently there was not the plague of fishes to admonish us to refrain from further captures, and we were all thankful that we had the good fortune not to catch too many trout and thereby spoil our sport.

These piscatorial conditions entailed an extra amount of exercise with the rafts, but we were equal to it, and "be mane stringth and arkwardness" we paddled and poled our clumsy but comfortable old bundle of logs to every promising and unpromising gallon of water in the lake.

We experimented with an almost endless variety of allurements, but neither standard flies nor those nondescripts evolved out of our inner consciousness effected good results, but only tended to confirm our belief that a limited assortment of flies selected with due regard to place and season was sufficient, for what few fish came to us came through the medium of our old friends. During these days we had neither forgotten nor neglected Our Lake, as some of us made almost daily trips to it for the exercise probably, as the fish were very chary of their favors. The two lakes in the immediate vicinity of our headquarters were visited, and though they received us with their most gracious smiles, they did not open their hearts.

George Eliot says, "The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history;" and so were these last days of our outing uneventful, but full of quiet rest, of comfort and content, until, according to appointment, the conductor of our team and sledge met us and we prepared for the return trip. The last night was spent in the shanty at Our Lake. We had been pilgrims of pleasure, and though slightly saddened by the consciousness that our pilgrimage must soon come to an end, for the grim old scythe bearer would not cease his never-varying stroke, we fell asleep to the lullaby of the leaves and the ripples.

MILLARD.

CHEYENNE, WY.

A QUAIN QUARRY.

THE other day, realizing the truth of the preacher's assertion, "much study is a weariness to the flesh," I left my books and quill (aye, I am an "out and out" conservative and still cleave to my quill), roused my favorite beagle from his post-prandial nap, took 'baccy, hat and stick and went forth a field.

It was a lovely afternoon of a typical May day—an English May—and my thoughts dwelt upon fair English scenes and the "sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright" of the saintly Herbert and the prose-poetry of dear old Walton, and these, it may be, led my feet to the water rather than to the budding wood. I chose, as I always do, the "cool, sequestered" way to a pond, erstwhile a wonted haunt of mine for bottom fishing and whence I had taken many a goodly perch of a pound weight and more. Circumstances and sentiment have kept me from the place for years and I even began to wonder what changes might be visible in the once secluded and beautiful place. Secluded and beautiful I found it, but evidently more frequented than of yore and a less desirable and promising water for fishing. An old turnpike divides the pond, and on this "causeway" had been planted, since I last saw it, the ubiquitous and unsightly telegraph poles! I stood aghast and bewailed this flagrant change and untoward evidence of civilization. The pike, even in parts near to villages, had long been in desuetude, and this loveliest portion had been seized upon as a convenient place over which to hang the wires for the use of a new line of railway contiguous thereto, making a short-cut, though marring the beauty of the place.

I found a hole where I was wont to make a cast, and sat down to burn 'baccy and let my thoughts run riot in

meditative mood. Guy had long been doing so *in propria persona*, for the place was new to him and he had many strange nooks to explore. I was soon roused from my retrospection by his giving tongue, and starting up, I found him intent on almost taking to the water, but without seeing, at first glance, any cause for his undue excitement. Evidently thinking me very stupid and stolid, he looked into my face and again made the air ring with his music. I now saw, about a fathom's length from shore, a large fish rise to an alder catkin afloat on the surface. The water was so deep and so dark that I could not name the fish, but I presume it was a species of dace, once very abundant here. It was amusing to see the dog attempt to step upon the water and to hear his angry voice at being balked of a firm foothold and a dash at this novel prey. The fish soon disappeared, and so did Guy—to "fresh fields and pastures new," wondering, I trow, at his discomfiture, leaving me to moralize a bit and also to wonder if there were now as good fish in the pond as I used to draw thence. I am disposed to doubt the fact, for thoughtless boys and men have made within, as well as out of, the water, and very "small fry," as well as coarse, are only left "to point the moral" and to bear witness to the "changes and chances" which a greedy and selfish age is making in the fair domains of nature. O what heart of grace she has, however, and how bravely she strives to hide man's ravages beneath a veil of greenery and broderie of fair flowers! Ever kindly, ever soothing, ever glorious and beautiful and buoyant!

O. W. R.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

THE thirty-fifth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, will be held at Buffalo, N. Y., from Wednesday morning, Aug. 18, until Tuesday evening, Aug. 24, 1886.

The headquarters of the Association will be at the High School, and all the offices and meeting rooms will be in that building or in one of the school houses near by. The hotel headquarters will be at the Genesee House. A special circular in relation to railroads, hotels and other matters, has been issued by the Local Committee. In order to take advantage of these arrangements, members who have not received the Local Committee's circular should send for a copy at once. Arrangements for excursions and receptions will be announced by the Local Committee. For all matters pertaining to membership, papers and business of the Association, address the permanent secretary at Salem, Mass., up to Aug. 12. From Aug. 12 until Sept. 25, his address will be Buffalo, N. Y.

The officers of Sections D and H have issued special circulars relating to the meeting, which can be had by addressing the respective secretaries. Special information relating to any of the sections will be furnished by their officers. In Section E special attention will be given to the problems connected with the Niagara Falls and its gorge.

Arrangements have been made by the Local Committee for the proper care and exhibition of instruments and specimens, for the details of which and for all other local matters, members should address the local secretary. As many of the railroad companies will require a certificate of membership in the Association to be shown on purchasing tickets to Buffalo at the reduced rates, a certificate is inclosed in copies of the circular sent to members of the Association.

The meeting will be called to order in general session at 10 A. M., on Wednesday, Aug. 18, in the hall of the High School, by the President, Professor H. A. Newton, of New Haven, who will resign the chair to the President elect, Professor E. S. Morse, of Salem. After the adjournment of the general session, the sections will organize in their respective halls. In the afternoon the sections will meet and the Vice-Presidents will give their addresses. In the evening Professor Newton will give his presidential address. The general sessions and meeting of the sections will be held on the following days, except Saturday and Sunday, until Tuesday night, when the concluding session will take place.

The following officers were elected last year for the Buffalo meeting: President, Edward S. Morse, of Salem, Mass. Vice-Presidents: A. Mathematics and astronomy—J. W. Gibbs, of New Haven, Conn. B. Physics—C. F. Brackett, of Princeton, N. J. C. Chemistry—H. W. Wiley, of Washington, D. C. D. Mechanical science—O. Chanute, of Kansas City, Mo. E. Geology and geography—T. C. Chamberlain, of Washington, D. C. F. Biology—H. P. Bowditch, of Boston, Mass. H. Anthropology—Horatio Hale, of Clinton, Ontario, Canada. I. Economic sciences and statistics—Joseph Cummings, of Evanston, Ill. Permanent Secretary, F. W. Putnam, of Cambridge (office, Salem, Mass.). General Secretary, S. G. Williams, of Ithaca, N. Y. Assistant General Secretary, W. H. Pettee, of Ann Arbor, Mich. Secretaries of the sections: A. Mathematics and astronomy—S. C. Chandler, of Cambridge, Mass. B. Physics—H. S. Carhart, of Evanston, Ill. C. Chemistry—Wm. McMurtrie, of Champaign, Ill. D. Mechanical science—William Kent, of Jersey City, N. J. E. Geology and geography—E. W. Clappole, of Akron, Ohio. F. Biology—J. C. Arthur, of Geneva, N. Y. H. Anthropology—A. W. Butler, of Brookville, Ind. I. Economic science and statistics—H. E. Alvord, of Mountainville, N. Y. Treasurer, William Lilly, of Mauch Chunk.

The Entomological Club of the A. A. S. will hold its meetings during the week of the Association in the library of the Buffalo Soc. Nat. Sci. The first meeting will be held on Tuesday, August 17, at 2 P. M., and Prof. J. A. Lintner, President of the club, will deliver his address at that time. A special badge will be furnished members of the club at the desk of the local secretary. During the week there will be an excursion to some point of interest, and a reception has been tendered the club by the entomologists of Buffalo. It is very desirable that those entomologists expecting to attend should signify their intention to the secretary of the club, who will also furnish any further or additional information.—JOHN B. SMITH, Secretary Entomological Club A. A. S., National Museum, Washington, D. C.

The Botanical Club of the A. A. S. will hold its meetings, as usual, during the week of the Association. The first meeting will take place on Wednesday at 9 A. M. in the room assigned to the biological section. Any botanist or person specially interested in botany, who is a member of the Association and has registered for the Buffalo meeting may become a member of the club by filling out a

blank to be obtained at the desk of the local committee. Members of the club will be provided with a suitable badge. Special arrangements will be made by which the botanists can visit some interesting collecting field during the long excursion on Saturday. A special excursion will be given the club to some point in the vicinity of Buffalo; the date and place will be announced hereafter. The botanists of Buffalo have other plans for the entertainment of their guests, which are not sufficiently mature to announce. For further information address Dr. J. C. ARTHUR, Secretary of the club, Geneva, N. Y.

The Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science will hold its seventh annual meeting in Buffalo, beginning on Tuesday, August 17. For further information address DR. BYRON D. HALSTED, Secretary, Ames, Iowa.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Cincinnati Natural History Society, held Tuesday, July 6, the following report of the Committee on Destruction of Native Birds was submitted to the Society and adopted:

Your committee report as follows in the matter submitted to them, and state that they have carefully investigated the subject of the destruction of our native birds, and several papers have been prepared and read at three meetings of this Society. They find:

First—That native birds of many species have greatly decreased in numbers over large areas of the country. This is partly true of those water and game birds about which it is comparatively easy to obtain statistics.

Second—That the chief cause of such decrease, in addition to climatic changes, natural enemies, clearing up the country, etc., are the direct destruction of birds for their skins and feathers for decorative and millinery uses, the trapping of birds for cage purposes, the destruction of eggs and nests by men and boys, and the introduction of the European sparrow (*Passer domesticus*), which occupies the nesting places of many species. Three of these causes are preventable, and the evil results can be greatly lessened, first, if no birds be used for decorations; second, if none of the song birds and insectivorous species be used for food; third, if the laws protecting certain species be backed by stronger public opinion and be more rigidly enforced; fourth, if thoughtless men and boys could be shown the great economic value of birds and taught the desirability of protecting them and their eggs.

Your committee find that a widespread discussion of the bird question shows more interest in "our feathered friends" than they had hoped for, and they trust that Cuvier clubs, Audubon societies and other clubs of like aims will continue to flourish on all sides until public sentiment is entirely opposed to the destruction of our native birds.

A BLACK PRAIRIE DOG.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During a recent visit to the West I saw at Laramie, Wyoming Territory, a black prairie dog. The animal was captured within four or five miles of Laramie, and while on exhibition at that town attracted a great deal of attention from old plainsmen and mountaineers, none of whom seemed to have ever seen a similar specimen. It was almost entirely jet black, though on the flanks and haunches the color changed to very deep, rich brown. The tip of the tail was much paler—almost fawn color—and the tip of the chin was grizzled, just as is often the case with the chin of an aged black dog. It is not certain to which species of prairie dog the animal belongs. The ranges of *C. ludovicianus* and *C. gunnisonii* overlap here, and both animals are common. The appearance of this melanistic individual leads me to think it probable that it was *C. gunnisonii*, as it had to my eye the somewhat more delicate and graceful form of the species, but it was impossible to definitely determine the point.—G. B. G. (New York, July 5).

EUROPEAN GOLD FINCH IN NEW YORK.—I am informed by Mr. W. A. Conklin, of the Central Park menagerie, New York city, that the European gold finch (*Carduelis elegans*) first appeared in the Park in 1879, having probably crossed the Hudson River from Hoboken, N. J., where some birds had been set at liberty the previous year. The species is now common and apparently resident. On April 20, 1886, I discovered in precisely similar situations, two nests, one of which containing five fresh eggs has been forwarded to the Smithsonian Institution. It was placed in a pine tree, resting among the tufts of long needles near the end of a slender horizontal limb, some twelve feet from the ground. The species seems to be gradually extending its range, as on May 23, 1886, I met with a pair occupying a clump of pines six or seven miles to the northward.—E. T. Adney in July Auk.

ELK ANTLERS.—Chehalis, Washington Territory.—I send you dimensions of an elk's head and horns in my possession. The animal was killed just before shedding the velvet, which makes them look magnificent. Dimensions: Face, from back of ears to tip of nose, 27 inches; butt of horns, 13 inches in circumference; spread of horns in widest part, 43 inches; 6 lines on each beam; from point of brow antler to top of horns, 53 inches; distance across from tip to tip, 37½ inches; distance between eyes, 10 inches; weight, about 50 pounds; being in velvet they are lighter than if rubbed.—W. G. MERCIER.

BRIGHT FEATHERS AND BRIGHT FOLIAGE.—Lawrence, Mass., June 23.—The Jay is a nicer bird than I thought he was. I won't shoot any more. He has a bad name among us boys, though. But late in the fall, when the wild grape is ripe, and everything is golden and the maples a-fire, I would not miss him for a good deal as he goes flashing through the woods like a blue flame, now screaming like wild and once in a while making the sweetest sound, which I can't compare to anything but a bell, and a mighty sweet-sounding one at that.—O. FRED NEWBERT.

SHOWER OF FISH.—Mr. W. L. May, Fish Commissioner of Nebraska, has shown us a bottle of small fish of an inch in length, which were picked up in the streets of Harvard, Neb., after a heavy rain and a cyclone, on June 14. The fish were identified by Dr. Bean as the fat head or black-head minnow (*Pimephales promelas*), a common species in the Ohio valley and upper Missouri. The fish are reported by Mr. May as having been very plentiful in the streets.

OCCURRENCE OF THE IVORY GULL AT HALIFAX.—A young bird in immature plumage was shot recently on the coast of Halifax county and is now in the possession of Mr. Thos. Egan, taxidermist of this city.—J. MATHEW JONES (Halifax, N. S., July 9).

BIRDS OF CENTRAL PARK—CORRECTION.—Litchfield, Conn., June 20, 1886.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From an oversight on our part, the dates in reference to the occurrence of the yellow-bellied flycatcher (*Empidonax flaviventris*), in Central Park, are incorrect. The species in question was observed by Mr. Adney on May 10, 1886. We trust that this correction may appear in your columns as soon as possible.—L. B. WOODRUFF, A. G. PAINE, JR. [This note, owing to erroneous direction, was not received until last week.]

Game Bag and Gun.

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WOODCOCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If I were to relate what I do not know, into this dreamy, mysterious and charming game birdeches, I am sure more space in your valuable journal than jels of rocks hundred to spare me; hence, if you please, I shut in our train my experiences with the sober, Quaker-like bottom of a deeper pencils than mine the extensive tasket fring up the canvas and making the perfect picture.

Our first intimate acquaintance with the many years ago, when I was a boy of eight or nine years. It happened in this way. One of my duties at that time was to "drive and fetch" an old brindle cow to and from the rocky pasture lot in my native town in Connecticut. One morning in early June, after seeing the old cow safely behind the "bars" in the lot, I started to cross an old mowing field in which the grass was quite light, and scattered here and there were many venerable apple trees, and a few hickory trees which had been left standing on account of the choice quality of the nuts they bore, while the fence surrounding the field was fringed with hazelunt bushes, weeds and briars of various kinds. As I sprang from the fence and landed beyond the bushes, a woodcock started up in front of me almost at my feet and fluttered and tumbled off a few rods and almost turning a summersault settled apparently helpless in the grass.

Thinking it a crippled bird, boylike I darted after it, expecting an easy matter to make a capture, but in this conclusion I failed to consult the bird, for when I arrived within a few feet of her she seemed quickly to recover and easily eluded my grasp, but still fluttering and tumbling off as before, but a short distance again fell apparently exhausted. I increased my speed and made a dive in the grass where I had seen her fall, intending to cover her with my body, but again I was foiled by seeing her dart out just in time to escape me, when she again repeated the fluttering and tumbling act. By this time an idea struck me that I was being fooled by that sedate and simple bird, and she was leading and enticing me away from something she held dearer than her life; so retracing my steps to where I had jumped from the fence, in the merest apology for a nest composed of a few leaves and blades of dry grass there lay the objects of her anxiety, two young birds, evidently but a few days old, so young as to make no effort to run or walk, and evidently relying on instinct by the "tricks that were vain" (in this instance) of their mother to shield them from observation and harm. I did not touch nor disturb them, but sat gazing at their tenderness and simplicity for a few moments, when the old bird came flying back, but on discovering me immediately sank into the grass but a few feet distant and began her blandishments to allure me again to take up the chase. I shall never forget the brave and tender devotion of that mother to her young brood, or the artful wiles she adopted to shield them. After satisfying my curiosity I departed, leaving the young birds as I had found them.

The next morning I called to take another view of the young innocents, but they were gone. Probably the parent removed them during my absence, and if so, how? Or did they gain strength (which seemed to me improbable) and follow the mother to a new and more secluded home? Or were they devoured by hawk or fox? are queries I never could answer satisfactorily to my own mind. I have always had the impression that the parent bird in some way removed them. As this was the only woodcock nest I ever saw, and though I have been shooting this delicious and mysterious bird ever since, this simple sketch contains about all I know about woodcock. I should have said that this nest was located fully a quarter of a mile from any water, marsh or swamp, on high and dry ground; and though I am inclined now to believe that they usually breed near or in such places, this is the only positive evidence I have that they do not.

I used to be foolish enough to shoot the dear things in July, but have long since abandoned the pernicious practice. The last time I was guilty of this vile business was in company of my old friend Comf (now gone hence), and but for him I might then have lost my life, for he found me stretched under the shade of a tree overcome by the heat, and he ran nearly half a mile to the nearest spring, bringing his old felt hat full of cool water with which he bathed my head and hands and moistened my lips, reviving me sufficiently to enable me to reach home, and I have never attempted it since at that season of the year, not alone on account of the discomfort to myself, which generally overbalances the sport derived, but because the old birds are as unfit for food as a sitting hen, and the young ones are frequently half grown, soft and flabby, not having the strength to fly so as to make a creditable target for a true sportsman, and when shot, wrap them in fresh leaves and lay them as carefully as you may in your pockets, more than likely when you get home the poor things will have become spoiled or fly-blown. For the best interest of sportsmen and birds, no woodcock should be shot before the first of October.

I have watched their coming in the early spring, and once handled a bird that had met its death by flying against a wagon early one morning near the last of February in Queens county, Long Island. I have followed them in their secluded haunts amid the alders where the soft, springy ground was covered thick with ferns and the broad leaves of wild cabbage; and again during the last of July and August, have found them while moulting in the cornfield nearest to their feeding ground; but from the 15th of October to the

15th of November is the only time that affords good sport and really good birds, for they are then strong and healthy, making an honest target for the sportsman, and a true luxury for the table.

Speaking of strong flyers leads me to inquire if everybody but me knows how far a woodcock can fly without stopping? I confess I do not know. It is well known that many portions of Long Island afford excellent breeding ground for woodcock, and that during the month of July they are very plenty in many of the swamps. Do the old birds get there in the spring by crossing from New Jersey north of Sandy Hook, or do they cross the Hudson River, Manhattan Island and the East River? I am sure some cross this way, for I once picked up an exhausted bird that fell in the Seventeenth Ward of Brooklyn, and as I saw it an instant before it fell, the course indicated that it had crossed the East River, and possibly Manhattan Island and the Hudson. But when they leave the island to take their summer vacation further north, do they all take the above indicated routes, or is it possible for them to fly across Long Island Sound?

That under certain incentives they can fly rapidly, and quite a continuous distance was once illustrated to me in this way: I was hunting in Connecticut late in the evening on one of those still Indian summer days in October, and had just gained the summit of a ridge overlooking a broad swamp of alders and low underbrush, when a small sparrow hawk darted from a bush near by toward the ground in front of me; at the same instant a woodcock started up, disclosing at once the object of the wily hawk; and here began a race that so much surprised me that I forgot I had a gun, and I doubt much if the shot would have overtaken them, so rapidly did they put distance between us. They were a little below my line of vision, and I judged the woodcock to be ten or fifteen feet in advance, both flying in a direct line above the underbrush in the swamp beyond, as though they had been shot from a gun. In the few seconds I watched them they did not swerve to the right or to the left, but rapidly dwindled in size till they were lost to my vision in the hazy atmosphere ere the hawk had caught his prey or they had reached the ridge beyond, which I judged to be half a mile away. I stood musing a moment wondering whether that sparrow hawk had woodcock for supper, or whether the woodcock was quietly congratulating himself on winning the race for dear life. I confess I hoped for the latter to be true. I was surprised at the whole transaction, surprised that the woodcock did not sink into the cover of the swamp below, and surprised at the distance he flew, and above all at the rapidity with which he measured it off. It satisfied me that a woodcock has a few "extra links to let out" on important occasions, and this seemed to be one.

In regard to the lateness with which these birds tarry at the north, I can only say that one evening near the last of November I and Comf stood on a knoll overlooking a small swamp in which our dogs were trying to rustle out a partridge, when I heard a whistling sound in the air, and ere I had comprehended its source, Comf's gun cracked and the bird came down in front of us. I gathered it, and it was as fine a woodcock as I ever handled or ate. Everybody knows that a broiled woodcock, shot in the proper season, is good; in fact, is very good; but everybody may not know that there is another way to cook them which will give them a flavor epicures delight in, and which can be obtained in no other way than this, viz., dry pick the bird, taking care not to tear the skin. Do not cut it in any way nor remove anything from it but the feathers. Wrap it securely in two or three thicknesses of clean, unglazed brown paper; then bury it in hot wood ashes, over which spread a thin layer of live wood coals, and leave it till thoroughly roasted, which will be from fifteen to twenty minutes, according to the degree of heat above and below it. When done, split it open on the back and remove the case of worm-like entrail (for this will be all that will remain) together with the outlet. Season with salt and pepper to your taste, and you will find the most delicious flavor it is possible to obtain from a woodcock. Let those who have not already done so, try it some time and report. I never had a stomach for eating the bird after it has become "high," as some are pleased to term it, but prefer my birds fresh and untainted.

I hope, Mr. Editor, you will persistently continue your valuable efforts to confine the shooting of this charming game bird to the only proper season, which in my experience is during the months of October and November, and thus preserve and increase a bird which affords the most delightful sport and delicious food.

A.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Prairie chickens are coming along in nice shape. The young chickens will be much larger than usual this season on the beginning of the shooting season, owing to favorable weather for early nesting.

The Hotel Kittson (R. W. Bloodgett, proprietor) can furnish ample accommodations for all that come. W. S. F. ASHBY, Minn., July 5.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—It was an afternoon in August, 1888. I was stock hunting in the hills of Middle Arkansas. Riding along the top of a low ridge and passing through a small clump of bushes I flushed a covey of quail, and being in no hurry, I got off of my horse to let him graze while I tried my skill at killing the quail with stones, of which there was a bountiful supply all along the side of the hill. I carried my old muzzleloading rifle in my left hand. When I got within about forty yards of the foot of the hill and stopped to look for the quail, several of which had lit in the trees along the hillside, what should I see but a large buck leisurely walking up the dry bed of the ravine, and a short distance in the rear was a doe following him. On the instant I had a terrible attack of "fever and ague," that I could not hold myself steady, much less the gun. But then in a few moments my nerves were steadier and I laid my gun upon the limb of a little tree, and taking deliberate aim at him just behind the shoulder pulled trigger. Instead of hearing the sharp report and seeing the buck make his last leap for life, there was a click of the hammer on the tube and the deer stopped stock still and elevated his head just as old men who wear their glasses near the end of their noses do when trying to get a good look at something at a distance. I eased myself down by the side of the tree and commenced priming my gun by picking powder into the tube with a pin. It was the work of but a few seconds, and slipping another cap on to the tube I rose up again fully expecting to see them in full view. But lo! they had vanished. How they got away without my seeing or hearing them has always been a mystery to me, as it was all open oak and hickory woods, excepting a few small clumps of bushes here and there along the hollow.—ALPHA.

FOXHOUNDS AND FOXES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have hunted foxes in Virginia, New Hampshire and Maine, with a pack in the first-named State and with from one to a half dozen dogs in the other States, and therefore feel that I am thoroughly acquainted with the points in controversy. Both gentlemen are right as far as their own localities are concerned. The red fox of New England is the same as that of Virginia, and other things being equal, one is as hard to run down as the other. In the autumn in New England before the snow falls, a pack of picked fleet hounds might kill one out of a dozen foxes driven, but I do not think it possible for two or three of the best hounds in the world to do as much, simply because our country is full of roads, swamps and ledges, where so much time is lost in keeping the track that the fox gets far ahead, and the dogs can only trail fast, not drive by the body scent. In Virginia they run over a well wooded or grassed country and never road for hours as they do here. In winter the great masses of ice and constantly drifting snow make following a New England fox next to impossible, unless one has a slow, patient dog that will stick to his work till the day is done; but, of course, this is not driving in the Virginia sense. The question, as I conceive it, is not one of the kind of dogs needed, but the number used, and the character of the country run over. Virginia dogs do catch red foxes, I have owned them and seen them do it, but the same dogs can't do the same work here, and from past experience I believe it impossible to successfully run down and catch foxes in this part of the country. I have a Byron dog from the western regions of Pennsylvania, that comes near being a fox than any dog I have seen in this section, and a year old. Should he do still better next season, I should get four or five of the same strain and further test the question of catching foxes in New England. FOXGRAFT.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

"Red Eye" and "Hounding," of Virginia, and Mr. Newell, of Massachusetts, are each right as to their own localities. Here in Sullivan county, N. Y., a fox would grin at the notion of being caught by any dog. Foxes here run from four to forty hours, not without breaks and loss of track. We have good foxhounds; put them in an open country, like the South, and the run would be shorter and the fox caught or holed. As to Col. Tucker's fast hounds, produced as he claims by a cross between native and imported strains, we have plenty of that kind here, and there is no need to send South for them.—C. F. KENT (Monticello, N. Y.).

SOUTHERN HUNTING METHODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading the apparently interminable discussion on the "hounding" and "non-hounding" questions in your columns last winter, and also allusions to fox hunting in northern woods, "Coahoma" was led into some reflections upon the curious contrasts existing between Northern and Southern methods of pursuing certain sports.

In the South still-hunting for deer is rarely ever practiced, and for the most part only by "raftsmen" and such professional woodsmen.

The common practice with sportsmen, and which is considered legitimate sport, is to hunt the deer in very much the same manner as your fox hunting is described. A party of hunters go out on horseback with a pack of hounds. Each member is provided with a shotgun (rarely ever a rifle) and a blowing horn. One or two of the members "go in the drive"; that is, follow and control the hounds. The others are stationed at the various "stands," points where the deer is supposed to be most likely to run by. When a deer is killed by one of the "standers," a long blast is given on his horn to apprise the other hunters of the fact. Then a new drive is instituted in another locality. If the dogs run the game out of the drive without a shot they are recalled by the drivers as soon as practicable and a fresh drive entered upon.

This method of hunting deer certainly affords delicious sport. There is not a more thrilling experience, than, after hours of waiting suspense, perhaps, to hear the pack in full cry approaching your stand, with the exciting hallooing of the drivers behind them, while you stand trembling with excitement, your gun cocked and at a "ready," in momentary expectation of the quarry bounding into view and in range of your weapon. Or, as frequently happens, the swelling music of the pack (what orchestra or human chorus can equal its effect on your nerves?) will veer off to right or left, and you spring on your hunting pony, who is as full of excitement and interest in the proceedings as yourself, and dash wildly away, leaping over logs and dodging overhanging branches, to "head off" the game at another stand a mile away. But many a long, cold day, from "early dawn to dewy eve" hath this writer stood, or reclined against a tree trunk, vainly waiting in weary solitude for the deer that had pressing business in an entirely different part of the woods.

This method of deer hunting, as practiced in Louisiana and Mississippi, does not drive the deer permanently away from its accustomed haunts, but the same deer may be started in the same locality on successive days. The one great evil, however, which attends this sport, and for which there is no palliation, is the frequency with which the deer escapes carrying with it one or more buckshot, either to die a lingering and unprofitable death, or possibly recover after much suffering, which no true sportsman can contemplate without discomfort of mind.

Fox hunting, on the other hand, is conducted quite differently. Every huntsman is in the "drive," and there is not a gun in the party. If any unreflecting countryman should shoot a fox before the hounds, he would receive the hearty execrations of the whole hunt.

This different way of viewing the matter in the North and the South is probably due to the comparative scarceness of foxes in the latter region. They are by no means so numerous here as they appear to be in the North. The sight of a fox in this country except when put up by the hounds, is an exceedingly rare occurrence, one which this writer has never yet experienced.

In former years, when Southern planters could afford to indulge in the luxury, fox hunting was a favorite amusement. Pains were taken to select a pack with special view to harmony of voices, and the music which they made when in full cry on a crisp, frosty morning, made the nerves tingle as nothing else could. It was customary to start out a couple of hours before daybreak, and the chase was usually kept up till toward noon, covering a radius of perhaps five miles, the gray fox being the prevailing variety. He was either picked up on the ground, run to earth, or, as was

most usual, was found in a tree, with the pack baying around, sometimes after five or six hours' chase.

The writer remembers an occasion when he was a boy of ten years of age, and participated in such a hunt. Soon after setting out, a small beagle bitch started a fox on her own account, and after chasing it alone for several hours, brought it in the vicinity of the main pack, when it was speedily put up a tree. Wishing to have some further sport the leader of the hunt called off the pack and directed me to climb up the tree and force the fox to jump out. This I did, but he very soon "treed" again. The same tactics were pursued, but the poor creature was so exhausted that it permitted me to catch it by the tail and throw it to the ground, when the merciless dogs made short work of it. An Irish friend of mine, who is a considerable railroad and lever-tractor, who has a good deal of humor about him, somewhat given to drawing the "long bow," returned from Ireland on a visit a few years ago, and while there was invited to see the "county hounds." The pack consisted of about fifty, and he relates that they were so well trained that the keeper could marshal them in line like soldiers on dress parade, and order them out individually, by name, to a line of platters containing food, in their front.

Not to be outdone, Captain Mike told the keeper that did pretty well for the old country, but was not near equal to the packs we had in America. He said that he had owned a pack himself of one hundred and fifty dogs. The foundation for this claim was the fact that he once had a levee camp on our doors at emigrant travel by wagon, from the State at a few days' journey to Texas, and that it was his practice our gentle as the wagon trains and assembled was barren of wonder: attracted by the quantities of game that were shipped the

by the SHOOTING.

I see you are in question of spring shooting of all kinds, and wish to point out certain matters in connection with the present statute which forbids the killing of birds in the spring. Ex-Senator Wagstaff claims, and I believe deserves, the credit of having this law passed, but in so doing did he not get his seasons a little mixed? Early spring and careful study of the almanac have left on my mind the impression that spring consists of March, April and May, and that summer includes June, July and August. I have some doubts about March, and think a well-regulated arrangement of the weather would have left that among the wintry months, and so would not mind allowing him to take June in place of it. No one ought to quarrel over June, for there is nothing to shoot in that month of the year anyhow. But how did he come to steal the first half of July? The law protects bay birds till July 15. That is just exactly the middle of summer. Was our enthusiastic and able Senator over thorough, or was he attempting to rehabilitate the laws of the universe as well as the game laws? There always used to be a flight of snipe in the early part of July. The 7th was the conventional date, and then they are on their migration southward, and should be killed if they are ever to be. Why protect them for the benefit of our excellent friends in Jersey who do not even protect the brooding birds in spring? Unless, indeed, the Senator has a shooting box along the Jersey coast, in which case the sooner he invites me to join him there the less I will have to say about irregularity of times and seasons. How much virtue does he expect a New Yorker to be possessed of? There was a splendid flight of big birds the first week of this July, and is the average sportsman to stand idly by and let them go without firing a gun because summer comes sooner than the Senator's almanac had it? I being made of sterner stuff at the deck of my yacht and saw the marlin go past as many as thirty in a flock and did not kill a single one. To be sure I happened to have left my gun at home, but were it not for this law my gun would not have been at home. Now I have just written a novel wherein I dilate upon the many delightful attractions and resources of the Great South Bay, its fishing and shooting, but if the menhaden fishermen are to take thirty thousand bluefish in one haul and twenty tons of weakfish in another, as I am informed they have, and dump them almost all into their oil vats, and Senator Wagstaff is to stop the shooting by mistake spring for summer, what will become of my book? I shall either have to suppress the edition or be set down for an exaggerator, a thing that no fisherman can endure. I want therefore particularly to impress upon every one who shall hereafter undertake to prohibit shooting of any sort of birds in their northern migration, that spring is not summer and that summer is not spring, and one of the worst injuries that can be done to the efficiency of game laws is to make them unreasonable and contrary to the laws of nature.

ROBERT BARNWELL ROOSEVELT.

HOSPITABLE TEXAS.

THIS is a very paradise of a land, from a sportsman's standpoint, especially to those fond of the pursuit of that *cerme de la creme* of game birds, Bob White. The latter are thick on the creeks in the winter, and the open corn fields, etc., early in the season, in many parts of the State; especially so within a radius of sixty miles of this town. What more exhilarating pleasure can there be than getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning, and with two or three congenial companions, driving out to one's ground, ready to begin shooting about 8:30 A. M., and lunching at noon. A delightful thing it is to watch a well-bred dog, following all the commands of a competent trainer, noting the wonderful instinct they show when the coveys are not there, only alighted and then run on, or with what rigidity of muscle will they stand when the birds are there; how grandly they drop when the birds rise with a "whirr," leaving one or more of their comrades behind them. I know of nothing so trying to most men's nerves as the first whirr of a large covey, especially if they want to drop a right and left. Shooting quail when once scattered is as distinct from the first flush as killing a deer with a shotgun is different from performing the same feat with a rifle, in my humble opinion. I have shot partridges in the turnips, in England, but I must acknowledge that for downright good shooting, the little "Bob White" takes the palm. He is second only to the far-famed Scotch grouse, or perhaps that wily fellow, the woodcock.

What a pity it is that we can't get a bill passed prohibiting the netting or trapping of this noble little bird. There are far too many disposed of in this cold-blooded way. What they do it for passes my comprehension, as the price realized in these markets for quail per dozen would hardly pay for the net one would think; and each farmer must have an outfit of his own, or usually does so.

The weather becomes nice and cool down here about the end of October. Apropos of cool things, one of the coolest that I have struck down here happened to us last fall. When out shooting we had very carefully placed some bottles of Bass' ale in a cool spot, carefully hidden from the eyes of the vulgar, as we fondly deluded ourselves. However, on getting back to camp, dry and thirsty as leeches, to our horror our cool drink had given us the slip and no amount of careful searching could reveal its lurking place. We remember those kind, unselfish men to this day.

Besides quail, we have prairie chickens, all kinds of wild-fowl, turkeys, etc. For the rifle there are deer, antelope and bison. People are hospitable and only too pleased to see you if of the right stamp; and to the thorough sportsman who shoots for the sport and not for the dollar, a hearty welcome is accorded by all the best farmers. Some of the less educated ones have an idea that every man out with a dog and gun means so much out of their own pockets. One farmer remarked to me last year about a certain well-known sportsman down here who has paid large prices for his dogs: "I say, Mister, how long will it be before M. sells enough birds to pay for that \$1,000 bitch that I hear he has got."

What can you reply to such a man? ARTHUR STERT.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

NEW YORK WOODCOCK SEASON.—Fort Plain, N. Y., July 8. *Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you please inform me through the FOREST AND STREAM when the woodcock season opens in this State? As I understand it it is Aug. 1, and is generally so understood here and the sportsmen here are all making calculations on shooting woodcock Aug. 1. But a few claim the law was changed to Sept. 1 this summer. Will you please ascertain and let me know, as I do not want to shoot woodcock before it is lawful to. Furthermore I saw myself that a bill had passed the Legislature changing the time to Sept. 1, but have not seen anything of it since. I am in hope the law has changed to Sept. 1, and the majority of the sportsmen here think as I do, for we all know that nine out of ten men who go shooting woodcock in August shoot more or less ruffed grouse, or "short-bills," as they call them, and the summer hotels all buy ruffed grouse in August and say they prefer them, but call them short-bills. If the law has changed I think you should make it prominent in your valuable paper, as I know a great many depend on it for such information, at least I do.—A. W. B. [The season was correctly given in our last issue in list of open game seasons.]

NEWS OF THE CAMPING CLUBS.—Wellsville, O., July 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Two special cars attached to the mail train and placarded "East Liverpool Camping Clubs, 1896," passed through here on the 2d ult. en route to Waynesburg, O., near which place they have selected a spot for their annual encampment. This section of country is noted for an abundance of game and its pretty women, so that a good time, both piscatorially and socially, for the boys is insured. A full fledged brass band accompanies them, but it is to be hoped they will be muzzled after arriving in the woods. The Geo. Weaver Fishing Club of Rochester, Pa., bound for Michigan; Pittsburgh Recreation Club, en route to Waynesburg, O., and the Pioneer Club going down the Ohio River passed through here this week with all the paraphernalia incidental to the art of castrametation. They anticipate having a good time.—BUZ.

DOVES IN NEW JERSEY.—Monmouth, N. J., July 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is there no law for the protection of doves in this State? If not I think it would be well for some of our leading sportsmen to bring the matter to the attention of the Legislature next winter. If something is not done, dove shooting will soon be a thing of the past in this part of the State. It has been customary to wait until after harvest and shoot them when they come in to feed in the stubble (which I think is too early). But some have been shooting them all through the month of June this year, also in the winter when the ground is covered with snow and they come to barnyards and grain stacks after food. I think that I am as fond of shooting as any one, but am willing that all should have a chance. Would be glad to have the opinion of sportsmen on this subject.—FAIR PLAY.

MASSACHUSETTS.—South Duxbury, Mass., July 8.—Fall shooting promises to be the best this season it has been for years. Quail are very plenty and can be heard in all directions, four to one compared to last year. Partridges are plenty, too, I found six beavies on my travels last Sunday; they were about a third grown. Woodcock are never plenty here as it is dry and sandy, not enough meadow ground. I have seen several lately past at sunset in the low ground, one was the largest I ever saw.—SOUTH SHORE.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Erie, July 5.—Woodcock are very plenty around here now, but I am sorry to say a great many young birds were bagged before the season was open. The bass fishing was very poor this spring, owing to the poundnets being on the bass ground, but we hope with the assistance of our assemblyman and State senator to have the pound nets done away with. There are several large broods of young ducks around, but the pot-hunters are killing them off when they can get a chance.—J. M.

NEW YORK GAME CONSTABLES.—Glens Falls, N. Y., July 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Have you noticed that Sec. 2 of Chap. 429, of laws of 1886, provides that: "Game constables, constables, sheriffs and deputy sheriffs shall have the same powers as are conferred upon game protectors for the enforcement of the provisions of Chap. 534 of the laws of 1879 and the amendments thereto, and shall be entitled to the same fees therefor."—A. N. CHENEY.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Colebrook, July 12.—Trout have been taken in great numbers, but the recent hot weather has sent them in search of colder water, where they will be better secreted. They have diminished some from unlawful and unsportsmanlike methods of capture in certain localities where law does not avail.—NED NORTON.

THE PRINGLE SNIPE SCORE.—A correspondent tells us that the snipe shooting by Mr. Pringle, of Louisiana, concerning which inquiries were made in these columns recently, occurred in the month of February, at Bayou Teche, La. Gun, breechloader; load, 34 drams powder, 1 1-6 ounces No. 9 shot; time, 6 hours; number of snipe killed, 366.

PROFIT IN BEAR TRAPS.—A York county, New Brunswick, bear trapper took into Fredericton recently nine skins of bears, trapped in the neighborhood of Zionville. Some of the skins netted \$15 each in addition to the \$2 bounty. Beavers are still found in New Brunswick in certain localities numerous enough to make their trapping profitable.

RHODE ISLAND.—Manton, R. I., July 12.—Ruffed grouse and quail are quite plenty in this vicinity, but woodcock are scarce.—T. M. A.

MR. GRIFFIN SMITH. of Longmont, Colo., shot a mountain lion on the Little Thompson, and killed it nine feet from the end of its nose to the tip of its tail.

MUZZLE VS. BREECH.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I have been entertained by reading "Napoleon Merrill's" "Muzzle vs. Breech" in FOREST AND STREAM of July 1. Indeed I was interested enough to hunt up the copy for April 8, to which he refers. "N. M." shot 70 rods, or thought he did. He did not measure the distance, so I will wager that he did not shoot over 55 rods. I never knew a "guessed" 70 rods to pan out over about 50. And he killed 4 turkeys out of 20 shots. "N. M." must shoot better than that if he ever attends a turkey shoot in Canton, or the breechloaders will laugh at him. I used the old-fashioned muzzleloader long after breechloaders came in fashion, simply because I could not afford to buy a breech-loader. I have clipped chickens' and partridges' (grouse) heads off with it, and also just as easily with the breech-loader. I own a Remington .22 Winchester .32 and Marlin .38. The Remington and Marlin were regular stock guns; the Winchester was made to order, but is no better shooter than those of their regular stock. I am no marksman, shoot but little, and would be no man to champion any gun, but I would like to meet that muzzleloader of "N. M." at a turkey shoot. Some three years ago we shot here for a badge, 20 rods, 10 contests, half at any rest, half off hand. A 14-pound muzzleloading target gun and a fine double barrel were both left far in the rear before the string was shot out. At a 50yds. shoot, 10 contests, the double gun met the same fate, much to the discomfiture of a good friend of mine, who loaned it to a member of the club to show the boys what it could do. The heavy gun did not appear in that contest.
Tell "N. M." that I will on any still day take my little .22 Remington with 5 grains of powder and shoot for turkeys at 175yds. and "let 'em up for all the boys if I can't kill more than 3 in 20 shots." I'll take my 32 Winchester, 20 grains, at same distance, and agree to make it 10 out of 20 shots. My Marlin I have shot but little—I hardly know how it does shoot. But I'll shoot it just as many rods as "N. M." will his muzzleloader, and the man who gets the least number of turkeys pays all the bills. If "N. M." comes to Canton to shoot he will shoot just so many yards by the tape, whether at turkeys or target. If at the former he won't be ruled out for killing 4 turkeys in 20 shots either, and after he is satisfied with me he can take a twist at half a dozen others, any of whom will be happy to shoot with a man who thinks the killing of 4 turkeys in 5 shots a wonderful performance. There are good muzzleloaders and good breechloaders, and perhaps a muzzleloader can be found that can beat any breech-loader, but to do it it must shoot a long ways better than "N. M." did. He must not think breechloaders cannot shoot well simply because he struck a lot of fellows—I'll wager the guns were all right—who couldn't hit the broadside of a barn, unless they were on the inside of it. We had one such fellow at a shoot I remember. He fired 60 shots without drawing blood, and would have had equal success with either muzzle or breech-loader or even a hand spike. Our boys do not pretend to be good shots and their guns are all stock guns, costing perhaps \$15 each. Remingtons, Winchester, Stevens, Colts, Ballard, all sorts, mostly .32 and .38-cal.; but it takes about 40 turkeys to "go around" at a shoot! They don't make boys of themselves by killing them all at once; they let the 4 in 20 shots do their full share of the shooting, putting in a shot now and then when it gets dull, letting the "man who puts 'em up" keep a little ahead. So when it comes night each one has turkeys for himself and all his friends, the poor shots have their share of the fun and the owner of the turkeys comes out a few dollars ahead, as he ought to.
CANTON, N. Y. J. H. RUSHTON.

Don't twist your neck off, but use Allen's how-facing oars. Little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Adv.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

TROUT IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

AT the request of a number of expert anglers who have enjoyed the delights of this sequestered retreat of brook trout—the genuine *Salmo fontinalis*—for years, I send you a brief description of the country, made famous by Craddock's "In the Tennessee Mountains," and of a fishing excursion just concluded. I do this for the information of those who truly love the sport, and who will be gratified to discover new streams and new scenes in which to spend their fishing vacation.

I am seated in a log cabin that has withstood the storms for over a quarter of a century, in view of that huge archæan pile, Grandfather Mountain—summit of ranges that never disappeared during the convulsions of millions of years—and at the foot of the knoll on which this cabin stands are the lovely meadows through which ripple the pellucid waters of Elk River after its animated descent. Down it has come from its source in a foothill of Grandfather, over boulders and beneath blooming laurel (rhododendron), with banks bordered and pools shaded by ivy (kalmia) and honeysuckles (azaleas), pausing here and there to afford shady retreats for its royal inhabitants, and again dashing over rocky impediments until it reaches the pebbly channel of the Banner Meadows. Through these it sings and laughs, hiding its "beauties" under an occasional clump of laurel until it reaches the rocky rapids that lead on down to Smoky and Scaly mountains. And every pool at foot of rapids is alive with trout—a fish that above all others that swim can thrill the nerves most deliciously when struggling on a brown hackle that has hooked him securely. And this Elk is but one of three limpid rivers whose sources are found in that foothill a couple of miles beyond the meadows.

This charming spot, with its sublime mountain surroundings, five or six thousand feet above the tide, and forest-clad on their tall-st summits, is never visited by anglers from the North because Bohemians have defamed and ridiculed these mountains out of consideration. Never was a greater wrong done to fishermen. For eight years successively and in the month of June the anglers of our city have gone to Banner's Elk, and been welcomed with a hearty, simple, dreamy hospitality found nowhere else out of these mountains; have been fed on well cooked and wholesome food at Mrs. Louis Banner's and have caught thousands of trout ranging in weight from six ounces to one pound. True, these pink-dotted darlings are not so large as can be found in some streams of the North, but they are just as gamy when hooked, and just as delicious when lifted from the frying pan.

Banner's Elk, headquarters for movements on the Elk, Watauga and Linnville rivers, is reached by the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railway to Johnson City, twenty-five miles south of Bristol and about 200 miles northeast of Chattanooga. The East Tennessee & Western Carolina

luna Railroad connects at Johnson's and will transport you to Cranberry, thirty-five miles distant in the mountains, where there is a gem of a hotel kept in Northern style. From Cranberry you go in a hack or on horseback, as you prefer, to Banner's Elk, eight miles distant. At Banner's Elk you can be accommodated at S. M. Dugger's, who keeps a regular boarding house, or at his father's, a farmer who takes in fi-hermen. Our club, including our ladies, always stop at Mrs. Louis Banner's, but as only ladies compose that family they are sometimes timid of entertaining those they do not know, realizing, no doubt, that few strangers turn out to be angels in disguise. Board is one dollar a day, and it is excellent for the mountains of any part of the country. An all-day ride from Johnson's to Cranberry carries you to the Great Portal—the Doe River Gorge—into the Alleghanies. This gorge pierces the mountain range that swings from the pillar of the Smokies—Roan Mountain—and latches on the pillar of the Blue Ridge—Grandfather Mountain—both of these lofty elevations entering the clouds 6,000 feet above the sea. The Doe has ground down a channel through this rocky spur, in places 1,000 feet deep, and alongside its rushing waters the railway ascends up grades 300 feet, and around curves as short as 20'. Now it is on a level with the stream, again it is 100 feet above; now the iron horse pants so close to the rear coach you can almost toss a cigar to the engineer five car-lengths away, again it dashes into a short tunnel that pierces a section of the Potsdam vertebrae. The peaks reach up into the clouds, usually clothed with pines, maples, beeches, lins and balsams, but occasionally exposing bare piles of rocks hundreds of feet perpendicular, which at times shut in our train as securely from sunbeams as if it was in the bottom of a deep well. Over the clear, cold water project fringes of blooming laurel, ivy and honeysuckle.

From Cranberry the road ascends on the bosom of the mountain that bounds Cranberry River on the south, affording snatches of lovely mountain views. After three miles you ford the Elk and then you ascend that river. If you come in June not only will the oaks, the maples, the hickories, poplars, chestnuts, cherries, lins and beeches and balsams clothe Smoky and Scaly, but the laurel will have on its glorious white plumes, the ivy its delicately tinted and dotted clusters, and the honeysuckle the great redly golden blossoms that are the glory of the mountain sides all through Western North Carolina. For over three miles you will ascend through bough-embracing forests, along the bosom of the mountains at whose feet the Elk tosses, tumbles and swirls, the water of which is clear as crystal, cold as ice and filled with speckled trout. Only the young and agile fishermen venture on these boulders, and they are always repaid with creels full of the largest fish found in this section of the mountains.

In the low mountain, three miles from Banner's Elk—a foothill of Grandfather—rise the Elk, Watauga and Linnville, and the springs of their sources are not a thousand yards apart. The Watauga leaves the feet of Grandfather, flows on by Valle Crucis to the Tennessee and thence through the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. The Elk commingles in the same flood. The Linnville, however, pours down through a deep rift in the Linnville range, and after tumbling over a precipitous ledge one hundred feet perpendicular, it hurries on between the gloomy wall of a deep cañon to the valley and thence to the Atlantic Ocean. I am told by those who have followed the course of the Linnville from its source and gazed upon its rapids, pools, falls, cañons and beetling cliffs, that there is no sublimer scenery to be found anywhere on the continent.

It has been a wet June all over the country and these mountains have not been exempt from the discomforts of showers. We reached Banner's Elk on June 12 for dinner, and at 5 that afternoon began our first assault upon the gamy inhabitants of the Elk. Only three of the four men were in this first engagement and one of these was hampered by the presence of ladies who attempted the sport for the first time, yet when darkness fell, after two hours of whipping, there were discharged from the three creels upon the floor of the porch seventy-five toothsome beauties, and over twenty had been thrown back to grow larger by next year. From that evening on we found the brown hackle and the king of the waters or the coachman the most attractive flies. We never caught a large trout on a miller, though sometimes a little fellow would rise to it. Usually we fished with three flies on a six foot leader, a brown hackle always at the tail, then a king of the waters or a coachman and a miller or another hackle.

From Banner's Elk an excursion is made through the McCandless Cabin Gap to the sources of the Watauga and Linnville. It is for a while up the Elk, then through the dense laurel and up the precipitous face of the foothills, with a soil of leaves and woods decayed during centuries, twelve inches deep, covered with trees of fifteen feet girth, and ferns and mosses that are as beautiful as found anywhere else on earth. There is excellent fishing in the Watauga, beginning a little after you leave Callaway's, a mile or so below the source of the river. At Callaway's you can ascend to the summit of Grandfather, from which can be obtained an almost limitless view of mountain scenery. From Callaway's you can fish down to Shull's Mills, where the river makes a short turn to flow out into the valley of Valle Crucis. That journey will be an unalloyed delight—mountains, valleys, laurels, ivy, honeysuckles, dancing rapids, flower-shaded pools, trout large and plentiful. At Shull's Mills is Boone Fork, full of trout, and Joe Shull's residence, a reasonably comfortable lodging place. It is better to take lunch from Banner's and avoid the wretched cooking at Callaway's.

Returning from Shull's Mills along the highway, you enjoy the scenery to the full. After passing Callaway's you reach the Linnville, and in about three miles excellent fishing. You fish on down to Webb's Pond and spend the night at Estes, a half mile beyond; reasonably fair entertainment. In the morning you can go to Linnville Falls, then across to Martin Banner's for dinner, where you will get an excellent meal. You will now be only five miles from your feather bed and big wood fire at Mrs. Banner's, at Banner's Elk. One pressed for time can fish the Watauga to Shull's Mills, ascend to the summit of Grandfather, go down the Linnville to the falls, and be back to Banner's Elk within three days, after having a bushel of sport and a barrel of enjoyment.

There are other streams in Western North Carolina where trout are as plentiful and perhaps larger—as, for instance, the Nantithala, Toe (Chetstato) and Pigeon—but my heart turns lovingly to the Elk, Watauga and Linnville, and my homelike home at Banner's Elk. My residence is in Chattanooga, Tenn., and I will cheerfully answer all letters of genuine anglers who may wish to learn more of these arteries of the heart of the Alleghanies.
G. C. CONNOR.

BANNER'S ELK, Watauga County, N. C., June, 1886.

LIGHT RODS FOR SEA FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have never fished in fresh water, but have caught many weakfish in the waters adjacent to New York, always using—as does everybody whom I see fishing in salt water—a stiff rod. But the query has often presented itself, why cannot a four or eight pound weakfish be taken with a light rod as properly as can a four-pound black bass? which has the reputation of being a mighty fighter.

I have had occasion this season to have a new rod made; but the tackle dealer would not permit me to have a light rod—I must have a stiff bamboo. And so say all the natives with whom I have talked upon the subject.

It seems to me that a four or six pound weakfish will not work more havoc than a black bass of similar weight; but it may be that where a fish is at liberty to run he will get the line afoul of one of the many oyster stakes with which weakfish grounds generally abound, and that as those fish are to be found mainly, if not only, at the beginning of the flood tide, where one fish on the flats he might lose several while monkeying with one. But the black bass light rod angler turns up his nose and says:

"Well, if that is the kind of feller you are, you had better go out and buy half a dozen lines and by and by haul them in and thus take your fish."

It is said that fresh-water fishes have hard mouths and when hooked generally stay hooked, and that salt-water fishes have tender mouths (as we all know weakfish have), and a weakfish is allowed play he will wear loose and the fisherman is speaking of tide runners and not school fish, for the purposes of this communication. But I would like to know if in the nature of things there is anything to prevent or to discourage the use of as light harness for weakfish as for the same weight of fresh-water fish.

A. E. C.
NEW YORK.

A MAINE ANGLING TOUR.

REACHING Bryant's Pond by rail, thence the well-known delightful stage ride brought me to Andover, Me. From this village a buckboard takes us to the Androscoggin Lakes. Arriving at the "Arm" and making a tour of the lakes through to Rangeley City, my object being to visit the various camps, see all the improvements, give the boys a call, and try the fishing for a big one. We were in at the death of a few fish of eleven pounds and under, but not on our own hook this year. The grandeur of scenery of these magnificent lakes is too well known to all the world to need a word of remark at this day, but the early and best time of the fishing season here was past, as we expected. According to programme we pushed on to Kennebec Lake, where, for a few days, we had good sport with the little trout with which Kennebec is literally alive, one rod in one day scoring over a hundred with the fly.

Passing on from here we take the river and go north two miles to Little Kennebec, where we also find plenty of trout. Then after about three miles more of this enchanting scenery of the river, we leave our boats and take the trail leading to the Seven Ponds of the Dead River country. About eight miles over hill and through dale, now on the river bank, again winding about the mountains with the river two hundred feet beneath as it roars and pours along in the solitude of the forest, and here we are at Long Pond. We took here some fine trout of three-quarters of a pound and very gamy. Feeling that the day was passing we hurried on two miles more by spotted trail and arrived at L Pond, one of the seven. After crossing this, a short carry of half a mile brings us to our old camp, where all so well remember our fine sport of the previous two years; taking any desired number of trout three-quarters of a pound to a pound and a half each, all with the fly, finally becoming dissatisfied with a strike unless the captive turned the scales at a pound; and I doubt if better sport can be found in the States.

This year we expected a repetition of those conditions and were not disappointed. Here the poacher has not revealed, and thanks to the judicious legislation of Maine, he never can; and right here let me join in the chorus of voices that praise the efforts of the Maine Fish and Game Commission, for at Tim Pond, which has a basketful for each that come, whether publican or sinner, since the stealing from spawning beds has been stopped, the trout taken are of much larger average weight. The deer and caribou are becoming so numerous in this region that the New York deer bounding legislature would turn pale with envy at the sight of the tracks. The management of the camps and tables is in the hands of old timers in the business, and all we had to do was to enjoy ourselves and stay as long as home interests would permit.

Then we made our way out on horseback to Smith's farm, from which elevation is laid before one some of the finest scenery in New England, including views of Mt. Bigelow and other peaks. The stage rattles along its winding course to the panorama of the valley of the Caraboset River to Kingfield, where the railroad takes us up and soon whirls us back to our homes, healthier and wiser, if not better. M
BROOKFIELD HOUSE, Boston.

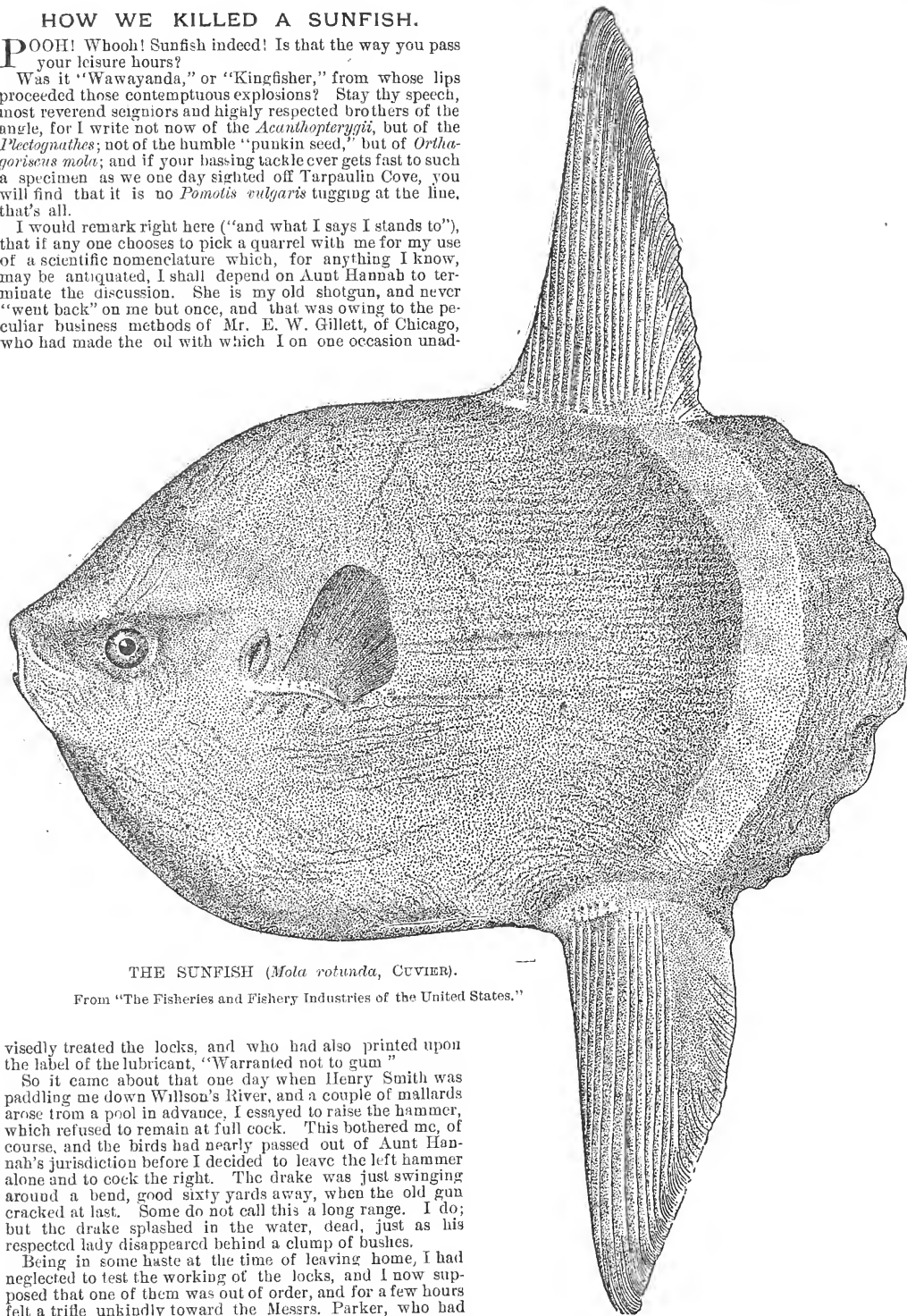
LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.—Game Constable Burnett learned recently that five men from Putnam had been spearing trout in Lake George, and was about to proceed against them when they got wind of the fact, and going directly to Justice of the Peace Lewis Burgess of Hazeu, made complaint against themselves, and were fined five dollars each. It was a comparatively easy way out of a bad scrape, as the Putnamites have been for some time notorious for indulging in the unlawful practice. The men earnestly declared that they "would not do so again," and the justice believes that the lesson taught them will prove a salutary one. Mr. Burgess, who is familiar with the lake and its fishes, is of the opinion that trolling for trout should be stopped, or at least that the close season should be extended until the first of July. He says no person unacquainted with the subject can imagine the number of trout that are taken by trolling from the first of May to the first of October, and especially at the opening of the season, when the trout are near the surface. He thinks still-fishing with hook and line the only legitimate way to take trout. As one specimen of the capabilities of the lake we would state that Mr. Wildman Smith of Hazeu, caught on Monday of last week, a salmon trout which weighed seventeen and one-fourth pounds. Two or three years ago Mr. Levi Newton captured a similar one that brought down the scales at the same notch. Neither of these stories are of the ordinary "fishy" description, both being well authenticated.—Glens Falls Republican, July 6.

HOW WE KILLED A SUNFISH.

POOH! Whooh! Sunfish indeed! Is that the way you pass your leisure hours?

Was it "Wawayanda," or "Kingfisher," from whose lips proceeded those contemptuous explosions? Stay thy speech, most reverend seigniors and highly respected brothers of the angle, for I write not now of the *Acanthopterygii*, but of the *Plectognathes*; not of the humble "punkin seed," but of *Orthogoriscus mola*; and if your bassing tackle ever gets fast to such a specimen as we one day sighted off Tarpaulin Cove, you will find that it is no *Pomotis vulgaris* tugging at the line, that's all.

I would remark right here ("and what I say I stands to"), that if any one chooses to pick a quarrel with me for my use of a scientific nomenclature which, for anything I know, may be antiquated, I shall depend on Aunt Hannah to terminate the discussion. She is my old shotgun, and never "went back" on me but once, and that was owing to the peculiar business methods of Mr. E. W. Gillett, of Chicago, who had made the oil with which I on one occasion unad-



THE SUNFISH (*Mola rotunda*, CUVIER).

From "The Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States."

visedly treated the locks, and who had also printed upon the label of the lubricant, "Warranted not to gum."

So it came about that one day when Henry Smith was paddling me down Willson's River, and a couple of mallards arose from a pool in advance, I essayed to raise the hammer, which refused to remain at full cock. This bothered me, of course, and the birds had nearly passed out of Aunt Hannah's jurisdiction before I decided to leave the left hammer alone and to cock the right. The drake was just swinging around a bend, good sixty yards away, when the old gun cracked at last. Some do not call this a long range. I do; but the drake splashed in the water, dead, just as his respected lady disappeared behind a clump of bushes.

Being in some haste at the time of leaving home, I had neglected to test the working of the locks, and I now supposed that one of them was out of order, and for a few hours felt a trifle unkindly toward the Messrs. Parker, who had fabricated the weapon; but they were all right and the gun was staunch and true, though the oil had coagulated around its machinery to an alarming extent. It would not have been a good tool with which to watch for grizzlies.

Certain considerations induced me to write the manufacturer of this oil, and he in his reply stated that the kind I had used was the cheapest grade of his make, and unless it was fresh, might need to be thinned with kerosene or turpentine. If I would order a certain other grade, which he named, I would have no such trouble. He courteously inclosed two labels, such as are placed on the sort I had used, and on that which he recommended. The legend on each—I have them now before me—reads: "Warranted strictly pure, and not to gum." The astounding lucidity of this exposition was so impressive, that I promised its author a gratuitous notice in some influential journal, and if the editor should see fit to publish what I have written, the public will be enabled to judge which of us has best made good his words.

I had nearly forgotten that we were speaking of sunfish. Did the reader ever see one? The short sunfish of the Atlantic. If not, he would perhaps thank the editor to spare space for an outline cut of this, one of the oddest among the many oddities of the briny deep.

I had been taking a tramp through the island of Martha's Vineyard, and had brought up at the Gay Head Lighthouse, which, by the bye, was my objective point. Tramping was in those days less common and more creditable than it became after the war; and having a good pair of legs, and a taste for natural history, I used to do a good deal of exploring in quest of Indian relics and the like, and had collected a few oddities.

It was during the reign of Sam Sanders as keeper of the light, and I boarded with him while roaming over the island and collecting fossils. On the tower was a Fresnel light, a marvelous affair, into the construction of which entered more than six hundred pieces of glass, and which was, I think, at that time the only one of the sort in America.

There landed one evening from a boat Mr. Levi Smith, and as he was the next morning to sail for Holmes Holl, I engaged my passage with him for that port. A young fellow named Sanford Herendeen was to accompany us. Accordingly, on the following morning, we shook our canvas to the breeze, as the rays of the rising sun, dispelling the floating mists, streamed down the Vineyard Sound. With much regret, I bade adieu to Gay Head Cliff, of manifold hues, which, refreshed by a recent shower, produced an effect which I could liken to nothing save a vast heap of the brilli-

antly colored kerchiefs upon the heads of West Indian negroes.

We had barely reached Naushon, and were about to tack, when Smith exclaimed: "There's a shirk, a big one."

Certainly a large fin of some sort was cutting the waves on the weather bow and some distance ahead. We all saw it, but after another look, Smith qualified his statement by saying that he "never see a shirk act that a way afore."

Neither had I; and we forthwith determined to cultivate an acquaintance with the strange fin. We at once tacked, and bore up in its direction.

The fin, which now monopolized our attention, was long, black and obtusely pointed, but slightly curved, and at times projected some eighteen inches above the surface of the water. Oddly enough, it continually waved from side to side, as though the shark—if shark it were—had that morning taken a double allowance of grog.

In a few minutes the boat glided past the creature, and so near that its outlines could be distinctly seen through the clear, green water. We all gazed in astonishment at the strange aspect of the fish, which was at least three feet in length by two or more in breadth. It was of a silvery gray color, having several irregular vertical splashes of a darker hue upon its sides. The back fin, which had first attracted our attention, was placed opposite a similar one projecting from the belly.

"Well," said the skipper, "I'll be gosh darned if I ever see the like o' that afore."

"Neither have I," I said, "but I think that it is the 'little sucking pig'—the short sunfish of the Atlantic. I have seen it figured in published works on the fishes of our coast."

We decided to attempt the capture of the fish and at once proceeded to cast about for the means at hand, which certainly seemed inadequate. We had neither grains nor lily-balls, of which we loaded our double-barreled shotgun, with a loosely fitting conical ball, found in the pocket of the skipper, and placed a charge of No. 4.

By the time our preparations were completed the fish had freshened and the sea became somewhat rough. The fish waved in sight. I took my stand with the half deck forward with Smith at the helm, while Herendeen sat amidships.

of the shot was to fluster the creature and set it flying about in various directions. The skipper put the boat about and I fired the shot charge at a range not greater than before, and as formerly through several inches of water.

Herendeen had by this time become intensely excited, and we could not persuade him to sit still.

"Now, shoot now," he shouted, as his head popped up, just a few inches too high.

"You be banded," said I, "Look out she's going to jibe." I was a trifle too late. If that young fellow is now living, his hair is probably growing gray, but I will venture that he remembers the peculiar sensation which he experienced when the boom took him just abaft the right ear, and sent him over to leeward among the sand bags. He lay half stunned for a moment, then slowly rising, crept back to his seat, remarking meanwhile, "I guess I'll sit down."

"You'd better," observed Smith, grimly, as he lashed the tiller, poised an oar, butt foremost, and darted it from him like a whaleman's lance. The boom struck the sunfish squarely on the side, and the force of the blow sent his head partly out of water as the boat shot past, when I took him precisely upon the end of his snub nose with a charge of No. 4.

This completed the demoralization of the creature, and Smith managed to seize the back fin. The fish may have weighed a hundred and fifty pounds, perhaps two hundred, we could not tell, but it was all that the three of us could do to haul it over the side. Its skin was rough like that of a shark, or dogfish; and injured our hands somewhat, besides scraping the paint from the gunwale of the boat.

When at last deposited in the bottom of our boat, the fish kept its fin going for some time, with the regularity and almost with the force of a steam-engine. We regretted our inability to sooner terminate his sufferings, but he seemed iron-clad and bomb-proof; and we were unable to devise any method of hastening his decease.

The first two charges—ball and shot—had glanced diagonally from the fish, leaving indeed palpable marks, but with little apparent abrasion of the skin, and the last shot had inflicted but slight injury to the flesh. Either of these would have been driven bodily through a board at the same distance.

When we landed at Holmes Holl, some sailors strolled by just as I was searching the cuddy for a rope, which happened at the moment to be covered with ship's biscuits which had broken loose from their bag.

"Well," said one, "I'm blessed (I think that he said 'blessed') if ever I see a man keep his bread and his rigging in the same locker afore. Hello! they've got a old sunfish."

"What's she good for?" said a boy standing near.

"Why, the ile's jest fust chop med'ine fer the rumatiz, 'n I wish 't I had some o' 't naow."

"Ain't he good ter eat?"

"Eat h—, Why, you might as well try a cut off'n that 'ere hawser. You couldn't git yer teeth through a slice o' that 'ere critter in a week. You jest cut out a chunk and fire it at that spar, 'n you'll see it bound like a niujy rubber ball. But the ile's bang up, naow, I tell ye."

I had hoped to send this fish to some scientific institution, believing it to be, in these waters at least, of very unusual occurrence; but no practicable method of doing this could be found, and as Smith was anxious to test the virtues of the oil (which was obtained by subjecting the liver of the fish to the action of the sun), we concluded to submit the creature to the dissecting knife.

The flesh was cartilaginous throughout, but as we had been told, on being exposed for a day or two in the sun, it nearly all disappeared, leaving but a watery sediment.

Aside from the rays of the fins, the only bones we could find were those of the jaws; in which the teeth are united, and appear as one.

There were also four or five small teeth (or what appeared such), shaped much like cows' horns, and attached to a fleshy protuberance on each side of the throat. Not having at hand my notes made at the time, I cannot give a more accurate description.

Our victory, as against the fish, was not one to be reckoned among the triumphs of a true sportsman. The conquest, such as it was, was mainly over adverse circumstances, and I have sometimes regretted that we were successful in our attack upon this inoffensive fish. KELPHE.

JUNE 14, 1886.

THE FLUTTERING FLY.—Several correspondents are discussing the origin of the fluttering fly in some of the sporting papers and a Mr. Millard, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, sends the following to FOREST AND STREAM: "In June, 1876, I was angling on Twin Rock Lake, near Morehouseville, Hamilton county, N. Y. Giles Becraft was with me, and we had excellent sport with the trout. One of the flies I used was something like the fluttering fly illustrated in FOREST AND STREAM of June 10. It was made by one of the best fly-tiers I ever knew, Robert Perrie, of Utica, N. Y. It was a hackle reversed, and its hooking qualities were first-class. I do not think Mr. Perrie claimed to have originated it, but of that I am not sure." In conversation with Mr. Robert Perrie on the subject, who is now the proprietor of Third Lake House, Fulton Chain, he informed us that he was the originator of the fluttering fly in question and that the same has been successfully used for years by many anglers. He also remembers with pleasure the Mr. Millard who now writes from the Far West.—Boonville (N. Y.) Herald, July 8.

A MAINE SALMON.—A letter addressed to us said a salmon might be expected at the office of FOREST AND STREAM within a few days and that it would be directed to the S-a and River Department for division among such of the staff as might be in town, but the donor requested that there be no acknowledgment. We made arrangements to have it sent to Mr. Blackford's refrigerator and divided. We ate of this salmon in steaks at breakfast, cold for dinner, cold boiled for lunch next day, and pickled for tea, and if we ever tasted one that came up to this in flavor and firmness we have no recollection of it. The fish weighed about fifteen pounds and we will comply with the request of the sender about an acknowledgment, so far as never to tell who it was that so kindly remembered the toilers in the city while he was casting his fly on the salmon rivers of Maine. May the salmon chew up all the flies in his book and the largest ones come to his gaff.

RESTIGOUCHE SALMON.—Editor Forest and Stream: The thing here has been excellent this season. Dr. J. H. Baxter, a fish here last week, killed two fish which Henry W. De Forest took. Have done well.—Restigouche.

"THE PRESIDENT AS AN ANGLER."—Under the above heading in your issue of June 17, you say, "A Lockport, N. Y., correspondent, who was a schoolmate of President Cleveland, writes us that the latter's angling proclivities were developed at an early age." As I presume the Lockport correspondent refers to me, I wish to make a correction. I think that I wrote you that "I had fished and hunted with Grover Cleveland in our boyhood days, thirty odd years ago." At the time I was a clerk in the store of his brother-in-law, Wm. E. Hoyt, at Theresa, N. Y., and Grover came there to spend his vacation, and thus it happened that we fished and hunted together on Indian River. He did most of the fishing while I did most of the hunting, and I shall never forget how he hooked and lost a large black bass in some flood wood, and I could not get him away from that place for an hour, as he was bound to have that bass as it was larger (we always lose the largest fish) than any he had caught, but he did not succeed, and that was the only time I ever knew him to get beaten. Last August, while spending my vacation on Indian River, I located the place, but the flood wood had disappeared, as had also the hickory trees where I spent most of the time shooting black and gray squirrels, while Cleveland was fishing for black bass. We did no angling in those days, but the bass are there yet and also the gamy muscalonge and the less gamy pickerel, and arrangements are now being made to place from 150,000 to 250,000 California trout in Indian River and a few of the ten lakes in the town of Theresa, and should President Cleveland ever renew his "angling proclivities" on Indian River he will probably have to take in a few trout and more "long snouts" (as "Kingfisher" puts it) and possibly a thirty or forty pound muscalonge.—J. L. D. (Lockport, N. Y., July 8).

BLOOMING GROVE PARK.—The Fourth of July, 1886, was celebrated on the fifth at Blooming Grove Park. There were fifty guests at the club house. While many of the members were catching trout in the Blooming Grove and Shahala creeks, and others were trying the bass on Lake Giles, clay-pigeon matches were contested. [The scores are given elsewhere.] There was one thing very noticeable about the Fourth at the Park, and that was the absence of the fire-cracker and the inevitable burned fingers and hands of the small boy. Beyond a few torpedoes, the entire noise of the day was made by the shooting of the guns on the pigeon range. Two of the members went after woodcock and succeeded in bagging five on Tuesday and four on Wednesday. The fishing now at the park is most excellent. There is no trouble in any one taking his quota of twenty-five trout, all over seven inches, and the bass fishing, especially at Lake Laura, is really wonderful. Lake Giles is stocked from Lake Laura, and when parties go to the latter lake they are required to keep alive as many of the catch as is possible. Last Saturday five rods, using bait and fly, took from Lake Laura five hundred and fifty black bass, keeping alive over three hundred of them. These will be taken to Lake Giles to day. Of these bass some weighed over a pound, a few about a pound and a quarter.

PRESEIVING FRESH FISH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire to benefit my fellow sportsmen by a suggestion on the preservation (in perfect condition) of fish. My experience at the Northern lakes has been that it was impracticable to save for transportation, especially the catch which had to be immediately killed, on account of being badly hooked, as well as those selected from the car at the time of departure from the fishing camp. I visited Camp Bemis, Rangeley Lakes, this season, arriving there May 30. June 7 I caught a beautiful speckled three-pounder, which was so badly hooked we immediately killed it, and on landing treated it with Rex Magnus, Viandine brand. At the close of my fishing, the 12th, I selected the choicest specimens from my catch, gave them the same treatment, and the 14th carefully wrapped them in cloth and birch bark dampened with a solution of Rex Magnus, placed them in my gripsack, carried it with me in the cars, and had them served in my home the 20th, where they were pronounced by experts to be first-class trout in every respect. I am resolved never to go to the lakes without a supply of Rex Magnus.—FRANKLIN H. HART (New Haven, Conn., June 29).

FIVE BASS THAT CANNOT BE CAUGHT.—The Athens, Pa., *Gazette* of July 10, says: "From the Chemung River bridge can be seen almost any clear day five large black bass, which good judges pronounce will weigh from four to six pounds. It is said by some that they were seen there last season. They are old fish—too old in fact, for the best fishermen in this vicinity; they take to nothing but water and small fish, and the small fry must not be attached to hook or line. The most tempting morsels have been set before them, yes, whole picnics of toads, frogs, bullheads and everything a bass could possibly relish has been cast to them. Davies, Smith, Knuesboro, Kinner and all the celebrated fly-fishermen have spread the surface of the water with ornamental feathers for a week past; shotguns and rifles have been brought to bear upon them. Hill tries his new experiment now and then, but the old bass wink in a manner that would indicate that the fellow with the shot-gun was a little fresh. One of the number at least has been there, as he trails a leader nearly four feet long. Parties from other towns are working with them. They come, fish and go, but the bass are still there."

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Magaguadavic Lake in the parish of Prince William, easily accessible from Fredericton, is said to afford good trouting. Two St. John anglers took the train for the station alongside the lake a few days ago. They fished during the afternoon and evening, taking upward of one hundred. The largest weighed five pounds, and the smallest turned the scales at fifteen ounces. This lake is one of the best trout fishing waters in New Brunswick.—FRED.

MAINE.—Machias, June 28.—The circulation of FOREST AND STREAM in Maine is one of our greatest helps in fish and game protection. Game prospects are good. Deer are reported in large numbers about the sea shore, in meadows and about openings and streams. I have seen plenty of tracks at their crossings. Grouse are having a good season for hatching. I don't believe the crust did much damage to game last winter.—H.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Colebrook, July 12.—From short trips to northeast and northwest from this place to Canadian borders I can report deer feeding in the marsh lands in greater numbers than I have ever before seen signs of. Moose in some secluded localities have made the muddy shores look like the pasture lands in more civilized localities.—NED NORTON.

How to CATCH FROGS.—Frankfort, Ky., July 4.—Your correspondent, "Hoosier," asks "Kingfisher" how to catch frogs for bait. Now, having seen "Kingfisher" on all fours chasing speckled frogs through a Michigan meadow, with the frightened frog sometimes "a leetle ahead," but both jumping six feet at a bounce, we are not going to interfere with his experienced explanation to "Hoosier" of "how to do it." But we would advise "Hoosier," despite "Jeems Mackerel's" lucid instructions to the contrary, that there is no better way to catch frogs for bait than by sprinkling salt on their tails.—SNAKE ROOT. Keokuk, Iowa, July 6.—If "Hoosier" will try the frogs with an ordinary landing or minnow net, he will have no trouble in catching them.—JASON.

A FISH-LINE DRYER.—We have just seen a neat device for drying lines, which can be attached to a tackle box or other object. It is nickel plated and is both neat and handy. It is called the "Brooks fish line drying reel," and is sold by A. G. Spalding & Bros.

So easy to row with Allen's bow facers. Catalogue free. Oars complete, \$8 per pair. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

OYSTER CULTURE.

BY FRED MATHER.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

MR. E. G. BLACKFORD, Commissioner of Fisheries of New York: Sir: I herewith submit to you the report on "Oyster Propagation" at Cold Spring Harbor during the summer of 1885. I had watched the experiments of the late Professor Henry J. Rice, the previous season, with great interest, and saw that while he hatched many oysters in the wooden tank, they came to nothing because, as I believe, the temperature of the water was too high, the tank being in the sun without cover and supplied with a very small stream of water through a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch hose. This tank was made of two-inch pine plank, twelve feet long, six feet wide and three feet deep, coated with coal-tar inside and out. I moved the tank to the north side of the fish-hatchery building where it would be shaded, and covered it with boards to keep it clean. The water for the experiments was supplied by a hot air engine belonging to the Fish Commission, and was pumped from our salt-water pond some 700 feet distant from the hatchery, and thrown up on the hill in a cemented reservoir from whence it was brought into the building through two-inch pipes. Two to three hours pumping daily was all that was required for these operations.

We also made experiments in the large salt-water pond, spoken of above. This pond is some 280 feet long, by 150 feet wide, and receives water at high tide through a flood gate which holds it at all times. It will be noticed by the record given below, that the water in this pond, which has a depth of two to six feet, was warmer, as a rule, than that in the wooden tank in the shade of the building, and it was in the pond that our greatest success was made.

We obtained oysters at the spawning season from the oyster-men here, and these were opened, and all whose appearance denoted ripeness were selected and placed one side. The sign of ripeness was the peculiar fullness and milky appearance of the ovaries and spermaries which is readily seen by any person who is at all familiar with them. The oysters then, lying on one shell, were taken and the mantle and gills trimmed off with small sharp scissors; pressure was then applied with the scissors to the ovaries and the exuding drop was placed upon a glass slide under the microscope, where the eggs can readily be distinguished from the milt of the male, after a person has once had the difference pointed out to him.

The male oysters were separated from the female, so that we could see what proportion we had of each. Sometimes we would lack the male element and consequently could get no impregnation. At other times there was a fair amount of both sexes. The eggs were stripped from the female by pressure, and then the male was treated in the same manner, taking both the eggs and the milt in an ordinary milk pan and adding water gradually. In a short time a drop of this water placed under the microscope would be seen swarming with the spat in the swimming stage of its existence, and then they were placed in the tank or in the pond. The bottom of the tank was covered with gravel, and scollop shells were suspended on strings across it. The current was very light and the spat seemed to sink and catch upon the gravel, for we caught none upon the hanging shells in this water. Toward the last of August the tank was examined and the few oysters adhering to the gravel were removed and placed in the salt-water pond. The success in this wooden tank was not as complete as the experiment in the pond, and but few oysters were got from it.

During July and August, while the record was kept, the variations in temperature were very slight, while the density of the water was remarkably uniform; the greatest specific gravity being 1.020 and the least 1.018, and the temperature of the water in the tank was at all times below that of the pond, in which the sun shone directly. We made no attempt to estimate the number of these minute eggs, which are only visible under the microscope, but took all we could get from the four bushels of oysters.

The bottom of the large pond was covered with scollop shells; stakes were stuck about twenty feet apart all over its bottom and strings were stretched between these, while on the strings we hung perforated shells. We obtained a good "set" of oysters in this pond, the best on the shells at the bottom, and, while there was six feet of water in the center of the pond, we obtained no "set" whatever on the suspended shells beyond three feet from the bottom. At three feet we noticed an occasional oyster, within two feet of the bottom they were more plentiful, and increased as the bottom was approached. On Sept. 19 we drew off the pond and examined it for the last time before winter; there were thousands of young oysters of the size of a dime.

Prof. John A. Ryder, of the U. S. Fish Commission, has suggested an admirable way to collect spat by means of a canal provided with ledges near the top to support receptacles for the cultch. These receptacles are formed by wooden strips and wire cloth, and hold about three bushels of shells each, the "basket" being three feet wide, three feet deep and only six inches thick, so that the shells are thickly presented to the floating spat. The experiments of Prof. Ryder have been very valuable, and so have those of Prof. Brooks, Lieut. Winslow, Prof. Rice and Col. McDonald in America, and these of Profs. Hock, Horst and Möbius, and M. Bouchon Brandy in Europe. Prof. Ryder lays down the following principles:

1. Oyster embryos, under ordinary conditions in open water, diffuse and affix themselves throughout the three dimensions of such a body of sea water. This is a well-known and readily verifiable fact.

2. The fry will adhere to smooth surfaces as well as to rough ones.

3. The surface upon which spatting occurs must be kept as free as possible from sediment and organic growths, in order that the tiny young mollusks may not be smothered and killed during the most critical period of their lives.

4. Artificial fertilization of the eggs of the oyster is feasible, and will become an important adjunct to successful spat culture.

5. Water charged with embryo oysters may be passed through a steam pump without injury to such embryos.

6. Oyster fry adheres to the under surface of shells or other collectors most abundantly because the lower side is cleanest and most favorable to the survival of the animals.

7. The spat of the oyster will grow and thrive with comparatively little light.

8. The specific gravity of the water may range from 1.003 to 1.0235.

9. The most favorable temperatures of the water for spatting seem to be from 68 degrees to about 78 or 80 degrees Fahr.

10. Spatting will occur just as freely in ponds or tanks as in the open water.

These are well ascertained elementary facts and upon them we must base our new method, which is essentially a system of spat culture, or method of rearing seed oysters for the purpose of cultivation on the open beds or any suitable bottom. We must, however, first of all throw aside as too expensive any and all systems in which tiles or slates are used, especially if these must be fastened together in nests and coated with lime and cement, as practiced in Europe. Oysters are too cheap in America to be produced by any of the old-fogy systems which are available there, as it will not pay to flake off the spat from the collectors under ordinary circumstances in cultivating the American oyster for market, because of its low price.

The experiments at Cold Spring Harbor have attracted some attention from the oystermen about there, and some of them have expressed themselves pleased with the results, and incline to think that seed oysters could be raised in quantities by any person who had an enclosed pond such as ours, where the water came in at times of high tide, and that they would be reasonably certain to get a fair "set" on proper cultch.

The following is from the journal kept by my foreman, Mr. F. A. Walters:

July 1—Received first lot of oysters, opened one bushel, found 17 ripe females and 1 ripe male; took spawn from these. After 9 hours, as there was no sign of life, considered not good.

July 4—From $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel, 9 females, 3 males, milt not active, no sign of life after 10 hours.

July 5—From $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel, 11 females, 1 male. Three hours after taking spawn young were swimming; put in tank.

July 9—Put in tank 3 pans of spawn.

July 10—From 200 oysters 175 were ripe females, 18 not spawning and 7 partly ripe males; had to lose all.

July 11—From 80 oysters 60 ripe females, 4 unripe males, and 16 not spawning.

July 14—Cleaned tank.

July 16—Ground-gate of salt pond had to be taken out owing to a leak, poor tides followed, pond did not fill for five days, could not pump and consequently no circulation in tank for that time.

July 20—Opened 70 oysters, found 20 ripe males, 30 females and 20 not spawning. Took two pans of spawn at 10:20 A. M., swimming at 2 P. M., put in salt pond.

July 22—Put spawn from 200 in salt pond.

July 26—Cleaned tank, could find no set.

July 28—Put in pond 4 pans of spawn in good order.

July 31—Put in tank 4 pans of spawn, the best lot taken.

August 11—Cleaned tank, and put in spawn from 1 bushel oysters.

August 20—Discovered set in tank.

September 8—Cleaned tank, found a number of shells and about a peck of gravel with sets on, but all dead. There were no sets on the hanging shells; the reason for this, I think, is owing to lack of current, which should be quite strong, there is more danger of getting too little than too much. Lowered salt pond.

September 19—Found a good set, the hanging shells had sets 3 feet from the bottom, but the shells on the bottom did the best.

During July the temperature of the water in the tank ranged from 65 to 73 degrees, and during August from 70 to 74, while in the pond it ranged from 71 to 87 degrees. The density varying in each from 1.017 to 1.020, standing at the latter figure steadily from July 19 to the close of the season.

[Discussion to follow.]

FISH HATCHING AT LARAMIE.—A little more than a week ago I had the pleasure of inspecting the fish hatchery at Laramie, Wyoming Territory. The drive out of town was a delightful one, and Mr. W. A. Jameson's quick-stepping little team of bays whirled us rapidly along over the smooth road which led us out toward the hatchery. The Laramie plains never looked more beautiful. They were brightly green, level as a floor, and in the distance rising in regular benched terraces to the foothills of the grand mountains which flank them to the east and west. Here and there the green of these terraces is interrupted by red-washed bluffs which, in the light of the setting sun glowed like the coals in a furnace. Away to the right was old Fort Saunders, once a post of considerable importance, but now abandoned and occupied by squatters, who hope to get a title to it before long. The fish hatchery consists of two or three unpretentious wooden buildings; but the work done there seems excellent. The actual business of hatching is over for the season, but the troughs still contained many thousand fry, some of them less than an inch long, which are waiting to be turned out. Of these there are four species, lake trout, California trout, rainbow trout and mountain brook trout, all of them apparently in the best of health. The ponds in the grounds are five in number. The upper one, which is quite small, contains at present no fish. In the second 24,500 lake trout fry were placed last year, and they are now active, vigorous fish, from six to eight inches in length. The third pond contains a number of brook trout from ten to fourteen inches long. In the first pond below the house, 17,500 California trout fry have been placed. These do not seem to be doing so well as the other fish, and a number of dead ones were noticed on the bottom of the pond. The attendant explained that these fry when alarmed take refuge in a fine green vegetable scum which forms along the margin of the pond, and that this killed them. It seems probable that death is caused by the fine fibers of this plant becoming entangled in their gills or else winding about the head so that they cannot breathe. Below this pond is another larger one in which the fish are allowed to shift for themselves and to breed at will. It is said that there are some fish in it weighing up to five and six pounds. The Fish Commissioner, Mr. Otto Gram, is enthusiastic in his devotion to his work, and his efforts to stock the streams of the Territory are being crowned with abundant success. Already certain streams which were once barren are well stocked with trout, and it is said that not long ago, an urchin who was fishing in the Laramie River for suckers, captured to his intense astonishment a four-pound trout. The introduction of the lake trout into some of the many lakes of the Territory will prove a great blessing to certain localities. It is said that Mr. Gram expects shortly to start East to obtain from near the Mississippi River a supply of coarser fish with which to stock such waters as are not adapted to the *Salmonidae*. Wyoming Territory may be congratulated on her enterprise in the matter of fishculture.—LARAMIE.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.—Mr. Matthew Kennedy, game protector of the third district of the State of New York, reports to Commissioner Blackford that Mr. Putnam Slingerland, of Coeyman's, took a twelve pound salmon at Mull's fishery, Castleton, last week. This is the fifth adult salmon captured from the plant of 1882, so far recorded, besides the reports of other fish seen.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 21.—Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Charles A. Boxer, Secretary, Box 282, Winnipeg.
Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.
Nov. 8.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, Fisher's Island, N. Y. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.
Nov. 32.—Eight annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.
Dec. 6.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, at Grand Junction, Tenn.

DOG SHOWS.

July 20, 21, 22 and 23.—Milwaukee Dog Show. John D. Oleott, Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.
July 27 to 31.—Dog Show of the California Bench Show and Field Trials Club. E. Leavely, Superintendent, 436 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.
Aug. 21, 22, 26 and 27.—First Annual Dog Show of the Latonia Agricultural Association, Covington, Ky. George H. Hill, Manager, P. O. Box 76, Cincinnati, O.
Sept. 8, 9 and 10.—Hornellsville, N. Y. Dog Show, Farmers' Club Fair. J. O. Fellows, Superintendent, Hornellsville.
Sept. 14, 15, 16 and 17.—First fall dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3810.

CARLO.

THE story of Sancho, so pleasantly told by your correspondent Mr. T. S. Van Dyke in your issue of Feb. 18, called to mind like experiences. I find laid away in my portfolio a package labeled "In Memoriam," pages written twenty years ago. As I read them to-night they bring me back through many days of pleasure, as I have tramped through the woods and the field. Perhaps it may be a pleasure to your readers to listen to the story of my dog:

As I make this record, I write the biography of a friend, one who was a companion in many pleasant walks, and as you read of some of his doings you will not wonder that I sometimes thought he enjoyed with me the silence of the grand still woods and the beauty of the fields. Often as I sat down on the hillside to rest, he would lie beside me and seem to enjoy the beauty that I saw and, forgetful of pheasants and quail, look through his large kindly eyes upon the woods all aglow with the flames that the frost had kindled. With all his intelligence he was true in his friendship; over willing, always trying to please me; never sharing his affection with any one else; hardly noticing a kind word from any one but his master, quick to hear my voice or footstep. He was a large, strongly built pointer, liver color and white, flecked with fine spots. His thin ears and soft fine coat told his blood. From a pup he seemed to have but few "dog ways". Often he would sit down and seem to be in serious thought, unmindful of everything about him, then quickly starting up would hasten to do something that in his thoughts he had planned to his satisfaction. As he grew, his intelligence showed itself in many ways beside his woodcraft. Sometimes he was sent on errands to the grocers. One time on his way home, carrying a small basket of eggs, a little cur ran out and snapping at him, followed him some way. Carlo walked leisurely along; coming to a house he walked up on the porch, carefully set his basket down, and with vengeance in his eyes, hastened back, and giving the cur a good shaking, laying him on his back, holding him with his paw, he seemed to tell him "never again do you bother me when I am carrying eggs." Hurray back with a satisfied air, he took up his basket and trotted home.

Making my home one evening, I found that I had carelessly lost my paper along the way. It was snowing hard; I did not like to face the storm again, but I felt that my rest beside the cheerful fire would not be complete without my evening paper. Carlo had heard my step, and as I stood inside the door he seemed to notice that there was something wrong and looking up into my face would seem to say "What is the matter now?" "Old fellow, I have lost it, go find it." He started off into the darkness and was gone. Seated by the fire I was wondering if I should have my paper, when a scratch at the door told me I was wanted; opening it in bounded the dog with the lost paper folded in his mouth; putting it on a chair with a smile upon his face (he sometimes smiled I am sure) he looked intently in my face much as if to say "You are all right now."

When in the field or woods his intelligence seemed to be almost human. When young he, like all hunting dogs, was sometimes excited, and in a careless way would flush his birds. One bright October day I started out for a few hours sport with the woodcock. The fresh crisp air was an excuse even for my dog to be over full of life. Soon I reached the cover, where I felt sure my dog would find birds. Talking to him, he seemed to try and control himself, but for all, up goes the bird without a single stop from the dog. After a smart switching we started on, Carlo a few yards ahead, when I saw him jump over a very narrow brook. As he struck the opposite bank without taking a single step he stood on a point for a moment, without a motion, then with tail and body stiff he backed down the bank, through the water, up the other bank, turning neither to the right nor left until a number of feet from the stream. What all this meant I could not understand. Soon, however, he seemed to gather up his wits, and moving cautiously up toward where I was standing, crossed the brook. As he passed I thought I could see a smile upon his face. With a steady step he walked on until he came within a few yards of where he first stood. Here he came to a point. A sharp "go on!" from behind the roots of an upturned beech, scarcely a yard from where he had made his first sudden halt, rose a woodcock. In a minute more as the dog laid it at my feet, with a laugh in his eyes as if to say "no whip this time, but a narrow escape." I laughed too, and was sure then of the smile I thought I saw as he ran by me the few moments before.

Shooting in company with a friend another season, as we came toward a buckwheat stubble, we saw our dog working carefully up to a corner of a brush fence, that was between us and the next. Brers and the tall weeds made this a good cover for game. Carlo steps along slowly, and when within a few rods of the fence stops, pointing straight ahead. With our guns ready we were about to move on, when with a sudden turn of his head he pointed a few yards down the fence. Again he changes to another point. While wondering at this we see him make five separate points; then stiff with his fore foot raised, he stands without a motion. We move up to the fence. Three of the live quail that lay hidden within that thirty feet were soon in our bags.

Another account will show with what zest he entered into this sport. With the same friend I had been tramping all the morning. What had become of the birds we could not tell, our dog had failed even to find an old scent. Under a beautiful birch, near a clear cold spring, we sat down to eat our

lunch and have a smoke. We soon missed our dog but knew he would not stray far away, so pulling our hats down over our heads, and lying back on the soft moss that, with here and there a bunch of partridge berries, like a carpet of green and crimson, covered the ground, while over head the golden sheen frescoed the ceiling, we were soon asleep. In a little while I felt a pull at my hat, there was my dog pawing at my shoulder; from his earnest look I knew there was business on hand. In his own way he soon told us what he wanted. Running backward and forward, at last taking hold of my coat, as much as saying "come on! hurry up," over the fence he led us, whining and looking back at almost every step, across a meadow into a cornfield where the shocks were still standing, and the orchard grass grew thick upon the ground. As he drew near a corner of the field, too rough and stony to be plowed, covered with briars and here and there a sumac holopung its red torch, he slackened his pace and his cat-like tread gave us notice to be ready; a stop; the command; a whirl of many wings, and live out of the cover went into our empty bags. Carlo had found this bevy and led us nearly a quarter of a mile.

My faithful friend was growing old, and before he was to be put on the retired list I wanted to get a young dog broken in, one to take his place if possible. I had a pup, broken to mind in many ways, but he knew nothing of "business." I thought to give him over to Carlo to train in the way he should go. Frequently I would go to the woods with them, the old dog always taking a patronizing air over the greenhorn. Often I have seen him find the track of a pheasant, follow it along until the pup took it, then step aside and let the young dog follow it up, watching him all the time with the greatest satisfaction. If his protegee lost the scent or was "mixed up," he would hasten to his help and soon set him right. Now the time came when I had to give up my faithful friend. One morning I missed his friendly greeting, and on going to his kennel found him hardly able to move; as he slowly drew himself out I saw his hind legs were paralyzed and he could not use them. All I did for him was of no avail, and he must die; to put him out of his misery was the greatest kindness I could do; to let some one else by a careless shot cruelly murder him, I could not think of; to shoot him myself; could I do it? One chilly morning I lifted him gently into my wagon and drove out into the woods; as I laid him down in the old wood road the remembrance of other days came to him, and he started into the brush snuffing the air and dragging his useless limbs stretched out behind him, I called to him to stand, I lifted my rifle to my shoulder, but through my tears I could not see the sights; brushing them quickly away the crack of the gun told me "A gash an faithful tyke as ever lap a sheugh or dyke" was dead.

PENNSYLVANIA.

COON HUNTING.

BRETHREN of the rifle and shotgun, if you want exciting sport just follow a good coon dog for one night. You will get all the fun you want in just four hours. There's nothing like it under the moon. When the dog is far ahead and you are following as fast as possible, suddenly down you go, your hat jammed over your eyes, a small sapling up your pants, and another down the back of your neck, all of which serves to bring from you a warm blessing on coon hunting. After you have got out of this dilemma you listen for the dog, you can't hear him. You can't hear anything except the chirping of insects, and the thumping of your heart. You experience a burning sensation in your throat. Your mouth is parched. You don't know what else to do only to whoop. After you have yelled once or twice quite loud and you receive no answer, you yell again, and again, and yet receive no reply. What are you to do? You are so tired you don't want to climb the hill, and so you make your way up the gully which you are in, falling over stones, tangled up in blackberry vines, slipping into the water, until you are so completely fagged out you can't go further, and so you sit down to rest.

While you are thus occupied with your thoughts, you are startled to hear a slight pattering on the dead leaves. Shortly after you distinctly hear a scratching as if something was climbing a tree a few rods back of you and up the hill. While you are listening to this you are startled by hearing the dog's shrill yelp on top of the knoll in front of you. On he comes, letting out a yell every jump he makes until he has passed you and is on his way up the hill behind you, where his music is changed to several prolonged howls. Ah, he has treed something sure, and very much excited you make your way carefully to where he is barking. There stands the little fellow, tongue out, his eyes shining brightly in the dark, jumping up on the tree and trying to tell you that he has got a coon up there. Presently you hear voices, then some one sings out: "Speak to him, Darb," and you recognize the voice of your friend or, "Here he is, Dorr, come here," you yell, and soon he is with you. "Where's John?" "Oh, he's coming," and sure enough, for seeing the light of your lanterns, he says "Got him, boys." "Yes," says Dorr, "hurry up here."

The preparations are made for climbing the tree. John is the climber. Strapping on his clinchers and looking to his revolver, he makes the ascent. "Look out, boys, I'm going to shoot," says John. Bang goes the old pistol. Then again, "He's coming," yells John, and we can hear the coon thumping from one limb to another, then crash upon the ground, where he is instantly seized by Darb, who soon chokes him to death. "Boys, I see another," says John. "Well, let him come," we yell in chorus. Bang, then a solid thump on the ground a little way down the hill. The dog hears it and is away. We follow rapidly with short club in our hands, and when we find them it is nip and tuck for the mastery, but the dog comes out winner. We pick up the coon and go back to the tree; John is just sliding down. "Pretty good luck, eh? Guess we better go home," says Dorr. And thus ends our experience in coon hunting.

GREENWING.

DOGS OF THE OCCIDENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The San Francisco bench show will open at Platt's Hall in this city on Tuesday, July 27, and continue until July 31 inclusive, under the auspices of the California Bench Show and Field Trials Club. The gentleman selected by the Executive Committee to superintend the show is Judge E. Leavely, of Gilroy, a gentleman of great experience in dog matters and one who is fully competent to take charge of the same. He is well known by every practical sportsman on the Pacific coast. Everything indicates a grand success for the show and it is expected that a large number of valuable sporting and non-sporting dogs will be placed on exhibition. Our Eastern brethren interested in dog matters who intend visiting us during the encampment of the Grand Army will have an excellent opportunity to see and judge for themselves the kind of dog stock we have on this coast. I promised to inform the readers of FOREST AND STREAM of some of the pointer stock of this coast and show that we have a few good pointers, whether Col. Stuart Taylor knows of their existence or not, I will start the list with some of the noted dogs which have a public record.

R. T. Vandevort, of Los Angeles, Cal., is the owner of Don, too well known to your readers to need a description.

Mr. J. H. Hardy, of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express of this city, is the owner of Bruce II. (A.K.R. 695). It is claimed that he is the counterpart of Don in his marking, build and general appearance. He is a beautiful animal, thoroughly broken and under perfect control. Bruce II. is sired by Hinde, by champion Faust out of Devonshire Lass; dam, Flight, by champion Bow out of Read's Madge.

E. W. Briggs, of this city, is the owner of a very handsome

lemon and white pointer, Climax, sire Bang Bang, dam Belona. Mr. W. S. Kittle, of this city, is the owner of a handsome lemon and white pointer bitch, Surf, by champion Bow out of King Maid, purchased from a gentleman in Arizona Territory. J. M. Barney is the owner of Tom Pinch, winner of the Derby Stakes, Pacific Coast Field Trials. He is a fine lemon and white, bred by John Wise, of Richmond, Va.; sired by Wise's Toro, dam Belona. William Scareiber's lemon and white dog Mountain Boy (imported) is a very likely-looking dog and a grand fielder; in fact, he is all that any one would desire. He is also the possessor of a lemon and white bitch, Lassie (imported), which is a beautiful specimen of the pointer breed. She is by Prime out of Forest Lily. Mr. Schreiber is a great lover of sporting dogs, and his importations are a credit to the kennels of this coast.

H. A. Bassford is the owner of Solano B, a liver and white dog, by Glen out of Josie Bow, he is a large, grand looking animal and was placed second in the Derby stakes, Pacific Coast field trials. W. E. White, of Sacramento, is the owner of a very nice dog called Sancho Panza, he is by Bow, Jr. out of Mollie Ash. E. A. Robbins also is the owner of another fine pointer called Jay Bird, by Bow, Jr. out of Mollie Ash. H. C. Brown of Sacramento is another one of the fortunates in having in his possession a (Bow, Jr.—Jessie) pointer called Prude. A. B. Truman of this city has purchased a brace of pointer puppies by champion Sensation out of Seph G., winner of first prize in New York last May (the only time exhibited); they are very handsome puppies, showing good nose and staying qualities for their age, as I have seen them both in the field; the bitch, the hand-omest of the two, has been purchased by Mr. F. J. Pinder of this city, a well known dog man. A. B. Ellford, of this city, as soon as he saw these pups ordered one from the same litter, which is also a very fine specimen. There is a gentleman in this city who has a (champion Faust—Daisy) dog that is a fine specimen, he is a large and powerful dog and one that is well known. Clarence A. Haight, of this city, owns a very nice and intelligent lemon and white dog, he is one of the best yard broke dogs on the Pacific coast. It was not my intention to take up so much of your valuable space, but when "the people" get writing on a subject such as this they never know where to stop. We have good pointers. Why should we not? We have the strains of all the celebrated pointer dogs of the world, Col. Stuart Taylor to the contrary notwithstanding. Vox POPULI.

SALES OF SPORTING DOGS AT ALDRIDGE'S. The second of the season's sales of sporting dogs took place at Aldridge's, in St. Martin's lane, yesterday (Friday), when a valuable lot of animals, from the kennels of Sir T. B. Lennard and others, were submitted to auction, including a team of Clumber spaniels from Mr. F. J. S. Fe jambe. The latter sold well, five couple realizing 34½ggs., Dun and Drake making the highest figures, 17gs. and 13½ggs. respectively. A lot of working pointers and setters, twenty-one in number, sold by orders of the executors of the late Mr. H. Burra, totalled 197gs., the seven-year-old Carmey, by Macgregor—Lady Pearl, being a cheap lot at 7gs.; Bounce, by Priam, made 22gs.; Don, by the same sire, a winner at Aberdeen this year, 18gs.; Bon and Beam, a handsome brace of lemon and white setters, 42gs.; Milo II., a grandson of Mr. Lord's Joek, 18gs.; York III., 15½ggs., and Rose of Glenmarkie, 15gs., were the highest figures realized by the remainder. A wavy-coated retriever bitch, Black, first prize Aberdeen in 1886, was cheap at 13gs. Two other retrievers reached 19gs.; and two fair deerbouds, Earl and Smoker, were cheap enough at 3½ggs. and 5gs. respectively. Two brace of setters from Mr. Cunningham were bid to 52½ggs. Seven brace of pointers from Sir T. B. Lennard, went within their value at 130gs.; Chandos, second at Birmingham in 1885, and 1 third Crystal Palace, 1886, securing the top figure, 24gs. Guy and Goblin, by Luck of Hessen, from a daughter of Priam, sold for 15½ggs. and 14½ggs. each; and Belhus Magpie, by Priam, 14gs. Other properties realized smaller sums, and two couples of pretty little rabbit beagles brought 9gs.—London Field, June 26.

ST. LOUIS PRIZES NOT PAID.—Boston, July 8.—Editor Forest and Stream: In this week's issue of your paper I read a letter from Mr. Wade finding fault with the Pittsburgh medals. I can beat that. I sent two dogs to St. Louis, won \$25, and have not received a cent for trouble and expense, which amounted to \$22.50, besides getting my dogs back in boxes without anything but bare boards to ride on over a thousand miles. After waiting a number of weeks I wrote to Mr. Munson, and he answered in reply that the treasurer would attend to it at once. As it is over a month since receiving this answer, I think the dog public should be notified.—JOHN P. BARNARD, JR.

THE COVINGTON DOG SHOW.—We have received the premium list of the first annual dog show of the Latonia Agricultural Association, to be held at Covington, Ky., Aug. 24 to 27. Major J. M. Taylor, of Cleveland, O., will judge the setters, pointers, foxhounds and beagles. Mr. H. L. Goodman, of Chicago, Ill., the remaining classes. There are champion prizes of \$10 in the English and Irish setter and pointer classes for both dogs and bitches, with \$10 and \$5 in the open classes, the latter including black and tan setters. There are champion prizes of \$5 for greyhounds and pugs. The remaining open classes are \$5 and \$3.

ILFORD CROMWELL VS. ILFORD CAUTION.—Editor Forest and Stream: In yours of the 1st you get me all wrong on the above. It was Mr. Lee's concurrence with me that Ilford Cromwell was the best mastiff in America that encouraged me to stick to it. I suppose you will blame the blunder on me anyhow, so I may say that Mr. Cook, the former owner of these dogs, has made it very easy to blunder by his string of Ilford Cs., as the two above, Ilford Claudia, Charity, Chancellor, Cambria, etc.—W. WADE (Hulton, Pa., July 2, 1886). [Mr. Wade is right, the blame rests on him, as his manuscript will plainly show.]

WESTCHESTER COUNTY DOG SHOW.—The Society of Agriculture and Horticulture of Westchester county, N. Y., will hold their first annual fair on the fair grounds near White Plains, September 27 to October 2. There will be a dog show in connection with the fair, with prizes of \$5 and \$3 for the best kennel and \$2 and \$1 each for mastiffs, St. Bernards, setters, pointers, pugs, hounds and bulldogs. Full particulars may be obtained of the Secretary, Eben B. Long, White Plains, N. Y.

THE WAVERLY DOG SHOW.—The first fall dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, to be held at Waverly in conjunction with the State Agricultural Society in September, promises to be a great success. The Agricultural Society will erect a building on the fair grounds, 200 by 100 feet, to be devoted exclusively to the dogs. This will give ample room for a large show.

AMONG THE NORTHERN LAKES of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa, are hundreds of delightful places where one can spend the summer months in quiet rest and enjoyment, and return home at the end of the heated term completely rejuvenated. Each recurring season brings to Oconomowoc, Waukesha, Beaver Dam, Portage, Okoboji, Minnetonka, White Bear and innumerable other charming localities with romantic names, thousands of our best people whose winter homes are on either side of Mason and Dixon's line. Elegance and comfort at a moderate cost can be readily obtained. A list of summer homes with all necessary information pertaining thereto is being distributed by the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY, and will be sent free upon application by letter to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.—Adv.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound, for retaining duplicates, sent postpaid, 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Banner Girl and Bissell. By A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 20, 1886, by Bannerman (A. K. R. 1709) out of Pet (A. K. R. 521).

Mona, M. S. Nells m. Irene and Maggie May. By Samuel Coulson, Montreal, Can., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 21, 1886, by Shaun Rhue (Morris's Con—Nan) out of Florie (A. K. R. 2679).

Paris Gem. By W. B. Bowen, Rockland, Mass., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Jan. 10, 1886, by Count Gladson (Royal Blue—Mojaska) out of Paris Queen (Paris—Miss Twilight).

Little Rock. By Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Nov. 14, 1885, by Lewis's Bugler (Hoe's Rattler—Lewis's Do.) out of Rye (Ringwood—Roxy).

Molly Malloy. By Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Jan. 1, 1886, by Glencho (Elcho, A. K. R. 295—Noreen, A. K. R. 297) out of Fanchon (A. K. R. 184).

Little Play and Munele. By Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Nov. 14, 1885, by Lewis's Bugler (Hoe's Rattler—Lewis's Do.) out of Rye (Ringwood—Roxy).

Milesian, Freeland, Ormond and Landsdowne. By Samuel Coulson, Montreal, Can., for red Irish setter dogs, whelped May 21, 1886, by Shaun Rhue (Morris's Con—Nan) out of Florie (A. K. R. 2679).

Lady Isabella. Editor Forest and Stream: In the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM Mr. C. W. Littlejohn claims the name Lady Isabella for a lemon and white pointer bitch. I own a pointer bitch, lemon and white, now three years old, that is registered as Lady Isabella (A. K. R. 461) and that has taken several prizes under that name. I would suggest to Mr. Littlejohn that it might avoid future confusion if he selected another name for his bitch. —FLOYD VAIL.

BRED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Queen—Cameron's Racket. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Queen (A. K. R. 1730) to his Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise), June 10.

Mitie—Bannerman. F. C. Bates's (Cleveland, O.) beagle bitch Millie (Tucker—Sara) to A. C. Krueger's Bannerman (A. K. R. 1709), June 5.

Zora—Bannerman. Wm. L. Maun's (Elizabeth, N. J.) beagle bitch Zora (Ringwood—Maid) to A. C. Krueger's Bannerman (A. K. R. 1709), June 2.

Chloe—Argus II. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Chloe (Flassh—Chloe) to his Argus II. (imported Argus—Brant), June 21.

Red Mogg—Glencho. W. W. Sweeney's (Chardon, O.) Irish setter bitch Red Mogg (Muegan—Red Maud) to W. H. Pierce's Glencho (Elcho—Noreen), June 23.

Highgate—Buckingham. A. S. Hoffman's (Morrisville, Pa.) English setter bitch Highgate (Antic—Princess Mix) to Geo. DeHaven's Buckingham (Dude—Dudeen), July 2.

Lady F—Captain Fred. A. Spring's (West Winsted, Conn.) pointer bitch Lady F. (A. K. R. 2744) to Atwood Collins's Captain Fred, June 23.

Regalia—Bob. Edward Stern's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Regalia (Sensation—Whiskey) to G. W. Amory's Bob (Bang—Princess Kate), June 1.

Molly—Bob. W. White's (Newton Highlands, Mass.) pointer bitch Molly (Don Carlos—Regalia) to G. W. Amory's Bob (Bang—Princess Kate), May 25.

La Belle—Lava Rock. Mr. Wallace's (Fredericksburg, Va.) English setter bitch La Belle (Dashing Lion—Victoria, A. K. R. 1383) to A. E. Burche's Lava Rock (A. K. R. 369), June 3.

Hedge—Lava Rock. Mr. Tatem's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Hedge (Dash III.—Diana) to A. E. Burche's Lava Rock (A. K. R. 369), May 30.

Jennie—Lava Rock. Mr. Taft's (Washington, D. C.) English setter bitch Jennie (Dashing Lady—Daisy) to A. E. Burche's Lava Rock (A. K. R. 369), May 20.

Victoria—Spark Noble. A. E. Burche's (Washington, D. C.) English setter bitch Victoria (Warwick—Belle) to his Spark Noble (Count Noble—Spark), May 7.

Helene—Spark Noble. Mr. Moss's (Lancaster, Pa.) English setter bitch Helene (Dashing Lion—Victoria, A. K. R. 1383) to A. E. Burche's Spark Noble (Count Noble—Spark), June 23.

Lola—Spark Nobis. A. E. Burche's (Washington, D. C.) English setter bitch Lola (Rake—Fanny) to his Spark Noble (Count Noble—Spark), May 13.

Red Biddy—Glencho. Geo. Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Red Biddy (Chief—Biddy) to W. H. Pierce's Glencho (Elcho, A. K. R. 295—Noreen, A. K. R. 297), June 23.

Rye—Rattler. Geo. Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Rye (Ringwood—Roxy) to Chas. R. Hoe's Rattler (Chancellor—Careless), April 7.

Jipse—Treasure. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pug bitch Jipse (Don Juan—imported Foxey) to Chas. A. Leouhard's Treasure (A. K. R. 479), June 12.

Lena—Lava Rock. Mr. Bell's (Brookville, Md.) English setter bitch Lena (Dashing Lion—Victoria) to A. E. Burche's Lava Rock (A. K. R. 369), May 10.

WHELPS.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Belle of Bryn Mawr. F. C. Sayles, Jr.'s (Pawtucket, R. I.) English setter bitch Belle of Bryn Mawr (A. K. R. 3571), July 2, two (one dog), by T. H. Adams's Prince Napoleon (A. K. R. 2671).

Sarah. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Sarah (Dandy—Dido), June 30, five (three dogs), by Frank G. Tripp's Sir.

Beech Grove Gabrielle. Beech Grove Farm Kennels' (Beech Grove, Ind.) Beech Grove Gabrielle (A. K. R. 3371), July 4, by Geo. Jackson's Beech Grove Duke (A. K. R. 3370).

Minnie N. A. S. Hoffman's (Morrisville, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Minnie N., July 2, five (four dogs), by G. Whitehead's Pluto (Ono II.—Critic).

Seph G. Dr. J. B. Holmes's (Rome, Ga.) pointer bitch Seph G. (A. K. R. 2411), June 29, nine (five dogs), by Graphic Kennels' Graphic (A. K. R. 2411).

Rye. Geo. Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Rye (Ringwood—Roxy), June 7, five (three dogs), by Chas. R. Hoe's Rattler (Chancellor—Careless).

Early Dawn. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Early Dawn (Nixey, A. K. R. 177—Princess Louise, A. K. R. 117, June 30, seven (six dogs), by Arnold Burges's Dashing Berwyn (Dash III.—Princess).

Ruby Croxteth. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Ruby Croxteth—Seitner's Lass, July 1, ten (seven dogs), by their King Bow (A. K. R. 83).

Elsa. James Rae's (Buffalo, N. Y.) Dandie Dinmont bitch Elsa (A. K. R. 2908), June 29, five (three dogs), by his Bobbie Burns (A. K. R. 2907).

SALES.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Piney. White and tan beagle bitch, whelped Nov. 23, 1884, by Bannerman out of Katie, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Wm. C. Fromm, Cleveland, O.

Queen Bird. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped March 26, 1885, by Ringwood out of Burdie, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to W. S. Dufferin, Baltimore, Md.

Red Mogg. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped 1883, by Duncan out of Red Maud, by Arthur L. Garford, Elyria, O., to W. W. Sweeney, Canton, O.

Bannerman—Pet whelps. White, black and tan beagle bitches, whelped April 20, 1886, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., one to W. J. Perceval, Stanton, Mich., and one to J. H. Jacobs, Wrightsville, Pa.

Bannerman—Myrtle whelp. Beagle bitch, whelped April 18, 1886, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to E. E. Shauer, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Jingo and Chinkie. Golden fawn pug pups, whelped March 28, 1886, by imported Tuck out of Toodles (A. K. R. 2147), by Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., to C. Henry, Rochester, N. Y.

Nellie. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped August, 1883 (A. K. R. 2194), by Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., to J. W. Newman, Boston, Mass.

Silver. Stone fawn pug bitch, whelped March 28, 1886, by imported Tuck out of Toodles (A. K. R. 2147), by Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., to C. Henry, Rochester, N. Y.

Three—Toodles whelp. Pug bitch, whelped March 28, 1886, by Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.

IMPORTATIONS.

King Cole, Jr. Bulldog, whelped July 29, 1883 (King Cole—Dona

Sol), by J. P. Barnard, Jr., Boston, Mass., from J. S. Pybus-Sellon, Sydenham, Eng.; weight, 32 pounds.

DEATHS.

Jobbo. Black cocker spaniel dog (A. K. R. 3631), owned by C. S. Davol, Warren, R. I., July 6, by accident.

Don Belton. White and liver English setter dog (A. K. R. 3280), owned by E. G. Cone, East Hampton, Conn., May 26, from distemper.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

C. H. S., Chestnut Hill.—I have a setter pup four months old which has had round worms for some time. He has passed three or four different times about seven inches long. He is now very thin and does not eat very much. His coat seems dead. Have given him arecanut and santonine, but it did no good. Ans. Your puppy probably still suffers from worms. You may try the fluid extract of spigelia and senna in teaspoonful doses after a fast of twelve or twenty-four hours. If no worms are passed, tone your dog up with nourishing food and give three drops of Fowler's solution three times daily.

H. D. M., Melbourne, Quebec.—My water spaniel had some sort of lice on her and continual scratching has caused two or three sores to appear which I healed by washing with soap and applying roose oil. As far as I can see all the lice have left her, but the skin is scaly and dry looking and her hair is thin in places. There does not appear to be any appearance of mange. What can I do to make her hair soft and glossy as it naturally is and to clean her skin of this dandruff. I have washed her several times but it does not appear to take it off. Ans. After washing your dog, rub in vasoline in moderate quantity. This renders the coat glossy and softens the skin. Give five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food night and morning.

A READER, Peterboro, N. H.—My beagle is in very thin flesh, and will not eat well. At times his nose is hot and his nose and eyes run a little. If a little frightened or excited his eyes turn green. At times his breath is unpleasant and never very bad. Can find nothing to show that he has worms. He is built right to take a large amount of work, but if he runs a few hours he will seem very tired the next day, and his eyes will be almost closed. His feed is Indian meal cakes with milk and table scraps. Have tried other kinds of feed, but he will only eat a little. He is fifteen months old and has been in the same condition the three months I have had him. Have given him no medicine, not knowing what to use. Ans. Give your beagle five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in his food night and morning. His protan eyes will come out all right. When the pupil dilates they look green, when it contracts the eyes look black.

J. H., Cleveland, O.—1. My beagle puppies, four weeks old, are getting lumps in their throats. I keep them in a perfectly clean and dry box about 3 ft. x 1 ft., with clean excelsior for bedding every day. 2. My beagle bitch has worms, such as I have never seen before. Have given her two grains of santonine and a purge about four hours after, purge thrown up five minutes after taking; throws up food frequently; otherwise lively; appetite good. Ans. 1. It is impossible to say from this distance and without more particulars, what causes the tumors in your puppies. It is doubtful as to enlargement of the glands. 2. Salivary or lymphatic glands may be the cause. You do not get enough of the right kind of milk from the mother. Test the milk with litmus paper and see whether it is acid or alkaline. If the former give soda in the food or lime water in the milk. You may try cod liver oil in teaspoonful doses three times daily to the puppies. 2. The bitch has a tapeworm. Fast her for twenty-four hours and give thirty drops of the oleoresin of aspidium or filix mas; purge in three hours with castor oil. After treatment build her up with nourishing food.

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SYSTEM.—No well-informed person denies that the ownership of animals involves the obligation of their proper nursing and care when sick. It is generally admitted that the common mode of treatment is cruel as well as wasteful in life and suffering. But before you condemn us show us a better system. Now, this is precisely what we propose to do. Humphreys' Homeopathic Veterinary Specifics have been in use twenty-five years, and the testimony of respectable horse and stock owners of the results are entirely satisfactory. The medicines are suited to almost every possible disease among domestic animals, and can be given without the slightest trouble. They are not poisons nor destructive to health, but cure in far less time than any other remedies. This system of treatment is free from intricacy or difficulty, one that tells the owner just what to do and how to do it, and which save and satisfactory results, it secures the animal from all cruelty and unkindness. More over it affords the best chance for their recovery and renewed usefulness. We think we are acting in the interest and for the benefit of our animal friends, who cannot speak for themselves, when we cordially endorse Humphreys' Homeopathic Veterinary Specifics.—Adv.

ALLEN'S bow-facing ears can be attached to any boat in 5 minutes. Try them. Little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Adv.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

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RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE CREEDMOOR PROGRAMME.

TO guide those intending to take part in the matches of the Fall Meeting at Creedmoor, Sept. 13 to 18 next, the Association has issued the list of matches to be held, with a prize list as far as secured. Many of the matches are fixtures on the annual programme, but there is opportunity for a display of both military and any rifle shooting. The list of matches includes: No. 1. Directors' Match—200yds., open only to directors of the N. R. A., 5 rounds, standing, any military rifle, including specials. Prize, the directors' championship gold badge, shot for annually and held by the winner during the year. To be shot at any time during morning. The third prize will be a handsome bronze pitcher, value \$30, presented by Messrs. Benedict Bros. of No. 171 Broadway.

No. 2. Judd Match—Open to all comers, any military rifle, including specials. Remington rifles, State model, will be allowed one point on each score; 300yds., standing, 7 rounds. Entrance fee, \$2 each, re-entries \$1. Only 3 entries allowed to be shot on each day, match to occupy 2 days. Prizes—Cash presented by the N. R. A. \$245, divided into 27 prizes, the aggregate of two scores to count for the first 5 prizes.

No. 3. Wimbledon Cup Match—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States, 1,000yds., 30 shots, any rifle within the rules, cleaning allowed. Position, any without artificial rest. First prize, the Wimbledon Cup, value \$500. Won in 1875 by Maj. Fulton, in 1876 by I. L. Allen, in 1877 by Dudley Welch, in 1878 by Frank Hyde, in 1879 by C. H. Laird, in 1880 by W. M. Farrow, in 1881 by F. J. Rabbeth, in 1882 by W. Budworth, in 1883 by H. T. Rockwell, in 1884 and 1885 by J. W. Todd.

No. 4. President's Match—First Stage—200 and 500yds., 7 shots at each, open to all members of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps of the U. S., or the national guard of any State. Remington State model and Springfield 45 cal. 3 grooved and chambered for 2 1/10-in. shell only. Twenty-three prizes, total \$210. Second stage—Open to all prize winners in the first stage, 700yds., 10 shots, position any, rifles same as in first stage, but 50-cal. Remington State model will receive one point allowance. Prize, the mid-range championship of America for 1886, a handsome bronze pitcher, value \$30, awarded to the competitor making the highest aggregate score in both stages.

No. 5. The Storkley Match—Any military rifle, including specials, 800, 900 and 1,000yds., any position, all comers, 10 shots at each distance. Twelve prizes aggregating \$110.

No. 6. Continuous Match—All comers' continuous match, 200yds., standing, 7 shots on the American standard target, any rifle, military rifles, as permitted in match No. 4, will be allowed 4 points and other military or special military rifles 3 points on each score. The aggregate of 3 scores to count for each of the first 5 prizes, aggregate of 2 scores to count for the others, entries unlimited, \$300 divided into 33 prizes.

No. 7. Governors' Match—Seven shots at 500yds., position any, any military rifle, including specials, open to all comers, re-entries allowed. The aggregate of 3 scores to count for first 5 prizes, aggregate of 2 scores to count for the others, 2 points allowed on the aggregate of the 3 scores in the first 5 prizes to State model rifles of 30-cal., 1 point allowed on aggregate of the two scores, \$300 divided into 18 prizes.

No. 8. All Comers' and Marksmen's Badge Match—Open to everybody, 200 and 500yds., position standing at 200, prone at 500, 5 shots at each, entrance \$1, re-entries allowed, rifle Remington 50-cal. State model, 34 prizes, \$275.

No. 9. Bilton Trophy Match—Open to teams of 12 from the military or militia of any country, 200, 500 and 600yds., 7 rounds at each.

position standing at 200yds., any at 500 and 600, any military rifle which has been adopted as an official arm. Prize, a trophy, presented by Hon. Henry Hilton, value \$3,000. Also a medal to each member of the winning team. Won in 1878 and 1879 by State of New York, in 1880 by Division of the Missouri, U. S., in 1881 by State of New York, in 1882 by State of Pennsylvania, in 1883 by State of Michigan, in 1884 and 1885 by Division of the Atlantic, U. S. A.

No. 10. Short Range Team Match—Open to teams of 4 from any regularly organized rifle club or association or military organization, no limit to number of teams from one organization, but no competitor can shoot in two teams, ten shots at 200yds., standing, any rifle, American standard target, teams to shoot the Remington rifle. Position, standing at 200, prone at 500, 5 rounds at each distance. Prize, a trophy, presented by the State of New York, value \$300.

No. 11. Inter-State Military Match—Open to one militia team from each State or Territory in the United States, 200 and 500yds., position at 200yds., standing, at 500 prone, any military rifle which has been adopted as an official arm. Prize, to the team making the highest aggregate score a large bronze trophy, also a medal to each member of the winning team. Won in 1875 by N. Y., 1876 by Conn., 1877 by Cal., 1878 and 1879 by N. Y., 1880 by N. J., 1882 by Pa., 1883 by Mich., 1884 and 1885 by Pa.

No. 12. Inter-State Long-Range Match.—Open to teams of four from any rifle club in the U. S., Members of the various teams participating must, at the time of shooting, be residents and must have resided in the State represented for at least three months prior to the date of the match. 800, 900 and 1,000yds.; 15 shots at each distance; any rifle within the rules. Prize, a trophy, also a medal to each member of the winning team. Won in 1877 by Amateur Rifle Club, N. Y.; in 1878 by Massachusetts Rifle Association; in 1879 by New Jersey State Rifle Association; in 1880 by Empire Rifle Club, N. Y.; in 1881 by Illion Rifle Club; in 1882 by Illion Rifle Club; in 1883 by Illion Rifle Club; in 1884 by Amateur Rifle Club, N. Y.

No. 13. New York State National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 12 from the National Guard of the State of New York. 200 and 500 yds. Position, standing at 200, prone at 500; 5 rounds at each distance. Prize, a trophy, presented by the State of New York, value \$300.

No. 14. First Division National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 12 from each regiment, etc., in the First Division of the N. G. S. N. Y. Remington rifle, State model; 200 and 500yds.; 15 shots at each distance. Position, standing at 200, at 500 prone. Prize, a trophy, presented by the State of New York, value \$100.

No. 15. Second Division National Guard Match.—As No. 14 for Second Division.

No. 16. General Sheridan's Skirmishers' Match.—Open to teams of 6 from the regular Army, Navy, Marine Corps, National Guard, Volunteers, or militia of any country, State or territory, 600 to 200yds., and return, second-class targets, military rifle with which the organization has been regularly armed. A commanding officer or coach may be allowed in rear of each team, or as a member on the firing line. The first prize is a trophy presented by S. D. Schuyler Esq., value \$150. This prize is to be won three times before becoming the property of the winner. It will be held for a year by the officer commanding the winning corps. Also a bronze medal to each member of the winning team. Won 1884 and 1885 by 4th Artillery, U. S. A.

The matches will be shot as nearly as possible upon the following days, though the right is reserved after entries are made to change the order of shooting: Monday, Sept. 13, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8; Tuesday, Sept. 14, Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8; Wednesday, Sept. 15, Nos. 1, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10; Thursday, Sept. 16, Nos. 1, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12; Friday, Sept. 17, Nos. 1, 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15; Saturday, Sept. 18, Nos. 1, 6, 7, 8, 11.

THE SPRINGFIELD TOURNAMENT.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 6.—The New England Rifle Association could not have had a more propitious day for the opening of their four days' tournament at Riverside Grove than to-day. There was sufficient sunshine to make the beautiful places to which the sharp whizz of the bullets kept excitement at high tide throughout the day. Only a few of the visiting delegates arrived in time to take the early boat to the grove. Hartford and Meriden each sent a score of men who were accompanied by Colt's band, of Hartford; Fort Trumbull had two representatives and the Springfield Schuetzenverein mustered 32 shooters.

Shooting was not begun till after 11 o'clock, when 10 of the 11 matches were opened. These 10 matches will be continuous through the four days, and the only one which will be shot on the first day was the target of honor, opened at 3 o'clock. The first shot was by Capt. Buchholz, who fired a salute in honor of President Cleveland, and scored a bullseye, 25 points. Julius Heber, of Hartford, shot in honor of Gov. Robinson, and also scored 25. Chas. Stockler, of Meriden, shot in honor of the mayor of Springfield, and scored 25. P. Myer, of New Britain, shot in honor of Senator Phillips, and scored 25. Lieut. Kron shot in honor of Gov. Harrison, of Connecticut, and scored the fifth hit in the bullseye. Lieut. Hare followed with a shot in honor of the Boston Schuetzenverein and made 25.

July 7.—Sunny skies and just wind enough to make a welcome breeze opened the second day of the New England Rifle Association's tournament at Riverside Grove, and the competing riflemen and their friends were correspondingly happy. The attendance was much better than on the first day. Many prominent marksmen arrived during the day, and at once started to compete for the honors. Among the named shots present were A. C. White, of Worcester, who is at present the champion on the Massachusetts target; George Joyner, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. A. Higgins, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; O. M. Jewell, of Lawrence; G. H. Wentworth, of Dover, N. H.; O. B. Hall, of Collinsville, Conn.; W. W. Tucker, of Hartford; Messrs. Crafts, Schaeffer and Ludwig, of the Boston Schuetzenverein; W. M. Farrow, formerly of this city but now of Brattleboro, Vt., and Sergt. Lowry and Corp. Stamford, from Fort Trumbull, Conn.

Shooting on the different targets was in brisk progress all day, but interest centered in the competition on the "target of honor," which was closed at 4 P. M., and resulted in the Springfield marksmen capturing 14 out of 40 prizes, T. T. Cartwright, of this city, being the victor. The prizes were distributed in the following order, according to each contestant's score: T. T. Cartwright, of Springfield, 44, King's badge and silver service; D. Seymour, of Hartford, 43; M. W. Bull, of Springfield, 42; Wm. Tucker, of Hartford, 41; E. T. Stephens, of Springfield, 38; Wm. Selhe, of Meriden, Conn., 37; Wm. Helfry, of Hartford, 37; F. K. Rabol, of Springfield, 36; J. A. Higgins, of Pittsburgh, 35; Lieut. of Hartford, 34; Peter Taylor, of Hartford, 33; C. Herold, of Springfield, 32; P. Maurer, of Meriden, 32; S. S. Bumstead, of Springfield, 31; H. K. Cooley, of Springfield, 31; A. E. Barnes, of Springfield, 31; A. Krom, of Springfield, 49; S. Miller, of New Britain, 39; H. Pope, of Hartford, 38; H. Dorr, of New Britain, 38; G. Lining, of Meriden, 37; F. Remesauer, of New Britain, 34; L. H. Mayott, of Springfield, 34; O. Heuning, of Hartford, 34; A. Hollenstein, of Springfield, 34; J. Teising, of Meriden, 33; R. T. Hare, of Springfield, 33; A. Meyer, of Meriden, 33; L. Heimgartner, of Hartford, 33; W. Haden, of Meriden, 33; A. Detenich, of Meriden, 33; C. Drechsler, of Meriden, 33; H. Buchholz, of Springfield, 34; M. Glassnap, of Meriden, 34; T. B. Wilson, of Springfield, 33; T. Britton, of Hartford, 33; F. Engle, of New Britain, 33; L. Leibert, of Hartford, 32; J. Huebner, of Hartford, 31; E. Hoffman, of Meriden, 30.

The City guard's team of this city have so far been the only ones to shoot in the military team match, although several teams from other military organizations have entered. The following is the score of shooting by this team:

Lieut. McDonald.....44518—20 T. T. Cartwright.....44431—19
Sergt. Sterling.....45513—21 E. T. Stephens.....44451—21
M. W. Bull.....45555—24

W. A. White, of Worcester, was, up to to-right, first on the Massachusetts target, and George Joyner of Brooklyn had a good lead on both the Mau and German target. Some remarkable shooting was done by Louis Brehm, secretary of the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Rifle Club, with a 10 pounder bullet, he has made 45 bullseyes. Probably the most interesting event in the tournament is making a respectable number of bull-eyes on the 3 1/2 inch bullseye target, and not many of the marksmen present have yet made much of a record except J. A. Higgins, of Pittsburgh, who has succeeded in making seven bullseyes. Capt. Buchholz performed the pleasant duty of crowning the winner of the "target of honor" match, T. T. Cartwright, last evening in his usual happy manner, and the new king of the Schuetzenbund for 1886 responded in a brief speech.

July 8.—To-day was strictly devoted to business at the Schuetzenverein's tournament at Riverside Grove, each marksman present hanging away steadily at the targets from 9:30 in the morning until 7:30 P. M., the closing hour. A large number of spectators were in attendance, and showed much interest. It was not an extra day for fine shooting, the wind being rather strong and the light variable, but some good scores were made. Many more noted marksmen have arrived, including F. Hayes, of Collinsville, Conn.; William Hayes, of New York, N. Y.; R. A. Whipple, of Adams; George E. Butts and W. H. Beardsley, of Bridgeport, Conn.; C. A. Hynds, of Orange; G. R. Warfield, of Gardner; G. R. Russell and N. Frye, of Boston; J. F. Klein, of Creedmoor, N. Y., and many others. The arrival of the day, however, was that of the famous Zettler Rifle Club, of New York city, their two crack shots, C. G. Zettler and T. J. Dolan, who are expected to do some splendid work. The question of which militia team will win the handsome sword offered for first prize seems to lay between the City and Peabody Guards, no other teams having as yet

entered. The Peabody took their turn at shooting to-day with the following result:

	First entry.	Second entry.
F R Bull.	5544-23	4554-22
George Adams.	4545-21	4445-20
J Leonard.	3504-13	3444-18
T B Wilson.	5444-21	4454-22
Kimball.	5544-23	4554-22-104

The team that point behind their opponents, but will try to overcome them to-day.

The various other targets were well patronized. Much of the interest of the members of the Schuetzenverein centered in the "novice match" between members of that society, in which some very good scores for novices are being made. A. Hollenstein is the leader so far, having a total of 95 out of a possible 125 to his credit. He is closely followed by Capt. Buchholz, who has a total of 91, while A. Schultz and Fred Lenoir follow with 87 and 85 respectively. In the individual military match some good scores have been made and many more entries are expected to-day. M. W. Bull, of the City Guard, is ahead so far, and is looked upon as the probable victor, although his competitors are working hard to catch up with him. The score up to to-night was as follows:

M W Bull.	23	22	27	J A Sterling.	30	21	61
E T Stephens.	23	23	21	Capl Southmayd.	20	17	53
T C Cartwright.	21	21	21	Henry McDonald.	17	16	36

On the Massachusetts target, C. White at present the leader, but he is being pushed by others as the score will show, each 3 scores counting as a continuous one:

A C White.	58	56	55	G Joyner.	55	54	52-161
E T Stephens.	56	55	56	W B Beardsley.	52	52	51-155
O B Hull.	56	55	56	T Brehm.	53	50	153
O M Jewell.	55	55	55	Z C Talbot.	52	52	47-151
H Engle.	55	55	54	E Hoffman.	47	46	49-139
T Cartwright.	58	58	51	G E Betts.	50	46	43-139
G H Wentworth.	56	53	53				

The competition on the German ring target is very close and some excellent work is being done on it, most of the best marksmen present being entered for it. Unless something happens it looks very much as if J. A. Huggins, of Pittsburgh, Pa., will bear off the prize, he having done the steady shooting thus far and holding first place with a total of 71 out of a possible 75 with Jewell, of Hartford, a close second. The following score shows the position of the contestants: J. A. Huggins, 71; O. M. Jewell, 70; D. S. Seymour, 68; Wm. Tucker, 66; H. A. Huggins, 66; G. Joyner, 65; E. T. Stephens, 64; A. C. White, 64; L. H. Myott, 63; E. Hoffman, 61; A. H. Merriam, 61; A. Kron, 59; O. Helfreich, 59; C. Herold, 53; T. Brehm, 46; W. R. Schaffer, 32; Wm. Halm, 31. On the "man" target, which represents the head and shoulders of a man and is more complicated and trying to some marksmen than the ordinary bull-eye target, G. Joyner is the champion so far, he having a lead of two points over his nearest opponent. The score: G. Joyner, 53; A. H. Merriam, 51; A. Huggins, 51; Z. C. Talbot, 50; C. A. Miller, 48; H. Pope, 47; W. Tucker, 46; Wm. Halm, 44; E. Hoffman, 43; P. Mauer, 42; C. Rebeck, 40; G. Lining, 40; A. E. Barnes, 40; C. Helfreich, 33; A. Denackin, 31; G. W. Rogers, 29; H. Doerr, 20; M. Glassnap, 19; F. Reuzschler, 13; J. G. Glassnap, 13; F. Engel, 11.

July 9.—The Schuetzenverein closed their rifle tournament to-night after an excellent four-days' outing. With the exception of a rather strong and changing wind the last one was a good one for shooting, and each marksman realized it, for the target-keepers were kept on the jump from early in the morning until the shooting closed at 7 o'clock in the evening. The tournament is the most successful ever held by the society, both financially and in the scores made by the contestants. The attendance has been large, and the best of order has been kept on the grounds and the comfort of every one present, whether spectators, marksmen or workers, has been carefully looked after. Secretary T. T. Cartwright, Shooting Master Dick Hare with his aids and President Buchholz have worked hard to bring the affair off successfully and deserve credit for their exertions. There has been but very little "kicking" by those competing for prizes, and what little was done has been on minor points. The New England Rifle Association and the Springfield Schuetzenverein may congratulate themselves on the success of the rifle tournament of 1886.

The winning scores in the several matches, with the conditions under which they were shot, are as follows:

No. 1.—Target of Honor. Open to members of the New England Rifle Association only. The winner takes the first choice of prizes and the King's gold badge, and will be crowned Shooting King for 1886.

No. 2.—German Ring Target.—Open to all comers; any rifle, 3 shots to a score. Entry, \$2; re-entry, \$1; entries unlimited. Each shooter can obtain but one prize; 24 prizes; value \$310:

J A Huggins.	24	25	24	Z C Talbot.	23	23	21-67
W Haves.	23	24	25	G Zettler.	24	24	19-67
M Dorrier.	24	24	23	T B Wilson.	19	25	67
M Jewell.	23	24	27	J N Frye.	21	22	66
F R Bull.	22	24	24	H Andrews.	25	22	66
J Coppersmith.	25	21	23	W W Tucker.	25	18	66
B Walther.	24	22	28	P M Pope.	22	20	65
H S Seymour.	21	23	14	J S Schroeder.	24	24	17-65
G Zimmerman.	23	21	21	O B Hull.	25	17	65
L Brehm.	24	21	23	A Merriam.	23	20	64
W M Farrow.	24	21	23	E T Stephens.	23	24	17-64
G Joyner.	22	22	20	A C White.	16	25	64

No. 3.—Massachusetts target, all comers, 5 shots to score, best three scores to count as one continuous score. Entry, \$1; re-entry 50 cents, entries unlimited. Each shooter can obtain but one prize. National Rifle Association rules to govern, 24 prizes, value \$310.

E T Stephens.	172	H Engle.	165
T T Cartwright.	172	J A Allen.	165
G R Russell.	171	G A Warfield.	162
W M Farrow.	169	George Joyner.	162
G C Betts.	169	L Brehm.	162
G C Betts.	169	G H Wentworth.	161
D B Hull.	168	S S Bumstead.	160
C A Hinds.	167	W K Cooley.	159
S J Lyons.	167	J N Frye.	158
W H Beardsley.	167	Z C Talbot.	158
T J Dolan.	166	F Hawks.	154
D W Jewett.	165	J A Huggins.	154

No. 4.—Creedmoor target, sixty per cent of entries on this target will be divided among holder's of bulseye tickets daily. Ten tickets for \$1. Any rifle within the rules of the National Rifle Association.

No. 5.—Bulseye target, 24 in. bulseye in 12 in. of black. Open to all comers. Any rifle. Five tickets for \$1; entries unlimited for the four days. The shooter making the largest number of bulseyes during the tournament, to be crowned king of the bulseye target for 1886, and to receive a handsome king's badge in addition to a cash prize of \$25; 6 prizes, value \$35.

First prize, \$25 in cash and king's gold medal, William Hayes, of Newark, N. J., who was formally presented with the medal by Capt. Buchholz.

No. 6.—Creedmoor Target.—All comers, military rifles, including specials, 5 shots to a score, best 3 scores to count as one continuous score. Entry \$1, re-entry 50 cents; entries unlimited. Each shooter can obtain but one prize. National Rifle Association rules to govern. Fourteen prizes, value \$125:

T B Wilson.	71	M W Farrow.	68
F R Bull.	71	N A Dolan.	67
E T Stephens.	70	W C Stamford.	64
J A Kheirs.	69		

No. 7.—Team Match.—Open to teams of 5 men from any regular organized rifle club. German ring target, any rifle, 5 shots per man. Entry, \$5 per team; re-entry, \$3; entries unlimited. Four cash prizes, and to each member of the winning team a gold badge, to be known as the champion team of 1886. Four prizes, value \$55.

Capt P Walther.	19	21	23	19-97
W Hayes.	20	20	24	20-17-101
George Joyner.	19	23	14	19-101
C G Zettler.	23	23	20	15-103
W M Farrow.	24	24	19	19-105-507

First Team, Springfield Schuetzen Verein.				
Bumstead.....	22	12	14	20 16— 84
Bull.....	22	18	18	16 21— 94
R T Hare.....	16	14	23	9 11— 73
Z C Talbot.....	34	21	18	22 20—105
F B Wilson.....	19	24	24	20 21—106—464

F B Wilson.....	19	22	24	20	21-106-464
Second Team, Springfield Schuetzen Verein.					
M W Bull.....	25	21	18	17	24-105
A Kron .. .	16	13	21	22	14- 86
E T Stephens.....	24	20	23	14	18- 99
S Bowers.....	17	21	18	13	71-451
T T Cartwright.....	17	13	11	13	71-451

No. 8.—Military team match, Creedmoor target, open to teams of 5 men with two substitutes from any company of the National Guard, 5 shots per man, entry \$5, re-entry \$3, entries unlimited, rifles, each team to use the rifle used by their company on or before May 1, 1886. A handsome officer's sword and belt, suitably engraved, will be presented to the company to which the team winning the first prize belongs, and a gold badge to the members of the team making the highest individual score on the team score, which wins first prize.

H McDonald.	4454-23	T T Cartwright.	4444-19
J A Sterling.	4554-21	E T Stephens.	4454-21-105
M W Bull.	5455-24		

Peabody Guard—First Team.			
F R Bull.	4554-23	T B Wilson.	4545-22
Geo T Adams.	4453-20	J Kimball.	4454-22-104
J J Leonard.	3443-18		

Peabody Guard—Second Team.			
B Bickford.	4433-17	C H Hooker.	5504-17
A H Stearns.	3444-18	M J Cavanaugh.	4424-18-98
A H Stearns.	3444-18		

No. 9.—Individual Military Match, Creedmoor target.—Open to members of the Connecticut and Massachusetts Guard only. Entry 50 cents, re-entry 25 cents, entries unlimited. Rifles same as in match No. 8, five shots each, best three scores to count as one continuous score, National Rifle Association rules to govern. Each shooter can get but one prize. Trophies, etc., value of \$100:

M W Bull.	23	24	21	G Kimball.	20	21	23-64
S M Bumstead.	23	24	21	J J Leonard.	21	21	64
T T Stephens.	23	23	24	A C White.	20	21	63
H McDonald.	22	23	23	J A Sterling.	21	20	62
T T Cartwright.	21	21	22	G Adams.	20	20	61

No. 10.—Novice Match, German ring target.—Open to members of the Springfield Schuetzen Verein only who have not made over 65 points in five consecutive shots on this target, five shots each. Entries 25 cents each, entries unlimited. Each shooter can obtain but one prize. Trophy prizes, value \$50.

Hallenstein.	95	Stumpf.	49
Buchholz.	94	Bier.	38
Schultz.	87	Floedorf.	36
Lenoir.	85	Purps.	26
Schroeder.	53	Oetiker.	9

No. 11.—Man Target.—This target represents the head and body of a man, and is divided into half-inch vertical lines, center line counting 20. Open to all comers; \$175 distributed in 20 prizes; 3 shots to a score, any rifle, entry \$1.50, re-entry \$1, entries unlimited. Each shooter can obtain but one prize:

F R Bull.	19	20	15	F Hawkes.	18	17	17-52
H Dorrier.	20	19	18	G Zimmerman.	18	15	52
W M Farrow.	18	19	15	J Allen.	15	16	51
J T Schroeder.	17	20	19	A H Merriam.	20	16	51
Geo J iner.	20	17	15	J Coppersmith.	19	15	50

Z C Talbot.	18	20	17	A Bergeron.	18	13	50
B Walther.	19	17	15	C A Miller.	16	14	48
A H Stearns.	30	17	15	H M Pope.	15	18	47
G G Zettler.	17	17	20	W W Tucker.	19	17	46
J A Huggins.	19	15	20	W M Halm.	17	7	40

BOSTON, July 10.—There was some lively work done before the targets at Walnut Hill to-day, as a large number of military shooters were present and participated in the various military matches. Messrs. Carter and Winthrop each put up a 43 in the 500yds. match. Names of prize winners in the current matches, which closed July 5, are given below.

W Wintrop.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5-4
F Carter.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5-4
H White.....	4	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	4-4
State Militia Match.									
E H Green	18	18	20	20	21	21	21	21	21-4
F W Reynolds.....	18	18	19	19	22				
R H Broglie	18	19	19	22					

W Charles.	81	85	84	87-432
E B South.	75	76	76	82-332-40-432
A L Brackett.	77	77	77	77-332-40-430
Wm Fisher.	64	75	75	77-332-40-430
H Withington.	65	68	68	68-337-40-397
J P Bates.	66	71	61	66-336-60-396
A Law.	64	70	72	72-318-40-389
B G Warren.	67	68	71	80-354-25-378
A B Archer.	63	64	65	65-339-45-378
J N Frye.	53	63	72	73-335-40-376
I F Butler.	49	49	57	51-328-258

WILMINGTON, Del., July 8.—Rifle matches were held by the Wilmington Rifle Club at Schuetzen Park this afternoon. The conditions at first match were Creedmoor target, 300yds., off hand, and prizes decided by score classes. The ties were soon decided, which awarded the prizes as follows: First, S. J. Newman; second, Howard Simpson; third, William A. Bacon, and fourth, James Newman. The score is as follows out of possible twenty five points:

*Twenty points allowed for military rifle.

H A Heinel.....	4445-21	Sullivan.....	42520-1
Conditions at second march, Massachusetts target, 200yds. off-hand			
and prizes divided by highest scores. Prizes were awarded as follows:			
First, U. Fuller; second, Harry A. Heinel; third, Charles			
Heinel, Sr.; fourth, James Newman and fifth, Henry B. Seeds. The			
full score is as follows out of possible 120 points:			

U Fuller.....	11	8	10	10	8	8	11	12	12	9-104
H A Heinel.....	10	9	10	6	11	9	12	9	12-97	
C Heinel, Sr.....	8	7	11	9	10	11	8	10	7-10-99	
J Newman.....	10	10	10	10	6	9	8	10	9-7-89	
H B Seeds.....	9	3	11	8	10	9	11	11	7-9-88	
S J Newman.....	8	8	10	12	8	8	9	7	6-8-80	

H Simpson.....	10	2	12	11	4	6	6	7	8	9	7
J J Peirce.....	8	9	8	11	5	4	8	4	8	4	6
John Scott.....	7	5	11	6	0	5	6	8	12	6	6
W A Bacon.....	9	8	10	3	3	6	3	8	8	0	6

Sullivan	10	10	2	5	2	0	0	0	0	0	—	24
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Conditions at third match same as at second. The prizes were awarded as follows: First Charles Heinel, Sr., second U. Fuller, and third James Newman. The following is the score in full out of pos

sible sixty points:													
C Heiuel, Sr.....	9	12	9	11	12	—53	John Soott.....	11	8	5	11	9	—4
U Fuller.....	10	9	9	12	12	—53	H B Seeds.....	10	6	10	9	7	—4
Jas Newman.....	10	8	9	12	10	—49	Wm A Bacon.....	10	11	0	9	5	—3
John Newman.....	10	10	10	10	0	—4	H Simpson.....	9	9	5	8	6	—3

Winners of the medals in the State militia match during the month of July, 1886: Silver medals, E. H. Green, Lieut. R. B. Edes; bronze medals, M. G. Witham, B. H. Bradlee, Capt. F. W. Reynolds.

WILMINGTON, Del., July 8.—Rifle matches were held by the Wilmington Rifle Club at Schuetzen Park this afternoon. The conditions at first match were Creedmoor target, 300yds., off hand, and prizes decided by score classes. The ties were soon decided, which awarded the prizes as follows: First, S. J. Newman; second, Howard Stang; third, William A. Bacon, and fourth, James Newman. The score is as follows out of possible twenty five points:

S J Newman.	5444-21	H Simpson.	4443-19
C Heinel, Sr.	4454-21	J J. Peirce.	5344-19
John Scott.	4454-21	W A Bacon.	4443-17
U Fuller.	4454-21	J Newman.	4354-16
H A Heinel.	4444-21	Sullivan.	4324-13

Conditions at second match, Massachusetts target, 200yds., off hand, and prizes divided by highest scores. Prizes were awarded as follows: First, U. Fuller; second, Harry A. Heinel; third, Charles Heinel, Sr.; fourth, James Newman and fifth, Henry B. Seeds. The full score is as follows out of possible 120 points:

U Fuller.	11	8	10	10	8	11	12	12	9-100
H A Heinel.	10	9	10	11	9	12	9	12	97
C Heinel, Sr.	8	11	9	10	11	8	10	7	91
J Newman.	9	11	10	10	11	11	7	9	83
H B Seeds.	8	10	12	8	8	7	8	7	85
S J Newman.	8	10	12	11	4	6	7	8	75
H Simpson.	10	12	11	4	6	7	8	7	85
J J Peirce.	8	9	11	5	4	8	4	8	69
John Scott.	7	5	11	6	0	5	8	12	66
W A Bacon.	9	10	3	3	3	6	8	6	64
Sullivan.	10	10	2	2	0	0	0	0	29

Conditions at third match same as at second. The prizes were awarded as follows: First Charles Heinel, Sr., second U. Fuller, and third James Newman. The following is the score in full out of possible sixty points:

C Heinel, Sr.	9	12	9	11	12	53	John Scott.	11	8	5	11	9-44
U Fuller.	10	9	9	12	12	52	H B Seeds.	10	10	9	7-42	
James Newman.	10	8	9	12	10	49	Wm A Bacon.	10	11	0	9-35	
S J Newman.	10	10	12</									

CREEDMOOR.—The N. R. A. have but four shooting days during the present and following month. Matches are set for July 17 and 31, and Aug. 14 and 28. The matches are: 1. The champion Marksmen's Class Match.—Open to all members of the N. G. S. N. Y., and members of the National Rifle Association. 200 and 500 yds., 5 shots to each; the Remington Rifle, N. Y. State model; standing at 200 yds., lying head to target at 500. First prize, a gold marksmen's badge for 1886, the badge to become the property of the competitor who, at the close of the season of 1886, shall have won it the greatest number of times. 2. The qualification match of 1886.—Open to members of the N. G. S. N. Y. and N. R. A. 100 and 200 yds., 5 shots at each range. Remington Rifle, N. Y. State model. Standing at 100 yds., kneeling or sitting at 200.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

ST. HUBERT GUN CLUB.

OTTAWA, July 9.—I enclose you the scores made at the recent shooting tournament held in this city under the auspices of the St. Hubert Gun Club. Although in point of attendance the meeting can hardly be deemed a success, still all the sportsmen from a distance who did attend expressed themselves as well satisfied with the treatment they received, and at the manner in which the various matches were conducted. As you will perceive our American cousins carried off a fair share of the honors, and their shooting, especially at long ranges, was certainly first-class.

Our committee felt very much disappointed that owing to the fact that so few Canadian gun club's sent delegates to the meeting, they were obliged to postpone the formation of a Dominion Gun Association on the model of the National Gun Association of the United States; but the plan will not be lost sight of, and renewed efforts will be made in that direction so soon as a favorable opportunity occurs. As you will perceive by the papers, we were interrupted on the first day by a contest with the S. P. A., who issued several summons to local sportsmen to appear on Saturday on a charge of having committed cruelty to animals. The issue is looked forward to anxiously, as it will, of course, establish a precedent for the future.

—W. L. CAMERON, Sec'y.

First match, 10 single clay pigeons, 5 traps, fatorial rules: Trudeau.....0001100110-4 J Dunlap.....0111110101-7 McMurchy.....0111110111-9 Throop.....0111110111-9 S Glover.....01000101-6 Leclerc.....0111110111-6 Folsom.....0111110111-8 Cameron.....01110111-7 Lock.....01010111-8 Tache.....0101101000-5 Presley.....0101010111-6 Deslauriers.....0011110101-6 E Hudson.....0111110111-9 Guy.....11 Retired. Fleischer.....01011111-8 T Glover.....1001010001-5 Courtney.....1001010100-6 H Whitney.....1111111111-10 M C Smith.....1111111111-10

Mr. Whitney arrived too late to compete in this match, but his score was allowed to count for the aggregate prize, a medal presented by Messrs. Ligowsky & Co. of Cincinnati.

Ties of 9 on 3 clays, 20 yds.; Throop missed first, McMurchy and Hudson on 3 each; second tie 2 each, third tie McMurchy 3, Hudson missed first and withdrew. Ties on 8, at 20 yds.; Fleischer missed second and withdrew. Folsom and Lock 6 straight, third tie Lock 1, Folsom 2.

Second match, 15 singles and 5 pairs double, Ligowsky clay-pigeons, from five traps.

S Glover.....111101011111-11 11 11 10 10 11-22
E Hudson.....111111111111-10 11 11 10 10 11-20
W L Cameron.....0111 11111111-11 10 10 11 11-21
J Presley.....101010101101-10 00 10 11 01 01-23
M C Smith.....111111111101-11 11 11 11 01 01-23
J Courtney.....111101111111-11 11 10 11 01 01-21
A Throop.....111011111111-11 10 10 10 11 11-19
H H Fleischer.....0111110111-10 01 11 10 01 01-19
J Conalle.....101010000101-10 01 00 00 00-7
H Whitney.....111111111111-01 11 11 11 11-24
E Folsom.....111111111111-01 11 11 11 11-24
Varib.....000101001 retired -3
Wilkes.....110100100 retired -5
Lock.....111111111101-01 01 00 01 10-18
T Glover.....10101111001010 01 11 00 11 11-15

On shooting off, W. L. Cameron took first, Folsom second, Hudson third, Smith fourth and S. Glover fifth.

The third match was to have been a club team match, open to teams of 5 from any club; there being only two clubs on the ground able to enter a legitimate club team, this match had to be struck off the programme. Fourth match at 25 single clay-pigeons, 5 traps:

Hudson.....1101111011110101111-22
McMurchy.....1101011111111101111-21
Cameron.....10010001011111111101-19
Deslauriers.....0111111010101010101-17
Parret.....00010111001010101011-14
Fleischer.....11111111111001111111-21
Whitney.....111010111111111101011-21
Smith.....10111111110101111111011-20
S Glover.....1111101011111101011111-21

Ties of 21 at 5; Whitney 4 and retired, Hudson and Glover 5 each; second tie, Hudson 5, Glover missed second and retired.

Fifth match at 10 single clay-pigeons, 5 pairs double, 5 traps:

E Hudson.....01111111-11 11 10 11 11-17
S Glover.....111110101 01 10 10 10 11-14
H McMurchy.....111110111 11 11 11 11 11-19
H Whitney.....101101011 11 11 11 10 10-14
M C Smith.....011101111 10 00 01 11 11-14
Fleischer.....10101010 10 10 10 10 11-13
Courtney.....11011111 10 11 11 11 11-18

On ties of 10 shot off, Glover and Fleischer won.

There being no entries for match No. 6, a twin team handicap sweepstakes, it was struck off the programme. The aggregate scores in matches 1, 2, 4 and 5 were as follows:

E Hudson.....9 24 21 17-71 M C Smith.....10 22 20 14-66
H McMurchy.....9 20 22 19-70 Fleischer.....8 19 23 13-63
A Whitney.....10 24 21 14-69 S Glover.....6 22 21 14-57

Mr. E. Hudson, of Syracuse, N. Y., therefore won the Ligowsky medal with the handsome score of 71 out of a possible 80; i. e., 60 single birds and 10 pairs (30) double birds.

Match at 21 live birds, 20 yds. rise, 14 oz. shot:

Lock.....111111110001011010-15
Leclerc.....111100010000101111-13
T Glover.....111111011111101111-19
S Glover.....100111111101011101-16
Capt Howard.....111111011011011111-15
E Hudson.....101011111111111111-18
H McMurchy.....101011111111111111-18
Cannon.....111101000111111101-16
Beatty.....10010101110101000000-10
Varib.....1011100111010100001-13
Folsom.....1101011110011101011-15
Wilkes.....111011101111111100-17
Brown.....111100001111111010-15

W L Cameron.....1111111111111111-20
J R Humphrey.....1111111111111111-19
E Deslauriers.....1111101001111111-17
J Presley.....1111001011011100-14
J Tuvoson.....1111111111011010-18
J Deslauriers.....1111111111110010-18
Barette.....011011111111001000-13
C Small.....11111111111111010-18
W Jumbly.....11111111110010101-16
G Briggs.....111111111100111001-17

A Throop.....101101011100001111-14
M E Smith.....111110 1111101101-17
L Coursolles.....1100010111111111-18
H Fleischer.....1011111101101011-17
H B Whitney.....1101111111111101-19
W Bug.....111110010110110100-13
J Dimp.....011011111100010001-11
E Hudson.....0001111111111111-11

C and A. Tache, Grey, J. Coursolles, Levesque, Panet, Boulay and Lemieux retired.

Ties on 19, 10 birds, 31 yds. rise:

T Glover.....111111110-9 H Whitney.....111111111-10
J R Humphrey.....100111101-5
Ties of 18, 10 birds, 31 yds.:

T Glover.....111101001-6 R Glover.....010101010-5
Deslauriers.....01000000-1 M C Smith.....101010101-6
L Coursolles.....111001011-6

Second ties of 18 at 5 birds, 30 yds.:

Townson.....10100-2 M C Smith.....0000-0
L Coursolles.....1101-3
Ties of 17, 10 birds each, 31 yds.:

H McMurchy.....111001111-8 C Small.....011001111-7
H Fleischer.....111001111-8 E Hudson.....101010111-7
C Wilkes.....11110011-8 Deslauriers.....010001103-4
G Briggs.....001111110-7

Summary: W. L. Cameron, Ottawa, 30, \$300; H. Whitney, Phelps,

N. Y., 19, \$300; Tom Glover, Carlton Place, Ont., 19, \$100; J. R. Humphrey, Toronto, 19, \$70; L. Coursolles, Ottawa, 18, \$50; J. Towns-
on, Toronto, 18, \$50; M. C. Smith, Syracuse, 18, \$45; R. Glover,
Carlton Place, Ont., 18, \$40; J. Deslauriers, Ottawa, 18, \$35; H. Mc-
Murchy, Cincinnati, 18, H. Fleischer, Syracuse, and C. Wilkes, Mon-
treal, 17, divided \$75; G. Briggs, Toronto, C. Small, Toronto, and E.
Hudson, Syracuse, 17, divided \$35.

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 9.—Editor Forest and Stream: To awaken an interest in artificial target shooting in this locality, with a view toward organizing a club, I had a blue rock trap and birds sent here and gave two shoots, one on the 7th and another on the 9th. A local dealer being anxious to exhibit a Decatur red bird trap, we used one red bird and one blue rock alternately. The red bird trap did not work well and broke over 30 per cent. from the trap, annoying the shooters greatly, the flight of this bird seemed to be uneven and weak, not going over about 30 yds. The blue rock was the favorite, and will probably be adopted. They flew beautifully, being thrown from 50 to 65 yds. from the trap at low elevation, making a target to try the skill of the best shooters. Most of the gentlemen who participated in the shooting are good field shots but made low scores, having never before seen the targets at which they were shooting. The following scores were made after considerable preliminary shooting:

July 7.—First score at 3 red birds and 3 blue rocks:
Thos Clayton.....000110-2 Thos Kyle.....000010-1
Gen Smith.....000110-2 Richards.....01101-3
Jas Kyle.....000110-3 R L Miller.....00111-4
Thos Nelson.....100110-3 W Clark.....00011-4
Jas Cleland.....000110-3 Dr Morgan.....11001-2
Penn.....001001-2 W D Miller.....00001-1

Second score:
Thos Clayton.....100111-4 Thos Kyle.....100001-5
Gen Smith.....000100-1 Richards.....11101-5
Jas Kyle.....000100-2 R L Miller.....11011-5
Thos Nelson.....111110-5 W Clark.....01010-3
Jas Cleland.....000101-1 W D Miller.....11001-3
Penn.....000111-2 Dr Morgan.....00101-2

Third score at a pair of doubles, Miller getting both.
Richards and Nelson one each.

July 9.—Third score:
Thos Clayton.....110101-3 W W Moss.....00000-0
Jas Kyle.....000001-1 Allen.....01000-1
Gen Smith.....000001-1 Richards.....11110-4
Thos Kyle.....010101-2 R L Miller.....00000-0
Thos Nelson.....111110-5 W S Fore.....10001-1
J W West.....000111-1 Catham.....00101-1
R S Terry.....110101-3 D Morgan.....0101

Broken up by dust and rain storm.—BEDFORD.

ST. LOUIS, July 8.—The members of the Excelsior Gun Club held a very enjoyable shoot this afternoon at Rinkerville. Mr. F. M. Rath-
burn was referee and Messrs. N. Rosche and Z. Winger, of Jefferson
City, officiated as judges. J. G. Schaaf won the Trescher gold medal
for the best aggregate of the day.

The medal shoot, 5 live birds at 20 yds. and 5 at 21 yds. rise. Ties,
miss and out, at 21 yds., 1 barrel:

J G Schaaf.....111111110-9 Phil Nolting.....010100011-5
L Krieger.....0101011-7 F Krieger.....10101011-5
Theo Rick.....01010010-3 G W Rinke.....10101011-7
W McDowell.....010100001-3 F Pohlman.....001111101-7
J W Fischer.....010101010-4 L Spelbrink.....011110101-7
H Griesdieck.....10110101-7

J. G. Schaaf first club gold medal, Phil Nolting silver medal, L.
Spelbrink second club gold medal.

Second Shoot, Sweepstakes.—Five live pigeons, 20 yds., ties 31 yds.,
miss and out. Three money, 30, 30 and 20 per cent.:

G Rinkel.....01011-3 McDowell.....11111-5
L Spelbrink.....11011-4 Loerke.....01111-4
Krieger.....01111-4 Pohlman.....11111-5
Schaaf.....11111-5 Seiber.....10010-2
Fischer.....01101-2 P B Jacoby.....00110-2
Rick.....00111-3 J S Moser.....10010-3
Griesdieck.....11111-5 F Fink.....10011-3

Nolting.....01001-1
Krieger, Seiber, Moser and Pohlman divided first; L. Spel-
brink, Krieger, Loerke, divided second; G. Rinkel, third.

Third shoot. A private sweepstakes for \$50 was added between
J. W. Fisher and L. Seiber of the first part and Theodore Rick with
P. B. Jacoby of the second part:

Fisher.....11111-5 Mosler.....10110-3
Seiber.....01001-2 Pohlman.....11110-4
Rick.....01001-2 Loerke.....11111-5
Jacoby.....01001-1 Hudich.....01001-2
J W Rinkel.....11111-5 W Rinkel.....11111-5
Griesdieck.....11011-4 Phil Krieger, Sr.....10111-4
Krieger.....10111-4 Ax.....11111-5
McDowell.....11110-4 Nolting.....00111-3

Loerke and J. W. Rinke divide first money, Krieger and Pohlman
divide second money, Moser and Nolting divide third money.

Mr. Fisher's side wins the private sweepstakes.

GREENWICH vs. WESTPORT.—On the 5th a match was shot be-
tween the Westport and Greenwich (Conn.) gun clubs, teams of 6,
20 clay birds, 18 yds. rise, 3 traps. Greenwich won by the appended
score:

Westport. Greenwich.
G Ferris.....1011011011010001-13 Lockwood.....0111011111111011-17
J Ketchum.....1011011011011011-14 W White.....0111101101101001-13
S Wheeler.....1111110100010100-13 J Porter.....110111011011010000-14
F Ferris.....00110100010111100-10 Huffington.....101101101101011111-16
H Downs.....011011010001010000-10 E Mead.....010101100000011101-10
Sherwood.....00101100111000100-11 S Chard.....010101101111111111-14

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., July 5.—Match at Niagara Falls black-
bird's, sweepstakes:

E H Smith.....111111-7 W Treat.....1111001-5
C S Shirley.....111110-5 F Gombert.....1111010-5
John Pierce.....101101-5 W H Case.....1111110-6
Wm Gombert.....111111-7 C Rose.....101111-6
F Cline.....110101-5 Jenne, Sr.....101010-4

Ties on 7 and 6 divided. Ties on 5—Shirley 3, F. Cline 0, Treat 3, F.
Gombert 1. Shirley and Treat divided.

Second match, same conditions:

E H Smith.....11111111-9 W H Case.....11110111-9
W Gombert.....11111111-9 Jenne, Sr.....10110111-8
C S Shirley.....10111111-9 J H Jewett.....11011100-7
John Pierce.....10111111-9 J Kline.....11111111-10
F Gombert.....10111111-8 Jenne, Jr.....11011111-9
R Cline.....10110110-6 T Pearson.....11110110-7

Ties on 10 divided. Ties on 9: Shirley 4, Pierce 4, Treat 2, Case 5,
Jenne 6; Case and Jenne divided. Ties on 8: Divided. Ties on 7:
Jenne 5, Case 2.

Third match, same conditions:

W Gombert.....11101111-9 J H Jewett.....10010111-7
E H Smith.....11111111-10 Jenne, Jr.....11111111-10
John Smith.....01000111-5 Kline.....11111100-8
Treat.....100111101-7 T Stephens.....10110100-6
F Gombert.....01101010-5 W Bowen.....10111101-8
W H Case.....10111111-9

Ties were divided.

Fourth match, same conditions:

E H Smith.....11111111-10 J Kline.....01101011-7
J Jenne, Jr.....11111101-9 T Bowen.....10111111-9
J Smith.....10111100-6 Treat.....10111101-8
T Stephens.....01001010-4 Jenne, Sr.....10111010-7
W Gombert.....10011011-7 J Pierce.....10111111-9
H W Case.....11111111-10 W Green.....01111011-8

Ties of 10 and 8 divided; ties of 9 divided on shoot off by Jenne
and Bowen.

Fifth match, same conditions:

E H Smith.....111111-7 Treat.....1111010-5
W Gombert.....111111-7 F Gombert.....1111010-5
C Shirley.....111110-5 W H Case.....111110-6
J Pierce.....101111-6 C Rose.....111111-6
F Kline.....101111-5 Jenne, Jr.....101110-4
Treat.....111111-5 Case.....111-3, 1; Rice 110-2, 111-3.

ST. LOUIS, July 4.—Western Gun Club, Kelsor's Hill Range. The
first match was 10 single clay pigeons at a distance of 18 yds.; entrance
money, 50 cents. The score was as follows:

Thurber.....111111101-5 M Siegmund.....101000101-5
Hilde.....101011111-8 Pat.....000101011-5
T Silberman.....011110111-8 Nagel.....010001011-5
J Hassfurter.....111011011-8 Bauer.....100001011-5
Clark.....111010111-7 Lenhart.....000101110-5
F Peterson.....111010111-7 Weber.....001010110-5
P Weber.....111010111-7 Heithaus.....111010110-5
Sheer.....111010111-7 Mackwitz.....010100001-4
Cruon.....111010110-7 Fox.....001010101-4
A McGivney.....110101010-6 E Meyer.....101000101-4
Millenberger.....010110101-6 Carvoiser.....010100100-4
P McGivney.....001101010-6 Blue.....101100000-4
G LeFavre.....111110000-6 Everts.....010000001-2
Stiemenski.....011001011-6 Labadie.....000100001-2
Henry.....110010110-6 Ernst.....000100000-1

The first money was taken by Thurber, the second divided between
Hill and Hassfurter after a tie in a second contest, the third Phil
Weber, the fourth divided been A. McGivney and Geo. LeFavre after
a second tie.

There were thirty-two entered the second shoot at 10 single Peoria
blackbirds at a distance of 18 yds. The score was as:

Hill.....111111111-10 Jul Hassfurter.....110001111-7
Phil Weber.....111111111-10 Mocking.....011110001-6
Williams.....011111111-9 T Siebeman.....1011110-6
Le Faivre.....111110111-6 Henry.....101101001-6
A McGivney.....110101111-8 B Weber.....100101011-6
Bauer.....101101011-8 Fox.....100101011-6
Thurber.....101110111-8 A Herold.....001101011-6
Ed Meyer.....111110001-8 Whithaus.....010110001-5
Sideman, Sr.....111110111-8 Clark.....011110000-5
Siemenki.....111010111-8 Borsewether.....000110111-5
Lenhart.....111010111-8 F Conroisier.....010101011-5
Millenberger.....011010111-7 Locatell.....100110001-5
Sheer.....000101011-7 H Vogel.....100100101-4
Pavag.....001010111-7 P McGivney.....001000001-3
Hutchinson.....001011011-7 E Everts.....001000001-3
Crayon.....111110101-7 Green.....000100100-2

The first prize, \$8, was divided between Hill and Weber without a
second match; the second was also divided between Williams and
Le Faivre. After six rounds, in which there was some shooting
done, the third prize was divided between Bauer and Thurber. Mil-
tenberger made three straight hits in the contest for the fourth money
and took it.

The prizes were \$4, \$3, \$2 and \$1 in the third match, 10 single blue-
rock pigeons at 18 yds. The following score was made:

Jones.....110111111-9 H Wilhelm.....101101011-6
E Meyer.....011111111-9 A McGivney.....100110001-5
Le Faivre.....111111111-9 Homer.....101110000-5
Thurber.....110110111-8 Eliesick.....101100101-5
Hutchinson.....111011011-8 T Siebeman.....001100101-5
Lenhart.....010110111-8 T O Sletenman.....100011011-5
Kacer.....00111111-7 Clark.....01010001-5
Tether.....110111111-7 Conroisier.....011000001-5
Sheer.....100110111-7 Stimenski.....001001101-5
Parent.....100011111-7 Green.....101101001-5
H Nagel.....111100101-7 B Westbus.....100110010-5
Phil Weber.....010110111-7 Henry.....111000100-4
F Dengler.....101010111-7 B Bencke.....100101001-4
Hill.....101111111-7 Miltenberger.....010000101-3
Griesdieck.....01111001-7 J Scheske.....001010010-3
Le Faivre.....111111111-7 E Herold.....100000001-3
Frigler.....101010111-6 Simpson.....00014001-2
Bauer.....1010010111-6 J Reinhardt.....001010100-2
Crayon.....010100111-6 Labadie.....000100000-1
Locatell.....110101001-6 Fox.....000000001-1
C Weber.....100100111-6

The man at the end of the string then began throwing Peoria black-
birds in pairs. The best prizes were for the greatest number of hits
in 5 pairs at 15 yds. The contest was entered by 35 men and the fol-
lowing the record made. The first money was taken by A. Mc-
Givney in the shoot off:

A McGivney.....10 11 11 11 11-9 Stimenski.....10 11 01 01 10-6
J Ha-shutter.....11 10 11 11 11-9 Scher.....10 10 10 10 10-6
Williams.....11 11 10 11 11-9 Baker.....11 10 10 10 10-6
Jones.....11 11 11 10 11-9 LeFevre.....11 10 10 10 10-6
Miltenberger.....11 11 11 10 11-9 P Weber.....11 10 10 10 10-6
Heithaus.....11 10 11 10 11-8 Westbus.....11 10 10 10 10-6
Kacer.....11 11 10 10 10-8 Eliesick.....10 10 10 10 10-6
Parent.....11 10 11 00 00-7 Lenhart.....10 10 11 10 11-6
Hutchinson.....10 11 11 10 11-8 Bencke.....01 11 00 11 11-6
Baner.....11 11 11 10 10-8 Blue.....10 10 11 10 10-6
Griesdieck.....11 01 11 11 11-8 Fox.....10 10 11 10 10-6
Denning.....10 11 11 10 11-8 Flegler.....01 10 10 10 10-5
Hill.....10 11 10 11 11-7 Cravon.....11 00 10 10 10-5
Nagel.....01 10 10 11 11-7 Simpson.....10 10 10

Dempsey,

Mayflower, whatever the result may be, and whether successful or otherwise, this year Galatea's record is likely to outmatch that of Irex in the estimation of yachtsmen.

WORDS OF PRAISE.—Small Yachts; their Design and Construction. Exemplified by the Ruling Types of Modern Practice. By C. P. Kunhardt. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington. This is a most exhaustive work of some 500 pages folio, and it is produced with that liberality almost extravagance in details—which often marks American treatises appealing even to a limited class of readers. There are chapters in Mr. Kunhardt's book which require more careful reading, perhaps, than the non-technical student would, as a rule, be able to accord them; the chapters on draughting and modeling. But they were necessary to the completeness of the whole, and the ordinary reader may still gather the main principles of construction without attempting to reduce them to practice. For the rest, the whole art of yachting—building, fitting, sailing and sundry—is covered; and the comparative values of form and rig are presented, theory being checked by experience. The pictures and plans are very numerous.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, London, June 25.

THE CORINTHIAN Y. C.—This club has marked the opening of its second season by the publication of a neat little club book, wherein it shows the wonderful growth of the club. Established only a year ago, it now numbers 215 members and a fleet of 92 yachts, 50 of them keel boats. Last year five regattas were held and this year seven are on the programme. The club is purely Corinthian, no professionals are allowed in the races, which are limited to yachts of 30 ft. l. w. l. and under, though many larger vessels are on the club list. The anchorage is in Marblehead Harbor and the course is just outside. The club have secured a cottage on the Neck near the Eastern Y. C. house, where members may sleep, while meals can be secured near by. The success of this club shows what might be done in many other places with equally good management. The officers for 1886 are: Commodore, B. W. Crowninshield; Vice-Commodore, I. P. Palmer; Secretary, Everett Paine; Treasurer, J. B. Rhodes; Measurer, C. H. Foster.

ALTERATIONS—THE SET OF THE TIDE.—It is instructive to notice the sole direction in which all alterations are now made in yach's large and small. Last winter we noted the addition of outside lead on many yachts, and the change from centerboard to keel, while there was not a single instance of the removal of outside ballast to inside of hull, or in any noticeable case of a change from keel to centerboard. This season three of the large yachts have been altered in the same direction. Mayflower stows more lead on keel and increases draft. Priscilla shifts her mast aft and lowers her rig, Atlantic shifts mast aft also after trying it well forward. Are there any instances of a change in the opposite direction, where masts have been shifted forward and cutter rig been abandoned for sloop in any detail?

EASTERN Y. C. CRUISE.—The fleet of the E. Y. C. were at anchor in Marblehead Harbor on July 9, and a meeting was held on board the Fortuna, at which it was decided to proceed first to the Isle of Shoals, and then to Portland, where another meeting would be held to settle a further course for the cruise. On Saturday at 8:15 a gun from the flagship sent the fleet away. Dreadnaught leading, by Starfish, were Onida and Adelta, steamers, and Fortuna, Dreadnaught, Mohican, Latona, Actea, Meta, Tioga, Wanderer, Slvie, Stranger, Vandal, North Star and Edith. The fleet laid at Portland on Saturday night and Rockland on Monday night.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA YACHT SQUADRON.—We have received the club book for 1886, containing a list of 25 yachts. The events for the year, in addition to the open race of June 10 for the Archibald prize cup, are: July 10, open regatta, Mayor's cup; July 27, Lorne cup; July 31, squadron day; August 7, open, Lieut.-Governor's cup; August 21, open regatta; September 4, Lord Lansdowne's prize. A second prize is given in each race. The Archibald and Lorne cups must each be won twice. The sloop Mentor already holds one leg for each cup.

SEIZURE OF AN AMERICAN YACHT.—Sir Roderick Cameron left New York lately in his schooner Rena, bound for his summer residence at Tadoussac, on the St. Lawrence. After leaving the owner at that place the yacht sailed for New York, but after some rough weather put into the little port of Bactouche for repairs, where she was seized by the customs officials and a fine of \$400 imposed, which her owner refused to pay. The case was laid at once before the Minister of Customs at Montreal, who ordered the release of the yacht.

CRUISING.—Bedouin is now off Beverly, Mass., where her owner resides in summer. Clara has also returned from Larchmont, leaving at 2:30 P. M. on July 6, passing Cape Cod at 7:15 P. M. on the 7th, and arriving at Beverly at 9 A. M. on July 8. Nokomis, schooner, Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, was at Halifax on July 8. On Friday evening Fleetwing, schooner, arrived at Bar Harbor from Portland. Athlon, sloop, Dr. J. C. Barron, has been cruising about Cape Cod. Electra, Com. Gerry, N. Y. Y. C., was at Vineyard Haven on Thursday last.

A HASTY PATCH FOR LEAKY SHIPS.—Mr. Edmond Redmond, of Rochester, N. Y., has invented a patch for use on ships in case of collision, consisting of two sheets of canvas, with a system of parallel steel ribs between. Lugs and guy ropes are fitted by which it may be secured after dropping over the vessel's side. It is fitted for use over any aperture, large or small.

PIEGRASS'S YARD.—Mr. Henry Piegrass has been compelled to move from the location which he has leased for some years past at Pottery Beach, Greenpoint, and so has purchased the yard and business of Mr. David Carll at City Island, the price being \$30,000. The Greenpoint establishment will be moved up there at once.

AMERICAN PHOTOS OF ENGLISH YACHTS.—Mr. K. L. Stebbins, of Boston, whose work is so favorably known to American yachtsmen, sails for England this week to photograph some of the English cracks. He will witness the R. Y. S. regatta at Cowes and return to Boston in time for the trial races.

CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.—Nautilus, keel sloop, has been purchased by Mr. Arthur Ryerson, N. Y. Y. C. Ariadne, sloop, built last year for Mr. Howe, has been sold to Mr. H. W. Banks, A. Y. C. Josephine, sloop, has been sold to Mr. A. J. Cassatt, former owner of Frolic and Valky.

RACE ON THE SHREWSBURY RIVER.—On July 9 a race was sailed over the ten mile course on the North Shrewsbury in a good S. E. wind. In the first class the winner was Etelka, with the Annie B. second. In the second class the Fern was first with the Little Spot second.

RACE IN JAMAICA BAY.—The first of three races to take place in Jamaica Bay was sailed on July 11, open to all sail boats on the bay. The course was from Seaside House Dock to the red can buoy and return, and 14 yachts started. Ripple won in first class and Kate in second.

THE TRIAL RACES.—A meeting will be held to-day, at which the report of the Cup Committee will be made. It is settled that the trial races will be held about Aug. 15-20, and will be open to single stick yachts of 75 ft. or over only. The Brenton's Reef race will be sailed about Aug. 9.

RACES FOR THE BIG YACHTS.—Bar Harbor Y. C. have proposed to offer a cup costing \$1,000 for a race of the four large boats, and a similar project has been mentioned in connection with the Atlantic Y. C. cruise, but neither is likely to be carried out. The boats cannot be at Bar Harbor in time, nor will all of them be on the cruise.

CAPE MAY COURT HOUSE Y. C.—This club sailed its annual regatta on July 5 over a 19-mile course. The Emma won the championship flag in first class, and the Shortcliffe the second prize. In the second class the winners were the Harry and the Laura.

ANOTHER YACHT FOR THE TRIAL RACES.—Messrs. Gesner & Marr, of New Haven, are now building a sloop of 75 ft. load waterline, for Mr. Henry Kinland, of New York, which is expected to take part in the trial races.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—At a meeting on July 7 it was decided to contribute \$100 toward the trophy which the L. Y. R. A. will offer, and also to sail a regatta at Toronto on the day following that of the Toronto Y. C. Aug. 11.

"HUNT'S YACHT LIST."—This valuable little volume comes to us in handy size, though larger than in previous years, and with a still larger collection of useful matter. A number of American clubs are included in the list.

PRISCILLA.—It has been generally reported that a lead keel will shortly be placed under Priscilla, but the report is denied by those connected with her. A new mast of Oregon pine is now being stepped.

SOUTHERN Y. C.—This club sailed their annual regatta on June 29, the course being 15 miles. The winners were Mephisto, open boat; Hope, schooner; Anon, cabin sloop; Gypsy, open sharpie, and Carrie V., cats.

A NEW MARINE GLUE.—The Russia Cement Co., of Gloucester, Mass., are introducing a new marine glue, made from codfish skins, for shipbuilders and cabinet-makers.

PUZZLE.—This steam yacht, built last spring by Jacob Lorillard, has been sold by him to Mr. Frederick Brandreth, of Sing Sing, for \$10,000.

OONA.—The body of one of the crew of the Oona has been found on the beach at Malahide and identified as one of the seamen, Grace.

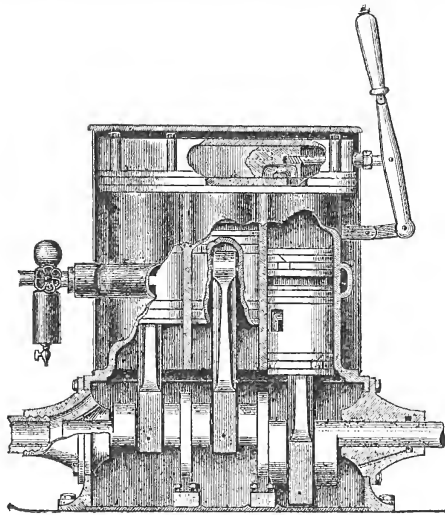
EAST RIVER Y. C.—This club will move next month to a new anchorage near Hallett's Cove, where better water can be had.

KING PHILIP.—This boat, laid up for some time after her failure as a racer, has been fitted out with reduced spars as a cruiser.

DI-MASTED.—On Monday last in Long Island Sound the sloop Gladiator lost her mast at the deck and was towed in for repairs.

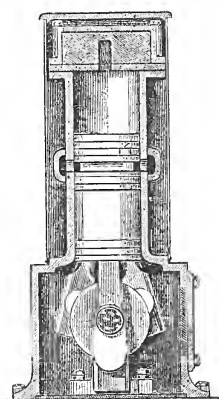
OIL-BURNING STEAM LAUNCHES.

THE accompanying cuts show the engine and boiler used by Thos. Kane & Co. in their steam launches, of which they are now building a variety of sizes, from 19 to 30 ft. The Linn valveless engine, as it is called, is a single-acting three-cylinder engine of the



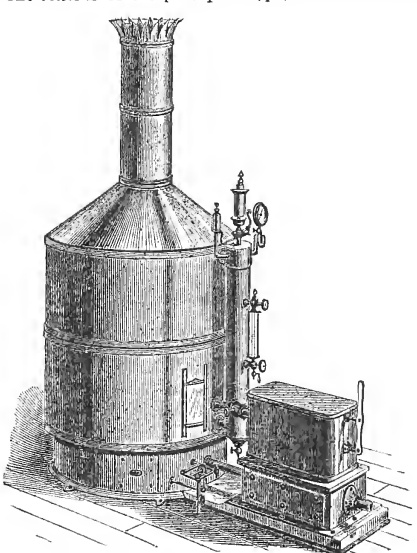
SIDE VIEW OF ENGINE.

simplest construction, all valves, eccentrics, guides, piston rods, crossheads, stuffing boxes and flywheel being dispensed with. The working parts are comprised, as shown, in three fore and aft cylinders, each with a wide piston and a pitman, and a triple crankshaft.



END VIEW OF ENGINE.

A lever and a plain sliding plate serve to stop or reverse the engine instantly. The oil used runs down and is caught in the lower part of the iron casing, perfectly lubricating the crankshaft. The latter, as well as the pitmans, is of cast steel, all bearings being of Babbit metal. The boiler is of the porcupine type, a vertical shell with a



ENGINE AND BOILER.

number of radiating tubes, affording a large surface and easy means of cleaning. The fuel, ordinary kerosene oil, is carried in a tank at the bow or stern, a 1/4 in. iron pipe leading to the boiler. Of course, there are no coal nozzles, with the accompanying dirt and labor. The engine may be fitted to any boat, or the complete launch, ready to run, can be furnished.

Every pair of Allen's bow facing oars warranted. Send for little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Adv.*

Louise Leighton owns a pretty white, shaggy-coated Yorkshire terrier that one night convulsed 1200 people with laughter. "Il Trovatore" was being sung, with Miss Leighton and her husband, William Eckert, in leading roles. In the blissful tenderness of their wedding duet Mr. Eckert's heart stood suddenly still with a cold, cold chill, as he felt something clawing his white silk tights. The little dog had escaped from the dressing room. In vain did his master shoo and scowl; in vain did stage hands whistle and call from the wings. Doggie had found friends and would not go away. Presently he squatted down, held up a right paw as he had been taught, and looked up sideways with such a comical leer that it was almost impossible for his master or mistress to follow the orchestra. When the duet was finished the audience yelled, but doggie would not budge until Mr. Eckert went along. In "Robinson Crusoe" this same little dog improved his opportunity of a legitimate appearance. In the castaway mariner's lonely island home "this real, truly dog," as the children say, performed many pleasing tricks and did his part as well as any actor in the piece.—*San Francisco A.*

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, trips, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

Mohican Races every Thursday 21—Lake St. Louis, Annual, La-
through the season, chine.
JULY. SEPTEMBER.
8-24—W. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Erie. 4—Brooklyn, Paddling.
10—Brooklyn C. C. Paddling. 4—New York, International.
10—New York, Sailing Trophy. 11—New York, Sailing Trophy.
19—Mohican, Open, Albany. 18—Brooklyn, Sailing Races.
24—New York, Sailing Trophy. 25—Brooklyn, Challenge Cup.
AUGUST. OCTOBER.
7—New York, Sailing Trophy. 25—New York, Sailing Trophy.
7—Brooklyn, Paddling. 2—New York, Fall Regatta.
13-27—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone.

CANOEING ON BLACK CREEK.

IN early days the Genesee River and other tributary streams were made useful in conveying merchandise, and in travel to and from the Indians made use of the streams in carrying home their game, as well as for hunting and fishing. The Genesee was kept clear of obstructions and was navigable for a long distance above Rochester. The methods of travel have changed of late, to such an extent that an eighteen mile ride in a canoe is something of a novelty. When I placed my boat in the stream at 9 o'clock one morning the stream was filled by recent rains, thus increasing the speed of the current, enabling me to make the trip at this time with greater ease than ordinarily. It was a bright May day; the birds were singing in every tree and bush; the dew sparkled in the tufts of grass, and caps of foam were spread over the surface of the stream like large water lilies. An ample lunch lay in the bow of the boat, and beside it lay my gun, which I have taken in all my hunting trips, and which is valuable from old associations.

"What do you expect to hunt at this season of the year?"
"Nothing."
"Why do you take a gun along?"

"It is a habit I have when roaming through the fields and by the streams, whether there is game or not."

Facing down stream, pushing the boat before me, I glide along with pleasant anticipations. Sometimes turning to the right or left to avoid snags or rocks; now darting under low, hanging boughs of willow or elm; now shooting over the rapids, a little further on sweeping under a bridge; again I am circling through a forest, an open meadow, or fields of grain. A horse feeding by the stream looks at me distrustfully, gives a snort and scampers away; the cows, pigs and sheep also indicate their surprise. Now and then a woodchuck rattles over the brush and darts into his hole. How many bridges there are. Residents have been taxed heavily for iron bridges to span the stream. There are from two to five bird's nests under every bridge, and I stop occasionally to admire their construction, and the beautiful eggs that lie like opals and pearls in the security of these snug homes. Often I would not have noticed them were it not for the belligerent attitude of the birds. Many of the nests were just constructed or not completed, and the birds seemed to have moistened the grasses and other materials in order to shape them. How many strange birds there are in our woodland and along our streams. Although I am expected to make an annual report on the peculiarities of our birds, I often meet those I am unable to name. Of recent years I have noticed a small red bird and a blue bird of the same size, which seemed to be new comers. I did not hear one bobolink along the way, but the black-birds, robins, kingfishers and field sparrows were numerous. I did not see a swallow. These valuable insect destroyers are disappearing; not long ago the eaves of the farm barns were filled with their nests, now they are rarely seen in those places. The country will soon be destitute of birds unless methods are taken for their protection.

Now turn my boat and pull with my face backward. I pull along much faster this way, and the change is desirable. I fly along at rapid speed and congratulate myself on the good time I am having. Everything is so quiet and so strange. Every bend in the stream opens up new views, it is a series of surprises, like the turning of the road in which you are driving. Your imagination is constantly exercised to know what is ahead. Landscape gardeners introduce these surprises when laying out parks and grounds with fine effect.—bump—swash. What now? We have struck a boulder standing high above the stream. I am nearly knocked out of the boat which swings around the other end foremost. I shall have to be more careful or be upset. Face downward is better after all.

How the farm wagons rattle over the bridges in comparison to the still carriage in which I ride. I escape the dust and heat of the highway and ride most of the time in the shade of the elms. The train of cars booming along does not seem to convulse its passengers as easily as small craft carries its lone voyager. Do not suppose that I am making great haste toward the end of my journey. No, such trips as these should be taken at leisure, giving time to take in the scenes of beauty, and revel in the music of nature as given in the blossoming month of May. Many of us could accomplish more in our walks and hunts and in our business enterprises if we made less haste. I could exhaust myself in an hour by pulling at these oars, thereby marring the pleasure of the remainder of the journey. How many mar the pleasure of a lifetime by straining by main force to tug along the business oar without needed rest and recreation. I am no idler, but have been hard at work all the winter and spring, my business cares gradually weighing heavier and heavier, but a day's recreation like this gets me out of the ruts, and I go back to my work feeling it a much lighter burden.

Query—How can a spider weave its web across a stream eighty feet wide? I have to brush these webs from my face continually.

Query—How is it that people who never eat pickles and ordinary circumstances eat them ravenously at picnics? There are several pickles in my lunch, and I begin to feel row as though I would like to nibble one.

Query—Why is it that men desire to kill innocent birds and game that they have no use for? Probably for the reason that their ancestors existed by the chase and they inherit this propensity and take pleasure in it. What a snipe! Bang goes the gun—misses him. Another—bang again. He comes fluttering down into the water. How much prettier he was before he was shot. Man with all his boasted culture is something of a barbarian. I think I will put in a few bucks now, as I notice woodchucks are getting plenty. I do not proceed far before I surprise one some distance from his hole and discharge my gun at him. He is hit fatally but is rapidly dragging himself toward his hole. I run my boat ashore and leap out to head him off, arriving at his hole just in time to see him disappear like a charge down the mouth of a cannon. I have lost the woodchuck and the boat also, for the current has swung the other end around and she is floating down stream.

Query—Why did I want the woodchuck? Cannot tell, but I am sure I want the boat. The prospect of getting it is about as favorable as that of getting the woodchuck. I gain it, however, about a quarter of a mile below, where it has become entangled in the willows.

Time, 11 o'clock A. M. Again I feel like attacking the pickles, but conclude to wait until the regular meal hour for dining.

Black Creek is continually blocked by great trees that have fallen into the stream. In most cases I can find a passage for my boat, but now I arrive at a point where I must pull it over the bank and around the obstruction, wading through four to six inches of water. Off I go again. The freshest must have raised the stream several feet, for the buttercups raise their heads preciously a foot or more under water, and I often float over fields of wheat and oats over which some honest farmer has toiled. I think now I will land my boat and save the wonder slope and dispossess it of some of the water that has gained admittance. I will get up good speed in order to run my boat well upon shore. The current is strong, I am going pretty fast—bump, we have struck, the bow heading down stream. I jump out, and in the twinkling of an eye the current has shifted the boat down the stream and filled it with water. My overcoat, undercoat, powder-flask and lunch are floating about, while my gun is submerged. I make a grab first at the lunch—notice the divergence I make, saving the most valuable part of the cargo—next the powder-flask, next the gun, next the undercoat, then the overcoat, at the same time speculating upon the condition of the sandwiches, etc. The powder is hopelessly wet. No more destruction of woodchucks for this day. Alas! "the plans of men are apt to gang astray," but I soon forget all about this incident as I am again gliding down, for we have struck a beautiful part of the stream shaded by that most beautiful American forest tree, the elm, which we love and revere and are forever endeavoring to get over.

Here are two farmers resting upon their toes, having been engaged in plowing corn. They observe me, and I stop to chat. "There was two fellers up here from the city last winter after rabbits. They

were dressed to kill and had breechloading guns and two trained rabbit dogs. They came by my house on the way down to the swamp below, intending to cross the stream about this spot. They were tremendous hunters. I know by the way they talked, and I knew there was no hope for any rabbits in this part of the country. I told them they had better look out for the ice, as it was a little soft. They looked at me as much as to say they did not want any advice from country fellers. Well, I watched them as they struck the creek, and by and by I heard a yell and saw enough of the fellow that was on ahead in clear up to his neck, and the one feller g after him had tumbled down flat among the broken ice and mud. Well, I pulled them out and dragged them to the house, put them to bed, hung their clothes over the stove, and finally sent them home about nine o'clock that night. They didn't put on half so much style when they went away as they did when they came. The rabbits around here in the woods look to me as though they had been laffin' ever since. I have no time to hear stories so on I go. The shores of the creek are strewn with shells, the better part of the clam having been eaten by muskrats. The stream is fragrant at many points with the smell of musk (not at all disagreeable to me), and yet I did not see a muskrat the entire day. Most boys living near streams have had experience in hunting these animals, and no doubt the boys living here have watched with eager interest their carefully adjusted traps and proudly marketed their accumulation of furs. The banks are covered at many points with the most beautiful ferns. Before me is a group of beautiful white blossoms, something that I have not before seen. Stumps of the soft maple are entwined in bright red leaves that look in the distance like a mound of red flowers. I catch a glimpse now and then through the openings in the elms, of apple orchards in blossom and farm gardens with their quinces, currants and raspberries. How sleepy the farmhouses look. Now and then I see a boy driving the cows out of the wheat fields which they have reached by swimming the stream. Sometimes I see a solitary man plowing or hoeing. What a quiet life is the farmer's—far too quiet. Better that his blood should get heated and his courage roused, even though by a mild cata-trophy. Strikes, paucis, mobs, all have their compensating features, although no one desires them. They develop men and call into use latent ability.

If the reader fancies rural scenes and boating I advise him to take a sail down Black Creek. When the water is very low he will doubtless have difficulties caused by blockades of the stream, but at this season of the year the high water will doubtless give him pretty fair sailing. There is no ray that I can shake off business cares so successfully. A boat ride on the lake, bay or river cannot be compared to it. The scene on the creek is changing every moment, with no two views alike.

Query—Why are woodchucks, weasels and other animals endowed with such remarkable curiosity as they possess? A weasel scends under the roots of a tree, but no sooner is he out of danger than he pops his head out to see what is going on. A woodchuck will always thrust his head out of his hole after escaping his pursuer if all is quiet for a few moments. Chipmunks scend along the shores of the creek frightened almost to death, but no sooner do they reach their hiding place than they step out to take in the situation. The gray squirrels scramble up the elms and beeches to sit in full view, with tails curled over their backs, watching the solitary oarsman as he glides by. Even the birds seem to be interested in me and twist their necks to get a better view.

Query—Why are the male birds most attractive in plumage and song? Look at that blackbird. What glossy black plumage, circled with scarlet, compared with his modest companion in Quaker garb. The comparison between the male and the female bobolink is equally noticeable, likewise many other species. Possibly because the male birds are alone valuable only as they are made the target for every boy who carries a gun, while the female is clad in obscure colors, which permits her to escape observation.

Query—Why has not man made better use of the enormous water power that is present in every creek and river along the shores of the great lakes? What a ting the current gives my boat; it carries me down against a snag or rock in spite of my best endeavors.

I have now entered a long, level tract of swamp land, in which the stream diverges into many branches. I am at a loss to know which branch to take. I run down one and find it blocked, down another and find it also blocked, go back to the first and haul my boat around, and this is kept up at frequent intervals. I am at a loss to discover where will be my way and slip over easily. Heave away; now she goes like a rocket and entirely out of my power. All I can do is to make a leap aboard. I succeed in landing one foot in the boat and one in the stream. This upsets the boat and fills it to within a few inches of the top with water, throws my gun into the stream and leaves me with wet feet considerably excited. I have bailed a barrel of water out of the boat with the oar, permitting four barrels to remain in. I propel myself slowly onward through the tangle of brush and driftwood, proceeding thus a quarter of a mile with the danger of being swamped until I can reach high enough ground where I can land and tip out the water. Now I perceive how much better things are managed for us than we could manage them ourselves, for the lurch, being ballasted with the water it had absorbed in adventure No. 2, has retained its position in the boat, whereas had it retained its normal position it would have been tipped out into the stream and lost.

Time 12 o'clock. I must watch for a better place to lunch; 12:15. I have found an inviting knoll, furnished with a broad stump carpeted with green grass and dotted with many an inviting flower. With many misgivings about the lunch, I spread it upon the stump. Pickles sound, no blemish; boiled eggs in prime condition, cheese about so so, ham sandwiches, sponge cake, mince pie. Well, it is folly to go into minute details in regard to all these items, unless one is a Diogenes and can make the discussion of the buttons on a man's coat interesting. I have scarcely begun my lunch when a mosquito perches upon my nose. Having a sandwich in one hand and a pickle in the other I do not deem it best to be rude to the stranger. Soon this mosquito was joined by five hundred of his companions, and they gave me a most cordial and hearty welcome to that part of the country. I cannot remember when I have had such marked attention paid me, yet I bore the honors with great meekness. I would have chosen that they had been less familiar, but they seemed bent upon making every moment available during my stay, and I could not but be annoyed by the importunities of these annoying insects. I certainly did on this occasion, and taking a late bite of the pickles, I made a dash for the boat.

About a mile further on my boat swings out into the midst of green pastures, by the side of orchards and green fields, the stream is largely augmented, having gathered together all its branches. I

shoot along rapidly, soon reaching the aqueduct over which the Erie Canal passes. The creek at this point is only about three feet at the highest, and the water is dripping from above rapidly. I passed through with little inconvenience, however, and soon found myself upon the broad Genesee, which lay before me like a sea of glass. I am now five miles from Rochester. My ride down the Genesee proves to be the least enjoyable. There is no shade from overhanging boughs, and the scenery is monotonous. I pull along with a steady oar, exchanging greetings with the fishermen and boatmen along the way, landing in time to reach the evening train going west. ROCHESTER, N. Y. CHARLES A. GREEN.

ROYAL C. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.

THE twentieth annual regatta of this club took place at Teddington on Saturday last, June 26, when the weather, as usual, favored the canoeists and their friends. A new feature was introduced this year, in the shape of a camp competition, which proved a great success, though a difficulty in procuring a suitable site caused a delay in sending around notices. It is to be hoped that this experiment—or, at all events, a camp—will be repeated next year, and that other members and visitors will come and exhibit their camping gear for the mutual benefit of all present. Mr. W. Baden Powell was camp officer, and had an exceedingly neat and compact tent and appliances with his new canoe Nautilus, but did not take part in the competition. The other campers were Messrs. Percy Nisbet, T. H. Holling, G. F. Holmes, A. C. Hamerton and W. Stewart. The decision of the judges is not yet announced, as the weights of the various klls have not yet been sent in.

The regatta commenced with a sailing race for second-class sailing canoes, the only starters being Messrs. A. B. Ingram (Akaroa) and Rede Turner (Sabrina). There was almost an entire absence of wind, and the course was shortened to one round. Both canoes kept close together, Akaroa slightly leading until two-thirds of the course had been sailed, when Akaroa got a light air and came away, winning easily.

Half Mile Paddling Race for Novices.—E. W. Lewis, 1; J. Hill, 0. A good race nearly all the way.

Half Mile Paddling Race (any canoes).—G. T. B. Porter, 1; P. Nisbet, 2; A. C. Hamerton, 0. Porter soon obtained the lead, eventually; Hamerton some distance behind Nisbet.

Paddling Sailing Race.—E. B. Tredwen, Pearl 86. 1. Also entered: Irene, Percy Nisbet; Sabrina, Rede Turner; Akaroa, A. B. Ingram; Pearl 85, W. Stewart. Irene was first at the end of the paddling round, followed by Akaroa and Sabrina, the two heavy Pearls being some way behind. As soon as it came to sailing, however, Pearl 85 and Pearl 86 picked up the others, and Pearl 86 took the prize.

One Mile Paddling Race in Rob Boys.—G. T. B. Porter, 1; E. Lewis, 0. A good race, both men being level at the half distance; Porter, however, came away at the finish and won.

Canadian Canoe Race (two men in each canoe).—Percy Nisbet and F. M. Featherfield, 1; A. C. Hamerton and S. Fitcher, 0. A good race, but the losers were apparently under-bored.

Sailing Race (Round the Buoyed Course).—Owing to the paltry wind, the course was shortened to two rounds. Entries were: Pearl 86, E. B. Tredwen; Nautilus, W. Baden Powell; Sabrina, Rede Turner; Pearl 85, W. Stewart. In the lightest of air they drifted to windward to the lower buoy, and took the lead alternately as each caught a puff. In the last run-up, however, W. Stewart in Pearl 85, got clear away and won easily; Pearl 86 second; Nautilus, third.

Challenge Cup Paddling Race, One Mile.—Prize, the £50 challenge cup, and a presentation prize, value £5. There was also an extra prize offered by Mr. J. W. Clayton, for the first foreign or colonial canoeist winning the cup, but there were no challengers outside the club. The holder, Claid Scott, was unfortunately not able to put in an appearance for this race, in which G. T. B. Porter, P. Nisbet, and E. W. Lewis were entered. Only Porter and Lewis started, and the former very soon showed in front, and won by several lengths.

Sailing Race (Running Only).—Pearl 86, E. B. Tredwen, 1. Also entered: Pearl 85, W. Stewart; Akaroa, A. B. Ingram; and Sabrina, Rede Turner. Four Paddle Race, One Mile.—R. C. C. v. Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers.—R. C. C. crew: S. Fitcher, J. H. Hills, E. W. Lewis, G. T. B. Porter, R. N. A. V. crew: Percy Nisbet, Rede Turner, R. H. MacIure, S. Roberts. The R. C. C. soon showed in front, and going right away, won by several lengths.

Class over Land and Water.—S. Fitcher, 1; P. Nisbet, 2. This race created, as usual, considerable amusement, S. Fitcher, contrary to expectation, getting over the river for the last time in advance of Nisbet, who used an inflated Indian rubber canoe of very light structure.

Scratch Four.—These races, as is very often the case, produced some of the closest matches of the day. In the end, Porter's crew beat Nisbet's by a bare two feet, and took the pots. The race was started by the arrival of the launch Jeannette, whose owner had kindly placed her at the disposal of the club for the regatta. The veteran, Mr. Herbert, was again at his post as judge at the finish of the paddling races, and the captain (Rob Roy) was present at the camp during a great part of the day.—Field July 3.

OAKLAND C. C. CRUISE.

THE Oakland C. C. has at length succeeded in securely planting canoeing in Pacific waters and in raising the sport from the position of a questionable experiment to that of a recognized institution. The club is a most active and energetic one, and its races and cruises are attracting general attention and doing much to extend the popular knowledge of canoeing, and to bring it favorably to public notice. The club house on Oakland Creek now contains a fine fleet of canoes, while the creek, so called, with a stretch of six miles, offers a fine sailing ground. On Decoration Day a very successful regatta was held, with 11 events on the programme. The club have lately made a cruise to Clear Lake, a journey of a day and a half from Oakland by rail, steamer and wagon. The canoes, 10 in number, were transported over the mountains on wagons, being carefully packed. On June 4 the club arrived at Lakeport and went into camp. On June 12 a regatta was held, the programme including a race for second class canoes, won by Undine; one for first class canoes, won by Spray; a single paddling, won by Whitewing; a standing paddling, won by Whitewing; a swimming race and a contest between a tandem canoe and a four-oared barge, won by the latter. The canoeists were very handsomely entertained by the residents of Lakeport. They returned home well pleased with their cruise.

THE A. C. A. TROPHY.—Editor Forest and Stream: I beg to acknowledge the following subscriptions to the A. C. A. international challenge cup: J. H. Rushton, second subscription, \$5; Paul Butler, \$10; previously acknowledged, \$27.15; total to date, \$52.15. There remains still about \$100 to make up, and I request that all interested will act at once if they have not already contributed.—Wm. Warrlock, Chairman, 37 West Twenty-second street, New York.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—The applicants to date are Messrs. S. O. Howell, Goshen, N. Y.; J. E. Brouse, Jr., H. A. Field, C. W. Lane, Brockville, Canada; W. H. Fisher, Montreal, Canada; George Auldjo, Lacrosse, Canada. Dr. Neldé left for Grindstone on July 7 and will have all ready by Aug. 13. Canada will turn out in full force this year.

YONKERS C. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.—The first annual regatta of the Yonkers C. C. was held on July 3. The single paddling race was won by J. G. Reeves in Jennie R., the tandem by J. G. Reeves and A. B. Patton in Goblin, hand paddling race by H. L. Quick in Spy. Owing to lack of wind the sailing races were postponed. The regular monthly meeting was held July 6, 1886, at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: P. K. Sheers, Commodore; H. L. Quick, Vice-Commodore; L. Simpson, Secretary-Treasurer.

THE INTERNATIONAL RACES.—We learn that Mr. E. B. Tredwen will be unable to visit America as he proposed to do, owing to the serious illness of his father. Mr. Baden-Powell is now building a new 15x31½ canoe to race for the New York and A. C. A. cups.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE CANOE EXHIBITION.—Mr. Stanton writes to us that the subscription of \$20 to the expenses of the exhibition was contributed by Mr. Rushton, through his agent, Mr. Squires.

MUSKETA C. C.—This club, located at Bergen Point, will make a cruise in August to Lake Hopatcong, returning down the Delaware River and through the Raritan Canal.

NEARLY EIGHTEEN THOUSAND MEN were paid cash benefits in 1884 by the Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., for losses by accidental death and disabling injury.—Adv.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

W. B. R.—Train oil is whale oil.

B. C. W.—See table of open seasons in our last issue.

VACATION.—What is the best bait for salmon and large trout in lakes? Ans. Live minnows if still fishing at a buoy, or dead ones if trolling.

D. B. K.—I have on my property near Seabright, N. J., a lake which abounds in carp. In the early part of June I took 9 with a light fly-rod, averaging ½ lbs. each, using worms for bait, at which they bit eagerly and run well, making very good sport. For the past three weeks I have been unable to tempt them. Can you suggest any other bait at which they will be likely to bite? Ans. Try boiled peas and also cotton wet and rolled in flour. The latter stays on the hook best.

D. M. Lynn, Mass.—Will you or some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM please give me information of the following questions: 1. Where can the greenheart, so-called by rod-makers, be procured near here? 2. Is the same as hornbeam? 3. Do rod makers use muriatic acid to draw the temper or for other purposes on greenheart, if so please inform how? Ans. 1. Try some importer or woods in Boston or some rod maker. 2. No; hornbeam is a native wood, called also ironwood. 3. We never heard of such a practice.

R. Augusta, Ga.—We had a clay pigeon match here and were shooting doubles. A went to the score and announced ready, when two traps were sprung. One of the birds was broken from trap and the other was not. A. shoots at the broken bird and then refuses to shoot the other or second bird, and wants two new birds. Is he entitled to them or does he lose both? I claim if both birds had went from trap all right, and A. shot one and failed to shoot the second, that he lost both. I also claim that when A. shot at a broken bird and missed, and refused to shoot at the second bird, that he lost both. Ans. By firing at the first bird he accepted it and scores a miss; by neglecting to fire at the second bird he scored a second miss.

W. S. C., Jamestown, N. Y.—Please inform me what the law requires in order to post a private trout stream, what size of board should be used and how the notice should read. Ans. The laws of New York require that you publish, "at least once a week for three months, in a paper of general circulation, printed within the county or counties within which such land, or lands and water, are situated, a notice describing the same." In this notice must be a clause declaring that the lands or water will be used for propagating and protecting fish, etc., and within six months you must put up sign boards warning all persons against trespassing. These boards must not be less than one foot square and not more than forty rods apart. See Laws of New York, 1883, Chap. 255, Sec. 27, amended by laws of 1880, Chap. 551.

J. B. M., Chillicothe, O.—1. What game is most abundant in Northern Nebraska along the Sioux City & Pacific R. R.? 2. Are prairie chickens usually most abundant in an unsettled section, or do they become more numerous as cultivation progresses? 3. Is there good fishing in the Niobrara River and its tributaries? If so, what variety are abundant and how are they taken? 4. How do the climate and game of Southern Dakota compare with those of Northern Nebraska in the months of September and October? 5. What hunting rifle is best for the country named, and where and at what price can it be obtained? 6. What make of sights are best for long-range shooting (game shooting)? Ans. 1. Chiefly birds, i. e., prairie chickens and in season and suitable localities ducks and geese. 2. Prairie chickens (prairie grouse) are usually more plentiful in a settled region, but sharp-tailed grouse (also called prairie chickens) are more abundant in unsettled regions. 3. Not very, mainly catfish. 4. Climate and game are similar. 5. Any good rifle by a standard maker costing from \$16 to \$40. There is no dangerous game and light charges may be used. 6. It is a matter of taste and fancy.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE AMERICAN SALMON FISHERMAN, by Henry P. Wells. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros., 1886. Price, \$1.50.

THE PERCHERON HORSE IN AMERICA, by M. C. Weld; in France by Chas. M. Huys. Illustrated. New York: O. Judd Co.

The other day one of St. Paul's most prominent society men went in his canoe to one of the towns down the river. On arriving he proceeded to the hotel for dinner. The young gentleman was attired in a boating costume, with the addition of sleeves and hose. When he entered the hotel the proprietor greeted him as if he thought he had escaped from Stillwater. The hungry canoeist asked the way to the dining-room, but was refused admittance by the hotel keeper, with the assertion that "there were ladies in the dining room, and a man ought to be arrested for walkin' around in that rig." The young gentleman was forced to leave the hotel without his dinner.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.



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3-piece Fly Rod, 25yds. Click Reel, 25yds. oiled Silk Line, six Flies, six Hooks to gut and Leader complete by express. \$4.00. Post paid, \$4.50. Two Sample Flies by mail post paid, 15c; per doz., 75c. One 3-piece Trout Rod, Reel, 100ft. Line, six Hooks to gut, one Sinkers, one Leader and one Fly, complete, \$2.00. Post paid, \$2.50. Send for our new catalogue, \$30 large pages, 300 illustrations of all sporting goods, covers printed in 15 colors, sent by mail for 25 cents. PECK & SNYDER, 126 Nassau St., N. Y.



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PATENTED MAY 4, 1886.

With the exception of our Patent Compensating Reels and Section Bamboo Rods which we introduce to the public, this fly, invented by Mr. Wakeman Holberton, is unquestionably the greatest and most radical improvement in fishing tackle ever made. The chief points of manifest superiority of this method of tying flies over the old-fashioned way are: 1st—The wonderfully life-like and fluttering motion this fly has when moved on the water.

2d—The fish is almost certain to be hooked if it touches the fly.

3d—Any of the present favorite combinations of color and form can be tied in this way. Thus, those who believe that fish are attracted by particular colors or forms of fly, can have their old patterns in the patent style.

4th—These flies not only offer less resistance to the wind in casting, but more resistance to the water in drawing. Hence one can do as good work with a small hook tied this way as a large hook tied as before. Experience proves that flies dressed this way can be tied on hooks two sizes smaller than one would use on old-fashioned flies.

We take this means of notifying dealers and fly-tyers that we shall prosecute any infringement of our rights under this patent to the fullest extent of the law. Our course, in regard to the protection of our patents and copyrights, is known to some people. We assure such people that the same old course will still be pursued by this firm.

We add a few extracts selected from the numerous and unanimously complimentary press notices of this fly. We could add many letters from well-known and expert anglers if we were willing to drag the names of private gentlemen into our advertisements.

Scientific American: "When so arranged the wings offer less resistance to the air in casting. As the fly is slowly drawn toward the angler the wings expand, and give it a fluttering, life-like motion, much more alluring to the fish."

Forest and Stream: "More like a natural insect than the old patterns whose wings elude when being drawn through the water. * * * Great merit lies in its superior booking qualities. A fish cannot nip at the wings or tail, but swallows the hook before any part of the fly."

American Angler: "There is no question as to the killing qualities of this fly. All fish are attracted more by the action of the fly than by color or form. This fly will certainly, when drawn against the current or over a placid pool, seem the surface with an attractive wake, and its expanded wings will create a fluttering motion, assimilating the struggles of a live insect. * * * We are told that few fish are lost by those who use this fly. We do not doubt it."

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Brass Multiplying Reels with Balance Handles, first quality and fine finish. 75ft., \$1.00; 120ft., \$1.25; 180ft., \$1.50; 240ft., \$1.75; 300ft., \$2.00; 450ft., \$2.25; 600ft., \$2.50. Any of the above Reels with Drags, 25 cts. extra; nickel plated, 50 cts. extra. Brass Click Reels, 20yds., 50 cts.; 30yds., 75 cts.; 60yds., \$1.00; nickel plated, 50 cts. extra. Marster's Celebrated Hooks Snelled on Gut, Limerick, Kirby Limerick, Sproat, Carlisle, Chestertown, O'Shaughnessy, Kinsey, Aberdeen, Sneek Bent, and all other hooks. Single gut, 12 cts. per doz.; double, 20 cts. per doz.; treble, 30 cts. per doz. Put up one half dozen in a package. Single Gut Trout and Black Bass Leaders 1yd., 5 cts.; 2yds., 10 cts.; 3yds., 15 cts. Double Twisted Leaders, 3 length, 5 cts.; treble twisted, 3 length, 10 cts. Trout Flies, 60 cts. per doz. Black Bass Flies, \$1.00 per doz. Trout and Black Bass Bait Rods, 9ft. long, \$1.25 to \$5.00. Trout and Black Bass Fly Rods, 10ft. long, \$1.50 to \$10.00. Also forty-eight different styles of rods for all kinds of fishing. Samples of hooks, leaders, etc., sent by mail on receipt of price in money or stamps. SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE. THE MANUFACTURE OF SNEELED HOOKS AND LEADERS A SPECIALTY.

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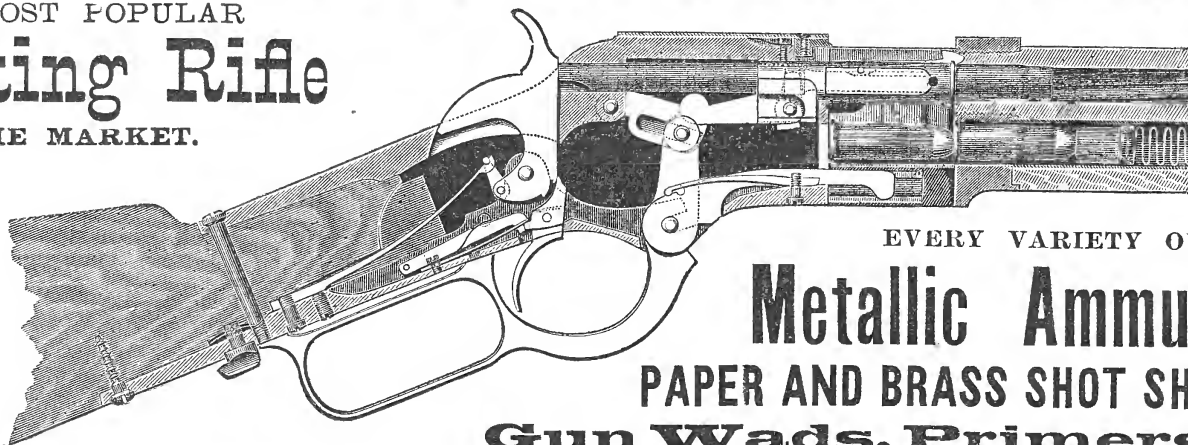
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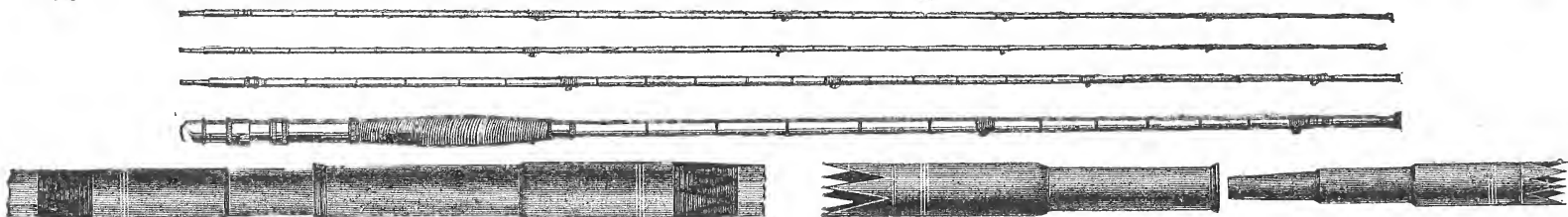
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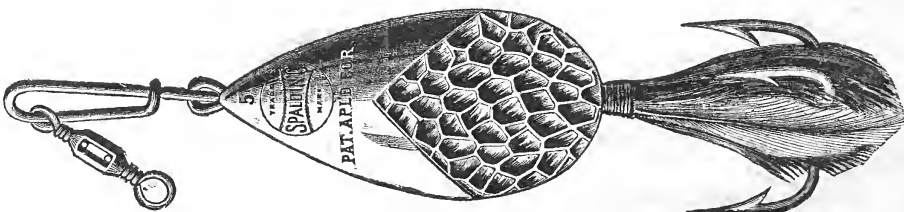
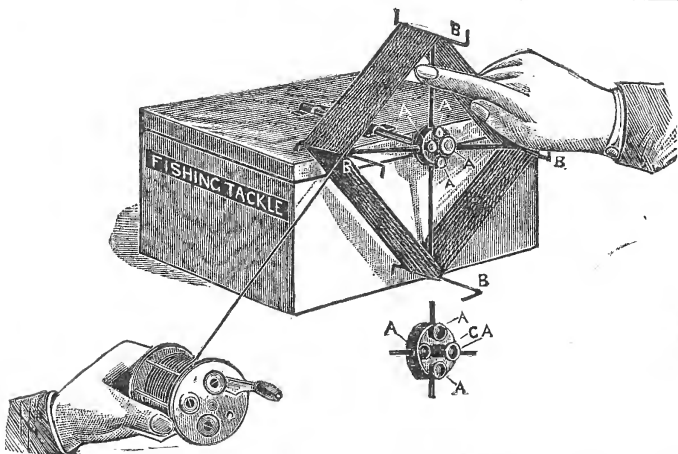
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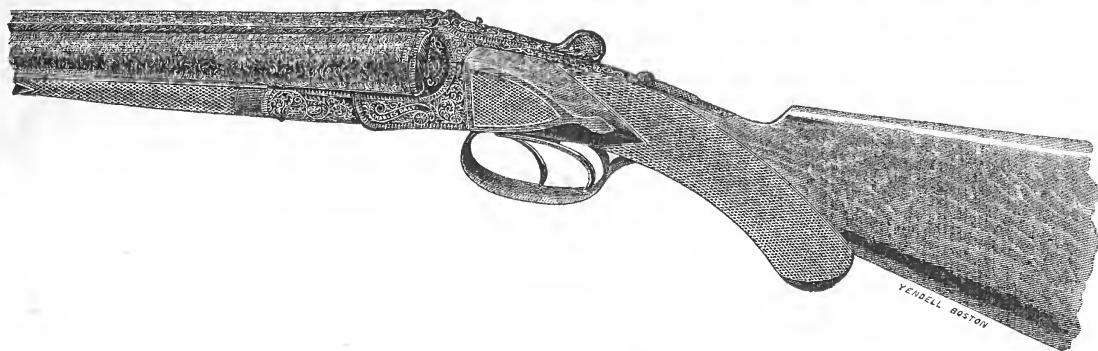
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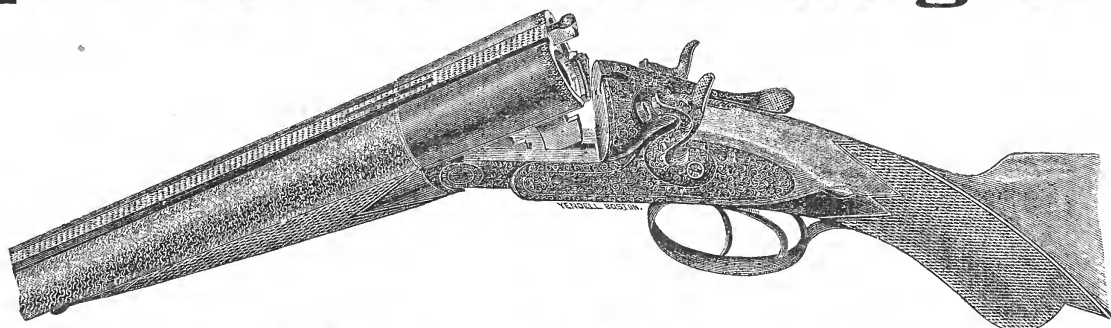


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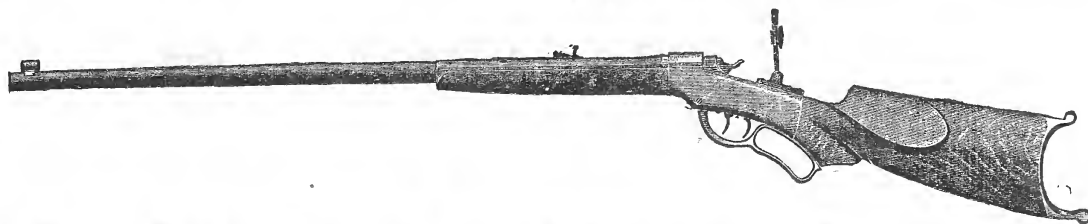


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The Ballard against the World.

ON SATURDAY, JUNE 26, one of the most interesting and exciting rifle contests took place at Union Hill. It has been a mooted question for some time who was the best man, WM. HAYES, of the Newark Club, the acknowledged champion of set trigger shooting in the U. S. for a number of years, or M. DORRLER, of the Zettler Rifle Club, who has been doing some remarkable shooting during the past year (one of his targets may be found on the cover of the Marlin Fire Arms Co.'s catalogue). The mutual friends of these parties have been anxious to bring them together in a friendly contest, and a match was made, the stakes being a Delmonico dinner for twenty-four persons. All the leading riflemen of New York and vicinity were present. The day was very unfavorable for good shooting, and the score was not up to the highest standard of either party. Hayes shot his old MUZZLE-LOADER which has brought him so many trophies, and Dorrler used his BALLARD No. 10, which he has been shooting for about two months. The result was:

M. Dorrler, 100 shots, German Target,	-	-	-	2,178
W. Hayes, 100 shots, German Target,	-	-	-	2,145

The men are undoubtedly on a par, the advantage being with Dorrler because he shot a

BALLARD RIFLE.

We are informed that Mr. Hayes, who owns three BALLARD RIFLES, will give up his muzzle-loader for the future and use his No. 6 BALLARD.

If you want to make big scores, shoot nothing but a Ballard.

BALLARD GALLERY RIFLES are used in all the larger shooting galleries in the principal cities. The scores published from Conlin's and the White Elephant Galleries are all made with BALLARDS, and all the Inter-State Gallery matches for the past two years have been shot with BALLARDS.

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First and Diamond Badge by GEO. KLEINMAN, killing 29 out of 30 live birds.

Second Prize by ABNER PRICE, killing 28 out of 30 live birds.

First by C. E. WILLARD, in the first event of the "Open to the World" contest. Eighty-two entries.

Also divided in nearly every other event of the great Tournament.

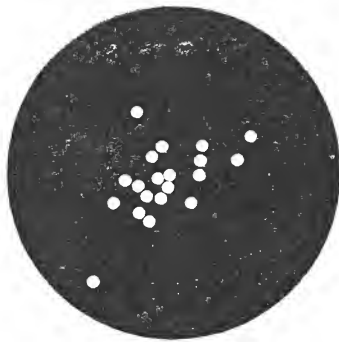
The Chamberlin Cartridges also winners of the Smith Cup, by C. M. HINS DALE, in the Iowa State Tournament at Burlington.

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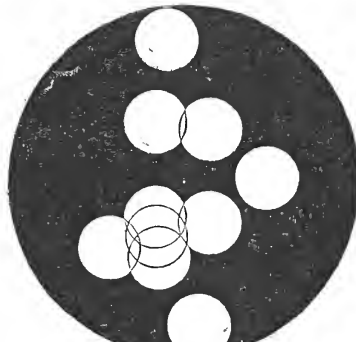
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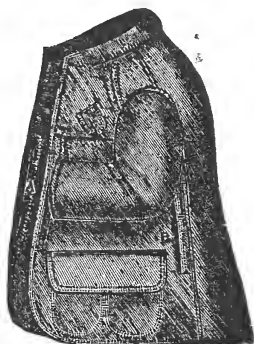
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LLEWELLYN SETTER PUPPIES, WHELED June 24, 1886, by Gun (Gladstone—May B.) out of Morning Star (Dashing Dan—Daisy Starlight), all black, white and tan and blue belton. Ready to ship when 6 wks. old; order now. For pedigree and price address CHAS. YORK, 9 & 11 Granite Block, Bangor, Me.

FOR SALE.—BULL-TERRIER PUPS. ONE Litter by The Count (A. K. R. 3178) ex Miss Doonie (A. K. R. 2193). One litter by Bernard's Plunger ex Prudence (A. K. R. 3615). Also a fine pointer bitch and a Newfoundland bitch. For particulars and prices, address E. L. BAILEY, Box 19, East Brookfield, Mass.

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FOR SALE.—CHOICE PUPPIES BY THE field trial winners Gus Bondhu ex Druid and Dash III, bitches, whelped March 4, 1886. They are black and white and blue belton. Also one black native bitch, finely broken on game, 2 yrs. old. Price \$35 if taken at once. She is a very nice one. Address A. M. TUCKER, 85 Main st., Charlestown, Mass.

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For Sale—Several puppies by Count Noble out of champion Dido II, whelped May 21, 1886. Dido II is considered one of the very best English setter bitches in the world, and Count Noble is the sire of several of the best field dogs in this or any other country. One pup now 9 mos. old, by Gladstone, and two less than 2 yrs. old, by Cambridge (Gladstone ex Chip) out of Dido, can be sold for over \$500 each. Dido is proving a wonderful good stock getter. This is one of the most promising litters she has ever had. There is no choice in the litter excepting in color and markings. For further information inquire of WELLS, July 15, 2t Post Office Box 718, Cincinnati, O.

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I will book a few of the above puppies, whelped June 10, 1886, to be delivered in August. FRED F. HARRIS, 390 Commercial street, Portland, Me.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, JULY 22, 1886.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be received. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The publisher is not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
Nos. 39 and 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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DARLING'S FUR DODGE.

IT rather seems as if the case which was going to show the way in which the Massachusetts courts would teach a lesson to those of Maine upon the game laws of Maine had somehow failed to do so. The well-known "Jack" Darling, of Maine, brought a suit in the Municipal Court of the city of Boston against the American Express Company for failure to deliver certain goods in Boston. The "goods," which consisted partly of skins, horns, etc., of deer and caribou, were seized at Bangor by Game Warden Allen, the contraband articles confiscated and the box containing the remainder of the articles, fox and beaver pelts, forwarded to the Boston consignee. For this failure to deliver Darling brought his action. The express company was represented by Louis D. Brandeis, of the firm of Warren & Brandeis, of Boston. It appeared in evidence that a regulation of the company forbade the transportation of these articles and that Darling knew of this regulation. That when Darling presented his box to the station agent, who was also express agent, he was asked what the box contained. He answered "Fur." The agent swore that if he had known that deer or caribou were in the box he would not have taken it. It was further proved that "fur" in the language of those acquainted with skins does not include deer. Two points among others grew out of these facts: (1) The defendants contended, by Mr. Brandeis, that if any contract to carry these deer or caribou existed, it was a contract procured by the fraud of Darling, and any loss must fall on him. (2) The agent, under the regulation had no actual authority to bind the company, and as the regulation was known to Darling, Darling knew he had no authority, consequently the company was not liable. The Court gave a verdict for the express company.

Mr. Darling's fur dodge did not work. He may now sympathize with the Pacific genius who shipped on the steamer Queen of the Pacific a box labeled "Fresh Clams." When the San Francisco customs officers investigated the clam box they found beneath a strata of cinders and ashes an hermetically sealed tin case containing thirty cans of opium of five tael each. The clam man was full of virtuous indignation, but the matter was not taken into the courts.

A WOODCOCK CASE.

IN another column will be found a communication from a correspondent, "Ajax," who relates that on repairing to a favorite shooting ground when the New Jersey woodcock season opened, he found that for three weeks prior to the lawful time market-gunners had been killing the game. In a note accompanying his communication "Ajax" tells us that he has the names of the shooters, and can bring sufficient evidence to convict them, witnesses being willing to testify. He asks the substantial assistance of some of the numerous advocates of proper game protection. The case seems to us to be one which may be successfully pushed. Our correspondent, who is well known to us, will probably be satisfied with a much smaller sum than he asks for, and we may state for him that if a sum sufficient to meet expenses be furnished, the guilty parties will be prosecuted at once.

WHERE ARE THE BLUEFISH?

ANGLERS and marketmen are lamenting over the prolonged absence of the bluefish, and many think there will be no bluefishing this summer. A trip through our city markets will show a dearth of fish at this time when they are usually plentiful. No species is now plentiful, and the absence of the bluefish and weakfish at this time of year is noticeable. Striped bass are scarce, kingfish are absent, shad have gone and mackerel have not filled the gaps. We believe, and have maintained, that the interests of anglers and marketmen are identical, and but for the fact that a few over-zealous anglers would restrict the sale of trout too closely, or prohibit it entirely, and that some marketmen are unscrupulous about observing close times, there should be no differences between them. Both want to see fish abundant, and the fact that the American Fisheries Society, formerly the American Fishcultural Association, carries on its rolls of membership the following dealers in fishes attests this fact: A. Booth, of Chicago, and Benj. West, S. B. Miller, Pulaski Benjamin, Gilbert Carman, Albert Haley, Caleb Haley, J. N. Harris, W. Middleton, E. G. Blackford, Ernest Miller, H. M. Rogers and Israel Woods, all of Fulton Market, New York. These men are with the fishcultivists in their endeavors to increase the food supply, and watch the investigations of Prof. Baird at Wood's Holl with interest.

For weeks the small craft have sailed out from Long Island and from Barnegat laden with anglers on the lookout for a school of bluefish, and the more scientific of them who fish with rod and reel in the tideways, look in vain to see the trollers strike the advance of the incomers. Night finds them disconsolate, for like Rachel, they mourn for what is not. Most of them blame the menhaden steamers for catching up the food of the bluefish and making oil and fertilizers of it, and others go further and accuse the steamers of using small bluefish for oil, when they can take a school of them. This, they claim, is the cause of the decrease of the bluefish, the weakfish and the striped bass.

On the other hand Prof. Huxley has said that the efforts of man are puny compared with the destruction of herring, etc., by the fish, birds and seals, and this has been indorsed in this country by Prof. Goode and, we think, by Prof. Baird. Mr. Blackford is reported to accept this view of the case also, but with all respect to the weight of authority of these names, we cannot agree with them. It is possible that natural agencies destroy many times more of the herring tribe, and of other defenseless fishes, than man does, but nature provides for this, and before man invented and used such destructive means of fishing as he now does the balance was kept up. When man was content with the hook and line, the seine and the gill net, the sea fishes had a chance to escape, but with pound nets along shore and purse seines at sea, and the continued dragging of our bays by nets in order to get fish for fertilizers and oil, the menhaden is not only thinned out but is not safe on its spawning grounds. We cannot believe that with steam cruisers lining our coasts, with men at the masthead on the lookout for a school of menhaden, the capture of these fish on which our better fish feed does not affect the supply of the latter, especially when it is known that a school of menhaden sighted is as good as captured entire by the greedy purse-net.

It is possible that the bluefish are merely belated and may come in later, but the striped bass are not belated, for they are with us all the year and are gradually disappearing. In our columns the "menhaden question" has been argued at length by both sides. Mr. S. B. Miller, of Fulton Market, is reported in the *Evening Post* as saying that he has seen the menhaden steamers bring a load of 10,000 weakfish caught with the bunkers (menhaden), and we do not doubt it. We

believe that the capture of menhaden for oil affects the presence on our coast of the migratory fishes which feed upon them, and that the menhaden oil and fertilizer factories are a curse to the marketman, the angler, and the professional fisherman.

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE SERIES.

IN our Rifle columns we have endeavored to bring into one comprehensive group all the international matches in which, since the advent of modern rifle practice, the American riflemen have taken part. For several years past the National Rifle Association have failed to issue any reports, and this has made the gathering up of official statistics no easy task. The record is a proud one for our countrymen, and though there are defeats to chronicle, the weight of merit is largely on our side. In small-bore shooting we remain champions of the world, with very little seeming desire on the part of outsiders to take that championship away.

In military marksmanship we have the championship yet to gain; and it is not all to the credit of the National Guardsmen of over two score States that for three years there has been not even a whimper of protest at the fact that the British volunteers remain head marksmen in the citizen soldiery. The error which the Amateur Rifle Club committed in allowing the Canadians to score a victory at long range work is one that should be corrected by sending up a strong team and bringing back the championship. Perhaps the live New York Rifle Club will take up the task, or the Walnut Hill men could do it in fine style if they only will.

It has been our pleasure and profit to witness the majority of these matches, to note the progress of the interesting battles, to see the team men fight wind and weather on the one hand and their opponents as well. The whole series has been of remarkable value in making the rifle of to-day so vastly superior to the small arm of a dozen years ago.

DEATH OF CAPT. H. C. CHESTER.—On Saturday last Captain Herbert C. Chester, of the U. S. Fish Commission, died at his home in Noank, Conn., of consumption contracted in the Arctic regions. Originally captain of a whaleship and a man of giant frame and brawny constitution, he was one of the ill-fated Polaris expedition, and after the burial of Captain Hall and the loss of the ship, built the raft on which Lieutenant Buddington and his party escaped. At Noank, in 1872, he joined the forces of the Fish Commission, and for some years had charge of the dredging. For the past few years he has been superintendent of the hatchery station at Wood's Holl and has invented several forms of hatching apparatus, besides the "Chester folding anchor." We saw him last May, and while he said he was not well it was difficult to believe it. Captain Chester has rendered the Commission great service and his loss will be severely felt. He was about 52 years old and leaves a wife.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE IN THE WAY OF CLUBS is manufactured in New London, Conn., for the Aleuts of the Pribylov Islands, who annually club to death their quota of 100,000 seals. The clubs are from five to six feet in length, three inches in diameter at the head, and the thickness of a man's forearm where grasped by the hands. They would be just the thing for Adirondack deer hounders, and Dr. Sam. B. Ward, Mr. John T. Denny or some other great philanthropist would win the gratitude of the oarsmen "guides" by providing them with a supply of these weapons against the arrival of city "sports" next season.

LETTERS FROM THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK speak of the heat and drouth there as being very bad, and state that it is very difficult to extinguish the forest fires. There has been very little rain anywhere in the northern Rocky Mountain region this year and the snows last winter were very light, so that there is everywhere a scarcity of water. Owing to the failure of Congress to make a timely appropriation for the Park, the Government work there has stopped.

MR. J. H. BRAYTON, of Chicago, deserves sympathy. He is an angler and had planned to spend his vacation fishing with friends. Instead of that, however, he found himself the other day among the twelve men selected to sit as jurors in the Anarchists' trial.

THE NEW JERSEY DOCTOR, who studied the sufferings of broken-backed dogs, has been fined in a court of justice. The laws are not strict enough on these matters.

THIS IS A GOOD BEAR YEAR.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

TWO MONTHS AMONG THE CREES.—II.

APRIL was now nearly half gone and the fur season was drawing to a close, so I decided on letting Pierre return to headquarters while I remained to close up the spring's trade.

A day or two after his departure I noticed there was considerable excitement in the Indian camps, and going over found them busily engaged in constructing a large oval inclosure of poles and pine brush, while at one end was a raised platform. I learned that a large party of beathen Saulteaux were to pay them a visit the next day to join in their usual conjuring and medicine practices, which are held yearly. Never having seen anything of the kind, I was quite pleased when my Indian grandfather asked me to attend the feast which was to open the ceremonies.

The next evening at about 7 an Indian boy was sent over for me, and going over I found the long tent filled with Indians, men, squaws and children, women on one side and men on the other, while on the raised dais at the north end was laid out the feast, beavers and geese roasted whole, quantities of moose and bear meat, ducks, small game and bladders full of bear and moose fat. Taking a seat by my grandfather cross-legged on the ground like the rest, I waited events.

After a prolonged silence two old medicine men, naked to the breech clout and painted in fanciful designs, stepped into the center of the tent, each holding a long stemmed stone pipe, and proceeded to give the four winds a smoke by holding the mouthpiece to the four points, commencing with the north; then the pipes were passed round and all hands, myself included, took a puff or two. Another Indian now stepped forward with a bag of geese down and small feathers, and went around the tent putting a handful on each person's head. This was supposed to bring good luck in hunting wildfowl. The feast proper now began with a large bark dish filled with a rather suspicious looking compound; this was passed round, each person taking a spoonful or two. On my turn coming I made a feint of tasting it, and luckily so, as I learned afterward it was raw bear's grease and blood beaten up together. Half a beaver and half a goose were now put before me, and an equal quantity before all the men present. I should say about twenty-six pounds of meat. It is considered a point of honor at an Indian feast to leave nothing unfinished. Knowing this, from time to time I quietly placed a portion of meat on the Indians' plates next me, they readily consuming it together with their own share. The tom-toms were now being beaten by some old bucks at the end of the tent with the monotonous *li-Ya-Ya* song, and about midnight dancing commenced, men and women nearly naked stepping after one another around the ring, with a jerky sort of step. As the music (so-called) played faster they quickened their paces and exerted themselves so violently that in one instance a woman fainted. Toward morning, tired by the noise, I quietly left and slept long into the next day.

I had long been meditating over an expedition to the top of the mountain, partly for the view and partly for a little prospecting, as I had seen a small piece of quartz among the Indians some time before, in which gold could plainly be seen. Their story was that, on crossing the mountain one spring, and while in a rocky pass, one of their number struck a projecting rock with the back of his tomahawk and broke off a portion, a piece of which I saw. Accordingly, one morning early I started, taking my blanket and gun, expecting to reach the summit easily by noon; but alas for inexperience in mountain climbing, noon came and the top seemed as far off as ever, while the walking was something dreadful, being chiefly muskeg (that is, springy moss, with water under it), through which I would sink at times to the waist. Finally it became so bad that I gave up the attempt and turned homeward. The distance, however, was too great to reach camp; so, shooting a partridge for supper, I busied myself in making things snug for the night. Cutting a quantity of pine brush, I made a lean-to of poles, placing the brush at the back and on the ground, and made a good fire in front, the nights being still frosty. After poking (roasting) my partridge, I placed my capot for a pillow and wrapped my blanket round me, lighted my pipe, and lay with feet stretched to the fire. Drowsiness soon came on, and the next thing I knew was waking with a chilly sensation to find daylight already in the sky. I soon reached camp all safe and sound.

As the Indians were about done hunting fur, I decided on starting home, so went off next morning to hurry up an old Indian who was making canoes for us, he had already finished a large one, which Pierre had taken home loaded with fur. But the other, which was for my private use, was very small. Wishing my Indian friends adieu with, I must say, a feeling of regret, as their kindness had been great to the stranger among them, I pushed my canoe from the bank, and the current being strong was soon well on my way down the river.

It was a year of high water, and at such times it is difficult to know where the banks of the stream are, as the whole lower country with the exception of a few knolls is under water. It was with some trouble I found a spot dry enough to boil my tea kettle at noon, and after that no more land was to be seen. As I paddled steadily onward, shooting an occasional goose or duck, evening came on and there was no sign of a dry spot. My legs were much cramped, as my little craft was loaded to her utmost capacity with camp truck and the balance of furs, and it left but a small space to kneel in. As it was now quite dark, I made for some trees along the submerged bank and feeling for the bottom with my paddle found the water was about five feet deep. It is at best a ticklish matter to get out of a small canoe and so I found it. Letting myself over the side as gently as possible I could feel bottom under my feet, so I let the canoe go and stood upright; but alas! I happened to be close to the edge and a piece of the bank giving away, down I went, swallowing water and mud at a great rate. But regaining my presence of mind I soon rose to the surface to see my canoe half way across the stream. It was with difficulty that I reached it by swimming, the water being still cold and a slight breeze sending the light bark onward. Landing lower down I secured it to a tree and wading about with my small axe, felled enough trees to make a rude stage and collecting some dry wood succeeded in making a fire at one end. A good cup of tea and a pipe soon improved matters, and stretching myself on the logs I

dozed off to sleep, waking with a great start about 2 P. M. Imagining a gun had gone off close to me, quite forgetting my situation, I swung my legs over the stage to find them knee-deep in water. It seems an old beaver had been swimming about close to my camp and smelling me struck the water with his tail in diving, making a great racket.

I started off at sunrise and paddled all day, not finding another dry spot. Glad was I to see the broad Saskatchewan into which the stream I came down emptied about a mile from the trading post, which I soon reached, the current being very swift.

My chief was pleased to see me back, especially as I had made a good and profitable spring trade, which is the *ne plus ultra* to a fur trader, and we were soon deep in sorting and packing our winter's collection, 80,000 muskrats being one of the items, with a large quantity of fine fur. REX.

THE MUSKOKA COUNTRY.

SECOND PAPER.

AT Muskoka wharf on our way northward, we come to the foot of the Muskoka Lake, and beyond, its associates, lakes Rosseau and Joseph. Here the daily steamers of the Muskoka and Nipissing Navigation meet the trains and convey their passengers to Bracebridge, Rosseau, Port Cockburn, Bala and intermediate ports. The scenery upon the three principal lakes already mentioned has already been spoken of in the warmest terms in previous letters. But it seems to lose nothing with age and to grow even more pleasing with further acquaintance. The scenery is said to resemble that of the Thousand Islands, and the constant, yet varying combinations of the numerous groups make the resemblance quite striking.

Before we get away from Muskoka wharf, I should like to mention the moose calf we found there awaiting shipment to Toronto. I have never seen an adult moose, but this creature is evidently the promise of something more gigantic than yet dreamed of in my philosophy. It seemed to take captivity kindly, and munched his green browse as unconcerned as though in its native forest. What a grand plan it would be for somebody with spare money to buy a tract of forest and make a moose preserve that might preserve these noble animals a few years longer!

At Rosseau the steamer usually arrives about eight o'clock in the evening and remains over night. Here, after disposing of our traps, we made a tour of investigation in the village, and arranged to buy such camp supplies as we should take with us into our fishing station. Rosseau is the largest of all the ports on the Muskoka chain of lakes, excepting only Bracebridge, and like the latter, is headquarters for fitting out the lumber camps that lie deeper in the wilderness. Unfortunately it has now but one hotel, the Pratt House, which stood on a bold bluff overlooking the lake and was burned some time ago, never having been rebuilt. After supper we strolled up to the deserted site, and found in its few remaining blackened timbers a melancholy contrast to the brightness and activity of two years before.

In buying our supplies we stood by the substantial, and laid a foundation of coffee, bacon, flour and sugar, etc., which would safely support the most elaborate structure probable (if not possible) for a fisherman's table. One article, however, that is usually regarded as indispensable in a sportsman's outfit, was entirely omitted. We bought no whisky. While I am a temperance man, but not a teetotaler, my views have undergone some modification on what is really desirable in such cases. When we first began to go into camp ten years ago, some of us who rarely saw whisky from year's end to year's end, felt it incumbent upon us, under existing traditions, to take along a liberal supply of alcoholic stimulants for the guides. The latter seemed to accept the arrangement as a matter of course, and while nearly all of them drank it, few seemed to care for it especially, and some who did not say so evidently preferred to be without it (or at least in quantities only meant for emergencies), and we find that we get fully as good service with the first case of dissatisfaction in consequence yet to be reported.

And this brings up still another point in this same connection, and I advance it with some fear lest I may be misapprehended. Frequently in trips into desirable fishing grounds, one comes upon the trail of men of ample means who go into hunting and fishing camps mainly with the idea of having "a little time," and who treat the legitimate spoil of the rod or gun as a matter of secondary moment. Such men do not a little to demoralize good guides, because they are prone to pay them extravagantly on the one hand, or to accept careless and imperfect service on the other. The consoling part of it, however, is that none learn better to distinguish than the guides themselves the difference between real sportsmen and "make-believers." I know what would be urged in reply to what has been said—that the guide's service is unusual in character, and that he has it in his power to extend favors outside the strict line of actual requirement. But for all that I do not want the man who goes into the woods or upon the streams merely for the purpose of spending money to build up a series of extravagant precedents which shall fence me out ultimately because of the limited extent of my purse. So much for a sermon, now for the remainder of my journey.

Our trip, by the way, contemplated two separate expeditions—the one through Rosseau to the maskallonge waters previously visited, the other through Bracebridge into certain trout waters beyond Trading Lake. It is worthy of note that, while the Muskoka lakes and the waters to the westward abound in black bass, the brook trout is comparatively scarce; and yet to the eastward, where the trout are found in the greatest plenty, the black bass is unknown. A plausible explanation of this state of things may be that the black bass, like the maskallonge, appear to have originally come up from Georgian Bay, and hence they are found only in waters that have near or remote connections with it. Trading Lake, Hollow Lake, and their tributaries, are, it is said, entirely without black bass, although the latter are well stocked with trout. Of what we found in the way of *Salmo fontinalis* I shall speak again.

Seven o'clock the next morning found us safely stowed away, with all our impedimenta, in the Parry's Sound stage, an open vehicle, such as is known in the States as an express wagon. All the roads in this region are hilly, but none of these stages are supplied with brakes, a deficiency that seems a very serious one to a Yankee who first sees the heavily-loaded vehicle chase the horses down a long and steep declivity, with an even chance between the two. But the solicitude exercised by the Government for Her Majesty's mails is frequently the means of furnishing prompt and inexpensive transportation to the sportsman tourist, and these vehicles carry him out of the beaten tracks of the great body of

pleasure-seekers, who are content to keep in sight of the hotels and summer boarding places located along the principal lines of travel.

Some eight miles east of Parry's Sound (one of the semi-arctic regions of our juvenile geography) we left the stage road for the trail that guided us to our lake. Here we met by arrangement the teamster that was to carry us over the five mile portage intervening, and our traps were soon loaded on a two horse jumper. Possibly this may not be familiar to all the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM and it may not be amiss to say that it is to navigation in the forest what the birch bark canoe is to the inland lake and river. Imagine a low, broad sled with a skeleton frame, the runners made of split saplings sprung into shape, and a few light boards laid over the top. Upon these your rods and other baggage are lashed and otherwise secured by such devices as you can command, and the whole glides, jumps and slips through the woods over logs and across rocks and other obstacles where wheels would be utterly useless. The jumper is a sort of land canoe, and it is an almost indispensable vehicle in all long distance portaging in the wilderness. At the end of our portage we find the boats of our guide awaiting us, and we renew, with a pleasing undercurrent of anticipation, the acquaintance of two years before.

Our first afternoon on the lake was devoted to a preliminary exploring expedition, in which we cruised over the southern portion in waters to which we were comparative strangers. Again we drank in the wild beauty and unsimulated loveliness of shore and island, sighing regretfully to think that one day only too soon there would come great unsightly blotches of bare brown earth, and the glory of the virgin wilderness would depart forever. But the Muskoka country promises to be a joy and a delight for many a year to come, even though it may not retain all its pristine beauty, and perhaps it is not best to borrow trouble about the future.

If the topography of the forest is confusing to the novice in woodcraft, the intricacies of our lake are no less bewildering. The shores curve in and out in many an irregular sweep, and here and there approach each other so closely as to leave only a narrow inlet through which the little boat glides smoothly into a broad bay beyond. Frequently at the very mouth of the inlet an island is planted, at a little distance its foliage blending with the main shore and disclosing no passage. Once fairly within the labyrinth, its openings closed behind him as he advances, a stranger might wander for hours among the tortuous waterways and count himself fortunate if he found his way out unaided. But we soon got our landmarks, and learned that some of the most narrow and uninviting passages led to some of the most inviting and fruitful fishing grounds beyond.

It was at one of these narrows that I fastened to my first maskallonge of this trip, and enjoyed a renewal of my experience of the year before. The little boat, with Josh at the oars, myself the only other occupant, swung slowly around the point and into the wider water beyond, and suddenly the spoon stopped short as though it had fastened on a rock or struck a sunken log at the bottom. The line spun from the reel at a lively rate till the boat's headway could be checked. (Something always has to give at such times, and my experience is that it is better the reel than either the rod or the line.) "Hold on, Josh; we're on the bottom." But suddenly the "bottom" began to give, the spoon was shaken as a terrier shakes a rat, the line swung out toward deep water, and then I knew we (that is, Josh and I) were fast to a maskallonge. It was an instinctive movement to transfer part of the strain from the line to the rod, as it was to head the boat the way the fish was going, and we were ready for further proceedings.

At one end of fifty yards of line, the other curved over a ten-ounce rod, and the fifty yards duplicated around a good multiplier, a twelve-pound maskallonge is "a charming sight to see." And we saw this one at least three times as he came full length out of the water and made furious attempts to disengage the spoon. The situation was an interesting one, but it didn't make me half so nervous as it would if the experience had been entirely a new one. But there was enough uncertainty about the final result to keep one up to an enjoyable tension, and when the fight ended, as it did in our favor, and the great fresh-water tiger lay in the bottom of the boat, there was a sigh that was half pleasure and half regret that it was over.

But the black bass and yellow pickerel abound in our lake, and when we wanted milder and less exciting sport, we could find either in abundance and on short notice. It is worthy of mention that when our guide selected fish to cook for dinner his choice always fell on the pickerel.

JAY BEBE.

TOLEDO, O., July 10.

DEATH OF "NED BUNTLIN."

EDWARD Z. C. JUDSON, widely known to the readers of fiction as "Ned Buntline," died at his home in Stamford, N. Y., last Friday, aged 64 years. His death closed a remarkable career. Judson's father was a Philadelphia lawyer, who insisted upon putting Ned through a course of Latin and Blackstone at an early age. The boy rebelled, and one day after a severe flogging ran away to sea as cabin boy to a ship that sailed round the Horn. The embryo celebrity was then but eleven years old. The next year he entered the Government service as an apprentice on board a man-of-war. A year later, when thirteen years old, President Van Buren sent him a commission as midshipman for meritorious conduct in rescuing the crew of a boat run down by a Fulton ferryboat on East River. Young Judson was assigned to the Levant. Other midshipmen refused to mess with him because he had been a common sailor before the mast, and while on the way to join the Gulf Squadron he challenged thirteen of them to fight. Some withdrew their refusal and associated with him, but he fought seven of them, one after another, in Florida, New Orleans and Havana, escaping without a scratch himself, but marking four of his antagonists for life. Perhaps one circumstance that reduced the number of midshipmen that he had to fight was a little exhibition on the way down. The captain, who made a kind of pet of the boy, hung a bottle out on the yardarm, and Judson, at the word of command, broke the bottle with one bullet and cut off the string above it with another. That was the first intimation given that he was one of the half dozen best shots in the United States. He fought in four wars—the Seminole, Sioux, Mexican and civil—and carried on his body the marks of many wounds. He had in his right knee a bullet received in Virginia, and had twelve other wounds inflicted by sword, shell and gun, seven of which were got in battle. The title of Colonel came to him as Chief of Scouts in the rebellion of 1861-65.

W. A. Croft, who visited Col. Judson at his home in 1885, wrote of him: "Ned Buntline" was in the fatigue uniform of the army, blue coat, with brass buttons, and upon his blue vest twinkling decorations—the badge of the Sons of America, the head of Washington set on a gold shield, with two American flags crossed above it, the original badge of the order of United Americans, which he organized, a golden band crisscrossing an enamelled serpent, bequeathed to him by Congressman Whitney of New York when he died, a Grand Army badge and a Masonic pin. His gray hair is cut short. His only beard is a full white mustache. He weighs more than 200, I should think.

"Come on, Edly!" shouted the Colonel to a chubby face at the bay window, as we alighted, "come on, my son! It is sunset; let's pull down the flag!" And a way to the balliards of the tall flag-pole hurried the infant and the gray-haired father, and the twenty-foot flag lay on the ground in a heap. "Ned Buntline" seems to-day to have two passions—the latest and most absorbing a love for this promising child, and the other, the devotion to the stars and stripes which has led him into every war we have had since he was born, which led him to join Lopez to capture Cuba, and which induced him to start the Know Nothing party. Every pleasant day of the year this big flag is unfurled from this flag-pole, visible over 100 square miles of the Delaware valley.

"I asked him how many stories he had written. 'I made a little calculation the other day,' he said, 'and I am alarmed to find that I have written between 300 and 400 novels, which, if published in book form, would each make a book of about 400 pages.'"

"I asked Col. Judson about his thirteen duels, and inquired if it could be possible that he was an accomplished swordsman and good shot at thirteen. 'Only a fair swordsman,' he answered, 'but a dead shot. When I was an infant my father lived up in this valley, and he very early taught me to shoot. I was exhibited to visitors at the age of six, shooting at a mark at one hundred paces, with an old rifle balanced across the fence. I shot my first deer when I was eight; and then, as ever since, I was always under the most perfect command when I was most excited. I could have killed some angry midshipmen in those seven duels if I had wished to do so. I had shipped to the United States Navy as an apprentice, and had been promoted to be a midshipman without the influence of any powerful relatives, but I felt that my rights were equal to theirs.'"

The signature of "Ned Buntline" was familiar to readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, the files of which journal contain many sketches from his pen.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE BOBOLINK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The bobolink, sweetest and best of our New England meadow singers, is gone. The pidd dandy of tussock and springing golden rod no more in this vicinity tinkles his tangled bell music in our fields. Around our city and especially in the West Springfield meadows, as all up and down the valley of the Connecticut, used to be the resort and home of the characteristic and blithe bird. This is the first season that I have failed absolutely to see or hear a single one.

Of late years they have been fewer, each season being made melancholy in a measure by the steadily depicted numbers of the birds, and now I believe there are none. Others may have seen or heard them, but after diligent seeking, foreseeing as I have the inevitable, I fail to find a single songster.

One great cause of this is the shooting of this song bird by our friends further south for food. Garbed in russet, in the fall he becomes in Maryland the rice bird or the ortolan, and is shot and strung up in Baltimore and Philadelphia markets by the hundreds to be eaten.

I should feel as if I were eating dead music if I attempted to eat one of these. There are bigger and better things to eat than they. Why not leave in life this epitome of tremulous melody, instead of reducing him to the level of an oyster or a clam? Our southern friends have dainties enough for the table without him in their terrapin and canvasbacks.

Will our Southern AUDUBON SOCIETIES think of this and let us see if the bobolink cannot be saved from extinction.

E. H. LATHROP.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

NOTES CONCERNING AN OUTLAW.

THERE may be animals more gifted in wiles than the fox, but from time immemorial he has borne the doubtful honor of being the most adroit trickster, next to his arch enemy, man, of all created beings, and him even he fools oftener than please the lord of creation.

What stock of wisdom and cunning he may have had to begin with we can only guess, but may conclude that he was not very well outfitted therewith in Samson's day. Imagine three hundred foxes of these latter days suffering such outwitting by one man in one harvest time! But perhaps the strong man of old got all the foolish ones into his snares, or some way into his clutches, and our foxes are the natural outcome of the survival of the fittest. And doubtless in all the centuries the world has whirled through since then, the race has grown in vulpine grace, sharpening its wits by constant attrition with foe and prey. It is said that the silver and cross foxes are sharper witted, more wary of traps, more fertile in devices for eluding hound and hunter, than their less valuably clothed red brethren, which is only to be accounted for by the greater eagerness of their pursuit, for the silver, or black, and the cross foxes and the red foxes are often litter brothers. The haud of man and the tongue of woman—which is most terrible let man and fox say—have been against poor Reynard in all the long years that have come and gone since the one became hunter and shepherd and the other poultry wife. The shepherd and the hen wife would destroy him off the face of the earth if they could have their way, but the hunter's hate is akin to love; he will kill, but he would not exterminate; would eat his cake and keep it, the cake growing at one side while he takes bites off the other. He will kill him relentlessly in his own way and in his own time, but he is more unloving toward the man who traps or poisons the fox, or destroys the young, than he is toward his beloved enemy.

If there is any scapegrace without some leaven of good traits it is not the fox. For one thing, in his prime and in his bravest attire, he has beauty of shape, color and motion, and it is good to be beautiful. How his graceful ruddy-clad

form dimly seen in the dull whiteness of the early winter morning, enlivens the dead landscape as he mouses in the orchard or pasture or meadow, where the tangle of aftermath harbors mice under its blanket of snow, or when in the white glare of day he takes with light leaps the fence-side snow drifts, or picks his careful footsteps over the treacherous crust that breaks beneath his havier pursuer, the hound. In this land it is good to be smart, and no one who has seen Reynard's face while he studies tricks and hunts for scentless footing when the hounds are bellowing on his trail, can doubt his possession of this American virtue. It shines from his eyes, radiates from his whiskers, the cock of his ears indicates it, and the turn of his nostrils shows that he is "up to snuff." But caught, what a sneaking, sorry varlet he is, as unlike Reynard fire as the culprit who sits to add his portrait to the rogues' gallery is to the sharp rascal who was robbing a house the night before.

Last, and since usefulness has become of so little worth, least, he is entitled to some consideration for the good he does; this, perhaps, not from any pious intention, but because it was appointed unto him to do. In the provisioning of himself and his family he makes way with, besides many other things not so well made way with, no end of pestiferous field mice, and I have ripped his pouch in October when it was ready to burst with grasshoppers, as many as would fill the crop of the biggest gobbler of the dame's flock three over.

But one evil deed committed by fox or man cancels many a good one, and when Reynard departs from the path of rectitude and takes grasshoppers second-hand, after they have been ground in the turkey's mill, and gone to the making of gallinaceous flesh and fat, gobbles the gobbler, bolts the mill, hopper, stones, grit and all, all his well doing is forgotten, and he is nothing but a thieving, murdering fox. And it must be admitted against him by his best friends that at such times his bloodthirst gets the better of his few small virtues. Let him once get among a flock of turkeys, and he can never get enough of slaughter while one victim is left. The blood of the last member of the flock must be the sweetest, and he ravens like a wolf in the fold. Such deeds are his undoing, for if he would temper his trencher-valor with more discretion when these opportunities come in his way, his enemies would be fewer and less vengeful. One lamb at a time usually suffices him, and old ganders will beat him off with savage blows of their wings, so that he sets but now and then a struggling wife or child of their family. But turkeys are his weakness, and when the dame goes to gather her flock from the woodside field and finds it harried, two-thirds, perhaps, killed outright, and the remainder maimed or frightened out of their slender wits, her wrath and despair struggle for the first places in her heart and voice. Vengeance is sworn against the spoiler, and woe be unto his house if in the following May the vixen's nursery be in the earth where pick and spade may prevail, and the farmer finds it. And even if their house be builded in the rocks, old and young are laid in wait for and unseasonably shot down. But if some fox hunter gets wind of the intended raid, he makes some disturbance about the threshold; the hint is taken, and the young are removed by the vixen to a safer retreat. I knew one old hunter who took a litter of young foxes from a hollow log and carried them in the bosom of his frock to a den in the rocks, the mother following, chiding him with her gasping bark. The family were his debtors for some months of happy life, for which, at the falling of the leaves and the first falling of the snow, he took in payment a dozen jolly days of sport with dog and gun, and two-thirds as many well-furred pelts. It is not at all uncommon for a litter of foxes to be reared, or at least well started in life in a burrow in an open pasture which, though so exposed, is likely to be unsuspected of harboring such sly folk, and has the other advantage of giving the watchful mother a timely view of coming enemies. But it is quite as much the custom of madame vixen to make her nursery in the woods, in some sandy knoll that gives easy digging of her cellar of many entrances, to whose neighborhood seldom comes a worse enemy than the hound, not then greatly to be dreaded.

Notwithstanding his outlawry, the fox holds his own wonderfully in the continual warfare that man wages against him. Perhaps in the economy of nature he is as valuable as a turkey or a lamb. Verily, I think, by the way she cherishes him that she loves him more than them or their owners. How should we prosper, endure even, so persecuted, or they without our constant care? Perhaps we are not of such great account in the world as we think. If in some years or seasons the fox is hardly to be found in a certain range, the scarcity seems due only to a partial migration, for likely enough in the next year or month his tribe is there in force. This winter in this region foxes are plenty enough within a mile of the lake shore, while it is hard starting one three miles back among the hills. Why within a half hour's run of a fox, one locality should be much frequented and the other almost deserted, it is hard for any one but a fox to tell. They are plentier in the oldest settled parts of the country than in the wilderness, and probably plentier now than they were two hundred years ago; certainly so if as some hold, our red fox is of European origin, concerning which I for one have reasonable doubts. For his protection and maintenance the fox has his cunning, ranges of woodland and rocky hills for his haunts and fastnesses, his ability to subsist on short commons, and a varied bill of fare to choose from, whereof if one article is not to be had another will do—mice, grasshoppers, poultry, lamb, carcass of domestic animal dead of old age, disease or accident, hares, grouse, quail, muskrats dug out of their houses in winters that favor the fox but not the poor muskrat, beech nuts, and at a pinch of hunger even frozen apples—all are grists that come to his mill's grinding, and keep him alive and alert and active in all weather and seasons. Is it a peculiar odor, or is it a sort of free masonry instituted when fox and dog were nearer akin, or is it the gallantry of the dog toward the weaker sex that protects the female fox from her canine foe during her breeding season? Whatever it is, it helps the race to endure in spite of its enemies.

Foxes taken young are seldom long kept in captivity. If death does not release them a slipped collar or broken chain does. Even though one becomes so tame that he will play with his master, come to his call and follow him like a dog, soon or late the sleeping spirit of wildness arises and takes possession of him, carrying him off to raid and frolic under the stars with his fellows, and henceforth he is as wild as the wildest of them. An acquaintance of mine had a coon, the result of unearthing two litters, which he kept in a tight board pen till they were nearly grown, when one of them in his continual prying and spying, found where he could tunnel his way to freedom, and presently there was a jail delivery and twelve foxes, sharp set for mischief, were at

large among the turkeys of the neighborhood. Two or three of them were killed in a day or two before they had got their land legs on, but the others got to the woods, and soon picked up the broken thread of wild life and strengthened it perhaps with some boldness spun in during their close acquaintance with mankind, so that there were none of their tribe in the county better outfitted for getting an honest living.

The sorriest hunt I ever saw or took part in, and one that would almost disgrace Newport was when a fox that had been in captivity since his early cub-hood, was turned out before four or five dogs in the first winter he had seen. He knew not what to make of seeing the men who had fed him and played with him, a mini-ter among the lot, all at once turned enemies, cheering on the hounds that had been his familiars to worry him, and at first would not run, and afterward only in a dazed uncertain fashion, as if he knew no outdoor tricks of his kind, nor any of the runways of his foregoers and brethren. When his legs gave out and refused to carry him further, the hounds were so loth to lay hold of him that he was picked up and put in a bag before his body got much hurt. Yet his poor soul was so sorely wounded by the sudden and unaccountable persecution that he pined away, and his sordid owner knocked him in the head to save his life—and his pelt.

Reynard's human enemies have many devices for his taking off. Poison is sometimes set for him with deadly effect, but this dangerous and unlawful practice is discountenanced by almost every one. Trapping in the old way, in a prepared bed of ashes or chaff, baited with toasted cheese and lard scraps for some days before setting the trap, which was first carefully smoked to disguise the scent of the iron, so it was said, was never destructive enough to work much harm to fox or fox hunter. The fox cares no more for the scent of iron than for that of wood or stone, which is evident from the fact that he crosses a railroad track as unconcerned as he does a fence or a rock. The odor that he is shy of than any other in the world, under conditions that bear a suspicion of foul play, is the scent of human kind, though he will often run in the newly made track of a man, and his nose is so keen that it will detect this hateful odor many days after a trap or bait has been handled. I should justly incur the displeasure of all honest fox hunters if I told the secret of the modern fox trapper's success, and I will only say that everything tainted with his touch is covered by something which completely deodorizes it, even beyond the suspicion of a fox's sensitive nostrils, and the bait is fragrant with a compound that allures his victims from afar off. This also often betrays the neighborhood of the trap to the fox hunter, who then ferrets out the cunningly hidden gin of his sneaking rival and makes it harmless.

When "holed" by dogs the fox is sometimes taken by setting a trap just inside the entrance to the burrow, that being then stopped. In such dire extremity the fox has been known to have faithful friends among his kindred. Two fox-hunting acquaintances of mine, whose word I have not the least reason to doubt, told me that having slightly wounded a fox, he "holed," which is New English for going to earth, wherein I think the New English is better for us than the old, as our foxes often take to holes in the rocks and in hollow logs. They stopped the entrance to his retreat, which was in a ledge, and getting a trap, set it just inside the blockade. They visited the place every day, expecting that starvation would bring their prisoner to the door and so into the trap. But in this they were for some time disappointed, till at last they discovered fragments of mice and squirrels close by a crevice so small that they had not thought it necessary to stop it. They were satisfied that outside foxes had fed the captive through it, and cutting off this channel of supply, in a few days more they caught the poor fellow. Under ordinary circumstances it seems more in the spirit of fair play for the hunter to give up beaten when the fox takes sanctuary in the bosom of our common mother; especially in this case it would have been magnanimous to let the captive go, in consideration of his friend's felings if not of his own. But I am sorry to say that his pelt went to market at the common price, though he was not quite a common fox—in experience. It is not to be denied that some hunters are impelled by a greed more ignoble than bloodthirst.

When the fox is pursued by hounds he has endless devices for eluding them, some inborn, some learned. This of holding is ordinarily his last card, though in some seasons he seems more drawn thereunto than in others, and holes without apparent necessity, to the great disgust of his two-legged and four-legged pursuers. The oldest hunters tell us that in by-gone days, when there was more forest than cleared land, the foxes were very apt to run into hollow logs after a short run. But they are wiser now, and if such vulnerable fortresses were as easily come to now, I doubt if they would use them except at the last pinch. Doubtless in his own hunting the fox has learned that treading often in his own tracks is confusing to his pursuer, has discovered the deodorizing effect of fresh earth, that glare ice holds no scent, that wind blows the subtle odor away, and that one scent neutralizes another. And so when he hears the bugle of the hound sounded on his trail, profiting by experience and the traditions of fox lore, he runs in circles, across newly plowed fields, on ice, over naked rocks, on fence tops, in the paths of hares, in highways and through flocks of sheep, and when it rains or snows he trusts in the kindly skies to quench or smother the reek of his footsteps. To cope with him and foil his tricks the hound must be wise as a serpent, full of experience and endowed with all the gifts of his breed, keen nose, strength of limbs and wind, and steadfastness in holding to his work. A tried old hound so possessed is greatly valued by hunters, and is a dog of note throughout half a county.

Unseasonable and almost uninterrupted persecution which unenforced game laws do but little to prevent, has made the pursuit of almost all furred and feathered game an unprofitable pastime in the older States, but still the fox endures for the few who care to hunt him in our way. The hunting of him in the common fashion of the North, on foot with hound and gun, has never been much in favor with those who think it great sport to shoot little birds over dogs, and silly hares before them, or float for deer at night, or row up to them in daytime and club them to death. Some are honest enough to confess that it is too hard work to tramp so far for so few shots, perhaps none; others say that it lacks the element of fair play, though why more than hare or deer shooting is unexplained. I never saw one of these disparagers of our Yankee sport who, if he had the luck, was not proud of the shooting of a fox. It is no feather-bed sportsman's work to tramp all day over the rough hilly country, and it requires knowledge of the animal's ways to give one a reasonable chance of a shot at times, and that got, good shooting to

cut him down as he dodges among tree trunks, or flashes through the haze of brush, or flies at full speed across the open. Big as he is, and he is not as big as his fluffy coat makes him look, nor as big as a deer, which sometimes escapes unhurt, it is no disgrace to miss him under these conditions. To see the dogs working out of an old trail, unraveling foot by foot the tangled web of the foxes' morning mousing is an interesting sight, and seeing which for the hundredth time one can but marvel at the fine sense that tells the hound which way the cold scent tends. The hunter following at leisure or now seated on the top rail of a fence, shares the growing excitement of the dogs as the subtle exhalation rises warmer to their nostrils and their mellow baying becomes more continuous and eager. Then when the fox is started and a hundred phantom voices from cliff and woodside join in the melodious uproar, the hunter's heart chokes him with its wild upward leaps as he pushes for the nearest runway. Then he waits, all ears and eyes, for the sound of Reynard's light footsteps scarcely stirring the fallen leaves, or his ruddy apparition suddenly growing out of the brown and gray of the autumn woods, or dun herbage of the frosted fields. If the wily rogue slips by unseen or out of range, what a heart-sinking ensues; and if a shot is made and missed, what humiliation of spirit. But if the pellets or bullet hit the flying mark and the fox falls, dyeing the earth redder than his tawny coat, who that loves the music of hounds and the freedom of the woods can ask for a happier moment? And yet in that moment one may ask himself by what right he has quenched such a vigorous flame of wild life and be unable to quite answer his own question.

There seems to be in the best-tamed and law-abiding of mankind a lurking love for outlaws. Who has not a place in his heart for bold "Robin Hood," and "Little John" and jolly "Friar Tuck," and does not wish them all alive again and under the good green wood. As for me, though never a turkey comes to Thanksgiving again, nor fat goose to help us keep Christmas, I pray that the days of the red-coated outlaw of our New England woods and fields may be lengthened far beyond mine, and that the sound of his wild voice in the gloaming may not be to my children's children only an old man's tale.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

FERRISBURGH, VT.

ASSOCIATIONS OF MONTEREY.

WRITING of Monterey, California, Judge John Dean Caton, says:

Formerly the antelope and deer were most abundant in the vicinity of Monterey. The antelope have long since entirely deserted this region, though the deer still remain in considerable numbers. These are all of the California variety of the mule deer (*Cervus macrotis* var. *californicus*) which I first discovered at Santa Barbara ten years ago, and described in "The Antelope and Deer of America." Later investigations convince me that it occupies the entire coast range south of San Francisco, while north of that great bay not one occurs, but the ground is almost, if not entirely, occupied by the Columbia or true black-tailed deer (*Cervus columbianus*).

As I look upon these mountain ranges and fertile plains I cannot help thinking of the time when, as Dr. Canfield tells us, the whole country, from the mountain to the sea, was literally covered with antelope, and when the deer were so plentiful that it was hardly sport to shoot them. This place has too a peculiar interest to me from the fact that it was here first discovered and recorded that our antelope is a genus by itself, differing from all other known quadrupeds in having a hollow yet a deciduous horn, thus being an intermediate link between the hollow-horned and the solid-horned ruminant. This great discovery was here made by Dr. Canfield, who was the first, so far as is recorded, to domesticate this strange animal, and was thus enabled to make more careful observations of it than was possible of the wild animal. I feel like taking off my hat when conscious that I am treading the ground where he trod. The Doctor has long since passed away, but the memory of the great discoverer will long be cherished by the naturalist.

BROOKVILLE (IND.) SOCIETY OF NATURAL HISTORY.—Bulletin No. 2 of the Brookville Society contains a List of the Fishes observed in the Vicinity of Brookville, by Barton W. Evermann; a List of the Birds observed in Franklin County, Indiana, by Amos W. Butler; a Preliminary List of Reptiles and Batrachians of Franklin County, by Edward Hughes; The Flora of Franklin County—Endogens, by O. M. Meyneke, and Fossil Corals of Franklin County, by David R. Moore. Most of these lists are quite fully annotated and are of great interest. Of fishes, 35 species are noted; of birds, 235; of reptiles and batrachians, 40, and about 100 species of endogenous plants. About 25 species of fossil corals are enumerated from the Silurian and from the Devonian drift. Franklin county is a region especially interesting to the ornithologist, for it includes in its fauna many species of the birds of both the North and the South, whose ranges here appear to overlap. The good work to be done by local natural history societies, whose members devote themselves to thoroughly investigating their own limited territory, can hardly be overestimated, and we wish that there were an energetic association of this kind in every county in the United States.

A LARGE LOBSTER.—Searching along the Winthrop shore, a few days ago, for whatever was to be found contraband in the lobster trade, Deputy Fish Commissioner, F. R. Shattuck, came upon what might be termed a stunner in the possession of Belcher brothers, who had just brought in from their traps something wonderful in crustacean life. It proved to be an example of the size a lobster can attain if left unmolested a long time. Unlike the average large lobster, it was symmetrical, so much so as to cause remark in that regard. It weighed 11½ pounds; length over all, 29½ inches; large claw, 11 inches; small claw 10½ inches. The question of the age of this sample of what lobsters might attain is an interesting one. Commissioner Shattuck, who is making the lobster a study, suggests that he may be twenty-five years old. The shell has been mounted, and will be on exhibition in Appleton & Litchfield's window for a few days.—*Boston Transcript*.

EARLY OCCURRENCE OF THE GREAT WHITE EGRET AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—An adult white egret (*Ardea egretta*) was seen by Mr. Otto Luggen, July 15, in a marsh near the mouth of the railroad tunnel, about a mile from the Washington Navy Yard. This record is remarkable for its earliness. The northward migration of the white egrets after the breeding season is too well-known to require comment here.—C. HART MERRIAM.

BIRDS OF KANSAS.—Col. N. S. Goss has recently brought out a revised edition of his catalogue of the birds of Kansas. The catalogue of 1883 embraced 820 species and races, of which 161 were known to breed within the State. The present revised list includes 335 species, of which 175 are known to breed within the State. The catalogue contains much interesting matter and has evidently been compiled with great care. To his list of species of Kansas birds, Col. Goss has added the report of the A. O. U. Committee, appointed to investigate "the eligibility or ineligibility of the European house sparrow," and also an appeal for protection for our birds. This appeal consists mainly of extracts from Bulletin No. 1, of the American Ornithologists' Union Committee on the Protection of North American Birds, and includes a notice of the AUDUBON SOCIETY and its purposes, an article on bird laws, and an appeal to the women of the country on behalf of the birds.

WHAT THE CROW EATS is a matter of financial interest about here. The favorite diet in early summer in other and warmer localities is not to be found to satisfy his thievish propensities, but a substitute for corn here is the potatoe fields, and the crow's propensity to search for the object of man's soil is rewarded by a generous repast when unmolested. Yesterday I surprised a family of six within thirty yards of my house, not after potatoe destroying insects, as I was inclined to believe, but digging the row and cutting off the young tubers and eating them. This family has had sympathy enough growing in range of my 10-bore daily to feel its power to average misplaced confidence.—NED NORTON.

THE MARTEN, WE PRESUME.—Will some of the Canadian readers of FOREST AND STREAM be kind enough to tell me what animal it was that the early French explorers called the sable? Was it the fisher, *M. pennanti*, Erxl., or the marten, *M. americana*?—JOHN G. HENDERSON.

THE NEXT MAN TO DIE is just as likely to be yourself as any of your neighbors, and unexpected death is continually happening. Take a combined life and accident policy in the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

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MONTANA WOLVES AND PANTHERS.

MONTANA is simply overrun with destructive wild animals at present. During the year 1884, soon after the last buffalo disappeared across the Canadian border, and when the great herds of domestic cattle succeeded to the stamping grounds of the native bison, there was a remarkable increase in the number of gray wolves on the Montana ranges. To be accurate, this species of wolf, together with his cousin, the prairie coyote, always did hang around the buffalo herds, ever watchful to pounce upon some superannuated bull driven from the band by the younger ones, or to snap up some weak calf or unwise animal that chanced to stray too far from the main body. With the disappearance of the buffaloes from Montana, these scavengers of the prairie also disappeared, because, being left without sufficient food supply, they of course followed the wild herds as they retired to more remote pastures. In 1884 the great buffalo herds in the Canadian northwest became pretty well decimated, and so the wolves returned to their old haunts. Not being so particular as to object to beefsteak when buffalo hump was not to be had, they played sad havoc with the cattle herds that year. Cattlemen did not begin to pay much attention to the matter until last year, when it was found that it knocked considerable from their profits to support such immense swarms of these pests. Cattle, and especially young and weak calves, dropped during the winter time, have been the food upon which they subsisted.

In 1884 the Territory offered a bounty for the scalps of destructive wild animals brought in to be punched. The bounty is fifty cents on a coyote, one dollar on a wolf, eight dollars on mountain lions or panthers, and the same on bears. This law cost the Territorial Treasurer \$12,740.50 that year, besides which nearly every county offered as much, if not more for the scalps of wild animals than did the Territory. Many cowboys entered into the scheme of poisoning wolves, which besides affording them plenty of sport and winter amusement, also yielded a handsome largess for the ear punching, after which the skins were sold. In this way a number of the cowboys more than doubled their summer's pay which they received for rounding up and herding cattle. Some of the counties also offered strychnine to all who would use it, and even some of the cattlemen volunteered to subscribe a beef or two. This latter alternative, however, was not necessary, as there are always sufficient dead animals lying around to be used for bait and even the wolves and coyotes themselves manufactured plenty of material for their own destruction in the animals they killed for food. Such an industrious warfare has been carried on for two years against the coyotes and wolves, that one would suppose the rascally thieves would begin to show a diminution in numbers, but such is not the case.

In 1885 they were on the ranges in greater swarms than ever and the damage they did counted heavily against the profits for the year. On the chestnut range in Northwestern Montana the stockmen came to the front with a handsome offer to wolf killers, which will make it a paying business for anybody to engage in that occupation alone. It will give the wolfer plenty of poison and not less than \$5 for each skin, after which he is at liberty to sell the hide for what he can get.

Mr. Wallace Taylor, of Choteau county, in a recent letter, reported a bad state of affairs in his section of the country, occasioned by the wolves devouring cattle and sheep. He says, "The animals are rapidly increasing and getting bolder every day. They even attack bulls and large cows, and in many instances get away with them. The stockmen are doing everything in their power to exterminate them by the liberal use of poison and the increase of bounty; but thus far the animals have not diminished, and the stockmen fear they will actually be obliged to leave that part of the Territory

and secure other quarters." Mr. Taylor is a reliable gentleman, who is not given to exaggeration, so we may receive with the utmost confidence what he says. Mr. Chas. Smith, inspector of the cattle district in and around Helena, in his last report speaks particularly of the great loss of lambs by depredating wolves. "The animals are rapidly increasing," he says, "and getting bolder and more ferocious each day. The sheepmen are becoming frightened over the rapid disappearance of their flocks and are using every means to exterminate the pests." At the late convention of cattlemen, held at Miles City, the question of destroying wolves was one of the principal topics discussed. The discussion developed the fact that the number of calves destroyed by wolves is simply astounding, and a campaign in earnest was organized against these nuisances. One stockman stated that he could show carcasses of fifteen or twenty calves which had been killed by wolves near his ranch. Another stockman had found four in one day near his ranch that the wolves had slain, and all agreed that there had been a large increase of wolves in the country this year. One hundred and fifty dollars was in a few minutes paid into the hands of the chairman of the committee to purchase poison to be given to those who wished to kill wolves. In addition to the above, the chairman of the wolf committee informed all that it was expected of each stockman to keep on hand a large supply of poison, and have his employees put it out judiciously and persistently. Mr. Van Buren, a member present, announced his intention of putting out a supply of poison 150 miles in length, and many of the stockmen present offered to furnish him meat to use for bait. This species of wolf, the animal referred to, is not the ordinary black wolf of the States, but is a great big animal nearly the size of a young calf, gaunt and hungry looking even when well fed, and has plenty of pluck and grit. This gray wolf is a good traveler, and may be found to-day in one county and to-morrow many miles from there. On the other hand the coyote is a sneaking, cowardly creature, seldom showing fight and living in the same locality month after month until killed or driven off. The States wolf above mentioned has never been found in Montana to my knowledge, but several parties on the Shonkin range in Choteau county assert that they saw a genuine black wolf a few days ago, although no one succeeded in getting a shot at him. He is certainly not a native of Montana, and where he came from it is hard to say. Perhaps he is a straggler who drifted down from some one of the Canadian Provinces. As before remarked, some of the cowboys have gone regularly into the business of wolf killing. J. W. Proctor, of Billings, arrived a day or two ago from the Musselshell, where he spread a string of poisoned meat thirty miles long, for the deceleration of the gray wolves and coyotes out there. Unfortunately a heavy snow storm covered up the bait, but nevertheless a great many "varmints" were bagged; certainly sufficient to pay all expenses and leave a handsome margin besides.

In Yellowstone county the boys have struck quite a bonanza. In addition to the territorial bounty the county offers one dollar on a coyote, and two dollars on a wolf. This just doubles the territorial bounty on each animal killed or brought in.

A young fellow named Martin, with not much on his hands except idle time, practiced a week at the business in Yellowstone county, and the result was nine wolf skins and twenty-six coyote skins. To sum up he got \$13 and \$25 for the coyotes' ears, and \$9 and \$18 for those of the wolves; after which he sold the hides for an average of about \$1.50 each to a fur dealer in Billings. Total profit, \$118.50, and lots of fun; cost about \$5 for strychnine and time. Bait was had in one dead animal picked up on the range.

So much for coyotes and prairie wolves. There is another dangerous animal in Montana, which is almost as destructive as the above two species, but which is a great deal more dangerous, and as much to be feared by human beings as by animals. I refer to what is commonly called in this country the mountain lion. These beasts should be styled more correctly, pumas, catamounts, or American panthers. In this northwestern country they grow to an enormous size, and are just as fierce and bold, if not more so, than the same species found in Africa and other countries. Scores of adventures could be related by Montanians who have met and conquered these monsters, but a few of them will suffice to let the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM understand the style of neighbors we have in this yet new and undeveloped country.

A ranchman living on the Yellowstone River, while coming to Miles City during the late Christmas holidays, espied a herd of antelope near Sunday Creek and raised his rifle and fired at them. The bullet wounded an antelope, and the noise of the explosion started the herd on a dead run, the maimed animal also endeavoring to get away. The hunter started to secure his game, and had made but a few steps in that direction when he discovered that the wounded antelope was claimed in another direction. Two mammoth mountain lions had exhibited themselves, secured the antelope, and were marching away with it. To own the truth the hunter, or rather ranchman, was a little frightened, and preferred to let the thieves have the game rather than risk a fight with the two of them. Another gentleman living on the south side of the Yellowstone, related his experience with mountain lions, which are quite numerous on his range, about forty miles south of this fort. He says they will drag down a heifer or young steer and take off a quarter almost as neatly as a butcher would with his knife, which they drag away and devour. When they are hungry again they attack another beef, and never return to a carcass they have left.

He recently came upon a bunch of five lions while out with a party of friends. He struck their trail just over the divide, between Powder River and Cottonwood Creek. After following it in the snow for some time he found where they had chased a deer, and from there they branched off in several directions, he taking the trail of the largest one, which led him down into one of the gulches. After mounting a large rock he looked over and discovered the beast he was after about thirty feet from where he was standing. Immediately upon seeing him the lion took a jump over a coulee about twenty feet deep and thirty feet wide, landing safely upon the other side, from whence he looked back in a very contemptuous manner at our friend. The latter raised his rifle and fired and at the report two other lions came in sight and walked toward a cave which was a short distance away. Taking them one at a time he gave them twelve rounds, at the end of which they had reached the cave and disappeared inside. He was then joined by the rest of the party, and upon arriving at the cave they found that the largest lion had rolled down, the others succeeding by numerous rolls and jumps in following the leader. Finding the outlet some eighty feet from the mouth they filled both en-

trance and outlet with pine and spruce logs and set it to burning. After waiting and watching a long time and no lions appearing the hunters concluded the animals were dead, but it should be added that none of them had the grit of old Israel Putnam to go in and see for themselves.

Still another ranchman from the same section, whose ranch is on Tongue River about eighty miles from here, brought into Miles City a few days ago the pelts of three mountain lions, for each of which he received a certificate of \$8, or \$24 in all. He says he has six more lions killed and will shortly bring in their skins for punching. He reports between twenty-five and thirty more lions in his neighborhood, all of which he is confident he will bag this winter. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Perkins, as they were returning from the sawmill on Bridger Creek to their ranch near Bozeman, a few days ago, came upon a large mountain lion devouring the carcass of a recently killed deer. The lion fled at their presence, which gave them the opportunity of dragging the remains of the deer toward their ranch. This being done, thoroughly poisoned it with strychnine, and had the satisfaction the next morning of finding not only the unconsumed venison intact, but also the still form of the mountain lion cold and stiff beside the bait. This ferocious "king of the forest" was captured without any daring and bloody encounter. He measured over eight feet from tip to tip.

Mr. Thomas Brenton a couple of weeks ago killed a large mountain lion in Dry Gulch, four miles east of Helena, that measured nearly eleven feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. He was quite a monster, and seized upon and carried away a large dog, apparently with as much ease as a cat would a mouse. He was followed by Mr. Brenton, and after setting off without injury three large traps, was finally overtaken and shot. He leaped across a chasm fully twenty feet in width with ridiculous ease, and made a leap that distance when he sprang upon the dog. Mr. Brenton brought the pelt to Helena and permitted the ears to be punched, for which he received \$8; but he would not part with the hide. Mr. Chas. O'Neill, an up-the-country ranchman, has a good-sized mountain lion cub which had snuffed from an overdose of strychnine. The little fellow is yet young enough to be harmless and playful; but it won't be long before he becomes a dangerous plaything. The above are only a few of the many truthful instances that could be related about the mountain lions of Montana. I did intend to say a few words about what we do with our numerous black cinnamon and grizzly bears, but as my letter is already of too great a length, I will defer that portion of my correspondence until another time.

CARL.

FORT KEOGH, Montana, February, 1886.

THE SHORE BIRDS.

SALEM, Mass., July 19.—Peeps of both varieties (*minutilla* and *pusillus*) were seen in good numbers at Ipswich last week; also a few ringnecks (*A. semipalmata*), robin snipe (*M. griseus*), and scattering yellowlegs. Jack curlew (*N. hudsonicus*) are seen passing over. They seldom stop here. I heard the first npland (*T. bartramius*), last Saturday. Grass birds (*A. maculata*) are also seen. Some varieties have been here for the last two weeks. Our season should open July 1, because some of the birds are either here then or soon will be, and July 15 is too late a date, for the simple reason that before this the southerly migration has begun and nature herself has thus opened the season. Let us hope to see next season more intelligence in this direction by those who frame as well as those who pass our game laws. I have omitted beetle head (*S. helveticus*), one chicken bird (*S. interpres*), and a still sandpiper (*M. himantopus*), as also seen. I have shot a good number of the above mentioned birds this season.

X. Y. Z.

ATLANTICVILLE, Long Island, July 17.—A party of three shot from this place 60 large snipe on the 15th, of which 53 were dowitchers, 2 greenlegs, 2 creekers, 2 yellowlegs, large and 1 jack curlew. What most surprised me is the 53 dowitchers. I think it likely that there is not any record made where there have been so many of this kind of bird shot within three years. It looks as if the spring law had something to do with this flight of snipe. Even if it does stop Mr. R. B. Roosevelt from shooting until the 15th of July, Mr. Roosevelt says that there is no shooting in the month of June. Mr. R. is sadly mistaken, as we all are likely to be, yet I presume that Mr. R. will allow me to state that I have seen in the latter part of the first week, also the first part of the second week of June, flights of yelpers, dowitchers and robins with plover. This may not happen every spring or summer, whichever we might call it, yet it has happened and is likely to happen again. The law is just right; it suits me, so let it be. Let Mr. R. sit on his yacht, it will do him good even if he did see such a flight of snipe as is spoken of in his letter.

AN OLD GUNNER.

HANDLE WITH CARE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In view of the frequent deaths and mutilations caused by the criminal carelessness of those handling firearms, I wonder if it would do anything toward preventing the same, if makers were to inscribe all over the locks, stocks, and barrels of every gun made, in as prominent manner as possible, the above caution? I am inclined to think it would do but little good, for even then men would still persist in pressing back the hammer of an old muzzleloader with their toe while they "blew in the barrels just to see if they were loaded," or would draw a gun by the muzzle from a boat or wagon, or across the pommel of a saddle, and thus "get their name in the papers," and what is left of their bodies in the hands of an undertaker.

This is a grim subject to joke about, but if men will not be brought to their senses by serious talk and the frequency of such accidents, they should be shamed into it by ridicule, or be prevented from handling a gun at all. The old saw, that accidents will happen in the best regulated families, is as true as ever, and in the use of firearms is no exception. With the best of sportsmen accidents will sometimes occur, but never from sheer carelessness or criminal neglect of the exercise of proper caution.

I have used a gun for many years and have never caused or met with a serious accident, and yet I was once hunting with a party in Connecticut where one occurred which caused us sorrow we shall never forget. There were six in the party and by my suggestion we laid out our ground and divided so that but two could hunt together or near each other. The two where the accident occurred were following up a ravine, one on either side, with bushes so high between them as to obscure each from the view of the other; their dog was working up the ravine when a partridge rose, and one o

the men having got in advance of the other turned to look back for the bird just as the one in the rear saw it emerge from the cover, when he fired and at the instant heard the scream of his friend. I was some distance away, but I heard the voice and knew at once what it meant. We hastened out of the bushes for the road below just in time to see one of our party leading another out to the road. All soon gathered around our injured companion and a more sorrowful party I never witnessed; hardly men as we all were, it is no discredit to say we cried like schoolboys. Kneeling on the ground beside our friend I opened the injured eye and was at once satisfied it was ruined, although the man himself thought not—he thought he could discover a gleam of light when I opened it. He was a man of pluck, for while we were mourning and weeping over his misfortune he said to us: "Boys, don't feel so bad about it; it is done and can't be helped; nobody is to blame for it." And then, as if to cheer us, he said: "A man can see a good deal in this world with one eye if he watches closely."

The object of this article and the naming this painful incident is to impress upon sportsmen the need of the utmost care, caution and coolness while shooting in company with others. For those who blow into the muzzles of loaded guns or drag them toward themselves by the muzzle I have but little sympathy, but should be glad to prevent the anguish of their friends caused by such senseless accidents, and also avoid the shame brought upon sensible sportsmen by such heedless acts.

I never allow the muzzle of my gun to point toward myself or any one with whom I am hunting, and I will hunt with no one who does not observe the same precaution. I always make it a point to know where my companion is, and that he shall know where I am, while hunting in cover. I will not hunt with a careless man, or one who gets so excited as to lose his caution or judgment.

I presume some young men in reading this are ready to exclaim, "Old fogey!" We know how to handle a gun without any of your caution." I hope so; but if this sketch induces any one to become a little more careful, and thus prevent even one serious accident, I am sure the editor will not deem the valuable space it occupies entirely lost.

CHICAGO, Ill.

FOXES AND FOXHOUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The differences of "Hounding," of Virginia, and Mr. H. C. Newell can be reconciled upon the theory that each possess dogs best adapted for his respective ways of hunting. It does not require very much logic to convince us that the foxhound with deep, loud and indifferent tongues that follows the walking and trotting fox, whether it be over the granite ledge or more favorable ground, analyzing each step of reynard, can and will run longer than the sweeping dog. A good dog of either breed will run as long as the fox, and the length of time a fox can run depends upon whether he is permitted by the pack to set his own pace or not. While the ground run over necessarily makes a difference in the pace of the dogs and fox, yet I know from experience that there is a vast difference in dogs. My early hunting was with the gun in the mountains of western Pennsylvania, and while yet a boy I killed as high as twenty-three foxes in one winter. After moving to this place I joined a party on a fox hunt. We left our camp before day upon a very favorable morning for running, and by daylight a red fox was jumped and in a very few minutes ran in plain view of our entire party. I saw the fox and the dogs at the same time, and I confess that kind of running was a surprise to me. I had a gun in my hands, yet nothing could have induced me to have shot that fox. In less than two hours the fox was run to earth. The dogs were immediately taken to where another fox had been seen by some of the party, and in a few minutes he was up and going; and in less time than the first was haled, this one, after considerable labor, was dug out and killed.

In going to other woods a gray fox was started, caught and killed in twenty-five minutes by the watch. The following day another red fox was caught and killed in a race of two hours and twenty minutes.

After this introduction the shotgun policy was vetoed and nothing said about Pennsylvania hounds running twenty-four and thirty-six hours after the same fox. There is also a difference in the running of the same pack of dogs, much depending upon a favorable scent. There is also a difference in the running of different foxes and of the same fox upon different days. Start an old red fox immediately after he has feasted, and I have known the dogs to earth or catch one in a few minutes by crowding him from the jump. Men who have dogs they rely upon to kill, well know that with favorable scent there is no such a thing as dogs running over six or seven hours after the same fox; and in the majority of cases three hours will end the fox's career. The man who once runs with such dogs has no use for the gun. He would not use it if he had it. What he most needs is something to carry him across the fields, over the fences and ditches with safety to the "death," and I might add that the man standing behind a tree with gun in hand anxiously watching a log, hoping that the fox may select it, from which he can watch the delighted twenty-four-hour dog snuffing all the scent out of his tracks, while the fox is either killed, or like the Irishman "made to love that," has no use for other than a slow dog, and the slower the better his chances of gratifying them—to him—exquisite pleasure of lugging home his gun upon one shoulder, while from the other hangs suspended the mutilated remains of the fox that nature had given no other means of defense than his legs.

A. C. STRECK.

OTTAWA, Ia., July 14.

MASSACHUSETTS GAME LAWS.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have heard more complaints relating to the inconsistency of our new game laws recently made by our Legislature than ever before; and when I say that the present game laws in this State are unjust and unreasonable I believe that I am speaking for a large majority of those who are most directly interested in them. We can now shoot woodcock from August 1, ruffed grouse from Oct. 1, quail from Oct. 15. The shooting of woodcock in August is of no account and ought to be abolished as it acts as a cover for those who would shoot chicken partridges before they ought to be shot; but after Sept. 10, there is no more harm done (if it were not for the present law) in shooting a partridge than there is in October, and in our strict covers of this State those who shoot by fair means do not make large bags of partridges in September. Why can't we have a law as follows: Partridge and woodcock laws off after Aug. 31 to Jan. 31; Quail law off after Oct. 14 to June 1? I believe that would be for the best interests of the game and at the same time be more congenial to the majority of those most interested.—LAUREL (Boston).

A TOUGH BEAR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is well known that bears will stand a deal of killing. I will give you an instance. I overtook a large one running "right smart" with one of my heaviest traps fast on one fore-foot, clogged with a beech sapling weighing seventy-five pounds or more. I wished to stop him before he reached a muddy swamp, for which he was making, and gave him a shot on the jump. The bullet struck him in the head and laid him out, but he was soon up and came for me. On trying to reload, I found I had forgotten to take my cartridges. Bruin was most up to me, but by dodging around trees I secured a hold of the end of the clog and threw my whole weight upon it till it caught beneath a root. The momentum swung him about against a sapling. This was my opportunity, and I lifted the clog and made a turn of the chain around the tree. He was jumping and striking savagely all the while. To go back to camp, five miles, for cartridges was not to be thought of, so he must be dispatched with a club. At every blow he roared, till the wood seemed like a menagerie of caged beasts at feeding time. The brush and limbs prevented giving only half-arm blows, many of which he dodged, but never parrying, as we are told they will always do. Still the blows were not light taps, for the blood poured in streams from month and nostrils, mingled with froth, and for every blow he jumped and struck straight from the shoulder like a pugilist. I got completely winded after a while and sat down on a log to rest and wipe off the perspiration, and after getting my second wind went for him again. The old fellow was at the scratch as soon as I, but he had become blind, and soon exposed his head so I got in a full swinging blow on his occiput and laid him down quiet; but to make sure, I put the knife in his throat. I have known of instances where bears, on being freed from the trap, have revived and got away, and sometimes the hunter has been badly chewed up. On skinning him out, I found his head was a mere pulp; not a bone larger than a twenty-five cent piece.

Please excuse violation of rule to write on one side only, as I am very short of paper and don't like to use back.

WARFIELD.

SUMMER WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

I BELIEVE if my time I have read about two thousand articles denouncing summer woodcock shooting in New Jersey. I have also heard nine-tenths of my friends, including myself, scarily the practice. Yet, when I go out in July, I stumble across many writers of these articles and often see them creep on hands and knees through green briars and wade waist deep in mosquitoes to get a shot at the "fond hovering mother bird." I am now also prepared to make oath that I do not believe the life of one single woodcock was ever saved by the above mentioned articles or by the verbal denunciation of the summer shooting practice.

For twenty-six years I have been scaring up woodcock whenever I got a ghost of a chance. For exactly twenty-six years I have kept within the letter of the game law, although my family and friends are very large land owners and I could have anticipated the open season without fear of any trouble. From what it has taken me twenty-six years to learn, I now wish I had my life to live over again and if I would not make it hot for "the fond flutterers" you might pepper me with bird shot for an idiot.

When I hear the words "game laws" now I grin with fiendish delight, for I know that practically in Northern New Jersey no such things exist. There is not a month in the year when the unsuspected woodcock resides there, that it is not shot at and killed, and I have yet to learn of the first arrest and punishment of a game law breaker. What is the earthly use of advocating the abolishment of woodcock shooting in July and August, and at the same time doing nothing about March, April, May and June. Of course, woodcock should not be killed until October, but I, for one, do not propose to keep my hands off and let a lot of irresponsible country bumpkins skim the cream under my nose.

What happened this year? Simply this: I waited until the open season came along, only to find that a horde of market shooters for over three weeks past had been killing the birds off on the ground I shoot over. Yet, on July 3 three broods of birds were found by different parties, that could not fly. Indeed, one brood was just out of the egg. In each instance the mother bird was killed, and from personal knowledge the young did perish.

There are a score of farmers who know who the law-breakers are. The matter is no secret. The shooters were seen shooting the birds and I have their names and all particulars. For this reason I write this. Now all you two thousand gentlemen who have been writing against game law breaking and spring and summer shooting, etc., I want you to come to the front. If you mean business let each one of you chip in a dollar bill to the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM. He will tell you I am a responsible person. When the two thousand gentlemen have been heard from, he or I will place the matter in the hands of one of the best known lawyers in New Jersey and I will spend both my time and money to try and put these fellows through a course of sprouts. He shall from time to time publish a statement that will satisfy every one that the matter is not being botched. If, however, the law is found on this test case to be defective I will give you all the exact locality of the ground and you can all go there next May or June and be on an equal footing with the woodcock hogs of Sussex and Warren counties.

AJAX.

THE HOUNDS MUST GO.—Montreal, Can., July 15.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. Andrew Lyndecker, a guide of the Smith's Lake region and Beaver River, Adirondacks, is an intelligent man, and informs me that the guides in that section of the Adirondacks are bitterly opposed to deer hounding and have banded themselves together as a body to prevent dogs from being used in that region. That means "death to the hounds." They saw far more deer during this trip than it would have been possible to have seen had dogs been allowed to run there during the past year. Our sportsmen repeat the cry, "Death to the hounds," and let it be echoed throughout the Adirondacks, and the population of long-eared dogs will rapidly decrease there and the deer will in proportion increase. Take up the cry, brothers.—STANSTEAD.

NEW YORK.—Pearl River, Rockland County, June 14.—The FOREST AND STREAM's note on the supervisors and the woodcock law has been copied into our county papers, and has had a good result; so far I have heard of no shooting. Quail prospects are better here this season than for a long time.—C.

THIS BIT OF PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE about the author of "Canoe and Camp Cookery" is given in the Syracuse Standard: "Many Syracusans may have noticed a modest little book called 'Canoe and Camp Cookery' recently put forth by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, without knowing that the author is a native of this city and until a few years ago a resident of Syracuse. It is not long since the figure of Henry H. Soule was a familiar one here. A cripple from boyhood, he early showed evidence that if his body was less active than that of other boys, his mind was unusually alert and his talent for acquiring languages and certain kinds of scientific information something extraordinary. Young Soule's taste for hunting and fishing, as an adjunct of outdoor life, of which he was an ardent lover, kept him while at college at Ithaca constantly at war with the professors, and formed the subject of much good-natured raillery among his friends who liked more sociable companions than a dog and gun. Soule's camping expeditions and his adventures on the waters of Cayuga Lake have passed into legendary history at Cornell. On more than one occasion the young fellow who could not walk a foot without his crutches, or swim a stroke, has paddled his frail canoe from Ithaca to Syracuse by way of Cayuga Lake, the Seneca River and Onondaga Lake, sleeping under his boat at night and with no other companion than his dog. Young Soule's connection with the University was severed before he completed his course, the only study he cared greatly for being nature, and that not being included in the requirements for a degree at Cornell, he one day turned up missing. Since his University days, he has not lost in any degree his enthusiasm for outdoor life. No one but a lover of the woods would have inserted this paragraph in a cook book: 'A good many campers—and especially lady campers—think it necessary to carry a camp stove; some people go into the woods with an ice-box and a ton of ice, and others bring with them hair mattresses. I do not camp with such people, and I think every true woodsman will agree with me, that these deluded persons do not enjoy to the full the pleasure and wholesome exhilaration of real camp life. A bed of spruce or hemlock browse, properly shingled and of good depth, is the cleanest, softest, most fragrant and healthful couch in the world. If I never camped for any other reason, I would go once a year for the express purpose of enjoying for a brief sea-on the delicious odor and natural elastic softness of this best of beds.' Many passages in the book remind the reader of Thoreau, so much of the spirit of nature does the writer contrive to catch in his limpid sentences. The person who looks for Thoreau's philosophy in this little cook book, will of course be disappointed, but Mr. Soule has flavored his recipes with the smell of pine woods, and makes the reader long for a drink of spring water as it bubbles from the sand and a night's sleep on hemlock browse; he has in short put the essence of outdoor life into a little volume intended to teach the slave of the office desk and the book-worm how to get the fullest enjoyment out of a week spent under the open sky, along some lake or water course.

A SNAKE, A LARK, A DOG, A MAN AND A STICK.—Bayshore, L. I., July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As I was out yesterday, exercising a young dog, I flushed a young meadow lark. he could just fly nimbly and alighted in a hedge about twenty-five yards from me. I went straight toward the place and my dog came to a point. Looking ahead of her I saw a black snake three and a half feet long, with the lark in his mouth. He had the bird by the head, and moved off four or five feet with it struggling in his mouth. I backed out of the hedge, cut a stick and went for him. I killed the snake and the lark flew and lighted in the grass. It could not have been more than a minute, or perhaps two, from the time I flushed the bird until the snake had him.—H. P. ROSEMON.

OHIO GAME.—Wooster, O., July 18.—Woodcock shooting in this neighborhood has been splendid. The largest bag of the season was made on the 5th by E. F. Stoddard of Dayton. Ruffed grouse are plentier than usual; quail plentier than for years past. I have located over a dozen large flocks of grouse for the opening Sept. 1, when the above gentleman and myself will try them.—JOHN BOLUS.

MICHIGAN BEARS.—Central Lake, Mich., June 30.—There are many bears, that is, it seems like a good many, in this county just now. One swam across the Intermediate not fifty rods below this village the day before yesterday, and they are frequently seen on the roads. Some hunters, with a good bear dog or two, might "save" several, I think, but no one hunts them.—K.

MR. GRIFFIN SMITH, of Longmont, Colo., claims to have shot a mountain lion on the Little Thompson, which measured nine feet from the end of its nose to the tip of its tail.

NEW YORK DEER LAW.—The full text of the New York deer law will be given in our next issue.

MUZZLE VS. BREECH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your issue of July 1 contained an article from the pen of Mr. Napoleon Merrill, contrasting the difference between muzzle and breech-loading rifles at a shooting match at turkeys, where his "Old Betsy" did first-rate, "killing four turkeys out of twenty shots at seventy rods," while four breechloaders killed one turkey at thirty-two rods and four (shooting at the heads) at nine rods. He claims from this, as well as from the record made last fall, that the muzzle-loader is far in advance of the breechloader as a hunting rifle, and "that the public is getting tired of these as hunting rifles, generally, and it only now wants a few bold and disinterested leaders to forsake them for the masses to follow them, and with a high glee at that." Allowing me to be a judge, I should say that, so far, the "high glee" is all coming from the other side of the house. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." Just so; and that is what is killing "Old Betsy" to-day. Is it possible that any amount of talk would convince a majority of our Adirondack or Western hunters that the old single-barrel muzzle loader of ponderous weight, beset with patent muzzle, ball starter, and all the paraphernalia attending one of those turkey killing old-timers is ever to supersede the breechloader of to-day for all kinds of reach-and-reach hunting? A gun that is light in weight, with magazine carrying from ten to fifteen loads, waterproof in all kinds of weather, easily kept in order, and of so many different makes that the hunter can order one carrying a light, medium or heavy charge of powder and lead, all combine to make a perfect weapon.

The great error of Mr. Merrill's theory is that he is trying to combine a d make one gun take the place of two distinct weapons. No target gun has ever been invented to fill the bill of a good hunting rifle. A perfect target gun ought to be accurate enough to hit four turkeys out of twenty shots at seventy rods every day out of the week. But place this same weapon in the hands of a Western hunter. Let three antelope jump up within fifty yards and scurry off across the plains. The "Old Betsy" is now fired off and a clean score made. The game takes a few jumps; drops and looks around to see what caused such a racket. But here stands a hunter companion armed with a magazine breechloader, who drops one in its track and another on the run before they get out of range. Query: Who gets the roast this time?

FREWSBURG, N. Y., July 12

ALLEN'S bow-facing oars, \$8 per pair. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Adm.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

DEEP SEA FISHING.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 12.—Thirty-three years ago this place was called "Abscom," and we dedicated it on a hot summer day to the American pleasure seeker at a big dinner party or cold luncheon in the dining hall of the United States Hotel. It was then a waste of white sand as far as eye could reach, with an endless extent of beach, and only one house in sight. Now its resident population is 12,000 souls, and for last Sunday 860 cars carried down to the sea 40,000 people between Saturday 4 P. M. and Sunday noon. The like of this cannot be seen anywhere else in the world.

Here Mathew Stanley Quay, State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, has his summer habitat, and remains "high hook" among fishermen on the Atlantic coast. But even this genial lover of the life and example of good old Izaak Walton has suffered disappointment in deep sea fishing this year. Whether the cold spring had anything to do with it I cannot say. Not a single drum has the kindly and generous Quay brought to bay this summer; but with the true spirit of the thoroughbred fisherman the Hon. Matt goes out three times a week after the black drum, and his patience will soon find its "pure and perfect work" in a big, brilliant and successful day among the drum.

Anglesea in Cape May county is the point where the biggest fish have been caught, and I do not remember a finer sight than to see a dozen ardent piscatorial gentlemen wading in above their knees, with 200 feet of line in a basket, shoving their cotton-laid twine lines far into the surf, and patiently awaiting a bite. The last week in May mine eyes saw a sight which rejoiced me inwardly, as I gazed upon twenty five big black drumfish prone upon the beach, while the eager sportsmen were plunging into the waves up and down the beach, looking like an awkward squad of soldiers at a country picnic on the Fourth of July.

The Hon. Mathew Stanley Quay has become a fisher of men, and he is likely to be returned to the United States Senate from Pennsylvania, vice Senator Mitchell, who I hear is not seriously a candidate for re-election. Mr. Quay, who lives close to the heart of the people, thinks like Azeglio, the Italian statesman, that good sense and good faith are ample endowment, and guides sufficient for that man who has the high and honorable ambition to have "listening Senates" at his heels. But a truce to politics! the dog-days almost rage; and an ocean breeze bears more "balm in Gilead" just now than hecatombs of slaughtered politicians.

Mr. Quay tells in a most interesting manner of his "outing" in Florida, in December and January last. The sheephead were so thick at Punta Rassa that he and his *Fidus Achates*, Capt. Ben Sooy, the companion of all his fishing joys and dangers, caught sixty sheephead within one hour, the most of which were re-conveyed to the embrace of the sounding sea. Sheephead galore, when they can be picked out with more freedom than the country boy yanks in chubs with his hook attached to a horsehair line, become a drug in the market, a weariness to the fisherman's flesh. When I get a spare hour I will tell you how statesman Quay and fisherman Sooy, aided by skipper Smith, captured a 1,900 pound devil-fish last winter. It was a battle royal, and a picture worthy of a painter, it was to watch the devil-fish bigger than the boat in which they baited him; Smith poisoning his harpoon; Quay with a Ballard rifle in his hand ready to deal the dangerous foe a deadly bullet below the belt! The fight lasted an hour, in which the frail boat was well nigh submerged before the huge sea monster lay gasping and dying on the sandy beach.

But I began this to tell how, with Counsellor Harry L. Slape, one of our brightest and best lawyers in Atlantic, we braved the perils of the deep to feel the sheephead and bring to basket the countless blackfish. It was sunrise when we were, like Chaucer's Emily, of whom it is said:

Up rose the sun,
And up rose Emily.

By 6:30 Ben Sooy, the best fisherman on the island, had the white wings of his yacht spread, and the good boat Tillie Covert (a gift to Sooy from Matt Quay) was rapidly ploughing the seaway toward the wreck of an iron steamer, which went down with a load of sugar eight years ago. Here the sheephead and the wary flounder and the greedy blackfish most do congregate. There was just wind enough to send the Tillie darting like a swallow to the fishing banks. At 7 A. M. we were on the wreck and had our Chestertown hooks baited with surf clam, the most tempting lure for sheephead as well as flounders. And, by the way, I caught last week the first and only sheephead caught as yet at the wreck; but here, on an auspicious summer day, the Pennsylvania statesman has been known to bring to boat fifty four sheephead in a single day. But Anglesea is still the sheephead's paradise, as dozens are caught there daily.

Nature never bestowed on a hungry fisherman a diviner day than last Saturday. Leaving the Tillie Covert in charge of a "broth of a boy," we three fishermen bold betook ourselves to the little sharpie and in half an hour we had taken a dozen of the finest flounders I have seen in six years, as they have almost disappeared from this locality. But our most numerous enemies were the bladder-fish, of which, amid the wild and hilarious imprecations of skipper Sooy, we brought in out of the wet at least four dozen. But as we drifted around, meanwhile drinking in (with a trifle of cold beer—our only stimulant to wash down the sandwich was there) the ozone in the sea air sweeter than "nard or cassia," or poor Keat's "luculent syrups tinct with cinnamon," as we drifted about we caught on to a school of blackfish and soon had seventy-five hooked and in the boat, some weighing as high as four pounds. Now and then we varied the day by catching half a dozen kingfish and a twenty-pound shark. For blackfish and flounders I always use the Chestertown hook, and I seldom lose either hook or fish.

At first Counsellor Slape distanced me on "high hook" but as the big bass (as we call 'em) began to bite and hold on, on my side of the sharpie, the handsome Counsellor put in a plea of "confession and avoidance," and the special plea of *non vult contendere* (which he freely translated that he "didn't want to contend with the vultures"), and at last Capt. Sooy voted it an even thing between Slape and J. M. S., which was a close approach to the facts in the case.

We had all the fish we could use, and we wanted to give Sooy another chance for the afternoon pleasure and fish

seeking, so we whistled to "Mickydoo," the boy in charge of the Tillie Covert, and were soon on board, ready in less than an hour to do justice to Mrs. Eckert's good dinner at her comfortable cottage, "The Radnor." As we stepped ashore, I thought of the poet's invocation to the sea, where dwell, as the wise, witty and winsome Heine says—

"Goldfish and pearls and brightest of sea shells,
Which thou preservest in secret places,
There down below in crystal palaces,
Oh! how I pined afar in desert places,
Like to a withered flower * *
Shut in japanned box of the dry botanist,
So lay my heart in my breast,
Odors here, murmurs here, breath soft with laughter,
Birds in the blue sky singing out clearly,
'Be thou greeted, thou infinite sea.'"

J. M. S.

LOCHLEVEN TROUT FOR SUNAPEE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Possibly a few paragraphs in relation to Lochleven and its justly celebrated trout may not be uninteresting to your readers. I am visiting the loch for the purpose of investigating personally the nature and habitat of the *Vario leucensis*, pronounced by a recent authority to be a true landlocked salmon peculiar to these waters and certainly the gamiest fish that ever strained rod for me—as well as with a view to arranging for the purchase and shipment of a number of thousands eyed ova next December, to be incubated in the Sunapee Lake hatching house, the fry to be distributed in the tributaries of the lake.

It has been sufficiently shown in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM that Lake Sunapee contains four varieties of *Salmonidae*, some native to its waters, others descendants of imported species; and that owing to an abundance of appropriate food, both natural and introduced, these fish attain in a short time extraordinary proportions. To my satisfaction I proved last May that large trout were on the surface, feeding in shallow water, and among others killed a 3½-pound specimen of the new species which Col. Webber has happily christened *Salmo sunapee*, unfortunately snapping a double leader on a second that was much heavier. As June wears on, all the *Salmonidae* recede into water from 50 to 100 feet deep, and can be taken during July and August by deep fishing with worms and live minnows only. Some anglers try to persuade themselves that this is sport, and claim that as the trout is reeled toward the surface and begins "to see daylight" his struggles become frantic. But the science of optics demonstrates that the loss of sunlight at this depth is but slight, while physiologists well know that the sudden removal of the pressure of 100 feet of water would tend to induce syncope rather than exaggerated activity. Sharks drawn from great depths faint on the surface. The problem we have to solve is this: Are there any trout that will remain on the shoals in Sunapee during the summer months, and rise to the artificial fly? We think the rainbow will, we have reason to believe the *Vario leucensis* will, if he forget not his habits and instincts after he has become naturalized in America. In Lochleven, trout are found upon the shoals all summer, and afford rare sport to the angler. As fighters, they are two to one to *Salvelinus fontinalis*, and no fish in the world can surpass them in delicacy of flavor. They also attain an extraordinary size. It was our good fortune to see the prepared skin of a ten-pounder, captured with rod and reel by Mr. George Barnett of the Lochleven Angling Association. The largest specimen on record weighed nearly 18 pounds, but the average size of fish ordinarily taken with a fly is from 1 to 1½ pounds. At the Howietown Fishery, Stirling, where we were most courteously shown about by Mr. J. R. Guy, Secretary of Sir James Maitland, the owner of the hatchery, our heart was made glad by the sights of thousands of these noble trout, from fry an inch in length to fish 8 and even 10 pounds in weight. At this establishment great pains are taken to obtain the strongest embryos and healthiest fry. The milt of young and selected males only is used; all eggs are eyed on glass grilles; partially boiled clams, which have been found to impart a rich salmon hue and unwonted vigor and size to both ova and fish, are fed to the stock throughout the year; the most approved piscicultural apparatus is employed, the proprietor having adopted the principle that "it is of no use to hatch fry unless the ova have been so incubated as to endow the fry with strong constitutions." Among the various foods, insect crustacean, and vegetable, the Lochleven trout thrives upon in his native waters, a small snail stands first in importance. This snail has been successfully propagated at Howietown, and the writer is making arrangements to import the snail with the first instalment of 30,000 Lochleven trout for Sunapee waters, in the belief that if it be added to the variety of foods already existing in the New England lakes, the success of the plant of Lochleven trout will be assured. We shall reserve some of our fry until as yearlings they will more readily become acclimated and shall have acquired the power of caring for themselves. So capricious is this sharp-eyed, quick-mind beauty, so indifferent to the anglerworm of the hoodlum, so appreciative of the most refined "casts," that if he once "takes hold" or transfuses his blood by hybridization into the native species, fly-fishing in Sunapee, as well as in other waters unpolluted by poisons and unswept by nets, will be permanently insured. Depopulation by legitimate angling will be impossible. After a personal inspection of the magnificently appointed fishery at Howietown, I can most confidently recommend all desirous of stocking depleted waters with the bravest fighter of his race, and the most difficult of extermination because so fastidious in his tastes, to do as we have done, and import the eyed ova. The loss on shipboard has always proved insignificant. "The History of the Howietown Fishery," by Sir James Maitland, now in press, containing a full account of all the operations carried on at the Hatchery, as well as a description of the most recent piscicultural apparatus, liberally illustrated with first-class wood cuts, will certainly be the highest authority on the subject yet issued, as such must prove invaluable to every American aquaculturist.

I doubt if the world numbers among its lakes the equal of Lochleven. To many the Scottish loch must yield in beauty, but what other has the fish and at the same time the historic association? In full view of the castled Isle of Queen Mary, one casts his delicate flies deftly knotted on the finest and most invisible of gut. As he floats toward the suggestive ruin, the scenes in Queen Mary's eventful life flit before him—from her youth, whose rare beauty is immortalized in the Orkney portrait, to the beginning of the end, when charged with complicity in the murder of Darnley she was committed to Lochleven Castle in 1567; to her escape the follow-

ing spring with the aid of "Little Douglas," who yielded to the power of her resistless charms; to the revolting murder that closed her career in 1587, and the agony so vividly expressed in the livid pallor and contracted features of the Abbot's painting of the Queen's head after decollation—but look! that gleam through a wave's crest! Instinctively your wrist turns, and the barb of your tiny hook is set in the lip of a pound and a half Lochleven trout. The movement you have dreamed of for years has come at last. Be cautious, for your tackle is refined to the utmost, and your fish is the prince of funny diplomats. His first rush is toward the drifting boat. "Catch the pin!" cries the watchful oarsman, and in response you reel madly on the slack and lead your fish successfully past the bow. Who but a brother of the angle can conceive of the sublime frenzy which accompanied the rush of that trout at the descending "teal and red"—who else, that cretichism, short-lived, unearthly, that electrified every nerve in your frame as you twisted the steel into his jaw and felt him "fast"—that concentration of delight in the struggle that followed, wherein the noblest fish that God has made matched his brute intellect, perhaps his experience, against your reason and art; wherein your slight Leonard split bamboo (unknown on these waters, where two-handed sixteen-foot rods are still the rule) beautifully responded to his desperate leaps for life and arch-d in perfection to his wild circles—who but an angler knows of the sweet calm that follows victory as you tenderly placed your dying captive on the boat bottom, and wearied by the excitement sat down to watch his colors fade, with the feeling that if your life were forthwith to end, it had not been altogether a failure. And now that he has so skillfully taken your fish in out of the wet, untie your boatman's tongue with a Campbellton and Islay blend, and he will entertain you with bits of history folk lore: for every hillside, each wood, each ruin has its tale, and you long to make them speak of prehistoric ages, of the thousand years that intervened between the landing of the Celt and Julius Caesar, when the Arch Druid was absolute in the land, even of the stone men who preceded the Celt, and whose remains and implements are imbedded in the caves and river strata of Britain. Our eyes have lifted from the east to the distant mountains, as if they would indeed find voice and satisfy the craving. "There's a lovely one, sir!" growls the oarsman, disgusted with our pre-occupation, risen while we were dreaming of by-gone years. A flash of bluish silver beneath the flies, like the blaze of a Brazilian diamond, and that is all. He has recognized the sleeve silk and feathers, and has glanced past, up wind, in pursuit of the genuine *Cuticula*. Let him go. "You are not greedy, sir," says our boatman. We have had our share, more than our share, for many an angler spends days at Lochleven, awaiting favorable weather, without killing his single trout, and our take already, to be announced in the Glasgow Herald of June 30, is 10 tsh, weight 8 pounds 12 ounces.

As we plod our way at evening toward Harris's Hotel in Kinross, the sights and scenes about us recall Tannahill's picture of the close of the Scotland day:

"Beneath the golden gloaming sky,
The mavis mends her lay,
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the lingering day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinkin' through the thorn.

The roses fault their silken leaves,
The fox-glove shuts its bell,
The honeysuckle and the birch
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that nature yields
Are dearer far to me."

Adieu! Lochleven. If our venture prove a success, we shall live over these happy hours, see again in fancy thy castled isle and crumbling ruin, dream again of thy Druids and Culdees, thy Pictish princes and thy Scottish kings, as we killed thy spotted children in the Lake of Sunapee.

JOHN D. QUACKENBOS.

LOCHLEVEN, Scotland, June 24, 1886.

THE TROUT OF MONTEREY.

BY JOHN DEAN CATON, L.L.D.

FOR several years past I have spent a month or two of the spring time at Monterey, California, which I think is the most beautiful resort for tourists of the many charming places in that State. The Hotel del Monte is located in an open forest of old live oaks and pines, whose appearance suggests thoughts of prehistoric times, and the wild and gnarled appearance, especially of the live oaks, attract admiration by their grotesque forms. Among these are the pleasure grounds of the resort, where very large sums of money have been and are being expended under the supervision of a skillful gardener. The Arizona Garden, as it is called, which occupies but a small portion of the ground, is filled with a great variety of cacti, brought hundreds of miles from the great sandy deserts, where the most extraordinary forms of this plant are found, and having been successfully introduced and are now vigorously flourishing in this unnatural environment.

But what interested me most on my first visit was the prospective fish pond. This was a pond or lagoon of perhaps fifty acres, of about seven feet in depth, resting in a bed of sand and separated from the great bay of Monterey by a high bank of sand, which had been raised by the wind, and why this sand has always stopped short on that high hill only partly covered with bushes, and had not passed on and filled up this little lake whose waters extend nearly to its base, is quite beyond my philosophy. The outlet of this lake was a little rivulet which ran its course along parallel with the sandhill for perhaps three hundred yards, where it emptied itself into another pond still larger, which in turn emptied into the bay through a considerably larger though sluggish stream in the very town of Monterey, beyond the sandbank which had dwindled away to a proper sea beach for half a mile before the mouth of the outlet into the bay was reached. This final outlet may be called a tidal stream, for the tide sets up into it at times. The outlet of the upper lake had been closed up and covered over, with a screen at the upper end.

For the purpose of stocking this lake with trout, a fish hatchery had been erected on the grounds and placed in charge of a most competent expert, Mr. Dyson, which was a complete success. This was rendered possible by a great

abundance of the purest and coldest water, which was brought in large iron pipes from the headwaters of the Carmel River in the mountain twenty five miles away. This water is cold, as you will see later on, and in great abundance, and the overflow makes a nice brook. A pipe is conducted into the pond, from which a four inch jet is thrown up, I should judge, at least forty feet when the water is turned on, and as the standpipe is below the surface of the water it has a pretty appearance. Ordinarily the overflow ran through the fish hatchery.

When I first visited Monterey and spent nearly two months there in the spring of 1884, I found this fish hatchery in a very prosperous condition, and so again in the spring of 1885. The little lake seemed to be swarming with the young trout, but it was wisely determined not to turn loose the guests of the hotel upon the lake for another year, and of course all recognized the fact that to make any exception to this rule would be unwise. Only the California or rainbow trout were introduced into the lake for the reason Mr. Dyson explained, that they grow more than twice as fast as the eastern brook trout and that they can endure more vicissitudes as well.

When on my way over to the same destination last March I revelled in anticipation of trout fishing in this beautiful lake and I promised myself to do my share toward supplying the table of the Hotel del Monte with trout. I had hardly registered at the hotel when I inquired of Mr. Simmons, the new manager, about the trout in the lake. He answered with a sigh, that they were all gone and that there were only catfish there! My heart and hopes fell to a very low point very quickly; I could not at the time even inquire the cause of this misfortune. So soon as I could I commenced the inquiry from what I supposed to be the best sources of information. Mr. Dyson was gone; the hatchery was closed; the fountain was never seen flowing, the shores of the lake looked neglected and the beautiful driveway around its shores was dilapidated and impassable. All interest in the beautiful little sheet of water, which had promised to be one of the strongest attractions of that charming place, seemed to have completely died out.

The first explanation was that the divers had caught out all of the trout; and in proof of this I found a person who had shot a number of the divers; in the craws of one or two of the birds young trout were found. There are two or three species of these aquatic birds which settle in great numbers upon the ponds along the coast, especially this one, twice a year, and remain for several weeks. This did not satisfy me. I pursued my inquiries in quarters which I thought must be absolutely reliable. From this source I learned that the lake was full of large catfish, which was true, and that they had eaten up all of the trout! This information was so positive that it fairly staggered me, and I tried to get a specimen of these ferocious and nimble catfish, but they refused to be taken. I was very anxious to see a catfish with its stomach full of speckled trout. At length I learned that Mr. Dyson was engaged stocking with fish a system of lakes near Castroville, Cal.; to him I addressed a letter containing many inquiries on the subject. I can do no better than to give his answer in full. While it satisfactorily explains the loss of the trout in the pond spoken of, it contains much valuable information about fishculture on the Pacific Coast.

ESPINOSA LAKE, Castroville, May 23, 1886. Hon. John Dean Caton, Hotel del Monte. DEAR SIR—Absence from home and your letter having been mislaid are the causes of your not receiving a reply before this, which I trust you will pardon. First, as to the number of trout that were put in the lake at the Del Monte, I have only my recollection as my authority. When I took possession of the hatchery there I found some memoranda, and secured the number of trout put in the lake, and that number gave 183,000 eggs for Del Monte, and 32,000 eggs for another place, I don't know where, so according to this, if there were 75 per cent. of the eggs hatched, there were 137,250 trout put in the lake by Mr. Woodbury, who at that time attended to the fishery. During my stay at the Del Monte I paid particular attention to the trout in the lake. I used to catch some every day and examine them, and I found them in excellent health. That was from Feb. 7 to July. Shortly after I left I was told that they ran a seine net across the lake, but did not succeed in catching any trout. If they had caught any I should have simply said that the trout were very lazy, not to be able to get out of the way of a net.

I can't understand why the trout should have disappeared so quickly, and the only cause I can give is, that they permitted the water in the lake to get foul by not letting fresh water into the lake, and the fish, not having any shade from the sun, naturally sickened and died.

No doubt the divers might have destroyed a number of these fish, but the catfish do not eat live fish. They will destroy the spawn. My opinion is that the "diver and catfish business" is a very small excuse to get through a large-sized hole. If the trout are all dead there, it was neglect in not keeping the water good.

The insect I used to feed the young fry on was what is commonly known as the water flea and a small red water worm. I also used to feed them on the water scorpion, also a small periwinkle that is found attached to all water plants. You can find all the above insect life in the pond, just outside the Del Monte grounds, just east of Mr. Ulrich's house. You then could see for yourself, and would be much better satisfied than by my description. I do not know the scientific names for them.

I was very fortunate in my hatching of trout. Put into the lake here 95 per cent. of eggs actually received. I fed my young fry mosquitos, which I boiled hard, with "curdled milk." You can catch them in a paste and then spread upon a flat piece of board about 3 in wide and 4 in, thick, and then dipped in the water. On this food the young fry did remarkably well for three weeks. I then gave them a little raw liver worked very fine mixing with maggots. At this age I began to feed them on the insects mentioned. I also fed them with the roots of water vegetation, which I did by pulling up a large handful from the ditch below the fish house and putting it in the troughs with the young fish. This acted like a charm when the fish were locked into a paste and then spread upon a flat piece of board about 3 in wide and 4 in, thick, and then dipped in the water. On this food the young fry did remarkably well for three weeks. 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The Marquis had built himself a substantial house on the point only a few rods from the well, where he lived in good style, much beloved and respected by his neighbors for his goodness to the poor and his kindly and benevolent disposition. But the venture had cost him his snug little fortune. Reverses came and he was forced to sell out his possessions for a song. After lingering for a time around the place that had made him penniless, vainly trying to stem the tide of ill fortune that had set against him, he moved to Chicago and went to work at any kind of labor he could get for means to support his family. After a time he drifted into a gilt-edged gin mill as a bartender (I tell the story as it was told me), and one day there came into the place two or three of his former friends from sunny France. They recognized him at once, him, a French Marquis, mixing the seductive cocktail behind an American bar. Their cold surprise seemed to cut deep into his sensitive nature, and feeling keenly the disgrace of his position, with a sudden impulse he placed a pistol to his head, and before any one could interfere, sent a bullet through it and fell dead by his own hand. It afterward appeared that his people in France were very wealthy, but having learned that he had married an American wife had stopped his remittances. By the laws of France his widow could not lay claim to a franc of his share of the estates, nor could his eldest son inherit his title. After his death his family, left to the cold charities of the world, drifted into obscurity, and for some years their old neighbors and friends at Provemont and along Carp Lake have entirely lost sight of them.

Such in substance was the story of the oil well, and the interest aroused in us by the tale determined us so pay it a visit on our way back to camp.

At the point as we went back we pulled the boat up on the sand and walked up to the sloping bank to the level above, some ten or twelve feet above the lake, but nothing was to be seen of the well. In front of us and a few rods from the water were the crumbling remains of an old cellar wall, the only reminder of the house the Marquis built, the house itself and the outbuildings having long since been destroyed by fire. From here back to the heavily wooded hills, an eighth of a mile perhaps, the view was unobstructed by tree or shrub or bush. On the left and along the curving shore of the little bay was a scattering growth of stunted cedars and bushes and up to the right a heavier growth of woods extending back to the hills, altogether a picture that was very pleasing to the eye.

A walk of less than a hundred yards toward the woods to the right as we had been directed, brought us to the well, the wonderful bore we had heard so much about. There it was in a little sag in the surrounding ground, a clear white column of water not more than three feet high spouting up apparently out of the earth, as the pipe had been broken off a short distance below the surface and was not to be seen unless by a close look. Since the first grand squirt of forty feet the pressure had grown weaker till the water had gone down to the height we found, but for several years past it has maintained this even pressure with no sign of going lower or giving out. Our philosopher said some one told him there was a stone wedged fast in the pipe somewhere, obstructing the flow of the water, but the appearance of the column does not bear out this supposition. The water falls back into a pool a foot or more in depth around the pipe, from whence it finds its way into the lake a few rods away in whimpering thankfulness, I had a notion, as though glad to escape from the black caverns of the earth below into the light of the pleasant sunshine, and lingering a moment in the pool to get accustomed to the brightness, then it goes laughing down the slope to mingle with the warmer waters of the smiling lake.

Muller was curious to see how far he could poke an old handspike down the pipe and in tramping around over some loose wet planks that partly covered the pool he slipped off and went into the water over his boot tops. Like most other water it had a tendency to fill up all the space in the boots not taken up by his legs, and it is extremely doubtful if he ever in his life displayed so much energy and agility in a given length of time as he did in getting out of that pool and on solid dry ground where he could tilt up his feet and let the frigid fluid run out. Muller is willing to make a conscientious statement too that the temperature of the water in the pool is only a trifle above 32°. The water is as clear as crystal and as cold as the famous spring at the foot of Six Mile Lake of the Intermediate chain and would, I am convinced, if analyzed show that it is possessed of some valuable medical properties. The stones and gravel over which the little stream flows on its way to the lake, and the boards and planks lying around the spouting column are covered with a blackish yellow deposit which would indicate the presence of iron and sulphur, although the water has no perceptible odor. However, on drinking it a noticeable taste of sulphate of magnesia (in plain camp language, epsom salt) is left on the palate, but the water is so cold and pure that it is not unpleasant. We drank of it, and took our way back to the boat feeling as cool as a couple of walking icicles, but the hot sun soon thawed us out and before we had gone a mile on our way to camp we felt as lazy and shiftless as a pair of summer tramps. But we had seen the wonder of the Leelanau peninsula and were satisfied.

Last year in July Col. Whitfield, Cincinnati's postmaster, and Mr. J. C. Morrison, with their wives, spent a couple of weeks with neighbor Couturier, and the Colonel came back "jest a bilin' with enthusiasm" over the fine bass fishing he had in Carp Lake. He took from twenty-five to sixty pounds of bass a day, not counting the longsnouts nor taking into account some scores of goggeleys and bliegills that he yanked out between times to keep his wrist in play. Nor did they allow a good while to elapse between drinks at the "oil well," and they were so well pleased with the water and the locality and the fishing in the lake, that Mr. Morrison bought fifty acres of the point, taking in the well, and is this summer going to build a house near it where they can spend their yearly vacation from business with their families, drink the water and fish in the lake to their heart's content, but as he is the Colonel's father-in-law, it may be said to be "oil in the family." Alf's "well" that ends "well."

At camp we found that preparations had mildly set in for a start for home, as the next day but one was fixed on for the final breaking up. This is the only part of a vacation that bears hard on a lover of the woods; we can stand the ills of camp, which are never many; the broiling sun, the cold and rain, the few mosquitoes, or millions of 'em for that matter, and preserve an even balance; but when the fateful day comes at last, we stand around at first in a dazed sort of way, wondering where to begin and wishing we didn't have to begin at all.

We want to stay another day or two, another week, another month; but there's the inexorable last day staring

us in the face and there is no dodging it. We make up our minds right there that life is too short, that work is a burden and a calamity to be deplored, and go to packing up odds and ends that come first to hand, which are sure to get into the wrong place, and then we stop and rest awhile and study it all over, and wonder where the next camp fire will be kindled, and then we undo all the first work and begin over again with a little more heart in it, for we see at last that it has to be done and done well.

With what bright visions and anticipations of rest and recreation and sport do we make a camp; how reluctant and cheerless the breaking up. A good deal of packing talk was indulged in that evening, but little was actually done. A few things were folded up, the store tent taken down and put where it would be out of the dew, one of the stoves "unlimbered," and we went to bed feeling that a start had been made toward breaking up the pleasant camp.

At daybreak I crawled softly out of the tent, leaving Jim and Muller peacefully snoring, and without disturbing any of the others, took a boat, the old rod and a bucket of frogs, and pulled quietly across the lake and down to the little bay where I had done the first early morning fishing, a mile and a half below, where I knew it was good to be while the mists were yet on the water, for some bass were there and I wanted a farewell solitary "fish," alone and undisturbed, for the afternoon was to begin the real work of packing up.

With due respect to the gregarious element of the brotherhood, I have a notion that to enjoy to the full the contemplative man's recreation, the angler should have no companion but his rod, no one to disturb his meditations, none to bother him with needless suggestions, none to feel a twinge of envy at his triumphs or dole out scanty sympathy at his defeats. The angler and his rod are always the best of friends, and no dissensions mar their companionship.

By the time the sun was half an hour high I was off the point near the bay with four large-mouthed bass and five longsnouts, a fair morning's fishing if I got no more. Just at the head of a belt of burfishes a few rods below the point I took the first and only small-mouthed bass that fell to my rod during the trip. A good many had been taken by the others, but my luck had run to big-mouths, and I was so elated over the capture of this game fellow, a 3½-pounder, that I would not have exchanged him for a score of the other variety, and a boat load of longsnouts thrown in.

The small-mouth is king, and I stand up for him to the last.

Along the rushes for a couple of hundred yards and back I took six more big-mouths and lost a small-mouth at the last that took a turn around an old sunken log standing on end just below the top of the water, and he broke away with the hook, gimp and a yard or more of line. The performance took place in plain sight, as the boat was within a few feet of the log when he dashed around it, too close in fact to hold him away from it, else the mishap might not have occurred. It would be a waste of words to try to tell the glories of that brief fight and how big that bass was, and it is not necessary to speak further of the log, for it would require an intimate knowledge of several languages to do it proper justice. With a simple but vehement "Great Scott!" I wilted down on the seat of the boat, tied on another hook, and headed up lake toward camp, for the calamity had given me a backset that it would take days to get over, and I was ready to go back and assist the others in the preparations to break up and go home. At the point near the old log road another bass fell a victim to the wiles of the seductive speckled frog and I pulled across to camp with twenty fish, having taken three more longsnouts coming up. The summer's work of the faithful old rod was over and it was to be laid away, to do no more trusty battle against the bronze-backed warriors of the northern waters for another year. Write it down, ye younger fry of the rising generation of anglers, that an honest rod is a priceless friend, whether trimmed with lusterless brass, or resplendent in burnished silver.

None of the others had been out to wet a line, and now the rest of the day was to be devoted to packing up everything not needed for the night and an early breakfast. After lingering around the camp-fire in the evening till late bed time, listening to the last of the series of open-air concerts given nightly by our friends the mosquitoes, the circle broke up in silence, feeling that doubtless this would be the last night the happy family, "the Joneses," would pass together with all the present members ready to answer to roll call, it might be for years and it might be forever. But I am sure the memories of that delightful summer vacation will be a bright spot in the lives of "our girls," that will live with them to be talked of till their locks are turned to silver, and the old friendship more firmly cemented, and the new ones formed there in that pleasant Camp of the Kingfishers will endure till old Father Time flourishes his scythe as a signal that we are wanted in the happy hunting grounds.

By 9 o'clock in the morning everything was packed except the tents and fly, which were left to the last that the sun might drive out the last dew drop hiding in the canvas to start a mildew; and when they were at last folded and in the boxes, the signal whistle of the little tug away down the lake warned us we had finished none too soon, for we had decided to go out by Leland, and Captain Dunkelow had promised to call for us on his way up to the big wood pile, and give us a ride back on the forward end of a loaded wood scow.

At the Narrows going down we slowed up a minute below the bridge to cast off neighbor Couturier's boats, which were towing astern, and waving him an adieu as he stood in the back door of the store (Bob said she'd like to stop and get a chunk of maple sugar), we were soon out of sight of the sleepy little hamlet and into the widening lake below.

It is a glorious sheet of water from the Narrows down to Leland, more lovely, if anything, than the upper part, and I longed to put the old rod together and make just one more cast at one or two likely-looking places along the rush-lined shore; but it was an idle wish, prompted only by an ingrained love of the gentle sport. As we neared the village the puffing little tug seemed to be going straight ashore, but just as we were looking for her to strike she swung into a narrow, winding stream, not noticed before—the outlet of the lake—and in a few minutes we were at the landing, almost in the business part of the town.

Here the "calamities" were loaded on a tramcar and run out on the pier on the Lake Michigan side, a couple of hundred yards or so away, for which we paid the modest sum of \$1.50, an indication that the tramway must have cost "a heap o' money" if the sum paid was to be taken as an average rate of interest on the outlay. But "it was good enough for the Joneses, fur they never was used to the very best o' treatment nobow," and we were satisfied. We hurried down to the pier, as the captain was afraid the Cummings had arrived on her way from Frankfort and gone by; but we

waited over an hour before she hove in sight, which served as a reminder of Billy G.'s experience in catching a train one morning when he started to go a short distance from the city for a day's fishing. As he neared one end of the depot he saw the train pulling out at the other, and he just "humped himself" on a dead run till he overtook it, panting and puffing like a wind-broken horse, and utterly spent. Slamming his lunch basket, minnow bucket and rod up on the rear platform, he scrambled after them, and sat down on the top step all out of breath, but feeling mighty good that the laugh was now on his side instead of the score or more of hangers-on who had cheered him in his race. In telling it, he said: "After I got on the platform the train didn't go more than fifty feet till it stopped, and then the cussed thing switched off on another track and backed right straight into the depot, and didn't start for a plumb half an hour."

When the Cummings had made fast to the pier all went at once on board, except old Ben, who staid behind to superintend the landing of the baggage and "hev some fun" with the knot of village idlers standing around "sizing up" the party. As the boatmen took hold of Jim's big box to slide it down the gang plank, Ben said in his deliberate, solemn way, "Look out boys, don't drop that overboard, fur it contains the trapeze fixin's an' tight ropes on which Mamselle Hyperboler Jones over there [pointing to one of the girls standing on the upper deck] does her astonishin' double-gear'd act o' turnin' five summersets on two ropes," and as one of the camp chests was started down the plank, "Easy now with that feller, it's got Signor James Mackerel's wingless flyin' masheen in it an' his shoes that he walks on the water with—when it's froze," with a solemn wink at them that started a grin in the crowd, for they had begun to "ketch on," as a slangy girl would translate it. When they came to the frog box in which were the dog tent and minnow buckets, not visible through the wires, they were cautioned, "Handle that mighty keerful, my friends, fur it's got the trained rattlesnakes in it an' the big Californy boa constrictor thats eats a bushel of frogs every day." Then a packing box was rolled on the plank with, "Don't spill that box in the water whatever ye do, fur it's got all the ladies' spangled gyarments in it what they perform in, an' if we'd lose that the show would be busted;" and so on till the last piece was on, when he got aboard and turned with a wave of his hand and "Good-bye folks," and then to "Signor James Mackerel," who looked like the roustabout of the "show," "Did ye feed them snakes to day?"

Rare Ben! "yer like is not on the face o' this livin' airth," Captain Robertson pulled the signal bell, the screw turned, and in five minutes we were steaming at full speed up the coast through a soft blue haze that took the elders of the "Kingfishers" back to the glorious dreamy Indian summer days of years ago when, with boat and rod, they stole off up the river of a Saturday, leaving the Sunday wood anent, to feast on "water grapes" and learn with patient zeal the mysteries of the gentle art.

Rounding Cathead Point we had yet forty-five miles to Traverse City, but the afternoon was so lovely and the bay so quiet, barely rippled by a lazy breeze, that we took no note of distance and were only aroused from the enjoyment of the delightful ride by a prolonged scream of the ear-splitting whistle for Northport. Here we stopped a few minutes to discharge some freight and a couple of Indian families going to attend a camp meeting of their brethren then in full blast somewhere back in the "bresh." At Omena, Captain Robertson kindly made a departure from his time schedule to allow us to have a look at Brother Fould's New Mission farm, he going along to show us the farm, where we spent over an hour, and were well repaid for the walk of a mile from the landing to the house and back to the boat. It was dusk when we got aboard again, but the little steamer was put to her best speed and shortly before 10 o'clock we were at the wharf at Traverse, and at 11 o'clock were on the train and off for home, however, leaving behind Miss Fanny, Jim and Mother Jim, for a ten days' further jaunt up around Charlevoix, Petoskey and Mackinac Island.

At Fort Wayne, Ind., we parted with the old "Pelican," "Hyperboler" and Miss Bob with many regrets, leaving only five of the original "Jones family" to finish the journey, after having spent the happiest vacation I think of our lives.

And now in reading up these "Carp Lake letters" I may say to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that they have been written under a good many difficulties—lack of time, rightly distributed and other circumstances have unavoidably caused some interruptions; and if at times they have seemed tiresome I trust that this explanation may stand as a part excuse, and that the brethren may have looked with lenient eye on my shortcomings. They have been written with a view to please "our girls," the brotherhood of the rod and all who read the beloved old journal, and if anything has crept in that will instruct, or any hint been given that will benefit a brother, "the skipper" will be more than repaid for the writing, and I close them with a kindly greeting to all who love the woods and the waters and a good wish fraternal to every honest angler "on the face o' this livin' airth." KINGFISHER.

CINCINNATI, O., July 15, 2 o'clock A. M.

THE "SPEY" AND "SWITCH" CASTS.

AT the recent angling tournament in England the judges disqualified the "Spey" cast. On this subject Maj. John P. Traherne writes to the *Fishing Gazette* as follows:

"I have much pleasure in acceding to a request that I should give my opinion as to whether the Spey cast should have been allowed at the switch competition at the Casting Tournament, held at Richmond on the 5th inst., and to which it appears an objection was raised by one of the competitors. In order that it may be perfectly understood on what grounds my opinion is based, I propose to give a short description of each, and also state the circumstances under which they are usually adopted in actual practice.

"In the case of a switch the angler is supposed to be standing on the banks of a river with either rocks or trees, etc., in such close proximity to him, that to be able to fish his water he must necessarily adopt this method.

In making a switch the line is not lifted out of the water in the first instance, as it is when casting in the ordinary fashion, in which case the result would probably be that the fly would either get hung up in the trees or smashed on the rocks. What the angler, therefore, has to do is to lift the line to the surface of the water by raising the point of the rod, and then to drag it through the water in the direction he is standing, carrying the point of the rod behind him as far as such obstructions allow. Then, by a sudden down cast of the rod, the line, as yet having been allowed to rest on the water in front of him, is propelled with that force suggested by the length required. During this process the fly has not been lifted out of the water until the very last inch of the

ine has preceded it. While the line is propelled it will thus be made to assume a shape somewhat similar to that of a wheel, which diminishes in size as it rolls on its tracks, beating the surface of the water. The coil, or loop, as it is commonly called, naturally vanishes at the point the fly has reached when the cast is completed.

"To make an extra long Spey cast, the salmon fisher requires a rapid stream to work in which will, before making every fresh cast, carry his fly down-stream to the full extent of his line straight and taut, the point of his rod being held as low as possible for the purpose; then by suddenly raising the rod very high the line is lifted out of the water to the very end, and without a moment's pause the rod is carried up-stream to the right or left (as the case may be) by a rapid motion, but not so rapid as to send the fly too far up-stream past the angler, the object being to let the fly strike the water just above where he is standing, at which moment the whole of the line is on the reverse or upper side of him. Then with a sweep peculiar to this particular cast, the line is propelled over (and not along) the surface of the water, after the fashion in ordinary casting.

"The foregoing descriptions of the two methods may not be strictly accurate, but they will give the reader a fair idea of how each one is made. It will be seen that the one is widely different from the other, the line and the fly in the switch remaining in the water until the switch is nearly completed, whereas in the Spey cast both must be lifted out of it before it may be said to have commenced. When the Spey cast is mentioned in conversation, it always brings to my mind a man wading up to his waist in a rapid stream. It was, doubtless, under the like circumstances it had its origin, and if I may use the expression, 'the stream and not the bank, is its home.' It can be, and often is, made successfully from the bank, when there is a strong current running closely alongside of it, even should there be rocks or trees within two or three feet behind the man who is casting; but if these obstructions should overhang the bank in such close proximity above him—that is to say, higher up the river—that his rod or any part of his line must necessarily come in contact with them when making a Spey cast, he will have to adopt some other method, and it is under such difficulties that the switch comes to its aid.

"A much longer line can be cast in the Spey fashion than by switching, and according to my ideas, the Spey cast is not a switch, partaking more the character of an overhand cast. Bearing this in mind, and also that the Committee of the Casting Tournament is offering a prize for the best switch cast, evidently did not contemplate that any other than that particular method would be resorted to at the competitions. I am of the opinion that the judges were right in disqualifying the Spey cast. JOHN P. TRAHERNE."

LIGHT RODS FOR SALT-WATER FISHING.

A CORRESPONDENT, "A. E. C.," on p. 489, asks for information in regard to the use of a light rod for salt-water fishing. I think he is making a move in a direction that will add materially to his enjoyment in fishing. To encourage him, I will state that I have done a good deal of fishing in both salt and fresh water. Many years ago I used a stiff, heavy rod for salt-water fishing, but during the past twenty years I have gradually reduced the weight of my rod until now it weighs less than twelve ounces; and nothing would induce me to use a heavier rod, unless I were going for tarpon or something of that kind. As a matter of fact, I use my black bass rod for weakfish and striped bass more frequently than any other, and with greatly increased pleasure. Still, I would not advise "A. E. C." to use so light a rod for a beginning, since it is evident he is not familiar with the use of a light rod.

In my younger days we could have a grand time with the weakfish and striped bass without leaving Manhattan Island. You will have to make a long journey now to enjoy such splendid fishing as we had at Castle Garden, Sandy Gibson's, Hell Gate, Harlem River, and other places I could name. For a change we would go to Governor's Island, the Penny Bridge, Fort Hamilton, Coney Island, Bergen Point, the Hackensack, the Passaic, etc., and always come home with a full basket. Then I used to love salt-water fishing; but it is all changed now, and so is my love. Since I have to make a journey to indulge my taste for angling, I have learned to love better the grand lakes, the gently-flowing rivers, and the babbling mountain brooks where the trout loves to dwell. My love of nature and love of angling are both more fully gratified, and I become a stranger to discontent. There has always seemed to me to be this difference between salt and fresh water fishing: In the former you are disappointed (and often something worse) if you have not taken a string of fish; in the latter you have had a good time anyhow. I hope "A. E. C." will try it. PETRA.

THE FLUTTERING FLY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The information in the inclosed report from an old number of FOREST AND STREAM, may be interesting to the gentlemen whose communications about the patented "fluttering fly" have lately appeared in your columns. The extract I copy from a note by Mr. B. B. Redding, which I had pasted in a scrap book several years ago; it was taken from your issue of Oct. 13, 1881. Mr. Redding says: "The Indians of Kern River made use of an artificial fly for the capture of trout, and probably used it for ages before Europeans invented it for the same purpose. The hook of the 'sroat' form, but without a barb, was made from the shin bone of a deer. On the leg of a California deer, corresponding to the chestnut or warts on a horse's leg, are also warts but covered with stiff long hairs of a darker color than those on the other parts of the animal. These warts and the hair growing on them have a strong and peculiar scent of the deer, which is not easily removed or washed away. A small bundle of these hairs is neatly fastened at one end around the shaft of the hook, the loose ends pointing to the eye of the hook. The fly was thrown in the water and kept as near the surface as possible by continuous short jerks. Every motion of the hook in the water causes the loose end of the hair fastened to it to open and shut. At a short distance it would resemble the motion of a caterpillar in the water, that had dropped from an alder and was struggling to reach the shore. This kind of fly is still used, but the hook is now made of telegraph or other iron wire." I became interested in the fly that "would resemble the motion of a caterpillar in the water, that had dropped from the alder, and was struggling to reach shore," and three or four years ago, got Pat Worden, of Kriders, to tie for me some flies closely resembling the "aboriginal" as described by Mr. Redding, two of which I enclose you. I may add we did not use the stiff long hairs from the chestnuts or warts of the California deer, as deer were not handy.—SANDPIPER.

A HUMAN SALMON.—The Halifax Mail reports: A small invited company of ladies and gentlemen left the lumber yard wharf yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock for McNab's Island to witness Lieut. Edmonds, of the Royal Artillery, perform an interesting swimming feat. Arriving at the government wharf, all landed, and in a few minutes the lieutenant, clad in a bathing suit, was ready to enter the water. The feat which he was about to try is very popular with swimmers in England, and is simple yet difficult. It is called "playing the salmon," and is simply a trial of strength and endurance while in the water. A belt is placed around the swimmer's body, and to this is attached a salmon line. He then enters the water and endeavors to break away. The fisherman on this occasion was Lieut. Kent, of the Royal Engineers, who is a salmon fisher of much experience. Mr. Edmonds, when he had once got in the water, by vigorous strokes went out about one hundred yards. At this point he found that the fisherman evidently intended he should go no further. And here the swimmer performed such maneuvers as he thought were calculated to break the line. It was a strong one, however, and would not snap. After being in the water about ten minutes the belt to which the line was attached came off, thus freeing the swimmer. Mr. Edmonds came ashore and was quite fresh, notwithstanding his struggle. He expressed a desire to try again after five minutes rest, but the spectators were of opinion that he had already had enough of that particular kind of exercise for one afternoon, and at their request he gave up a further trial. Mr. Edmonds certainly showed himself a powerful swimmer. In the water he appears thoroughly at home. He can make very rapid progress swimming straightaway and dives like a duck. He was loudly cheered after coming ashore at the conclusion of his struggle with fisherman Kent, and after bowing his acknowledgments he took a header off the wharf, much to the alarm of the ladies present. The party returned to the city before 6 o'clock, well pleased with the little sea trip and the novel exhibition.

LANDLOCKED SALMON IN ANONYMOUS POND, MAINE.—While it has always been known that large numbers of landlocked salmon deposited their eggs in the streams emptying into Long, Bear and Anonymous ponds, the upper lakes of the Sebago Lake system, the general belief has been that they only visited these upper waters during the spawning season, and that Sebago Lake was their sea, where they again congregated after having performed their family duties. The taking of an occasional "black spot" through the ice, when pickerel fishing in the winter, would not dispel the notion, it being argued that they were late visitors who would have soon returned. But the capture of a 6-pound landlocked in Long Pond, by Arthur Plummer, of Bridgton, in May, 1885, did make it look as though they remained with us; and now more evidence has been added, for Mr. Wood, of Newark, N. J., while fishing for pickerel in Anonymous Pond, July 6, boated a 4½-pound salmon. Now that we are certain they remain with us, we trust more time will be devoted to angling for them; they are a prize worthy of any man's rod and of far more credit to him as an angler than hundreds of fingerling trout from our depleted brooks.—BLACK SPOT.

ANGLING FOR BUFFALO FISH.—Boston, July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hope during September to be in Dakota in the vicinity of a large pond or lake which is said to contain, in addition to pike, perch, bullheads, etc., quite a number of buffalo fish, which grow to a large size. The natives, I am told, are not up to taking them with rod and bait. Judging from the plate and description given in "The Fishery Industries of the United States," of the red-mouthed buffalo fish (*Ictiobus bubalus*), I should take them to be of the carp family, and consequently should suppose that some paste made with flour, with perhaps angle worms or maggots chopped up in it would be the proper bait. Also that ground baiting of a certain locality for some days would be an important preparation for a day's fishing. I am told they run very large in size, and if any way of getting them to take hold of light tackle could be used, that the sport would be very good. If any of your Western experts could give me some points in this matter, they would very much oblige MIC-MAC.

HEDGE HOG POND.—Monson, Me., July 15.—Among the numerous lakes and ponds in this vicinity none has such an abundance of spotted trout as Hedge Hog Pond, which is in Ellottsville plantation. It is about five miles on an old logging road beyond the primitive residence of the famous backwoodsman known as "Doctor Brown." The road from here to Brown's is a very good one for buckboards. It is about one mile around this pond, and the trout are so plenty that a fair bait or fly-fisherman can easily take from 75 to 100 of these in a day. They are from ¼ of a pound to 2 pounds in weight. The scenery from here to this place is grand, and a party of genuine anglers who desire to go on a fishing trip and sleep on fir and spruce boughs at night cannot find a more satisfactory place in Northern Maine than this. Two Monson guides, E. B. Hall and Orin J. Rice, have recently been there with some Boston parties and all pronounced it the best trout fishing that they had seen for many years.—J. F. S.

A WEST VIRGINIA RESORT.—Your correspondent "R. W. McL." Chillicothe, O., will find Kanawha Falls, W. Va., the place to go with an invalid wife for recuperation. It has one good, plain hotel, or accommodations might be secured with one of the villagers. River fishing just below the falls is excellent, and I was told that good trout could be had back in the mountain streams, which three years ago had hardly felt the angler's touch. The Falls are easily accessible from Chillicothe via Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. The climate is healthful and the scenery grand. Here you can spend the time in peace and quietness, and avoid the jams and fussiness of more popular resorts.—D. (New York).

WEAKFISH NEAR NEW YORK.—July 16.—I tried the weakfish yesterday in Raritan Bay oyster flats, from half ebb until half flood tide. Caught forty-three, the largest from one and a half to three pounds during young flood. Crab bait. Weather threatening with stray wind from S. S. E. Parties going to Tompkinsville, Staten Island, or Perth Amboy, can secure boats there.—BROOKLYNITE.

SARATOGA LAKE, July 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Bass fishing has been poor here, so far. I have only caught one (big-mouth), about 2½ pounds, but it came up like a water-soaked stick. I hear that a few good fish have been taken at the lower end of the lake; but the seining, jacking at night and such practices make fish scarce.—B. C.

ADIRONDACK TROUT.—Montreal, July 15.—To-day Mr. E. S. Whitaker, of Watertown, N. Y., with guide and Adirondack skiff passed by this city, en route for the Thousand Islands. Mr. Whitaker went into camp on Beaver River May 1, then made a trip through the Middle Adirondack region to the headwaters of the Hudson, then down to Lake George, through this lake to the Champlain, etc. Mr. Whitaker says that he saw a couple of *S. fontinalis* that were caught by a Boston party in "Spring pond," of the Bog River chain, that weighed 5½ and 5¼ pounds each.—STANSTEAD.

MAINE MAPS.—N. C. Brackett & Son, Phillips, Me., have just issued new maps of Franklin and Oxford counties, Me. The Oxford county map gives the Rangley Lake region, showing the location of all the lakes, ponds and mountains, hotels and camps, and even the ferries and carries. Those of Franklin county include the Dead River region and all the fishing grounds.

So easy to row with Allen's bow facers. Catalogue free. Oars complete, \$8 per pair. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—Adv.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

[Discussion following the paper on oyster culture published in our last issue.]

MR. BARTLETT—Can you tell us what indicates the ripeness of the oyster?

MR. MATHER—The appearance of ripeness is a milkiness and swollen appearance of what you might call the body of the oyster, and when you press it you get a milky substance; in fact, the whole oyster is distended a great deal as a ripe fish is.

MR. BARTLETT—It is quite apparent then?

MR. MATHER—Very apparent to a person who is at all familiar with it, as I have explained in this paper.

MR. CLARK—I would like to ask Mr. Mather if any one has tried to make any computation of how much spawn there is in one female?

MR. MATHER—It has been done. I cannot give you the figures now, but I think if I were home and had access to my library I could very easily give that to you. I have an idea that perhaps an oyster of ordinary size may have nine or ten millions of eggs, and that it would vary as it does in the case of fish.

DR. HUDSON—The Chair would state in answer to that question that the estimates vary considerably, and many of them are made very much higher than what Mr. Mather has stated. It has been estimated in many cases as high as fifty millions.

MR. CLARK—Have you any idea of your own, Mr. Mather, what portion you impregnate?

MR. MATHER—I have not, because to get at this it will be necessary to go over the whole mass with the microscope, and you would have very few in the field at a time. We made no effort to estimate the amount of any impregnation. We recognize the fact that this thing is in its infancy. Several gentlemen have experimented before I did, whose names I mention in the paper read, and from whom I obtained considerable knowledge before I attempted it. I don't know what percentage we did get. We were contented to just work along, the main thing being to get ripe oysters and hatch something, doing the best we can. There is no trouble in hatching them. Every year along our bays and harbors there is a greater or less amount of spawn.

MR. FAIRBANK—The set has been found to be best, I understand, on the bottom?

MR. MATHER—Yes, sir; but where there are swift tideways there comes a time in the life of the little oyster when it wants to settle down to steady habits and quit this roving life, and whatever it takes hold of must be clean, and if it falls down in the mud it is gone. You can easily see, gentlemen, that, in a state of nature, many millions of spawn must be sent out and but few are impregnated. When the female oyster gets ready, she opens her shells and lets her eggs go, and they must run their chance of a current from somewhere bringing them to the milt of some male oyster who has also just reached the supreme moment, and the chances of their coming in contact at the proper instant of course are very small. The great mass must remain unimpregnated, and then, of those which are impregnated, many of them fall into the mud and into other unsuitable places, not to mention dangers after they get their shells on them.

A MEMBER—Would the impregnation by artificial means be an economic way?

MR. MATHER—I think so, and I think Prof. Rider thinks so also, and those means which he gives to catch the spat I think to be a better way of procedure than the process I have adopted.

MR. BOOTH—I think perhaps it may be interesting to some of you gentlemen to give you one of my little experiences. The results I have just heard are very good, very nice indeed. It shows that oysters can be propagated, but it can be done so much more cheaply and in a more practical manner. Some four years ago I planted 12,000 bushels of shells that we had thrown away in the week, in the water in Delaware Bay, where there were no shells or oysters in the neighborhood. Last year we took up from those shells without planting any oysters on them a little over 40,000 bushels of as fine oysters as you ever saw in your life, and I think there are quite as many left on that ground. I say this to give you a little idea of how rapidly oysters will grow. If they would only plant, as Mr. Mather says, the proper shell or material at the proper time, that is all that is necessary. The time oysters spawn is usually in June or July, varying according to the warmth of the atmosphere and the condition of the water. Those are the months that they spawn, and at the time that the oysters are ripe throw over your old oyster shells and try and have no fungus or vegetable matter on them and the spat adheres to those oyster shells and you have no difficulty in getting more oysters than you can handle. Just take oyster shells and scatter them and you will find oysters enough to re-supply the whole territory. I have done that on the Delaware and also on the Baltimore, but in Chesapeake Bay we have no right to any grounds there, have no title and consequently no water. In the Connecticut waters this has been done for the last eight or ten years, so where there were no oysters a few years ago there are millions of bushels. The enemy to the oyster there is the starfish. They come sometimes in myriads and they kill all the oysters unless they are taken up and removed to some other place. There is not the slightest trouble in the world to replenish our oyster product on this coast or any other section of the country where you have warm weather in June or July.

MR. MATHER—From Mr. Booth's remarks it may be inferred that our mode of artificial hatching is not adapted to practical work. We think that it is. The method which he speaks of is a very old one and often is all that is sufficient, but there are years when the oystermen will tell you "there is no set," meaning that the young failed to hatch or to catch on to something after hatching. Often a heavy rain kills the swimming oysters, or there may be currents which take the eggs to sea. It will readily be seen that the conditions must all be favorable in order to secure a good set, and nature provides for the loss of immense numbers of eggs and embryo oysters,

and it is this great waste which we are trying to save. If we do no more than to mix the eggs and milt together it is a great improvement on nature's methods which only brings an occasional egg within reach of the fecundating fluid.

DR. HUDSON—I could talk of course on this subject for hours, for this is a matter we have had a great deal to do with in Connecticut for the last six years. I would simply add to what Mr. Booth has said that in Connecticut and on Long Island Sound the time for spawning oysters varies from about the middle of June to the first of September. It is governed entirely by the depth of the water. Where the water is shallow it becomes warm more rapidly than where it is deep water. Oysters there grow where it is ten feet deep out to where it is ten fathoms or sixty feet. Mr. Booth has described sufficiently for practical purposes the method of cultivation, which is the one universally carried on there, and were it not for the starfish, as he has said, I think the product would be almost unlimited. The only other enemy that we have on Long Island Sound is the drill, which is nothing like as dangerous in its effect as the starfish. There is another enemy to the oyster in portions of New York State—the drumfish, a very powerful fish with powerful jaws, which crushes the oyster and destroys a great many. It is called the drumfish owing to the peculiar sound which it emits, and which can be heard by those who are immediately over it.

MR. BISSELL—I would like to ask if your Commission have ever attempted to spawn the oyster, or have you simply attempted to catch them in the water?

DR. HUDSON—We have never done that, as a general thing. Some of these experiments have been made, and the most interesting one in our water was by Lieut. Winslow, who has been engaged in this business. He came to Connecticut some four or five years ago and he had a can invented, and he could drop this can to the bottom of the Sound, and then when it reached the bottom by a peculiar contrivance he could pull out the bottom, so that whatever was inside was let loose. Just previous to that he had taken oysters in the same manner which Mr. Mather has described and had hatched out a very large number. You gentlemen may be all aware, probably, that the great difficulty up to a very recent time has been to induce these young oysters to live beyond three days. There has been no difficulty about hatching out oysters and in keeping them alive through what is called the free swimming stage, which is about three days. At the end of that time it is their nature to attach themselves to something and they have invariably, up to a very recent period, died when they reached that stage. Some recent experiments have been made by which they have succeeded in carrying them beyond that. Prof. Rice, whom some of us have met, told me he had succeeded in carrying some of them three or four weeks.

MR. MATHER—Yes, in a small aquarium, but they finally died.

DR. HUDSON—The experiment that was tried in Connecticut was to take these young oysters during this free swimming stage, put them down on good bottom on Long Island Sound and there release them. The product of that particular locality was remarkably good afterward, but the general set of the Sound was so great that it was very difficult to appreciate just how much the set was increased by this peculiar process. As Mr. Booth has said, the system that was adopted in Connecticut of distributing clean shells has been attended with great success. Some large dealers distributed as many as three thousand bushels during the season of shells, and the young spat clinging to the "couch," as it is called, in immense quantities, such quantities that in very many instances they have to be culled out and removed to other localities for fear that they will smother each other, and as I said before, were it not for the enemies, the amount of oysters which might be produced would actually be almost unlimited.

MR. FAIRBANK—When are they destroyed by starfish?

DR. HUDSON—Generally when they are very young. The starfish is a very peculiar animal. They have a faculty of extruding the stomach and covering the entire oyster or other mollusk. They surround a little oyster, perhaps the size of a half dollar, more or less. The starfish puts its fingers round this oyster and it is supposed by some, smothering it, so that it has to open its shell; by others it is supposed that the star emits a peculiar acid which obliges the oyster to open its shell, and then the star protrudes one of its fingers into the shell and devours the stomach of the oyster.

SALMON IN THE TOBIQUE.—Mr. Edward Jack, of Fredrickton, N. B., writes to the *Globe* of that city: "In a late issue of the *Globe* an anonymous correspondent makes some remarks with regard to the occurrence of California salmon in New Brunswick. In relation to this matter I may mention that some statements respecting their having been taken in the upper St. John appearing in one of the Boston newspapers and having met the eye of the United States Fish Commissioner, he wrote to me for information on the subject, giving me at the same time notable features by which I would be able to distinguish them from our ordinary salmon. It was late when the letter was received. Mr. W. Guion, of this city, to whom I went for information, notified me a few days after that Mr. Ben Waugh had caught one not far from Fredrickton. I unfortunately failed to see it, however, and have heard of no other one having been taken since, although I have offered \$10 for a specimen to forward to the United States Fish Commissioner. A change seems to have taken place lately in the Tobique salmon, it may be that those introduced from the Restigouche may be taking the place of the St. John River fish. I have ascertained the following facts, which I now communicate, viz.: That at least 15 salmon were taken last summer with the fly in the Tobique by two persons, somewhere within twenty miles of the mouth of the river, a circumstance which is said to have never occurred before. The first salmon in the Tobique made their appearance there last year about the first of June; they were said to have differed from any that had been seen there at any time previously, being long and slim, and weighing six or seven pounds each, being nothing more than large grilse. The common Tobique grilse usually runs from three to five pounds. St. John River salmon of the length of these large grilse, an informant said, would weigh fifteen pounds. The appearance and size of the June run of fish attracted the attention of the people living on the Tobique, as well as the fact that more salmon fly were seen in that river last season than for years before."

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.—New York, July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There seems to be a party traveling through the Eastern States who presents letters of introduction from me, claiming in some instances to be chairman of the Fish and Game Committee of the Legislature, and on the strength of these letters, which are forgeries, he applies for a loan of money, and has been successful in obtaining it in some instances. He called on Mr. E. A. Brackett, at Winchester, Mass., representing himself as Mr. T. Royall Roosevelt. After that he called on Mr. Hooge, the Commissioner of Fisheries of New Hampshire, and presented a letter purporting to be signed by me, introducing him as Mr. R. B. Roosevelt. I wrote this to you in order that you may, if you think proper, publish it as a warning to all parties that this party is a fraud and a scoundrel, as I have given out no letters of introduction to any parties traveling on business of the Fish Commission.—E. G. BLACKFORD.

A HIGH FISHWAY.—Inspector Rogers inform us that both shad and alewives have successfully passed through his fishways over the falls at Maguadavic River at St. George, N. B. It will be remembered that he built his patent fishway there last fall, and for the first time in the history of the world fish have been successfully passed over a fall of sixty-eight feet in height, and the most of it perpendicular.—*Halifax Herald.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 21.—Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Charles A. Boxer, Secretary, Box 282, Winnipeg.

Nov. 8.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 8.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, Fisher's Island, N. Y. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 22.—Eighth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

Dec. 6.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, at Grand Junction, Tenn.

DOG SHOWS.

July 20, 21, 22 and 23.—Milwaukee Dog Show. John D. Olcott, Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.

July 27 to 31.—Dog Show of the California Bench Show and Field Trials Club. E. Levesly, Superintendent, 430 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Aug. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—First Annual Dog Show of the Latonia Agricultural Association, Covington, Ky. George H. Hill, Manager, P. O. Box 76 Cincinnati, O.

Sept. 1 and 2.—First show of the American Fox Terrier Club, at Newport, R. I. For fox-terriers exclusively. Edward Kelly, Secretary, 45 Exchange Place, New York.

Sept. 8, 9 and 10.—Hornellville, N. Y., Dog Show, Farmers' Club Fair. J. O. Fellows, Superintendent, Hornellville.

Sept. 14, 15, 16 and 17.—First fall dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. A. P. Vredenburg, secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 3893.

PARASITIC DISEASES OF DOGS.—IV.

THE entozoa of the dog having now been described, the lesions produced by them noted, and the proper treatment for such parasitic diseases discussed, the next canine parasite which claims our attention is the nasal mite (*Pentastomum tenuicorne*). The adult mite—this species belonging to the *Arachnida*—presents the following character: The body is worm like and lanceolate-shaped, and flattened at the ventral surface. Posteriorly the body is narrowed, and is transversely marked with about ninety rings. The cephalo-thoracic segments support four strong retractile claws. The skin is perforated with numerous respiratory openings (*stigmata*), these are wanting in the cephalic segment. The head is blunt and is furnished with an oval mouth armed with a horny lip. The adult female measures from three to four inches in length, but the male is only about an inch long. The genital pore of the female is placed at the extremity of the tail, that of the male in the anterior part of the abdomen.

In the mature state this ugly parasite infests the nasal cavities and even the frontal sinuses of the dog and wolf; more rarely it is found in the horse, sheep and other animals; even man himself has suffered from the presence of this parasite in his nasal chambers.

The mode of reproduction is oviparous, and the nasal mucus of an infected dog contains numerous tick eggs; these eggs are expelled in the act of sneezing, and are so scattered over fruits, vegetables and grass. Should any of these ova be swallowed along with food by any herbivorous animal, they hatch in the stomach and a small embryo emerges. This larva penetrates the intestinal wall and migrates to the liver. Here it becomes encysted in much the same way as do larval tapeworms, grows and goes through various changes of form, until it passes into the stage long known as *Pentastomum uniculatum*. This larval form is found mainly in sheep and hares; it has the body armed with many rows of small, sharp spines, and is also provided with two pairs of double claws. The length is $2\frac{1}{2}$ lines. After a certain period of time the capsules undergo calcareous degeneration, and the encysted parasite dies if not transferred to a new host. The encysted form has been found not infrequently in man, encysted in one or other of his organs; fortunately the symptoms produced by it are unimportant. In the lower animals the presence of larval ticks seems to cause no special inconvenience to the bearer.

If the cyst-infested flesh of any animal is eaten by a dog, the larval ticks are liberated and make their way into the nasal cavities or frontal sinuses and there acquire sexual organs, and develop into adult specimens of *Pentastomum tenuicorne*. If individuals of both sexes have been ingested, the nasal mucus of the dog now soon contains ripe eggs, which are strewn broadcast by sneezing, to be swallowed with food by some herbivorous animal or by man himself.

The life history of this parasite is thus shown to very nearly resemble that of the true tapeworms: the two forms, however, bear no relationship whatever to one another, the *Pentastomes* being true *Arachnida*—mites, ticks, itch insects, etc., belonging to this class.

This gigantic tick produces in the dog a formidable train of symptoms, and may even cause the death of the animal. We believe that ozena or fetid nasal catarrh is an exceedingly rare disease in the dog except when caused by the presence in the nasal fossa, or frontal sinuses of *Pentastomes*, at least in the great majority of cases of this disease parasites will be found within the nasal chambers.

The clinical history of a case of nasal tick parasitism is as follows: There is a more or less constant secretion from one or both sides of the nose of purulent matter, which may be offensive in odor, and which has a strong tendency to accumulate in dark colored crusts within the nasal cavities. The dog sneezes frequently and violently, and there may be almost complete nasal obstruction, with consequent loss of smell. Hemorrhage from the nose is an occasional symptom. The general health is much impaired if the disease has persisted for a long time, and the animal is listless and easily fatigued. The absolute diagnosis is to be made by examination of the nasal discharge with the microscope for *Pentastomum* eggs. Some information may always be obtained by examining the dog's nose with a laryngoscope reflector and a nasal dilator; this can only be done by a skillful surgeon, and is of little value. The symptoms are sufficient to establish a diagnosis in most cases.

The prognosis of ozena depends largely on the reparative powers of the system; in all cases it is a very serious affection, and even death may result either from exhaustion or suddenly from the migration of *Pentastomes* into the larynx, wind-pipe or bronchi, so producing suffocation. We regard prolonged fetid nasal catarrh as a marked cause of pulmonary phthisis in the dog as well as in the human subject. Under treatment parasitic ozena can usually be entirely cured in young animals. Where profound intra-nasal structural changes have taken place, such as death of bone, ulceration and the formation of polypi, little can be done for the canine victim, though in all cases skillful treatment should be tried.

The treatment of this disease is fairly satisfactory; the indications are, first, to destroy and expel the parasites, and, second, to cure the nasal inflammation they have caused. Perhaps the most valuable local application is Lambert's listerine. This should be used in the strength of three fluid drams to one ounce of distilled water. The dog's head should be taken under the left arm, the chin being supported by the left hand, and with a small, hard-rubber syringe about two

drams of the solution should be carefully and gently, not forcibly, injected into the nostrils, the muzzle being elevated and the stream being directed toward the eye of that side, so as to make the application to the whole nasal mucous membrane, a very important consideration. This application should be made daily until the purulent character of the discharge is changed to a serous or colorless and watery exudate, when the strength of the listerine should be reduced one-half and the injections made only every second day, until a cure results. Another almost equally valuable injection consists of carbolic acid (crystal), ten grains; glycerine, one fluid dram; distilled water to make one fluid ounce, mix, and use in syringe. This is to be used in the same way as the listerine, and the strength must be gradually decreased as improvement takes place.

Reckless syringing of a dog's nose without careful attention to the stage of the disease can only be productive of great evil, and the greatest care and thoroughness should be exercised in conducting the treatment. The following may also be used: Thymol, $1\frac{1}{2}$ grains; alcohol, 2 fluid drams; distilled water, to make one fluid ounce; mix, and use as an injection. This is especially valuable in very chronic and offensively smelling cases. It is a powerful application, and should be used with care and judgment, and only after other forms of treatment have failed. Sulphate or iodide of zinc in the strength of two grains to the ounce of water are valuable applications when the discharge has become serous in character; one dram may be injected every other day, the greatest care being used. Internally, chincona, chloride of ammonia, possibly iron, and certainly cod-liver oil, are of great service, and a generous diet and regular exercise are essential.

Dead bone requires removal by a skillful surgeon, and nasal polypi can only be treated by an expert provided with proper instruments. Ulcers require treating with a solution of silver nitrate (100 grains to the ounce of water), but this should only be trusted to a veterinary surgeon of undoubted skill. If applied to comparatively healthy mucous membrane only harm will result from its use.

Of all diseases to which man and beast are heir perhaps none have been so ignorant and insanely maltreated as ozena, and we would impress most strongly on all readers of these letters the necessity of letting cases alone until they can be put under intelligent scientific treatment.

Various forms of treatment for ozena in the dog have been recommended, none are of especial value and many are altogether harmful. The only other remedy calling for mention is the daily insufflation of a few grains of finely powdered boric acid into the nasal cavities. The treatment here described is equally applicable to the fetid nasal catarrh in the dog when not of parasitic origin, but this disease must not be confounded with simple acute or sub-acute catarrh, the latter disease generally calling for no local treatment.

The means by which *Pentastome* parasitism may be prevented has already been suggested: If dogs are allowed to eat no butcher's offal and if wounds are never allowed to "break up" in the field they cannot acquire parasitic ozena. It is evident also how important it is to cure as speedily as possible a dog harboring *Pentastomum*; an infected dog should be isolated, and his yard and kennel kept scrupulously clean, and if the *Pentastomes* are expelled entire or can be removed with a forceps (which can so rarely be done, owing to the peculiar formation of the dog's nasal cavities, that we did not speak of this method under treatment), they should be thrown into boiling water and so annihilated. This is a common canine disease in Europe, but fortunately rather rare in this country; further observations and statistics of its frequency of occurrence are much needed.

The follicle mites (*Demodidae*) infesting the dog are mere varieties of the species which attack man. The common species (*Demodex folliculorum* var. *caninus*) is distinguished by the following characters: Body elongated, with worm-shaped abdomen; the head is armed with stout-toothed jaws and a sucker; there are four pairs of short stamped feet of three joints, but the young mite has only six feet. The length is about 1-100 of an inch. The body is grayish white in color and semi-transparent. The eggs are elliptical. The habitat of these tiny creatures is the sebaceous follicles; they are gregarious, and as many as thirty of these parasites have been found in a single follicle of the dog. The man-infesting parasite of this species confines itself to the sebaceous follicles of the face, but the canine variety occupies any part of the dog's body.

By the presence of large numbers of this mite, acne-like pustules are formed; this is accompanied with shedding of the hair, and the infested dog is said to suffer from follicular mange. When the pustules are very numerous, great impairment of health and even death may result from the excessive irritation. The propagation of this parasite is quite simple; the eggs are thrown off along with sebaceous matter or with the discharge from the pustules, and adhering to the coats of other dogs, hatch, find their way into the skin follicles, and the symptoms of follicular mange appear.

As might be pre-supposed from its pathological history, follicular mange is an actively contagious disease, but filthy kennels, bad food, and general neglect, certainly pre-dispose dogs to acquiring follicle mites.

The symptoms of this disease are highly characteristic, the follicles of the skin undergo inflammation and the neighboring skin becomes red and tumefied. The hair falls out and the exudation in the follicles becomes purulent, pustules resulting. The pustules soon break, discharge their contents, and run together, unsightly scabs are formed. These are hard in character and crack open and bleed frequently. The disease extends, and the unfortunate animal soon becomes a hideous object, exhaling a most offensive odor. The disease is accompanied by some itching, and often by severe pain. Nutrition is greatly disturbed if the disease is allowed to continue, and the health of the animal fails. The itching in this affection is much less severe than in sarcoptic mange, and the odor and peculiar appearance of the irritation are diagnostic. An absolute diagnosis may be made by examining the contents of a diseased follicle under the microscope, when the *Demodex* will be found.

Follicular mange is entirely curable under proper treatment, but this must be continued for a number of months to insure a cure. The animal should be first well washed with carbolic soap, and the hair then clipped from all around the seat of the irritation. If crusts have formed, these must be removed by soaking them with lard or olive oil, and afterward washing them away with soap and water. They will generally loosen in about a day if the oil be liberally applied. The skin is now prepared for local medication.

One of the most valuable applications in follicular mange is pure carbolic acid. This should be used in the strength of half a fluid ounce to the pint of pure water, and the dog must be thoroughly mopped with this lotion twice a day. A salve of Peru in the strength of one part to six of alcohol is also very efficacious. In stubborn cases of the disease the follicles may be pencilled with a brush with the following, as advised by "Ashmont": Carbolic acid, Canada balsam, of each one part, mix. In using this preparation it must be remembered that carbolic acid is readily absorbed by the skin and is very poisonous; it should therefore be used with great care, and not painted over the skin generally, but applied only to the diseased follicles. If an ointment is preferred, one composed of one dram of creosote to three ounces of lard or vaseline, is a very valuable application. It is to be well rubbed into the skin.

We believe that in many stubborn cases great good can be done by injecting the most diseased follicles by means of a hypodermic syringe, with the half-ounce-to-the-pint solution of carbolic acid. Only a few drops of the solution should be used in each pustule.

The application of the carbolic solution in water should be

kept up for some weeks after apparent cure, in order to destroy all *Demodex* eggs which may remain; and if the attack has been severe the dog will require tonic remedies and careful feeding for some weeks after the eruption subsides.

In the prevention of this disease its highly contagious character should be remembered, and a dog with follicular mange should always be isolated. As it is to some extent communicable to the human skin, some care must be used in cleansing the hands after handling diseased animals, though the symptoms produced in man by the *Demodex* are but trifling; indeed, according to authorities, one individual in twenty among men harbors these parasites.

R. W. S.
PHILADELPHIA.

SOME A.K.R. STATISTICS.

THE geographical distribution of the 718 entries in the first half of the volume of the *American Kennel Register* for 1886, and the representations of the several breeds are shown in the subjoined list:

Alabama.....	3	Missouri.....	16
California.....	3	Michigan.....	9
Canada.....	13	Montana.....	2
Colorado.....	10	New Brunswick.....	4
Connecticut.....	50	New Hampshire.....	20
Dakota.....	4	New Jersey.....	47
Delaware.....	1	New York.....	186
District of Columbia.....	5	North Carolina.....	2
Georgia.....	8	Ohio.....	45
Illinois.....	10	Pennsylvania.....	88
Indiana.....	11	Rhode Island.....	18
Iowa.....	5	South Carolina.....	1
Kansas.....	4	Texas.....	5
Kentucky.....	7	Tennessee.....	4
Maine.....	11	Virginia.....	5
Massachusetts.....	85	Vermont.....	11
Maryland.....	12	Wisconsin.....	13
Minnesota.....	3	Washington Territory.....	2
Mississippi.....	1		

LIST OF BREEDS.

Basset hounds.....	2	Mexican hairless.....	1
Beagles.....	34	Pointers.....	48
Bulldogs.....	11	Newfoundlands.....	1
Collies.....	136	Pugs.....	19
Deerhounds.....	9	St. Bernards.....	43
Great Danes.....	4	Setters.....	142
Greyhounds.....	4	Spaniels.....	54
Foxhounds.....	1	Sheepdogs.....	3
Italian greyhounds.....	4	Terriers.....	71
Mastiffs.....	81		

DEATH OF CHAMPION RUSH.

WE have received a letter from Mr. Orgill which we publish below, announcing the death of champion Rush. But few dogs are more widely known than Orgill's Rush. His first appearance in public was at Baltimore in January, 1877, where he won second in the puppy class his litter sister Rose winning first. At the first show of the Westminster Kennel Club in May, the same year, he won first in the open class for dogs under fifty-five pounds. His first champion prize was won at Philadelphia, in 1879. In 1880 and 1881 he won the champion prize at New York. He also won many other prizes at prominent shows.

He was also a good dog in the field, and ran twice at field trials, but was unplaced. He was used extensively in the stud and leaves behind him a large number of descendants, some of which have made their mark both in the field and on the bench. Following is Mr. Orgill's letter:

"THE CEDARS, Bond's, Tenn., July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our old pointer dog champion Rush died this morning, aged 10 years and 3 months. He did not seem to have any disease, but passed quietly away without suffering the least pain.—THOMAS ORGILL."

FOX-TERRIER SHOW.

THE American Fox-Terrier Club will give their first show at Newport, R. I., Sept. 1 and 2. Mr. F. Redmond, of London, Eng., a well-known authority on the breed, has consented to act as judge. The prize list is liberal one, and the classification provides for all. The premium list is as follows: Champion dog (smooth), \$25; bitch, the same. Open dogs, \$20, \$15, \$10 and \$5; bitches, the same. Puppies, dogs, \$15, \$10 and \$5; bitches, the same. Wire-hair, open, dogs, \$15, \$10 and \$5; bitches, the same. Puppies, dogs or bitches, \$10 and \$5. Veteran class, smooth or wire-hair, dogs or bitches over seven years of age, \$15 and \$10. Novice class, smooth or wire-hair, dogs or bitches, \$15, \$10 and \$5. Silver cups, value \$25, are offered for best dog or bitch, best dog, best bitch, best wire-hair dog or bitch, best pair, dog and bitch; best exhibit, not less than three. Mr. F. Redmond kindly offers a silver cup, value five guineas, for the best American bred dog or bitch under 12 months old. Entry blanks may be obtained of the secretary, Mr. Edw. Kelly, 45 Exchange place, New York.

THE ENGLISH FIELD TRIALS.—Newark, N. J., July 12. *Editor Forest and Stream:* I think you have been led into error about the Reynald stake of the English National field trials. The *Kennel Gazette* record you quote is incomplete. The London *Field's* account is very different. It says, May 1, page 549: "The judges now placed Mr. D. R. Scratton's Hero first in pointers; Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Jovial first in setters. Hero also taking the honors awarded for the absolute best of both varieties in the stake. As to the second best dog therein, the setter Rose and pointer Lass of Bow ran off to see which would better grace that position. The latter went with all her old style, and made a fine point at the bottom of the first field, and was quickly backed. Somehow or other the worker of Rose made his dog raise the birds, which caused the spectators to believe she had gained the point, which was not the case. In another field Rose had two points, to which Belle of Bow [sic] showed so much jealousy, by rushing in and standing them as if they were really hers, that the judges properly decided in favor of the setter." I think you should make the record complete in *FOREST AND STREAM*.—SYNTAX. [The above was in type for last week, but was inadvertently omitted. The *Field's* report is as quoted and is undoubtedly correct.]

THE WAVERLY DOG SHOW.—A contract for five years has been signed by the New Jersey State Agricultural Society, Amos Clark, President, and the New Jersey Kennel Club, C. J. Peshall, President, by which it is agreed that the Agricultural Society is to provide on the fair grounds at Waverly a suitable building and that the Kennel Club is to give annual dog shows in connection with the State fair. The Kennel Club to have full charge of the show.

THE ST. LOUIS PRIZES.—Boston, July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I received a check from St. Louis Club this A. M., July 17, for premiums won by me.—J. P. BARNARD, JR.

THE TRIAL OF DR. WATSON, of Jersey City, for cruelly torturing dogs, was held last week; the doctor being convicted and fined.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

G. J. S., Black River Falls, Wis.—I have a Gordon and Irish setter pup, born in January, 1886, that seems to be all right in every way except his eyes. They are clear and bright, but the lower lids hang down and the white of the eye is more or less bloodshot all the time. The pup is remarkably large for his age, and in good condition. I thought at first he was going to have distemper, but he is apparently all right every other way. Can you tell me the probable cause and

give me a remedy? The eyes appear to be redder after having been in water. Ans. Get a stick of blue stone (copper sulphate) and touch the lower lid lightly every morning, or have a solution of zinc sulphate made of the strength of two grains to the ounce of water, and drop a few drops into the outer corner of the eye night and morning, allowing it to diffuse itself over the eyeball.

L. D. H., Bethel, Conn.—A setter has had a slight attack of distemper; he has entirely recovered with exception of a severe twitching of face and jaws. Ans. Your dog suffers from chorea, a very common sequel to distemper. Give three drops of the following solution three times daily in the food: Of strychnia sulphate, two grains; of water, one ounce. Mix. After three weeks stop this and give Fowler's solution of arsenic in four-drop doses in the food three times daily.

S. H. H., Concord.—A setter had the distemper in April, from which I thought he had recovered with the exception of his eyes, in which every morning there is collected quite a quantity of thick whitish matter in the lower corners, otherwise they appear all right, not seeming weak. About three weeks ago I noticed a few small red blotches on the inside of forelegs and on breast, they have since spread and have appeared on his flanks, and a few on his body. I suppose this is caused by the fact that he has washed his affected parts in a solution of carbolic acid as recommended by Stonebrink; his coat is very bad, dry and thin, the hair falling out very easily. He is rather thin in flesh though not particularly so. Is fed principally on boiled Indian meal and what few vegetables and scraps of meat are left from table. His appetite is not very good; but he is in good spirits and is as eager for a walk in the fields as ever. Ans. Keep on with the wash and give Fowler's solution of arsenic in four-drop doses three times daily in the food. Increase the dose one drop daily up to 10 drops and then decrease in same way. Keep the bowels easy with syrup of buckthorn in teaspoonful doses.

DISTEMPER.—Macon, Ga.—I would like to have some of your many readers try the following remedy (and report result) in any and all cases where the mucous membrane is involved, as in diarrhoea, dysentery, and particularly in distemper, viz: Sulphate of copper (blue stone), dose, $\frac{1}{4}$ gr. in for aged dogs and half the quantity for pups 8 weeks old. I have tried it twice and the result in both cases was absolutely miraculous. The first case, a two-year-old pointer, very much jaundiced and reduced from overwork, contracted distemper in its worst form, given over to die. At the suggestion of a friend, gave him one dose of blue stone, the next day he was up and lively, anxious to eat, and was in the field again in one week. The other case, a pup ten weeks old, in the most persistent and malignant case of dysentery, constant discharges of blood for four days and nights, would eat nothing, and was so reduced and weak that had no hope for him; gave him $\frac{1}{4}$ gr. and in one hour he was anxious to eat, and all discharges stopped and he was quite himself again in a few days. Although he had commenced with castor oil and castor seed, bismuth and opium, and he continued to get worse, until I gave him the blue stone, it is efficacious in treating cholera, and the already specified ills in the human family. I have been an ardent sportsman for forty years, and I have derived valuable information from your *Kennel Management*, and naturally desire to contribute something in return, and should the above save the life of some good dog, I shall feel more than repaid for my trouble in writing. W. W. PARKER. [Copper sulphate is a natural astringent of considerable power, and is often of great use in diarrhoea and dysentery, and those cases where there is catarrhal relaxation of the mucous membrane of the gastrointestinal canal. Where diarrhoea and dysentery are prominent symptoms in distemper—as they are in a large proportion of cases—it acts very well. Alone it would not cure the disease, but the stopping of exhausting evacuations is a very important element in the therapy of any disease of this nature. *FOREST AND STREAM* has advised it in cases in the past.]

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them. Sets of 300 of any one form, bound, for retaining duplicates, sent postpaid, 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.
Don. By Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white, brown ear, bull-terrier dog, whelped May 23, 1886, by Count (A.K.R. 3178) out of White Violet (A.K.R. 3799).
Lady Jane. By Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terrier bitch, whelped May 23, 1886, by Count (A.K.R. 3178) out of White Violet (A.K.R. 3799).
Model Bondhu. By A. H. Bassett, for black and white English setter bitch, whelped March 29, 1886, by Gus Bondhu (Dashing Bondhu—Novel) out of Model Maid.

Shell Bondhu. By F. A. Waite, North Attleboro, Mass., for black and white English set dog, whelped March 4, 1886, by Gus Bondhu (Dashing Bondhu—Novel) out of Lynn (A.K.R. 3420).
Dollie Edgecomb, Edgewood Maid, Edgewood Lassie, Daisy Edgecomb, Bonnie Edgecomb and Edgewood Beauty. By Lottian Kennels, Stepieny, Conn., for sable and white collie bitches, whelped May 4, 1886, by Oscar II. (Imported Oscar—Imported Faun) out of imported Lady Edgecomb.
Fitzpatrick. By J. R. Barraclough, South Norwalk, Conn., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped March 21, 1886, by Vic (Rush—Belle) out of Pitzer's Flirt (Sensation—Flirt).
Luthia. Chief. By Lottian Kennels, Stepieny, Conn., for sable collie dog, whelped May 21, 1886, by Montrose (A.K.R. 891) out of imported Midlothian Lassie (Ernest—Tishie).
Luthian Help. By Lottian Kennels, Stepieny, Conn., for black and tan collie dog, whelped May 21, 1886, by Montrose (A.K.R. 891) out of imported Midlothian Lassie (Ernest—Tishie).
Flirtation. By H. M. Wilson, Baltimore, Md., for white and lemon pointer bitch, whelped March 17, 1886, by Fritz (A.K.R. 248) out of Bird (A.K.R. 1058).
Luthian Prince. By Lottian Kennels, Stepieny, Conn., for sable and white collie dog, whelped May 21, 1886, by Montrose (A.K.R. 891) out of imported Midlothian Lassie (Ernest—Tishie).

NAMES CHANGED.

Lady Isabella to Isa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As Mr. Florid Vail has claimed the name Lady Isabella for his pointer bitch prior to myself, as per your last issue, please change the name of mine to Isa, and oblige.—C. W. LITTLEJOHN (Leesburg, Va., July 16).

BRED.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.
Lady—Count. G. Howard Davidson's (Mabettville, N. Y.) bull-terrier bitch Lady to F. F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3178), June 4.
Borras—Count. Geo. Jordan's (Montreal, Can.) bull-terrier bitch Borras (The Earl—Trouble) to F. F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3178), July 15.
Bertha—Count. John Whitaker's (Philadelphia, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Bertha (Dutch, Jr.) A.K.R. 1887—Young Venom) to F. F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3178), July 17.
Silver Queen—Montrose. E. J. Hawley's (Stepeny, Conn.) collie bitch Silver Queen (King Macbeth—Midlothian Lassie) to Lottian Kennels' Montrose (A.K.R. 891), July 14.
Lady Clyde—Montrose. E. J. Hawley's (Stepeny, Conn.) collie bitch Lady Clyde (A.K.R. 883) to Lottian Kennels' Montrose (A.K.R. 801), July 10.
Princess—Montrose. W. N. French's (Tumbull, Conn.) collie bitch Princess (Montrose, A.K.R. 691—Fannie, A.K.R. 881) to Lottian Kennels' Montrose (A.K.R. 891), July 10.

Topy—Montrose. P. A. Howe's (New Milford, Conn.) collie bitch Topy to Lottian Kennels' Montrose (A.K.R. 891), June 16.
Fanny II.—Montrose. E. J. Hawley's (Stepeny, Conn.) collie bitch Fanny II. (A.K.R. 881) to Lottian Kennels' Montrose (A.K.R. 891), July 8.
Scotch Mollie—King Macbeth. O. H. Hull's (Monroe, Conn.) collie bitch Scotch Mollie (A.K.R. 2464) to Lottian Kennels' King Macbeth, July 10.
Kelpie—Bobbie Burns. Associated Fanciers' (Philadelphia, Pa.) Dandie Dinmont bitch Kelpie (A.K.R. 1318) to Jas. Rae's Bobbie Burns (A.K.R. 2907), May 14.
Van—Croxeth. R. L. Hall's pointer bitch Van to Neversink Lodge Kennels' Croxeth (Bang—June), June 18.
Dolly—Drake. Neversink Lodge Kennels' (Guymard, N. Y.) pointer bitch Dolly to their Drake (Croxeth—Lass), July 12.
Beauty—Croxeth. J. Finn's pointer bitch Beauty to Neversink Lodge Kennels' Croxeth (Bang—June), June 16.
Madge—Johnny. Capt. F. H. D. Vieth's (Ottawa, Ont.) Clumber spaniel bitch Madge (Ben—Joan) to F. H. F. Mercer's Johnny (Ben—Joan), July 11.
Flora—Gene. Locust Grove Kennels' (Manton, R. I.) native English setter bitch Flora (Dick—Gipsy) to E. A. Milne's Gene (Druid—Ruby), June 29.

WHELPS.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.
Little Nellie. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch

Little Nellie (Paddy—), July 11, six (two dogs), by his The Baron (Dutch—White Rose).
Rhena. Bayard Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) pointer bitch Rhena (Snapshot—Rose), June 14, nine (five dogs), by Locust Grove Kennels' Dean (Sensation—Daisy Dean).
Smoot II. Locust Grove Kennels' (Manton, R. I.) rative setter bitch Smoot II. (Pratt's Trim—Smoot), July 1, eleven (eight dogs), by their Sam (Green's Sam—Smoot II.).
Floy. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) pointer bitch Floy (Charley Ross—Flirt), July 8, seven (five dogs), by Locust Grove Kennels' Dean (Sensation—Daisy Dean).
Lue. H. P. Dorch's (Goldsborough) pointer bitch Lue (Bow—Jaunt), July 9, four (four dogs), by Graphic Kennels' Graphic (A.K.R. 2311).

SALES.

Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.
Toney. White bull-terrier dog, whelped May 23, 1886, by Count (A.K.R. 3178) out of White Violet (A.K.R. 3799), by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to Jas. M. Cox, Morristown, N. J.
Lady Jane. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped May 23, 1886, by Count (A.K.R. 3178) out of White Violet (A.K.R. 3799), by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to G. Howard Davidson, Mabettville, N. Y.
Don. White, brown ear, bull-terrier dog, whelped May 24, 1886, by Count (A.K.R. 3178) out of White Violet (A.K.R. 3799), by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to H. E. Twitcheil, Boston, Mass.
Lillie. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped May 23, 1886, by Count (A.K.R. 3178) out of White Violet (A.K.R. 3799), by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to Harry D. Steers, New York.
Nellie. White bull-terrier bitch (A.K.R. 2194), by Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., to J. W. Newman, Boston, Mass.
Tom and Jerry. Black and tan pointer dogs, whelped Feb. 8, 1886, by Judge out of Pink, by Geo. L. Barnes, Tyringham, Mass., to Henry M. Plummer, New Bedford, Mass.
Scotch Mollie. Black and fawn collie bitch (A.K.R. 2764), by Lottian Kennels, Stepieny, Conn., to O. H. Hull, Monroe, Conn.
Bubble. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 15, 1885, by Bub (A.K.R. 131) out of Jennie, by R. E. Westlake, Olyphant, Pa., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.
Leo. Fawn and white pointer dog, whelped June 20, 1884, by Sultan II. out of Nell II., by Rev. I. Phelsh Humphrey, Niveveh, N. Y., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.
Bub Acres. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped May 31, 1885, by Rush III. (A.K.R. 402) out of Flirt (A.K.R. 124), by R. T. Greene, Jersey City, N. J., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.
Kelpie. Pepper Dandie Dinmont bitch, whelped June, 1881 (A.K.R. 1318), by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to Louis A. Shaw, Chesham Hill, Mass.
Peep Bo. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 23, 1886, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 423) out of Fannie Obo, by H. C. Bronson, Boston, Mass., to P. J. Herring, same place. [This sale was wrongly given last week as Yum Yum.]
Lady David. Lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 2, 1885, by Ruyel out of Little Fraud, by G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., to E. Wallin, Monongomery, Ala.
Dan. Red Irish setter dog, whelped April 30, 1882, by Patsy out of Swella, by R. E. Westlake, Olyphant, Pa., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., and resold by them to D. W. McKee, Morganza, Pa.

PRESENTATIONS.

Bannerman—Trinket whelps. Be-gles, whelped May 25, 1886, by W. S. Diffenbacher, Baltimore, Md., a dog and bitch to Wm. Kizer and a dog to Jas. G. Clark, Jr., same place, and a bitch to F. B. Donaldson, Elk Ridge, Md.

DEATHS.

Paris Gem. English setter bitch, whelped June 10, 1886 (Count Gladson—Paris Queen), owned by W. B. Bowen, Rockland, Mass., July 12, from distemper.

Rush. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped April 17, 1876 (A.K.R. 337), owned by Edmund Orgill, New York, died July 12, from distemper.
Ruby. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 15, 1878 (A.K.R. 130), owned by H. E. Hamilton, New York, July 4, from paralysis of the heart.

EVERY pair of Allen's bow facing oars warranted. Send for little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—adv.

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HIGH TRAJECTORY.

Editor Forest and Stream:
In your issue of June 17, "Archimedes" gives your readers an example in high mathematics. The paragraph has just come under my eye, and I venture in a crude and hasty manner to take issue with "Archimedes" in his conclusions. The proposition is that if a rifle is fired from an elevation of say 20,000 feet above the earth's surface, vertically toward the earth, the propelling force will be exhausted and the speed of the bullet will decrease until, at some point in its downward flight, it will acquire precisely the same velocity that it would if dropped from the hand at the same elevation; and that it will reach the ground with the same velocity as if dropped from the hand. I fancy that "Archimedes" has overlooked some factors that will greatly disturb his results. When a bullet is fired horizontally near the earth's surface, there are two forces at work: the earth's attraction and diminish its velocity in a progressive ratio every successive moment until it is brought to a stop on the earth's surface. These are gravity and atmospheric resistance. If there were no atmosphere or other medium through which it passed of a material nature, the bullet would travel further, but finally come to the ground from the force of gravity.

If there were no gravity the bullet would finally come to a stand in the air, in the same horizontal line on which it started. If there were neither gravity nor atmospheric resistance the bullet would continue through all eternity, upon the same line and with the same velocity with which it started. There is no such thing as exhausting the propelling force unless there is some opposing force to exhaust it. The force of gravity is greater than the atmospheric resistance, as evidenced by the fact that any body, heavier than air, even a feather, will finally reach the ground when dropped. A bullet fired from a high elevation toward the earth will encounter very rapid atmospheric resistance, but little resistance due to the force of its flight. The force of gravity plus the propelling force, will be resisted slightly by the rarified atmosphere. The velocity of the bullet will be increased, not diminished. It will reach the earth with the velocity due to gravity minus the atmospheric resistance, that is, the same as if dropped from the hand, plus the initial velocity due to the propelling force.

COAHOMA.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.

NEWARK, July 17.—The rifle match of 100 shots each at the German ring target, at the Forest and Stream of last week, came off with much enthusiasm at Union Hill, N. J., this afternoon. 25 contestants paid an entrance fee of \$5 each, and began the first of a series of 3 contests for a solid silver cup. Mr. Wm. Hayes, with his muzzle-loader was the winner of the cup with the nice score of 2196. The next contest will take place at Newark, N. J., Aug. 7. The entrance fees were divided into \$10 prizes and distributed to the 12 highest scores, all the shooters used the heavy German rifles with hair trigger, except Capt. Barrett and Mr. Gunther, who shot with 10 lb. rifles and 3 lb. trigger pull. Capt. Barrett's score of 2196 is the highest on record for rifles under the rules of the National Rifle Association. It is noticeable that the first five winners are all members of the Zettler rifle team of New York city; the following are the scores in series of ten shots:

Wm Hayes.....	208	214	211	221	231	217	215	229	224	228	2196
M. Dorrer.....	200	249	211	217	242	222	212	213	219	219	2186
A. Lobert.....	217	210	230	219	220	210	235	243	214	215	2183
G. Joiner.....	208	225	246	215	219	209	211	216	206	213	2182
C. Coppermith.....	219	219	203	217	190	204	212	204	216	210	2178
G. Zettler.....	210	213	204	200	211	201	216	209	216	200	2105
W. M. Farrow.....	214	200	211	222	219	215	212	201	204	201	2101
L. Vogel.....	215	210	195	216	190	215	207	206	211	2043	
D. Miller.....	205	199	204	213	202	192	203	198	212	206	2104
B. Zettler.....	216	205	199	215	204	200	196	198	195	211	2029
J. H. Brown.....	190	210	200	201	184	187	204	223	206	2015	
F. Schroeder.....	191	196	194	196	191	191	191	191	191	191	1913
A. Regerow.....	189	210	192	209	213	201	203	177	194	1910	
L. Mack.....	180	213	214	194	205	208	192	201	193	192	1906
B. Walther.....	200	192	216	188	214	171	201	191	196	207	1969
G. Zimmerman.....	175	190	196	196	198	197	219	217	197	197	1971
C. E. Taintor.....	173	194	199	197	203	196	208	204	195	201	1976
G. Klen.....	193	183	191	202	193	198	202	201	205	205	1965
C. W. Kahner.....	199	185	181	197	181	216	193	190	193	1917	
G. M. Brown.....	169	171	199	191	191	191	191	191	191	191	1913
O. Steinbach.....	164	185	190	190	184	184	189	185	199	1819	
V. Schriebe.....	142	173	207	157	168	192	160	159	157	1632	
H. Gunther.....	101	172	148	151	157	165	165	144	151	1503	

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCHES.

A REVIEW OF TWELVE YEARS.

INTERNATIONAL rifle matches start with the Irish-American match of 1874. In the summer of the previous year the Irish team of small-bore marksmen had for the first time won the Elcho Shield from the Scotch and English shooters. They were the champions then of Great Britain, and Major A. Blennerhassett Leech, who in 1867 had founded the Irish Rifle Association, was so pleased over the doings of his compatriots, that he sent out a sweeping challenge across the ocean, hoping to extend the fame of the Irish team in this direction. His letter was published here in November, 1873, and the Amateur Rifle Club, a young organization, at once took up the challenge. The club knew next to nothing of long-range work, but with the hope rather than any expectation of victory, the conditions of the challenge were agreed to by Col. Geo. W. Wingate. The match took place on Sept. 26, 1874, at Creedmoor. It was a very hot day, and the foreigners suffered with the heat. The highest possible score per man at each range was 60, under the old system of marking. The score stood:

AMERICAN TEAM—Col. G. W. Wingate, Captain.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
Lieut Henry Fulton, Remington.....	58	57	56	171
G W Yale, Sharps.....	55	56	51	162
Col John Bodine, Remington.....	54	51	53	158
Col H A Gildersleeve, Sharps.....	53	51	51	155
L L Hepburn, Remington.....	53	46	46	149
Gen T S Dakin, Sharps.....	53	45	41	139
Team aggregate.....	326	310	298	934

IRISH TEAM—Major A. Blennerhassett Leech, Captain.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
John Rigby, Rigby.....	52	55	55	163
James Wilson, Rigby.....	54	51	55	160
Dr J B Hamilton, Rigby.....	53	52	50	155
Joshua Milner, Rigby.....	57	49	48	154
Edmund Johnson, Rigby.....	50	49	51	150
Capt Phillip Walker, Rigby.....	46	55	43	144
Team aggregate.....	317	312	302	931

There was a return match in 1875. The Irishmen wanted satisfaction and on their own soil. A team was called together, and on June 29, upon the historic Dollymount in Dublin harbor, the match was fought. A fine team had been sent over under Col. H. A. Gildersleeve, and another victory followed for the Americans. It was not a good shooting day, but the scores ran high, as follows, same scoring as before:

AMERICAN TEAM—Col. Henry A. Gildersleeve, Captain		800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
Gen Thomas S Dakin, Remington.....	58	55	52	165	
Col Henry A Gildersleeve, Sharps.....	56	56	52	164	
Col John Bodine, Remington.....	52	59	51	162	
Maj Henry Fulton, Remington.....	58	57	46	161	
Geo W Yale, Sharps.....	57	52	51	160	
Capt R C Coleman, Remington.....	56	48	52	156	
Team aggregate.....	337	327	304	968	

IRISH TEAM—Major A. B. Leech, Captain.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
Jas Wilson, Rigby.....	58	55	55	168
Edmund Johnson, Rigby.....	58	54	50	162
Dr J. B Hamilton, Rigby.....	56	54	51	161
J G Pollock, Rigby.....	59	53	49	161
John McKenna, Rigby.....	52	44	53	149
J K Milner, Rigby.....	55	37	41	133
Team aggregate.....	333	292	299	924

The Canadian small-bore men thought it would be a good stroke to challenge the victorious Americans, and in this way jump in as champions of the world. A challenge was sent by the Victoria Rifle Club, of Hamilton, Ont., to the Amateur Rifle Club, promptly accepted, and on Sept. 25, 1875, the match was shot at Creedmoor against a junior team. There was a rear fishtail wind and the Canadians suffered a defeat. The scoring was upon the present target, making each man's highest possible at each range 75 points. The score stood:

AMERICAN TEAM—Gen. T. S. Dakin, Captain.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
W B Farwell, Remington.....	63	61	63	187
A V Canfield, Jr., Remington.....	62	68	57	187
L L Hepburn, Remington.....	60	62	62	184
L C Bruce, Sharps.....	59	63	61	183
F Hyde, Remington.....	65	60	56	181
H S Jewell, Sharps.....	63	51	66	180
J S Conlin, Sharps.....	51	55	52	158
L Geiger, Remington.....	46	47	50	143

Team aggregate.....	475	469	487	1409
CANADIAN TEAM—C. K. Murray, Captain.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1006yds.	T'l
George Murlson, Metford.....	67	58	64	189
J J Mason, Metford.....	68	55	62	181
D Mitchell, Metford.....	53	65	59	177
Wm Mitchell, Metford.....	58	57	57	172
F Schwarz, Metford.....	58	52	60	170
C K Murray, Metford.....	60	51	57	168
Geo Disner, Metford.....	59	50	58	167
James Adams, Rigby.....	54	50	56	160

In 1876 the Centennial of the United States was celebrated and as part of this celebration a "Palma" as the emblem of the long-range championship of the world was provided and all the world bidden come and shoot for it. It was to be a two days' match in teams of eight men at the new targets, possible 75 per man per range, and at Creedmoor on Sept. 14 the match opened with beautiful weather. The teams and scores were:

First Day.				
SCOTCH TEAM—LIEUT.-COL. J. H. A. MACDONALD, CAPTAIN.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	TOTAL
R McVittie, Ingram.....	71	71	67	209
Wm Thornburn, Metford.....	65	70	67	202
Dr J Mitchell, Metford.....	66	62	73	201
Wm Clark, Henry.....	71	63	62	196
Peter Rae, Ingram.....	65	68	65	198
D Fraser, Henry.....	67	67	62	196
Thos Whitelaw, Ingram.....	64	65	64	193
Martin Boyd, Ingram.....	66	62	63	191
Total aggregate.....	535	528	523	1586

Marion Boyd, Ingram	60	62	65	
Total aggregate	535	528	523	1586
IRISH TEAM—Major A. B. Leech, Captain.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
Wm Rigby, Rigby	69	69	68	206
Edmund Johnson, Rigby	75	67	64	206
J K Milner, Rigby	67	66	71	204
Lieut Geo Fenton, Rigby	55	66	69	200
Lieut A Ward, Rigby	64	65	65	194
W G D Goff, Rigby	64	62	66	192
Henry Dyas, Rigby	66	65	61	192
W R Joynt, Rigby	65	64	59	188
Team aggregate	585	524	523	1532

John, Remington.....	66	65	61	192
Henry Dyer, Rigby.....	65	64	59	188
W R Joyn, Rigby.....	65	64	59	188
Team aggregate.....	535	524	523	1582
AMERICAN TEAM—Major Henry Fulton, Captain.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
Gen T. S. Dakin, Remington.....	69	65	69	203
L Weber, Remington.....	68	69	65	202
Ransom Rathbone, Remington.....	70	66	63	199
Isaac L Allen, Remington.....	68	62	63	193
Col H A Gildersleeve, Sharps.....	70	69	55	194
Lieut-Col W B Farwell, Remington.....	70	66	56	192
Col John Bodine, Remington.....	69	57	63	189
Team aggregate.....	540	518	509	1577

Isaac L Allen, Remington.....	68	62	63	198
Col H A Gilderleeve, Sharps.....	70	69	55	194
Lieut-Con W B Farwell, Remington.....	70	66	56	192
Col John Bodine, Remington.....	69	57	63	189
Team aggregate.....	530	518	509	1557
AUSTRALIAN TEAM—Augustus Morris, Captain.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
Capt H J King, Rigby.....	69	68	69	206
Sergt D Gee, Rigby.....	67	68	68	203
Maj J T Sleep, Rigby.....	69	69	61	199
J S Lynch, Rigby.....	65	64	66	195
J Slade, Rigby.....	63	66	64	193
Capt B J Wardill, Rigby.....	71	64	56	191
Capt J McG Smith, Rigby.....	69	66	52	187
Lieut T T Draper, Rigby.....	66	59	54	179
Team aggregate.....	531	524	490	1545

CANADIAN TEAM—Maj. O'Reilly, Captain.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
Lieut J Adam, Rigby.....	69	67	66	202
A Bell, Metford.....	65	64	71	200
Capt J J Mason, Metford.....	63	64	64	191
Maj J M Gibson, Metford.....	64	59	61	184
George Disser, Metford.....	62	57	61	180
G Munson, Metford.....	64	57	59	180
William Cruik, Metford.....	67	52	59	178
Maj W H Cotton, Metford.....	67	56	52	175

Second Day.—The scores on the second day, Sept. 15, stood:

AMERICAN TEAM		800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'ls
Ransom Rathbone, Remington.....	65	73	66	203	
Col H A Gildersleeve, Sharps.....	68	61	71	200	
Col John Bodine, Remington.....	65	69	62	196	
Lieut-Col W B Farwell, Remington.....	68	59	68	195	
Lawrence Weber, Remington.....	67	61	65	193	
Isaac L Allen, Remington.....	60	63	65	188	
Gen T S Dakin, Remington.....	66	63	54	188	
Major Henry Fulton, Remington.....	66	62	58	186	

Team aggregate.....	525	515	509	1549
IRISH TEAM.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
Lieut George Fenton, Rigby.....	63	62	69	199
J K Milner, Rigby.....	62	61	75	198
Henry Dyas, Rigby.....	63	62	71	196
William Rigby, Rigby.....	62	62	67	191
Edmund Johnson, Rigby.....	61	62	67	190
W R Joynt, Rigby.....	64	62	62	188
Lieut A Ward, Rigby.....	66	54	65	185
W G D Goff, Rigby.....	56	60	59	175
Team aggregate.....	502	485	435	1522

W G D Goss, Rigby.....	56	60	59	175
Team aggregate.....	502	485	435	1522
AUSTRALIAN TEAM.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'ls
J J Slade, Rigby.....	70	66	69	205
Sergt D Gee, Rigby.....	72	62	62	196
Capt H J King, Rigby.....	68	61	61	190
Capt J McG Smith, Rigby.....	59	67	63	189
Lieut T T Draper, Rigby.....	61	69	67	188
J S Lynch, Rigby.....	61	62	64	187
Major J T Sleep, Rigby.....	64	60	61	185
Capt B J Wardill, Rigby.....	67	56	54	177
Team aggregate.....	522	494	501	1517

Major J T Sleep, Rigby	£4	60	61	185
Capt B J Wardill, Rigby	07	56	54	177
Team aggregate.....	522	494	501	1517
SCOTCH TEAM.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
Martin Boyd, Ingram.....	66	69	71	196
William Thornburn, Metford.....	73	57	64	194
William Clark, Henry.....	67	61	62	190
R McVittie, Ingram.....	60	61	62	183
D Fraser, Henry.....	70	59	54	183
Peter Rae, Ingram.....	61	61	60	182
Thomas Whitelaw, Ingram.....	65	57	60	182
Dr J Mitchell, Metford.....	63	47	57	167
Team aggregate.....	522	494	501	1517

Peter Rae, Ingram.....	61	61	60	182
Thomas Whitelaw, Ingram.....	65	57	60	182
Dr J Mitchell, Metford.....	68	47	57	167
Team aggregate.....	525	462	490	1477
CANADIAN TEAM.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
Lieut J Adam, Rigby.....	66	60	64	190
Major W H Cotton, Metford.....	66	60	60	186
A Bell, Metford.....	63	57	63	183

Major J M Gibson, Metford.....	69	54	60	183
G Murison, Metford.....	58	65	59	182
Capt J H Mason, Metford.....	57	59	51	167
William Crut, Metford.....	55	57	54	166
George Disner, Metford.....	55	53	55	163
Team aggregate.....	492	465	476	1433

Match Summary.				
American team.....	1175	1033	1018	3126
Irish team.....	1037	1009	158	3104
Scotch team.....	1060	990	1013	3063
Australian team.....	1053	1018	991	3062
Canadian team.....	1013	941	959	2923

While the Irishmen were in America they asked and were freely and promptly accorded another "go" at the American rifle men. The match was set down for Sept. 21, 1876. It was a cold, gusty day, and once again the Irishmen were beaten. The score running, with a possible 75 points per man per range:

AMERICAN TEAM—Major Henry Fulton, Captain.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'ls
General T. S. Dakin, Remington.....	71	67	70	208
Ransom Rathbone, Remington.....	63	69	67	204
Isaac L Allen, Remington.....	63	59	72	194
L Weber, Remington.....	66	63	64	193
Major Henry Fulton, Remington.....	70	54	67	191
Lieut-Col W B Farwell, Remington.....	66	69	30	165
Team aggregate.....	409	386	360	1165
IRISH TEAM—Major A. B. Leech, Captain.				

Joshua K Milner, Rigby.....	68	72	66	206
Henry Dyas, Rigby.....	66	64	68	198
William Rigby, Rigby.....	69	61	67	197
Lieut George Fenton, Rigby.....	66	59	64	189
Edmund Johnson, Rigby.....	64	57	63	184
W R Joynt, Rigby.....	61	56	63	180
Team aggregate.....	394	369	391	1154

The series of discomfitures which they had suffered seemed to annoy the riflemen of the United Kingdom very much. They were

The series of discomfitures which they had suffered seemed to annoy the riflemen of the United Kingdom very much. They were specially anxious to have a distinctively national match, with the best of America against the best of Great Britain. This came off at Creedmoor in 1877. In a two days' match, Sir Henry St. John Halford, a member of the Council of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, had chosen from the English, Irish and Scotch Elcho "Eight" the best small-bore talent, and he confidently looked for a victory. The contest took place in fine shooting weather on September 13 and 14, and the score stood:

First Day.—AMERICAN TEAM—Gen. T. S. Dakin, Captain.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'ls
C E Blydenburg, Remington.....	74	67	72	213
H S Jewell, Remington.....	71	66	72	209
Frank Hyde, Sharps.....	71	70	68	209
Isaac L Allen, Remington.....	71	66	69	206
L Weber Sharps.....	69	73	64	206
L C Bruce, Sharps.....	70	73	63	206
W H Jackson, Remington.....	69	69	68	206
T S Dakin, Remington.....	73	63	66	202

Team aggregate.....	568	547	540	1655
BRITISH TEAM—H. St. J. Halford, Captain.				
J K Milner, Rigby.....	72	70	67	209
William Rigby, Rigby.....	73	65	69	207
H S W Evans, Metford.....	71	70	66	207
William Ferguson, Rigby.....	72	67	67	206
Sir Henry Halford, Metford.....	71	63	71	205
Lieut Geo Fenton, Rigby.....	65	70	69	204
Lieut-Col Fenton, Metford.....	71	62	65	198
A P Humphry, Metford.....	63	70	60	193

Second Day.—AMERICAN TEAM	
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AMERICAN TEAM—Col. John Bodine, Captain.
First Day. Second Day.

	200yds.	300yds.	400yds.	500yds.	600yds.	700yds.	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
John Smith.....	30	34	31	26	26	21	18	15	13	168
J. M. Pollard.....	29	31	33	23	28	28	18	16	12	162
C. W. Himmann.....	30	32	25	19	26	23	15	13	10	158
D. R. Atkinson.....	29	32	27	26	23	19	15	13	10	153
D. H. Ordson.....	27	31	31	27	17	20	15	13	10	153
Thos. J. Dolan.....	25	28	34	16	27	21	15	11	10	151
G. E. P. Howard.....	31	29	25	19	16	23	15	10	10	149
E. O. Nevin.....	22	33	30	17	23	23	14	10	10	144
J. L. Paulding.....	25	29	20	16	24	21	14	10	10	144
J. L. Paulding.....	27	31	24	20	30	20	14	10	10	142
F. W. Alder.....	27	30	23	27	22	11	10	10	10	140
M. D. Hinds.....	29	29	25	19	19	10	10	10	10	134
Team aggregate.....	331	369	343	255	271	236	1805			

The Canadians in 1883 were rewarded for their many repulses by securing a victory over an American team. The American team went up in very bad form, defeat was predicted and it came. The match was fought on the Ainslee Wood Range, near Hamilton, Ont. The weather was so bad that the match was interrupted and the Canadian score was finished on the day following. The match was fought on Aug. 16, 1882, and the score ran:

CANADIAN TEAM.

	200yds.	300yds.	400yds.	500yds.	600yds.	700yds.	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
Mason.....	23	67
Margolis.....	72	72
Goodwin.....	69	70
Mitchell.....	74	63
Pain.....	71	65
Schwartz.....	72	61
Team aggregate.....	431	398	362	1189						

AMERICAN TEAM.

	200yds.	300yds.	400yds.	500yds.	600yds.	700yds.	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
Rathbone.....	67	60	66	193						
Brown.....	68	68	62	198						
Dudley.....	68	63	69	200						
D. Forest.....	69	72	70	211						
Davids.....	63	63	51	177						
Todd.....	68	71	61	200						
Team aggregate.....	403	397	379	1179						

July, 1883, found the American team at Wimbledon, according to the agreement for a return match. Col. G. E. P. Howard was the captain and his team was made up of Lieut. Walter Scott, Third Separate Company Infantry, N. Y.; Sergt. T. J. Dolan, Twelfth Regiment, N. Y.; Sergt. W. L. Cash, Washington Light Infantry; Sergt. J. L. Paulding, Twelfth Regiment, N. Y.; Priv. J. M. Pollard, Washington Light Infantry; Priv. G. Joiner, Twenty-third Regiment, N. Y.; Priv. J. N. Brown, Seventh Regiment, N. Y.; Priv. C. W. Himmann, First Regiment, Massachusetts; Priv. M. W. Bull, Second Regiment, Massachusetts; Priv. John Smith, Ninth Regiment, New Jersey; Priv. S. I. Scott, Washington Light Infantry.

Sir Henry Halford again led the British Volunteer team and had under him: Priv. R. McVittie, First Dumfriess; Sergt. J. H. Dods, First Berwick; Corp. C. G. Parry, Second Cheshire; Major G. Pearce, Fourth Devonshire; Corp. H. Bates, First Warwick; Capt. J. P. Godsal, Second Bucks; Major A. F. Humphrey, Cambridge University Rifles; Major G. H. Young, Twentieth Middlesex; Quartermaster S. S. Gouldsmith, First Gloucester; Priv. G. C. Gibbs, First Gloucester; Priv. F. Lowe, Thirteenth Middlesex; Priv. C. D. Wattlesworth, Fifth Lancashire.

The arms used were on the British side: The Deeley Edge Metford rifle, by Wattlesworth, Godsal, Parry, McVittie, Pearce, Lowe, Humphrey and Dods. The Metford rifles were used by Gibbs, Young and Gouldsmith, while Bates had a Webley-Wiley. On the American team: S. I. Scott, Pollard, Dolan and Cash had the Remington-Heppburn, while the other members were armed with the Brown Standard rifle.

The match was fought on two days, July 29 being given up to the 200, 400 and 600yds. work, while the next day was devoted to the 800, 900 and 1000yds. shooting. They were two days of storm and rain, gale and lightning, and it was not surprising that low scores resulted. Each man, as before, fired 7 shots at each range, making a total possible of 35 points. The scores stood:

BRITISH TEAM—Sir Henry Halford, Captain.
First Day. Second Day.

	200yds.	300yds.	400yds.	500yds.	600yds.	700yds.	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
C. D. Wattlesworth.....	32	32	30	32	27	27	180			
G. C. Gibbs.....	25	33	34	27	29	36	170			
C. G. Parry.....	28	32	26	26	28	29	169			
H. Bates.....	20	34	20	20	28	30	170			
S. S. Gouldsmith.....	31	31	27	31	27	22	169			
R. McVittie.....	29	31	29	24	20	20	163			
J. P. Godsal.....	27	32	32	28	28	16	162			
G. Pearce.....	27	33	29	22	26	21	158			
J. H. Dods.....	23	23	30	32	21	21	151			
E. Lowe.....	23	35	26	24	22	10	151			
A. P. Humphrey.....	26	29	30	27	12	24	149			
C. H. Young.....	30	31	28	28	20	10	147			
Team aggregate.....	340	376	354	330	297	254	1951			

AMERICAN TEAM—Col. Howard, Captain.
First Day. Second Day.

	200yds.	300yds.	400yds.	500yds.	600yds.	700yds.	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	T'l
S. I. Scott.....	29	30	31	33	28	22	173			
C. W. Himmann.....	29	35	32	27	26	19	168			
A. B. Van Heusen.....	29	32	29	30	24	20	164			
W. Scott.....	29	27	32	32	20	22	162			
J. H. Brown.....	30	29	31	25	19	27	161			
T. J. Dolan.....	31	29	30	31	24	17	161			
J. L. Paulding.....	31	30	23	28	20	19	157			
M. W. Bull.....	25	30	32	32	20	15	157			
G. Joiner.....	29	33	31	28	20	10	154			
J. M. Pollard.....	30	31	26	29	18	19	153			
J. Smith.....	29	34	32	27	17	10	149			
W. L. Cash.....	28	26	24	22	19	17	147			
Team aggregate.....	352	366	360	346	263	219	1906			

With this defeat for the Americans abroad the series of international matches closes. It will be seen that in small-bore, long-range work the victory lies on this side the Atlantic, and the Palma, emblematic of the champions' lip in the line of marksmanship, still remains on American soil. In military shooting the honors are on the British side, and after two defeats the American guardsmen seem indisposed to make an effort toward bringing all championships to this country.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Rifle Club, July 17. Practice Match:

S. E. Johnson.....	9	7	9	7	8	9	7	9	7	9
W. W. Johnson.....	7	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
J. Busfield.....	7	5	8	9	9	7	10	6	8	5
E. Brown.....	5	6	6	6	6	6	7	8	9	7
A. Edgerly.....	7	7	5	7	5	6	8	9	7	6
C. Brown.....	6	3	4	5	6	6	5	4	6	5
J. Choate.....	4	7	9	0	6	5	6	4	5	7
J. P. M. Green.....	7	5	6	3	3	4	4	10	3	5

JAMES TOWN, N. Y., July 17.—At the regular shoot for club medals yesterday, 200yds., off-hand, Creedmoor target, the following scores were made, wind strong from 10 o'clock:

Norton.....	55544445—46	Carters.....	54344453—39
Hazeltine.....	4435554—45	Baker.....	45455344—36
Burns.....	35444445—44	Hazzard.....	55323444—36

CREEDMOOR, July 17.—It was very hot at the Creedmoor range during most of today, but the shooting was unusually good. The attendance was the largest of the year, excepting that of July 5. The entries numbered 850 and the first cash prize amounted to about \$8. The winners in the champion marksmen's class were as follows:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Sergt. T. Mahoney, 12th Reg.....	20	25	45
Lieut. C. Wallace, 14th Reg.....	22	22	44
Private J. W. Hale, 7th Reg.....	22	22	44
Sergt. W. N. Baird, 12th Reg.....	22	22	44
Private G. T. Merchant, 7th Reg.....	20	23	43
Lieut. J. R. Byrd, 23d Reg.....	20	23	43
Sergt. G. H. Frazer, 4th Reg.....	23	20	43
Sergt. R. M. Kallach, 7th Reg.....	19	23	42

Sergt. Mahoney made a perfect score at 500yds. This has been done but three times this year. Private J. T. Klein, of the 17th Separate Company, who won the medal last year, scored a total of 47 today, but as was the winner of last year, he was entitled to no prize. A peculiarity of the shooting this year is, that in the five matches that have been shot no marksmen has won the first prize twice.

A CANADIAN MATCH.—Moncton, N. B., July 15.—The first inter-provincial rifle match, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick participating, took place on the Moncton Rifle Range today. The shooting commenced about 11 and was concluded at 5. The conditions were favorable, the wind being almost a fishtail and hazing light. The score beats the best Wimbledon record, New Brunswick's total for the range being 701, or four more than the highest in the competition for the Kolapore Cup, while Nova Scotia's 698 was but four behind. The riflemen are delighted at the successful inauguration of the inter-provincial matches, and if the Nova Scotians are disappointed the New Brunswickers are surprised at the phenomenal success. The score sheets show the following: 200, 500 and 600yds., 7 shots, highest possible, 35 at each range:

	Nova Scotia.	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Capt Bishop.....	30	32	27	89	
Capt Corbin.....	31	29	29	89	
Gunner Campbell.....	31	26	33	90	
Lieut Fiske.....	31	28	29	88	
Capt Weston.....	30	29	29	88	
Lieut Adams.....	30	26	30	86	
Gunner Fader.....	30	28	27	85	
Major Walsh.....	26	26	26	78	
Team aggregate.....	239	224	230	693	

New Brunswick.

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Lieut Langstroth.....	32	31	31	94
Sergt. Langstroth.....	28	32	30	90
Lieut McKee.....	28	32	30	90
Col Beer.....	27	29	27	87
Lieut Smith.....	31	32	32	95
Capt Hartt.....	29	34	25	87
Major Arnold.....	29	26	24	87
Capt Kinnear.....	31	27	29	79
Team aggregate.....	234	234	225	701

BOYTON, July 17.—The attendance at the range at Walnut Hill today was not large. The weather conditions were favorable. Follow are the scores:

Rest Match.

H. J. Foster, A.....	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	9	98
D. L. Chase, F.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	98
W. H. Oler.....	10	10	9	9	10	9	10	9	10	95

Five Hundred Yard Match.

LL Chase (spg rifle).....	55555555—50	E. L. Brackett (mil.).....	4444554555—43
W. Henry (mil.).....	455555455—43	E. E. Benjamin (mil.).....	4235555155—43
A. S. Brackett (mil.).....	555555444—43	C. S. Saunty.....	5453144545—43

State Militia Match.

F. E. Benjamin.....	21	22	21	21	22	22	22	22	22	22
E. C. B. Erickson.....	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21
C. M. Cook.....	21	22	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21

WILMINGTON, Del., July 14.—There was a fair attendance at the public rifle matches, held by the Wilmington Rifle Club at Schuetzen Park this afternoon, and the shooting was continued until the target was washed away by torrents of rain. The conditions of the first match were: Creedmoor target, 200yds., off-hand, and prizes divided by score classes. After deciding ties the prizes were awarded as follows: First, S. J. Newman; second, W. C. Seeds; third, U. Fuller; fourth, Wm. O'Connor. The following is the full score out of a possible 23 points:

S. J. Newman.....	5454—22	J. E. Seeds.....	4434—19
W. C. Seeds.....	4454—21	H. Simpson.....	4443—18
C. Heinel, Sr.....	4454—21	I. W. Seeds.....	3433—17
U. Fuller.....	4345—20	W. A. Bacon.....	335—16
H. B. Seeds.....	5344—20	J. E. Newman.....	2343—16
W. O'Connor.....	3444—19		

At the second match a new plan was tried, which gave general satisfaction. Bacon and Simpson were appointed to select two teams from those present to compete with each other. This awakened a spirit of rivalry which made the match exciting and interesting. Bacon's team won by 19 points, holding the lead from the start. The prizes were awarded according to the highest scores of the entire match, and were as follows: First, Charles Heinel, Sr.; second, Jas. E. Newman; third, S. J. Newman; fourth, U. Fuller; fifth, H. B. Seeds. The conditions were 200yds. off-hand, Massachusetts target. The full score is as follows, out of a possible 108 points for individuals, or out of 540 points for teams, William F. Seeds shooting as odd man:

W. A. Bacon.....	6	11	4	7	9	9	9	8	9	71
S. J. Newman.....	9	7	12	8	9	9	9	10	10	83
H. B. Seeds.....	10	12	11	8	7	9	8	6	9	80
J. E. Newman.....	12	8	10	9	7	9	11	12	7	85
J. E. Seeds.....	12	9	12	10	9	11	2	8	5	78
W. A. Bacon.....	48	47	49	42	41	47	40	44	39	397
H. Simpson.....	2	10	11	10	4	8	5	6	6	62
C. Heinel, Sr.....	8	9	12	11	9	9	11	8	12	89
U. Fuller.....	8	12	10	8	8	10	7	7	8	82
W. V. Seeds.....	6	5	11	9	8	10	7	10	7	75
William O'Connor.....	10	9	5	10	5	6	4	10	10	70
Team aggregate.....	37	45	49	43	34	39	40	38	45	378

At a meeting of the club held at the close of the matches the weekly shooting day was changed to Monday. It was also decided to visit the West Philadelphia Rifle and Gun Club at Stockton range, near Camden, N. J., on Monday, July 24.

WIMBLEDON, July 15.—The regular match between members of the House of Lords and members of the House of Commons has been abandoned because it has been found impossible to complete the teams, owing to the absorbing interest in the election. The shooting of the first stage of the contest for the Queen's prize was finished today. Corporal Reur, of the Aberdeen Rifles, made 90 out of a possible 105, taking the bronze medal.

July 19.—There was some fine shooting in the rifle matches today. Rigby, for instance made 15 consecutive bullseyes at 600yds. Light breezes prevailed for a time, and the weather afterward became rainy. The shooting for the London Corporation prizes was confined to marksmen from the colonies. The highest scores at the first range, 600yds., were as follows: Baruhill, of Canada, and Davis, of India, 40 each; Armstrong, of Canada, Cork, of Australia, and Harwood, of India, each 38.

July 20.—The shooting was continued today. The weather was favorable. In the match for the Queen's prize, Corp. Richardson, of Cambridgeshire; Sergt. Barret, of Lancashire, and Private Jackson, of Lincolnshire, tied, with 2.5 points each. The tie was shot off and resulted in Jackson winning.

NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB.—Editor Forest and Stream: The twenty-ninth annual meeting of the club will be held at Vernon, Vt., Sept. 7, 8 and 9. A general invitation is extended to all interested in rifle shooting. Any one can become a member and entitled to all the privileges of the club by paying \$5 entrance fee to the match for prizes and the club medal. The standard weight of rifle barrels being 15lbs. all over men give the following odds: From 15 to 30lbs. 24 to the pound for every 10 shots. From 30 to 30lbs., 16 to the pound for every 10 shots. From 30 to 40lbs., 16 to the pound for every 10 shots. Ten per cent. odds will be allowed to parties shooting from the shoulder. First string will be shot Tuesday afternoon, second and third strings on Wednesday. Distance 40 rods. Time rules.—N. S. Brockway, Secretary, Bellows Falls, Vt.

THE TRAP.

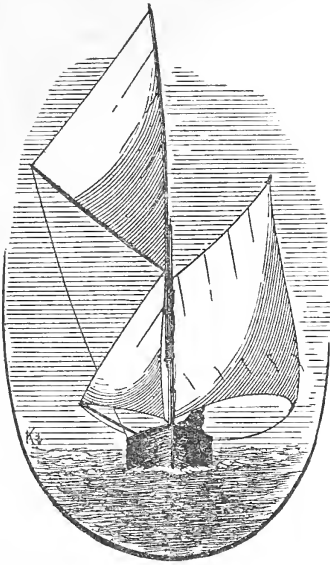
Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries.

Sound, and disbanded there.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

XXV.

IT was early in the forenoon when the Coot reached down from her night's anchorage in Broad Creek to the North River light, and worked out against a light S. westerly breeze. The narrow passage is marked by a midchannel buoy at each end, but I could find no traces of the inner one. Many of the beacons and marks in the Sound had been carried away by the heavy ice of the winter, the light at Roanoke River being knocked off its legs, and all the stakes gone in Core Sound. Strange to say, the Lighthouse Service has been slow to replace the marks, contrary to its usual despatch in such matters. Several vessels were lost in consequence. One schooner was split on the submerged iron socket of a stake in Core Sound and sank. The destination of the Coot was Elizabeth City, at the head of the



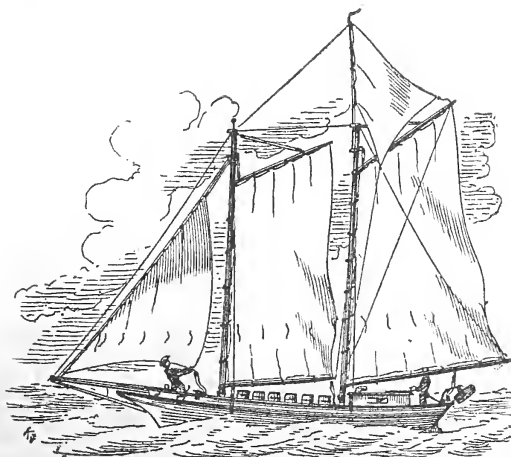
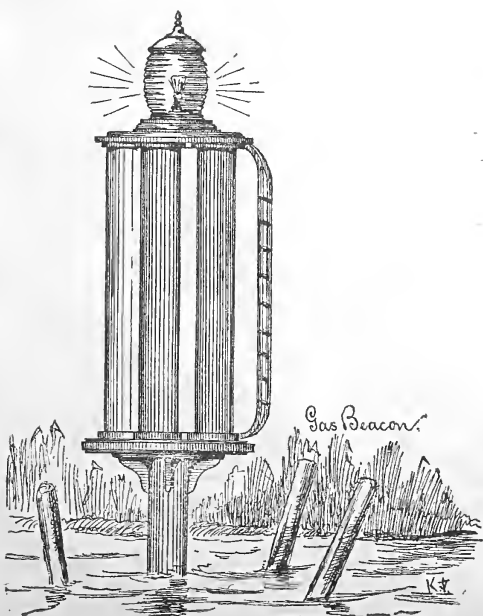
A "SOUNDER"—BEFORE THE WIND.

Pasquotank River, the first met with, steering west. From North River the shore can be followed pretty close, passing half way between it and Wade's Point Light, erected on a long sandspit jutting across the mouth of the Pasquotank, after which beacons properly painted will pilot you safely up the river, the city opening to view upon rounding Brickhouse Point. The wind had increased to the regulation mild gale from S.S.E., and the Coot went flying before it

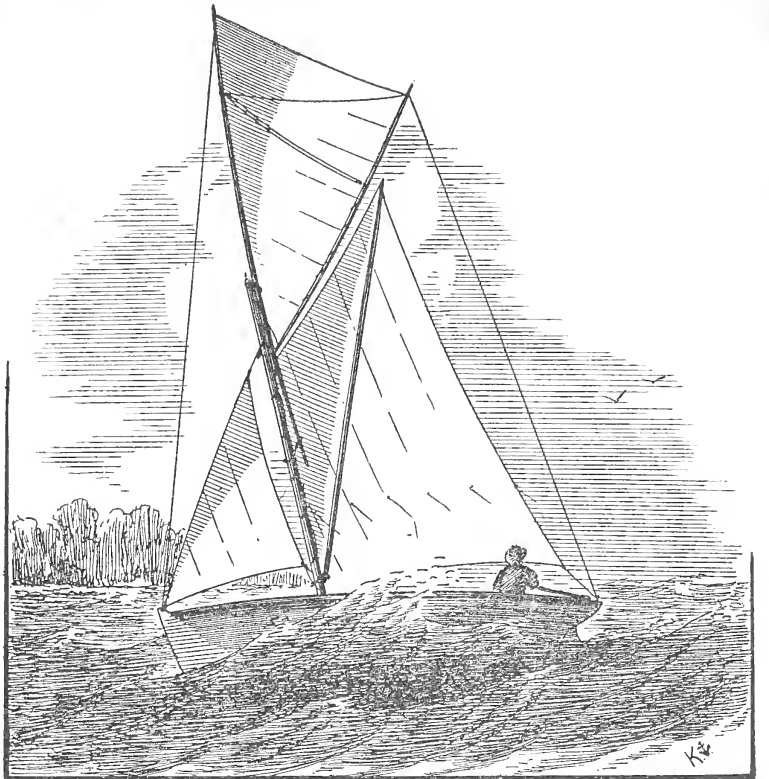
in Albermarle and Pamlico, connect here for the North. The river water is fresh enough to fill up your tanks. Some miles higher up the old Dismal Swamp Canal has its entrance. To this canal the prosperity of Elizabeth is originally due, and there is now a movement to dredge it out to suit modern traffic. Meanwhile manufactures have sprung up to add to the life of the town. There is a cotton seed mill, an ice house, a net and twine factory, several saw mills, a large four-story brick hotel occupying a whole block, a fine cotton house and many handsome little dwellings with tastefully decorated gardens. Likewise specimens of the old home-stead of antebellum era and a large contingent of tenants' cottages scattered about the outskirts. The stores take up several blocks near the water, and most necessities are to be had at fair prices. A general air of thrift and progress pervades the place. It may be remarked that all the manufactures are carried on by men from the North. The professions are well represented, and supply the society of the town, which is somewhat noted for its contingent of fair young ladies. I saw whole troops of them about the streets, but of course took no interest in them. The shipping in the harbor is confined to a few schooners, a propeller or two and the Old Dominion's fine sidewheeler Shenandoah, which runs to New Bern up the Neuse River. The small boats are peculiar. The moment you leave the Cootjock Canal you enter into a separate zone of boat construction. The style you then meet prevails all over the Sound to the exclusion of every other. In hull these boats are a cross between the canoe and ordinary ship's yawl boat. In rig they are quite original. The mast is stout and short. A sail short on the luff and long on the head, with much peak about like a cutter's main-sail, is spread by a sprit from tack to head. A jib to stem head is deemed absolutely necessary, as all boatmen here are strongly opposed to taking the rough waters of the Sound without some head sail. My experience is that they are right, for the Coot's cat rig was a sorry

chance in more than one instance. Equally indispensable to the "Sounder" is a flying topsail of heavy material. It is carried full but the worst weather, and is in reality a stout yard, which is hoisted to the masthead, the heel coming half way down the mast where it is secured. A headstay leads from head of yard to the stem of the boat, and the sheet from a yard on the foot of the topsail, is taken directly to the boat's quarter. Thus the top-sail is independent of the mainsail, and can be maneuvered at will. When running before the wind the mainsail is winged out one side and the topsail on the other. The cut of these rigs gives them a very smart look on the wind. So keen has competition become all round the coasts that piles of sandbags are shifted to windward by the crews as in racing machines about New York, and everybody is on the qui vive to beat everybody else. "Can she run well?" was the first question asked of the Coot, "running" referring to her sailing qualities in general. Every one about the Sounds is an expert at boating. From infancy the youngster is bred to a boat. At five years of age he knows it all. I overheard two little urchins seriously discussing the Coot's mainsheet. "Ah, but can he haul in all those parts quick enough?" said the first. "Yes he can, for I saw him do it," was the quick rejoinder. The doctor makes the rounds through the country in his boat. Sick people sail fifty miles in a "kunner" to catch the doctor. The grocer sends his boy with his wares by the rivers and creeks. The lawyers look up their clients under sail, and the farmers come to town in their ducats. The rallants take their lady loves out for a cruise down harbor, and the average man goes fishing when he has nothing else on hand, while the boy of the town does his loafing afloat instead of in the gutters. The Coot came in for endless comment and such a stream of visitors that I shifted my berth next day for a lonely place up river. An expedition inland revealed large and well-tilled farms and an open country in which I was told there was no game, and birds were scarce owing to the thick settlement. Every one pointed to Hyde and Dare counties and the Alligator River as the great preserve for deer, bear, swans, geese, ducks, quail, partridge, oysters, clams, turtles, squirrels, snipe, beach chickens, willets, crabs, eagles, minx, otter, beaver, muskrats, etc. and sportsmen in these counties, they being thinly settled, and well wooded and difficult of access. I believe that all that portion of Dare county east of the Alligator is under lease to the Kittyhawk Sportsman's Club of New York. What the terms are I do not know, but the natives are certainly not familiar with any such rights, for they hunt through that region as they please, and pretty much when they please, regardless of game laws. What little they bring down, however, is only for their immediate consumption and would never be missed. The ground will remain practically virgin as long as the city tourists can be held at bay. One man told me about ten coon or hog farms he and a guide had brought down near the shores of the Alligator. The bears had been in search of grubberies, and gave notice of their whereabouts a long way off through the cracking of the limbs as they tore them from the trees. About Far Creek and Long Shoal River deer are very plenty, also swan, geese and ducks

with great foaming curlers in her wake. Off the town there is a deep hole of 40ft. The proper anchorage is in 10ft. around the last red beacon, and abreast of the railroad and steamship wharf at the northern end of the town. There protection is also had against the sea, which constantly rolls in upon the city wharves. Though Elizabeth is not very impressive to one fresh from Norfolk, it is the largest and most important town on the Sound, and the last likely place at which to fill up with stores. All the surrounding country draws upon Elizabeth. It has the only marine railway on the Sound, and is connected with Norfolk by rail. Steamers from various points

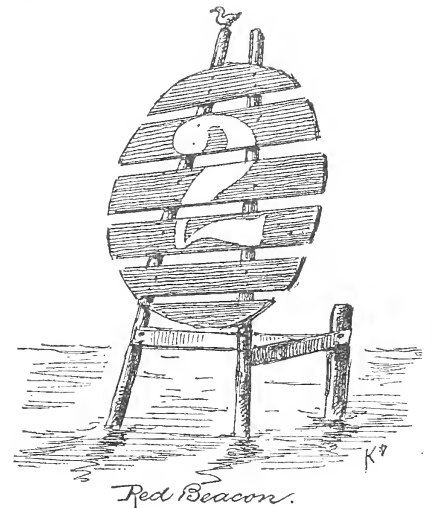


A "Core Sounder".



A "SOUNDER"—ON THE WIND.

in season, oysters without end. When a boatman gets hungry hereabouts he rounds up, fills the sternsheet full of oysters in a few minutes and draws jib again.



HULL Y. C. 1ST CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.—The morning of July 17 was so calm that all of the entries in the first championship race of the Hull Y. C. were not able to reach the start. About noon, however, a good breeze came out from E.S.E., shifting later to W., and then dropping to a calm. Soon after a very severe squall struck the fleet, cap-sizing two yachts, but doing no serious harm. Twenty-four yachts started, the first at 3 P.M., in the five classes. When the squall struck Zetta was compelled to anchor and ride it out, afterward giving up. Rocket and Crusader, two of the centerboards, were capsized, but all hands were rescued. Most of the yachts rode out the squall under bare poles. The times were:

FIRST CLASS KEELS.			
Maud, S. B. Wood.....	34.05	Actual.	
Carmen, B. L. M. Tower.....	30.05	Withdrawn.	2 36 52
FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Nimbus, J. J. Souther.....	34.05	2 53 27	2 27 28
SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Ramblor, J. J. Henry.....	27.00	3 10 36	2 37 36
Edin, J. Cavanaugh.....		3 14 10	
SECOND CLASS KEELS.			
Lizzie F. Daly, Wm. Daly, Jr.....	26.11	2 55 22	2 22 16
Mabel, W. H. Wilkinson.....	26.28	3 02 36	2 29 14
THIRD CLASS KEELS.			
Kitty, E. H. Sarbell.....		2 29 10	
THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Posy, R. G. Hunt.....	23.06	1 59 53	1 38 52.4
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy.....	23.01	Did not finish.	
Queen Mab, E. L. Burrell.....	23.06	2 07 09	1 46 08
FOURTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Tom Cat, C. G. Weld.....	19.01	1 36 45	1 12 52
Mabel, C. R. Howe.....	19.06	1 33 47	1 10 57
Tartar, F. L. Dunne.....	19.06	1 35 18	1 12 48
Crusader, A. Wilson.....	19.01		Capsized.
Nora, Boynton & McManus.....	25.05		Withdrawn.
Myrtle, R. C. Poor.....	19.06		Withdrawn.
FIFTH CLASS.			
Wildfire, A. A. Keith.....	18.01	1 51 50	1 26 59
Rocket, H. M. Faxon.....	16.06		Capsized.
Elsie, C. F. Hardwick.....	16.10		Withdrawn.
Josephine, D. H. Follett.....	18.06		Withdrawn.
Spray, H. H. Faxon.....	18.10	2 01 44	1 37 37
FOURTH CLASS KEELS.			
Zetta, H. E. Fowler.....	20.00		Withdrawn.

The prizes were: First class keels, \$35. (Carmen); first class centerboards, \$35; second class keel, \$20, Lizzie F. Daly; second class centerboards, \$20, Ramblor; third keels, one-half of prize, \$7.50, Kitty; third class centerboards, \$15, Posy; fourth class centerboards, \$12, Mabel; fifth class, Wildfire, \$10. Mabel and Tartar filed cross protests against each other.

SHREWSBURY RACES.—On July 16, the third race for the North Shrewsbury championship was sailed in a light S. wind. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Little Night.....	2 21 46	4 35 39	2 13 50	2 13 50
Evela.....	2 20 37	4 31 28	2 09 51	2 09 36
Maud I.....	2 21 29	4 33 56	2 11 27	2 12 27
Annie.....	2 22 15	4 41 12	2 18 57	2 16 57
SECOND CLASS.				
Fern.....	2 27 39	4 23 03	2 05 29	2 06 09
Spot.....	2 29 27	4 36 46	2 06 19	2 07 04

An open sweepstake regatta is proposed, to be sailed on the Shrewsbury the last of this month.

GENESTA AND IREX.

THE challenge of Irex for the two cups won by Genesta premises to do little to increase the reputation of the former even in the event of winning. There are a great many abroad as well as here who think the proper place for the leader of the racing fleet is where the America's cup is, and while it is still held in America there is little glory in heating the C. class or winning other international cups at second hand. It is seldom that we can agree with our able and fairminded contemporary the *Saturday Review*, but in this case we can do so heartily as far as Genesta and Irex are concerned. "The ingenious plan of the Yacht Racing Association for putting obsolete and ill-designed vessels on a par with the best that the accomplished naval architects of our day can produce scarcely seems likely to succeed so well as might be desired. In spite of the enormous penalties imposed upon the fast ships, they may possibly still be enough in the van to win, and the slow vessels may find themselves in the position which is perhaps not unnatural for them, but which nevertheless causes their owners extreme annoyance. Possibly later in the season they may be more fortunate, the cry which has been raised for special prizes for specially dull sailers may meet with some response; but for the present the vessels which can go quickly through the water are not getting the worst of it, and in spite of having to sail at 340 tons, the Irex appears to be the leading yacht. There is, it seems, to be a race between this vessel, which, even when all allowance is made for the skill with which she is sailed, must be regarded as the fastest English racing craft, and the Genesta. It was announced last month that the owner of the first-named had challenged the Genesta for the Brenton Reef and Cape May challenge cups so brilliantly won by the latter in American waters last season. Now, unless the challenge has been issued by the wish of the chivalrous owner of the Genesta, as is quite possible, this seems a rather mistaken proceeding on the part of the gentleman to whom the Irex belongs. That cutter did not go boldly over to New York last year and fight for the America's Cup, but was engaged in the comparatively inglorious work of winning prizes on the English coast. After attempting the impossible—that is to say, trying to beat a centerboard built specially for the race—the Genesta, sailing against keel vessels, won the two cups in a manner unparalleled in yachting. It might well have been thought that, unless an American came over to compete for them, she would have been left in undisputed possession of the trophies she had so nobly won; but now we learn that an English yacht which did not venture across the Atlantic is, with remarkably tardy valor, offering to do battle with her. Every one must hope that Sir Richard Norton will retain the trophies which he gained so well; but undoubtedly there is a considerable chance of his losing them, as the extraordinary speed of the Irex in reaching and running may give her great advantages in the race to Cherbourg and back; but, even if his vessel is beaten, it will be one of those contests in which all the honor rests with the defeated; and though yachtsmen are said to be a jealous race, we doubt whether there will be any jealousy on this occasion, and whether, if Mr. Jameson is successful, any one will in the smallest degree envy him the prizes he takes from the vessel of which Englishmen are justly proud."

CAROLINA Y. C. REGATTAS.

THIS season has been the most exciting one ever sailed by the boats of this club. On June 27, the opening regatta, twelve yachts reported ready for action, and a more beautiful race we have never had. After running six miles the race was between Vixen, Capt. Latimer, and Idler, Com. Jones. Each boat had her respective backers, and at the finish Vixen led, giving Idler a good second. Next in was Ripple. The prizes, \$50 to the first boat, \$20 to second, \$10 to third boat, were awarded the above yachts.

Our July 3 regatta was the largest ever held by the club. The city was deserted, and all who could borrow or beg a boat were landed safely on the beach to witness this race. In the club house were 600 people, guests of members, and the race was between Vixen, Capt. Latimer, and Idler, Com. Jones. Each boat had her respective backers, and at the finish Vixen led, giving Idler a good second. Next in was Ripple. The prizes, \$50 to the first boat, \$20 to second, \$10 to third boat, were awarded the above yachts.

The judges, Capt. Mitchell, W. S. Cutler Colfax, Mr. Richard Bradley and Capt. Wm. Smith, gave the start promptly at 12 o'clock, and at the firing of the first gun from the cutter, which was anchored some 100 yds. distant, the yacht Glide, Mr. Cameron, made the start, followed by the Restless, Mr. Cowan; Lillian and Florence, Mr. Bowden Soule, Mr. Atkinson; Rosa, Mr. Smith; Mist, Mr. Conoley; Ripple, Mr. Giles; Vixen, Mr. Latimer; Idler, Com. Jones; Mascotte, Mr. Farsley. Wind from E. and a close haul the boats were made for Inlet Buoy. On their return Vixen and Idler gained the first places, and we do not believe ever before two boats ran more evenly than they did. For 7 miles there was not 10 ft. difference from the starting, and only by sheer boldness did their position change. The last mile of the race the boats were compelled to make a short tack in order to avoid a shoal, and Idler having nothing to lose, being a good second, crossed the shoal without grounding, and won the race in the fastest time on record, the 8 mile spring sailed in 1h. 21m. 50s.; Vixen second, Mascotte third, Ripple fourth, Glide fifth.

Since the arrival in our waters of the Idler and Vixen, it is a strange coincidence that our races have had less tacking than ever before, and to this cause some of the yachts attribute their success. We will hope at our next regatta that the wind will blow hard and from a point that will make dead windward work, and the owners of Idler and Vixen will not be as jubilant after this race as they are at present. Ripple and Mascotte are always close behind them, and all they ask is for more close sailing.

C.

IREX AND MARJORIE.—The results of the races between these two, now almost the sole representatives of the British racing fleet, only go to show that if Marjorie had come out here one or two years ago she would have had a far better chance against the existing boats which would then have been matched against her, Mischief, Gracie, Fanny and others, than Genesta and Galatea have against Puritan & Co. Besides she would have had Duncan in her, and we all know what he could do. Marjorie is a much less extreme boat than the 90-tonners, and for that reason would have had a far better show with our wider boats.

JERSEY CITY Y. C. 28TH ANNUAL REGATTA.—The Jersey City Y. C., almost the oldest in the United States, sailed its 28th regatta on July 15, over the following courses: Class A.—From a line between judes' boat and Bartholdi's statue on Bedloe's Island, thence to and around buoy 8½ and return, keeping to eastward of buoys 11, 13, 15 and Oyster Island buoy and to westward of Fort Lafayette; going and returning keeping buoy 8½ on the port hand. Classes B and D.—Starting from same place, thence to and around buoy 11 and 16 and return, keeping buoys on the port hand. Classes C and E.—Starting from same place, to and around buoy 15 and return, keeping buoy on port hand. Finks for all classes at same line as start. Allowance of time for classes A, B and D 2 min. to the foot, other classes 1½ min. to the foot; one-quarter of overhang included in measurement. At 11:20 A. M. the signal for the start was given. The tide was nearly out and a light S. E. wind was moving, increasing in the afternoon. The times were:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Coucord.....	11 21 00	3 30 00	
Naushon.....	11 22 10	Disabed.	4 13 00

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
E'sie May.....	11 26 50	3 09 00	3 42 30
Alexander F.....	11 27 00	2 55 00	3 24 55

CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eleanor.....	11 32 00		
Kt. Templar.....	11 32 40	2 52 30	3 19 50

CLASS D—OPEN CAT YACHTS.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bessie.....	11 33 40	1 50 15	2 19 35
Fanny Parrell.....	11 31 30	2 00 53	2 29 23
Lizzie B.....	11 31 10	2 00 50	2 30 40

Concord carried away her bowsprit and withdrew. Naushon, Alexander F. and Bessie win in their classes. The regatta committee were Messrs. J. H. Love, J. T. Roberts and J. A. Hilton; and the judges, Messrs. J. A. Nugent, J. H. Carnes and A. Blau, Jr.

JAMAICA BAY RACES.—The second race of the series was sailed on July 17, starting at 8:30, the course being from against the Seaside wharf, around Red buoy No. 4, in Rockaway Inlet. The times were:

CLASS A.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ours.....	3 40 00	4 55 30	1 15 30
Lottie R.....	3 40 00	4 55 00	1 15 00
Julita.....	3 40 00	4 57 15	1 17 15

CLASS B.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lady Glenmore.....	3 40 00	4 56 00	1 16 00
Estelle.....	3 40 00	5 57 45	1 15 40
Gracie.....	3 40 00	4 59 30	1 19 30
So So.....	3 40 00	5 58 00	1 18 30
Blond.....	3 40 00	5 01 10	1 20 10
Aurora.....	3 40 00	5 01 00	1 21 00

CLASS B.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Florence.....	3 40 00	5 04 30	1 24 15
Kate.....	3 40 00	5 10 15	1 30 15

The regulations were that all boats must be sailed by amateurs, and Lady Glenmore and Ours were consequently disqualified. Lottie R., Julita, Estelle and So So win in Class A, and Florence in Class B.

AN ANOMALY.—Messrs. William J. Elton and William W. Crawford of South Boston are the owners of a boat that is something different from the ordinary run of small sailing craft, and which attracts considerable attention. The Elford, as she is called, was originally a boat of the class known as "clippers centerboard dory," and was built by Small, of Swampscott, in 1884. Her model is different from any other dory in many respects. She is somewhat the style of the Nautilus that was sailed across the Atlantic by the Andrew Brothers in 1873. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 10 ft. 6 in.; extreme beam, 4 ft. 10 in.; depth, 30 in. Her present owners were at work on her during the winter months and made many alterations in her. The boat was decked over, leaving an oval standing room 9 ft. 6 in. long and 8 ft. 10 in. wide, around which was put a slender oak washrail. A keel 8 in. deep was put on, extending the whole length of the boat and the rudder was enlarged to correspond. The seats are arranged so that she will carry eight persons with comfort. She is rigged with a sprit mainsail and jib, the mainsail containing 37 yds. and the jib 3 yds. of drilling. The mast is 15 ft. 6 in. from deck to top, 4 in. in diameter at deck, and 2½ in. in diameter at top. The sail hoists 12 ft. and measures 12 ft. at the foot and 8 ft. 6 in. at the head. The sprit is 18 ft. long, and when up it carries the peak of the sail 2½ ft. from the deck. The bowsprit is a very light adjustable spar, that can be put on or taken in at pleasure. The hull of the boat weighs about 350 lbs. and she usually carries 500 lb. of ballast aboard. She shows great speed with sheets started and when close-hauled her keel enables her to hang on and sail as fast as the wind. She is a boat that can be taken safely almost anywhere and has been sailed with reefed mainsail in a wind of 30 miles per hour. This class of boats, while somewhat unique, is no doubt destined to become very popular in time with amateur sailors.—*South Boston Enquirer.*

"THE BOAT SAILER'S MANUAL."—While no one can learn to sail a boat by staying ashore and reading treatises on the subject, there is yet a great deal of important information regarding boats and their rigs which may be acquired by intelligent study. The ranks of the yachtsmen are of late being rapidly augmented by recruits from the boat sailers and carvoemen, already a numerous class, while their places in the musquito fleet are being taken just as rapidly by novices. Never before was boat sailing so popular as now, and with a greater variety and improved models of boats it is each year extending over new waters to those young sailors who wish to learn all that can be acquired from books, we recommend the valuable little hand book lately compiled by Lieut. E. F. Quailtrough, U. S. N., author of the "Sailor's Handybook." The "Boat Sailer's Manual" contains in a very neat and compact little volume, suitably bound in flexible leather, all the essential information which the novice requires. The principles of flotation, stability and lateral resistance, and the action of rudder, ballast and sails are clearly explained, and the various parts of the boat, with the various operations of the rigging aloft, are shown by diagrams. The question of the best boat for each purpose is dealt with in a practical manner, and the characteristics of the different

types are discussed, a large number of boats being described and illustrated. The management of boats under sail is considered in a separate chapter, racing and its rules, as well as practical boat handling, being dealt with under this head. The cutter and sloop rigs are described and compared, and canoe sailing comes in for an extended notice. The final chapter contains in a compact form some useful hints on weather indications, cookery, bating and restoring the dro'ned and similar subjects. The book is published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

NEW YORK Y. C.—On July 15 a meeting of the N. Y. Y. C. was held at Delmonico's. A resolution was passed, inviting Lieut. Henn to join the club cruise and to enter the Goelet cup race. The following members were also elected: Morris K. Jessup, Frederick Lovejoy, J. C. Bergen, Henry Cragish, George H. Warren, Alfred J. Weston, Philip Tilghmash, Lewis H. Livingston, August W. Conover, M. Ballou, E. J. Greacen, Stanley Greacen, B. F. Gambrill and Robert Browne.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.—The following orders for the coming cruise have been issued by Com. Gerry: FLAGSHIP ELECTRA, N. Y. Y. C., NEW YORK HARBOR, July 20, 1886. GENERAL ORDERS, No. 1. The Commodore hereby assumes command of the squadron. Mr. William Krebs is appointed Fleet Captain.—ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, Commodore.

FLAGSHIP ELECTRA, N. Y. Y. C., NEW YORK HARBOR, July 20, 1886. GENERAL ORDERS, No. 2. The vessels of the squadron will rendezvous at New London, off Pequot House, on Wednesday, Aug. 4. Captains of the reports aboard the flagship at an hour which will be duly indicated by signal the same evening. During the cruise, the owl and the game cock colors, with the accompanying challenge cups, will be raced for by the gigs and double scull cutters and dingies belonging to the yachts of the squadron, and the holders will be subject to challenges at any time, on one day's notice. Special attention is called to the race for the cups presented by Captain Goelet, which will take place at Newport at a time to be determined on at the meeting of the captains on the 4th inst. Also to the fact that Rule V. of the printed sailing regulations prohibiting the carrying of clubpoisals during the annual cruise, was rescinded in that respect at the June meeting of the club. By order of the Commodore, WILLIAM KREBS, Fleet Captain.

YACHTING NOTES.—Bedouin has received her new main boom at Lawley's. The East River Y. C. proposes soon to sail a regatta on a novel plan. A prize will be given for the last boat, no owner to sail his own boat. The yachts will be allotted to the different members by the regatta committee, and as each man will sail not his own boat but a rival, he will do his utmost to bring her in first. Beele, cutter, Mr. Augustus Hemmenway, has been leased by Mr. Bancroft Davis, and Captain Crocker's brother William will sail her.

OPEN REGATTA ON THE SOUND.—On July 28, a large open regatta will be held at Westport over a 10-mile triangular course, open to four classes of yachts, as follows: First to measure 35 ft., second 30 ft., third 25 ft., and fourth 20 ft. All boats in fourth class to be cat-rigged. Prizes of \$25 will be awarded in each class. The measurement will be from stem to rudderhead. A time allowance of 1½ min. to the foot will be given. Mr. F. Burritt, of South Norwalk, has charge of the entries.

AMERICA.—The alterations in Gen. Butler's schooner are completed, and on Saturday she started on a trial trip, having her owner on board. She has now an outside keel of lead, weighing 26 tons, with a single bowsprit in place of her old bowsprit and jibboom, while her sails are entirely new. She sailed nearly to Marblehead in company with Mayflower, and then stood off shore for a thorough trial trip at sea.

TRANS-ATLANTIC YACHTING.—The English yawl Xarifa arrived at Cowes on July 15. Coronet, schooner, Mr. R. T. Bush, of New York, arrived at Queenstown on July 18, after a passage of 17 days. She will visit Cowes and Havre, remaining abroad about 6 weeks.

MEDUSA.—Mr. Robert Cooter, former owner of the cutter Vindex, has just purchased the cutter Medusa, built by Lawleys from a design by J. Beaver Webb. She is now fitting out and will join the N. Y. Y. C. cruise.

EASTERN Y. C. CRUISE.—On July 13 the fleet sailed from Rockland at 9:15 A. M., reaching Bar Harbor about 4 P. M. A meeting was held on board Fortuna next morning, at which the fleet was disbanded.

ALLEN'S bow-facing oars can be attached to any boat in 5 minutes. Try them. Little catalogue free. Fred A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

C. W.—See game seasons in our issue of July 8.

A CONSTANT READER is recommended to apply to any fish dealer in his own city or in New York.

J. C. W., Paterson, N. J.—The three years' law was not enacted; the season remains as before.

R. W. McL., Chillicothe, O.—See correspondent's reply to your inquiry in Sea and River columns.

C. H., Providence, R. I.—The season for landlocked salmon in Maine is from May 1 to Oct. 1. June is usually the best month. They troll for them there with minnows mostly. If you use flies we would advise trying the silver doctor. Jock Scott, Montreal and royal coachman. You may find good fishing in September.

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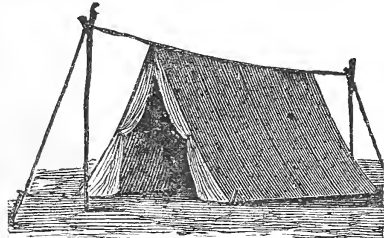
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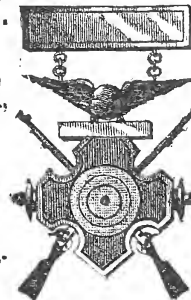
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XI. The Cruiser—Sail Plan.
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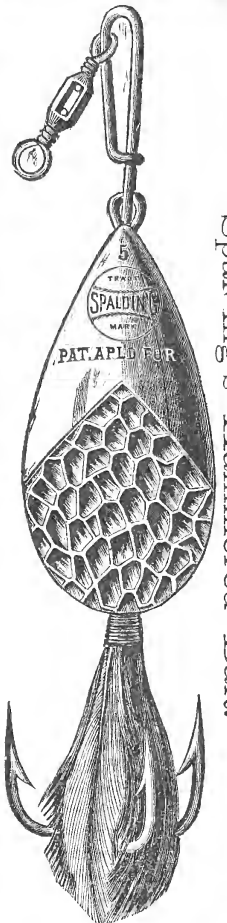
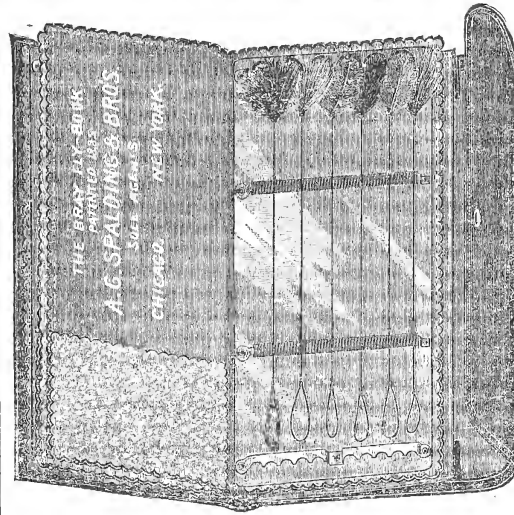
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Foreman ex Passalot (Goodsell's Prince ex Pebble) puppies for sale. Now booking orders for Fairy King (Plantagenet ex Jessie) ex Countess Floy (Count Noble ex Floy) puppies. Fairy King (Plantagenet ex Jessie) in the stud. Fee \$25.

Valuable Kennel For Sale.

1. BEAUFORT, the best pointer living.
2. NEVISON, champion mastiff of America. Winner of forty 1st prizes.
3. ALOE, pure Laverack setter bitch; sire, Goodsell's Prince; dam, Pebble.
4. BELLE BELTON, English setter; sire, Yale Belton; dam, Clara R.
BEAUFORT stud fee, \$50.
NEVISON stud fee, \$50.
CHAS. H. MASON,
13 Bedford ave., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

Prize-Bred Collies.

A choice litter by Bounce (sire of Braw au' Bounie, 1st and special, New Haven) out of Raspberry Girl, by Rutland out of Strawberry Girl; five dogs and three bitches. They are as promising a lot as the Eclipse—Nesta litter, which includes Glengarry, Heather, Clipper and Lintie. Price on application. At the stud—CLIPPER, the only one of the Eclipse—Nesta litter at public service. Fee, \$25. Also BOUNCE, by Trump, averages nine pups to the litter and gets winners. Fee \$15.
JAMES WATSON, P. O. Box 770, Philadelphia.

CLOSING OUT SALE.

Two liver and white ticked English setter pups, of good pedigree, dog and bitch, 10 mos. old, partly broken, will retrieve and not gun shy. These pups will be sold at a very reasonable price. Address P. O. Box 20, Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y. jy15,2t

MT. PLEASANT KENNELS.—THE LARGEST in America. For Sale—Two first-class fox-terrier bitches, imported stock, one litter light-weight bull-terriers, one pointer dog, one Gordon setter bitch, one snow white light-weight bull-terrier dog. For particulars address C. T. BROWNELL, Box 335, New Bedford, Mass.

HIGH BRED POINTERS AND SETTERS.—WE breed and dispose of nothing but first-class broken and unbroken dogs and puppies. Address ELM GROVE KENNELS, South Norwalk, Conn.

LLEWELIN SETTER PUPPIES, WHELPED June 24, 1886, by Gun (Gladstone—May B.) out of Morning Star (Dashing Dan—Daisey Starlight), all black, white and tan and blue belton. Ready to ship when 6 wks. old; order now. For pedigree and price address CHAS. YORK, 9 & 11 Granite Block, Bangor, Me.

ENGLISH SETTER PUPPIES.

From imported Flora, by Roy (Dash III.—Bessie), whelped March 3, 1886. Dogs or bitches. Will guarantee these pups to be just right; strong nose, natural hunters, and very staunch, requiring but little training. They are not sold to those who scrub stock or to mere roomers, but were bred especially for the trade, and to show as well in the field as on paper. Address, H. J. PIERRE, Winsted, Conn.

Pointer Puppies For Sale.

A dog and bitch, liver and white, 10 wks. old, by Bang Bang out of Fan Fan. I will take one or two dogs South to train for the field trials. For terms address J. N. LEWIS, Ramsey, N. J. jy23,3mo

ENGLISH SETTER PUPS, BY CHAMPION Dash III, out of a champion Leicester and Nelly bitch. WM. W. REED, 85 Milk street, Boston, Mass. jy22,2mo

A WELL-TRAINED BLACK AND WHITE ENGLISH setter dog, 2 yrs. old, at \$25. Also a fine lemon and white English setter bitch, 1 yr. old, just right to hunt this fall; only \$10. C. F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y. jy22,t

FOR SALE.

The Harvard Kennels offer for sale two black and white bitches, 5 mos. old, by the field trial winner Gus Bondhu out of one of the best Druid bitches living. Price low. Address A. M. TUCKER, 85 Main street, Charlestown, Mass.

FOR SALE.—IMPORTED ENGLISH SETTER bitch Beauty (A.K.R. 306), trained and a good field bitch. \$50. Also three of her puppies by Lincoln II., \$15 each. Also Beauty of Orleans (A.K.R. 3409), \$25. HENRY STURTEVANT, Medina, N. Y. jy22,2t

POINTERS.

I offer for sale some choice youngsters, 4 mos. old, by Guido (Start ex Maud) out of Viola (Sentation ex Guido's Lilly). Guido is full brother of Peshall's Jimmie. Price \$30 each or \$35 the brace. Address J. H. WINSLOW, P. O. Box 1247, Philadelphia, Pa. jy22,2t

FOR SALE.—A LOT OF VIRGINIA FOXHOUND pups, 8 wks., from a long line of good dogs; very cheap. Also foxhound bitch, 8 yrs., also cheap. Address W. L. CRITTENDEN, Pine View, Va. jy22,t

FOR SALE.—THREE HANDSOME BLUE BELTON English setter dog puppies, by Don Gladstone (Gladstone ex Juno) out of Lucy Dean (champion Paris ex Cousinette). Address GEO. H. HILL, Miami Kennels, Madeira, Ohio. jy22,t

WHITE BULL-TERRIER YOUNG ROYAL Prince (A.K.R. 2102). Fee \$15. Pups by Royal Prince and 50 bull-terriers for sale, dogs, bitches and puppies, white or colored, large or small kinds; all first-class stock; state what you want. J. W. NEWMAN, 87 Hanover street, Boston, Mass. jy22,3mo

FOR SALE.—A MASTIFF DOG, 3 YRS. OLD, of very large size, gentle, kind and fine looking. Will be sold at a low price as the owner has no place to keep him. Address P. O. Box 1053, Clinton, Mass. jy22,t

BARGAINS IN IRISH SETTERS.—A FINE bitch, 16 mos. old; also some choice puppies, by champion Glencho out of Lillie Mabou. Price low. A. W. PEARSALE, Huntington, L. I. 1t

FOR SALE.

English setter pups, Dash III. stock; will be sold low. Address E. H. HARTSHORN, 71 Blackstone st., Boston, or Alfred G. Larkin, West Berlin, Mass. jy22,t

The Kennel.

CHAMPION BOZ.

For Sale—Puppies by Boz out of Gipsy and Silver Pitcher. Boz has won more prizes than any other bulldog in America. Address R. & W. LIVINGSTON, care of Beckman & Ogden, 111 Broadway, New York City. jy1,t

ROYAL BLOOD.

For Sale—Several puppies by Count Noble out of champion Dido II., whelped May 21, 1886. Dido II. is considered one of the very best English setter bitches in the world, and Count Noble is the sire of several of the best field dogs in this or any other country. One pup now 9 mos. old, by Gladstone, and two less than 2 yrs. old, by Cambridge (Gladstone ex Clipper out of Dido, can be sold for over \$500 each. Dido is proving a wonderful good stock-getter. This is one of the most promising litters she has ever had. There is no choice in the litter excepting in color and markings. For further information inquire of WELLS,
jy15,2t Post Office Box 718, Cincinnati, O.

K 9 Breaking Kennels.

Pointers and setters thoroughly broken for field trials or private use. Reference given. W. G. SMITH, Maryland, Md.

Irish Setters

Under life insurance at \$10 and upwards, by Chief out of Yoube, by Tim out of Jersey Beauty, Dorah, Betty, Florida; all well broken, thoroughly broken out game and good ones. Full explanation by circular. Both dogs in the stud at \$25 to bitches of guaranteed field quality only. MAX WENZEL, 29 Fourth street, Hoboken, N. J.

Setter Puppies for \$5.

We have a number of setter puppies, from 5 to 10 wks. old, dogs and bitches, of all colors; we will close out for \$5 each. Dogs of same breed from 6 mos. to 1 yr. old, \$8 each. These setters are of good native blood, fair nose and not gunshy, and satisfaction is guaranteed in every case.
WM. W. SILVEY,
135 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Buen Vista Kennels.

ST. BERNARDS

Fashionably bred and of the best known strains, Correct in color, markings, etc. Grown dogs and puppies for sale; full and guaranteed pedigree sent with each dog sold. Only superior specimens sent from the Kennels.

Address, with stamp,

KENSICO STATION,

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WM. GRAHAM, NEWTOWNBRED, BELFAST Ireland, is prepared to purchase and ship dogs for importers. Dogs purchased from him had the following prizes awarded to them: At New York and Chicago, 1883, sixteen firsts, nine special, three second and one third. At New York, 1884, seven firsts, six specials and one third.

BLUE BEDLINGTONS

At stud and for sale. Blood of Old Piper, Old Nador, Lancer, etc. Very quiet and game; entered to large vermin; English and American prize winners. W. S. JACOBSON,
1t Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.

GREYHOUNDS FOR SALE.

By champion Memnon out of champion Mother Demdike, the champion of England and America. The above have more prizes to their credit than any other greyhounds living. The FINEST AND STRONGEST of Mother Demdike. "The most perfect greyhound we have ever seen." CHAS. D. WEBBER, 10 Broadway, New York City. jy22,3mo

A Rare Chance to Get a Good Pup Cheap.

For sale cheap—Gordon setter pups, 8 wks. old, color black and tan; also some fine Llewellyn pups from Nellie II. she by the pure Laverack setter Princess Nellie. No better stock than these pups. Having no time to raise them will sell dogs for \$7 and bitches for \$5; have sold same stock at \$25. Address H. B. VONDER-MITH, Lancaster, Pa. 1t

FOR SALE.

Rory O'More and Glencho puppy stock; also a few superb brood bitches, all of the finest and purest red Irish strains; full pedigreed. Address with stamp W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y.

Graphic-Zitta Puppies.

I will book a few of the above puppies, whelped June 10, 1886, to be delivered in August. FRED F. HARRIS, 350 Commercial street, Portland, Me. je24,8t

MASTIFFS.

Address: HOLLIS, Wellsville, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—HAVING RECENTLY ADDED several fine brood bitches to the Landseer Kennels of Scotch deerhounds and greyhounds reduced the price of puppies. Some choice greyhounds now ready to ship. DR. VAN HUMMEL, Denver, Col. an16,t

FOR SALE. A NUMBER OF WELL BRED AND well broken pointers and setters, also dogs boarded and broken, satisfaction guaranteed. Address H. B. RICHMOND, Lakeville, Mass. Sept22,t



